

Little Miss Rudeness



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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Little Miss Rudeness

Prologue:

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

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

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

I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible

Little Miss Rudeness

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

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

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

Sophie is my 20-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest. Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

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

Paige is rather lean girl. She stands about 5'6" tall, but weighs

Little Miss Rudeness

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

I believe in taking good care of my slaves. Including their education. Sophie is now a sophomore at Bishop State College where she's studying to become a vet technician. Paige, a year behind her in school, is beginning her freshman year at Bishop. Before they became mine, both girls were mediocre students, and neither had the grades to get into a four-year university. Now they're straight-A students. I wouldn't accept anything less. Both should easily be able to transfer to USA for their last two years of college and earn degrees that would allow them to actually get a decent job. They might not need to work while they're mine, but I want them to have their education and options down the line.

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

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

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

Little Miss Rudeness

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

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

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



Chapter 01: Make Me

Chapter 01: Make Me

It's around 3:30 on a Thursday afternoon and I'm sitting in my "favorite" little cafe downtown. It's my favorite for two reasons. One the food is decent. Two I own the owner, or at least one of them. It's owned by a middle-aged couple, and one-half of that couple, Pam, is one of my playtoys. And it's Pam who runs the cafe. Her husband is seldom even here. Needless to say, "excellent" is an understatement when it comes to the service I get. I get the most polite and humble service you could imagine. Service fit for a Queen. Then again, Pam is serving her Queen.

I'm here to meet my friend Olive. She's a court clerk, and this place isn't but a block or so from the courthouse, as well. Olive wants to talk to me about some "naughty boy" in her toybox. I gather she has something in mind for him, and it involves me. Fine by me, as long as I get to have fun.

The cafe officially closes at 4:00. Pam doesn't serve supper, just breakfast and lunch items. And a lot of fancy coffees and teas. During the day, the cafe is decently popular with the downtown "office crowd." But after lunch, business is little more than coffee. It gets its fair share of the courthouse crowd, too. Especially the "yuppie" part of that crowd. They seem to be eschewing Starbucks in favor of places like Pam's that serve fancy blends of coffee at about the same prices as Starbucks charges for a mass-produced brew. And Pam's offers table service. Snacks, too.

I have my usual table, up in the front window. There are three other tables occupied this afternoon, and I know Pam won't consider closing, no matter the time, until her customers are finished. All of her customers, not just me. Small businesses can be like that, caring for their customers instead of their profit margin.

I'm here alone, too. My live-in slave-girl Sophie will be joining me in a few minutes, depending on traffic. She's a sophomore at Bishop State College. I told her to come here as soon as her last class was out. I figure she'll be here by four. She'll hurry.

I've been sitting here, sipping a very nice blend of Hawaiian coffee

Little Miss Rudeness

for about five minutes when a woman walks in by herself. I don't pay her much attention. She looks to be just another one of the "office bitches" that are as common as can be around here. You know the type. Expensive clothes. Expensive jewelry. The attitude that she owns the world. Even an expensive hairstyle. A huge briefcase filled with something. None of it interests me.

There are only three tables in the front window. Mine is the one furthest from the door. The newcomer, a woman I don't recall having seen before, takes the one closest to the door. She orders and kicks back, reading over some papers. I go about ignoring her, and everyone else, waiting for Olive to get here.

It's about five, maybe ten more minutes before Olive comes in. She slips into the table across from me. We barely get our hellos out before a guy approaches the new woman. He hits on her, asking he could join her for a cup. Rather rudely, the woman answers "now why would I do that?" He gives up.

"She's always such a bitch!" Olive tells me, jerking her thumb at the new woman.

"You know her?" I ask, my voice questioning.

"Nope. She's some kind of 'hot-shit' lawyer from some 'big-time' place out west, or something. She's been around the courthouse all week. I think she's got something to do with that class action Judge Young has going on."

I giggle. "So she's not 'Miss Popularity' over there."

"Oh, sure!" Olive giggles, "she's about as popular as your average IRS auditor."

We go back to our conversation, keeping our voices low so no one will overhear the plans we're making. Plans I'm liking. It lasts no more than ten minutes before another guy, this one a local divorce lawyer I see in here all the time, steps over to the new woman and tries his luck. He's fairly good looking, and not sleazy. This time I watch a little closer.

Chapter 01: Make Me

At first, I see a tiny glint flash in her eyes for just the tiniest fraction of a second. "Big case?" He softly asks her. Her eyes go hard. "Out of your league." She coldly answers him. He starts to walk away.

She's around 30, or so she looks. But looks can be deceptive. She's fairly tall, I'd guess around 5'9" or so. But she's lean. She's wearing a beige blouse. It's thin cotton, but it's rather modest with long sleeves and a turtle neck to it. But it's also slightly snug on her. Just enough to accent her curves. Below that she has on a plaid, light-colored, cotton skirt that hangs to her knees. It's accessorized with a black leather belt, worn slightly loose. I can see stockings and pumps on as well. All of it clearly has high-end designer labels. Even her shoes. I know a pair of Jimmy Choos anywhere. Clearly, she's done well as an attorney.

Then he turns back to her. "You know, it wouldn't hurt you to be a little nice." He starts to turn away.

She looks up to him for the first time. And she glares at him with icy eyes. "Or what?"

I glance over at Olive. That's clearly a challenge. And it's an opening. Olive just looks back at me, her eyebrow raised.

"Or be a complete bitch, I guess..." He says. I mouth "Strike one" to Olive, and she smiles back at me. "But I think the rest of the world would prefer you to be polite."

"UCLA law review. Partner at 28. I flew in on a G-5. You're busy chasing after ambulances, and you think you're going to make me be polite to you?"

He starts to turn away. He clearly didn't catch it. But both Olive and I did. She's challenged him yet again.

I can't help myself. As he starts to step away from her, I stand up and quickly close the three short steps until I'm standing at her table. He quickly turns back but doesn't say anything. I don't know him, but I suspect he knows who I am. Not that I'm famous, but I'm sure he's seen Sophie in here on her leash. That's kind of a good hint.

Little Miss Rudeness

Her attention quickly shifts to me. There's no glint in her eye this time, just that icy stare.

"Let me make it perfectly clear, *bitch*. This is a local place. You *will be a polite bitch* while you're here. And I am not asking you, *BITCH*." I keep my voice at a conversational volume, but I put a hardness into it.

By now not only is he watching but so are Olive and Pam. I just glare at her, my eyes even colder than hers.

She snorts a sarcastic laugh. "Oh, am I? Or what, *bit---*" She starts. I notice two things. Her eyes, still hard, are now wide. And there's the slightest tremble to her hands as they rest on the table.

I would never let someone get away with calling me a bitch. Or challenging me like this. To me, it's as if this woman is flirting. As if she's telling everyone who approaches her what she wants. I move fast, my hand darting out to grab hold of her long, dark hair. I grab it hard. I yank it forward, just as hard, almost ripping a good handful out of it.

But it doesn't pull out. Instead, it pulls her forward. It lifts her off her bottom, dragging her forward a few inches until her hips bump hard against the table. Then it pulls her shoulders forward, leaning her over the table. It sends her chest almost crashing against the table, rattling some silverware, and splashing her coffee as her face hits the table.

I move just as quickly as I shift my hand to the small of her back and use it to pin her body against the table. The crash of her chest on the table gets the attention of everyone else in the place. Now everyone is staring at us.

I grab the bottom hem of her skirt and yank up with a single, harsh, fast motion. It bares a pair of very fully rounded, yet petite, globes. Cheeks that look as if they have a mild sponginess to them. Cheeks are clearly covered with very soft and silky flesh. Cheeks that are youthful and firm. It bares a pair of pink lace panties as well. But they're a thong, at least in the back. All I can see is the deep V of her crack with the narrow strip of pink lace running up it and just barely covering her asshole.

Chapter 01: Make Me

I don't hesitate. I spank the closer cheek with my hand. It's a decently hard spank, too. Enough so that it leaves a bright pink handprint on that white globe. Enough that it stings my hand, too. And thus enough that it stings her bottom, too. It lands with a fairly loud slap that rings out through the cafe.

I immediately spank her other cheek. She grunts a hard "UGH!" as it lands, her body flinching hard. Her hands go to the table and brace on it as if to push her shoulders up. My hand on her back is plenty to hold her down.

I swat the first cheek again. This time she grunts out a slightly more pained "UGH!" and flinches crisply. Her hands reach up and grab my wrist, trying to pull my hand off her back. "WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?" She screeches.

I swat her cheek again. That's two hard spanks to each of her tiny globes. I see the flesh atop her cheek jiggle slightly, holding the curvy roundness of her globe, as it lands. I can see that a decent part of her cheeks is now pink from the strokes, too.

I give her two more swats, one on each cheek, in rapid succession. She barely has time to grunt her "UGH!" with each. She tries again to pull my hand off her back. I lean forward a little, putting some extra pressure on her, and making it impossible for her to get out from under my hand.

"YOU CAN'T DO THIS!" she screeches out, "STOP. NOW." Her voice is loud, and firm, and demanding.

I keep spanking her bottom, knowing that her cheeks are getting rather sore. They have to be. My hand is starting to hurt.

I give her ten strokes, five on each cheek. Then I pause for just a few seconds. I keep her pinned down for those seconds. I use my hand to quickly pull my belt off. It's not exactly the best spanking belt. It's soft leather. But it's wide.

I crack my belt across her globes, landing a single stroke across both cheeks. It lands with a loud crack, searing an angry pink stripe

Little Miss Rudeness

across her already pink globes.

"OW!" She screeches out, "STOP IT NOW! STOP! I SAID NO!"

I ignore her. Her hips wiggle, grinding against the edge of the table. She still tries to pull my hand from her back, too. I give her another stroke.

"OW! FUCK, THAT HURTS! STOP. NOW. I SAID NO!"

I swat her again, landing this stroke atop the already stinging bright pink stripe of the first belt lashing. It's a slightly harder stroke, too. And with it landing atop fiery sore flesh, its sting is definitely slicing into her cheeks like knives.

"OW!!!" She screams. Her body struggles hard to get free of my grip. Her hips squirm wildly, offering me only a fast-moving target. "HELP!!! POLICE!!!"

I swat her bottom again. I land the stroke atop the very sore welt line, just as hard as I can with the soft leather belt. Her body snaps hard, her back trying to arch up and drive her shoulders down into the table. I hold her firm enough that she barely moves. But the suddenness of it rattles the table and everything on it.

She bursts into tears, a full-bawling cry, as she screams out "OW!!!" She cries a quick sob. "I'M SORRY! I'LL BE POLITE! PLEASE, STOP."

I give her two more strokes of the belt. I land them one right after the next. And I land both directly atop the welt line, leaving it a glowing a deep red. She screams "OW!" after both, but that's all the time she has between the strokes.

After the second stroke, she lies still across the table. She cries hard, bawling like a baby, but her body no longer struggles against me. She stands there, crying hard. After a few seconds without another stroke, she sobs out "I'm so sorry, Miss. Please, Miss, please let me show you I can be a very polite bitch. Please, Miss?"

I grab hold of her skirt and pull it back down with a single, hard

Chapter 01: Make Me

yank. She squeals as the snug fabric pulls over her bare, and too-sore, globes.

I use my foot to push her chair out of the way. Then I grab her hair again. "On your knees, bitch," I snap firmly, still not raising my voice to her. At the same time, I yank hard on her hair, pulling her chest more along the table than off of it. It forces her bottom backward. It also sends a placemat and some silverware falling to the floor.

It bends her knees as her bottom moves backward. I put a foot to the back of a bending knee and shove hard downward. It bends her ankle unnaturally forward, bringing her up onto her toes for a moment. Then her foot rolls over her toes. She drops to one knee. I move my foot over and shover her other knee down.

I keep her moving backward, putting her on her knees and bringing her bottom back to sit over the small gap between her heels. I use her hair to sit her up straight. I release her hair and very quickly slip the free end of my belt through the buckle. I drop the loop over her neck and pull it sharply. The snapping motion pulls the loop snug around her neck. I hang onto the free end, using it as a leash.

I don't have to say a word. Pam already has the sign on the front door turned to "closed." She hasn't locked the door, though, knowing that I have Sophie coming to join me. She keeps going, dropping the curtains in the front window to mostly screen the dining area off from view of the street. Mostly. It only screens off about five feet up. It will leave some heads in view.

I point to the lawyer. "Apologize, bitch."

"I'm very sorry for being so rude to you, Sir. Will you please forgive me, Sir?" She apologizes, her voice now hushed and demure despite her sobbing cry.

"Sure, you're forgiven." He says. And now he's glaring at her with a hungry look in his eyes. I'd bet anything that he's wondering how I knew she'd go for this. What hints she tossed out that he was oblivious to. And definitely doesn't want to miss next time.

Little Miss Rudeness

And now, thanks to Pam, I have the entire cafe to myself. Well, not really. There are still two actual customers in it. One is the first guy who hit on her. He too is watching the show with interest in his eyes. Single men! They're worse than men in general! The other is a 40-something woman. She's a frequent regular here, one who talks with Pam often. One who knows who I am. One who has seen Sophie on her leash enough. She's sitting there, sipping her coffee quickly, staring down at her table, and trying to watch the show out of the corner of one eye while appearing as if she does not want to see it.

I'm sure for them it's like a train wreck. You don't want to see it. It's awful. Yet you just can't help but gawking as you pass by. "I believe this bitch asked someone to make her be polite. As bitchy as she's been to everyone here, I am going to teach her a lesson in manners that she's never going to forget. You are all invited to stay and watch her learn what happens to rude skanks they're total bitches to customers in my favorite coffee place." I grin wide. And now everyone is looking at the show.

"On your feet, bitch," I firmly command her. I pull up hard on the leash. She doesn't give it the chance to choke her. She scrambles up to her feet so fast that she almost falls. Once she's on her feet, she stands, her hands at her sides. She doesn't try to get free of the leash or me.

I pick a place along the wall and march her over there. It puts her right side to the front window, and she's tall enough that her head is visible from the street over the curtain. I snap for her to put her hands behind her back. Then I back her up, putting her back flat against the wall. I tell her "stay put and do not say a thing, bitch." she stands there.

I nod to Olive, my eyes moving back and forth over the empty seats. Olive grins wide. She gets her phone out and starts texting.

The woman stands silently. A minute or so later, Sophie comes in through the door, ignoring the closed sign. "Slave," I say in my sweet voice, "go to the first table. Find this bitch's phone and bring it to me."

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie answers without a bit of hesitation. She goes to the table, finds the woman's purse on the seat beside where she

Chapter 01: Make Me

was sitting, and starts rooting through it. A moment later, Sophie is very politely handing me a nice, new iPhone. The same model I have.

I tap the screen. It asks me for a PIN. "What's the PIN, bitch, and I don't want to hear anything but the PIN out of your sassy mouth."

"4117, Miss," She says, her voice even more demure now that the sobs are lightening up.

I punch it in and go to her address book. I start scrolling through all her contacts. Most of them have area codes I don't recognize, like 213 and 310. I guess those are from wherever she's from. I see a couple with the familiar 251 area code. That's Mobile. Right here. One is marked for her hotel. One is clearly a courthouse number. The other is a local attorney. I don't really know him. I think I've met him like twice.

I hit dial. "Hey, Liz, do we have a ruling?" he answers. I assume Liz must be this woman's name.

"You are so wrong! This is Miss Rodgers, Olive Blake's friend," I tell him.

There's a few seconds of silence on the phone. "The blonde, right?" he asks. "That's me!" I squeal with a touch of excitement. "Do you know the Lilly Pond Cafe?"

"On Dauphin?"

"That's it! It seems the owner of this phone has made a serious error in judgment. She came in here being such a bitch to all of the customers. Has she been a bitch to you, too?"

"Uh... kind of, yeah," he says uneasily.

"I am going to teach this bitch some manners. My way. You're welcome to come down and watch if you want. Just ignore the closed sign, the door is open. Bring a guest if you want. The lesson starts at 4:15."

"Now which of your coworkers is in town right now, bitch?"

She cringes, shirking inward on herself. "Just my paralegal, Miley,

Little Miss Rudeness

Miss.”

It doesn't take me long to find Miley's number. And dial it. “Yes, Ms. Quinn?” She answers very politely.

“Wrong!” I blurt out with a giggle. “My name is Ms. Rodgers. We're at the Lilly Pond Cafe. It seems your boss has been an obnoxious, rude bitch to just everyone! And now, she's going to learn some manners. She'd very much like you to see her taught a good lesson, would you mind coming down?”

“Uh...” the woman stutters.

I lightly slap the woman across her face. “Invite her. Politely.”

“Yes, Miss...” She sobs out, her voice now as reluctant as it is demure. I hold the phone up for her. “Miley, will you please, please come down here. Please, Miss... Miley, please come down here...”

“Uh... I guess...” she says. Her voice sounds reluctant but accepting. And I hear the tiniest of a little giggle in it. I'd bet this woman has never been so polite to her in her life.



Chapter 02: Strip!

Chapter 02: Strip!

For twenty minutes, I stand beside the woman. With my crop in hand. I keep a close eye on her, making her stand still and not allowing her to say a single word. All she's allowed to do is to stand against the wall, keeping her eyes open, and not a thing more.

Slowly the cafe begins to fill. And much to Pam's delight, all are ordering refreshments. And since the cafe is officially closed, she offers them the good stuff, too. The beer, wine, and champagne that she keeps in the back, that her license allows her only to serve on Saturdays for a champagne brunch. We don't fill all of the tables, but about half of them.

Miley turns out to be a dumpy-looking, fairly plain, woman, in her mid-20s. She takes a seat, looking rather uncomfortable.

Olive seems to have invited a small selection of the courthouse crowd. I'm sure it's those she knows well. Those who know what kind of games she plays after hours. Those who might enjoy the coming show.

The lawyer I called brings one of his partners with him. He comes up to me and thanks me for inviting him. He looks at the woman and asks "have you been naughty?" with a smile on his face.

I just very lightly tap her cheek with my crop, reminding her to be quiet. She doesn't say a word. But she winces hard when I tell him "she's been a very rude bitch. I've already spanked her for that. Now she's going to learn her manners."

"This I've got to see..." he says in an amused voice as he takes his seat.

At 4:15 the lesson begins. I turn to the woman, and very firmly, in my soft voice, ask her "what's your name, bitch? Your *full* name."

"Roxanne Elizabeth Quinn, Miss," She answers in a quiet voice.

"So that's what the R. stands for," the lawyer says to himself. I guess she uses her middle name. Maybe Roxanne doesn't sound like a "power bitch" to her.

I scold her firmly for her answer, telling her that I demand the

Little Miss Rudeness

most humble of politeness from her. Unless she'd prefer another spanking. Then I wave at Sophie. It's Sophie's cue to hold my phone up and start a video.

"My name is Roxanne Elizabeth Quinn, Ma'am," she answers again.

"OK, everyone, welcome to Miss Rodgers impromptu school for rude bitches," I announce in my regular voice. "For those of you in the audience, there are just a few rules. You may never speak of this afternoon with anyone, not in the room. You may not take any pictures that show anyone besides this bitch, and your pictures are for you and only you. No showing them off to anyone. There's a two-drink minimum. We do have to show our support for my cafe-slut over here." I point to Pam, who just smiles. "And there's no touching without my permission. The penalty for violating any of my rules is an immediate, and harsh, spanking."

I turn to Roxanne. "Roxanne, you have been the rudest bitch in this cafe for a very long time. Obviously, you need a good lesson in manners that you will never forget. Now, show me that you can be a polite bitch, and ask me very humbly to teach you." I'm having her ask me on the video, even though I doubt she sees Sophie making the video. That way, it will be difficult for her to say she didn't want the lesson she's about to get.

"Miss Rodgers, I am so sorry for being so rude, Ma'am. Will you please teach me a lesson I will never forget, Ma'am? Will you make me be a very polite bitch, Ma'am?"

Pam still hasn't locked the front door. I didn't pay any attention to it until we all see the door open. A couple, obvious tourists, walk in. Obviously, tourists who can't read the closed sign, too. Their matching "I Love Mobile" t-shirts are a dead giveaway. No one but a tourist would dare wear that shirt. Or likely proclaim love for Mobile. Pam hurries over to them and I hear her tell them this is a "private party." "Invite them," I tell Pam. Pam quickly, in a hushed voice, tells them that it's a "dominatrix show party." she tells them if they want to see a "kinky show," they're welcome to stay. They're both 50-ish, and they look at

Chapter 02: Strip!

each other. They giggle. They take a seat. Pam goes to serve them and tell them my party rules.

"Give me those shoes, bitch," I tell Roxanne.

She squats down and takes her shoes off. She stands up, holding them in one hand, and holds them out to me.

I wonder if she's ever played before. There are some signs that she has. But if she has, I'd bet it was with a man. A man is often more interested in getting her naked than in how she gets naked. I wonder if this is how she finds Dom/mes to play with, by being a complete bitch and throwing out challenges to see who will take her up on it. I'll bet she didn't expect me to butt in! I wonder if she would have challenged a woman as she did the men.

I scold her for being a slob. Then I give her step by step instructions. Now she holds her hands out, side-by-side, her palms turned upward to make a little tray. Her hands are six inches out from her breasts, and roughly even with her nipples. Her shoes are neatly side-by-side atop her hands. "Here are my shoes, Ma'am."

I sigh. "Not my size... I guess I'll just trash them... Then again, it is a shame to waste a pair of Choos. You may beg someone to hold them for you, or I will donate them to the bums by tossing them in the back alley."

Roxanne cringes slightly. She quivers slightly, too. "Miss Miley, please, will you please hold my shoes for me, Ma'am? Please, Ma'am, please, hold my shoes for me, Ma'am? Please! I'll make it up to you, Ma'am!" She begs.

I see the first hint of a grin on Miley's round face. "Uh... sure..."

Roxanne looks relieved. I send her to take her shoes over to Miley. She does as I tell her to, and kneels down, sitting back, with her knees wide. Her hands stay where they are. "Here are my shoes, Ma'am, will you please hold them until Miss Rodgers thinks I deserve to have them back, Ma'am?" Miley takes the shoes. Roxanne thanks her, then stands up and returns to her place beside me.

Little Miss Rudeness

I have her take her belt off and beg Miley to hold that, too. It goes the same way as it went with her shoes.

"Fold that blouse up neatly and give it over, too, bitch," I tell her.

Roxanne reaches down to the bottom hem of her blouse. She starts lifting it fairly quickly. She gets about as far as her navel. The point where she can feel the breeze on her bare stomach to remind her that she's showing her body to the audience now. Then her hands slow down. Way down. I hear her take a deep breath as the bottom hem nears the bottom of her breasts. Then, once the cups of her bra are exposed, she speeds up and quickly pulls it over her head.

Roxanne has a fairly oval-shaped face that gives it a slightly narrow and long look. She has a prominent jawline, but one with rounded features. Like her face, it looks more long than harsh. She has long, dark brown hair. It's silky and straight as it hangs down to about the bottom of her shoulder blades. It hangs straight, not fanning out much, too. She has a long nose with fairly angular lines to it. She has deep green eyes. She has a slightly narrow mouth, but it's framed with a pair of especially plump and plush light-pink lips.

And now that her blouse is off, we can all see that she's wearing a rather sexy pink lace bra. It's a half-cup bra. Its cups are all-lace, leaving a good slice of her modest cleavage bared. It has narrow, ribbon-like straps over her shoulders. The band around her chest isn't much wider, more like a strip of the ribbon with lace fringing it.

The first thing I notice is how slender she is. Her arms are thin. As is her chest, leaving a noticeable feminine curve at her waist. She has almost no body fat, leaving me to see the outlines of her collarbones and even the lines of the tendons in her neck. But I can't make out her ribs. Just a navel that bowls inward slightly to a knotty wrinkle on a very flat and toned stomach.

After Roxanne takes her blouse off, I have her beg Miley to hold that for her, too.

"Now give me that bra and show everyone those tiny boobs,

Chapter 02: Strip!

bitch,” I tell her.

Roxanne takes a deep breath, closing her eyes for a fraction of a second. I see the tendons of her neck strain lightly as she grits her teeth. Then she reaches her lightly-quivering hands up to her shoulders and slips the bra straps down. She pulls her arms out of the straps. Then she pulls her bra down off her mounds, moving slowly until they're exposed. Then she quickly pulls the bra around so the clasp is in front, reaches up to unhook it, and folds it up.

The tourists gasp. As if they never imagined they'd actually get to see this woman undressing. They have the most surprised looks on their faces, too. But they're still watching. Their gasp gets a good cringe from Roxanne.

And now we can all see a very pert pair of breasts. They're not too big, but they're not “flat” either. Her mounds look moderately pointy. They don't lie back against her chest, not at all. There's no crease under them. Instead, at the bottom, they rise straight off her chest, curving fully upward towards the tips. Then, as soon as the rounded curve rises over the tip, it reverses, flowing inward, then rising upward to rejoin her chest. Her mounds sit slightly to the outsides of her narrow chest, leaving a wide cleavage between them. Her bra had been pushing those mounds together a bit, narrowing it and making it look a bit sharper.

Her nipples angle slightly upward. Her breasts are topped with a pair of silver-dollar sized rings of light pink. Those are offset or look to be, as well, as if the tip of her breast is in the pink ring, but below her nipple. Her nipples are small, the size of pencil erasers. Both as wide and as tall as those eraser tips. They have nicely rounded tips to them. They're just a fraction of a shade darker than the rings around them. And now, they're standing up fully hard.

I tell Roxanne to take her skirt off and show us all “the slutty panties” she's wearing. I just assume this is what she wore to wherever she went for work today. But it is definitely the kind of underwear a woman wears when she expects, or hopes, to be seen in them. It's the

Little Miss Rudeness

kind that a woman wears when she hopes to get lucky. And that tells me that Roxanne was hoping to find a date tonight. Maybe not here, in the coffee shop, but definitely somewhere. I suspect those challenges were exactly what I took them for: flirts.

Now I can see that the front of her panties is all-lace as well. And rather minimalist. There's a triangle of pink lace with roses embroidered on it. And there are narrow bands of lace around her sides, just below her hip bones. The only solid fabric I can see is a small swath of cotton right under her crotch. At least now I know that her pubes are shaven. I can seem through the lace.

I can see a pair of narrow, but shapely, legs. Legs that are long and sexy. And I can see the gentle curve of her narrow hips. Hips that are just full enough not to show her bones.

Miley gets to hold her skirt, too.

I tell her to take her panties off. I figure, by this point, she's realized that she's going to be taking everything off. After all, she has almost nothing left covered anyway.

It reveals a rather plump pussy mound that swells down between the tops of her thighs. It's plump enough that it looks like her wide gash of a slit rises up into the bottom of her pubes a good inch. Her lips are long and wide. They're shaven silky smooth, too. They look to be rather plump and soft. And they don't come close to meeting. Not even at the very top. There's always a full ¼" between the edges of her lips. A ridgeline of light-pink wrinkles rises into her gash all the way from the very top. At first, for a fraction of an inch, it's flush with the tops of her lips, but then it quickly rises up through her slit, standing at least ¼" beyond the outside of her soft lips, and showing off its wrinkly looseness.

"I think Miley is getting tired of helping your skanky butt," I tell Roxanne with a wide grin on my face. "Pick someone else and go *give* your panties away." I quickly give Roxanne a light swat on her bottom.

As sore as her bottom still is, Roxanne yelps loudly from the swat.

Chapter 02: Strip!

And she jumps forward. It gets her feet moving.

Her co-counsel, the lawyer I called to come for the show, just happens to be at the first table she gets to. She kneels down and politely offers "I'm very sorry for being a rude bitch to you, Sir. Here are my panties, Sir. I want you to keep them to remind you of the lesson I'm going to learn tonight, Sir." He happily takes the lacy panties as if they're a hard-won trophy. He quickly sniffs them, then sets them on the table. Roxanne must be rather wet. The sniff brings a wide smirk to his face.

Once Roxanne returns to her place along the wall, I stand one step back from her, my crop in hand. "How old are you, bitch?"

"I'm 30 years old, Ma'am."

"Do you belong to anyone now, bitch?"

"No, Ma'am, I don't belong to anyone now."

"When's the last time you had sex, bitch?"

"I haven't had sex for close to a year, Ma'am."

"How long has it been since you've had a good spanking, bitch?"

"I haven't been spanked for several years, Ma'am, not since college."

"When did your last owner tire of your bitchiness and exile you?"

"I haven't been owned since college, Ma'am..." She reluctantly confesses, her voice slightly ashamed.

"Have you ever been used by a woman before, bitch?"

"NO! Ma'am!" Roxanne blurts out, a touch of nervousness in her voice now. "I have never done *anything* with a woman, Ma'am!"

"I'm sure all these guys have been wondering, bitch, what size are those boobs?"

"My breasts are a size 32-B, Ma'am," Roxanne answers with a bit of modesty in her voice.

Little Miss Rudeness

"Where do you live, bitch?"

"I live in Los Angeles, Ma'am..." I make her recite her address. And her phone number for the crowd.

I ask her where she's from, and she tells me she grew up in a small town called Victorville in Southern California, then went to UCLA for undergrad and law school. After law school, she got an offer from a huge, and hugely successful, "mass tort" firm. That means they do class action lawsuits against deep-pocket companies. It's a very profitable area of law.

"When's the last time you masturbated that skank pit, bitch?"

"I masturbated Sunday night, just after I got to my hotel here, Ma'am."

"When's the last time you sucked a dick, bitch?"

"It's been about a year since I sucked a cock, Ma'am."

"And how long has it been since you've had anal sex, bitch?"

"I haven't really ever done that, Ma'am!" She blurts out nervously, "My Master in college tried it once, but I cried so much he stopped, Ma'am! It *REALLY* hurt me, Ma'am!" What a pretender, I think. To let her cry her way out of something! He gets a weenie award from me. And by the smirk on her face, I think Olive gives him one, too.

I ask her about the last time she had sex. She tells me that she "met a guy" in a bar near her apartment. He just walked up to her, out of the blue, and told her to come with him. He took her hand and she let him lead her to a table. He was "nice" to her, then took her home. She was "his girl" for about a month, then he just stopped calling her. Since then, no one has gotten so much as a date from her.

I ask Roxanne when she had her last period. She tells me it ended eight days ago, with tells me what I wanted to know. I don't have to worry about that this weekend.

I ask her why she's in Mobile, since she's a "left coast liberal

Chapter 02: Strip!

weirdo," as we call California girls here in the very conservative Old South.

She tells me that she's "lead counsel" on a class-action lawsuit against Comcast accusing them of inflating their prices for non-regulated add-on services and using unfair marketing practices to push customers into those products. They're asking for billions, and expect to get, quite literally, a boatload of money out of them. I don't know, I use their competitor, AT&T – the fiber has much better data speeds, and an old friend of mine got me an unbeatable deal on it.

I ask how long she's going to be in Mobile. She tells me that she's flying back sometime next week, as soon as they have a ruling on some motion. But she's going to be back again. She'll be in Mobile about every second or third week for quite some time to come.

I can't resist, so I ask her why they filed the suit in Mobile. She's from LA. Comcast is nationwide, or close to it. She grins as she tells us that she picked Mobile because juries here hate big companies and give the best damage awards here. And since Comcast is here, they can't object to being sued here, as long as one named plaintiff lives here. She grins a little wider as she adds that it took her two weeks to find someone to be that plaintiff. And she called the other lawyer an ambulance chaser! She sounds pretty slimy to me! Then again, the slimier lawyer usually wins...

I call for Sophie to fetch me a training collar. She hurries up with one. It's just a hot pink dog collar I bought at PetsMart. But it has an extra line of holes drilled in it, about halfway between the holes to buckle it and the bottom of the collar. I buckle it around her neck, leaving it slightly loose. Just loose enough that I can get a finger between her neck and the collar without pushing her skin inward. Then I thread the hasp of a small brass padlock through the second line of holes, one hole on either side of the buckle. I lock it.

"There," I say with the vilest smirk on my face. "Now your worthless butt belongs to me, bitch. Until I deign to take that collar off your neck. Whether you're here, in LA, or on the moon! I strongly

Little Miss Rudeness

suggest you behave that naughty bottom. I sincerely hope you're ready to be owned by another woman, otherwise... you'll learn to be!"

"Yes, Ma'am," Roxanne answers, the nervousness now plain in her voice. "I'm sorry for being so scared, Ma'am... I just never... Imagined being owned by a female!"



Chapter 03: The Bitch's Apology

Chapter 03: The Bitch's Apology

I clip a matching leash to Roxanne's collar. I nudge her a step forward, so she's off the wall, and slip a pair of handcuffs out of my back pocket. I pull Roxanne's hands behind her back and lock them there, closing the steel cuffs around her narrow, bony, wrists. Her wrists look almost too small for the cuffs.

I have a million thoughts racing through my head. First, I know nothing about Roxanne, other than what I've seen in the last half hour, and what she's told me. I am definitely wondering why I even got up from my seat! I could have just ignored her. She wasn't rude to me or anyone I know. I can see that she's an attractive woman. Her body will make a nice toy. But not a toy I need. I have other women, just as pretty, in my toybox now.

None of them are from California. None of those women are lawyers. None are as wealthy as Roxanne appears to be, but who knows if she actually is. I'm sure the Gulfstream business jet she was bragging about belongs to the firm, not her. Those things are insanely expensive!

More importantly, I have little clue what she actually likes. From what Olive and her co-counsel said, I gather the "uber bitch" is her normal demeanor. I know she likes to challenge her partners. That clearly she wants someone to take her and make her submit. To see through the bitchy demeanor and see what's really there.

But beyond that, beyond the idea of someone standing up to her, or just telling her that she's mine, I don't have much of a hint. It sounds like her previous owner was a complete idiot, at least in my book. That his idea of D/s was simply to have a girl who never said no to him. That he didn't have any idea about her needs. Maybe that's why he ended up losing her. Who knows?

I can see that Roxanne is very uneasy being naked in this room full of people. She cringes every time I tell her to do anything. I would be surprised if she wasn't. I intentionally made this the worst possible crowd for her to get naked in front of. It has total strangers in it. It has a few people she doesn't know but knows she'll be seeing around the courthouse in it. It has her co-counsel, a man she's going to have to work

closely with, in it. And it has her paralegal, a woman who works for her, in it.

The light blush, the cringing, and the way her hands and arms quiver as if they're constantly trying to cover her body, all tell me that Roxanne is humiliated just to be stripped in front of this crowd.

I suspect that's not entirely new to her. The way she obediently undressed tells me that she's had her body flaunted before. Although I'm sure never to those she has to work with. I'd bet if I had to guess, that her previous owner flaunted her to his friends. I suspect he seldom shared her, too. More as if he only showed off just what he had.

"You will apologize to this man for being so rude to him." I pull on the leash. In a half-second it's taut. Roxanne, not really having much choice about it, follows. She keeps pace with me, too, keeping just a little slack on her leash. With her hands cuffed behind her, there's not much else she could do. Walk or choke are her options.

I lead her over to the lawyer she was offending when I stepped in. I don't know much about him, but I do know he's single. I looked, there's no tan line from a wedding ring. Plus, he was trying to hit on Roxanne. Not that that's a sure indicator of single-hood.

I can see the look in Roxanne's eyes. That icy hardness is gone from them. Not she looks mostly puzzled. I've already made her apologize to this guy, yet I'm bringing her back to him. She's wondering why.

"Kneel, bitch," I tell her firmly, my voice still soft, but fairly hard.

"Yes, Ma'am," she answers. She drops to her knees, spreads them wide, then sits back. She sits up mostly straight.

I give her a little tap on her bottom with my crop. She yelps a loud, and squealy, "OW!" I scold her to get her eyes downcast. She nods her head all the way until her chin is almost on her chest. It has her eyes looking almost at her pussy. I swat her again. She yelps again. I scold her that I said eyes down, not head down. She picks her head up, looking straight forward, then shifts her eyes down leaving her head still.

Chapter 03: The Bitch's Apology

"Good bitch!" I mockingly tell her. It tells me that she hasn't had much experience with various positions. The downcast eyes are a fairly common, almost universal, theme to kneeling. "Now offer him a proper apology."

"I'm really so sorry for being a rude bitch to you, Sir."

I snap my wrist, bringing the crop up between her heels and landing it right on the center of a cheek. Roxanne jumps up a bit as she cries out her yelp. She quickly settles back to kneel. "Is that what you call an apology, bitch? Seriously? I ought to flog you just for thinking that's an apology!" I lean over and very quietly whisper into her ear, telling her what she's to say. In a very quiet, but hard, voice.

Roxanne shudders as she hears her instructions. She shirks inward, her shoulders curling in as far as they can. Her face scrunches up as if she's going to cry again. "PLEASE! MISS RODGERS, PLEASE! Don't make me do that!"

I don't know if she's going to beg more or not. I suspect she might. Or would. Instead, she screams a loud "OW!" and falls into some sniffling sobs as my crop stings her fiery red bottom yet again. "I wasn't asking, cunt." I scold her sternly.

"I'M SORRY, MA'AM!" Roxanne blurts out loudly, her voice pure nervousness now. "Please don't whip me again, I'll be good!"

I snap my crop again. She screams again. I scold her "I don't want to hear your promises. They're as worthless as you are. Behave!"

"Sir, this rude bitch wishes to apologize for being so obnoxious to you, Sir. I'm really sorry to have been offensive... I just... hoped that you would do what Miss Rodgers did, and make me be a good bitch for you, Sir. May I please be allowed to make up for my rudeness by giving you a very slutty blow job, Sir?"

His eyes go wide in disbelief. "Uh... OK..." he looks up to me, his eyes questioning. All eyes are still on Roxanne. I'm sure everyone in here is wondering if she's really going to do it.

Little Miss Rudeness

I swat her on the back of her head, hard. Just like Gibbs does on NCIS. It knocks her head forward a bit. "Suck dick, bitch, what are you waiting for? Christmas?"

"HERE?" Roxanne blurts out, her voice now pure panic. "OH, LORD, PLEASE, MISS RODGERS, AT LEAST LET ME TAKE HIM IN THE BACK OR SOMETHING! PLEASE, DON'T ASK ME TO DO IT HERE, WITH EVERYONE WATCHING ME! PLEASE!!! I HAVE TO WORK WITH THESE PEOPLE!"

"OW!" Roxanne screams at the top of her lungs. In the background, I hear some giggling. It's Olive, Sophie, and Pam. The three who know me, and thus knew I would never allow such begging. Especially when the answer is so obvious. Roxanne sobs heavily. "PLEASE!"

I snap my crop again. Roxanne screeches again. "Suck." I snap the crop, landing its leather tip on her other cheek. Roxanne screams again. "Cock." I snap the crop again. Roxanne screams again. Now the welts on her cheeks are turning slightly crimson as they deepen. Those have to be stinging unbearably. "Bitch." I smack the back of her head again, this time hard enough to knock her head forward about halfway to his crotch. To me, that's an answer to her pleas.

"I can't..." Roxanne sobs very quietly, "I can't do it with the world watching me, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am, I'll do anything you want me to, just please, don't make me do this here. Don't make me do it like some cheap street whore, Ma'am..."

"OW!" Roxanne screams out as the crop snaps hard against her cheek.

"What do you think you are, bitch? You are a cheap gutter whore!" I scold her, laughing as I do. "Now suck cock, whore!" I snap the crop again, getting a scream and a hard cry from Roxanne.

I put my hand to the back of her head and shove her head all the way to his crotch. As it nears him, I feel the muscles in her neck stiffen hard. I keep pushing. Her bottom rises up as her shoulders move

Chapter 03: The Bitch's Apology

forward. I put her lips to his zipper.

I hold her head there, her lips against the fabric of his clacks atop the zipper. I tap my foot three times, quickly. Maybe three seconds. Maybe not quite. I snap the crop again, widening the deep angry red splotch on her bottom a little more and sending fresh needles of pain lancing into her globe. "Suck, whore!" I scold. I start tapping my foot again.

I get to two. I guess Roxanne figured it out, on three taps, she's going to get another swat for her disobedience. She starts moving her head, squirming it around to her lips to that zipper. With her hands bound behind her, it's the only way she has to get it open. It takes her a few seconds. Then she puts her lips into the opening. I see her sticking her tongue out to use that, too. Luckily for her, he's wearing boxer shorts. It lets her get his cock out through the opening in the front of them. Her lips bring the semi-hard shaft out through his zipper.

His cock isn't anything special. Nothing that should give her any trouble. It looks to be just under six inches long, and a bit over an inch across. I'd put it at just slightly above the average mark. But it is circumcised, showing off its fat purple head.

Roxanne takes a deep breath. Then she slowly puts her lip to the tip of his cock. She starts slowly, taking the head leisurely into her mouth. I hear him purr. She starts moving her head faster, stroking about the top two inches of his cock with her lips. Her strokes grow even faster until she reaches her top speed. But they stay short, no more than half of him into her mouth.

He still purrs quite happily as she sucks him. I can see a few of the others peeking around to see if she's really doing it, or just faking it. With her short strokes, it's easy to see his cock slipping through her thick lips.

I grab hold of Roxanne's head. One of my hands on the back of her head, the other catching her under the jaw. I grip firmly and vise-tight. "I said a good blow job! You might be some prissy bitch in a courtroom, but out here, you're just a cheap gutter whore!

Little Miss Rudeness

Unfortunately for me, you're now my bitch! I *hate* prissy, and a virgin could do better than that!"

I use the hand under her jaw to force her mouth to stretch so wide that I can see the tendons starting to stretch. Where I've stopped her head, she has about an inch and a half of cock in her mouth. That's the soft, fat head of it, plus a little bit of his steely hard shaft. I use my other hand to start pushing her head forward.

Unlike Roxanne, I set a rather leisurely pace. Not a fast one. A slow one that has his cock slipping steadily into her silky-soft lips. As I move her head down, I use my hands to shift the angle of her head back, craning her neck to straighten up the natural bend at the back of her mouth. It's the same trick sword swallows use.

At first, as the next half-inch or so of cock slips into Roxanne's mouth, she doesn't resist me. Then I feel the very light resistance as the spongy soft head of his cock hits the back of her mouth. Immediately Roxanne gags on it. Hard.

I ignore her. I want Roxanne to truly feel that I don't care about her, at least not this way. That she, that her body, are mere sex toys for me to use without regard for the toy's comfort. And I want her to believe she doesn't have any say in how she's used.

I keep her head moving. I feel the muscles of her neck and back tensing hard and suddenly as she struggles against the cock that's still slipping into her. In a fraction of a second, I feel the resistance gone. His cock slips easily again. Her head moves anything but easy. She stays tense, trying to reverse the stroke, and gagging away.

I keep her head moving at the steady pace, never letting it hesitate for even a fraction of a second. The cock keeps inching its way through her mouth, and now toward her throat.

It's not long. I'd guess she has about three and a half inches of his shaft into her gagging mouth. That's when I feel the resistance suddenly come back. Only now the resistance isn't as firm. It's like I'm pushing his cock against a thick layer of rubber. The soft tip of his cock quickly

Chapter 03: The Bitch's Apology

flattens out, squished between the hardness of his shaft and the rubbery wall.

It all happens at once. It's my doing. I never ease off on her head. It keeps it pushing forward despite the firm resistance. The resistance vanishes in the blink of an eye. Roxanne chokes hard. She heaves, her bottom snapping sharply upward as her stomach contracts. Nothing happens. A look of pure panic erupts over her face. Her head keeps moving steadily forward.

Roxanne heaves again, her body snapping even harder this time, as she chokes again. His cock keeps slipping forward. Only now I can feel a slight resistance from the drag. The drag of the tight rubbery tube of Roxanne's throat squeezing firmly all around his shaft.

I ignore Roxanne. The panic blossoms, turning desperate. I can now see the tip of his cock stretching the sides of her narrow, slightly long, neck out. It shows me how deeply the cock is into her throat. I have to imagine how snugly her throat is cradling that shaft.

I keep her head moving. She chokes again. I keep her head going, holding its pace steady. And I keep it going. I hear the symphony of rattling chains on her handcuffs, as her reflexes try to bring her hands up.

"HOLY COW!" the lawyer blurts out, loudly, for everyone to hear, "She took every bit of it!"

Roxanne, still clearly panicked, fights me hard. It does her nothing. I'll bet by now she's realized that she can't breathe. The cock has her narrow throat stuffed too full for even air to get past. For her, it's like swallowing a huge bite of food. But unlike that bite of food, this one has no end to it. As the first wideness slips deeper past her throat, more follows, and that's just as wide, holding her throat stretched overly taut.

I keep her moving. The instant her lips are flush against his pubes and balls, I reverse her stroke. Actually, I don't have to move her head now. She tries to lift her head off his cock as fast as she possibly can.

Little Miss Rudeness

Instead, I keep my hand pushing against her head, allowing her to rise up slowly. Now it's me resisting her. And holding her jaw wide so she can't bite down.

I keep the pace steady, allowing the cock to slip out of her lips at the same rate it slid in. As soon as the cock is off her throat, I hear her sucking a very noisy, and panicked, breath through her nose. Her choking starts to subside into a gagging now. I keep her pace steady.

I let her up until almost all of his shaft is out of her mouth. I firmly snap for her to swirl her tongue around the bulbous head of his cock while it's still in her mouth, but only once. That's all she has time for anyway. As soon as I feel the wider base of his cock head touching the insides of her lips, I reverse her stroke with her tongue still swirling around the head.

I move her head back down at the same leisurely pace. Roxanne struggles from the first moment this time, correctly guessing that I'm going to make her take it all again. That his cock is about to be shoved hard down her throat.

She gags and chokes this time, too. I ignore everything. He, I still haven't asked his name, purrs rather loudly, and even more happily, as her overly-tight throat strokes his eager cock.

After a couple of more strokes, her choking begins to ease up. It's not that it's any easier for her, it's just that she's getting used to the sensations of having her throat so stretched. Her reflexes are learning that she's not actually choking. As they do, they fight less. And less.

It takes about a minute and a half. Maybe ten or twelve strokes with me in full control of Roxanne's head before her gagging fades enough that I'm confident she can do it on her own. I loosen up my grip but keep my hands in place. I tell her, in my firmest voice, that she's to keep going just as I've shown her to. No changing anything, and I add "I don't care how much you choke on it, bitch. This is your apology. It will be the sluttiest that body can be. You do not want to disappoint me, cunt."

Chapter 03: The Bitch's Apology

Roxanne gets the hint. Besides, now that she's been doing it for close to two minutes, the humiliation isn't so new to her. She knows that everyone has seen her swallow his cock by now. They won't think her any sluttier if she keeps going.

She keeps going, keeping the pace fairly constant. I feel only a slight hesitation as the tip of his shaft pushes into the tightness of her throat. Then she's back to the normal, leisurely pace again. I make sure she keeps using full strokes, all the way down until those soft lips are flush against his pubes. As she goes on, with each stroke, I have to guide her less and less. After about ten more strokes, I take my hands off her head.

Roxanne keeps going. He sits there. He purrs rather loudly, and very happily. He doesn't sit still. His bottom squirms around in the chair. And his hands grip the edge of the seat beside him.

Now that my hands are off her head, a few others crane their necks around to get a better look at Roxanne's so slutty performance. She just keeps going.

The lawyer doesn't last too long, even with the casual pace of the blow job. I'd say no more than five minutes. I see him tensing up just before he cums. When I do, I put my hands back on Roxanne's head. Loosely.

Roxanne tenses up suddenly, and hard when she feels the crisp twitching of his cock in her throat. She knows what's happening. And if she doesn't, the long, deep, purring sigh of satisfaction the lawyer makes should tell her.

At first, Roxanne doesn't taste anything. His cock is too deep, its head past her throat. His cum spurts into her tube, heading right for her stomach and bypassing her mouth entirely. Seeing that he's cumming, I grip her head a little snugly to steady her pace.

"PUH!" Roxanne sputters, the sound coming around his cock. This time his cum, the second spurt of it, erupts into the back of her mouth, flooding the minute space left around his cock, and gagging her.

Little Miss Rudeness

I keep her head going just as if he wasn't cumming. I see a pair of tiny rivulets of his whitish cum leak out of the corners of her mouth. Then he spurts again, this time his cock already beginning another stroke into her mouth. The thickness of his cock almost shoves the cum down her throat ahead of it. Keeping the head of the cock in her mouth took away any hope she had of spitting his cum out. That leaves her no choice but to quickly swallow it as his cock nears the tube of her throat again.

I make her keep going, never varying her pace, until he's done cumming. Only then do I allow her to suck his cock clean as she allows it to slip from her lips. On that last stroke, her lips nicely squeegee the cum off his shaft. And into her mouth, where she can taste its hot saltiness.

As soon as the cock is out of her lips, Roxanne sputters hard. She gags a little. She coughs, starting to spit.

I quickly push her jaw closed and hold it shut. It stops her from spitting his cum out. I pinch her nose shut. "swallow it like a skanky cheap whore," I tell her in a teasingly-sweet voice. After a few seconds, I see her swallow it.

I let her head go. She pants a few times, getting her breath back. "Thank you very much, Sir, for allowing me to make up for my utter rudeness with a nice, slow blow job. I do hope it shows you how truly sorry I am for being a complete bitch, Sir."

"Oh, yeah," he tells her, his voice breathy and well sated.

"Thank you, Sir. May this bitch please be allowed to show you how very polite she can be, Sir? Please, Sir? May I be allowed to serve you a cup of coffee, Sir? Please?"

"I'd love one... Roxanne," he tells her.

"Thank you, Sir," she answers.

Roxanne is still leashed. She rises to her feet and waits for me to walk her over to the station where Pam is pouring the cup for her. It's

Chapter 03: The Bitch's Apology

not like Roxanne is going to pour it, her hands are cuffed!

I release Roxanne's bony wrists from the cuffs, leaving them dangling around her left wrist. Her wrists have red chafe marks around them now from all the struggling her hands did. I have Roxanne hold the cup atop her upturned palms. Exactly as I taught her to do with her close a few minutes ago.

She carries the cup over to the lawyer and kneels before him. She kneels properly, her eyes downcast, and offers him the cup. He takes it and thanks her. She thanks him for "allowing her to make up for her rudeness earlier."

"Come along, bitch," I tell Roxanne, as I pull her hands behind her back and cuff them again. "You were just as rude to this other gentleman, you need to apologize to him as well!" I lead her over to the first guy she rudely blew off.

Roxanne, already knowing that I'm going to expect her to give him the same thanks, and do it just as sweetly, obediently kneels when told. And apologizes. Luckily for her, his cock isn't any bigger than the first one was.



Chapter 04: Obedience School

Little Miss Rudeness

Now that Roxanne has apologized to both of the men she was rude I lead her back to the "front" of the room. The place where I had her standing when everyone came in. They've all taken seats facing that direction. Both of the men now look quite happy. Apparently, they liked her apology.

As I stand Roxanne in front of the crowd she studiously avoids any eye contact with them, keeping her eyes downcast to the floor. I know those blow jobs were rough on her. It's not easy, or pleasant, to have a cock rammed down your throat. It takes some time to really get used to it. Far more than one day of doing it. I'm pretty sure, despite the difficulty she had doing it, that it excited Roxanne. As she was doing it, I could see her body relaxing as she got into it. I could see how her hunger to please those guys kept making her want to speed up as if she thought they'd like it more if she did.

What I don't know is what was exciting Roxanne. It could be the idea of giving such a skilled blow job. Of thinking about being able to do that for a man. Something most guys would kill to get. Or it could have been the idea of being made to service those men. Men whose names she doesn't even know. Of being whored out to them. Or it could be the idea of being taught. Of the hard lesson itself. The feeling of being an inadequate lover learning to be a better one. Or it could have been the firmness. The idea that she wasn't being asked if she was willing to do it. That I had decided what she'd do, and she made her do it. That none of her whining, or her usual tricks, did anything to get her out of it. Those just brought her more discipline. The feeling that she was truly an inanimate toy to me. I suspect it's some combination of all of the above.

I pick the table where her co-counsel is sitting. It's the closest one to the tiny square of floor that I've turned into the stage for this show. And he's a very good choice. He's one of the more dangerous guests here, at least for Roxanne. He's someone that she's going to have to work closely with for the foreseeable future. Someone who knows the others at her firm back home. Someone who could expose her secrets if he chose to. And he's male, unlike Miley, the other "dangerous" one here.

Chapter 04: Obedience School

Using the leash, I walk Roxanne up to his table. Like all of Pam's tables, this one is fairly small and round. I stand Roxanne facing the table, opposite from the lawyer.

I have Roxanne bend over the table. I have her rest her forearms on the table, at the edges of it. Her elbows are on the table, but I have her hands hanging just off the curving edge. It leaves her nothing to grip. I have her waist bent 90-degrees, her feet back far enough from the table that her back is stretched taut and flat, parallel with the floor. I have her feet spread wide apart, her long, lean, legs stretched out as well. And I have her holding her head up. That has her looking almost directly into the eyes of her co-counsel as he sits, his chair backed up a few inches from the table. It gives him a very good view under her shoulders to her breasts, as the smallish mounds stand down from her chest, still firm and nicely shaped. I doubt it's her eyes he's looking at. Those breasts are rather cute. Especially with their hard, rounded nipples gently rising from the tips.

As I hoped for, the table is just wide enough that stretching her arms to its sides has the tips of Roxanne's nipples touching the table. Not her breasts. None of her mounds. Just the very tips of her nipples.

I have Pam bring me a bowl with some water in it. It's filled to about a finger's width beneath the brim. And she's added a few drops of red food coloring to the water to make it easier to see. She brings me a white little doily too. I set the doily in the center of Roxanne's back, atop her spine. I put the bowl atop the paper doily, taking care not to spill any of the water. As lean as she is, Roxanne's back is fairly "hard" making it easy to hold the bowl flat atop it.

The water in the bowl is never still. Roxanne just breathing is enough to send light ripples flowing through it. They're gentle enough that they don't splash any drops over the brims, but I can still see them.

"I think bitch is a complete gutter slut," I tell the crowd with a big smirk on my face. "And I'm going to see for myself just what a slut this bitch is."

"Roxanne," I use her first name because I've learned that she

absolutely hates it. Everything she has gives her name as "R. Elizabeth." She tells people her name is Liz. She never lets anyone know her parents named her Roxanne, let alone call her that. So I will. It should remind her that I don't care about what she wants. Only what use she can be to me.

"You are to stand still while I check that skank pit out and see for myself what a slut you are. If you spill a drop of that water, I will be *very* disappointed in you. You *do not* want that. Now, be a good bitch, bitch."

With Roxanne leaning over and her legs wide, I have a full view of her pussy. I can now see that her lips are wider at the top, toward her pubes, than they are at the back. And they're very plump. But at the back they narrow, opening her gash wider, and showing most of her loose, wrinkly, folds between their edges. Her folds are enough to hide her tunnel, though. I can even see the thick knot where those folds flow together to nest her clit.

I can see that her pinkness is flushed bright. And I can see the heavy layer of her honey clinging to everything. Her honey looks to be creamy and clear. It glistens brightly, too. She has a slightly sweet, and slightly aromatic, muskiness that I can sniff from several inches away. I guess I know now what that guy smelled on her panties. As wet as this pussy is, I'd bet her panties were moist with that aromatic honey too.

I pull on a pair of latex gloves. There's no reason to get her honey all over my hands. I use my fingers to gently push her fat lips aside. It doesn't show me much more than I could already see. It does let me see that her folds are long and tall. And that they're especially wrinkly, loose, and soft. Especially up to, where they merge around her clit. They must rise almost half of an inch off her pinkness there, covering everything.

I push those folds off to the side, pulling them wide. The flesh of her pinkness grows taut before her folds do, so I just leave them pushed aside. It lets me see that everything under those folds is flushed to an almost blood-red. It lets me see the entrance of her narrow tunnel, not much wider than my finger. I can see its spongy, soft, walls swelling

Chapter 04: Obedience School

together, all coated with a thick layer of honey. I can see the way her folds now funnel inward as if directing everything right to her tunnel.

Roxanne's clit almost gets lost in its nest. It's no bigger than a pea. I even have to push the tops of those loose folds around to find it. But it is as hard as any rock ever aspired to be. It's definitely flushed to blood-red. And it's throbbing. I know because I can see the little pulses of it.

It leaves me no doubt that Roxanne is very hotly aroused. It tells me something else about her, too. The way her folds are so prominent around her clit means one thing. They dampen the stimulation getting to that hard bundle of nerves. It tells me that I'm going to have to pay special attention to it. I suspect no one ever has before. I suspect that it's going to come as quite a surprise to her, too. The sensations she's going to feel will be far more intense than she's experienced before. Just because I'm going to take the extra time to make sure she fully feels them.

I put the tip of my gloved finger to the entrance of her tunnel. I hear Roxanne suck in a little breath as she feels my finger touching her. My touch is very light, so it tells me that her pussy is going to be sensitive. "Behave, bitch..." I teasingly remind Roxanne.

I start pressing my finger, pushing it very slowly forward and into her pussy.

"UHHH!!!" Roxanne cries out, loudly. Her voice is slightly squeaky now. Very girly and high-pitched. Far more so than normal. It's a very tense, and even more erotic, cry that she draws out. And it's a very needy cry. A cry that tells me this pussy has been well neglected for too long.

I get my finger in to about the first knuckle. Really it's little more than my fingernail. Her tunnel stays tight enough that my finger is already vanishing into the fiery pinkness. As her walls cuddle snugly around my finger, they show me the heat burning through them.

I suddenly feel a sharp twitch in those walls, despite being barely

Little Miss Rudeness

inside her pussy. It's like they snap, squeezing around my fingertip, quivering as they do. Roxanne blurts out a very hungry "AH!" as her pussy twitches. A crisp shudder racks her entire body. And that shudder splashes a couple of drops of water out of the bowl.

I take my finger back out of her pussy. For a split second, Roxanne pants a sigh of relief, laced with frustration. I lift the bowl off her back. The drops of red water, about five of them, stain the white paper doily that was under it. I pick that up and hold it hanging in front of Roxanne's eyes.

"Bad bitch!" I scold her firmly, my voice harsh but no louder than normal. It's more the voice of a school librarian hushing miscreants. "I said to be still! You will behave!"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Roxanne very nervously blurts out. "Please, Ma'am, please, give me another chance! I'll be a good bitch for you, Ma'am! Please! I promise I'll be very very good, Ma'am!"

"Shut up, bitch! I didn't say you could beg! I said behave, and you're clearly misbehaving! Now you will be punished for it."

Roxanne bursts into a bawling cry, sobbing loudly. She repeated mutters "I'm sorry!" under her breath. I tell Sophie to bring me a strap. Roxanne trembles hard as she hears me call for it. Sophie hurries to bring it over to me.

The strap, the only one I had in the bag of toys I keep in the car, is leather. It's a stiff leather. Stiffer than a man's belt. It's about 14" long and about 2" across, not counting the wood handle. It's thick, maybe ¼", too. I lie it very softly across Roxanne's cheeks. Just enough for her to feel the stiff leather, but that's all.

"That was your first offense. You will get one stroke for disobeying me and moving. You will also get one stroke for begging me not to give you the punishment you so clearly earned. You will stand still for your whippings. Both of them. Otherwise... we can just start over until you decide to behave and stand still!

"I don't want there to be any misunderstanding, bitch. By stand

Chapter 04: Obedience School

still, I mean this. Those feet do not move. They stay flat on the floor. Those arms stay flat on the table. Your head stays up, looking right out on the audience. Those nipples stay on the table. That bottom stays still, not wiggling all over the place. Now, show me you're sorry and behave for your punishment."

I decide to take it slightly easy on her. The redness of her bottom tells me it's already sore enough. And it's not going to take much more without bruising, and I don't want to do that. What I want is to leave her bottom very sore. So sore that it lightly stings her as she sits on it tomorrow. But I don't want it to have a visible bruise tomorrow. I want the redness to fade by then.

"Now, you are going to learn to be polite! Ask for your whipping. And if you don't ask politely... rude bitches get extra spankings."

"Miss Rodgers..." Roxanne begins, her voice hushed and shamed. And very sobbing. "I'm sorry for not staying still when you told me to. I know I deserve to be whipped for misbehaving. Will you please give me the whipping I deserve, Ma'am?"

I bring the strap back. I snap it with a sharp flick of my wrist as I swing it. It puts about half of the power I could muster into the stroke. The stroke lands with a loud splitting crack as the hard leather slaps her soft bottom.

"OW!!!" Roxanne screeches out. Then she falls back into her sobs, only now she sobs "Ow!" over and over again.

I lift the strap, revealing a deeper red stripe across her red cheeks. "Be polite, bitch! Say thank you!"

Roxanne's voice is a pure sobbing shame now. "Thank you so much for giving me the whipping I earned, Ma'am."

"Now ask again! You have another coming, bitch. And be even more polite!"

"Miss Rodgers... I am so sorry for begging you and trying to cheat my way out of the punishment I deserved, Ma'am... thank you for not

Little Miss Rudeness

letting me get away with it. I deserve to be whipped for that, too. Will you please whip me again, Ma'am? Please, Ma'am, please whip me again, I deserve it!"

I snap the whip, landing it just as hard across her cheeks.

"OW!!!" Roxanne screams out, her body shivering hard with the trembles that flow over her. She falls into panting squealy "Ow!s" over and over again as she sniffles and sobs loudly.

I say nothing. I just wait. It takes her a long moment, but she remembers what I expect of her. "Thank you again, Miss Rodgers. I really appreciate you giving me the whipping I deserve for trying to squirm out of the punishment I brought on myself, Ma'am. I really appreciate you not letting me get away with it, Ma'am."

I set the strap on the table beside Roxanne's arms. "I suspect we'll be needing this again. Now we will start over. Maybe this time you will behave that slutty bottom instead of asking for another whipping!"

I set the bowl on her back again, atop a fresh doily. Then I return my attention to her pussy. As soon as I spread her folds I can see that it's even wetter than it was before. There's plenty of fresh honey flowing. I'd bet it flowed even as she whipped.

I put my finger back to the entrance of her tunnel. This time I don't remind her to behave. I just start slowly pressing my finger into her pussy.

"AH!" She squeals out again. Only this time her squeal is even girlier and squeakier than before. "OH, OOH!!!!, AH!" Roxanne squeals. Her body trembles lightly, but she manages to keep herself still enough not to spill the water. I can see she's having to work at it, too.

I press my finger all the way into her pussy, until I don't have any finger left to put into her. Until the webbing of my finger is flush against her pinkness. It doesn't quite let me reach the very back of her pussy. But it does let me feel the fiery heat of her walls as they squish gently around my finger. And it lets me feel more those twitches racking every bit of her pussy, as if it's snapping tighter around my finger.

Chapter 04: Obedience School

"Hmm..." I hum softly. "This pussy is very hot right now, bitch. Do you feel that heat?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I feel my pussy burning now, Ma'am!" The sobs have vanished from Roxanne's voice, even as she still weeps softly. Now her voice is ultra-girly and very eager.

"Do you feel how wet it is, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Roxanne blurts out, just as anxiously, "I can feel my pussy is sloppy wet, Ma'am!"

"And how long has this pussy been wet, bitch?"

Roxanne sobs, her voice now full of shame. "My pussy has been wet since you threw me over that table and gave me the first spanking, Ma'am. I'm so sorry, Ma'am! I know that's too slutty of me, Ma'am! I just never expected anyone to... take me in public!"

I giggle. "No, you were hoping one of those guys would take you someplace private and fuck that skank pit, weren't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am! I'm very horny, Ma'am. I really wanted someone to take me and fuck me, Ma'am! Now... I'm scared, Ma'am! I'm so scared I'm not going to get fucked tonight! And this is killing me! You have no idea how hot it's making me!"

"Are you that stupid, bitch? Of course, I know how hot slutty you're being. I can see and feel that skank pit! It doesn't lie to me!"

"Yes, Ma'am! I'm sorry, Ma'am!"

I tell Roxanne to thank me for "checking her pussy."

"Thank you very much, Miss Rodgers, for checking my pussy, Ma'am. I appreciate you taking the time to see for yourself just how horny it is, Ma'am. I'm just so sorry that it's being so slutty for you, Ma'am."

Now I slowly pull my finger back out of Roxanne's pussy. She squeals more hot moans as my finger teases the insides of her pussy walls. She quivers. But she doesn't spill the water. She forces herself to

stand still while I tease her pussy.

"Since I know you lie about your sluttiness and pretend to be a prissy little lawyer bitch, I will find out myself just how slutty your butt really is," I tell her. I put the honey-greased tip of my finger against her asshole.

As she stands, her widely spread legs have her globes pulled slightly apart. Enough so that her crack is now a deep valley between those cheeks. It lets me see the very lightly brown-tinged flesh around her asshole. It lets me see the nickel-sized ring of light pink flesh, lined with countless gentle wrinkles, all flowing inward. And it lets me see the funnel-shaped ring of her asshole, the pink flesh flowing inward to a small dark point like the tip of a pencil. It's a gentle funneling, not a tunneling.

I put the tip of my finger against that dark point. Now I can feel the rubbery hardness of her muscle, clenching tightly to resist the invasion. "Ask for it, bitch." I don't tell her that the more polite she is, the easier I will be on her. I just tell her to ask. I've already told her to be polite with everything. For her sake, maybe she'll remember that.

"I'm sorry for being such a bad bitch, Ma'am..." Roxanne's voice finds a new height of shamefulness now. "I know you can't trust me... I don't deserve to be trusted. Will you please check my butt for me so that everyone will know just how slutty it is, too, Ma'am? Please, Ma'am?" Roxanne hesitates a second. "Will you please shove your finger up my butt and see just how slutty it is, Ma'am? I don't care if it hurts me badly, Ma'am, I want you to know how slutty my butt is." She starts sobbing lightly.

I start pushing, very gently, slowly increasing the pressure against her ring. I feel her muscle snap to its tightest, almost forming a solid wall for me to push against. As the pressure increases, I feel that muscle pushed inward slightly. Then I feel it starting to stretch, the curved tip of my finger pushing into the space opening at its center.

"UH!" Roxanne grunts hard, her voice strained. But her voice still has that squeakiness to it. "OW!!!" She screeches at the instant I feel her

Chapter 04: Obedience School

muscle, still hard, giving in and allowing more of my finger to press into her. Roxanne pants a pair of very nervous, and strained, "UH!s" they're fast, one right after the other, "OH!, OW!!!" She screeches. She draws out that last "OW" her voice rising quickly into that ultra-girliness as she squeals.

My finger presses slowly into her bottom. I can already feel the ring of her muscle, firm, yet rubbery, as it squeezes around the tip of my finger. Her ring is deep, maybe $\frac{1}{4}$ ". It takes a second for me to feel the tip of my finger emerging from the tight squeeze of her muscle. Immediately I can feel that her rectum is decently full now. I ignore that for the moment. It's nothing I haven't lost count of the times I've felt before. I am a student nurse!

My finger shifts slightly, now slipping along the very thin wall of her rectum, between it and the mess inside her, as it slips even deeper into her bottom.

"OOH!" Roxanne screeches out, very loudly. Her cry, the girliest yet, is laced with abject surprise. And shock. And erotic urgency. I see goosebumps erupt instantly over both of her very red globes. I see them erupt over the thick, soft lips of her pussy too. "UH!" Roxanne pants, her voice pure sensual need, "OH! UH! NO!!!!" she squeals.

Now that my finger is sliding along the walls of her rectum she can feel it. Those walls aren't so thin! It's just a membrane, like a sausage casing lined with veins, and a paper-thin wall of smooth muscle. But beyond that thin wall is the very nervy, and very needy, walls of her pussy. The backside of them. The side that no one has bothered to tease before. And the side that has the very same nerves running through it.

"OOH!, NO! PLEASE!!!" Roxanne squeals.

I notice that she's stopped squeals the "Ow!s." I ignore her, as I always do, and keep my finger slipping steadily through her snug ring, and along the walls of her insides. I push all of my finger into her here as well, until the web of my finger is flush against the pink outside of her asshole.

Little Miss Rudeness

She stops squealing the minute I stop moving my finger. She pants a single, hard breath. "OW!" she squeals again, "Oh, Ow!"

"Roxanne, tell everyone where my finger is, and ask them to watch me show them how slutty your butt is," I firmly order her.

"Yes, Ma'am," Roxanne answers, her voice girly and high, but strained with discomfort as well. And a lot of shame. "Everyone, Miss Rodgers has very kindly stuck her finger very deeply up my butt. She's going to show you all how slutty my butt is. Will you all please, pretty please, watch her show off my butt's sluttiness? It's the first time anyone has ever made me do this!"

"Now behave, bitch," I remind her. I use my free hand to stroke her back for a split second, right next to the bowl of water. That should remind her it's there. And remind her of the price of not behaving.

I start wiggling the pad of my finger, stroke it very tenderly over the walls of her rectum. I use tiny, gentle motions.

"UH-AH!" Roxanne screeches out immediately, "OH!-AH!... OOH!" Roxanne shivers crisply. I watch the water in the bowl as its ripples grow to waves. Waves that crash against the rim of the cup, yet stop just short of crashing over the brim. "OOH!!!" Roxanne draws out her squeal, its pitch rising as she does.

"NO!" Roxanne suddenly blurts out, her voice very nervous, and squeaky. "PLEASE! IT'S TOO GOOD, MA'AM! OH, OW!!!!... I'M SO HORNY IT HURTS! PLEASE, HAVE MERCY!" I glance down at her pussy. There's no missing the flood of honey that's weeping into her slit. It's already coated the edges of her thick lips, and now it's creeping out to cover her mound. Nor is there any missing the shivering tremors that grow stronger as they flow over her body.

"PLEASE, STOP! PLEASE, I CAN'T STAND STILL WHILE YOU DO THIS TO ME! IT'S TOO FUCKING GOOD, MA'AM! PLEASE, I DON'T WANT ANOTHER SPANKING!" Roxanne cries out desperately. "OH! OOH!!!!"

I stop my finger. Roxanne pants some very desperate, fast, and frustrated breaths. Breaths laced with the anxiousness of not knowing

Chapter 04: Obedience School

if she's in trouble, or done, too.

"Say thank you, bitch..." I firmly, but softly tell her.

"Thank you for sticking your finger all the way up my butt, Ma'am, and showing me just how slutty my butt is! I never knew anything would feel so good back there. And thank you, everyone, for watching me..."

I slowly pull my finger back out of her bottom. Roxanne purrs more sweet, and tense, erotic moans as it teases its way back out of her bottom.

Roxanne pants more of those fast, frustrated, breaths.

I lift the bowl off of her back. She stood still enough, although I imagine it killed her to do so. I set that on the table beside her. Then I pick up the strap. She doesn't see me do that, but she flinches hard when she feels the leather softly against her cheeks again. She knows what's coming.

"You've been a bad bitch again, bitch!" I teasingly tell her. "I thought I taught you not to beg! No one here cares what you want. I said to stand there while your slutty butt was fingered, and that's all you were to do. Since this is the second time you've been shipped for begging, it's two strokes, bitch. Now ask."

"Miss Rodgers, I'm extremely sorry for begging you to stop, Ma'am. I know better than to beg, Ma'am... it just was so unexpected and good, Ma'am, I couldn't stand it! I'm really sorry. I need to be whipped for being bad, though. Would you please be so nice as to give me the whipping I deserve, Ma'am? Please, Ma'am, I'll behave for my whipping."

I snap the strap quickly, giving her the hard stroke, just as the last two were, only bringing it faster than she expects it.

Roxanne tenses up hard the instant the strap cracks against her firm globes. She screams out a loud, "OW!" but this one has a little higher of a pitch to it than normal. She quickly starts panting little "Oh, OW!s" and sobbing.

Little Miss Rudeness

"Thank you very much for giving me that stroke, Ma'am. I'm sorry I disappointed you and begged like a slut, Ma'am. Ma'am... I'm very sorry for being so bad while you were being nice to me... that stroke really hurt badly, Ma'am... but... I'm SORRY! Please, Ma'am, will you give me the other stroke I deserve, and maybe... please, maybe make it harder, Ma'am? I deserve the hardest stroke you can give me, Ma'am."

I decide to give her half of what she's asking for. Her bottom is too sore already for the hardest of strokes. It would bruise her bottom. I up the power in my stroke to about $\frac{3}{4}$ of what it could be. And I aim the strap for a less-red part of her bottom.

It lands with a crack like lightning. Roxanne screams out so loudly she drowns out the crack. She tenses up, and she stays tensed as she falls into a bawling cry, sobbing "Oh, fuck, OW!" over and over again.

It takes her about half of a minute to collect herself enough for her body to start loosening up. "Thank you so much, Miss Rodgers!" She offers me with gratitude in her voice. And with a very girly voice. "Thank you so much for teaching me that I have to obey you without question, Ma'am. I'm sorry for begging, Ma'am."

I lie the strap on the table beside Roxanne. She stands, sobbing, but still leaning over the table. Her splayed legs offer a shameless view of her pussy, and its honey-covered mound. The little bit of wiggling she did during that spanking was enough that the honey is now in the creases of her thighs.

I put the bowl of water back atop her spine. Then I tell her that she's to stay. To stand still and keep her mouth shut. I invite everyone to come up and see for themselves just how slutty her "sopping wet" pussy is before it starts dripping her skank all over the place. I tell them they're welcome to take picture of it. Or of her freshly spanked bottom if they want.



Chapter 05: Up Her Butt

Chapter 05: Up Her Butt

I have Roxanne stand up, facing her audience. The pain still shows clearly on her face, the sharp stinging that fills her cheeks from that last whipping. Her face is red. Her eyes are moist. She sniffles her sobs.

I have Sophie bring me up two toys. Both are butt plugs. One is fairly small, about three inches long, and shaped like an egg with a little "T" base on its less-tapered end. The other is larger. It's shaped like a cock, about 6" long and 1 ¼" thick. It has a little base on it as well. Both vibrate, but it's impossible to tell from looking at them. I have Sophie set them on their bases atop the table just in front of Roxanne.

She eyes them nervously, wondering what I have in mind for those toys. The smaller one isn't so big. But the larger one looks huge to her. I'm sure she's thinking how sweet that would feel in her pussy about now. And how bad it would feel anywhere else.

It's time for a "test." I want to see if Roxanne has learned the lesson I've been teaching her. That she doesn't matter. That her place is to obey and please me. That it doesn't matter how good, or bad, that is for her. That I will not allow her any slack. She will do as she's told, the first time, or she will be disciplined until she does it.

I get the crowd's attention, pointing out the two butt plugs sitting on the table. I watch as Roxanne cringes when she hears what they are, although I suspect she already knew. Hearing it makes it more real for her. It leaves her no doubt where they are going to end up. She quivers slightly as she stands.

I hold up the toys and announce that the audience will choose which one "Roxanne gets to enjoy in her tight bottom." Voting will be by raised hands. I hold the smaller toy up high. I get three hands, and two of those are the tourists. Then I hold up the larger toy. I get 14 raised hands.

Roxanne is already cringing as she realizes she's about to have that decently-sized fake cock in her butt. As she thinks about how much thicker and longer it is than my finger. As she wonders how her tiny asshole could possibly stretch wide enough to allow that into her.

Little Miss Rudeness

I hand Roxanne the toy and firmly tell her to hold it up, out in front of her chest. She does it, her face grimacing hard as she does.

"For those of you who don't know me, I'm Jewish. If you heard the stereotypes, we never pass up a chance to make a quick buck! So here's what I'm going to do..." I have my evilst grin on my face. "I'm going to auction the right to shove that big cock up this bitch's butt. That's right, the high bidder gets to put it in for me. You can be so nice and gentle with her virgin butt. Or you can ram it up there as hard as you can, teach this bitch a lesson about being such a bitch! I don't care. As long as it ends up *all* the way up her bottom, I'm happy.

"Now, will anyone start the bidding at... \$1? Come on, folks, I might not be much of an auctioneer, but surely one of you would enjoy stuffing it up this bitch's butt enough to spend a whole dollar on it? Come, on?"

The bidding starts with a man offering me the \$1. Then it picks right up. It quickly gets up to \$20. The first guy she so rudely blew off offering \$20 to put it in her bottom. And I doubt he's going to be too gentle with her. Then again, after that blow job apology, he got, maybe he will be. No one seems to be outbidding him.

"Going once..." I announce.

"Going twice... come on, this is your last chance to shove that fat cock up this bitch's butt! I know you want to really give it to her good. Anyone willing to go \$25?...."

"HERE!" Miley surprisingly blurts out, raising her hand. She's blushing almost as red as a beet, but she has a devilish grin on her face, too. She's also counting through the bills in her wallet.

Roxanne cringes even harder when she sees Miley bid.

"Ooh..." I say, "I'll bet Roxanne has been just such a bitch to you, hasn't she? For those of you who don't know her, this bidder is Miley. She's Roxanne's paralegal."

"YES!" Miley blurts out, "I asked for a raise last week, to cover the

Chapter 05: Up Her Butt

extra cost of all this travel, and she told me to stuff it up my butt!" Miley giggles.

"Oops!" I giggle to Roxanne, "you really should have been nicer! It looks like you're the one about to get it stuffed up your butt!"

No one even tries to overbid her. I doubt it's because they wouldn't pay the extra, it's because they assume Miley is going to make a show of it. A far better show than they would. The idea of Roxanne's abused subordinate getting the chance appeals to them too much.

"SOLD!" I call out. "to Miley, for \$25, the chance to be the one to de-virginate Roxanne's tiny butt!... Miley, there's a jar over by the register for donations to the SPCA. Just put your bid in there, please." Miley quickly hops up and drops the folded bills in the collection jar. She returns to her seat.

I hand Roxanne a small packet of lubricating gel. "Go to Miley, and ask her very very humbly and politely to put that toy up your butt. And before you get any bitchy ideas, bitch, you are going to behave for her. You definitely do not want to disappoint me." Roxanne is still on her leash, so I use that to lead her over to the table where Miley sits by herself.

Roxanne reluctantly drops to her knees. Obediently she holds the toy out atop upturned palms. "Miss Miley..." She begins.

I cut her off with a hard slap to her face. It's enough of a slap that leaves a handprint on her cheek and knocks her head to the side. "I said to be polite, bitch. First names are for equals. She is a person, you are a toy. She is miles better than you are."

"I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Roxanne sobs heavily. In a very embarrassed voice, she says "I don't remember her last name..."

"Carson," Miley tells her in a very scathing voice.

"I'm sorry, Miss Carson." Roxanne sobs. "Miss Carson, will you please stuff this *huge* toy up my butt for me, Ma'am? Please, Ma'am... my new... Mistress? wishes it in my bottom, Ma'am, will you please be

Little Miss Rudeness

nice and put it there for me, Ma'am?"

Miley takes the toy from Roxanne's hands and closely looks at it. As she does, I see the smirk growing on her face. She grips it by the base. She takes the packet of lubricant, and very quickly, carelessly, squirts it onto the tip of the shaft.

"Thank you for agreeing to stuff that up my butt for me, Miss Carson," Roxanne says. I have Roxanne stand up. Then I tell her to "show Miss Carson your butt, bitch." I give her step by step instructions.

Roxanne rises to her feet. She turns her back to Miley. She opens her feet as wide as she can. She leans forward, trying to get her back as flat with the floor as she can. She gets it mostly flat, leaving just a small arch to her back. She reaches around the outside of her hips. Then she winces hard and breathes out a squealy "UM!" as she puts her hands to her freshly whipped cheeks. She pulls her cheeks as wide apart as she can, stretching her crack wide open to display her asshole. "Here is my anus, Miss Carson. Will you please shove that toy into my butt, now, Ma'am?"

Miley waves for me to come over. She leans close, whispering to me so no one else will hear. She asks me if she's allowed to talk to Roxanne as she does, or just to shove it in. I tell her to do whatever she wants. And I make one little suggestion.

Miley takes my suggestion. She puts the fat, gently rounded, tip of the hard shaft against Roxanne's very tightly clenched asshole. She presses it lightly, just enough for Roxanne to feel it. For Roxanne to feel how large it is. It has to feel huge to Roxanne. Its tip alone is enough to fully cover every speck of the pink flesh around her ring, and then some. The sides of the shaft touch the inside edges of her cheeks.

Miley chuckles. "Roxanne..." she coos teasingly, "When you told me I could 'stuff that idea up my ass,' you have no idea how badly I wanted to tell you to stuff it up *your* ass. Oh, this is so much better!" Miley giggles, "I am so not wasting this chance!"

Olive has come up near us. She has her phone in her hand, and

Chapter 05: Up Her Butt

she's been making a video of the show. I saw her start it out the corner of my eye once Miley won. It should start early enough to show Roxanne on her knees asking Miley to do it.

Miley shoves hard. She does it suddenly, too. Roxanne shrieks out a very loud "OW!!! OH, FUCK, IT'S RIPPING ME!" The toy moves quickly, plunging into Roxanne's bottom, stretching her asshole just as sharply.

I glance at Roxanne's ring. Now all of those wrinkles are stretched taut, the pink flesh smooth as it surrounds the black toy. Her flesh isn't ripped or split. But I'll bet it feels like it was. Stretching it wide is enough to make it throb, at least if Roxanne doesn't fully relax first. Doing it hard, as Miley did, only makes it hurt more.

"OH, FUCK! IT FEELS LIKE IT'S GOING ALL THE WAY UP TO MY THROAT! SO DEEP!" Roxanne screams out.

Miley does her job, and she does it with a grin on her face. She puts all of the toy into Roxanne's bottom. "Remember this, next time you want to be a bitch to me! You never know when I might get another chance!" Miley loudly announces "that was the best \$25 I ever spent!" And that gets a loud round of applause from the crowd.

Roxanne sobs squealing cries as I have her stand up. She gets about a third of the way up. "OH! OW! OH, FUCK!" Roxanne screeches out, "IT'S MOVING INSIDE ME! OH, OW!" A little tug on Roxanne's leash reminds her to stand up.

Roxanne drops back to her knees in front of Miley. Roxanne moves rather tentatively, feeling the toy shifting around inside her bottom with every little motion. It's an interesting sight, Roxanne on her knees naked before the seated Miley. Miley who is several years younger, or at least looks it, and about 200 pounds. She's also fully dressed in jeans and a blouse.

"Miss Carson, I am so sorry for being such a bitch to you, Ma'am. Thank you very much for shoving that *huge* cock up my butt, Miss Carson."

Little Miss Rudeness

I leave Roxanne on her knees for a moment. "I do hope corned beef sandwiches are all right with everyone. Supper is on the house, just remember to tip the chef, not the waitress!" I giggle.

"Roxanne the bitch will be serving us all," I tell Roxanne to get up and go to the counter. Pam has sandwiches ready for supper. She to properly serve everyone. Including drinks and whatever else they want. I unclip the leash.

Roxanne goes to start serving.

"Give me your number and I'll send you the video," Olive says to Miley. Miley very eagerly rattles off her digits, and Olive sends it. Somehow, I know Roxanne is going to be seeing that video. And it's going to be humiliating for her.

Roxanne starts by serving me. At first, she walks rather cautiously, with tiny baby steps, and a lot of grunts. But even before she serves my plate, those grunts have faded to purrs. That toy might be filling her bottom, and that might be very uncomfortable for her, but as she moves around, it strokes lightly over the backside of those pussy walls, teasing her.

I wait until she returns with drinks for Olive and me. By then the pitch of her moans is rising into that too-girly tone again. I reach over casually and flip the switch on the bottom of the toy. It starts vibrating.

"OOH!" Roxanne squeals out. She freezes in place for several seconds, panting loud, and very urgent, "OOH!s" She starts breathing deeper and deeper, too. "Oh, my G-d," Roxanne sobs out, her voice very sultry, and very nervous, "that feels too good, Miss Rodgers! There's no way I'm going to be able to serve everyone with this up my butt, Ma'am!"

I laugh at her. "I don't care!" I tell her in a sing-song voice. "go serve like you were told to before I decide to whip you again, bitch."

It's about ten minutes later when Roxanne passes by my table again. She's moaning the sweetest, and most desperately needy, of "OOH!s" constantly. I can see the honey glistening on her legs, too. It's run all the way down to her knees. And I can see the base of the toy, its

Chapter 05: Up Her Butt

black wideness poking out from between Roxanne's very red, firm, rounded globes, pushing her globes aside as it rises through her crack.

Roxanne is very polite as she humbly serves everyone. On her knees. Naked. Even the stray tourists who wandered in.

After everyone has had supper, and Roxanne has bused the tables, I have one more humiliation in mind for her.

I have Roxanne, still nude, sit on the lap of her co-counsel. Sophie takes a picture of her smiling as she does. It's hard for her not to smile now, that toy has her close to cumming. And the sultriness shows on her face. I have her lean forward, still on his lap, so Sophie can take a second picture showing the toy poking its head out from her cheeks, too. And then, I give her a sharpie and tell her to offer to autograph her panties for him.

She offers, very nicely, "Sir, may I please be allowed to autograph the panties I gave you, Sir?"

He accepts. She writes "To the best co-counsel ever, Roxanne." She uses a heart for the "o" in her name, too. He smiles.

I stand Roxanne in front of the crowd. Then I ask for a show of hands, of who thinks "this very rude cunt has learned a lesson about being such a bitch to everyone."

Everyone raises their hand.

"Roxanne, would you like to masturbate now?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I would love to masturbate right this second, Ma'am! Oh, Please, Ma'am, may I please be allowed to! My pussy aches worse than it ever has before, Ma'am!"

"Hmm... no," I say firmly before I laugh as Roxanne's hopeful face drops.

"I think you need to learn your place better. I think I'll take you to my place. I have some toilets that could use a good tongue polishing. I suggest you go beg Miley to take care of your things for you. You won't

be taking anything with you."

"Yes, Ma'am," Roxanne quickly answers, her voice still very sultry, and slightly excited. I hear a tinge of nervousness in it as well. She quickly closes the two steps to where Miley is sitting and drops to her knees. She begs Miley.

"Please, Miss Carson, please, I know you don't have to. It's not part of your job. But please, Miss Carson, will you please collect all of my things and hang onto them until Miss Rodgers allows me to have them back? Please, Miss Carson, please do this for me, even though I've been a total bitch and don't deserve it. Please, Miss Carson!"

"Fine," Miley answers.

"Miley," I say, "do you see that building over there?" I point to the four-story building on the corner, a block down. It's taller than anything in between. Miley says she sees it. "Apartment 4-G. You may retrieve this bitch at 8:00 in the morning. I'm sure you can root through her purse, and all the secrets in there, and find her hotel key somewhere. She'll need clothes for whatever is on her calendar for tomorrow.

"Oh, and she will not be released unless she's properly escorted for the entire day. So if you don't come get her, she can spend her day in the kennel where bitches belong. Doesn't matter to me." I don't give Miley the chance to tell Roxanne if she's actually going to come get her or not. I don't want Roxanne to know. I want her to think about it all night long. To wonder whether the paralegal she's been mistreating for however long will be kind enough to come get her. And wonder how she'll have to make that up to Miley.

I have Sophie get one of the "dresses" I keep in the bag for emergencies. "Dress" is a very loose term for it. It's a paper bag with a hole cut in the bottom for her head. It's a long bag, so it covers even the tall girl down to about the middle of her thighs. I pull it over her head. And that's all she gets. Not even shoes. A bag and her naked body. Plus the collar and leash. I walk her out the front door, onto the street that still has plenty of people on it. All of whom stare at her.

Chapter 05: Up Her Butt

“Don’t forget to tip the cook!” I call out to the crowd as we leave, Sophie trailing behind me. I do hope Pam gets some good tips.



Chapter 06: Hanging Around

Little Miss Rudeness

It's a very uncomfortable walk back to my apartment for Roxanne. And not just because everyone we pass stares at her. Then again, how can you blame them? It's not every day you see a woman wearing only a paper bag walking down the street on a leash! It's also uncomfortable for her because of the hot, sensual, and girly-squeaky moans she can't help but to purr out as she walks.

Obviously, I don't have the playroom ready for Roxanne, as I usually would. How could I? I didn't know she existed! I'm still wondering why exactly I decided to teach this bitch a lesson. Then again, I did have a lot of fun putting on that show! And I definitely didn't plan to bring her home. I hadn't even thought of that until she was serving everyone. That's when I saw just how humbled she'd gotten, and how quickly.

I think she's going to love this. As soon as we get into the apartment, I just rip the paper bag off of her, leaving her nude. The collar doesn't count as clothes. I walk her back to the playroom.

I have Sophie "fetch me the manacles," adding "those should ensure this bitch behaves itself." Then I take Roxanne over to the wall. I have her stand with her heels and her very sore bottom just touching the wall.

Sophie brings me the manacles. They're old-fashioned iron manacles. They could have come out of the Spanish Inquisition. They're solid cuffs, about 2" long, and ¼" thick. I put the first cuff, one of the wider ones, around the bottom of Roxanne's leg, just above her ankle. It already has a few feet of chain attached to it. A very heavy chains that just loves to rattle loudly. I have Roxanne spread her legs wide apart, then I hook the chain to an anchor along the baseboards. It doesn't lock, it just clips in place. The only lock is the one holding that cuff snugly around her leg.

I put another cuff around her other leg. I stretch that one out, putting her feet about a meter apart, and clip that one to its anchor as well. I have both chains taut, leaving the excess lie free after the anchor. That way, they'll ensure her legs stay put. And stay spread wide.

Chapter 06: Hanging Around

I put one of the narrower cuffs around each of her arms, just above her bony wrists. And I check carefully to make sure she can't get her thin wrists and hands through those cuffs.

There are two more anchors in the ceiling, one directly above each of the anchors along the floor. Sophie brings me a step stool. I get up on it, taking the free end of a chain along with me. I pull the chain up, bringing Roxanne's hand up with it. I stretch her arm taut as I pull it up and out to the side. Then I clip the chain to its anchor. I move around and do the same on the other side.

It leaves Roxanne stretched out like a giant X, her hands pulled up and out, as her legs are spread. I don't have the chains so taut that she has to rise up onto her toes, but I don't have much slack in them either.

It leaves Roxanne looking very nervous. She tries to stand still. But she can't. She fidgets slightly, testing the chains, rattling them, and discovering that she's unable to move more than an inch or so. That makes her look even more nervous.

I giggle. It's obvious that this is new to her. I thought it might be. From what I've seen, her previous owner wasn't much. I doubt he's the type to invest in a set of iron manacles just because they add to the authentic dungeon aura. And they're far more uncomfortable than most things. It's like Roxanne is hanging in a 1000-year-old dungeon after angering some Queen. Only air-conditioned.

I blindfold Roxanne. I put my hand between Roxanne's widely splayed thighs. I put two fingers to Roxanne's pussy, using one fingertip to stroke over each of her soft, thick lips. Lips that are now soaked with a slippery coating of her honey.

Roxanne purrs hungrily as she feels the soft tease of my fingertips on her lips.

"Welcome to my dungeon, bitch," I tell her softly. "This is where I condemn all but the humblest of peasant bitches to. You'll learn a lot here, bitch. You'll learn to behave like a proper peasant bitch before her Queen. Call this lesson number two. Patience!"

Little Miss Rudeness

I wave for Sophie to fetch my slave-whore, Paige. There's a screen in one corner of the playroom, that blocks that corner off from sight. It's only about five feet tall, but that's tall enough. Behind it are two large dog kennels. The wire-mesh kind. I bought them at PetsMart. I think they're sized for a Doberman or something. One of them is usually empty. The other is Paige's bedroom. It's where she lives.

Sophie hurries to let Paige out of her cage. Paige is nude as Sophie leads her out from behind the screen. She's silent, too. The only sound is the rattling of the chain on Paige's leg irons. But Paige's aren't the heavy iron manacles. Hers are just police-issue leg irons. Other than those, the only thing Paige has on is her pink collar and the leash Sophie clipped to it to bring her out.

Paige is nineteen. She's slightly tall at 5'7", but that still leaves her an inch or two shorter than Roxanne. She's rather lean, at 118 pounds. It's lean enough that it gives her a slightly stick-like figure. Narrow, with only the gentlest of curves to her hips and waist. It gives her a flat stomach, too. But the first thing most people notice is her bare 34-B breasts with their wide, light nipples, as they stand up from her chest. Especially since Paige never gets clothes in my apartment, so those perky pert breasts are always on display.

She has long, curly, honey-brown hair. And brilliant green eyes. And a nice, wide mouth on her face. But she looks even younger than she is. She could easily pass for about 16 or 17. Not that it matters. Roxanne is blindfolded. She can't see Paige. She can't even tell that I have someone new in the room with her. All Roxanne can do is hear the rattling of the chain as Paige is led to me.

I point to Roxanne's pussy. "skanky, tease." It's all I say. I don't even bother using a firm or commanding voice. I don't need to. Paige knows how to behave.

"Yes, my Queen," Paige answers promptly in her throaty, whiskey voice. She immediately drops to her knees in front of Roxanne.

Paige reaches up to Roxanne's pussy mound. She gingerly spreads Roxanne's fat lips, pushing them as far open as she can. Then

Chapter 06: Hanging Around

Paige stretches her mouth wide. She puts her lips up to Roxanne's mound. She wiggles her tongue, teasing it into the loose folds surrounding Roxanne's clit, then lies her tongue softly against the very top of the small, steely hard, nub. Paige has the underside of her tongue against the nub.

Paige slowly swirls her tongue around the nub, caressing it tenderly. As her tongue moves around the nub, by the time it gets to the underside of it, it's the top of Paige's tongue against it. Paige keeps her tongue against the nubby nub the entire time. It gets a single, slow, swirl of her tongue.

"OH, AHHHHH!" Roxanne screeches out, her voice now pure erotic need. Her body shudders hard, thrashing against the heavy chains that hold her steady. It rattles the chains loudly. Music to my ears.

Once Paige finishes that swirl, she picks one of those long, tall, loose folds of Roxanne's and sucks that fold into her mouth. While her sucking holds the flesh somewhat taut, Paige slowly moves her mouth down, sucking along the fold. And she uses her tongue to caress the underside of that fold as she goes. Paige's very silky smooth lips tenderly tease their way down the full length of that fold, all the way to the bottom of Roxanne's tunnel.

"OOH!!!" Roxanne purrs softly, drawing it out the entire time Paige's mouth is inch along the wrinkly fold.

Now Paige puts her tongue to the bottom of Roxanne's tunnel. She puts the very tip of her tongue to the rim of the entrance, where she can stroke it over just a hair of Roxanne's spongy walls. She starts at the bottom, swirling her tongue slowly along the rim, teasing its way around the entrance of the tunnel.

"OH, AH, OOH!!!" Roxanne screeches again. She shudders again, too, rattling her chains loudly. Her hips shudder even harder, thrashing slightly from side to side. It's all they can move with the chains keeping her legs spread so wide. Her hips shudder crisply. But it does nothing to move her pussy away from Paige's tongue.

Little Miss Rudeness

Paige takes a full circuit, spending well over a second to swirl her tongue around the narrow entrance of Roxanne's tunnel. When Paige's tongue is back to its starting point, Paige moves her mouth to the other inner fold. The one she neglected before, on her way down. She sucks her way slowly up that fold, her tongue caressing it all the way up to where it flows into the nest of Roxanne's little clit.

"UM!!!" Rosanne purrs this time. She pants a single fast breath, too. She hangs loose for the second or two it takes Paige to make her way up that fold.

"OH! AHHHHH!!!" Roxanne screeches very loudly, and even more urgently, as Paige's tongue returns to the top of Roxanne's clit to begin a second swirl around. Roxanne will only get a single swirl now, too. Paige is starting the circuit over. A swirl around the clit to push Roxanne's arousal up a notch, then a slow suck down an inner fold to allow that arousal to ebb back a hair. Then another swirl around the rim of Roxanne's tunnel to push her back towards a climax, and another sucking caress to let that fresh arousal ebb.

Paige will continue that circuit until I tell her to stop. I taught Paige to "tease" a pussy this way for a reason. So far, it's yet to make any woman cum. But it's never failed to push a woman to the cusp of an orgasm and keep her there indefinitely. It's just what I called it. A tease. It leaves Roxanne to fully feel the sweetness of the caress of Paige's delicate, very feminine, tongue. To feel every bit of the sensations of the tender licks. And never to get the release her body is already aching for.

I let Paige takes four or five circuits around Roxanne's pussy, standing back and just watching Roxanne as she thrashes hard, then calms just in time to thrash again. And listening as she screeches out cries that are already growing more desperately needy.

I put a hand to one of Roxanne's breasts. With her hands held stretched high above her, it has her chest pulled tautly, and that has her small breasts pulled a bit flat on her chest. Not all the way flat, they still swell off her chest. Just not as much. But now they're less point and

Chapter 06: Hanging Around

more rounded.

I gently stroke my fingertips over the silky flesh of Roxanne's mound. I stroke my fingers over the stony-hard nub of her nipple, too. I keep stroking her breast with the tips of my fingers. I watch as goosebumps erupt over her mound. Hard goosebumps. Ones that pull the flesh of those pink rings tight, wrinkling it up around her rounded nipples.

"Aw... does my new bitch want to cum?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I really, really, want to cum, Ma'am! I need to cum so badly, I will do absolutely anything to cum, Ma'am!"

I giggle, "Oh, do you like this skanky whore's tongue as it licks your pussy?"

"Oh, YES! Ma'am, I really like her tongue, Ma'am! Oh, fuck me, I love that tongue! It's so skilled, Ma'am! My pussy is aching worse than if I hit it with a sledgehammer, Ma'am!"

"Is this skanky whore the first bitch to lick that pussy?"

"Yes, Ma'am, she's the first woman to ever do anything with my pussy, Ma'am!"

"Well, if you want to cum so much, what are you waiting for, bitch?"

"I CAN'T FUCKING CUM! I JUST NEED A LITTLE MORE. PLEASE, JUST A COUPLE OF MORE SWIRLS AND I'LL CUM, MA'AM!"

I laugh hard. "You'll cum when I want to watch you cum, and not a second before that, bitch!"

"Now, I think... a couple of hours hanging around here should teach you that, and some patience, nicely!"

"NO! OH, G-D, NO!!!! PLEASE, MA'AM, PLEASE DON'T DO THAT TO ME! PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME SUFFER LIKE THIS FOR HOURS! PLEASE, I HAVE TO CUM, NOW, MA'AM!"

Little Miss Rudeness

"I said no, bitch. Wait until I want to watch you cum. Like I care if you suffer."

"NO!" Roxanne screams desperately begging, "PLEASE, MA'AM, NO! MAKE ME CUM! LET ME DOWN! PLEASE, I CAN'T WAIT! PLEASE! PLEASE! LET ME CUM, MA'AM! OF FUCK ME, I CAN'T WAIT! NO, I WON'T WAIT, STOP! JUST LET ME CUM!"

"I said no. And since you're begging again, now you can wait until morning, bitch. That should teach you not to worry about your skanky pussy when you should be worrying about what I want."

"NOOOOO!!!!!!" Roxanne screams out desperately.

I walk out of the playroom, loudly slamming the door behind me. I hope Roxanne heard it slam over her screeching pleas. I know Paige doesn't need any instructions. She'll just keep going until I tell her to stop.

I turn to Sophie. "I think I could use a good bubble bath, slave. Come along, you can wash me and massage my feet while I soak."

"OH, YES! Mistress!" Sophie blurts out very eagerly.



Chapter 07: Sweet Relief

Chapter 07: Sweet Relief

I leave Roxanne there for the entire night. After about half of an hour, her screeching moans turn to screamed pleas for me to come let her cum. And demands to let her down. After another half of an hour or so, those start to fade. I guess her throat is getting tired of screeching unanswered pleas. It's Roxanne's own fault. If she didn't want to learn another lesson, she shouldn't have let me "walk" her home. But she didn't even object to it. She only started whining when she heard that she was going to learn a hard lesson in patience.

I guess a bitch like her doesn't have much patience. I kind of didn't expect her to. It's not a trait that would serve a "power bitch" too well. But it is one that a sub needs to have.

When I return to the playroom in the morning, Paige is still teasing away at Roxanne's pussy.

Roxanne, however, is the epitome of a mess. She's flushed to a bright pink from head to toe. She's covered in sweat. She's still moaning, only now her moans have tired into semi-quietness. They're the girliest moans I've heard from her. Very squealy. And they're just as desperately hungry for relief as ever. She shudders lightly, her body tired. But it's enough to keep those chains rattling. Between moans, she sobs. Her blindfold is almost dripping wet from the tears. Her legs are covered with her sticky dried honey, and a fresh rivulet of it as well. Honey that's gotten into Paige's hair now, too.

Roxanne barely lifts her hanging head as I step in. She just hangs there, standing along the wall, her body stretched out and moans sultry pleas for relief.

I put my hand back to her breast and caress it softly. It's my way of making sure she knows I'm back. She shivers crisply at my soft touch, then stills to hang limply. "Ooh... have you learned patience, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Roxanne sobs out, her voice pitiful in its mix of childish sobs and needy, sultry, pleas. I hear a tinge of hope in it as well. "I've learned that I have to be patient, Ma'am. Because you are in control of this body. I can't cum! I've tried so hard, I need to so badly, and I just can't! It's killing me, Ma'am! But I can't! I have to be patient and wait

Little Miss Rudeness

until you want me to cum!"

"Oh, does that skanky pussy ache?" I teasingly coo.

"Yes, Ma'am, my skanky pussy aches unbearably! I don't know how I've survived this long! All I can think about is cumming!"

"Are you going to behave if I allow you the chance to earn an orgasm?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Roxanne sobs out, only now the hope in her voice blossoms. Her voice, despite its too-high pitch, sounds tired. As if she's screeched her throat raw last night. "If you will be so kind as to allow me to earn a chance to cum, I promise, Ma'am, I will be on my very best behavior for you, Ma'am! I swear, I'll do anything you tell me to do! I'll do it so eagerly you'll be amazed, Ma'am! Anything! Just please, may I please be allowed to earn an orgasm, Ma'am?"

I snap my fingers. "that's enough, skanky."

Paige pulls her lips from Roxanne's pussy. She breathes out a very heavy sigh. Then she works her jaw for a second. "Yes, my Queen," Paige says sweetly.

I send Paige to "wait" with Sophie. It's morning. This is the time I allow my slaves, those who live here, to masturbate. It's almost always the only time I allow them to. And I only allow it when I deem their pussy "too horny" for them to get through the day.

I quickly unlock Roxanne, starting with her ankles. Just before I unlock the first of her hands, I warn her in a very firm voice, "put your hands behind your useless back and leave them there. Don't even think about touching that sloppy pussy, bitch."

"Yes, Ma'am," Roxanne answers. Her voice tells me that's exactly what she was thinking of doing. She has to know it would get her in trouble. I bet she was thinking that she'd only need a few short seconds, and she might just get them in before I caught her. The punishment might just be worth the relief.

She doesn't try it, not after I've warned her. She reluctantly puts

Chapter 07: Sweet Relief

her hands behind her back.

I take her blindfold off last. She blinks hard against the bright light. I'm sure she's wondering what time it is. If I truly left her there all night. I'm sure it seemed like an eon or three to her. But this room doesn't have any windows in it, so there's no telling what time it really is. I'll bet she's thinking I wouldn't be so cruel as to have left her there all night. That's it's only been a couple of hours. It's been about eight. By the time I left her, it was close to nine. It's five now.

I put a hand to Roxanne's breast, stroking it softly for a moment. I didn't bring a leash with me. So instead I let my fingers stroke their way down to her nipple. Then I pinch her nipple firmly, but not so hard. "come along, bitch," I softly tell her.

Roxanne follows me. Or rather follows her breast. Her feet shuffle slowly, showing me just how tired she is. I lead her over to the line. Sophie and Paige are already standing as they always do for "morning diddling" as I call it. Side by side, their feet opened to the width of their shoulders. Sophie's right foot is flush against Paige's left. Their shoulders are flush against each other's, too. Their hands are behind their backs. Even their hips are touching. And naturally, both are naked. It's morning! Sophie is fresh from the floor, her place at the foot of my bed.

I stand Roxanne facing them. Sophie is beyond excellently well behaved. She doesn't really have a name here. She's always called "slave," and nothing else. Paige is called "skanky." It's short for skanky whore. Now Roxanne is eyeing Paige over. I guess she assumes that it was Paige who tortured her pussy all night long. I'm sure the thick glaze of Roxanne's honey covering Paige's face and in her hair is a pretty good clue, too.

The look on Roxanne's face tells me that she's very surprised. She thought Paige was older, or at least didn't think she would be as young as she is. I'll bet she's wondering just how old Paige is, too. If she just committed a felony without even knowing it. Paige could easily pass for 16. And I am not going to tell Roxanne that Paige is 19. I never tell a toy

Little Miss Rudeness

how old my slaves are. It's not their business. The look on her face tells me she assumes Paige is a lesbian, too. Which she's not. She's a slave. She wants to have sex with whomever I want her to. Gender doesn't matter to her, only my wishes.

I point to Sophie. "My slave her been very good. She devoted herself to giving me a very nice foot massage." I say, not speaking directly to anyone. Then I turn to Roxanne. "You are her reward. You will eat her pussy. On your knees, bitch."

"M... Ma'am..." Roxanne stammers, "I'm sorry, Ma'am! I will so happily eat her pussy for you, Ma'am, but I... don't know how to!"

I slap her face. "I said on your knees, bitch! That's strike one. Your pussy doesn't want you to strike out, bitch."

Roxanne doesn't say anything else. She drops to her knees. It has her facing Sophie, about a foot from her. "Scoot forward, bitch. I want your knees between that slave's feet." I use my crop to give her the lightest tap on her bottom. Roxanne yelps a light "EE-OW!" from the tap. It tells me that I got the whipping right last night. Her cheeks don't show any redness, I can see that much, but they're still rather sore.

Roxanne very quickly scoots up, closing her knees and slipping them right between Sophie's small feet.



I grab Roxanne's hair and lightly pull her head back, turning her face up towards the ceiling. It has Roxanne staring up at Sophie's waiting pussy. Sophie has a very inviting pussy. It's also a virgin, untouched by any male. Sophie's mound is puffy, swelling down just as Roxanne's does. And like Roxanne, Sophie's inner folds extend out through a wide gash between her lips. But Sophie's lips are wider than Roxanne's. And Sophie's inner folds, as they rise through her slit, flower open slightly, revealing a slice of her inner pinkness and a tiny hint of her tunnel

Chapter 07: Sweet Relief

beyond. I'll bet it's the only pussy Roxanne has ever seen closely. And I'll bet like most women, she's wondering if this what men see when they look at her pussy.

I know Sophie's pussy is sopping wet. I don't have to look. I can see the glint of her honey on the edges of those inner folds. I would expect it to be after last night. Not only did I allow her to bathe me, but at bedtime, I masturbated with Sophie's tongue. That always arouses her.

"Open your mouth wide, bitch..." I tell Roxanne. She quickly obeys. "Now put those lips to this slave's pussy." I watch as Roxanne pushes back her natural revulsion at the idea of having sex with a woman. Her lips tentatively go to Sophie's puffy mound. I can the uncertainty in Roxanne. As if she doesn't know exactly where to put those lips. They settle on the top of Sophie's slit, covering about half of Sophie's lips, and most of those wrinkly, loose folds that dangle through her slit.

"Good bitch. Now stick that tongue out. Find the slave's clit. You won't miss it. It's the thing that's as hard as marble, and about that size."

"OOH!" Sophie gasps out, a light shiver flowing over her body. That tells me Roxanne's tongue found its target.

"Swirl your tongue very slowly around that nub. Suck lightly, just enough that you feel this slave's clit pulled into your mouth."

For about a second, nothing happens. Then Sophie breathes out a very deep, and throaty, "MM!" A light shudder sweeps Sophie's body. She breathes out another honeyed "MM!" and it sounds rather urgent.

"Slave, is that bitch doing it correctly?"

"Oh, Yes!" Sophie breathes out, her voice deepening and taking on a serious sultriness. "Mistress! You are so kind to allow this slave such a treat, Mistress!"

Sophie knows the rules. During "morning diddling" the subs are required to stand still as they masturbate. Sophie knows that the same

Little Miss Rudeness

rules apply now. It doesn't matter that I'm allowing her a reward. She's still to stand still. Not to enjoy the pussy eating, just to stand there and suffer the stimulation. And she knows that she's not allowed to cum. Not until, and unless, I tell her to. She knows it's going to be at least five long minutes before I tell her, too. It always is. And she knows the punishment for cumming before she's told to is horrible, even though it's been a very long time since she's suffered it.

Sophie stands there, purring out moans that grow needier with each breath. She shivers hard. But she fights her impulses and stays still enough that I won't be disappointed in her. I can see it on her face and her body. It's killing her to stand like this. But she'd rather die than disappoint me. So she suffers.

Right at the five-minute mark, I notice Sophie's teeth start chattering. That tells me she isn't going to last much longer, no matter what I want. I can see the thick coat of Sophie's honey now clinging to Roxanne's face, too. Sophie was sloppy wet, to begin with, and with Roxanne's tongue working her pussy over, that honey has been flowing like a river.

"Slave, cum," I tell Sophie.

"MM!... OH!" Sophie screeches out in her deepest voice. Her body shudders hard. Her knees buckle, pushing her pussy down onto Roxanne's mouth. The shuddering, the wild squirming that racks Sophie's hips grind her pussy against Roxanne's lips, smearing more honey all over Roxanne. "UH, OHHH!!!" Sophie screeches out as the second shuddering wave of the orgasm hits her.

Sophie's orgasm takes close to a minute. It leaves Sophie panting the most satisfied breaths. She shudders lightly as I finally pull Roxanne's head back, taking her mouth from Sophie's pussy.

"On your feet, bitch, and those hands better stay behind that back."

"Yes, Ma'am," Roxanne answers. She gets up. It gives me an even better view of the glaze on her face.

Chapter 07: Sweet Relief

I grin at Roxanne. "Congratulations, bitch, that was the first pussy you ate! And you managed to make it cum! That wasn't so bad, was it?"

"No, Ma'am... Her pussy tastes... almost sweet, Ma'am..." Roxanne cringes as she confesses.

"Oh, you like the taste of a hot pussy?"

"Yes, Ma'am... I guess I do like the taste of pussy, Ma'am..."

"Do you still want to cum, bitch?"

"Oh, G-d, Yes, Ma'am, If anything I need to cum even more now, Ma'am! May I please be allowed to, now that I ate her pussy, Ma'am?"

I send Roxanne to get in line with Paige and Sophie. I have her stand beside Paige. The exact same way Sophie is. It has Paige in the middle, Roxanne's shoulder, hip, and foot flush against Paige. I'm sure Roxanne notices the soft silkiness of Paige's skin, too. The delicate femininity of it.

I can see Roxanne checking Paige out. As if she's trying to guess who, or what, Paige is. Maybe how old she is. Maybe any number of other things.

I tell both of them to put one finger to their pussy. The other hand is to remain behind their backs. They will masturbate my way. And they will do it together. Paige doesn't need instructions. She's been doing this for about a year now. But Roxanne definitely does. So I tell her that she's to rub her clit slowly, in small circles, her finger just barely touching the hard nub. I tell her that she's to stand still. She's not to enjoy this. She's just to masturbate. I will tell her when she may cum. She will not cum until I tell her to. She will not move, either. Nor will she say a word. She will just masturbate. Just rub her clit, slowly, steadily, and rhythmically.

I tell them to start. They start. It takes about half of a second for Roxanne to cry out the first "UM!!!" as her body stiffens up to steel. Her voice is back, too. It

s not so tired anymore. Her cry is loud and very desperate.

Little Miss Rudeness

It takes her about fifteen seconds before her hips snap with a crisp shudder that flows over her body.

I quickly snap the crop, just a flick of my wrist to send it cracking against her still sore bottom. It lands with a good crack, searing a light pink crop print onto her white globe. But her cheeks are still very sore from the whipping.

"OW!" Roxanne screeches out.

"I told you not to move, you slutty bitch! Now stop acting like a whore, and masturbate, bitch!" I scold her.

It lasts her about five, maybe ten seconds. Then her hips snap with another crisp shudder. And she screeches another loud yelp as the crop leaves a matching pink crop print on her other cheek.

And so on. I vary the place where the crop strokes land. It spares her a little, tanning her cheek evenly pink instead of just one place. But it renews the fiery hot needles stinging her bottom evenly, too. It makes all of her cheeks sting just as freshly as if they'd just been whipped.

Standing still is impossible for Roxanne. Not cumming is even harder. And it really shows. "You skanky bitch!" I snap, scolding her harshly with pure disapproval in my voice. "I should leave you unrelieved for that! Your sloppy skank pit is dripping it's disgusting skank all over my floor, bitch!"

Sophie giggles. Roxanne cringes hard. But it does nothing to stop the dripping from her pussy. I'm pretty sure she knows she's dripping too. At the very least she has to feel just how wet she is.

"I suppose now you're going to tell me that you're surprised, that your skank pit has just never dripped before?"

"Yes, Ma'am... Honestly, Miss Rodgers, I've never dripped before, Ma'am! I guess I'm just too aroused now, Ma'am! I'm so sorry, Ma'am, please don't make me wait, Ma'am! I'll clean it up for you! I'll lick it up if you want! I don't care, just please, don't punish me!"

"You're in luck, bitch. I didn't tell you not to drip, so you won't be

Chapter 07: Sweet Relief

punished for it. Now try not to be such a complete gutter whore."

"YES! Ma'am!" Roxanne screeches out.

I don't know how she manages to last the five minutes. I didn't threaten her with a hideous punishment if she didn't. I just told her she had to. Maybe by now, she's learned that I mean what I say. And that I don't do second chances. Misbehavior brings a stern punishment. Maybe she wisely, and correctly, knew that if she came early, she'd regret it. Maybe this bitch is learning to behave.

"skanky, bitch, go on, cum," I tell them.

Paige cries out a sweetly satisfied moan as her body shudders crisply, snapping hard against Roxanne's body.

Roxanne screams out "MM!!!, OH, YES!" and she cums. I can't miss her orgasm. I see a huge gob of her honey squirt hard down to the floor, landing with a splat, as her body shudders wildly. She shudders for about one second. About the time that dollop of honey is hitting the floor, her body snaps to a tight tension. Every muscle in her body contracts hard. Even her legs. But her legs don't straighten. Her knees are already buckling when the spasm hits her. Her knees snap up, almost hitting her breasts, and pulling her feet right off the floor.

She screams a loud "OW!" as she lands. She lands on her bottom. That very sore bottom. It drops about three feet, all the way to the floor. Then the next wave of the orgasm hits her. It snaps her muscles just as powerfully, only this time those legs go kicking out, tossing her off to the side. She hangs for a second, then falls to her side.

Roxanne's hand snaps away from her pussy. The next wave her those hands, and arms, flying around as her legs kick out in front of her. Her pussy steadily weeps a strong river of honey onto her thigh. She trembles hard. She cries out.

After a few seconds, and maybe a half dozen snapping waves, her cries fade to nothing. Her eyes close. She falls limp, loose, and spent. She lies there her body trembling hard. She breathes fast and shallow.

Little Miss Rudeness

I stare at her pussy. It's easy for me to see the waves of the orgasm flowing through it. Each one has her pussy walls snapping with those crisp twitches I felt earlier. And those are strong enough to squirt her honey. Her pussy must not be as full of honey as it was when the first wave hit her. The later waves only squirt it enough that it hits her loose folds. But I can see that.

Roxanne lies there, totally satisfied by her own finger. She trembles. She breathes light purrs. But she doesn't move. She lies there.



Chapter 08: Picked Up - By Her Employee

Chapter 08: Picked Up - By Her Employee

It's a good ten minutes before Roxanne recovers enough to get to her feet. As soon as she does, she learns that it's "bath time." And it's not going to be the fancy shower she's used to.

I send all three of the girls together. 19-year-old, Sophie, who is in charge, 19-year-old Paige, and 30-year-old Roxanne. All three are to go to the bathroom together. They're to take turns using the toilet. Sophie gets to be first, followed by Paige, and Roxanne, as the most disobedient of them, last. Roxanne, I see, cringes hard at the bathroom break. I'll bet it's the first time she hasn't had privacy for it. Instead, she gets to sit on the toilet with her legs wide open. And with Sophie and Paige standing right in front of her, their backs to the wall, facing her. So they can see what she's doing. But she skipped her potty break last night. She was "all tied up." In chains. So she has no choice but to nearly explode, from both ends, with them watching. Another fresh humiliation for her.

Then it's the shower. All three of them are to go in together. And it's not a big shower. It's a generic tub/shower, as you'd find in any house. Three girls in it makes for very tight quarters. So tight that they're constantly bumping their bodies against various, and sometimes intimate, parts of each other.

Sophie gets to tell Roxanne that I have a way she's to bathe, too. First Roxanne is to shave herself. She will be punished if I find a single stubble anywhere on her legs, her underarms, her pubes, or her pussy. Luckily for Roxanne, all of that is already shaven, so this isn't new for her. Then Sophie tells her that if I find any stubble anywhere in the crack of her bottom, that's double punishment.

Roxanne cringes at that one. But she doesn't say anything. She just tries to shave her bottom. Sophie doesn't. Sophie politely asks Paige to shave her bottom for her, then spreads her cheeks and waits as Paige does it. Paige asks Sophie. It leaves Roxanne the odd girl out. Roxanne asks Sophie, very politely. Sophie agrees.

Then Hair, and that means every hair left, even eyebrows is to be shampooed and conditioned. Roxanne has some thick eyebrows, too.

Little Miss Rudeness

Once that's done, bodies are to be washed with a rose-scented body wash. Every bit of them. Especially those skanky pussies, which aren't to be just washed. Their lips are to be washed inside and out. As her those loose folds. And her pinkness. The same applies to bottoms. Assholes are to be pulled taut and scrubbed spotless.

And for all of that, they get only cold water. No hot. It leaves them all covered in goosebumps and shivering, wanting to hurry the shower along, but not daring to hurry.

They're to dry off, sharing a single towel. They're to brush their teeth, sharing a single toothbrush. They're to brush their hair out a full 100 strokes and blow dry it fully. And then they're to come out for breakfast.

Paige gets the morning cooking duty. Sophie's duty is to serve me my first cup of coffee. Since Roxanne doesn't have anything to do, I decide that she can serve as my ottoman. It has her on her hands and knees, my feet resting on the center of her back.

Breakfast is served at the dining table. For me. Sophie gets to sit with me, but she also gets to be my waitress. And I expect a very attentive waitress. But Sophie never disappoints me. Paige waits in the kitchen, making the plates and doing everything else. Roxanne gets to stand along the far wall of the kitchen, smell the food she wants (she did miss supper last night, too), and wait patiently. Apparently, she learned some patience. She stands still and quiet. Once I've finished, Paige and Roxanne get their plates. They get to eat standing up in the kitchen. And they get five minutes to clean their plates off. Breakfast is a non-meat eggs benedict with fried potatoes, and fruit. I do hope Roxanne approves of it. Or not, she's going to eat it anyway. I said so.

It's not too long after breakfast that Miley shows up. She's only a few minutes early, so I let her in. I only expect perfect punctuality from those with their bottoms on the line. Literally. As soon as Miley comes in, I see a huge wave of relief sweep over Roxanne's face. It tells me that she wasn't so confident her paralegal would come get her. That Miley might just be upset enough with her to leave her here. I bet she doesn't

Chapter 08: Picked Up - By Her Employee

doubt that I'd keep her, just as I said I would.

I bring Roxanne, wearing only her leash and collar, out to the living room. Miley gets a seat on the sofa. Roxanne gets to kneel before Miley, who's sitting beside me. Roxanne kneels as I've taught her, up straight, sitting back, hands behind her. And eyes downcast.

"Before I allow you to sign this slutty bitch out of my dungeon, Miley, I have to tell you what you're getting into. You have to agree to a few things. You can't let her masturbate, not even a tiny bit, while she's in your care. Obviously, there's no sex, either. Not even a kiss. With a man or a woman. In case you didn't know, this bitch just loves to eat pussy, don't you bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Roxanne confesses, her voice breaking with humiliation. "I really love the taste of a sweet pussy, Ma'am."

"Second," I tell Miley, "You agree to return her to my door at five pm. She may bring nothing with her, except 'basic' clothes. That's shoes, socks, bra, panties, and that dress. Nothing more. Anything else you should leave in your car, or wherever.

"Third, she's to be leashed at all times inside this building. You can take the leash off the minute you step out and put it back on at the door, but inside this building, all bitches must be leashed.

"Now, here's the sticky part. If you're late, or if she masturbates, or if she's in this building off her leash, *you* will be the one to pay for it. The penalty is this. For every minute she's late, you're going to get one spanking on your bare bottom. Five strokes if she's off her leash, and fifteen if she masturbates.

"Roxanne is going to be very good for you. She's also going to be very polite to you. She's allowed to be her usual bitchy lawyer self whenever anyone else is around, but if there's no one close enough to hear, she's to be very polite to you." That one gets a huge smirking grin from Miley. Unlike the idea of her being punished if she's late getting Roxanne back. That got a wide-eyed cringe from Miley.

"So, are you still willing to accept responsibility for my bitch?"

Little Miss Rudeness

"I guess..." Miley sounds less than enthusiastic. No doubt she's still thinking about her bottom getting spanked if she's late.

I ask Miley if she brought clothes for Roxanne. She hands me a bag. I peek into it and find a very sexy lavender bra and panties set. Pumps. And a gray dress. I guess Roxanne likes Earth tones.

I hold the panties out. "Put these on, bitch," I tell her. Only then does Roxanne take them from my hand. She stands up and quickly pulls the boy-shorts panties on. Then she drops to her knees and waits again. I repeat with the bra. Then the shoes. And finally the dress.

It's a snug-fitting cotton dress. It has long sleeves that come about halfway down her forearms. And it has a turtle neck that will nicely hide the collar locked around her neck. But it's decently short, too. It covers her down about halfway from her bottom to her knees. It leaves a good amount of her lithe legs bare. And it looks good on Roxanne.

"Miley, Roxanne is not allowed to put anything else on or take anything off. She's to remain dressed in the clothes you gave her all day. Call me if she tries anything, and I'll pop over to whip her naughty bottom on the spot." after last night, Miley doesn't have any doubt that I'd whip Roxanne in the halls of the courthouse.

I clip a leash to Roxanne's collar. I hand Miley a piece of paper. It's a contract that spells out the terms of her taking Roxanne. Miley reluctantly signs it. I hand Miley Roxanne's leash. "Roxanne, you will go with Miss Carson. You will be polite and obey her. Is that clear, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Roxanne answers. Then she looks to Miley, "I promise to behave for you, Miss Carson, thank you for taking me to work today, Ma'am."

Miley grins. I'll bet it's the politest Roxanne has ever been to her. She leads Roxanne out of the apartment.

This is kind of a test for Roxanne. None of her things are here. I did leave my collar locked around her neck, but it's a small lock holding on. She could easily find something at Wal-Mart to cut that lock. And

Chapter 08: Picked Up - By Her Employee

then unbuckle her collar.

The choice Roxanne has is simple. She can return, or not. If she doesn't, she just has to cut the collar off. I doubt Miley would even try to force her to return. Miley's smart enough to know that paper is unenforceable if Miley doesn't bring her back. But if Roxanne returns, then Roxanne is telling me that she wants to be my slave. Now that she's had a taste of what I'm am going to do with her.

I'm betting she comes back. And if she does, she's in for a very long weekend here.