



Nadia Saran

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

It seems like I meet all of my play toys through some variation of the same: the old, a friend of a friend, of a friend, who knows somebody, who has a friend, who might know somebody. At least it seems that roundabout. Then again I don't look online, although I do have a few web pages. I'm only 18, but I do have a few "toys" in my "toy box." Plus I have Sophie, my live-in personal slave. Well, she's been living with me since school ended last month.

I have three BFFs, who know the highlights on what I'm into, but since they don't share my interests, they generally don't get much in the way of details. Just the stuff we giggle over. They all know Sophie, though. It's impossible for them not to. Every time they pop over to my apartment Sophie is there, naked 99% of the time, and eagerly serving us. That much took them a little getting used to, so I can't imagine what they'd do if they ever saw anything more. Like a naked guy over my knees!

I also have a circle of ladies that share my tastes. It's a pretty diverse group, with pretty much on thing in common: we all love dominating others. We try to get together every couple of weeks for coffee and a gossip fest. Mostly we just share gossip about who's doing what to whom. But we also do each other favors, sometimes surprising a toy with a "guest appearance," or any number of other things. I'm the youngest in the group. Colette, at 46, is the oldest. Over the months, most of a year now, that I've been a full-fledged member of this little "kink club," as my BFFs call it, I've gotten a few toys from the other ladies here. One they either weren't interested in, didn't have the time for or wanted to pass off for another reason. One of the girls is a flight attendant, and about a month ago she sent me a rather entertaining lady pilot to play with, just because she didn't want to play with a pilot she'd be stuck flying with.

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

So when I'm checking my emails one night, something I'm notorious for being slow to respond to (email is so last decade! Hello, text me!) I'm not really surprised to see one from Janelle, one of the ladies in my little circle. It's pretty short, just saying that she's forwarding me an email. It came to her through one of her toys, who passed her email address to a friend who'd asked on behalf of a friend. Or so the story she got went. She says she's not interested because Mark, the "boy toy" is the son of a Bay Minette cop; as a Baldwin County deputy, Janelle works with pretty much every cop in the county and doesn't want to play with any close relatives of any of them. Besides the tension that might cause, it would certainly get her a very slutty reputation. She says that it sounds like something that would interest me, but if not, let her know and she'll send it around to the others. Andrea, she's pretty sure, would be interested.

I read the email. It's written by Mark, and it's decently long. It's an open letter, to Janelle's private play address, addressed on to "Ma'am." He says the friend who gave him her address didn't know her name, or even exactly whom it would be sent to. Only that he had a friend who could get it to "a strong woman," as he was interested in meeting. He starts by telling me about himself and his live-in girl-friend Callie. He's 20, she's 18. He works at one of the shipyards, a welder, and Callie works at a restaurant (where I've eaten once or twice), at least until fall when she hopes they can afford for her to cut her work back and go to school to learn hair styling.

Then he gets to the part about his fantasy, about having a strong woman who could control him, control his pleasure, and who would satisfy him, but make him "work for it." He says that's not Callie. She's about the opposite of that. Which is why they've decided to look for someone who could "help" them. It's the only place they're not perfectly in sync.

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

Callie, he says, is very outgoing and friendly. Until she gets to the bedroom. There's she's even shy and reserved. And inexperienced, since Mark is her first. They "do it" often, but Mark always has to start it and get her into it, as if they're back in high school and he's trying to get her to do it for the first time.

Callie's mother is very reserved, he says. Callie has said many times that she wishes she had a big sister to have taught her about "these things," since there was no way her mom was going to as much as admit they happen! He knows that Callie will never be the strong lover he's after. And he says Callie is open to him "playing" with another, so long as it domination, not cheating on her. Callie, he says, isn't very open to talking about sex, an inhibition he figures she picked up from her mom, so he doesn't really know if she has any fantasies, but she's never mentioned any.

Then, like most true newbies, those whose only knowledge of D/s, BDSM and such comes from the internet, where truth isn't always so true, he offers to pay for someone's time, if "that's the way things like this work."

I decide to write him back a rather short email:

*Mark;*

*I am Miss Rodgers. Your email has found its way to me. Let me start by telling you this isn't a negotiation. If you and/or Callie have any hope of meeting me, Callie will write me an email and tell me about herself. Her private self. You will not help her. You will not even read what she writes to me. She has 48 hours to send it.*

That's it, all I write him back. I figure there's a good chance Callie

Nadia Saran

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

will write me something, and an equally good chance that it won't be what I asked for.

I get her answer the next day. Which starts by assuring me that Mark hasn't read it. Then she pretty much repeats what Mark already said, describing herself again. Then:

*I haven't a clue what to say! Mark's my only real boyfriend. He was my first. No one ever told me anything about it, so everything I know I just figured out with him. The whole topic of "woman stuff" was off-limits around my house. I've had a million dreams about it, but I know that I could never do most of it!*

*I don't know why, but I always get really shy around guys whenever anything intimate starts to come up. I just sorta freeze up. Mark has told me his fantasy. It made me think about maybe his woman letting me be involved. Like he wouldn't be cheating on me, if I was with him. And maybe she could guide me to do things, and teach me things. I know to do that she'd have to be in charge of me, too, and I think I'm OK with that.*

*I'm warning you now, I get really shy when it comes to adult things. I can barely make myself get my clothes off for bed with Mark, and I know he's seen me like a million times. I'm hoping it might be easier for me with a woman, especially if I knew she was mostly there for Mark.*

*Anyway, I'll try to do whatever – anything – you want me to. I don't know if I'll be able to or not, but I swear I'll try. I'd like Mark to be happy and get what he wants, and if you will allow me to have a part in it, I'd want that.*

If that's her version of long, I'd hate to see short. But now I have both of their emails. And a little better idea of what Callie is like. And most importantly I know that Callie is really OK with Mark being my toy. It's a rule I have, I never whip behind a spouses' back.

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

Since Mark had told me they both have Sunday's off, I decide that would be the perfect day for a little play session. Because I think that they might be amusing to me, even though I generally prefer my toys to be older, like in their 30's or early-early 40's. So I send Callie an email:

*Callie;*

*This is the only offer I will make you. It's is a yes/no ONLY offer. Feel free to say no if you're not interested and I will pass your emails around to others I know who might be interested in meeting you guys.*

*First, you should know that I have rules. The first rule is that subs (that means both of you) do not speak unless spoken to, and then only to answer. When a sub does speak, it is to be concise, formal, polite, respectful and humble. Yes, Ma'am, and No, Ma'am are preferred responses. The second thing is that I do allow subs to ask questions, or question anything. Nor do I allow subs to waste my time. All of that means when you are told to do something, you will do it at a normal pace, no stalling, hesitating, feet-dragging, or questioning it. Don't expect to be told why you're doing it either. Except for clear instructions that you will obey. The third thing you need to accept is that you will have no privacy, no secrets, and no modesty here. I own you. I own your bodies. I will do with them as I please, and you will not have a say in it.*

*I'm not going to run down a list of what might happen. Anything is possible. I can be rather whimsical. The only thing that won't happen, is you will not be injured in any way. I don't do that. Whatever ideas and expectations you might have, forget them. The reality will be different. Your reality here will be my pleasure.*

*YOU may come here Sunday at 3:00 pm. You will stay until I deign to dismiss you. While here, you will obey me. There will be unpleasant consequences for disobedience or infractions of my rules. Before you come here, you will ensure that Mark knows all of what I've just told you. That is for you to do, and you will be the one to suffer the consequences of disappointing me if he doesn't know it. Mark is NOT to come with you. Not even to drive you here. I*

**Nadia Saran**

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

*will summon Mark when I am ready. It might be 3:01, or I might kick you out never summoning him. But when I do summon him, he is expected to come then, or never again.*

*I understand you. I understand what you're feeling. And that you really don't even understand your own sexuality. I will take care of you. Once you walk through that door, you will have no choice but to allow me to.*

*Now: Will you be coming Sunday?*

It takes her a day, but Callie finally sends back a yes, so I send her my address and a reminder that I demand punctuality. I tell her to remind Mark that I may summon him whenever, and when I do, he'd better get his butt over here.

Sunday afternoon Callie arrives a few minutes early. Clearly, she has a different definition of punctual than I do. I meant 3:00, not 2:56. I'll have to spank to her about that before she leaves.

This afternoon I have Sophie dressed in her "maid-slave" outfit. It's a pastel green all-lace apron, fringed with white extra-frilly lace. It's small, just wide enough to cover her boobs but narrow enough to leave her hip bones bare. It covers nothing above her boobs. Its bottom is rounded, baring a teasing amount of her thighs, and just barely covers her pussy. There's no back to it, leaving her adorable bottom bare, just it's white frilly straps tied in a big bow at the small of her back. There's a matching horseshoe shaped clip to hold her long hair back. And finger-less lace gloves. Topping it all off are a pair of matching boots: those have a full sole with four-inch heels, but then are all lime green lace, all the way up to her knee where they're ringed by white lace trim; they have a white zipper down the side, too. OK, it looks very sexy, in a very slutty kind of way, but Sophie is just adorable in it!

I send her to answer the door while I laze on my sofa and sip a

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

coffee. Sophie's 18, plus 7 months, and looks 18. she's not a big girl either, but at 5'4" she's a little bigger than me. She's thin and curvy, with fair-sized boobs. She gets plenty of guys hitting on her. Before me, she dated enough. So I'd say she's a pretty girl. And she definitely looks her age, maybe plus or minus a year or two.

I just watch as Sophie opens the door. Callie is definitely surprised. She gawks, speechless. "Hiya, you're Callie?" Sophie greets her and she just gives a little nod. "I'm Sophie, Miss Rodgers' slave." The look on Callie's face says that was unexpected, too. Ah, bad girl, I'd warned Callie to leave her expectations at home. Sophie just takes Callie's hand.

Callie allows Sophie to lead her in. "My Mistress said for you to stand right here until it's convenient for her to see you." Sophie guides Callie to a little bare spot along the wall. I've kept it bare there for just this: it's where I have subs surrender their clothes. "Callie." Sophie says quietly, "My Mistress is going to be very disappointed if she sees you standing like that! She insists her toys have proper respectful manners! Let me show you." Sophie has to pretty much move Callie for her, getting her into place standing up straight, hands at the small of her back, feet just a little apart. "There, now my Mistress will be pleased! You wait right here for Her."

Sophie turns and comes to me. It gives Callie her first look at Sophie's backside. Even though it's obvious that there's no back to her uniform, I still see the surprise on Callie's face when she sees Sophie's bare bottom. Or maybe she sees that Sophie doesn't care who sees her bare bottom. Or maybe it's that, even from behind, she can see the prominent mound of Sophie's pussy with its wide gash that lets her inner folds stand out.

Sophie comes and kneels before me, then waits for me to tell her what I want her to do. I only have about two sips left, so I finish my



## Callie's First Wife Lesson

coffee before I get up. I walk over to where Callie is waiting, which lets her get her first good look at me.

I am 18, plus 9 months. But I'm also tiny. I'm only 5'1.75" and 91-pounds. The only thing big about me is my boobs, which are a "male-appreciated" very firm and pert 32-D. I'm wearing jeans with a stretchy top, a button-down blouse open over it and sneakers. In other words, I look like a schoolgirl. Probably high school since my small size usually gets people to guess my age as closer to 16. I'm sure Callie was expecting someone older, maybe in her 30's, probably wearing a black leather suit like those internet pictures tend to show. But I am carrying my riding crop. It's pastel green and white lace fringed, too, just like Sophie. I really love that color!

Callie is a rather big girl. And I don't mean fat. She's probably around 5'9". She looks to have a wide frame, but also to be thin and have a nice figure. Definitely, a healthy weight, and girly, just a little bigger than average while still nicely proportional. But she's big enough I have to look up to meet her eyes. Then again, that could be said for about anyone.

"I am Miss Rodgers," I say it softly, but with a slight firmness to my voice, hoping she understands that I'm just telling her how it is, and it will be as it is. "Welcome to my realm, where you now belong to me. Do not worry, I will take good care of you. You will behave like a good little girl." I grin slyly and add "because naughty little girls get spankings. You don't look like you want to go over my knees for a nice spanking."

I wave a hand summoning Sophie. "You've met my slave." I tenderly stroke Sophie's cheek. "She's a very well behaved slave girl. She pleases me. You will please me, too. If you have the brains God gave a goldfish, you will want to please me. I warned you that you won't have a choice what I do with you. You have exactly one choice. You may choose

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

how much unpleasantness you suffer before obeying me. You will obey me, that's not a choice. You only choose how unpleasant things will be for you before you obey. There doesn't have to be any added unpleasantness. Just behave like a good little girl."

I reach my hand down and caress Sophie's butt cheek, giving it a light squeeze while I'm there. Sophie stands still and allows me to fondle her. "You are going to relax." I reach my hand up and lightly knead Callie's shoulder. "Just relax Callie. That tension isn't going to do anything to help you. You will stand there. You will do nothing. Do not help Sophie. Do not resist Sophie. Just stand there and Sophie will do everything. Be relaxed, be loose, and do *nothing*. Now, we'll see if you have even the intelligence to manage to do nothing."

I turn to Sophie, taking my hand from Callie who is still rather tense despite my advice to her. "Sophie, undress this little girl."

"Yes, Mistress!"

"And be sweet to her."

"Yes, Mistress!" Sophie grins slyly. She steps close to Callie and starts looking over her. It's obvious that while Callie is dressed casually, she's also chosen to dress up a little for this visit. Sophie takes off a pair of earrings. Callie flinches hard as Sophie does it, even though Sophie is barely touching her body. Just an ear.

Callie has on a button-down blouse, buttoned-up enough to hide any cleavage and loose-fitting enough to disguise the true size of her boobs. Sophie starts at the top button and unbuttons it. Callie cringes hard. She shirks. Were her back not against the wall, it's obvious she'd back away from Sophie. I see her shudder as Sophie's hands touch her bare skin at her shoulders, her hands caressing Callie's shoulders as she

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

slips the blouse off. Callie stands rigid and trying to look anywhere but out on us as Sophie folds her shirt up and starts a pile on an end table.

Sophie takes off a necklace. Callie cringes hard. Sophie puts her hands to Callie's sides, she eases them around to her back, caressing Callie as she goes, until she can unhook the black bra Callie is wearing. I see Callie shudder as I see the straps fall loose at her sides. And against I see Sophie's hands glide up her body to Callie's shoulders and slip the straps off them. I see Callie's eyes close as the bra slides down with Sophie's hands and bares her breasts.

I definitely wouldn't be embarrassed by them. They're not that big, maybe B-cups, but they're decently pert and very fully rounded, topped with light pink nipples like pencil erasers.

Sophie ignores her boobs and works down. She makes a brief detour to take Callie's shoes off, then back up to her waist to slip her loose-fitting jeans down and bare a pair of black panties that's close but not a match, to her bra. That I see a lot on women with lesser incomes who can't afford to buy matched sets from the expensive boutiques and settle for pieces sold separately at the box stores.

Sophie puts her hands to Callie's hips, and Callie shudders hard as she shirks from Sophie's touch. Sophie just slides the panties down a little on the slow side, her hands stroking over Callie's hips and thighs softly. She bares Callie's full blonde bush. Her fur is the color of honey, just a shade or two darker than the hair atop her head. Through its lightness, I can see that she has a full puffy pussy mound with wide lips that meet into a nice slit and look to be long.

Sophie takes off her watch, a couple of plastic bracelets, and a ring. Then she goes down to get Callie's socks off. When everything is in a neat pile, Sophie turns to me and announces "Mistress, this little girl is naked

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

for you now." With Callie fully nude I can see that my first impressions were right. She has a very nice and curvy figure. It looks like there's no fat on her body either. She's just bigger than average. But she looks girly and good. I can't imagine that she would have any problem getting a date. Or that she wouldn't get hit on at work nearly daily. And I can see that she absolutely hates standing there nude.

"Good slave, Sophie." I give her bottom another little squeeze, letting Sophie know I'm happy with her. I reach my hand up to Callie's breast. She sees me and cringes yet again. As I touch her I feel the shudder go through her and feel her force herself to stay there while I touch her. I cup her breast in my hand and give it a very gentle squeeze to feel it's firmness. "These are nice and firm," I comment aloud. I stroke my fingertips over her mound, down slowly to her nipple. I stork the pad of a finger over her nipples once, see goosebumps erupt over her mound and feel her body shiver crisply. Her nipples – both of them, not just the one I touch – spring up to a hard stiffness. I stroke my finger over her nipple again. It feels like a stone under my finger as she shivers again. Didn't take much teasing to get that nipple eager.

"Callie, now you will turn around." My hands on her hips nudge her to turn in place, leaving her little choice. She turns. "And now you can look at the wall," I say sweetly. My eyes take a quick look at Callie's backside. No surprises here, she looks good from the back, too. Especially her nicely rounded and firm looking bottom.

I run my hands down her back, eventually getting to her bottom. I caress her cheeks a brief minute before giving both a light squeeze and feeling that they're as firm as they look. I feel all muscle under her skin, not hard muscle, but muscle that's soft enough to make her bottom squishable. I take a pair of cuffs out of my back pocket and quickly lock them around Callie's wrists. The sudden stiffness in her body tells me she's not thrilled about being restrained, about losing the use of her hands to defend herself. And to cover herself when any second the urge for her

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

to do so becomes irresistible.

I put one hand back to a cheek and squeeze it snug in my hand, holding on to it. "Come along, little girl." I pull her back gently, but firmly, and she steps back. I turn her around, keeping my hand on her globe, and urge her forward towards the dining table. I put her right against the table, the edge of it's top against her pubes. Releasing her bottom, I take hold of her bound wrists. I use a foot to nudge her to spread her feet, telling "wide, Callie, open those legs wide like a good little girl." It takes a few nudges to her ankles before she parts them close to fully. I just lift her wrists up, leaving her no choice but to lean forward and bend over the table. I keep her going until her chest is lying against the tabletop. She turns her head, laying it on her cheek, so she doesn't have to look towards either Sophie or me.

"Now let's see what this little girl has to offer a man. Sophie, show me her pussy." I keep one hand on her wrists, keeping them up just enough to remind her not to try to stand up now. Sophie kneels down behind Callie and gently spreads her pussy lips wide open, baring a light and wet pinkness to me. I set Callie's hands on her back, telling her to stay. I pull on one of my green latex gloves on. Her clit is easy to find. The size and shape of a half marble it's already poking up from between its folds. I put two fingers to it and start massaging it. Callie squeals with shock and shudders as she feels my touch. After a few seconds, she lies tense and breathing a little deeper as I rub her rock-hard nub. I only tease her for a few seconds. Then I slip my finger into her pussy gently and slowly. It gets me about the same response from her, a hard cringe and squeal, followed by a very tense lying there as she breathes a little deeper. I wiggle my finger around and feel that her walls are toned, spongy soft but with a little muscle to them. Her tunnel is narrow, the kind that will snugly cradle a cock. I feel her body heat, and a slippery wetness covering her. I notice her breathing deepen a little more as I touch her nervy walls, too.

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

"Callie, when's the last time this pussy had a cock in it?" I don't care what I ask, I just want to make her talk about her pussy while she feels me poking around in it. She tells me last night, they were both excited about today and Mark got her going. "Callie, you're 'going' right now," I say with a trace of giggle to my voice. "Don't try to deny it, I'm in your pussy, sweetie, I can feel how hot and wet it is. And I felt that hard clit. It's fine, Callie, I am going to take care of you. You just need to relax and be good." I slip my finger out of her pussy as slowly as I slid it in.

"Sophie, show me her butt." Sophie doesn't hesitate to spread Callie's cheeks wide for me. It wasn't really that necessary, her firm cheeks left enough of a crack that with her bending forward I could see her ring anyway. But now I have a full, unhindered view of her asshole. Her ring is about the size of a quarter, a light purple at its edges, darkening steadily as it nears her hole. Which isn't exactly a hole, more of a short wrinkly little line clenched very tight. I touch a finger to her asshole, pushing just enough for her to feel me touching her there.

I take my finger back, letting Callie think I won't enter her there as I did her pussy. Too bad for her that she doesn't know me better. I'd never spare a sub anything. I always want to see exactly what I have to amuse myself with. Even if I know, as I do now, that what the sub needs is less to amuse me, and more to be forced to please her man. A mistress still has to know what she's got to work with.

I have a little scope like a doctor would use to look in an ear. I get that from my back pocket, rip open a little packet of lubricating jelly and smear a film of it over the funnel-shaped plastic tip. Then I kneel down beside Sophie who is still holding her cheeks wide apart for me. I put the tip of the scope against her asshole and press lightly. It's too thin, too slick, and too tapered for Callie to offer any meaningful resistance, even though she tenses up and tries. It just easily slips forward, gently

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

stretching her taut muscle to allow it past. I press most of the funnel into her, opening her ring only about half an inch.

I hold it firmly against her, stopping her tense body from pushing it back out. I click on the light and look through the magnifying window. It gives me a good view up inside her, where I can see far more than I truly care to see. I wiggle it, getting a view of everything, but only to make sure she feels it's little motions and just knows that I'm looking all around. After about half a minute I let her asshole push it back out and click the light off.

I stand Callie up and turn her around to face me. The embarrassment shows on her face as she still thinks about what I've done to her and seen of her. "There!" I say it sweetly, a little satisfaction to my voice. "Now you have nothing to be shy about, Callie. I have seen just absolutely everything you have to see!" I grin. "I've even know what it looks like up inside your butt. You don't even know that. So, see? You have nothing left to be modest over! Oh, don't worry about my slave, she's seen all of you, too!" Callie shirks back as I remind her how much of her I've seen.

But I have zero mercy for subs, and humiliating them is one of my favorite sports. I want Callie to think I know her body better than she does. That she has no secrets from me. That she's not capable of hiding anything from me. "So you know, you won't be needing a potty break for awhile. I'd guess tonight sometime late." I smirk wide as she blushes like a beet, at just the thought of me knowing that, and what I must have seen in there to know that.

I pick up Callie's purse and let her see me looking through it. There's nothing in there every girl doesn't have in her purse, from loose change to a spare tampon, to her wallet and some make-up. There's a pack of gum, a few little notes and finally her phone. I take the notes out

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

and read them aloud. Two are just phone numbers for some girls, coworkers she tells me. The third is my address, I guess just in case she got lost since she doesn't have a phone number for me. I toss those back in her purse and take her phone. I make her give me her PIN, which according to her is her little sister's birthday. If 13 still qualifies as a little sister. Her phone goes in my back pocket.

I unlock her wrists and remind her to leave her hands behind her, taunting her "no reason to hide those boobs! I've seen them. I've played with them. And I own them!" I have her follow me the short steps to the sofa, where I teach her how to kneel like a good slave-girl. And I teach her the posture to serve me something, kneeling down with her knees and feet equally spread wide, sitting back, hands out about six inches in front of her nipples, even with them, and whatever she's serving atop those upturned flat palms. I have her demonstrate both positions several times.

Then I point her to one of the dining chairs, elegant, but simple, wooden ones and have Sophie teach her how to sit like a good slave-girl. That is, in my book, for Callie to sit up straight, eyes forward, legs crossed right over left, and her hands folded neatly in her lap palms up. Obviously, it means silently as well. I use my phone to take a picture of her sitting up so primly, blushing as she thinks about me now having a naked picture of her. Bet she missed the warning signs on my door that "security cameras are in use throughout." Otherwise, she'd know that everything she's done has been recorded. I even have a video of me looking up her bottom. Now that would be embarrassing to leak out!

I send Sophie to the kitchen to begin making supper, telling her to take Callie along and I'll be there in a moment. Sophie obediently takes Callie's hand and gets her out of her chair, taking her to the kitchen. Wife training is a service I offer, but I charge for that. Callie is getting a free lesson because she needs it and couldn't afford my rates for it. Even though she's getting that, and getting it first, it's not why she's here. It is,



## Callie's First Wife Lesson

however, why I had her come alone and before her man.

I relax on the sofa and call out for Sophie to “send my little girl to serve me a cup of coffee.” In about a minute Callie is kneeling there with a fancy china cup atop a saucer, atop her palms and offering “Here is your coffee, Ma’am. Your slave made it to your standards, Ma’am.” I take it, seeing that Callie remembers how to serve things, which is what I was really interested in seeing, and send her back to the kitchen

While I sip, I get Callie's phone out and unlock it. My mom shares my tastes for games (who knows, maybe I inherited that, too. I certainly learned enough about it from her!) and she got some apps from some Russian computer geek on some TOR site. Naturally, she let me have them for free. I install them on Callie's phone. All of them hide, and even a factory reset won't delete them. The first just installs a "master unlock" code, so that no matter what Callie sets up, a few taps and I can unlock her phone. The second just allows me to lock her phone where nothing Callie can do will unlock it before a timer counts down. The third mirrors everything on her phone, even recordings of her phone calls, to a server in Moscow, where I can access it. Only deleting something from her phone won't erase it from my server, it'll just show as deleted. Now I own her phone as much as I own her bottom right now. I program two numbers into her phone's contacts: "Miss Rodgers," and "Miss Rodgers' Slave sophie." both numbers are spare, second-line burner numbers that I keep just for play toys. Butt hey ring to my phone. Then I Bluetooth over the picture of Callie sitting in that chair.

I write a text message on Callie's phone to Mark. *Miss Rodgers wishes your presence at 6:00 precisely. She insists that you wear only pants, a shirt, and underwear, plus shoes and socks, absolutely positively nothing else. Please don't keep me waiting.* I attach the picture of Callie naked and send it. As soon as it shows sent I turn her phone off, and put it with her clothes. Which I take to the playroom and lock in a drawer of my file

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

cabinet. Which I keep just for that, since like who keeps paper files anymore?

I head for the kitchen where Sophie has already powered up her tablet, brought up my planned menu for supper, and the recipes for the meal, and is finishing setting out all the cooking utensils she might want for it. Callie, naked as a jaybird, is helping her as Sophie is telling her to do. Sophie knows I wouldn't have sent Callie in unless I wanted her to help.

"Callie, do you know how to cook for your man?"

"Uh... kind of, Ma'am." She says hesitantly. A few more questions and I learn that means she makes simple meals, like burgers and boxed meals. She can bake meat, and has fried meat, but hasn't a clue about real cooking such as making fancy meals. Then again, most of what she learned she learned from the cooks at the fancy-burger place she's a hostess at.

I ask her if she thinks Mark might enjoy a fancy meal, served by a very loving, affectionate and doting wife. She says yes. But what man wouldn't love that? I tell them both that Callie will be cooking tonight since "obviously she needs to learn how to make a man happy while she still has one!" I tell Callie "In case your mom didn't tell you about being a woman, a wife, men want their girls to be polite and proper little ladies. To do lots of little things very sweetly for them. Whether they have guests or not. Except in the bedroom, where men truly want a girl to be a complete slut, but only for him! Now don't you worry about anything, my little girl, I am going to take very good care of you. Just behave."

The menu tonight is blackened chicken breasts, boneless and skinless, served with broccoli and cheese, browned herb-encrusted potatoes, and a fresh-baked rye roll. Also a nice hollandaise sauce, it

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

buttery creaminess nicely contrasting with the spicy bird. For dessert, I've selected a baked pear half, topped with a crust of graham cracker crumbs, and whipped cream infused with brandy. Definitely not a burger, and Callie realizes that immediately.

I teach her to make the meal. This means Sophie gets to do very little besides brew a fresh pitcher of iced raspberry tea and a pot of dessert coffee, also infused with brandy and natural cane sugar.

I can tell from the first second that Callie is lost. She doesn't even know what some of the pots and pans, like the double boiler, are, let alone what they're for. Nor does she recognize that every ingredient in my kitchen is natural, fresh, kosher, and organic. Even the chicken breasts are from a kosher/halal butcher. Not because I'm Jewish, but because the kosher products are always of a higher quality and strictly prepared. And I want that quality.

I stand right at her side, giving her very precise instructions, every step of the way. And I keep my crop in my hand. It does take but a few instructions for Callie to "cheat," in this case by not kneading the roll dough exactly as I told her to. That earns her a light swat on her bottom with my crop as I scold her sternly to do it as I said to. The stroke is light, barely leaving a pink spot on her cheek, but it gets a loud yelped squeal from Callie as she literally jumps. I remind her "I told you to do as your told. There are consequences for not being fully obedient." As she works, she gets herself about another half dozen little swats, all of them getting squealy yelps from her.

As I'd planned for, she has the meal ready at 5:45, everything in the oven which I'm using as a warmer, except the sauce which is stewing in the double boiler to keep it hot, and thus from separating. Once she's finished I "ask" Sophie "wouldn't this little baby woman look just so good in baby blue?" Naturally, Sophie agrees with me. She would even if it

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

wasn't so. But it is, Callie has very nice blue eyes and the blue will accent them.

I get the outfit, in the larger size I own. Since all my sizes are for proportional women, larger doesn't mean wide, just taller. And with this outfit, height does matter. Neither does width. I have Callie dress in the kitchen, putting on the uniform. It's basically a baby blue slutty version of the already sexy french maid's outfit. It's all lace, with nothing to keep anyone from seeing her breasts and pubes right through it. It's a tight-fitting stretchy dress that barely covers Callie from boobs to bottom. Which leaves almost all of her thighs bared. Around its waist there's an all-lace white apron that is minimalist enough to cover nothing, just add an accent to the outfit and make someone look a little harder to see her bush through it. There's a little hat, baby blue with white trim, that sits atop her shoulder-length blond hair. And there are baby blue leather shoes with five-inch spiked heels.

I can tell Callie is uncomfortable wearing it. It's far sluttier than the casual outfit she's comfortable in. But she does look adorably cute and very slutty-sexy in it. I make her stand and smile, my crop encouraging her to give a warm one instead of the so-fake one she tries to give me, while I snap a picture of her like that.

When the doorbell rings three minutes before six, I send Sophie to answer it, whispering to her to remind my guest I am not happy. I said precisely. And for her to "check and ensure he has nothing but basics." She knows what I mean by basics.

I peek out of the kitchen and watch Sophie as I have Callie start preparing to serve her meal. Sophie answers the door, and Immediately greets Mark in a soft voice, introducing herself as "sophie, Mistress' personal slave-girl." She brings him in and quietly tells him that her mistress insists that she "ensure" he has nothing but what she must have

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

told him was allowed. She takes his hand tenderly and stands him in the same places as she put Callie.

It lets me see that he's just a little taller than Callie, maybe 5'10 or 5'11, and well built. Broad shoulders with arms that aren't too muscular. Short, unruly blond-brown hair on his head, and light hairs on his legs just below his cargo shorts. He has blue eyes that match Callie's and looks his age of 20. In short, the kind of guy I might hook-up with.

I watch as Sophie runs her hands very sweetly over his entire body, pretending to be checking him for unallowed items, but mostly just teasing him a little. Otherwise, she'd have her hands atop his pull-over shirt, not up under it as she does. Mark does seem to mind that one bit, his eyes fixed on Sophie's skimpy cuteness. When she gets to his shorts she runs her hands over them, stopping at his crotch. With a huge grin on her face, she slips one of her hands into his shorts. I can see her hand moving under the fabric, and Mark's eyes wide over his little smile, as Sophie takes his cock in her hand. "Oops... I just had to be sure than was all-man, not a baseball bat in your shorts." She giggles as her hand slides out.

When she's felt him up fully, she slips her hands into his pockets and takes out his wallet, his phone, and keys. She lets him see them and tells him "my Mistress didn't allow these. She'll return them to you if and when she fancies." Then she takes him by the hand, her grip light and slutty-tender, and leads him to the table. She pulls his chair out for him and tells him "my Mistress invites you to join us for supper tonight. Her pet will be serving anytime now!"

She hurries off to put his things in the file cabinet, then hurries into me. I give Callie her instructions and add a warning "You know what to do. Disappoint me and you will be over my knees regretting it." I head for the table, Sophie coming to sit beside me. I introduce myself to Mark,

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

just in case the crop in my hand didn't tip him off. Once everyone is settled, I coyly say I've taken the liberty of ordering for everyone. Mark, you will be a good boy and clean your plate!"

"Callie drinks now please," I announce loudly. Callie comes out and skips a step as she sees Mark sitting with us for supper. She doesn't look unhappy to see him. But she does blush bright with embarrassment when Mark grins wide at her little outfit. She gives each of us a tall glass of tea garnished with a lemon slice. I tell her the salads now, and she hurries off to bring them.

As I'd warned her, she politely asks Mark "We have ranch, blue cheese, Italian, and peppercorn dressings, Sir, which may I offer you, Sir?" He looks taken aback to have his girlfriend calling him sir but quickly takes the peppercorn that Sophie and I both asked for. We watch as Callie tops our salads then offers fresh ground pepper for it. They're small, more appetizer salads than anything, and they're quickly gone.

On command, Callie announces the menu, she hurries to serve the plates, then stands demurely off to the side watching to see if anyone might wish anything else. I've told her that should anyone have to ask for something to be refreshed, or topped up, her bottom will not be happy.

Mark comments that the food is excellent, that I must be a good cook. I tell him I am, however, Callie prepared his meal. I just supervised. He looks like he doesn't believe that, so I tell Callie to describe her cooking lesson to him. She politely tells him that she had to do everything to my "so-over-exacting standards," while I stood there with my crop to "punish her so badly for even a microscopic misstep! And that crop really hurts on your butt!"

I just giggle. "I call that a kinky cooking lesson. It works well, as you can taste."

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

Once Mark's plate is clean, Callie offers to serve him seconds of whatever he wishes, and he goes for more of the potatoes and chicken. Such a man diet! Once he's had his fill, she cleans the table off and serves the desserts. He accepts a second one of those as well. Which leads me to tell Callie firmly, "See there, my little girl? I knew you could make a man smile! Obviously, you are quite capable of making him a nice meal, which he so clearly enjoys. Now serve the coffees like a good little girl."

"Yes, Ma'am," Callie answers and brings out one china cup atop a saucer and kneels down to serve it to me. Then she offers Mark one just the same way. While she's kneeling before Mark, I ask him "do you enjoy seeing Callie serve you so humbly? Doesn't that just show you how much she respects you as a man?" He kind of has to answer yes to both, the grin on his face already shows he likes it. Callie, for the first time, looks very shyly and coyly pleased, even though she doesn't show it much. She serves Sophie.

For Sophie getting served like a person is a rare treat for her, and lets her know that I have been very happy with her to allow her such a reward. While she's never displeased me enough to suffer it herself, she knows that I will so gladly have a toy eat like a dog from a dog bowl for displeasing me. She's seen it. And she's run the food through the chopper and made it look just like Alpo for it.

Once the meal is over, Sophie takes Callie to clean up. Or rather supervise Callie as she does. I'm sure Callie will soon learn that Sophie is far more strict than I am. Sophie worries too much about displeasing me even a tiny bit to let a pet get away with even the slightest misstep.

I take Mark to the playroom, where I have him stand against the door. I make sure he sees the crop in my hand, and ask him if "Callie told him my house rules." He assures me that she did, and let him read the

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

email with them, and made him repeat them back to her so he wouldn't forget them. Again ten minutes before she left today, reminding him that she would suffer the consequences if he "screwed up." I grin, and tell him then he can start minding them now.

"For Callie's next lesson, I will be borrowing your cock. Give me your clothes now." And I hold my hand out. He doesn't hesitate to get undressed, letting me see what Sophie already felt. That he has a very nice cock, maybe 6" long or even slightly more, and thick. Too bad it's uncircumcised or I might want some of it. I never touch "uncut" cocks. Tried it once, preferred it cut, so that's what I go after when go find one to scratch my itch.

I take his cock in my hand and hold it snugly. "Come along, dick," I say it teasingly sweet. Then I use it as a leash to walk him over to a cross and snugly tie him to it, his legs spread wide and his arms up and out. I put an extra strap high on his thighs, holding his hips steady. Then I gag him.

Since I have all the time I wish, I lightly tease my fingers along his stiff shaft, which definitely so gets his attention. I tease his balls for a few seconds, too, which he also sees to like. Then I get my ruler out and measure his cock, making sure he knows that it's 6 1/8 inch long plus 1 3/8 inch thick. Which, I add, "will do nicely for such an inexperienced little girl to start with before she moves on to real cocks." maybe he thinks I'm teasing, maybe he doesn't. I'd put him on the high side of average, which is the low side of what I'll have for myself.

I leave him a moment as I go to the kitchen where Sophie and Callie are now just finishing up. I wait a moment as Callie starts the dishwasher. I call her to me, repossess my uniform, and cuff her hands behind her. With a big hand full of her bush, I lead her into the playroom, having Sophie just follow behind me.



## Callie's First Wife Lesson

Callie looks a little surprised to see Mark tied to the cross, standing there gagged with his cock sticking straight out and eager. I march her over and put her on her knees, her lips almost touching Mark's hard cock. "Callie, show me how you suck it."

I watch Callie cringe hard. Her lips actually inch back from his cock. I swat her bottom a little more firmly than she's used to with my crop, she cries out a squeal. "I said show me how you suck your man's cock, Callie. I did not say to waste my time. Suck it." Another light tap with the crop is all it takes for her to move her head forward again.

She gets about two inches of his shaft into her mouth and starts moving her head. To me, it looks like a teenager's first attempt to just figure out how to do it. Naive, unskilled, unsure, and generally not that great for him. He purrs into his gag enough that I guess he's not that experienced at this either, or he'd know just how amateurish her attempt seems to be. Time for him to learn what a blow job is.

I grab a hold of Callie's hair and pull her head back from him, his shaft slipping out from her mouth. Callie pants a fast, relieved breath. "You call that a blow job?" I say in my taunting bully voice. I didn't name it that, one of my BFFs did when she heard it, she said it was the exact same tone the bully on our school playground used. Yes, it was that long ago. "I've seen middle school girls do better!" then I put a lot of sweet honey in my voice, and stroke her naked back. "It's OK, Callie, I'm going to teach you how to do it right, so Mark will really enjoy your body." I nudge her to scoot off to the side, turning so she's facing the side of his cock.

I just snap my fingers. "Sophie, show this little baby girl how a woman sucks a cock."

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

"Yes, Mistress!" Sophie says very enthusiastically as she drops to her knees in front of him. Callie stares at his shaft and Sophie's head with horror and shame on her face. Mark stares down at the top of Sophie's head with a look of disbelief on his face. Sophie stares at his cock with a huge grin on her face. She licks her lips slowly, letting me know she considers this a sweet treat. She does so like men.

Sophie opens her mouth wide and slowly moves her lips forward, keeping her hands behind her back, unused for anything. She moves confidently, unlike the semi-fumbling moves Callie used without her hands. Sophie closes just her lips around his thick cock and keeps her head moving steadily, but slowly. Callie watches. As Sophie, a smaller girl gets past the two inches she had, a shameful blush starts blossoming in her cheeks. She watches as Sophie's head keeps moving, the cock inching further into her mouth without any hesitation. With somewhere around four inches into her mouth, Mark makes a very shocked, but impassioned, groan through his gag. That and the look of astonished disbelief on his face are the only signs that Sophie has taken the tip of his cock into her throat. Her head keeps swallowing it just the same. Mark stares down, his amazement showing. Callie glares at Sophie, almost crying as she sees that my slave is putting her blow job to shame. With her boyfriend as the judge. Callie watches as Sophie's lips touch his pubes and balls, every bit of his cock into her throat. She starts moving her back just as steadily until only the head of his shaft is left in her mouth. Then she starts back down, taking it all. She keeps going, swallowing his shaft easily with every stroke.

Callie watches in disbelief as Sophie sucks him the way Callie always assumed only whores and porn stars could manage. Certainly not "real girls." She blushes even more as she listens to Mark moaning so happily into the gag. I let him have a bit, enough that he's moaning hard, and obviously loving it. Then I snap my fingers again and tell Sophie that's enough. She finishes her stroke, but this lets his cock slip from her

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

mouth. Mark moans out with an unhappy frustration As Sophie scoots back from his cock.

I nudge Callie back around to face his cock. Now she shirks back as she thinks of even trying to do it like Sophie just did. "You are going to give your man a very good blow job. Sophie just showed you what that looks like. I will teach you. Open wide, time to slut."

I don't wait. I pinch the corners of her jaw to force her mouth to stretch open it's widest as I clamp my other hand on the back of her head. I start her moving forward, his cock slipping along her tongue. Once the head of him is in her mouth fully I stop and tell her to close her lips and suck gently like she's sucking soda through a straw. I have to take my hand off the back of her head for a second to give her bottom a little swat to encourage her to suck.

Once she's sucking I start her head moving forward again. "Now Callie, you aren't going to like this lesson. You are going to take that entire cock in your throat. You will gag on it. You'll get over that." As I finish, she starts gagging. I feel her back and neck stiffening up to resist, but it's no match for me. I keep her moving, holding her jaw so she can't bite him. She gags harder, then chokes hard as it reaches her throat. I feel the hard resistance her throat offers, then feel it give as she chokes hard, her butt rising up, and the cock slipping into her throat. After a fraction of a second, she stops choking and the shaft just keeps inching deeper into her throat.

I keep her going until her lips are on his pubes and his balls. Then reverse the stroke, keeping her speed constant, moving her back until she's where she started, just the head of the cock in her mouth, lying on her tongue. I reverse again, and again she chokes hard as I force it into her throat.

I know that she's thinking she'll never be able to do this. And I can

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

see Mark is thinking that this is killing Callie. That he'd never ask her to do it like this, not with it killing her. But after half a dozen strokes Callie starts getting used to it and choking less and less. After another ten strokes or so, she's only gagging lightly as it pushes into her throat.

That's when Mark starts moaning into his gag again. I keep Callie going until she's gagging very lightly, where I know she'll be able to go on by herself. I release her head and with a tap on her bottom, tell her to "suck it like a real woman, like a slut." Callie amazes herself as much as Mark as she keeps right on going. I let her go for a minute, maybe a little more until I see that Mark is starting to think about cumming. I stop her, pulling her head back until his cock slips out and he groans loudly again. As soon as the cock is out of her mouth, Callie pants hard for a second, both relieved and catching her breath.

"See, Callie, you can do that like a woman, too." I lightly stroke her shoulder. "Mark, did you like that new blow job from you girl?" He vigorously nods yes. I ask him if he wants her to do it like that for him, and he keeps on nodding enthusiastically. "See, Callie? Men really want their girls to be total sluts in the bedroom, just only for him. Isn't that right Mark?" He nods yes. "We'll get you some more supervised practice here, let's just give that cock a minute to rest, it was just getting so eager to flood your mouth! From now on, you don't want me to so much as think you might be giving Mark anything less than a good slutty blow job. Or think you're not sucking him often enough! That's your man! His cock deserves your slutty sucking! So you will give him frequent proper blow jobs. A woman does that for a man she likes. You do like Mark, don't you?"

She tells me yes, she loves Mark. I start her again, guiding her head through the first five or six strokes as she gags hard, then releasing her once she's past it. I make her go until Mark looks like he's nearing climax again, then stop her. I have her "entertain" Mark by sucking his

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

balls into her mouth and teasing them with her tongue. That kills Mark, his hips wiggle hard and test those leather straps hold him to my cross. I let her keep teasing him, and him keep squirming, while his cock ebbs back from readiness to climax.

Then I have her suck it again, this time I only have to force her through the first stroke. After that, she's able to do it on her own. SO I let her suck him for just under a minute until he's nearing climax again. Then I send her back to his balls for a while. Once I think Mark can stand a little more sucking, I tell Callie to do it, on her own, and "like a good slut." I tap her bottom with my crop to make sure she understands I'm not going to tolerate anything but what I've told her to do. She gags a little hard on it but manages to force herself through it, and on the second stroke is moving nicely to suck that cock. Mark moans loudly and sweetly, enjoying Callie's new skill. I make her do it a total of three times, all on her own before I decide that now she knows how to suck cock. What I don't do is allow Mark to climax. I stop her just before he does, a tiny drop of cream seeping from the tip of his cock as she lets it out of her mouth.

I ask Callie if she's ever had him cum in her mouth, and she tells me no. I ask if she thinks Mark might like to do that, and she says yes. "Of course he would!" I tell her, "he's a man! Men like to do that. So from now on, you'll make him cum in your mouth, and then you can swallow his mess."

I have Sophie undress. With Callie still on her knees, I have her face Sophie and look up into her eyes as she politely thanks Sophie for "sucking her boyfriend's cock to show me how pitiful my blow jobs were." I watch as Callie shirks as she offers Sophie the politest humiliating thanks she can manage.

"Sophie, I think Mark likes your body. Tease him a minute."

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

Sophie's sly grin returns as she eagerly says yes. I watch, and make Callie watch, as Sophie basically dirty dances with the bound Mark, rubbing herself, every part of her, all over his body. Mark seems to like that, too. Sophie does, too, spending a little extra time teasing his cock with her bottom, rocking around while his thickness is snuggled in her crack.

I have Callie get up to her feet and Sophie comes over, the pair of them standing only a few feet from Mark. "Sophie, you two sluts entertain him for a minute while that cock gets a good rest from Callie's sluttiness."

Sophie knows what I want her to do. She grins wide and sly. "Thank you, Callie, for sharing your boyfriend's nice thick cock with me." She plants her lips on Callie's and starts kissing her. Callie cringes hard, tries to shirk back until I give her a nice tap on her bottom with my crop and scold her "to be nice, Sophie is being so nice to her. Now kiss her back like she's your man, there." It takes another slightly harder stroke to motivate Callie, but eventually, she kisses Sophie back like she'd kiss Mark, her modesty gone. Cuffed she can't use her hands, but she does quickly get accustomed to Sophie's very soft hands exploring her nude body as she kisses her.

Mark watches, enthralled. I see him and ask "What? Oh, I know! You thought you'd never see Callie so shamelessly kiss a girl!" Mark nods, never taking his eyes off the duo. "Well, don't worry! I'm teaching Callie how to be a pleasing lover for you!"

Sophie finally breaks the kiss. She starts kissing her way down Callie's body until she gets to Callie's breasts. She glances at me and asks "May this slave please have permission to kiss those nice firm boobs, Mistress?" I tell her to go ahead. Sophie takes a nipple into her mouth and caresses it with her tongue. Callie shivers hard and purrs as she does. Sophie teases Callie's other breast. Then she kisses down her stomach

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

until she reaches the midpoint of Callie's dense bush. I don't wait for Sophie to ask. "Go on, slave," I tell her.

Sophie keeps kissing down, her lips atop Callie's slit until she's right over her clit. A split second later Callie screeches out a very impassioned and equally high pitched, squeaky cry. She keeps screeching for a long moment as Sophie's lips stay locked to her pussy. Then when Sophie finally let's go, Callie pants hard for a few seconds.

"Callie, did you like that?"

"Yes, Ma'am." She says mutely, but with that mousy squeak still in her voice. After her display, there isn't much denying it. "Well, then you should thank Sophie for tonguing your pussy so sweetly for you. A good girl is always polite and has very good manners."

Callie's voice drops a few more decibels and she blushes beet red as she says "Thank you, Sophie, for licking my pussy so well for me. It really was incredible."

Mark just stares, jaw gaping at the display.

I push Callie forward and tell her to kiss my slave. She doesn't hesitate this time, probably not from an eagerness to kiss Sophie, but from an eagerness to save her bottom. But Sophie gets a good long hot kiss that Mark really likes watching. I make Callie kiss down Sophie until she gets to Sophie's slightly smaller breasts with their wider nipples. Which are eagerly stiffened up for Callie. I instruct Callie how I want her to kiss those nipples. And as Callie hesitantly puts her lips to Sophie's breasts, Sophie starts purring. Then purrs with even more honey in her voice as Callie's tongue gets into it a little. Mark, for his part, so eagerly watches Callie suck a breast.

I make Callie keep kissing down. Straight down her stomach, then down her silky smooth pubes until her lips are atop the protruding pink

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

flesh of Sophie's inner folds. I have Callie lick those, keeping her lips just enough off Sophie's lips for Mark to be able to see Callie's tongue caressing those pussy folds. Then I have Callie put her lips to Sophie's pussy and instruct her how to lightly suck Sophie's nice slit between her lips and tease it with her tongue. She must do decently, as Sophie moans very hotly for her. And I know Sophie's moans by now, these say "it feels so good!"

I leave Callie licking Sophie's pussy and look up to the wide-eyed Mark. "Oh, you like watching Callie tongue a pussy, don't you" He very energetically nods yes. "I'll bet you thought you'd never see her do something so slutty!" More energetic nodding. "Well, now you know that Callie really is the slut you'd love to have in your bed, don't you?" More firm nodding yes. "And isn't my slave's pussy just so pretty?" More nodding yes. "I'll bet it even tastes good, don't you think it does?" He agrees it looks very tasty and nods.

I pull Callie's head back from Sophie's pussy, which gets Sophie to stop moaning and just pant for her breath for a few seconds. I leave Callie down on her knees, but nudge her to turn and face Mark. "Callie, tell Mark how my slave's pussy tastes."

"Yes, Ma'am...." Her voice mutes a little more and now takes on a very shamed note as she reluctantly tells him, "Sir... the slave's pussy is very hot... and it has a slightly sweet taste to it, Sir."

"Did you like the taste of my slave's pussy, Callie?" I ask as I tenderly squeeze one of Callie's butt cheeks in my hand.

"Uh... yes, Ma'am..." she reluctantly confesses.

"See, she really is a total slut, isn't she Mark?" I say it with some satisfaction in my voice, and Mark hesitates only briefly before nodding



## Callie's First Wife Lesson

his agreement. "But that's just so hot to watch, isn't it?" Now he nods more eagerly that it is. I giggle.

I take a hand full of Callie's bush and lead her over to the massage table, which is all of about three steps from where she was. This room really is just an apartment bedroom after all. After uncuffing her hands, I tell Callie to get up on the table and instruct her to get her knees and feet to the edges of the table with her thighs straight up and down, then to start with her arms straight up and down, and move them out and forward equal amounts until her back is flat. Finally, I have her pick her head up and look straight ahead, her head at the forward edge of the table. It has her up high enough that her pussy is basically at eye level for me. I tell her to stay like that, very still.

Then I go untie Mark's arms, keeping hold of his wrists and immediately cuff them behind him. Then I free the rest of him. With a gentle grip on his eagerly stiff cock, I lead him over to the table. "Now it's time for you to entertain me with a very slutty show. We'll just see if you can give this little slut a very slutty fucking." I help him to get up on the table and kneels just behind her pussy.

I cue Sophie to go to Callie's front. She stands there, leaning forward and looks right into Callie's eyes. She tells Callie to behave herself, which means to stay very still and just let Mark "fuck you like the slut you know you are." She keeps her eyes locked on Callie's. "Just keep your eyes on me... my eyes or my boobs, whichever you prefer." She adds with a little grin.

I take hold of Mark's cock and guide it into Callie's pussy. Once the tip is in, I tell him to "show me how he fucks a gutter slut." He starts fucking her, very quickly building to a fast, hard rhythm. I stop him and swat his tight bottom. "Men!" I sigh out loudly. "I swear all you ever think about is cumming in some girl's pussy!" I swat his bottom again,

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

but still only with my hand. It just sounds like a little slap.

I put my hands on his hips. "I guess I'm going to have to teach you how a girl likes her dick, too!" I guide him through about a dozen strokes, all nice and slow and full strokes, burying his cock completely into her pussy, then coming back until just the top half of its head is left in her tunnel before reversing. "Now behave your horny little boy butt and fuck her like a slut!" I release his hips and watch as he obediently keeps going stroking her slowly, but rhythmically. The slowness of his strokes drawing it out, making both of them feel their budding arousal more intensely.

I watch him fuck her. I hear Callie's moans grow deeper and more urgently the stroke, quickly turning high pitched and taking on a little squeaky note that tells me she's really feeling this. Soon Mark is moaning hot groans himself. And a few strokes later I notice that his pace is starting to pick up. I grab hold of his balls to stop him, and both cry out a long frustrated groaning sigh as I pull back and his hips follow his balls, taking his cock fully from her pussy.

I grab his cock and squeeze it hard, almost to the point where it hurts him, getting his attention. "Bad boy!" I snap. "I told you how you were going to fuck my pussy! I did *not* tell you that you could speed up. I did so *not* tell you to enjoy that pussy. I told you to fuck it my way for my entertainment! Now I have to spank your naughty bottom!"

I pull and he follows his cock, hopping off the table to his feet so he can keep up with it. I already have a chair set up for spankings, and it happens to be right in front of Callie's face. Sophie steps aside to allow Callie a good view as I sit and pull Mark over my knees. I put him there with his stiff cock trapped between my thigh and his stomach, but his balls hanging loose and free. "Now behave for your spanking, naughty boy, or it will just be worse for you!"

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

I reach over and pick up a little paddle. It's basically a ping-pong paddle with the ends cut off to make the blade rectangular instead of rounded. I give his bottom a good hard stroke, landing it with a nice crack that gets an equally pained grunt from him. "One, Ma'am, I'm sorry for disobeying you by fucking that pussy improperly, Ma'am." He counts his strokes just as I'd told him to. The second gets another, slightly harder grunt from him. The third gets an "OW!" from his, as does the fourth. The last one gets an "OW" that starting to take on a little girly-pained note to it. I stand him up and make sure Callie can see that his cheek is nicely, but lightly red. Then I walk him back over, help him up again, and get him going fucking her pussy as he was, nice and leisurely.

As his arousal builds again, he groans louder. I can tell he's trying hard to stay slow. It shows in the strain to his muscles and his moans as they start taking on a high-pitched girlishness. I see goosebumps erupt over his bottom.

Sophie stays in front of Callie, who by now is screaming her moans, shivering hard and looking like she wants to cum so badly she'll die if she doesn't get to soon. Sophie keeps looking at Callie, encouraging her to "behave her slutty bottom and entertain my mistress!" Callie's eyes have fallen to where she's now looking at Sophie's breasts instead of her face. I imagine that's only because it's uncomfortable for her to be looking at Sophie in the eyes and thinking about what Sophie is plainly watching her do.

After around two minutes, Mark starts to pick it up again, giving it to Callie a little harder and faster than I told him to. I stop him again, take him back to the chair, and this time his bottom gets seven strokes with my paddle for being naughty. Then I make him apologize to Callie for "taking advantage of her slutty pussy like that," and then to me and Sophie individually for "interrupting our entertainment by making me

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

spank his naughty bottom." Really what I'm doing is making him wait just a little longer so he ebbs back a little further from the edge of climax. Which is about where he was.

I put him back up there for the third time, and have him start to fuck her yet again. It only takes a few seconds before both are as noisy as ever. Both seriously enjoying this little exercise in obedience, doing this intimate act the way they're told, not the way their bodies tell them to do it. It's not even another two minutes before I see Callie's hips start thrusting backward, tiny strokes, as she teeters on the edge of her climax. I stop them again.

"You gutter slut!" I scold Callie. "He just starts behaving, and you have to go and act like a totally impatient little whore! I told you to kneel there and let him fuck that pussy. I did not say to get so slutty that your fuck his cock instead! Now it's your turn to learn you have to behave!"

I pull Callie off the table, and she reluctantly follows me, as I pull her by her bush, over to the chair. I turn her over my knees just as I did him. And I give her the same swat with the same paddle. Callie cries out a pained "EE-OW!" as the first stroke lands on her tender bottom. "OOH! That hurts!"

"And now it doesn't count since you want to talk instead of just counting your strokes like a good slut. Let's start over."

She gets the next swat, cries out another pained yelp, and counts off her stroke. By the end, she's crying lightly. But her bottom is only lightly red, just as Mark's was. I walk her back to the table, and quickly cuff her wrists behind her. I stand them side by side. "Well, as they say, three strikes and you're out. So no more fucking for you two naughty little kids. And since you don't seem able to amuse me tonight, I'm done with your naughty bottoms." I say that in a scolding sternness.

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

I sigh deeply. "But I'll be kind since I did tell this slut I'd take care of her. Too bad it's so obvious that you can't behave with each other. Or you could enjoy a nice climax together." I turn them to face each other, both with their hands cuffed behind them.

I call for Sophie. "slave, this naughty pet is to climax now."

"Yes, Mistress!" Sophie says with that sly hungry grin on her face. Obediently she reaches her hand down and puts her fingers atop Callie's clit. I tell her to hurry it up. Sophie traps Callie's clit between two fingers, then rubs over the tip of the captive nub with a finger on her other hand. She runs steadily, neither fast nor leisurely. Callie immediately screams out a needy cry, and she keeps screaming for the twenty seconds or so it takes for the orgasm to hit her. When it does, it hits her hard. Her body shudders and keeps shuddering like she's on a live wire. And she screams even more sultry cries. After a few waves, her legs wobble, then her knees buckle and she drops down to her knees. It's no mercy for her, Sophie follows her right down and keeps on rubbing her pussy. Callie trembles harder by the second as she keeps screaming her way through her orgasm.

When I finally tell Sophie to stop, Callie kneels limply, just hanging there and panting hard. So limp that I worry she might fall.

"Oh, go ahead and have mercy on this little boy, too."

"Oh, YES! Mistress!" Sophie says. She spins around in about record time and wraps her hand around his cock. She strokes it slowly, and steadily with a gentle grip on it. With her other hand, she caresses his butt cheeks, squeezing them lightly.

Mark doesn't last much longer than Callie did before I see the signs

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

on his body, the stiffening, the stuttering breaths, that scream he's bout to cum. So I reach down and quickly grab Callie's head, make her face his cock and force her jaw wide open. Still half dreamy from her climax, Callie offers me no resistance. And then, Mark cums, Sophie expertly aiming his cock as she strokes it so that all of his cream spurts right into Callie's mouth. Callie flinches a little but doesn't have much resistance left in her. She mostly just kneels and lets him cum in her mouth. When he's done, I close her mouth and pinch her nose, making her swallow it all.

Then I stand her back up. Since I've already told them I'm done with them, I have everyone move to the living room. I have Sophie dress mark first, making mark stand there still while Sophie sweetly dresses him. I return his unallowed items, and yes, I've added my apps to his phone, too. Then I tell him that he's to leave now, and he's *not* to wait for this slut. He may see her when she drags herself out of her gutter and goes home.

I wait for about five minutes. Which gives Callie time to get herself fully back together before she has to stand there and let Sophie dress her like she's a doll or something. I lock her phone for 30 minutes, about ten minutes longer than it'll take her to get home, and put it in her purse before I return her things and send her on her way.

Then I go quickly and check the GPS on Mark's phone and see that he followed instructions and is heading home.

The next day I have a very long email from Callie. It tells me that she really enjoyed her "lesson," and thanks me for teaching her some "woman things." She apologizes for her shyness and thanks me for teaching her despite it. She tells me that Mark was extremely happy with their evening. He totally enjoyed supper, calling it the best meal ever, because both Callie made the fancy meal for him, and served it so

## Callie's First Wife Lesson

lovingly. She asks me very politely if I might have any more simple menus that she might be able to make like that for him more often. Mark enjoyed the sex a lot, he told her that he kept misbehaving because it felt unbearably good like that for him. She says it was the same for her. Then she asks: *Miss Rodgers, I know we aren't the best toys for you, but if you will have us again, we both would very much like to return. I hope you might be willing to give me a few more woman lessons, I have so much to learn! I never thought anyone could really do a blow job like that, that it was just fiction, but you taught me I could do it so easily. I know Mark bragged about it to his friends, and he says none of them believe I can do it! I know all of them are thinking that if he's not lying, they want me to do it for them! Please, Miss Rodgers, may we please be allowed another lesson, Ma'am?*