

Emma's Afternoon Adventure



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It takes Emma a week and a half to work up the nerve to call me. Despite seeing me almost daily in class. But in class, she never mentions the scene I allowed her to watch. She played the role of an audience member. Of a high school girl serving a very weird detention. She's actually 19, and a student at USA with me. But she looks young enough to so easily pass a high school girl. She, and her BFF Kayla, made perfect audience members.

During that scene, Janette, a 40-year-old mother with a rather curvy body, and very shy, who is also a toy belonging to my friend Dmitri, had to play a game called twenty questions. My version of that game. While she stood nude, the "class," which included Emma, got to ask her anything and Janette had to answer. I'd noticed that Emma and Kayla both harped on questions about anal sex. I'd wondered which one had the interest in it. From the depth of their questions, it was obvious that one of them did. Later in the scene, I learned that it was Emma with the interest. Her boyfriend wanted her to try it. Or, I think, he wants to try it and wants to push Emma to be the one to satisfy his curiosity.

I'd slipped Emma a note offering her a "lesson" if she was interested. Then I never mentioned it again. The offer was made. If she wanted it, she'd have to ask for it. I'm not going to pressure anyone into anything like her boyfriend is so probably doing to her. One of the rules of attending one of my scenes is that it's never to be discussed with anyone who wasn't present. Emma and had never been alone, so Emma never had the chance to discuss it. And she never tried.

When she finally did call me, the first thing she asked me was if I would swear to never mention this call to anyone, especially Kayla. I agreed. I keep more secrets than the average spy does! I never talk about my sessions. Sure, I write stories about them, but I always hide the identities of the toys in those stories.

Then Emma asked me if I've ever done anal sex. I told her I do it decently often. That I enjoy it. And that it makes me cum rather sweetly. She asked me if the offer for "advice" was still open. I told her that it was. I'll answer whatever questions she wants to ask. And I

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reminded her that my offer was for a "lesson." I told her that no amount of advice was going to be enough. I could tell her how to do it comfortably, but that would never enable her to actually do it easily. There's simply no substitute for practice.

She asked me a ton of questions, most of them related to one of two topics. How to do it easily and how it felt to me. Finally, Emma relented and asked me what a lesson would involve.

"Simple," I began. "You come over here. I will teach you exactly how to do it comfortably. When you leave, you'll be able to do it easily. I'm sure your boyfriend will appreciate your skill and have no clue that it's not an inbred skill for women."

Emma asked me if there were any "conditions" on a lesson. I just laughed. "Relax, I'm not trying to make you into a playtoy. You'll have to get naked. But you'll only be seen by me and Sophie, my live-in slave girl. Neither of us will mention it ever again. I won't force you to do anything. I won't tie you unless you ask me to. No games, just a friendly lesson."

Emma told me she'd think about it. The next day she called me back and asked if I was still willing. I said I was. We agreed on Monday afternoon.

When Emma knocked on my door, Sophie answered it. Sophie always gets the door. It's kind of a slave type of task. She politely greeted Emma as "Miss Tanner," as she would any of my friends. Sophie only gets to be rude and condescending to toys. She invited Emma in, showed her to a seat on the sofa, and served us both a cup of fresh tea. Emma and I talked for a few minutes about school and the few friends we have in common. Sophie waited patiently, and silently, on her knees.

Finally, Emma said, "I guess we should get on with this... I hope this doesn't hurt too much. I'm so totally not good with pain!"

I stand, cuing Emma to rise with me. She's around 5'4" tall and maybe 155 pounds. I'm guessing at both. But I've gotten very good at guessing. If she were my toy, I'd know exactly. But I'm sure that Emma would balk if I asked her to step on a scale. She's just thick enough that

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I'd bet she's sensitive about her weight.

She's what I call a "cute enough" girl. She's neither thin nor heavy. She's cute, but she's never going to win any beauty contests. But still, cute enough to get dates. But not so cute that the guys are lusting after her. So boringly average.

She has short black hair. Usually, she wears it straight, hanging freely to the tops of her shoulders. At least she does for class. Now she has it pulled back into a tight ponytail behind her head. I wonder if she's only doing that to keep it out of the way, or if she does that for social occasions. She has pretty green eyes hidden behind some rather cute, and equally prim, black-framed glasses with long oval lenses. Her face is neither rounded nor oval, but somewhere in between. It has the softest features. She has a small nose over a medium-wide mouth framed with pale pink lips that are decently full and slightly plush at their centers. As is the rest of her face, her jawline is smoothly rounded with soft lines.

"Okay, whenever you're ready, just take your clothes off. My slave will take care of your things for you." I leave Sophie where she is on her knees beside us. Then I step away to allow Emma some privacy as she takes her clothes off in my living room. I hope it silently says that Sophie shouldn't be considered. Sophie is a mere slave. Emma shouldn't think anything more of taking clothes off in front of Sophie as she would taking them off in front of Lilly, my Regal Princess the pitbull. I head for the playroom, the room that's appropriate for a lesson, to get things ready.

It takes a couple of minutes for Sophie to appear. Emma, with her arms folded across her breasts, follows Sophie into the playroom. Sophie doesn't even bother to glance back. She's already seen that I consider Emma a person. People are able to walk unmonitored.

Emma looks slightly uncomfortable as she steps into the playroom. We're both nursing students, so we've both seen our fair share of naked people before. Me more than her, but that's because I play. Still, it's clear Emma is far less comfortable being the naked person. I chalk that up to her shape and her sensitivity to it.

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As she stands, I get my first good look at her body. I can see that she would have a straight figure, almost rounded, like a tree. Her sides, at her waist, are just full enough to line up with her ribs instead of curving inward. But her hips are proportionally wide, swelling outward with a full curve and ruining the straightness of her figure. Her stomach has just the faintest of paunch to it, swelling out barely enough to look rounded instead of flat, but not enough to have any sag to it.

I can see that her pubes puff outward as her stomach does. And I can see that she's fully shaven. It looks like she's freshly shaven, too, her pubes silky and stubble-free. Her legs are thick enough to have a somewhat loose look to them, but also thin enough that they don't look flabby and they don't hide her pussy. From the front her pussy looks to be flat and small. I can see only the tops of her lips as they lie along her mound, almost flat with the ground under her.

Her arms are like her legs. Their skin looks slightly full and loose, but they also look moderately thin. It takes her a minute, and a little glare from me, for her to reluctantly let them fall from her chest. "I guess you'll see me anyway..." she mumbles under her breath as her hands fall to her sides.

It shows me a pair of breasts that are roughly average-sized. The look to be a hair on the small side, but that's owing to the slight thickness of her body. I'd bet she's about a 38-B, maybe a 40-B, but my money is on a 38. Her mounds are soft. Soft enough that they'd sag if they were much bigger. As is, they lie back against her chest just enough to make a small crease where they meet her body. They also appear to be slightly off-center, rising off her chest more to the outsides than straight. It leaves a wide V of cleavage between them.

Her mounds are topped with slightly narrow nipples. Nipples that are maybe the width of a pencil eraser, and that rise off her mound about as far. They're fully rounded nubs. They're a medium hue of pink-purple. But they're surrounded by rather wide rings of the same shade. Rings wide enough that they appear to take up a decent share of her breasts.

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I ignore Emma's nakedness. I casually ask her to come over to a cabinet along the wall. Inside there's a large selection of dildos. I have them from "tiny" which is about four inches long, up to "equine," which is a full foot long. I ask Emma to pick one that's about the size of her boyfriend. She points to one that's six inches long and slightly over 1 ¼" across. I reach for one that's two sizes larger. This one is seven inches long and just over 1 ½" inches across.

Emma's eyes go wide as she looks at the large-appearing dildo. I smile at her. "Yeah, it's bigger than he is. That way the real thing will be even easier for you. Trust me, Emma, you can do this." I set the dildo on the rolling tray I have beside the padded massage table in the center of the room.

The tray already holds a tube of lubricating jelly and a box of my famous pastel green latex gloves. Everyone at USA has seen them. They never have size small, so I always bring my own. Emma just watches that dildo with a slight anxiousness in her eyes.

I tell Emma to climb up on the table. As she does I get my first good glimpse of her bottom. It's what I'd expect, seeing the rest of her body. Her cheeks are moderately loose-looking. But they don't sag or hang down. They do have a nice rounded curve at their bottoms. And their faces look to be halfway between rounded and flat. They're full enough to lie flush against each other, completely closing her crack and totally hiding her asshole. As she climbs onto the table I see them jiggle slightly. She sits on the table, her feet hanging over the edge.

She sits, her nervousness showing. "Is this going hurt?"

"I warned you, the first few tries will be uncomfortable for you, but it won't really hurt. You just have to listen to me carefully and do what I tell you to. I'll take this slow and gentle for you."

"Okay..." Emma says nervously and quietly. She lies down, laying on her left side as I suggested. She pulls her knees up as if spooning with her boyfriend.

I reach over and take hold of Emma's legs near her knees. I move

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her thighs slightly, maybe an inch, so that her waist is bent at a right angle. The position of her calves won't matter, so as long as her feet stay out of my way, she can put them wherever she wants to.

"Relax Emma, I'm going to tell you everything I'm doing. There won't be any surprises for you. Nothing will happen before I tell you it will. I know you're nervous. But it's important that you relax. The tenser you are, the harder it will be for you."

Emma takes a few deep breaths. I doubt it does much to relax her. "I'm just going to lift your cheek so I can get to your anus," I warn Emma. Then I use my left hand to lift her soft cheek high, pulling her crack open fully. It leaves me a good few inches between the inside edges of her globes. The inside edge of her right cheek, the one lying on the table, looks almost straight and flat to me.

But now I can see Emma's asshole. It's a light purple shade, surrounded by a swath of deepening purple flesh. Her ring is about average sized, smaller than a dime. It gently funnels inward, pulling back only slightly, less than ¼", from the rest of her crack. It's wrinkly, but the wrinkles are small gentle ones, not thick, puffy, or prominent ones. Just countless little folds flowing into that shallow funnel, then towards the center. The wrinkles disappear into a smallish squiggle of a dark line.

"Emma, this is just my finger. I'm going to lubricate your anus to ease it for you. You'll feel the tip of my finger, and some pressure, but that's it. Okay?"

"Okay..." Emma sounds even more nervous.

I put a decent little drop of the slick gel on my fingertip. I touch the tip of my finger to her ring. I hold my finger still, letting Emma get used to it being there. I feel her ring snap to its full tightness at my first touch, then slowly relax a little over several seconds. I wiggle my finger, slowly and gently, smearing a thin film of the gel across the wrinkles of her asshole.

Then I put just the tiniest bit of pressure against her ring. My finger sits in the shallow funnel, her tensed muscle almost hard against

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its tip. It's obvious that Emma is more than simply nervous.

"Okay, Emma. Feel my finger pressing against your anus?"

"Yes..."

"Good. That's as much as I'm going to press. *You* are going to do the rest of it for me. Take a good deep breath and hold it. Then push hard, like you're constipated and trying to go. Don't worry about making a mess, you can't with my finger there. Just push hard. When you push, your anus is going to dilate slightly. As it does, you'll feel my finger a little deeper into your anus. I will not let it go all the way through the ring of muscle. You just have to push, then when you feel my finger inside that muscle, *keep pushing*. I'll tell you when to stop. Can we do that?"

Emma says "maybe" and I tell her to go on and do it. She takes a very noisy deep breath as if she's exaggerating so I'll hear it. I write that off to her nervousness. She pushes. I quickly feel her asshole turn to rubber and my finger starts easing into the center of the ring. As soon as I feel it moving, Emma tenses back up hard. The tight cinching of her muscle pushes my finger back out of her. I keep my pressure constant. "I'm sorry!" Emma squeals.

"It's fine, Emma." I try to reassure her. "Can you feel that the pressure against your anus hasn't changed? It's not going to. You have to control here. Push, and my finger will ease into your muscle and lubricate the inside of your anus. Don't push, and it won't. Tense up your anus, and you'll push my finger out of it like it is now. It's all up to you. Try again. I can stand here as long as it takes. Just keep trying until you're able to allow my finger into your anus. Take your time."

Emma takes just a few seconds to push again. And again, as soon as she feels that slender finger easing forward, her instinct takes over and she squeezes it out again. I just keep the pressure constant as she pushes me back out of her. After several long seconds, she tries again.

On her fourth try, she manages not to tense up too quickly. It allows my finger to slip into the ½" (or so) thickness of her ring. This

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time, as she tenses, my finger is far enough inside her asshole that it doesn't push back out. Her muscle just squeezes down around it. She feels that, and squeals a nervous "OOH!" But she also quickly relaxes again, pushing harder than before.

My finger is already deep enough inside her asshole that I hold it still as she pushes. It just relaxes her ring around my finger. I feel it turn to a soft rubber as it snuggles around me. Without it moving, Emma is able to stay relaxed and pushing.

"See, you can do it." I encourage her, "does that hurt?"

"No... but I can feel your finger going up my behind!"

"But it doesn't hurt you, which is what matters. You had to know you'd feel it there. So take a second to get used to it. Then, when you tell me to, I'm going to wiggle my finger just a tiny bit. That will spread the gel around so everything is slippery for the shaft. We'll do it as many times as it takes for you to stay relaxed while I do. It will not hurt. It's not going to feel much different than now."

It takes Emma two tries before, on the third try, she manages to keep her asshole relaxed as my finger twists about $\frac{1}{4}$ turn and smears the gel around the inside of the thick ring. But she does, squealing only slightly for her anxiety, as I do it. When I'm done, I stop my finger. I hold it still for a second, Emma not tensing up, then I pull it from her. She stays soft while I pull out, but quickly tenses again once my finger is gone.

I get the dildo. The collection I showed her is the realistic ones. They're all shaped exactly like real cocks. This one is beige, with a far purple head on it, and even has realistic fake veins lining its length. I smear a thin coating of the gel on the top half of the rubbery cock head.

"I'm going to touch the dildo to your anus. Just touch it." I warn Emma. Then I lie rounded tip of the fake cock against the tightness of Emma's asshole. I barely touch Emma with it. She gasps, then quickly stills.

"Okay, Emma, I'm going to add the pressure. It will not push it into you. Just pressure. Relax." I warn her. Then I add some pressure. I

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have to guess at how much pressure to add by the resistance I feel from her asshole. And the way she has it clenched so tightly kind of skews the way it feels to me. But I have plenty of experience to fall back on.

Emma squeals nervously as she feels the rounded tip pushing against her ring. Now a good part of the cock head presses against her body. Now Emma can feel the width of the rounded tip. She can feel how it's far wider than her cinched ring, eclipsing it and pressing against some of the flesh around it. I'm sure that accounts for the sudden nervousness she shows.

I give Emma a couple of seconds to get used to it. "Oh, my G-d!" Emma squeals quietly, "that feels freaking giganto-normous! Please tell me that's a baseball bat or something, not just a dick!"

I giggle. "Trust me, Emma, you can handle it. You have all the control. I'm not going to do a thing. You will do it all yourself. All you have to do is to push exactly like you just did. Only as hard as you can possibly push. Your anus will allow this into you.

"The pressure you feel now is all the pressure I'm going to put on it. Ever. From here on, it's all up to you. And unlike a guy, I won't get anxious and try to take a short cut. This is what you want your guy to do. Just hold this much pressure against your anus, and let you do it all. You have all the time in the world. As many tries as you want. Relax and it will ease into your bottom. Tense and you'll push it back out of you. It's all on you, girl."

"It's going to hurt! That thing is so freaking mile-wide!" Emma squeals.

"It's not going to hurt. You are going to feel your anus being stretched. You'll feel the shaft slide steadily into your rectum. As it does, you'll start feeling full, like you need to poop. As it slides deeper, then you'll feel the fullness deeper. It will feel weird. It will feel 'wrong.' you'll feel full. It will not be painful. The only thing that will make this painful is if you don't relax your anus or roughness. I'm not going to do anything. And I'm pretty sure you're not going to be rough with yourself."

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We wait. Emma lying there, trying to build her courage up. After a few seconds, I ask if she'd like Sophie to hold her hand. Emma quickly accepts. I nod. Sophie comes over and stands at Emma's head, holding both of Emma's hands. "I can do it." Sophie quietly reassures Emma, "and it doesn't hurt me." Like me, Sophie is a tiny woman with narrow hips.

It still takes Emma a long moment to work her nerve up. Finally, I feel her asshole pushing back against the toy in my hand. Then I feel the toy start to move. "Oh my G-d!" Emma shrieks. "That's freaking too huge!" At the same instant, I feel the toy pushing backward. I hold the constant pressure as Emma's asshole cinches tight again and pushes the toy back. "Freak!" Emma blurts out, "there is no freaking way that's going to fit in me!"

I softly, in my calmest voice, tell Emma that will fit, if she allows it to. I suggest that she keeps trying. I advise her to just keep focusing on pushing and try to ignore her bottom. Not that she'll be able to ignore it.

She tries again. I feel it start pressing forward into her. I see her hands clamp down and grip Sophie's hands with all her strength. "Oh my G-d!" She shrieks again. She pants a pair of very nervous breaths, fast and almost panicked. Then she tenses up and forces the toy backward again. "It's going to rip me wide open!"

I reassure her that it won't. I doubt Emma truly believes me. She seems like she's the kind who is always nervous about new things. The kind of girl who is always dead certain that it will be worse than it turns out to be.

On the third try, Emma shrieks again. I think I'll feel her resist the toy again any second. But instead, I feel her ring softening around it. And I feel it start inching its way into her bottom, very slowly. I glance down to see the purple ring of Emma's asshole stretched around the top half of the darker purple head of the cock. The wrinkly skin of her asshole isn't taut yet. There are still plenty of wrinkles to smooth out before her skin has to stretch. All of those wrinkles sparkling with the

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film of lubricant gel on them.

Emma shrieks a second time. She doesn't really say anything. It's more a too-nervous squeal. I see the head of the cock as it inches into the rubberiness of Emma's asshole. Just as the wrinkles are almost fully smooth out, the widest part of the cock head vanishes into Emma. Her asshole quickly cinches down, clamping tightly around the shaft. But now her body doesn't push it out. It squeezes tight around the shaft. The bottom rim of the head is the fattest part of the cock. And now that it has slipped through her asshole, her ring would have to stretch to let it back through. For that, Emma would need to relax. Unless I pulled it out, which I don't do.

"OH FREAK ME!" Emma screeches in a panic. "IT'S STUCK UP MY BEHIND!" I see her asshole squeeze tighter around the beige shaft.

"Relax, Emma," I tell her, my voice now firm, but still soft and gentle, too. "It's not stuck. You tensed up. Your anus is clenched so tightly around it that you are holding it there. If you relax, it will start sliding deeper into you. Now that it's inside you, your body won't push it out with the pressure on it." I see that Emma is still gripping Sophie's hands with all her might. And she's about to really panic.

"Emma." I firm up my voice to get her attention. "Does it hurt?"

"I don't know!" Emma cries out. She pants a few more nervous breaths. "I guess not really..." She adds reluctantly. "It just... screams for me to get it out of my ass!"

I laugh, but I do it very quietly. "Relax Emma. You just said it doesn't hurt. So relax. I'll tell you a secret. You just did the hardest part. You took the thickest part of it through your anus. Now it's just a matter of letting it slide in and fill your rectum. Take your time, Emma. When you're ready, push as hard as you can again. You'll feel it sliding deeper, but it will not hurt. Trust me. It's just going to make you feel full."

It takes close to a minute before Emma tries again. I hold the pressure on the shaft constant. Hard enough that it will push the toy

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into her, but light enough that her clenching asshole will hold the shaft still.

"OH!.." Emma cries out. "EEEEEE!!!!" she squeals loudly as it slips further into her bottom. "I'M FULL! I GOTTA GO!!!" She tightens up again twice, stopping the shaft's movement before all of its length has slipped into her bottom.

Once all of it is inside Emma, it stops moving. "Emma..." I coo softly. "Guess what? You have all of it. Every bit of that big cock is inside your bottom right now. This is all of it."

Emma says nothing. For a few seconds, she pants nervously. Then she finally asks "really? I have a whole dick up my behind?" Her voice is tentative, questioning, and afraid of the answer. I'm sure that nervous, edgy girl in her is wondering if I can be trusted to tell her the truth. Or if just maybe I'd trick her as some form of amusement.

I lie my left hand, still holding her cheek up, against the protruding end of the shaft, right next to its fake balls. I use my right hand to slip my phone out of my back pocket. I use it to snap a quick picture. A picture that shows the beige shaft with the deep purple flesh of her asshole stretched taut around it. And that shows the fake balls as they stick out from the shaft just over the smooth lips of her pussy. I keep the picture on the screen of my phone and pass it to Sophie.

"See for yourself," I tell Emma. She takes the quickest glance at the screen. After a second she finally lets her eyes go back to the screen. "Oh my G-d! Oh my G-d! Oh my G-d!" Emma squeals. "It fit! Holy freak me! It fit!" she hesitates for a couple of seconds, then goes on. "Erase it! Please don't keep that picture! I don't want anyone to see it! I look like a slut! My butt hole can't be that big!"

I giggle. "Slave, delete," I say. Sophie deletes the image. It's not gone. My phone has an app that automatically uploads every picture I take to my cloud in Russia. It'll be there until I erase it from there. It's even a free service. I think they even have an English version of the Yandex Disc app.

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"Now will you relax, Emma?" I'm actually stalling for time. The extra seconds will be plenty for Emma to start getting used to the sensation of being stuffed full. "You have the whole dick inside your bottom. And it's bigger than your guy's dick. I told you it would fit. Does it hurt?"

"Not really..." It sounds like it kills her to admit that. "It just... I'm so freaking full! I want to poop!"

"How does your anus feel?"

"Like I'm stuck mid-poop!" She blurts out. It makes me giggle again. I guess that means that her asshole feels like it's opened to its widest.

"Are you ready to push it out now? It will feel like taking a big poop."

"Okay... I can do that." Emma says.

"Okay, then I'm going to ease off the pressure a little. You'll have to push hard to get it to move. Whenever you're ready." I ease up a hair.

Emma quickly pushes again. "OOH!" she squeals, drawing her whine out. The shaft begins moving slowly, but steadily, backward as the thin wall of muscle around her rectum pushes it out of her. I just watch the beige shaft emerge from the dark ring of her asshole. "OHMYG-D!" Emma shrieks out nervously at the very end of it, just as her asshole stretches a tiny bit more to allow the widest part of the head through. Then the shaft jumps back, popping out of her bottom. "UH!" Emma squeals. I see her asshole quickly tightening back up and cinching down.

Now Emma knows that it's out of her. I hold the steady pressure, keeping the tip of it pressed snug against her asshole, but not pressing enough for it to slide into her. Realizing that she still has control, Emma relaxes a little. After about half a minute, Emma finally asks me, "That's it?"

"That's it. You just took it all into you and back out again. Try it a

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couple of more times, now that you know you can do it."

It takes Emma five minutes to make three more tries. But the third she's finally gotten past the nervousness. I guess by then she's decided it's really not so bad. I have her try it one more time.

This time, I stop the shaft once she has all of it. "Do you believe that you can take a dick in your bottom?"

"Yeah, so duh, like there's a dick up my behind right now!" Emma answers.

"Okay, then are you ready to feel anal sex?"

"I am!" Emma blurts out, the nervousness instantly back.

"No, you're not. You've taken his dick. You know he's going to do more than just put it in you. It won't hurt at all. Trust me."

"Okay..." she agrees quietly.

I grip the protruding end of the shaft. I start slowly, moving it in and back out with short strokes that are maybe an inch long. As I do, I carefully aim the shaft so that its tip should be pointed straight for her navel. It's the perfect angle.

As soon as Emma feels the shaft moving inside her, she tenses. I stop for a second, letting her relax. She doesn't need to be pushing for this. But she doesn't want to be tensed either. It takes several long moments, and about a dozen little wiggles of the shaft before Emma finally accepts that this won't hurt her. Then she doesn't tense up and forces me to stop.

Now that I'm moving the shaft freely, I very slowly pick up its speed until I'm going at about the same pace as an eager guy would. But I still keep the strokes short.

Emma lies there, letting me fuck her butt with the toy. For about half a minute, Emma is mostly silent. Then she finally breathes out a quiet "MM!" it's not a pained sound.

A few seconds later I see her grip on Sophie's hands tightening

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again. Very slowly, but steadily, her sounds morph into sweet moans. And then grow in volume. And pick up the pace. It takes about a minute more, but then Emma is grunting very sweet "MM!s" they're crisp, but they're also laced with sweetness.

I don't mention it to Emma. I stop stroking her bottom with the shaft. She pants a few breaths. I tell her that she should push it out now. She does that easily. As it slips the last little bit from her asshole, she purrs a soft "Ah." I move it back a little until it's no longer touching her ring. Then I wait for a quarter minute or so until Emma's asshole has cinched back to its full tightness.

"There!" I tell Emma excitedly. "That's what a guy *should* do to you. Did it hurt you?"

"No." Now Emma sounds confident of her answer. I'm tempted to ask her if she liked it. I already know she did. There was no disguising the sultriness of her sharp grunted moans. But I don't. She seems like the kind of girl who would freak out if she thought I knew that she liked it.

I suggest that we do it three more times before we take a break. Emma agrees, telling me that's fine with her. She only tenses up once on the next try. On the one after that, Emma does it fine. On the final try, I have Emma grunting fairly urgent moans of "UM!" that I still pretend I don't notice.

I suggest Emma sits up for a minute, calling it a break between lessons. I know Emma is wondering what more she has to learn. What more of a lesson I could have in mind for her. I offer her a drink or something, but she declines it. She just sits, a little shyly, and quietly. She asks me a few questions. Including "is that really what it's going to be like with an actual guy?" Her eyes are still on the dildo as if she still doesn't believe the size of it. And will never believe that somehow she made it fit in her bottom.

I give her about five minutes before I ask if she's ready for the final lesson. "I guess..." Emma says, then with the anxiousness back in her voice, asks me "what's the final lesson?"

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I smirk. Wide. In the corner of the room, there's a silk screen that blocks off any sight of whatever is behind it. It starts at the floor and rises about five feet up. There are only two things hidden behind the screen. Both are the same. Large dog kennels. One is Paige's "room" in this apartment. She's in her room now, silently listening to the sounds of Emma's lesson. Emma is never going to know Paige is there.

The other Kennel has Rob in it. He's a toy of mine. He's 6'0" tall and a muscular 185 pounds. He's 24. I require him to work out hard daily just to keep those muscles toned up. Sometimes, I have use for a manly looking toy. The kennel is just a hair small for such a big person. Just enough to have him nicely cramped in. I have him in the cage with his butt towards the door, as if he'd just crawled straight in. Which he did. I have to reach in and take a firm hold of his dangling balls to pull him backward and out of the cage. HE readily crawls backward, following his balls.

I grab his shoulder gently to guide him up to his feet. He has short, sandy hair and blue eyes. None of which is visible now. He's wearing a leather hood over his face. And under the hood, he's wearing a ball gag that ensures his silence. The hood blocks his sight even better than a blindfold would.

Rob has a very nice cock. I know. I've measured it. It's 7 ¼" long. At the thickest point, the shaft is 1.58" across. But the head, at the very bottom, measures 1.91" across. But the head is spongy and soft, unlike the shaft that's rock hard. Naturally, he's circumcised, letting all of the purple head stand out atop his shaft. I take a firm hold of his shaft, wrapping my hand around and squeezing it lightly.

I don't have to say anything. Cocks make perfect leashes. A guy will always follow his dick. "This is dick," I introduce Rob as I lead him into Emma's sight. A strong wave of shyness instantly hits Emma. Her arms fly up to cover her breasts and pubes. It takes her a second to realize that he can't see anything. Nor can she see his face. The hood hides everything. It takes another second for her eyes to glance down at the large cock in my hand. They quickly avert, then just as quickly return.

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Then they're wide as if she didn't know cocks came this big.

"Here's the rest of your lesson. You get to try it with a real dick. Dick here will be the dick donor. Then, you'll really know what it's like. That should build your confidence and knowledge up enough that you can do anything.

"Dick here is certified disease-free. I have him checked regularly. The choice of a condom is up to you. It's not needed, but I have them if you'd feel better."

Emma nervously eyes Rob's cock. She hesitates for a couple of seconds, then she asks "You want me to do it with *that* dick?"

"It's almost the same size as the last one. The only difference is this one isn't plastic and latex. You have to admit, no matter what you're talking about, the imitation never measures up to the real thing! Trust me, girl."

"Who... is that? I have a boyfriend!" Emma blurts out.

"I told you, this is dick. Dick is one of my toys. I know you have a boyfriend. But this isn't cheating. That would require another *person*. This isn't a person, it's a toy! Just like that dildo. Just one of my sex toys. Except this one is self-powered." I smile.

Emma looks slightly uncomfortable about it, but she watches as I lock Rob's hands behind his back with a pair of steel cuffs. That's so that he can't touch Emma. He doesn't get to touch a girl unless I want him to. And now I only want his dick. Emma, still looking uneasy, lies back on the table.

I have to guide Rob to get up on the table and wiggle himself into place behind Emma. I smear a film of lubricating gel on the top of the head of his cock. Rob can't do anything without his hands and eyes. So I have to take hold of his cock and position the tip of it snugly against Emma's asshole. I use my hand to set the pressure against her ring.

"Dick... you will keep that pressure. Do not ease up. Don't get eager, unless you want your balls in a vise." Rob energetically nods that

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he understands. "Okay, girl, you know what to do. It's all on you."

Emma lies there for a second. "It's different!" she squeals. "The.. head of it, it's like a sponge or something. It's not... firm and rounded! I..."

I cut Emma off. "You can do it, girl. Just do exactly what you've gotten good at. Trust me."

I watch, holding Emma's cheek up high for a view. I am not going to let Rob get too eager on her. I can't say that for her boyfriend. But I control Rob. He will behave.

It takes Emma a few seconds. But she finally pushes, loosening her asshole up. Just like the dildo, as her ring turns to rubber, his cock begins slipping into her. She squeals, but she manages to keep going. It only takes about ten seconds for Rob's cock to have slipped all the way into her bottom. He obediently stops with it fully buried.

"Hey, girl..." I say softly to get Emma's attention. I'm purposely not using her name so Rob will never know who's bottom his cock was in. He shouldn't know Emma. They don't travel in the same circles. But still, I wouldn't him to recognize her and know what he's done with her. "I'm just going to check the angle of that dick inside you. It won't hurt. You'll just feel my gloved finger slip right into your pussy for a second. Trust me."

I don't give her a chance to object. I already have Rob's legs mostly straight behind Emma. That leaves Emma's pussy bared in the space between his thighs and her calves.

Emma's mound is mostly flat. Her lips are silky smooth. They're short and narrow, but decently plump. They leave a wide gash between them, allowing the edges of her medium-purple inner folds to poke into the gash. The shortness of her lips makes her pussy look small.

I put the tip of my finger against Emma's slit, directly over where her tunnel will be. I press it firmly, and gently, between the loose folds of purple. It slips easily between them. As soon as my finger is between her folds I feel a burning heat. And I feel the slipperiness of her honey.

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Enough so that I know she's all but dripping wet. I pretend not to notice anything. I slip my finger forward. It glides into her tunnel on the slickness of her honey. Her tunnel is tight. At least now. I can feel it's meaty walls snuggling down around my finger.

But that's not what I'm interested in feeling. I already knew that her pussy would be aroused. Her moans told me that much. I can feel what I'm after, too. I can feel the hardness of his cock as it stuffs her rectum full. It's impossible not to feel. His cock is as hard as steel now. Only the thin, sausage casing-like membrane of her rectum, the paper-thin layer of smooth muscle around it, and the spongy walls of her pussy separate my finger from his hardness. I press against the inside of her pussy wall and against his eager cock.

I nudge Rob to move forward just a hair. As he does, it shifts the angle of his cock. It pulls to where it's pressing a little firmer against the backside of her pussy walls. Right where I want it to be. I slip my finger back out of her pussy. "There. Pay attention. Feel how the dick is sitting inside you. That's how you want it to sit. Feel how his body lies against yours. That's the other way to position the dick. You'll want your dick donor snuggled up to your bottom just like this one is.

"Hey, dick. Fuck her." I command. "And don't you dare get eager."

Rob starts rhythmically stroking his cock in Emma's bottom. He uses the same short strokes that I did with the dildo. It's what I told him to do. He picks up his pace a little faster than I did, but he stays short of getting too fast.

This time it doesn't take Emma long to start grunting strong "UM!" over and over again. Very erotic grunts. Only this time she doesn't have Sophie's hands to grip. Her arms pull up close to her chest, hugging herself, not trying to hide herself. She hugs herself tightly. And then even tighter. Her grunting moans slowly and steadily grow stronger, faster, and deeper. And even more hungry.

Rob, as do all of my toys, knows that he's not allowed to orgasm unless I tell him to. He also knows that, no matter what Emma does, he's not allowed to stop fucking her bottom until I tell him to.

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It doesn't take Emma too long. I'd guess about five minutes, maybe six at the most. I don't know how quickly her boyfriend will cum, but that's not so long that it's unrealistic to think Emma might get her own orgasm in first. Wouldn't that shock him!

That's when I hear a slight tremble creep into Emma's grunted moans. It's the same point I see her toes curl up, something that's far more noticeable in this position. I've seen goosebumps on Emma for a few minutes, but now I see them covering the lips of her pussy, too. And I can see the honey seeping out from between her loose folds. Enough honey that it's clinging to the back of her thigh as it lies just beneath her mound.

I lean over close to Emma's ear. I whisper, "do you want me to let you cum?" She knows she's close. I doubt she's thinking about how I might know it. I doubt she cares that much how I know. At least not right now.

"Y- Yes..." Emma stutters.

I just stand back and leave Rob fucking her bottom. It only takes half a minute. Emma suddenly screams out a loud "OOH!" Reflexively she bucks her hips back, pounding her bottom against Rob and driving his cock hard into her own butt. She shudders hard. Her hips buck a couple of more times as Emma cries out very strained "OH!s" She shudders all through her loud, squealing cries. Then she falls spent for a short second.

"Dick, cum."

Rob grunts once, the gag muting it. I see his cock twitching as it thrusts softly into Emma's bottom.

"UH!" Emma squeals out in surprise. "Oh my G-d! It's so hot in me!" She means the cream she's feeling spurting against the insides of her bowels. A tiny little cum enema! "Oh my G-d! Dick just came up my butt, didn't he!" she finally realizes what she's feeling.

I giggle. "Yes, and now you know what that feels like, too. So you'll know it when you feel next time."

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I tell Rob to stop. I quickly have him get off the table and take him back to the kennel. It gives Emma a minute to just lie there and "recover" from the fucking. When I return I offer her a hand, which she takes, and help her sit up. The dreamy, glassy look in her eyes tells me all I need to know.

"I think you've got that down pretty well, don't you?"

"Oh, so yeah..." Emma's voice is a sweet purr now.

"In that case, the lesson is over. I'd love to hear how it goes with your guy."

"He'd better behave himself..." Emma says, "because if he ruins that for me, I will so totally kill him!"

"Uh..." She finally thinks to ask, about five minutes later, "do I need to, like do something, about his... mess... up me?"

"Does it bother you?"

"I don't feel it."

"Then not unless you want to. You'll poop it out. You can decide if it's worth a special trip."

I send Sophie to fetch Emma's clothes for her. When Sophie brings them, everything has been neatly folded and stacked up. I doubt that's the way Emma handed them over.