

Mrs. Politician



Nadezhda Sarankhova

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ISBN: (Paperback)

Library of Congress Control Number:

Any references to historical events, real people, or real places are used fictitiously. Names, characters, and places are products of the author's imagination.

Front cover image by: Stock Image.

Book design by: Me.

Printed in the United States of America.

First printing edition 2022.

Proofreading By: My friend, Ken

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Author's Note:

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

The complete archives of all my public-version stories are available on my website.

If you want to be notified of new stories, just subscribe to my mailing list and you’ll get a link whenever a new story is posted, whether it’s published on another site or not.

And remember, the names and such have been changed in this version to protect the slutty. Only Princess Lilly appears as herself. But she truly has no concept of shame. Check out my blog, also on the member's pages of my website, if you want. Her picture is there. Isn't she so cute!

Session Date:

10. May 2023

This Story Released:

29. July 2022

Edition Released:

11. July 2023

Mrs. Politician

Mrs. Politician

Introduction:

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

My name is Pepper Rodgers. I'm a 21-year-old Domme, living downtown Mobile, Alabama. I have a decently well-stocked playroom in the second bedroom of my fourth-floor apartment (most of my neighbors are corporate types who aren't always around, giving me a lot of privacy, even in the halls and elevators). I also have a decently stocked toybox. I prefer my toys to be older than I am, around 30-42 years old. I prefer men for myself, however not for my toybox. When it comes to toys, I find women and couples to be far more amusing. Single men tend to be needier, and often too clingy. But that doesn't mean I don't have a few of them in my toybox. I do. They just don't have the same chances of getting there as couples and single women do.

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

I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a

Mrs. Politician

date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

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

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

Sophie is my 21-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 118 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest. Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she

Mrs. Politician

finished high school.

Paige is my 20-year-old house-slave and slave-whore. It's a role she definitely loves. She lives with me, too. In a kennel, in the playroom. Like Sophie, she came to me during her final year of high school, just after her 18th birthday. Paige does most of the chores around the house, which leaves Sophie free to cater more closely to me. Paige is also my whore. Whenever I need a female body to torment one of my toys, it's Paige's body I use. And Paige definitely doesn't mind it.

Paige is a rather lean girl. She stands about 5'7" tall, but weighs only 112 pounds. It gives her a slightly stickish figure, with only the gentlest of feminine curves to her waist and hips. But she does have a pair of rather perky, and slightly pointy, 34-B breasts with wide nipples. She has honey brown hair that's long and curly with green eyes.

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

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

Mrs. Politician

I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommies as well. Andrea (29), Janelle (37), Colette (41), Diane (48), and Olive (47). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and a little chat about who's doing what to whom lately. We sometimes share, or loan, our toys to each other, but not that often. Sometimes we do a favor for each other, such as providing something different for a toy. Mostly we do what girls do: we gossip.

I get all of my toys through networking. It's almost always either one of the women in our circle who has a toy she doesn't want and offers to point it at another who is interested. Or sometimes one of my toys tells someone, who tells someone, and so on until someone asks my toy to introduce someone to me. Rarely it's someone I don't play with, but who knows what I'm into, who asks me to meet someone. I get plenty of emails inquiring about meeting me, and while I will email and maybe chat with a sub online, I haven't yet met any. I won't rule it out, but meeting online is risky enough that someone would have to convince me before I'd think about it. A girl's gotta be careful!

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

I have dual citizenship. That's a benefit the Russian government bestowed upon me because my father was a

Mrs. Politician

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



Chapter One - In Need Of A Spanking

Chapter One - In Need Of A Spanking

I often do favors for my Dom/me friends, especially when the favor is a “one-off” session. I love those. It gives me the one thing I crave – variety, without the added complications of dealing with a new toy. Or of keeping something in my toolbox. “Fun and done,” In other words. It works well for those toys, too. Mostly the ones sent my way fall into two groups: either toys whose owners feel they’ll enjoy the variety of submitting to a fresh Domme with a different style who will use them in different ways; or those who also want a one-time experience. Sometimes, not so often, it’s toy who wants a Domme as far from their daily lives as possible for occasional, or one-time, fun.

Sharon falls into the last group. Mostly. Sharon is a state representative from Jacksonville, Florida. As such, she’s well known and easily recognized around the Jacksonville area. So much so that she doesn’t dare play anywhere within 100 miles of there. Literally. Nor does she play anywhere near her office in Tallahassee. There’s probably a greater chance of her being recognized there. Maybe by some lobbyist who would use it against her.

Obviously I don’t know her. Jacksonville is (according to Apple Maps) just over 500 miles from my apartment. The closest “association” I have are slave’s grandparents, and they’re 150 miles or so from Jacksonville. All I know about that city is that they have a small airport with a runway that literally ends at the water. I only know that because I’ve landed on it, although I didn’t stay any longer than it took to refuel.

The biggest “oddity” about Sharon is that she doesn’t exactly come to me through one of my usual Dom/me friends. She comes indirectly, and rather circuitously at that. Her PA/ Chief Aide is friends with a Dom in their area. One I’ve never heard of, and never spoken to. He, however, is friends with Grigori, a Pensacola Dom that I know through my friend Nikolai. I’ve done favors for

Mrs. Politician

Grigori before, and he generally tends to have high quality bitches in his stable. When he first asked me if I was willing to do a favor for a friend of his, who himself was doing a favor for a friend, my first answer was “no way, never.” But Grigori talked me into talking to the toy. It helped that Grigori has somehow gotten use of a Cessna Citation and offered me a few flight hours – Pilot-in-command time in business jets is rather expensive, and I do have that license to keep current. The flight time was not conditioned on doing the favor, but considering his generosity I felt talking to the toy was the least I could for him.

So I agreed and allowed my email to be passed along to Sharon, with the caveat that only Sharon could contact me. She did, a day later, telling me that my email traveled south quickly. Like most, her first email was rather bland and tenuous, as if she was unwilling to put anything in writing that might later haunt her. Especially since she was emailing someone she’d never met. I can’t blame her for caution. Not that I’d allow it.

I emailed back that she wasn’t to speak to me. Since I now knew she was married, I told her that her husband was to contact me, and I would speak with him. I did explain about my rule of “not spanking behind the back of a significant other” so hopefully she’d think that was the reason I wanted to speak with him. It really wasn’t. I wanted to humiliate Sharon, even just a little, by making her tell me everything, even the intimate details, through her husband. Which meant that she had to first tell her husband, and plainly enough that he could relay them fully to me. Most of the time, husband’s like that, although just as often they find it a little uncomfortable. Her husband, Glenn, didn’t mind.

I Googled (OK, actually I use duck-duck-go) Sharon once I knew that she was a politician and where. It wasn’t hard to find her, the entire first page of search results was

Chapter One - In Need Of A Spanking

her. I don't much care about her career, or her politics. Just her bottom for a one-off session. But I still looked. I learned that she's a Democrat, a party that I personally find a little too "woke" and "spendy" liberal, although I do like their positions on some human rights issues. That's not enough for me to vote for them, though. I'm a devout Libertarian and usually vote for Republicans who don't spend my taxes quite as fast. Still, I won't say I didn't like the idea of getting a politician over my knees. I've yet to meet one who doesn't seriously need a good spanking. A very good spanking!

Once Glenn contacted me, things went as they normally do. A few emails for me to get some basic information about Sharon. To get some idea what she's looking for. What her interests are. What her level of knowledge is. What her personality is like (as in how much trouble is she going to be to me). From there, we made plans for a meeting. Then, a few days ago, a Zoom call with Glenn. I'd never go just off email, even though they came with a recommendation. Even though they were personally known to Grigori's friend, whom Grigori trusts fully. It was a Zoom call that Sharon was specifically barred from being in the house for. Not just out of the room, but out of the house.

Glenn was fairly open and direct. Sharon less so. My problem wasn't getting information from Glenn, he'd relay whatever he knew. It was Glenn getting information from Sharon. A lot of what I got from him didn't come directly from the conversations those emails led to. It came from his years of marriage to her. Almost two decades worth.

It didn't matter. I got the idea. And I quickly got the image of Sharon as a woman both with liberal attitudes and a desire for a very "traditional" persona. Despite whatever her thoughts and beliefs, to the world she wants to seem traditional, slightly bland, the kind whose life doesn't draw a lot of attention and definitely doesn't land

Mrs. Politician

in the tabloids.

The picture Glenn painted me was of Sharon being “curious.” Partly bi-curious, or at least “wondering” what it would be like. Partly sub-curious wondering what it would be like to be fully out of control, to be used and to serve the whims of another. In major part, she wanted a time where her brain could “turn off.” Where she wouldn’t be making decisions, let alone weighty ones. Where she could relax and be taken care of. None of which really surprised me.

I wasn’t surprised when I learned that she was raised Baptist. This is the south. Baptists (and most other Christian denominations) are about as rare as grass and afternoon thunderstorms down here. Nor was I surprised to learn that she was “moderately devout.” A term that I quickly learned meant that Sharon considered same-gender sex to be “unnatural,” and thus something that she should not only refrain from, but be punished for what the Catholics would call her “impure thoughts.” I doubt she meant a few “Hail Mary’s” either.

Nor was I surprised to learn that the extent of her D/s / BDSM “knowledge” came from what she found online (and then using only Glenn’s laptop and a Tor browser so as not leave a trace for the Republican’s to unearth come next election, a method I suspected they were using to contact me as well, thus leaving no trace to me for any eager election hopeful to follow just in case I might not be as tight lipped as their friend assured them I am). Luckily Sharon was smart enough to realize that online porn tracked viewer fantasies and thus fell far from realities. Let’s face it, stone walled dungeons are a little hard to come by. And a lot of things would never happen – everyone would be arrested long before it got to the “good” parts.

Still, Sharon got the idea of some of the basics, such as that she was likely to be spanked. And tied. That she

Chapter One - In Need Of A Spanking

would be considered a lower caste, expected to show humble subservience to the Domme. That there would be a strict structure and rules for her, violations of which would result in punishment. That the concepts she normally considered choices wouldn't be her choices to make during a session, the Domme would decide what was done, and her place would be to accept that and endure it. That, while there is a very strong sexual component to it, actual sex may or may not be a part of it.

Quickly I got the impression that what Sharon really wanted was a session to punish her for her impure thoughts of same-gender sex. I'm certain that she wanted to explore those thoughts just as badly, at least experimentally to satisfy her curiosity. It wasn't lost on me how a politician who champions gay rights on daily basis could also believe them to be "wrong," typical politician, I thought, espouse whatever gets you elected, whatever the party line is, despite the open hypocrisy of it. Yet another thing she deserved punishment for in my book. And another thing that let me plan out a session that would arouse her unbearably, or so I hoped.

I did not tell Glenn what my ideas for a session were. I never tell a toy or its "escort" anything more than it needs to know. Glenn didn't need to know what I planned to do with his wife. Sharon most definitely didn't need to know. Instead I simply emailed them a copy of my generic consent form (yes I have one, I got it from mom, who had one of the best lawyers in Alabama draft it for her just to ensure there were no misunderstandings about what the toy was coming for) and instructed them to have Sharon sign it, get it notarized, and send it to me at mom's PO box (that way I didn't give out my address, one more detail they don't need to know). As the form allows for literally anything, and clearly states that "No" means "ignore me" and Sharon will have no way to stop a session, and on top of that I won't respect any "hard limits" it led to a bit of

Mrs. Politician

back and forth with Glenn. None of which got him anywhere. My rules are my rules, accept them or don't come here. I don't accept limits from my toys. I just offer a few basic assurances, most notably that toys won't be injured and their identities will be protected thus ensuring nothing that happens here could ever be used against them. Even things done in public. Sharon sent her form.

Then I told Glenn to make their plans to come to Mobile on a Wednesday and plan to stay until Thursday. Glenn did not have to come with Sharon, but could "travel with his wife" if he wished. I intentionally said nothing about what arrangements he should make. Once they had a firm date, they were to give me no less than a weeks notice. And once they did that, it was not changeable. Sharon appeared on the chosen day, or forgot about coming. He agreed, and a few hours later I got an email with a date for the following week. I emailed back that it would be, and it was now reserved for Sharon.

Two days before they were due to arrive, that Monday afternoon, I Zoomed with Glenn. That's when I asked for their travel arrangements. I never said how they should travel. I never said anything about their arrangements at all beyond "get to Mobile." He told me they were flying in Wednesday afternoon and returning Thursday morning. That way Sharon only had to "MIA" for two days. Short enough that no one would notice she was gone. I asked for their flight information and he gave it to me. He told me that he was coming as well.

I still told them nothing. It makes Sharon wonder about what will happen. It reminds Sharon how little (none is little!) control she will have over events in Mobile. I know both expected to wait in Mobile until, sometime Wednesday evening, I summoned Sharon to my dungeon for her lesson. Then Glenn would bring her here, and she'd get her fun. Then they'd return to some hotel and go home in the morning. It's just such a typical

Chapter One - In Need Of A Spanking

misconception.

I decided to start in one of my favorite ways. I wanted to immediately throw them off balance and yank them out of their comfort zone. I wanted to roughly teach Sharon how naughty she was for not listening to me when I warned her not to preconceive any ideas whatsoever, as whatever she imagined would not be reality. Instead I warned Sharon that she should expect only one thing - to have no control over anything, not even her body, once she was “here.” I’m sure she thought “here” meant my dungeon. It meant in Mobile. After all, the sole purpose of her coming to this state was to play, why not begin the play upon arrival?

I did warn Glenn, and thus Sharon, that I did not promise “absolute privacy.” I only promised that no one would ever be able to identify her, and anyone who could was covered by lip-sealed-for-eternity rule. That I may use others, especially slave, skanky and lezzie, in her lesson, although “anything in my toolbox” was a definite possibility.

Then I made Sharon’s plans for her. I typed up an assignment for Jess, one of my toys whom I trust and use to “mind” other toys. I picked Jess, instead of Penelope whom I’d normally use, for two reasons. First, Penelope was busy that day with another assignment I had for her. Second, Jess is a few years younger. Jess is only 19, and she could pass for 16 if she really “girled up” for it. Jess is tiny as well. Jess is good minder, too. She can be very firm and strict with those under her control. She can be coddling, too, if I want her to be. The youth appealed to me as I knew that it would make Sharon, a 41-year-old professional woman, feel rather awkward to be taking orders from such a girly-appearing young woman. And I definitely want Sharon to be uncomfortable, awkward, out of her element and generally unsure of everything.

I mentioned nothing about what Glenn would be doing in Mobile. Or about their accommodations here. Or

Mrs. Politician

what they should expect / plan for. I left them to make plans, even as I knew I was making plans for them and my plans would be the ones to happen.

I wanted Glenn to be readily available to me while here. I wanted to be able to contact him constantly in case I decided Sharon wasn't enjoying her time here. Or whatever else may make me want to speak to him. That was easy for me to arrange. I have two toys, a mother-daughter pair, who own a B&B in the general area. It's smallish with only four guest rooms (one of which is permanent reservation for me), but it's reasonably classy, and focuses on catering to their guests. And in catering to my "special guests" in special, more "complete" ways than their ordinary guests. It was the perfect place to park Glenn. There was plenty there to keep him occupied, including touristy things. With my two bitches being its only staff, finding Glenn would be as simple as a phone call to either of them. Plus, both of them would fawn over any guest I sent them, special or ordinary. They so prefer when their Queen is pleased with them.

I "booked" a room, free of charge, for Glenn. I didn't tell them anything, I just planned to use the room they always keep open, regardless of everything else, for me to use or loan out as I wish.

I assigned Jess to go over to the B&B Wednesday and tell them that I was sending them a guest. Jess was then to have Hope, the daughter of the pair, accompany her to the airport. Jess would meet Sharon and Glenn as close to the moment they stepped off the plane as the TSA would allow. Jess would take charge of Sharon and after a brief lesson to make sure that Sharon understood her place, bring her to me for her lesson. Hope would take care of Glenn, treating him as an honored guest of hers and her mom's, not as a toy. Hope would make sure that Glenn enjoyed his vacation to Mobile. Jess would make sure that Sharon knew her place. Whatever plans Glenn had for

Chapter One - In Need Of A Spanking

Mobile were out the window, although since Glenn isn't a toy he wasn't obligated to go with Hope. He could do as he chose. I knew he wouldn't. Hope's best skill is flirting. I knew she'd have no trouble convincing Glenn to go along with the plans I'd made for him. Just as I knew Jess would instantly convince Sharon that Sharon had no choice but to go along with the plans I made for her, even though in reality she did have a choice; it's not like I'd have Jess drag her out of the airport kicking and screaming. Nope. Jess would leave and neither Sharon nor Glenn would be able to contact me ever again. Not that Sharon would be presented with that option. She'd have to just exercise it by walking away.

I did make a loose plan for a session. However, my inner imp often changes plans at her rather impish whims. So often that I'd never count on any plan coming to reality. Just let that imp see a toy squirm and squeal, and she'll push the line until she gets every last shriek out of the wiggly little toy. Imp loves to change things up based on how the toy is reacting to things. So I figured that the first five minutes of my plan were safe. Beyond that, not so much.

I figured the last part of my plan was safe as well. It's in my consent form. ShameBook. My website for toys. Coming here gets a toy its own personal page, a page secured by two passwords, access granted only to me, the toy, its escort, and my closest circle of friends, mostly my Dom/me friends. A page that does have the true life identity of the toy on it, as well as rather graphic pictures and videos. Ones that are basically as close to hack proof as any data can be. But there is also a publicly-accessible section of ShameBook (A fairly recent edition based on prolific requests for it). That section shows the latest 12 sessions of the dungeon. Including the many sessions that never make it into my stories (I can only do so much writing!). It has my full notes from every one of those

Mrs. Politician

sessions, and often a picture or three. But the public section is “anonymized.” I make sure that the notes released are edited just enough that by reading them no one would be able to figure out who the toy is (99% of the time, there are exceptions to every rule, such as toys who I or their owner want to be publicly outted and doing so won’t destroy that toy’s life). Just as the pictures are cropped just enough that only someone very intimately familiar with the toy’s body would be able to guess who it was. Names are changed. Hometowns are often switched. Sometimes even home states. Maybe political parties as well. Or jobs (but not job types) and employers. But that’s all. The “mug shot” of the toy is replaced with a model. The toy’s birthday is replaced with just the year. Escorts are given the same protections. My stories get just a little more obscuring to them, but that’s the result of the greater detail in them. For example (wholly made up as I write this paragraph) a tax attorney in Dallas might be a criminal attorney in Houston (or an ambulance chaser in Oklahoma City) in a story. None of which would change the story one iota.

Assuming that Sharon enjoys her session here, which I fully anticipate she will, I will know for certain that humiliation, when done “safely” (meaning publicly but also in a way that will never openly expose her secrets even) arouses her intensely. If I decide that Sharon amuses me enough to allow her the option of continued contact with me, that contact will be a privilege she’ll have to “earn.” It’s something I’ve done before, and do moderately often. I’ll make Sharon print out a copy of her session (be that notes, notes with short narratives, or a full story). Then she’ll have to ask someone, maybe a few people, to read it and write comments on it, all of which will be sent to me. I suspect that will make Sharon unbearably hot to do, even as it has her cringing in shame.




Chapter Two - Arrival

Книга позора Нади

Custodian's Report

2023-1051002-RF-089		05/10/23		@	01:00:00 PM
11. Jul. 2023		The Playtoy			
<div><div>X129 Sharon</div><div>Image Date: 05/10/23 Story:None</div></div>		Sharon / Stupid Whore			
		Birthday	Age	File No.	
		1982	41	X129	
		Height	Weight	Family	
		5'5"	144	Married / 1 Kids	
		Eyes	Hair	Pubes	
		Green	Blond	Trimmed	
		Bust	Waist	Hips	
		36-C	32	37	
		Last Period	Last Orgasm	By	
04/28/23		05/09/23		Intercourse	
12	Days	1	Days		
Story Name:		Stupid Whore		Sharon	

	Its Custodian			
	Jess (19)		File No.	F-089
	Lesson:		"You're not the mistress of anything"	
	Begins:			
	Ends:			
	Its Playmate			
	None (N/A)		File No.	0
	Restrictions:			
	Goals:			

Report

Task:	<ol style="list-style-type: none">1. Go to Hope's. Be there at 13:00. Immediately upon arriving have Hope undress, fully inspect her, the dress in nice clothing. Put Hope beside the front door to sit and wait.2. You are in charge.3. Wait until I text you. You may give Hope her instructions for the remainder of the day then.<ol style="list-style-type: none">1. Hope is to be very polite and slutty to Glenn.2. Hope is to bring him back to the B&B, where he is to be treated as "special guest." He will be staying one night.3. Hope is in charge of Celeste and the B&B. Hope is to make certain that Glenn is fully looked after and comfortable during his stay.4. Hope will bring Glenn to meet you at 08:00 at the TSA line for their return flight. She is to stay with him until you tell her otherwise.4. When I text you, have Hope follow you to the airport (Mobile Regional). Wait at the escalators for Sharon Wexler (photo below) to come down. She will be with her husband.5. Sharon is a "virgin" newbie. Address her as Sharon, be polite to her husband as he's not a toy. Immediately assert full control.6. Have her husband, Glenn, wait with Hope. Sharon is not permitted to speak except to you. Take Sharon to the ladies room, find an empty stall as far from the door as possible and stand Sharon in it.7. Have Sharon hand her clothes over to you. Tell her everything except her bra/panties, then make sure that's all she has on, and then take those one at a time. If Sharon misbehave she may be hand spanked for punishment. Once she's naked, visually inspect her.8. Hand Sharon her clothes back one piece at a time and allow her to dress in minimal clothing, to dress code.
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	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 9. If Sharon can behave, walk her back to her husband, let him know I will be in touch, and leave him in Hope's care. 10. Once you get to your car, cuff Sharon, put legs irons, gag and hood on her. If she can't behave long enough to get to your car, chain her up in the airport. Make sure she knows what the consequences of misbehavior will be. 11. Bring Sharon to me. 12. I will have further instructions for you.
Personal:	<p>Grooming: Clean, to standards, excessive but professional makeup</p> <p>Clothing: Lime green knee-length dress with black blazer, white lace bra, pink lace panties, green slip on low heels, pantyhose, and green purse.</p>
Rules:	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Upon arrival, Sharon is not to speak to or touch anyone but you. Including Hope / her husband. 2. Sharon is to behave to minimal standards. She may be hand spanked only if she misbehaves. 3. Sharon may not ask any questions. 4. Sharon is not to know anything about her husband, not even that he's staying at the B&B. Nothing.
Lesson:	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. As instructed, my Queen, this whore arrived at the B&B at 13:50. This whore immediately found Hope cleaning up the kitchen, Ma'am. This whore took charge and instructed Hope to wait while Celeste was summoned to finish the chore. 2. This whore told both that they were getting a special guest, a Mr. David Wexler, tonight, for one night, and I would be taking Hope to fetch him. Celeste was to ensure his room was ready when he arrived. Once Hope returned, she would be in charge until Mr. Wexler was returned or You said otherwise, including in charge of Celeste.

3. This whore had Hope undress there, with Celeste in the room and finishing the cleaning. This whore fully inspected Hope with its usual diligence, my Queen.
4. As Hope was already wearing a nice skirt suit, this whore had her dress.
5. This whore had Hope put a chair beside the front door and wait there, with this whore staying with it, my Queen.
6. When You text this whore, it immediately had Hope take Celeste's SUV and follow it to the Airport. This whore parked in the close lot and had Hope do the same.
7. This whore took Hope to the terminal and showed it the picture of the bitch this whore was to fetch. This whore told Hope that its assignment was to see to Mr. Wexler, and to ensure that Sharon heard nothing and knows nothing of what Mr. Wexler will be doing or going.
8. This whore found Sharon and greeted it. This whore asked Mr. Wexler to wait, without telling either why, and too the bitch to the ladies room for visual inspection.
9. This whore bagged up the bitch's clothes, and once the bitch was inspected, returned only its shoes, bra and dress. Its bra and panties were not a matching set, my Queen, so I couldn't let it have both back, and it had pantyhose on!
10. This whore took Sharon to its car and tied it there as instructed.
11. This whore brought Sharon to You, my Queen, using the back door and walking it to the elevator.
12. This whore waited until You dismissed it with instructions, my Queen.
13. As instructed, this whore immediately went to the B&B, where it found Mr. Wexler in his room allowing Hope to massage his shoulders.
14. This whore gave all of Sharon's things to Mr. Wexler and politely asked him to give me an outfit for Sharon to wear tomorrow for the flight home. This whore told Mr.

	<p>Wexler that You would have this whore return Sharon to Him at eight o'clock at the TSA checkpoint, and that Hope would bring him there.</p> <p>15. Mr. Wexler provided this whore with a light rose colored dress, burgundy blazer, burgundy slip on low heels, pink lace bra and panties. This whore would not accept a pair of pantyhose, and Sharon did not have a garter or proper stockings, my Queen. This whore text You to let you know that, Ma'am.</p> <p>16. This whore reminded Hope that You wished it to make "certain that the handsome Mr. Wexler is <i>extremely</i> comfortable and <i>fully</i> taken care of until Sharon is returned. Hope assured me that she would "cater to his every wish."</p> <p>17. This whore went home to study, My Queen.</p>
Behavior:	Very shy, very uneasy, but mostly obedient.
Infractions:	2, both for questioning her instructions.
Punishments:	1, hand spanking in ladies' room, three swats, bare bottom.
Rewards:	None.
Notes:	

05/10/23



X129

Sharon

Sharon Elizabeth Wexler

(By it's husband's description)
5'5", 140 pounds, blond hair, green
eyes, age 41.

Delta 1234, arriving 14:45 from
Atlanta at Gate 2.

Comments

As instructed, Jess and Hope were waiting inside the airport long before Sharon's flight arrived. As slow as our airport is, Jess had no trouble spotting the plane as it landed – it was the only commercial flight for a good ½ hour. They waited patiently as it as taxied over to the gate and finally began deplaning its passengers from the short hop here from Atlanta. There are really no direct flights to Mobile – unless you happen to be coming from an airline's hub in Charlotte, Houston, or Atlanta.

The good thing about airport is that it's small. There's nowhere to go or get lost. All the gates are on the second level. From there, there is only one escalator down to the ground floor where you find baggage claim, rental cars, and ticket counters. You'll also find the only doors out of the terminal. I'd told Jess to wait by the escalator, and watch the incoming passengers for the ones she's after. Unless they have ramp access, there's just no other way for them to come. And there's nowhere else for them to go upstairs.

Neither Sharon nor her husband Glenn are expecting Jess. Sharon is coming to see me. Glenn is just along for the ride, although I really don't know what he's expecting. I doubt he's expecting Hope, though. I haven't mentioned anything about either of them to him. I've told him almost nothing. I seldom tell them much anyway. I've emailed with Sharon even less, but she's a toy, and I definitely wouldn't tell a toy anything. Ever.

Both know that Sharon will be seeing me today. With them having to come in from Tampa, and their time being limited, I had to tell Glenn that much. They do not know when. Or even where. Instead I had them send me their flight information and assured Glenn that "I would be in touch once they were in Mobile." Then I used my favorite flight tracking site, Flightradar24, to ensure their flight departed on time. Once they were airborne, I text Jess to go to the airport. I'd given Jess instructions this morning, and now it's time to carry them out.

Helpfully I included a picture of Sharon. Jess has it now as

she watches the passengers come down the escalator. As I'd predicted, Sharon wouldn't be hard to pick out of the crowd. After all, the aircraft is only a CRJ9, it doesn't seat that many passengers. About ½ of what a 737 holds. We don't get many full-sized airliners in here, no more than a couple a day. The airlines prefer to run the ½ sized regional jets to Mobile.

"Sharon," Jess spots her coming off the escalator and steps right in front of her. She has no doubt that she's got the right woman. Hope follows Jess over, but doesn't say anything. My instructions were plain - Jess is in charge. Thus, Jess will do the talking for both of them. "I am Miss Speer. The Queen, the one you have come to Mobile to see, has sent me."

Jess watches the surprise bloom on Sharon's face. Sharon's eyes dart around, nervously scanning to see if anyone else is paying attention to them. No one is. They probably assume it's the couple's daughter meeting them at the airport. Glenn stands beside his wife, but now his attention is fully on Jess. He looks surprised as well, but not nearly as nervously surprised as Sharon looks. I did tell them I'd be in touch once they arrived in Mobile. Jess is my version of getting in touch! I know, I've already thrown both of them off balance. I have zero doubt that they have "plans," probably to rent a car, and certainly hotel reservations somewhere high-end. More certainly they were planning a quick trip to baggage claim.

Jess reaches to Sharon's side and takes hold of the woman's hand. She holds it gently, but firmly, in her grip, feeling a very faint fidgeting to it already. This is Sharon's first time playing. And it's already not going as she'd figured it would. That's exactly the effect I wanted to have. According to Jess, I had it on both of them.

"You are going to come with me." Jess starts moving off to the side. Sharon hesitates and stammers "what---" Jess handles it expertly. She freezes her voice into a steely firmness, but doesn't raise it. "I didn't say you could ask questions, Sharon, I said you are coming with me, now." Jess puts her other arm

around Sharon's waist and starts roughly nudging her forward. Sharon takes a step.

Glenn moves along with his wife. Jess stops. She turns to him. "Not you, Sir. You can't go where I'm taking her. We'll be back shortly..." Jess nods to Hope. Then she starts nudging Sharon along. Glenn looks at them, then looks to see if he can tell where Jess is taking her. He sees that Jess is making a bee line for the one place he really can't go with her - the ladies room.

Glenn watches as Sharon takes a few more steps. That's all he has time for. Hope comes over him and wraps her arms rather softly around him. Glenn doesn't jump, but he looks absolutely surprised. He flinches, as if to back away. Hope looks him in the eyes. "Don't worry about Sharon, Sir. Miss Speer will look after her. My name is Hope. I'm here to make sure you are *fully* taken care of while your naughty wife learns her lesson, Sir."

Now Glenn relaxes, but he still has the look of shock on his face. Hope is even more unexpected than Jess was. I never say anything directly about Glenn. I only spoke of what would happen to, and be expected of, Sharon. I'd bet Glenn assumed he'd be allowed to stay with Sharon. Or at worst, on his own for a couple of hours while Sharon came to play.

Glenn slowly starts to look over Hope. Glenn is 45. Hope is less than $\frac{1}{2}$ of that. She's 20. Her youth shows, even though she's dressed somewhat professionally instead of looking like a college girl. I'll bet Glenn's first thought is to wonder exactly how old Hope is. And exactly why I've sent her. Hope loosens her hug around him, and slides to his side. She keeps one hand around his hips, as a lover would, and holds him tight to her side. She leans her lips close to his ear, adds a few gallons of honey to her voice and very softly tells me "Miss Speer won't be long with Sharon, Sir. We'll just wait here together until She returns, Sir."

"Uh... OK..." Glenn almost reluctantly agrees, more distracted as his mind busily ponders the multitude of ideas he comes up with about what I might be up to. Together they both

watch as Jess nudges Sharon along and into the ladies' room. Neither hears Jess tell Sharon to keep her eyes forward and not look back to her husband. But Glenn notices that Sharon doesn't look back.

Jess urges Sharon into the bathroom, then along the line of stalls to the very last one. It's unoccupied. Only one is occupied at the moment. Jess stops Sharon right in front of the open door. Then she turns Sharon so that Sharon is facing her. "I know this is your first time ever, Sharon, so I will tell you what you *need* to know. First off, do as you are told. Second, don't ask *any* questions. Third, don't speak unless it's to answer a question I ask you. As of now, you belong to the Queen. That means stop thinking about everything, and concentrate on doing one thing, because there's only one thing you have to do - obey me.

"Now I am going to ask you three questions. There are *only* two possible answers to all three. Those answers are 'yes, Miss Speer' and 'no, Miss Speer.' You will answer all three. You will not say anything other those three words when you do. Here's the first question, Sharon. Do you understand *all* of that?"

Sharon stands there, stunned for several very long seconds. First she takes in her surroundings - that she's standing in a public bathroom with a woman she didn't know existed five minutes ago. And they aren't the only ones in it. It's clean, and fairly classy as far as public bathrooms go, but it is an airport. And it's far from private. Then there's Jess, a 19-year-old woman with a surprisingly strong demeanor (at least the tiny bit of it Sharon has seen), talking to her so plainly. Directly. And firmly. Demanding that Sharon obey her. It's an experience so far out of Sharon's comfort zone that she could never had imagined it, much less envisioned herself in it. She hesitates. Finally she answers, her voice very hushed. "Yes, Miss Speer."

"Second question," Jess goes right on. "Are you menstruating right now, Sharon?"

Sharon blushes, a medium shade of rosy red erupting on her cheeks. She hushes her voice a lot more. She starts

fidgeting. “No, Miss Speer.” Her voice is as uneasy as she looks. It hits her that she doesn’t even know Jess’s given name.

“Last question,” Jess goes right on as if Sharon didn’t just have to give out a tidbit of rather private information. “Do you want your bare butt spanked right here, Sharon?”

The rosy blush on Sharon’s cheeks deepens. A sharp tremor flows over her. She fidgets rather noticeably. A look of absolute horror erupts over her face. Now her voice takes on a pronounced squeakiness, and breaks, as she barely ekes out “No, Miss Speer!” This time, there was no hesitation to her answer. Just the fear that Jess might actually do just that and spank her here. In public!

“Then I’d strongly suggest doing as you are told.” Jess tells her softly, but very firmly.

Jess puts her hands back on Sharon, this time at her shoulders. She urges Sharon to step back, into the stall. Sharon shuffles her feet, barely moving them. Jess keeps going, stopping Sharon only where her calves are almost touching the toilet behind her. Jess stays at the stall’s door, half in and half out of the stall, keeping the door wide open and her eyes locked on Sharon.

Jess has a big purse with her, and she reaches into it. Sharon’s eyes very anxiously watch Jess as she does. Jess comes out with nothing except a brown paper grocery bag. She opens it and sets it on the floor at her side, just outside the stall. Sharon watches every little motion.

Jess turns her attention back to Sharon. Jess glares into Sharon’s eyes. She hardens her voice again, adding more than a little firmness to it. “Give me everything you have, including your clothes, except for your bra and panties.” Jess watches the horror erupt again, along with the disbelief on Sharon’s face. “Do not stall and waste my time, Sharon. The sooner you give it to me, the sooner we can move on, and the sooner we can get out of this bathroom. Don’t bother asking anything, it will just get

you spanked. Start taking clothes off and handing them to me.” Jess holds her hand out and keep glaring right into Sharon’s eyes.

Sharon stands there frozen by the utter shock. For a few seconds she wonders if Jess seriously expects her to take off her clothes here. In a public bathroom. And it’s obvious that Jess has no intention of allowing the door to close. Sharon conjures up images of people coming in and seeing her as she gives her clothes to another – and much younger – woman. As she stands there almost naked. And worse, that someone might recognize her.

Sharon is wearing a black blazer over a light green dress. A light pastel green dress, my favorite color. She’s also wearing stockings and white low heels, and carrying a white purse. It’s impossible to miss that she’s wearing a fair bit of makeup as well. Her clothes are higher-end, definitely no less than Macy’s-grade. It’s a feminine professional look. Considering she’s a politician, I’d bet this is her everyday look – at least on the days there’s even a remote chance of her being seen by anyone.

It takes Sharon about 15 seconds to move. Finally her face wrinkles, as if she’s about to cry. After a couple more seconds, she very reluctantly hands Jess her purse. Jess takes the purse and drops it in the bag, not paying the least bit of attention to it. Sharon takes her blazer off just as reluctantly, then stands idly and watches as Jess quickly folds it and drops it in the bag as well. Sharon’s eyes follow the blazer.

Jess snaps her fingers as she brings her hand back out, hoping to hurry Sharon along. Two stalls over the other woman comes out and heads for the sinks, completely ignoring Jess. In the stall, even with the door open, Sharon is out of her sight. She’d have to be close beside Jess to see Sharon.

Sharon fumbles now, unsure what she’s willing to part with next. I’d bet her dress is the bottom of her list. After a couple of false starts, she kicks her shoes off, leaving her stocking feet on the floor. Then Sharon takes a few seconds to notice Jess’s stern glare and the impatient way she’s holding her hand out. Jess

makes no move to lean down and pick up the shoes. Sharon gets the message. She leans over and picks them up, then hands them to Jess. And Jess drops them in the bag.

Sharon looks a bit more unsure now. She hesitates, trying to figure out how to take more off without showing anything, just in case someone should walk in. After a minute, her unsteady hands slip up under her modest knee-length dress. She makes sure to keep the hem line down as her hands slip her pantyhose down. She gets those off her feet, brings them up, and hands them to Jess.

It leaves Sharon nothing but her dress, or at least so she thinks. Sharon hesitates for a moment. Her face wrinkles up a little more. She wears a rather miserable, and nervous, look on her face. Seeing Jess stare back at her impatiently, Sharon finally reaches down and starts bringing her dress up. She turns her eyes away, not wanting to see Jess looking upon her like a guard strip searching a prisoner. Once Sharon's eyes are averted, the dress rises up quickly and makes it way over her head, off her arms, and to Jess's hand. Jess drops that in the bag as well.

Sharon stands, folding her left arm across her chest and extending her right hand down, over her left hand and breast, to her crotch. She holds her hand in front of the crotch of her panties. She keeps her eyes turned to her left, staring at the wall and studiously avoiding any sight of Jess. She fidgets very nervously, almost squirming around as she stands there. Silently she prays for Jess to hurry up, to get this done and return her clothes.

Jess leaves her waiting like that for about 20 seconds. Then she snaps, her voice steely, "I said *everything* but that bra and panties, Sharon. I meant *everything*. Even that jewelry. Give that to me, too."

Sharon is wearing a thin gold chain with a little pendant on it, a wedding set, a pair of earrings, and gold watch. It takes Sharon almost two minutes to hand it all over. Jess just drops it

all in the bag. Once it's off, Sharon stands as she was, covering herself, looking away. Even as she took it off, she did her best to block Jess's sight of her body and very diligently made sure her eyes didn't even glimpse Jess.

Sharon fidgets as she impatiently waits for Jess to move along. Hopefully, Sharon is silently praying, for Jess to return her clothes. Jess takes her time, as I've told her to do. Eventually, after about twenty seconds, once Sharon is fidgeting badly and about to say something, Jess goes on. "Do you have *anything* left on that body besides that bra and panties, even if it's just a tampon, Sharon?"

"No, Miss Speer," Sharon squeaks out as she squirms on her feet. Her hands subconsciously hug herself tighter.

"We'll see. Give me that bra, Sharon, let's see those boobs." Jess says it firmly, keeping her voice detached and professional.

Shock and horror erupt over Sharon's face. She fidgets almost wildly. She looks to Jess, her eyes begging. She hesitates. "Please, Miss---" Sharon squeaks out a meek, very pleading objection.

Jess cuts the objection off by reaching up to Sharon's shoulders. Too busy hugging tightly over her more private places, Sharon's hands don't even move to stop Jess. Jess grabs a firm hold. Lightning fast, Jess spins Sharon to the right, then shoves her hard forward. Sharon crashes roughly, but lightly, against the metal wall of her stall. Jess's hand flies down to Sharon's hips.

"AHHHH!" Sharon shrieks in horror as Jess yanks the back of her panties down, exposing all of Sharon's bottom. Before Sharon realizes what Jess is doing, a loud slap rings out as Jess's hand swats Sharon's bare globes. "OWW!" Sharon shrieks, her voice shock and squeal. She cringes, flinching hard. Jess swats her bare bottom again. Then a third time, getting another pair of squeals from Sharon. The swats aren't that hard, but they are

good ones for a hand spanking. They're enough to leave light pink hand prints on Sharon's bottom. Jess ignores Sharon's panties, leaving them where they now are around the very tops of her thighs. She yanks Sharon back to the center of the stall and spins her around so that she's facing Jess again.

Jess glares icily into Sharon's eyes, ignoring the mask of utter horror on Sharon's face. A face that's wrinkled up a bit in discomfort. "I guess you do want to be spanked here, Sharon. I told you not to speak. You are to obey. Now, let's try that again. Give me that bra so I can see those boobs, Sharon."

A single tear runs down Sharon's cheek. She hesitates. She cringes, shirking hard inward so much she nearly curls in on herself. She finally reaches one hand up behind her back. It takes her a long minute to fumble around and eventually unhook the clasp of her bra. She slows down, the straps slowly inching off her shoulders. Then creeping even slower along her arms. All the while she keeps her arm folded over the front of her mounds, pressed tightly against her breasts and holding the cups in place. But finally there's nothing left Sharon can do. She stares at the wall. Her hand hesitates a few seconds, and then she moves quickly, pulling the bra from under her forearm, and holding it out to Jess. Sharon's arm stays put, covering the front of her breasts and all of her nipples. Jess takes the bra and drops it in the bag.

"Give me those panties, Sharon. Let me see how slutty that pussy looks." Jess holds her hand out.

Sharon cringes harder again. Another tear rolls down her cheek. Her mouth opens, but no plea comes out. Her panties, sexy light pink boy shorts of all lace that snugly hug her body, still hide part of her pubes and her pussy mound. Her hands hides most of the rest. A single thought floods her mind – that once Jess has her panties, she is going to be absolutely naked in this stall, and worse, she will not have any clothes to put on. Jess has them. For Sharon to get to them, she'd have to step out of the stall and forego even the illusion of privacy it offers. And

that's assuming Jess doesn't just run off with them and strand her here. She wonders if Jess would do something like that. It would make headlines. *Congresswoman Found Naked In Airport Bathroom – No Clothes In Sight*. It would definitely be the lead on TMZ. As the horrifying thoughts fill her mind, she decides that she really doesn't even know that I sent Jess. She has only Jess's word for it. Objective evidence is slim – nothing more than Jess knowing her name, which anyone could since she's all over the web, and that she was coming to see "the Queen." As she thinks harder, she realizes that Jess hasn't even named me – she's only referred to me as Queen. Of course, she knows, if I did send Jess and she doesn't comply, then she can forget coming to the castle.

After half a torturous minute of silence, with only Jess's frigid glare, Sharon decides she doesn't have a choice. She keeps her arm in place over her breasts. She uses the other hand to push her panties down to her thighs. She squats a little, allowing her to shove the lacy panties further down her thighs. Finally the fabric around her legs no longer hugs her skin. She stands straight, angling her body away from Jess. As she does, her hand flies back to cover her pussy mound and some of her pubes. The panties fall to her ankles. She steps one foot out of them. Then she brings the other foot up, wiggling it until she can catch the panties in her fingertips. She stands, keeping her body twisted to offer Jess as little of a view as possible, her eyes locked on the wall. She thrusts the panties out towards Jess, dangling from two fingers. Jess drops them in the bag.

Jess hesitates a few seconds to let Sharon stand and squirm now that she's nude. "Sharon, this can take two minutes, or two days. It's up to you. If you keep wasting time like you have been, it will do nothing but keep you here longer. This *IS GOING* to happen. I have clothes on.

"You are going to show me that you are completely naked. Stand up like a big girl and face me..." Sharon moves slowly, scooting her feet around until she's facing Jess. Her head hangs

down, her eyes now locked on her feet. She crosses her legs, doing a little more to hide her pussy from Jess's sight. "Pick your head up like a big girl, Sharon." Sharon reluctantly obeys. And she shuts her eyes, squeezing them tight. "Eyes open, Sharon, you can look at me." Sharon cringes. She opens her eyes. "Feet flat on the floor, uncross them..." Sharon's feet move clumsily and slowly, fumbling, but she moves them. She stands with them touching each other, squeezing her thighs tightly together. "Spread your feet..." Sharon very unwillingly scoots her feet about an inch apart. "Wider..." Sharon scoots her feet another inch apart. "*WIDER!*" Sharon opens her feet a bit more, a couple of inches, to where they'd be if she were standing normally. Her hands and arms press tighter against her body. "Arms out. Upper arms straight out from your shoulders, elbows bent 90 degrees, forearms straight up, palms to me, fingers spread." Sharon hesitates several long seconds, realizing that this is going to give Jess a clear sightline to every bit of her body. That Sharon will be fully and immodestly exposing her naked body to Jess. She sobs silently. She moves quickly once she decides to do it, rushing to get it over with, praying that once Jess sees that she's nude, Jess will return her clothes. She imagines pulling her clothes on very quickly. She fidgets subconsciously, unaware of just how much her body is squirming.

Jess's eyes stay on Sharon until Sharon stops moving. Now Jess isn't going to waste any time. Nor will she rush. "Since you don't know the Queen's rules, I will tell what you are going to say now. You will say 'I am fully naked as instructed now, Miss Speer.' Then you will *very politely* ask me to look and see for myself that you managed to strip naked like a good girl. Ask now, Sharon."

Sharon's voice is so hushed that Jess can barely hear the words. The squeaky, mousy, meek tone is far more noticeable. "I am fully naked as instructed, Miss Speer... Will you please look and see for yourself that I'm naked, Miss Speer?" Sharon's voice strains, the words clearly difficult and uncomfortable for her to say.

“Stand still, Sharon.” Jess says very firmly. Sharon tries hard to daydream, to imagine herself anywhere but here. To convince herself she has clothes on. Even though she can’t help but to see Jess’s eyes slowly roving down her body.

“AH!” Sharon sucks in a squeaky, shrill gasp as she feels the touch of the backs of Jess’s fingers against the underside of her ample breasts. Jess moves very casually as she lifts the mounds up to expose the underside of them. Then she takes her hands away, letting the mounds fall back into place. Sharon pants soft, silent, sobs with her breaths now.

“Turn 90 degrees to your right, Sharon, and show me your side.” Sharon does, almost eager to have Jess looking anywhere beside her front. Jess’s eyes work their way down Sharon’s body again. Jess tells Sharon to turn again, this time putting her back to Jess.

Jess’s eyes work down Sharon’s body again. Until they reach Sharon’s bottom. Sharon’s globes are full, moderately firm, and fairly well rounded. They’re full enough that the inside edges of them are touching, fully closing her crack. Jess casually puts her hands to Sharon’s globes, making Sharon shriek another shrill squeal of horrified surprise, and pulls her cheeks apart to expose Sharon’s asshole. She holds them open a second or so, making sure she’s seen everything. Then she releases them.

Sharon sucks in another shocked breath with an even more shrill squeal to it, and fidgets hard, her hips almost thrashing, as Jess’s fingers so casually touch the lips of Sharon’s pussy. Jess opens them wide, exposing Sharon’s sloppy wet pinkness, seeing Sharon’s prominent clit standing up hard and eager, then releases them.

Jess finishes scanning her eyes down along the backs of Sharon’s legs. Then she has Sharon lift one foot at a time to show her the sole of the foot. Finally she has Sharon turn again, putting her other side to Jess. After eyeing Sharon from this angle too, she has Sharon turn again, bringing Sharon back to facing Jess as she started.

“Say a very polite thank you for checking to see that you’re naked, Sharon.”

Sharon goes on sobbing silently. Her voice is just as hushed as before. And now it breaks with the unheard sobs, as she barely manages to squeak out “thank you for checking to see that I’m naked, Miss Speer.”

Jess says nothing. She reaches into the bag, fumbles around for a second, and comes out with Sharon’s slip on shoes. Jess takes just a moment to check the shoes, running her hands and eyes over every bit of them, even the insides all the way up to the open toes. Then she holds them out to Sharon. “Take these, Sharon. Then say thank you for them. *THEN* put them on.” Jess tells her firmly.

Sharon snatches the shoes eagerly from Jess’s hand. It’s the item of clothes that she least wanted, but Sharon only thinks *at least I’m getting my clothes back*. She can’t dress fast enough. Jess hears another woman enter the bathroom, paying no attention to Jess and not seeing Sharon, going to the first and thus furthest stall. Jess ignores it. “Thank you for giving me my shoes back, Miss Speer.” Sharon’s voice is still hushed and mousy, but she speaks quickly, rushing to get it out. She hurries even more to get the shoes on her feet, certain that something more covering will come next.

Jess fumbles in the bag. Unlike Sharon, Jess knows my dress code for bitches. She also knows what I’ll tolerate and what I won’t. I’ve made clear to Jess that if Sharon is improperly attired upon arrival at my castle, it will be Jess’s bottom that pays so dearly for the offense, not Sharon’s. One of my rules requires bras and panties to be a matched set. Sharon, however, was wearing a white, fairly modest bra and pink panties. It means only one of the two can be on Sharon. With Sharon’s modest dress and ample breasts, Jess picks the bra. They will definitely bounce around without it, and unlike the lack of panties, that would be noticeable to all. Jess brings the bra out. She holds it in front of her, carefully checking, eyeing, and

feeling, every bit of the fabric. She pays special attention to the cups and the stiff wire under them. Finally she holds it out to Sharon.

Sharon eagerly snatches it. She starts to put it on, but stops herself after her hands have moved an inch or two. She realizes that she didn't say thanks. Although Jess didn't tell her to this time, she wonders, more assumes, that when Jess told her to last time she meant for Sharon to thank her every time. Mostly she fears that if she's supposed to and doesn't Jess will snatch the bra back. And maybe not offer it again. "Thank you for giving my bra back to me, Miss Speer." Sharon blurts out in a rather hushed tone, then hurries to pull it on.

Jess brings out Sharon's dress next. She holds it up and takes her time looking it over, feeling every last stitch of it. She holds it out to Sharon. Sharon grabs it, blurts out a very relieved thanks, and pulls it on faster than she's ever put a dress on. Only once it's on and covering her does she wiggle the sleeves into place and smooth it out. Then Sharon rises to stand again, and only now realizes that Jess hasn't returned her panties or pantyhose yet. Sharon doesn't think that means she won't get them back - it's easy to pull both on under her dress. She thinks / assumes that Jess just mercifully allowed her to cover herself quickly. She forgets that she already has shoes on which would have to come off to get her hose on. She stands, only slightly more relaxed now that she's dressed, and waits on Jess to hand over another item.

Jess picks up the bag and closes it, folding the top over to seal it. Sharon watches, now guessing that she has all the clothes she's going to get. No panties. No pantyhose. No jewelry. No purse, or anything in it such as her phone. She wonders why. And what Jess intends to do with those things. She imagines she'll need her ID at some point, probably for the rental car.

"Would you like to walk through the airport with your hands cuffed behind you, blindfolded and gagged, on a leash, Sharon?"

“NO, MISS GROVER!” Sharon blurts out in a shrill, nervous, pleading voice. Images of just that flood through Sharon’s mind. Images she’s certain would be on the front of every web news site in the blink of a byte.

“Then I would suggest you behave. I am going to take your hand in a minute. We will walk out of here. I’m sure we’ll pass your husband, since I have to speak to Miss Shelby for a second. You will not speak to *anyone*. You will not touch anyone. You will stay at my side, do as I tell you, keep your mouth shut and your hands to yourself. If you are a good girl, I will wait to tie you until no one will see you. If you are a naughty girl, I will tie you immediately and I won’t care who sees you marched through the airport like a terrorist on his way to a secret black site prison. Are you going to be a good girl, Sharon?”

“Yes, Miss Speer,” Sharon answers.

“Promise me. Say ‘I promise to be a good girl and behave myself, Miss Speer.’”

“I promise to be a good girl and behave myself, Miss Speer.” Sharon hushes her voice now, embarrassed to say it, but eager to reassure Jess she will follow the rules. Sharon imagines that Jess will have no problem tying her right now. And Jess wouldn’t.

Jess takes Sharon’s hand, holding it firmly, but gently. She picks up the bag, carrying it in her other hand. She leads Sharon out of the bathroom and walks her straight to where Hope is waiting with Glenn.

Jess stops. Sharon does as well. Her eyes are locked on her husband, but Sharon doesn’t care to speak. Instead she takes in just how close, how intimately familiar, Hope is stranding to her husband. She cringes, and a bit of anger flows through her. She never imagined her husband would be involved. Or would do anything with anyone. Yet here he is, standing close to this woman who is young enough to be his daughter. Sharon realizes she doesn’t know what’s happening. She only assumes

that Hope has been sent to “intercept” her husband just as Jess was sent to fetch her. She wonders why.

“Mr. Wexler,” Jess addresses Glenn. “Sharon is ready to go to the Queen now, Sir. She is not allowed to speak to anyone, or to touch anything, Sir, and I know she doesn’t want to start over so I doubt she will. Miss Shelby here will see that you’re comfortable while Sharon learns her lesson, Sir. I haven’t been told what lesson my Queen has planned for Sharon, so I can’t tell you anything, Sir, not even how long it might take. My Queen wishes for me to tell you that She will be in touch to ‘fill you in,’ Sir.” Jess uses a honeyed, soft, almost flirty voice unlike anything Sharon has heard from her yet. It’s also a humble, polite and respectful voice. Sharon notices how politely Jess addresses Glenn, almost the polar opposite of how she addresses Sharon. Even more politely than Jess has insisted Sharon address her. “With your permission, Sir, I will take Sharon to the Queen now.”

“Sure... that’s why we came here...” Glenn says.

“Thank you, Sir,” Jess says politely. The politeness vanishes, but the softness remains as she turns to Hope. “He’s all yours, Miss Shelby.” Then Jess’s voice firms up even more, any softness gone. “Come with me, Sharon.”

Jess walks Sharon toward the door and her car, in the short term parking lot just across from the drop-off ramp.

“Come on, Mr. Wexler,” Hope begins in a very sugary and flirty voice, “let’s head for baggage claim so that I can get your bags for you, Sir.” Hope hugs Glenn a little more snugly to her, teasing him with her hand as she does. She doesn’t have to nudge him to go with her, even though Glenn is still wondering what’s happening, why Hope is even here, and just what I have in mind. He hasn’t missed the flirtatiousness in her voice. He just can’t imagine why a woman less than ½ his age, and an attractive one at that, would be so eagerly flirting with him. Nevertheless, he decides for now to go along with it, assuming that Hope is my “contact” with him, and she will let me know what hotel they are in so that I can get in touch (I never

mentioned a hotel to them, or asked if they had one).

Jess walks Sharon straight to the passenger side door of her car. The back door. She opens it for Sharon. Then she firmly tells Sharon "it's time to cuff your hands, Sharon, turn your back to me." As Sharon reluctantly obeys, Jess brings Sharon's hands up behind her and deftly locks a pair of cuffs around her wrists.

Jess takes hold of Sharon by her hip and shoulder. She turns Sharon, putting Sharon's bottom towards the seat. She gently guides the reluctant, but not resisting, Sharon to sit on the back seat. A few people, not many at all, walk through the lot. Not a single one is paying the pair any attention. "It's time to chain you up like the naughty girl you must have been, since you're on your way to learn a lesson from the Queen. Just sit still, and I will do everything. You don't have to be embarrassed, no one is going to see you now."

Jess leans over and locks a pair of police issue leg irons around Sharon's ankles. Then she rises up, squatting down in the open door, and gags Sharon with a 1" ball gag. Lastly, Jess pulls a black pillow case over Sharon's head, effectively blindfolding her as well as completely covering her face to hide her identity. It's as close as I could cheaply buy to an actual CIA-approved rendition hood.

Jess shuts the door. She walks around and gets in the driver's seat. A minute later Jess is backing out of the parking spot. As she pulls towards the exit she catches a glimpse of Hope carrying the luggage out from the baggage claim doors, heading for her car while staying intimately close to Glenn.



Chapter Three - Proper Presentation

Chapter Three - Proper Presentation

The knock on my door came right when I expected it. Then again I confess to cheating. I had Jess text me when she was leaving the airport. This time of day, there aren't any good ways downtown from the airport. It's about the worst drive possible in Mobile. I didn't know what route she'd take, nor did I care, but regardless she wasn't making it in less than 20 minutes, and 30 was likely. It took 29 minutes for her to knock. I had the doorman let her park in the alley, which shaved a few minutes off since she wouldn't have to find a notoriously rare parking spot on the street. It's not as scenic as the front door, but it's not like the hooded Sharon would notice. I actually preferred she didn't. This way she only knows that she's being walked into a building. She won't have a clue what building or where. More importantly, who sees her.

As usual here, I have slave answer the door. She greets Jess politely, but familiarly with "Hello, Ms. Speer, bring that bitch right in. My Mistress is waiting for it." I'd told slave to be polite to Jess. Otherwise she would have addressed her as "Daddy's Whore" the name I've bestowed upon her. I'm not even sure if slave knows her given name. It matters now only because I don't want Sharon to ever know Jess by anything other than "Ms. Speer." Sharon, as the bitch now, doesn't need to. She only needs to know that Jess is above her on the totem pole, and thus worthy of her humble respect.

Jess brings Sharon in. She doesn't make any effort to unchain her. She guides her in, one hand now gripping Sharon's shoulder and the other hand softly on Sharon's bottom. She nudges Sharon forward a couple of steps, stopping her in the center of the blank spot on the wall, turns Sharon so that she's facing the living room, and nudges her back until Sharon's back is almost flush against the wall.

"Stay," Jess firmly commands Sharon. It's a pretty simple command. It might not have been explained to

Mrs. Politician

Sharon, but it's not one she's likely to get wrong. Especially since she's not only chained but also gagged under the hood.

Sharon stays where Jess leaves her. She stands, fidgeting rather noticeably. I have no doubt Sharon is wondering where she is (although likely guessing she's in my castle now), who is all here, and what's going to happen to her now. Leaving her stand ignored for a few minutes does nothing but make her fidget more as she grows increasingly antsy and uneasy. It's exactly the effect I'm aiming for.

To waste a few minutes, slave has instructions to show Jess over to a seat on the sofa and serve the pair of us a cup of coffee. It's a not-common-but-not-rare treat for Jess to join me. Sharon, along the wall, certainly hears that she's being ignored. As if she's not there. Or doesn't matter one iota. That's the polar opposite of what she's used to. As a politician with a real vote in things, she's used to being the center of attention and fawned over everywhere. The idea of being nothing here will hit her powerfully. It doesn't take long, either. I notice her uneasy fidgets growing more uncontrolled and pronounced. I sip my coffee, relaxing. After all, I haven't been home long. I still volunteer for a little bit on Wednesday afternoons.

After about half of a cup, I ask Jess "did this stupid whore behave?"

"As well as I expected it to, my Queen. I had to correct it a couple of times, and I spanked its bare butt once, Ma'am. All of it for daring to open its useless mouth and question Your instructions, Ma'am. Your new whore there seems to be rather shy as well, Ma'am."

"Did you teach it anything?"

"No, my Queen, You only instructed me to visually inspect it and deliver it here properly dressed for You, Ma'am, so that's what I did."

Chapter Three - Proper Presentation

"That will do." I sigh. "Am I going to be disappointed with this thing?"

"I doubt it, my Queen. That whore has a firm bottom, Ma'am, but I did notice that it's slutty little clitoris was very eager when I inspected its vulva, Ma'am."

"Figures. I knew it was a cheap whore." I return to my coffee. There's nothing more that I need to know about Sharon. The fact that she was visibly aroused for Jess tells me that I guessed right and Sharon will get aroused from humiliation. From being forced to ignore her shy urges. As if to remind me of it, a rather embarrassed shudder flows over Sharon as Jess tells me her clit was hard. I guess she was hoping Jess didn't notice. And didn't know that would never happen.

Once my coffee is done, I have Jess follow me over to where Sharon is waiting. Jess stands beside me. "Unchain this bitch," I tell Jess. With a quick "yes, my Queen," Jess is on her knees unlocking the leg irons from Sharon's ankles. I didn't need Jess to – my leg irons (which these are) are all standard police-issue Smith & Wesson products. They all use a generic handcuff key. I have a dozen of those. Even slave has one on her key ring. All my minders do as well. Sharon doesn't need to know that – or anything else beyond that she's expected to stand there. Which she does, still fidgeting as Jess unlocks her ankles.

Then Jess unlocks her wrists, slightly turning Sharon to the side to get to them. Once her arms are free, Sharon brings them in front of her and lets her fingers nervously entwine with each other, constantly moving and fiddling as they do. I ignore it until Jess has the last cuff off her wrist.

Then I switch into my iciest, firmest voice. Without raising my voice, I just snap "Put those useless hands behind your back and keep them there until you are told you may move them, *bitch*." Sharon must notice the stern edge to my voice. Her hands fly back behind her. As they

Mrs. Politician

do I can already see them fiddling and squirming twice as fidgety as before. Perfect!

Sharon has no idea what I look like. It's not a secret, there are pictures on my website. But I never mentioned my website to her or Glenn. I did send Glenn one of my stories, but instead of sending him to download it I emailed him a PDF copy, and instructed him to have Sharon read it. She did, and she was able to answer a few simple, but intimate, questions about it (such as "what part did you find most arousing?" and "at what point did you want to masturbate while reading it?"). That gave me some clues as to what concepts truly excited Sharon, far more accurately than merely asking her.

Jess takes the hood off of Sharon's head, showing me her soft featured face with its gentle age lines. Not bad for a 40-something. She's obviously taken care of that body. And had the means to do so. Sharon blinks hard as the light hits her green eyes. After a moment her eyes see me standing beside Jess. I'm not dressed up for this session - I don't do cosplay (much) and very rarely wear anything stereotypical for a domme. It's too expected. And for the most part, not reality (unless you're paying for domination that is). Most Dom/mes I know do exactly what I'm doing now - wear whatever we were wearing anyway. For me, that's jeans with my Tweety Bird scrub top today. My hair is back in a short ponytail. No spiky heels either - I was on my feet at the shelter where I provide some free nursing to abused women and children - just my white & pink Nikes today. Not much makeup, either - certainly not enough to hide the freckles.

Sharon's eyes quickly lock on me. Quickly, but fully, they take in the sight. For now she ignores Jess. She's already seen Jess. Jess is "known." I am the unknown, and also clearly the more powerful one in the room. I'm sure she guesses who I am. I notice that her makeup is a bit thicker, although professionally, not as if it's caked on.

Chapter Three - Proper Presentation

More as if it's there to minimize every flaw without being obvious about it. About what I'd expect from a politician – or a televangelist. She's obviously much older than I am, although I'm not quite as young looking as Jess. Not after four years of working through nursing school – that takes a toll! I'm smaller as well, maybe three or four inches and probably about 20 kilos. I'm lean. Sharon is average.

Sharon stands demurely and squirms as Jess removes the gag. Just before the ball slips out from her mouth, I snap “Do not speak, bitch. When I want to hear you speak, I'll tell you what you want to say.” I think that's clear enough. It seems to be. Sharon looks... almost relieved. As if she thought she would be expected to greet me, as one would do normally, and was wondering, trying to figure out, what would be appropriate.

“Undress it,” I tell Jess in my normal, conversational voice. As if was sitting in a diner and saying “pass the ketchup.”

“Yes, my Queen,” Jess quickly answers. She focuses on Sharon. That's her only task now. Sharon hears it. She fidgets a bit more knowing that she's about to lose her clothes again. Her eyes quickly dart around the room, noticing that there are now three people, all young women, who are going to see her naked. And all of us still have our clothes on. Me, slave and Jess. Sharon doesn't know that skanky is in the kitchen. Or that skanky is naked as well. I doubt she knows that skanky is never allowed clothes in my house. Ever. Period. It might make Sharon just a little less uncomfortable to see skanky. At least then she wouldn't be the only naked one. Too bad for Sharon I want her uncomfortable. More so I want skanky to get the ducks roasting in the orange glaze for supper tonight. I have priorities! Sharon is going to learn where she is on that list – at the bottom. Far beneath even Prince Butt Monkey.

I just stand and stare at Sharon, watching her intently and more so making sure that she sees me

Mrs. Politician

watching her.

"You will take that dress off, Sharon," Jess begins in her firm voice. "Then you will fold it very neatly. You will hold your hands out, six inches from your nipples and directly lined up with them, side by side, palms up like a little table and set your very neatly folded dress atop those hands. And *then* you will very politely say 'here is my dress, Ms. Speer.' What you will not do is stall and waste the Queen's time, at least not if you plan to sit down for rest of the week. Do that now, Sharon."

Sharon shows me the shyness Jess mentioned. Her face wrinkles up in embarrassed misery. She fidgets more. Her hands tremble as they move to the hem of her dress. They fumble as she tries to grip it.

I've had enough. Then again, I've never been known for patience with bitches. I snap my crop in the air, sounding a sharp and loud splitting crack. Sharon jumps, flinching so sharply that her feet leave the floor. Her hands fumble more nervously now. They move a lot faster, too. Her eyes lock on the tip of my girly crop. It's my favorite one, the pastel green one with the white lace trim. Without a doubt I know Sharon is now imagining the hard bite of that leather crop against her bare flesh. And dreading the feel of it. She hurries to lift her dress, her hands moving more clumsily as the hem rises up, first baring her pubes then revealing her bra. The dress comes off quickly. Then Sharon fumbles hard as she struggles to turn it right side out and fold it. It takes her a good minute to fold it, but her hands are nervously rushing the entire time. She squirms as she holds the dress atop her upturned palms, making her hands a little unsteady. "Here is my dress, Ms. Speer." Sharon ekes out in a hushed, mousy squeak, her voice trembling and breaking as bad as her hands quiver.

Jess takes the dress and starts a pile on the floor. I

Chapter Three - Proper Presentation

can immediately see that it's going to be a small pile. Sharon doesn't have much on. I know she didn't travel this way. An "uppity" / "yuppie" woman like her, especially a professional one, would never travel without panties. She'd never go without them. Nor would she go bare-legged with a dress and heels. That tells me all I need to know. She'd been wearing pantyhose, one thing on the list of clothing a bitch of mine is never allowed to wear. Her bra and panties were not a matched set, and thus she could not enter the castle with both on. For whatever her reason, Jess chose to leave Sharon the bra and keep the panties. I'd guess because of the obvious reason - the ample size of Sharon's mounds.

"Give me that bra the exact same way, Sharon," Jess tells her with every bit of the firmness in her voice.

Sharon blushes slightly and grimaces hard. Her eyes moisten. She sniffles a quick sob as her hands move behind her back. She fumbles badly. It's obvious to me. I can see her hands moving behind her, yet she's not getting the clasp open. It takes a moment, but finally I see the straps fall and hang at her sides. I see her hands going to her shoulders as well. One of them. The second flies to her chest. She very quickly squishes her forearm over the tops of her mounds.

I snap my crop lightly. This time the soft leather tip lands dead center on her forearm. It sears only a light pink splotch on her arm that will fade to nothing in a couple of minutes. "OW!" Sharon shrieks in the loudest and most shrill voice. She flinches so hard that not only does she jump back, she bumps against the wall behind her.

Jess scolds her even before my crop lands on her arm. "I didn't tell you to cover those breasts, Sharon. You will not cover any part of that body. You will show the Queen every bit of *Her* new body."

"Yes, Miss Speer..." Sharon squeaks out, her voice

Mrs. Politician

hushed to near muteness and trembling badly. I hear the unwilling reluctance in it as well. I hear the urgent plea not to swat her again as well. The nervous edge as she decides the embarrassment isn't near the pain of my crop. Her hands hurry to slip the straps over her shoulders.

"Forget about that modesty, bitch," I soften my voice but keep the steely edge to it. I stare coldly at Sharon. "I won't tolerate any shyness or modesty here. Nor will there be any privacy for you. Not even the tiniest shred. I couldn't care less how embarrassed you are. You are nothing but a piece of my property. Like my sofa. I don't care what my sofa wants or thinks. I care less what my bitches – that's you – want or think. You will *never* do anything to cover or hide *anything*, not just that body of *mine*. Is that clear, *bitch*?"

"Yes... Ma'am..." Sharon ekes out her voice trembling so badly that it's not even really words but a choppy collection of squeaks. The blush on her cheeks blooms. Her eyes go from moist to wet. Her bra slips off her arms and she begins clumsily trying to fold it. About ½ a minute later she's decided it's folded as well as she's going to manage. "Here is my bra, Miss Speer."

Jess takes the bra and calls for the shoes. It's all Sharon has left. Since they reveal nothing intimate, Sharon doesn't mind slipping those off, picking them up, and offering them to Jess. Jess immediately commands Sharon to stand properly, instructing her into a proper posture. Only then does Jess pick up Sharon's clothes and carry the pile over to the table.

Sharon fidgets nearly wildly. Her face is a grimace of misery and mostly embarrassment and shame. I'm sure she's asking herself why she's standing here as she is. Her eyes fly around the room, looking to see who is looking upon her nakedness. That's all three of us. None of us are saying a word to Sharon either. More looking at her as if she were a potted plant.

Chapter Three - Proper Presentation

Everyone waits several long seconds in silence. I nod to slave. Then we wait longer as slave goes and fetches me a pair of latex gloves. The pastel green ones I like. Sharon watches wide-eyed, fidgeting nervously, as I take my time snapping them on my hands. I'd bet she assumes that I'm going to inspect her just as Jess did. She would be so wrong. Not that I'll tell her that. I'm not going to tell her anything more than what she's to do. I never explain the why to a toy. Or tell it what's coming. Only what it will do. I never make threats, either (unless a toy gets aroused by threats, that is), such as do this or else. My toys know that when I say do this, the toy will do it. The only question is how much punishment the toy will endure before it decides to obey. It's never a choice of do it or accept the punishment. That's a choice. It's do it, or be punished, and then I'll tell you to do it again (and punish you again) until you do it. All of which Sharon is about to learn. Quickly.

"Do nothing at all, *bitch*," I firmly tell Sharon. "Not a single thing. Do not try to help me. Do not resist me. Do not move. Do not make a sound. Hopefully even a stupid whore like you can manage to do *nothing*. Just stand there and I will do as I wish." I stare into her eyes hard.

"Yes, Ma'am," Sharon squeaks out, more confident of the wording and far more nervous about saying them.

Sharon is definitely not expecting this inspection, or if she was, she's not expecting it to be different than the one she got from Jess. I feel the hard cringing shudder sweep over her body as my hands touch the top of her head and my fingers start gliding over her scalp, through her soft hair, feeling every bit of her skin. Her face wrinkles into a slightly tighter grimace. I'd think she hates it, except that I also see her nipples stiffening a bit, straining enough to start wrinkling the flesh around them. She hates it, but her body doesn't.

I keep going, working my way down her head. As I

Mrs. Politician

always do, I make sure that I don't just see every speck of her body that my eyes can get to, I make sure than I touch it as well. And that Sharon knows I do. Even places that a woman like her would never imagine would be checked, like the inside of her mouth. There I hold her jaw wide open with one hand while my eyes watch and my finger softly glides over everything, reaching as deeply as my little fingers can. I even push her cheeks out to get between them and her gums. I lift her tongue getting underneath of it as well. I reach so deep that she almost starts gagging on my finger. I even run my finger over her teeth, just so that she knows I've been completely thorough. Then I get her lips and start moving down again.

Sharon is definitely an attractive woman. I know that she's 41. I can see a few little wrinkle lines at the corners of her eyes, but that's about the only "signs" of her age that are visible. She has them expertly hidden with her makeup. I have to look hard to see them. I've noticed a slight softness and loosening to her skin. Even that's slight enough not to be really noticeable, at least not without touching it.

Sharon has a slightly oval shaped face with soft, gentle lines to it. The only sharpness I see is at her chin, which has a bit of an angle to it, but even that's not harsh. She has long, medium golden blond hair. It's straight, but full of body, hanging down to the bottoms of her shoulder blades. Her face has thin, light golden-brown eyebrows that tells me the blond is probably her natural color. She has moderately bright green eyes with well teased lashes. She has a slightly short nose. And then she has a wide mouth framed with medium pink, and plush, lips.

Sharon has very little body fat. That's easily noticed. I can see the lines of her tendons slightly on her neck. I can make out the lines of her collar bones at her shoulders. It's soft, but visible. She quivers as my hands flow over her shoulders and onto her arms. Her arms are lean as well.

Chapter Three - Proper Presentation

But now I can feel her muscles as well. She doesn't have to the hard-toned features of an avid athlete or runner, but she does have a decent tone to her body. I'd bet she gets a little time in the gym, maybe something like bi-weekly Zumba classes or whatever the exercise fad of the week is this week. I catch a whiff of a gentle, slightly sweet, floral perfume as well. Maybe Lillies. I get down to her hands and note that even the skin there is very soft. Soft enough that I'm sure she uses some lotion and skin conditioners on it. Far too soft for her to have ever done any manual labor. Maybe in college or something, but not since. Then again, I just watched Jess take a Dolce & Gabbana dress worth about \$1500 off of her, and no one who makes her living working hard is going to have a dress like that as well. I'm less sure about the bra, but I'd bet on Frederick's of Hollywood for that. The shoes are Jimmy Choos, so I'd put them around \$300.

And then I get down to Sharon's rather prominent breasts. Hers look to be especially full and firm. Considering her age, for a second I wonder if she's had a "boob job." I decide she hasn't. Her mounds are rather ample. They're fully rounded as well, appearing like half grapefruits on her chest with their tops sloping up to meet her chest. Their sides, and underside, rounds with a flowing curve. Their size and curve is enough to make a moderate crease where the undersides join her chest. They sit slightly high on her chest, or so they look, their gently sloped tops rejoining her chest just a bit below her shoulders. They almost touch each other in the center, then angle out to make an almost perfect V of cleavage. A deep V, too. Each mound is topped with a medium pink ring, slightly wider than a silver dollar. Centered in each ring is a modest nipple, a hair wider than a pea, and now sticking up, fully rounded, like half peas.

Her chest is just lean enough that I can make out the bottom line of her rib cage, but not the lines of her bones.

Mrs. Politician

There's a nice feminine curve to her waist as well. She has a flat stomach with gentle, soft skin and modestly toned muscle beneath. And a shallow, wrinkly navel. Then there are well rounded, slightly narrow, hips with a hint of soft fullness to them. It's just enough to hide the lines, and the knobby tips of her hip bones.

And then my eyes make their way down to her pubes. I see a very faint tan line. It's decently modest. Respectable instead of trashy. The faint bronzing gives way to a milkier whiteness almost at the tops of her hips, then inch wide lines flow down to a triangle that encompasses her entire pubes and a little bit just above. But nothing past the creases of her thighs. She has a very short bush of light golden blonde fur. So short it's really more of a fuzz than a bush. A silky soft fuzz. There isn't a hint of wiriness to these hairs. It's also neatly trimmed to keep the fur inside, and unnoticeable, behind a bikini. There isn't enough fur to puff out the front of a bikini like a thick dense bush has been known to do.

I can see a moderate puff to her pussy mound, too. From the front her lips appear long and wide, but not especially thick. I see a long, narrow slit where the edges of her lips fully meet. More like a fine line. A line that currently is sparkling with a bit of her wetness. And from there, it's down a pair of shapely, decently toned legs to a pair of average feet with well manicured nails. Nails painted a light and bright red.

Sharon stands, quivering and fidgeting, as my hands flow over every of it. And as my eyes look over it all. When I reach her toes, I stand up and put my hands to her hips. With a firm grip, I turn her around. At first she shuffles her feet, turning reluctantly. I don't allow it. My grip is tight enough that I can control her, so I do. I make her turn at normal speed.

Then I start again, at the top of her head and begin working my way back down. Sharon still quivers, even

Chapter Three - Proper Presentation

though there's nothing really to feel on her back. I can make out the lines of her bones, but only with my hands, not my eyes. She's lean, but not excessively so. Not athletically, either. More like a housewife trying to take care of her body. It's not a mom-body, not nearly that soft, but it's not hard-worked either. I'd bet she couldn't find the time for the hard work, even if she was the type to invest in it.

And then my hands get to her bottom. I can see the faint tan lines here as well. Her flesh a shade or so milkier where the bikini covers it. The line at her hips, modest but not wide. The wider swatch of fabric that comes down and covers most of her bottom, leaving only a very slight sliver of cheek bared at the sides, mostly along the line where her hips blend into her thighs. Her bottom is somewhere between small and medium. Nicely toned, with well-rounded cheeks. Its lines are all smoothly flowing. There's no flab to it, no sag, no looseness to the muscles. My hands tell me the muscles are decently toned, like the rest of the muscles I've felt. Enough to keep her bottom looking youthful.

Sharon's full rounded globes are just enough to fully close off her crack. From behind, I can make out the mound of her pussy, but her cheeks come together too closely above for me to make out much else. Her crack is medium deep, her firm cheeks giving it the appearance of almost a line. Sharon groans a very soft, very squealing, "Mmm!" and trembles sharply as my hands pull those globes wide, stretching her crack fully open. She quivers more sharply as my finger slowly glides down her crack, touching the flesh there.

My finger makes it to the decently dark pink-brown ring of her asshole. Hers is fairly small, maybe the size of a dime, lined with countless faint wrinkly lines all flowing to, and into, a small dot of seemingly blackness at its center. There's no puckering or funneling to it now. It's flat

Mrs. Politician

with the valley of her crack. The instant my finger touches it Sharon's hips shudder hard, half thrashing as they squirm, and her ring snaps to a hard tightness. For the moment I'll ignore that. I let my finger keep going, gliding over her asshole and then down, across the narrow strip, and over the back of her slit. That gets me another fidgety hard squirming wiggle from her.

I finish inspecting her backside, going all the way down to her feet. Just as Jess did, I lift one of her feet at a time to check the sole of it. I run my fingers over everything, even between her toes. All of which gets a crisp shiver from her foot as if she's rather ticklish there.

I'm sure that Sharon is convinced that her inspection is over now. After all, I've done everything Jess has, only instead of just looking, I've touched her body as well. I'll bet she's sure there's nothing left for me to check.

I stand up and put my hands on her hips. I start moving her body. She starts twisting, as if she's expecting me to turn her around again. I don't. I keep her as she is, facing the wall and pull her back by her hips. She doesn't get the chance to try and shuffle her feet. I pull hard, making her step back as if walking. I bring her two good steps back from the wall. Then I stop her. I slide one hand up to the top of her hip bone, letting it caress the silky flesh as it moves. I put my other hand to her shoulder.

"ew-MMM!" Sharon groans out, abject nervousness plain in her soft mewling whine. Her body quivers violently, a nervous, antsy fidgeting quiver, as I start leaning her forward. I feel her hips trying to move. I hold them in place with my hand as I keep her shoulders moving. I don't stop until Sharon's forehead is against the wall. It has her mostly bent over, maybe a 15-degree slope to her back. Then, keeping my grip on her shoulder and hip, I use my sneaker-clad foot to lightly tap the inside of her ankle. Her feet stay firmly planted in place. I doubt she missed the hint, either. I turn and twist my foot,

Chapter Three - Proper Presentation

angling it so that the sole of my sneaker is now against her ankle bone. Then I push hard. Her foot slides across the floor. Sharon squeals another hushed, nervous groan as I push her ankle out until her feet are about $\frac{1}{2}$ a meter apart.

It gives me a full view of her mound, now puffing back almost to the backs of her thighs. It's enough for me to see that her slit is narrow, more of a line that even now barely spreads open to show me the pink edges of her lips. My fingers touch the gooey wet edges of those lips, letting me feel their silkiness. They're soft, a bit loose, like flaps of skin should be. They're fully shaven smooth, not even a hint of stubble on them. There are more than a few goosebumps covering them, too. Sharon's hips tremble, shuddering sharply, but with small movements, as violently crisp shivers flow through her.

I pull those lips wide apart to expose every last speck of her pinkness. The first thing I notice is the gooey honey, clear but with some tiny bubbles in it, clinging to everything. It's neither watery thin, nor too thick. More like a heavy oil. It's slightly on the aromatic side, too, letting me whiff a faintly sweet, very intimate, muskiness. It's a pleasant scent, devoid of any "sweaty" aroma, laced with another flowery hint of her perfume. It lets me see her long, moderately tall, decently thin, inner folds as their slightly wrinkly looseness shows along the sides of her tunnel. It lets me see those folds roiling together into a tight, thick knot. It lets me see her pea-wide clit, standing up, poking its head almost $\frac{1}{2}$ ", about the width of my pinkie, above its nest. It lets me see her tunnel as well. The thumb-wide opening of relaxed walls, gaping modestly to offer me a small view into it before lying against each other and hiding the rest. To show me the pulpy texture of her walls, and the thick layer of hot, fresh honey clinging to them. I can see a slight twitching at the rim of her tunnel. I'm just not sure if it's a needy twitch to her walls or just

Mrs. Politician

the nervous tremors sweeping her body.

I'd always intended to be especially thorough with Sharon's inspection. Seeing her, watching how anxious and uneasy she's been so far, adding in Jess's description of her shyness, has only made me want to be even more thorough. And to make deadly certain that Sharon fully appreciates just how thorough I've inspected her body. I want her to know that I know her body, that I've seen and touched more of it than her husband has. Probably more than even her doctor has. I want her to know that I know this body better than anyone, even she, does.

I use silent hand signals to slave. She knows my cues well by now, and she knows when I use them to keep quiet. She nods her head to let me know that she understood, then she hurries off. She knows I don't like to be kept waiting, either. While slave takes care of the errand I've sent her on, I focus on inspecting Sharon. I let my finger glide along gently, tenderly, over the inside of her lips. Then over her loose folds. It keeps her hips shivering crisp quivers and squirming. I watch as a light trickle of honey slowly rolls over the bottom rim of her tunnel. Then my finger goes to her prominently tall clit. I can't even touch the nub before Sharon blurts out a very squeaky, very excitedly nervous, and embarrassed but needy "AH-EE!". Her hips snap powerfully into a shuddering thrash. I guess that nub is as sensitive as it is tall. I don't care. I intend to properly inspect Sharon and she'll stand here while I do. So I ignore the hard shudder and keep my finger caressing over that hungry bundle of nerves. Sharon's surprised gasp fades into a deeper "UHHHH!" but keeps it's urgent and squeaky tones. Her hips shudder steadily and powerfully. Her walls snap with a sharp twitch strong enough to push a heavy dollop of oily-thick honey out, letting me watch as it clings to the rim for an instant and then begins rolling down her pinkness towards her clit. Once my finger leaves her nub, Sharon pants a few fast breaths as her hips slow back to their

Chapter Three - Proper Presentation

quivering.

And then slave is back. Sharon has no clue what's happening behind her. Her eyes are lost on the wall. She can feel my fingertips holding her lips wide, but that's all. I'm sure she's wondering why she's still displayed. What more I think I can possibly inspect. Slave passes me a clear plastic disposable speculum. The same ones most OBGYNs have in their offices.

I touch the tips of the speculum's blades to Sharon's pussy. Maybe she recognizes the feel of them. Maybe not, maybe she just feels the hardness of the plastic without knowing what it is. Sharon gasps a horrified and shocked "AHHH!" that's pure unbridled nervousness and squeak. It's a rather shrill shrieking gasp as well. Her hips squirm nervously. I say nothing. I do nothing to reassure her or let her know what's going to happen, much less why. I just rock the speculum slipping the tips of its blades into her tunnel. And press, feeling the blades slide deep into her tunnel with almost no resistance. Then I squeeze the handles, spreading the curved blades apart to stretch her tunnel wide open. By then the anxiously trembling Sharon has to have realized what I'm doing. She definitely feels her pussy being stretched wide and gaping. I open her tunnel rather wide. A little more so than a doctor usually would. About 3 to 3½ cm. It pulls her walls taut, stretching them slightly, but not uncomfortably. It holds her tunnel gaping widely as it offers me a clear view of her cervix. There's not a single part of her vagina that I can't see now.

And now it's time for me to make sure that Sharon truly appreciates that. I start with her walls, running the tip of my gloved finger very softly over the taut flesh exposed between the blades. "AHHHHHHHHH!" Sharon screeches a very needy sultry cry, her hips thrashing crisply as my finger teases her walls, gliding along on the film of her very slipper honey. I take my time, making sure

Mrs. Politician

I've touched every bit that's not covered by the blades. It gives Sharon more time to shudder and moan like a slut. "Vaginal walls are smooth, overly sensitive to touch, covered with a thick layer of very slippery honey. Walls are hot and there's a moderate twitching of them indicating heightened arousal." I announce as if someone is taking notes for me. No one is. I only announce it so that Sharon will hear my detached, professional, clinical description of her vagina. "Basically it's a slutty vagina being extra slutty now." So much for professional!

Then I move my finger back. I have small fingers, but with her tunnel stretched this wide, I'm able to reach my target. Still, it has the web of my finger, towards my thumb, firmly against her pinkness. Not that I care. The tip of my finger reaches, touches, her cervix. I take a moment, stroking my fingertip softly over the hard, curved muscle there. "Cervix is firm, irregular indicating previous childbirth..." The speculum wiggles as a very powerful twitch suddenly racks Sharon's pussy. I go on, ignoring it while knowing that Sharon feels it. "Average distention. No semen present in vaginal vault. No IUD present. No sign of menses present." I begin withdrawing my finger now. I've done what I came to do. There is no way that Sharon ever imagined being inspected this closely. Seriously, who would ever imagine it? If anyone wanted to know if she had an IUD, they'd just ask. Who'd ever look for herself without bothering to ask? Me, but mostly because I want Sharon to feel the effects of it. Of being so irrelevant that I didn't bother to ask.

In a moment I have the speculum out of her pussy and handed off to slave. My fingers are off her lips as well, allowing them to close again.

"OOH!" Sharon groans in the squeakiest, most nervous, most reluctant and unwilling, as well as hushed, voice I've heard from her yet. Her whine starts the instant she feels my hand, just one, pushing her cheeks fully wide

Chapter Three - Proper Presentation

apart and opening her crack to bare her asshole again. I've already seen it and stroked over it. After the inspection her pussy just endured, I'll bet Sharon is very miserably expecting something more than just my eyes to inspect her asshole again. Maybe she's anticipating my finger slipping into her bottom. She's definitely reluctant and uneasy enough to be.

Instead I use the tips of my fingers to stretch her asshole wide, pulling taut some, maybe $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ of its wrinkle lines. "Anus is small, flush with no funneling or distention, no hemorrhoids observed... moderate wrinkliness to the flesh... poor hygiene with several specks of feces visible in the wrinkles..." I make sure Sharon hears that. It's normal. Even toilet paper isn't perfect. Specks are tiny, and most every asshole has one or two to be found with a close look. Unless it's fresh out of a shower and scrubbing. But truth and reality don't matter. Only Sharon's perception does. And right now all Sharon knows is what she's hearing - that I can see her poorly wiped asshole. I touch my finger tip to it, pressing softly in a couple of places, feeling her muscle snap instantly to hard tenseness with my touch. It tells me she's not used to being penetrated there. And that tells me it's either unknown to her, or she doesn't like it. "Anal sphincter firm with good muscle tone..." I add to my description. Then my finger pulls back a hair from her ring.

Slave already has an anal speculum in her hand ready. It's quickly in mine. This one is smaller than the vaginal speculum, its blades about 1 cm wide and 3 cm long. The edges of the curved blades touch each other, making a sort of football shaped "O" with their tips. The blades have a slight slant to them as well, wider at the tops and narrower at the point. The point, now against Sharon's body, is several millimeters wider than the opening of her anus. Instead they lie atop the outside of her ring as it clenches desperately shut. I doubt Sharon knows what's

Mrs. Politician

coming. This isn't the kind of exam anyone but a proctologist would do. And me. But only to degrade Sharon a bit more. I really don't care what the inside of her rectum looks like.

"ah-EE-OW!" Sharon screeches, more nervously than uncomfortably, as I start rocking the blades from side to side. It only takes a couple of quick wiggles for the tips of them to find the center of her asshole and begin to slip into it. Enough to wedge them in her ring. Then I push, utterly ignoring Sharon and her screeches. The blades, designed exactly for this, slip fairly easily into her ring despite the hard clenching as she instinctively resists the violation. As they slide in, they gently ease her muscle open, stretching it slightly. I push the entire length of the blades inside her bottom. She feels it, but it's only a weird feeling, not a painful one. It's more like they're there. The light stretch of ring bothers her more, and that's not really uncomfortable, just unwanted and abnormal to her.

Then I begin turning the thumbscrew on the ring of the speculum. It begins slowly spreading the blades apart. The blades begin stretching her asshole wider. Sharon begins panting very shrill and squeaky "AH-AH-OW!" as fast as lightning. Her hips squirm. Her body trembles violently. Her asshole continues stretching open, its flesh slowly pulling taut over the ring of muscle as the muscle itself is pulled taut, growing more shallow as it's stretched wider. I keep twisting, steadying both the surgical steel speculum and her hips with one hand as I do. Sharon pants faster and more desperately nervously as her asshole begins opening even wider. I ignore Sharon and her overt, but psychological, discomfort.

I don't stop until Sharon's asshole is stretched "fully" wide open to gap almost 3 full centimeters. Her ring of muscle is stretched taut, now more than $\frac{1}{2}$ the thickness it was when I began. The flesh over it is taut as well, all of the wrinkle lines pulled out of it. With her asshole gaping

Chapter Three - Proper Presentation

wide I have an unhindered view through it and into her rectum.

Now it's time to make sure Sharon grasps just how good my view inside her bottom is. I use a penlight to light everything up, showing me the coloring of every a bit more vividly. "Anus taut, dilated 31 millimeters..." I announce. "Rectum flushed bright pink, thick veins lining rectal walls normal, no internal hemorrhoids as well. No tearing or indications of recent trauma. No semen visible. Significant fecal matter present, mass is stiff and dark indicating several hours inside this rectum. No evidence of constipation or diarrhea..."

I slip my finger into her bottom between the blades of the speculum so that Sharon can't feel it, and thus doesn't know it's entering her bottom. Not until she feels my finger touch the inside of her rectal walls. "AHH!" Sharon makes the most startled, nervous shriek as she feels my very light touch. I wiggle my fingertip from side to side lightly a couple of times before announcing "rectal walls loose..."

I move my finger, putting the pad of it flush against the bottom of her rectum. I press lightly and then wiggle my finger slowly, several times. The walls of her rectum are filmy thin, like a sausage casing or Saran wrap. There are plenty of nerves in them, too. Nerves that are used to sensing fullness, not being tenderly teased. More importantly, there's nothing between that filmy thin wall and what lay beyond. Where my finger is pressing the walls of her pussy lie beyond. Those are now fully relaxed, nothing touching them, nothing stretching them. I can easily feel them. They feel like a moderately firm wet sponge. A very, fiery hot, lightly twitching sponge. Her walls are "thick," maybe almost a full centimeter thick now that they're relaxed. The thickness gives them meat to stretch around a baby. Or a cock. Every bit of those walls is lined with eager nerves. And now my finger caresses

Mrs. Politician

those nerves, along the backside of her walls, right through the very thin wall of her rectum. To Sharon it feels no different than a finger massaging the opposite side of the same wall – the side inside her pussy. Sharon cries out a sultry, very urgent, very surprised, “OOH-AHHHHHHHHHH!” as her hips snap a hard thrashing. I feel her walls snapping as the twitches sharpen. Sharon pants a deep “UHHHH!” She shrieks again. Then I stop. “Vaginal walls overly sensitive to rectal stimulation.” I announce with a coy tease to my voice.

From here I move my finger back towards her asshole. I find her bladder, and there’s no way Sharon doesn’t feel me pressing firmly on that muscle. “Bladder is about $\frac{3}{4}$ full, fairly firm to the touch...” Finally my finger makes it back to her asshole, where I feel it, squeezing the muscle between my finger and thumb. “Anus firm, good muscle tone, taut.” Sharon breathes out relief as my finger breaks contact with her insides.

Slave brought me one more thing, although I wasn’t sure that I’d want it. My “butt cam.” It’s nothing more than a cheap “bore inspection camera” that I found at Harbor Freight. But like many things, it’s a cheap commercial equivalent of a very expensive medical device. And it does just as well. It has a 2’ long flexible but stiff tube about as thick as my finger. On one end of the tube is a lens with an LED light. On the other is the viewscreen, a small 4” LCD display and a handle. The screen shows a perfect, full color view of whatever the lens sees. I put the lens through the speculum’s wide blades and into Sharon’s rectum. Then I start pushing the tube, moving the lens deeper and deeper into her bowels.

“OH!” Sharon gasps, her squeaky voice shocked and nervous, “OOH-EEEEEE!” as she feels the lens snaking deep inside her bottom. I keep it going, saying nothing to let Sharon know what’s happening to her. I end up slipping a hair over 7” of the shaft into her bowels. I stop only

Chapter Three - Proper Presentation

when I'm able to see the very back of her rectum. And I make sure Sharon knows it. "Fecal mass extends over about $\frac{1}{2}$ of rectal length. Back of rectum clear with loose, watery feces... No abnormalities observed... there it is, colon looks normal, steady flow into the rectum, rear of the rectum slightly narrower with several folds along its length." I slowly pull the camera back, letting Sharon feel it inching slowly across her walls, hopefully letting her know that I'm taking my time to see every bit of her rectum, from her asshole to its last depths. Once I'm done, I release the speculum and allow her asshole to slowly clench shut again. Sharon breathes out a deep sigh of relief as I do.

With everything passed off to slave, I put my hand to Sharon's shoulder. I pull her shoulder up, standing her. I leave her facing the wall. Quickly I lock a pair of handcuffs around her wrists, binding her hands uselessly behind her back. Then I put a pair of leg irons around her ankles, limiting the movements of her feet. And now that she's bound, I turn her around to face me. I say nothing. Sharon doesn't need to know anything. Instead I brush her hair back so that it hangs behind her shoulders, exposing her neck. I wrap a heavy chain "collar" around her neck. It's nothing more than a short length of thick chain from Home Depot. I set it slightly loosely around her neck, touching the back and leaving about $\frac{1}{2}$ " in the very front. Then I lock it with a shiny brass padlock.

"Slave, this bitch is filthy. Take it and clean it up. Make sure to get the clown paint off that face so I can see my bitch." Before slave answers I turn my attention to Sharon, staring harshly into her eyes. "This is Miss Slave. You will obey her as if she were me. Otherwise, once she's corrected you, you and I will have a firm discussion about disrespecting my handmaiden while she does the task I've given her. You do not want to have that discussion." Then I turn back to slave. "And make sure this bitch empties

Mrs. Politician

that bladder and bowels before they overflow and skanky has to clean its poop off the floor.”

“Yes, Mistress,” slave cheerfully answers. She steps over to Sharon. Slave reaches up and grabs hold of one of Sharon’s breasts as if she were grabbing a doorknob instead of an intimate part of another person. “Come with me, bitch,” slave says softly, but with no nonsense in her voice. She starts walking to the bathroom. I see Sharon start shuffling her feet again, reluctant to follow. Slave must sense it. I see her hand tighten up, squeezing Sharon’s breast hard. Slave doesn’t break her stride. Sharon follows, her feet moving at a walking pace.

Slave walks Sharon straight to the bathroom. She starts “at the bottom” as she always does. I taught her to. She pulls a reluctant, barely willing, barely moving, Sharon over to the toilet and stands her in front of it. She grabs Sharon’s hip as I would, and did, and uses them to turn Sharon, putting her back to the toilet. A hard shove down on Sharon’s shoulder, together with a light kick to the back of her knee, drops Sharon down. Slave knows better than to ask much of Sharon. It’s too apparent that Sharon is struggling, despite the heights of arousal. For all I know maybe the mental struggles is what’s exciting her. I’m not planning to find out so much as I’m intending to just go with what’s working. This is a favor after all. Instead slave just leans over and grabs hold of Sharon’s knees. As Sharon dropped, she’s sitting more towards the back of the toilet’s seat. More as a normal person would sit, or at least a person unconcerned with affording the best view of her pussy and bottom to someone else. Slave yanks hard. It’s enough to drag Sharon forward, scooting her bottom along the seat. A second yank pulls her further forward, getting her almost exactly into place. Sharon shrieks, mostly from the surprise of it, as slave roughly shoves her into place. Sharon’s face stays wrinkled up in a very tight grimace as well. Slave pulls firmly on Sharon’s knees, opening them as wide as the chain on Sharon’s ankles will allow. She

Chapter Three - Proper Presentation

plants Sharon's feet flat on the floor, then shoves her ankles apart again, stretching the 18" chain between them taut. Slave rises back up, standing over Sharon. She puts one hand to the bottom of Sharon's back to steady it and the other to the front of Sharon's chest an inch or so beneath Sharon's neck. A less rough shove on Sharon's chest straightens her back up. Now slave grabs hold of Sharon's head by her ears and turns it, bringing it up so that Sharon is staring straight ahead.

Slave steps in front of Sharon. She stares at Sharon, glaring down upon the seated woman. "Do not move, bitch," slave tells her firmly. "I don't care about you at all. But there is absolutely no way whatsoever that I am going to disappoint my Mistress. My Mistress wants that bladder and butt empty, so you are going to empty them. I am going to watch to make sure you behave because I don't trust you not to disappoint my Mistress. Boo-hoo if that embarrasses you. My Mistress didn't say what she'd do if I have to go get Her because you refuse to potty like a big girl, but I know She will *make* you empty that bladder and butt. So unless you like me to spank that butt, and then I'd bet my Mistress will just catheterize you and give you an enema to *make* you do as She wishes, I suggest you worry about being a good girl instead of being embarrassed. Go on, bitch, empty that butt out! Pee like a big girl. Poopy too!" Slave just stares at Sharon.

Sharon finally lets a few tears roll down her rosy blushed cheeks. She fidgets, but the toilet keeps her bottom from moving too much. Behind her back her hands fumble around nervously. Sharon sobs. Her nipples stay as hard as rocks.

Slave stands over her, looking down upon Sharon. Sharon's antsy eyes dart up, immediately catching sight of slave watching her, and fly back down. Sharon just as immediately wishes she'd never looked. Slave snaps a quick scold, telling Sharon that "I didn't tell you to look

Mrs. Politician

around. I told you to go potty. Now sit still and go potty before I spank you anyway.” There’s a fair bit of annoyance in slave’s voice.

Sharon cringes hard. She sobs again. She tries, and utterly fails, to push the vision of slave not just looking down on her, but looking down and staring right between Sharon’s legs. Of slave’s eyes closely watching Sharon’s pussy. Of imagining the sight slave is about to see. A sudden wave of intense quivers flow over Sharon’s body. And then a weak, tentative stream of bright golden pee erupts from Sharon’s slit, spraying down into the toilet.

“That’s a good girl, bitch, see you can pee! Now empty every last drop from that bladder, bitch.” Slave mockingly tells Sharon.

Sharon weeps softly. Deciding this (this entire afternoon) has been the most humiliating moments of her life by about 500 miles. Still not quite believing that someone is actually watching her pussy while she pees. She obediently keeps her eyes up, which has her staring at slave’s chest, but instinctively knows that slave’s eyes are seeing her pee flow. The blush on her cheeks brightens even more, and the quivering sharpens. The pee erupts, the stream becoming a powerful geyser.

Slave stands there. She waits about ½ a minute until the pee stream begins ebbing to a trickle. “Good bitch, now go poopy and empty that butt out for my Mistress,” slave tells Sharon.

Sharon cringes hard. More a long moment nothing happens. Sharon obediently keeps her eyes forward. But she can’t miss slave shifting. Slave’s chest comes nearer to Sharon’s eyes, telling her that slave’s head has moved. Sharon has no doubt that slave is now glaring straight down her back, slave’s eyes locked on Sharon’s bottom. “Uh-uh” Sharon lets a couple of light, but audible, sobs out as she cringes harder, drawing in on her self. Slave does nothing. Sharon envisions slave having a sight down her

Chapter Three - Proper Presentation

crack, seeing the tight / tiny / dark ring of her asshole, and watching the doughy brown waste slowly appearing through the stretched ring. It's very close to the sightline slave actually has. Sharon sobs. Sharon quivers faster. So crisply now that Sharon's breasts jiggle slightly just from the tremors. Realizing that she has no choice, Sharon finally begins emptying her bottom.

Sharon doesn't try very hard. A little comes out, dropping into the bowl. As quickly as she thinks she can get away with, Sharon stops trying.

Slave stands over her for a long moment. "You must think I'm stupid, bitch!" Slave snaps in a very scolding, disapproving voice. "I'm not. I have a bachelors degree from a well respected university." Slave doesn't mention that she's had her degree for almost six hours now. "I guess you weren't listening when my Mistress told the whole world *exactly* what filth was filling your worthless butt. You aren't getting up until I've seen every last bit of that filth plop down into the bowl where it belongs. Poop, bitch!"

Sharon blushes and quivers even more. Mostly because she just now realizes what I've done. I did tell everyone, even Jess, exactly what was up her butt. She never imagined, as embarrassing as that detail was to her, that it could and would be used against her. As it now is. She can't cheat and lie by telling slave she's done and praying that I don't check again. She has no choice but to do as she was told. To fully empty that bottom. And that slave will know when she has. Or hasn't.

Sharon sobs aloud again, discovering not just a new depth of humiliation, but also a new and never imagined level of powerlessness. She thinks how she could just refuse to obey, but immediately decides that's not an option as she recalls slave's suggestion that I might just give her enema. An enema that would do nothing but make her extremely uncomfortable and unable not to

Mrs. Politician

empty her bottom. In short, make it much worse for her, and still make her do as she was told. She dwells on the idea that she can't even control how much comes out of her bottom. Slave knows exactly what's in there. Slave won't let her empty anything less than all. It dawns on her that if she can't get out as much as slave is expecting, she might well end up suffering an enema anyway. Which means that she has to try, to work, to "please" slave by emptying fully. And she has to. She has no choice. She knows that before this is over, every last drop of it is going to be in that toilet. This way or by enema. And she realizes, the "icing on the cake" of humiliation for her, that slave truly doesn't care one tiny bit how degrading this is for Sharon. Slave cares only that I am pleased with slave.

Now realizing she has no choice, Sharon pushes back. More waste begins emerging from her asshole. She sees how close slave is standing and knows that slave is watching her asshole intently. She keeps going. After a minute or so, Sharon feels in her asshole that her waste is softening up. The "watery" stuff I'd mentioned at the very depths of her bottom is nearing her asshole. In another moment she feels the wateriness of her waste as it's more of a liquid spewing nastiness from her bottom. She notices that slave isn't moving. That slave is seeing this as well. And then Sharon feels a sudden fiery heat explode through her pussy. It's almost unbearably hot. So hot that it makes her squirm. She decides then that she hates her pussy. She can't believe it's aroused now. That it's aching for attention.

Finally Sharon finishes the overly humiliating emptying. Slave doesn't ask her if she's done this time, either. Nor does slave do the one thing that Sharon was certain she would do - wipe her bottom for her. Instead, and much more to Sharon's shameful horror, slave yanks her up to her feet. Unwiped. Leaving Sharon feeling the gooey wetness in her crack as it smears around with every tiny motion.

Chapter Three - Proper Presentation

Instead slave shoves Sharon in the shower. Still in chains, Sharon realizes that she's not going to be able to wash herself. Slave will be washing her body for her. Hopefully that includes her bottom, she decides. She adds another one to humiliations column and waits to be hosed off. Then Sharon shrieks when the icy spray hits her and she realizes that slave truly cares so little about her that she didn't even bother with the hot water. Not a drop.



Chapter Four - First Licks

Mrs. Politician

A half hour later slave leads a freshly washed and spotless Sharon over to me in the living room. Sharon is still chained. But now I can see that she's clean. With her makeup gone, a few more very minor "flaws," really just the faintest wrinkle lines around her mouth, are visible. They weren't before, the makeup hiding them. Now I'd guess her age to be around 40, where it is. Before she could have convinced me she was in the back half of her 30s if I didn't know better. The scent of her perfume is gone, too. Now the only scent I get from Sharon is the lavender / jasmine aroma of the shampoo and body wash I buy for my girls to use. The scent I like on them. I can still see the faintest wetness, more just a humidity, on her skin. I can see her nipples as hard as ever, too. Her hair is dry, including her spartan bush, but I heard the blow dryer so that's not a surprise.

I have slave take the cuffs and leg irons off Sharon. I doubt Sharon notices that both stay close. She seems to be too happy to have the use of her hands back. She brings her hands in front of her and starts rubbing her wrists. I swat her hands and she yelps. I scold her, telling her to get them behind her back. Cuffed or not, when not in use, that's where they'll be. I don't care if she has an itch to scratch or whatever. She doesn't move her feet, leaving them apart about the width of her shoulders, when the cuffs come off her ankles. I remind her to keep her eyes forward and open. And her mouth shut. Then I spend a few minutes telling Sharon the very basic rules of life here. After each rule, I ask her plainly if she understands it, and she answers a mousy "yes, Ma'am," after each. At the end I tell her that I won't remind her of "such simple and basic things." If Sharon can't mind her manners like a big girl, then I'll just spank her until she remembers them.

I am certain that Sharon has never been a porn star. Had she, another candidate would have discovered it and used it to doom her chances at election. It's the way of politics. Given the number of sex scandals in the news

Chapter Four - First Licks

lately, I can't imagine that naked pictures of her wouldn't be worth my weight in gold to someone. I don't care one bit about that.

I snap a firm order for Sharon to go stand against the "mug shot" background. It's a pink cloth that hangs from my ceiling, all the way down to the floor. It has lines for height. It looks almost exactly like the one they use at Metro Jail, except that this one is black on pink instead of black on white. It was a gift from my BFF #3, Ellie. I like it so much that I've had most of my toys stand in front of it for new pictures. All of the new ones.

I don't care how humiliating this will be for Sharon. Nor do I care that for the rest of her life she's going to be worrying that these pictures will somehow find their way into the public eye. And worrying in what humiliating fashion some opponent of hers will reveal them. I'll bet she's imagining them on TV with little black bars over the "juicy" parts. What I do care about is having a good record of my toys. And having what I use for my ShameBook. It's just a bonus to me that Sharon will know I have them and can show them to anyone at any moment.

I make her stand straight up in front of the background while slave takes four pictures. One each from the front, back, and both sides. Images that show Sharon's body, the entirety of utter stark nakedness, from bottoms of her feet to the top of her head. Sharon fidgets the entire time. She's far from still, making it a bit harder for slave to get a good image. I'd spank her into stillness, but no spanking is going to get rid of the light quivering on her body. I'd bet it would only make her tremble more. So I let slave take her time and get good images.

Once that's done, slave brings Sharon over to my desk. It's just beside, about a single step away, from the background. I already have a sheet of plain white printer paper on my desk. And a black Sharpie marker. I tell Sharon that "mug shots have those embarrassing signs in

Mrs. Politician

them, the ones with your name and inmate number on them.” Thus Sharon is going to make her own sign. I set another sign, made by another bitch, on the desk for her to use as a guide. I tell her that hers had better look exactly like that one. Except with her information on it. Sharon clearly doesn’t like it. She cringes and moves hesitantly. I doubt she notices the tremors intensify. But once she’s quivering enough that I can see the tips of her nipples jiggle, I know that her pussy is as aroused as her brain is hesitant.

Wexler, Sharon Susan

Married White Female – Age: 41

May 2, 1983

5’6”

141#

36 C-Cup / 32 / 37

Blond Hair

Green Eyes

Trimmed
Pubes

Blond

Jacksonville, FL

Mobile, AL
2023

May 10,

Sharon S. Wexler

“Stupid Whore”

I am property of the Queen

X-129

Once Sharon has made her sign, I have her stand back in front of the background. And hold her sign up, the front facing out with her name on it. I make her hold it just under her breasts, in front of her stomach, so that her naked breasts will be in the picture. Slave takes a picture, getting a sudden sharp tremor from Sharon. I have her turn it over, the “stupid whore” side now facing out, and hold it in the same place for a picture. With her signature

Chapter Four - First Licks

on the picture, she's not going to be able to challenge that she posed for it. I keep her sign. I'll shred it after she leaves. One more insecurity for her to wonder about - what ever became of that sign?

Once that's done, and still not telling Sharon anything, I have slave rechain Sharon's wrists and ankles. Suddenly I find myself wishing that Sharon had more of a bush and not just because I've always found blond bushes cute. If her fur was longer I could grab it and use it as a leash, and that's a way I find amusing to lead bitches around the playroom. But she doesn't. So I grab hold of the chain around her neck and use the collar as a leash.

I still say nothing, not even a "come with me" command. I just start walking, holding firmly onto the collar. For a second I feel the resistance as Sharon doesn't move with me. Expecting it, I keep going which gives Sharon a rather sharp yank on her collar, jerking her head and shoulders forward for an instant until she shoots one foot forward to catch up. She stumbles but stays on her feet. She's probably thinking about shuffling her feet and going slow, that seems to be her normal way of moving around here. I don't give her the chance and she realizes it immediately. She follows.

I walk her to the playroom. As we pass through the door, Sharon's eyes are rather nervously darting around the room, trying to see everything. I know she's read at least one of my stories, so she'll know (assuming she can remember what she read) that this is the playroom. The room where all the fun stuff most often occurs. It's directly across from the bathroom and hasn't moved. It's nothing more than the second bedroom of the apartment.

The playroom is mostly empty, that is to say the floor space is far from cluttered with furniture. That would just get in my way. There is a portable massage table in the center. That seldom moves. To Sharon's right, along the wall, there is a short wooden bench for toys to sit on while

Mrs. Politician

they wait their turn for whatever. It's a rather plain design, Amish built by a furniture maker in Ashland, OH. It's well built and sturdy. It's not exactly comfortable to sit on either, but that's by (my) design. It's wide enough for two average bitches, able to seat three if they're squished tightly together (which I so love to do). Across from the door there are some cabinets that hold and hide the "tool collection" the toys I use to play with my bitch toys (such as whips). To Sharon's left there's a big walk in closet that I use to hold a lot of the bigger props and stands that I'm not using for this session. That's the "basic" state of this room. There are windows on the far wall, but I have a cabinet in front of one to cover it because there's a clear sight line through it from the roof of a neighboring building and parking garage a little further off.

Today there are a pair of chains hanging down from the ceiling to Sharon's left, about halfway between the wall and the massage table as well. The chains aren't that long, about 2 feet. One end of them is attached to steel cables that run through pulleys mounted to the ceiling, across the ceiling to a second pair of pulleys, and then down to a winch. The other end of the chains has a heavy leather cuff attached to it. It looks like it could restrain a charging bull. And it already has a shiny brass padlock hanging open on it.

I feel the tremors running through Sharon growing sharper with every inch closer she gets to those chains. I stand her between them, her feet between the cuffs lying on the floor. I keep hold of her collar, pulling lightly on it and glaring hard at her. I wave a finger at slave, and slave knows what I want her to do. Slave slides over behind Sharon. Quickly, slave has both cuffs buckled around Sharon's ankles and secured with padlocks. (Playroom secret - the locks I use, such as the ones on these cuffs and the chain collar all use the same key. I have two sets of locks, each set using only one key. The brass and the silver key. There are three copies of this key. One on my

Chapter Four - First Licks

key ring. One in the top drawer of my desk. One in the little lockbox where I have a spare of every key I have. The same applies to the silver key, except slave has one of those as well. There are a few other locks, with other colored keys, such as the red key which opens skanky's cage and the spare cage for which there is a spare in a "break the glass" box beside skanky's cage for emergencies. Those locks are used for special purposes only, and slave has a key to them as well.)

Sharon quickly and steadily grows more nervous as those cuffs are locked around her ankles. Once they are, I have slave unlock one cuff of the leg irons, freeing her feet to move more than the 18" that their chain would allow. Then I slip the remote for the winch out of my pocket. (It's another cheap one that I bought at Harbor Freight. IDK if it can really lift the 4000 pounds it claims, but I know it can lift a bitch, which is all I wanted it for. I figured even the cheapest of Chinese-built no-name tools should be good for less than 5% of it's claimed capacity). I push the button and it begins pulling on the cables. It moves slowly, which is what I wanted. It takes about ½ a minute for all the slack to be pulled out and the chains at her ankles to start pulling taut. I leave it running.

I circle around to stand behind Sharon. Her hands are still cuffed behind her. I grab hold of Sharon's shoulders, getting a good and tight grip on them. Slave kneels in front of me, her face close to Sharon's bottom, and gets a good hold on Sharon's hips as well. Several seconds later Sharon shrieks out a loud "AHH!" of absolute panic and shock as the chains begin not only pulling against her ankles, but now forcing her onto the very tips of her toes as they lift her ankles off the floor. She keeps screeching and squirming, as the pulling cables finally rise high enough that her feet leave the floor. She shrieks even louder and more nervously as she starts falling backward. Slave and I have hold of her body. Together we're easily

Mrs. Politician

able to hold her up. I let her fall back until her back is flat with the floor about hip level. Kneeling and now mostly under Sharon's hips, slave keeps Sharon's hips from dropping down. Neither of us tries do anything for Sharon's legs. Those thrash around, rattling the rising chains, her feet kicking about anxiously trying to find something. The chains keep lifting her feet.

I let the chains keep lifting. Sharon's feet begin to rise above her hips. A few seconds later her hips begin to rise as well, lifting off slave's hands. Sharon goes on shrieking wildly, even though by now she has to know I'm not going to let her fall. As the chains rise they take more of her weight, leaving less on me. I watch her ankles rising up towards the ceiling. As they do they slowly inch wider apart. The pulleys are 4 feet apart on the ceiling. As they lift Sharon's feet closer to the pulleys, there's less cable to angle inward, and thus her feet are pulled wider, closer to the pulleys. I slowly, but steadily, lower Sharon's shoulders until they're about two feet above the floor. High enough that I am certain there's no way she could hit her head on the floor, but not much more than that. Then I let go of her shoulders. Her shoulders, and her body, swing for a moment while it steadies.

When I stop the winch, it has Sharon hanging upside down with about 6 inches of air between the top of her head and the floor. Enough that her head won't touch anything, but short enough that her long hair hangs down and begins to spread out over the floor. All of Sharon's weight is now on the chain. On her ankles. Sharon thrashes wildly, squirming nervously as she hangs. Her feet are about three feet apart. There's no way she can close her legs. To do so she'd have to lift her full weight just by her leg muscles. And that's not a direction those thigh muscles are conditioned to take weight. She doesn't have a prayer of it. Her hands fidget. Even her head tosses around, sweeping the floor with her hair. Her breasts bounce as she thrashes and squirms. And hangs.

Chapter Four - First Licks

I toss slave a black cloth blindfold. I don't need to give her any instructions. Slave kneels down and quickly ties it snugly over Sharon's eyes. It seems to make Sharon even more nervous and fidgety. It keeps her whining squeaky "OOH!s" too.

Upside down, Sharon is now hanging with her pussy mound at about the level of my chest. Her hips thrash from the squirms, but they aren't moving much. There's too much weight on them for them to move far. Her legs are fairly widely splayed as well. It has her mound fully exposed at the "top" of her body now. I can look down and see her long, moderately wide lips. I can see the pink line where the edges of her lips are pulled apart a hair now. I can see the fresh oily honey clinging to the edges of her lips and everything inside. It won't be long and that honey will be covering the outsides of those lips as well.

"I thought you said you washed this nasty whore, slave?" I say a bit sharply but with a wink to slave so that she's certain that I'm only acting. "I did Mistress!!!" Slave blurts out faking a nervous pleading to her voice. The grin on her face tells me she's acting, too. "I swear I douched its vagina and scrubbed its entire vulva with soap and water, Mistress!!!"

I sigh deeply, dragging it out and putting a bit of disgust into it. I knew her pussy would be wet. I've made sure that since the moment Jess laid eyes on her at the airport, Sharon has been constantly suffering one humiliation or another. No breaks for her. No shame, pride, privacy, or modesty either. It seems to be keeping her nicely aroused. Even now as she wiggles and thrashes, hanging naked and upside down. I'll bet this is a position she never imagined finding herself in. Chained, she realizes there's absolutely nothing she can do about it, either.

"I guess this stupid whore is just being a total gutter slut today then. I guess I can't blame you since this whore

Mrs. Politician

obviously can't stop that pussy from dripping so shamelessly..." I sigh again. "Fetch the lezzie bitch."

Slave smirks wide, barely holding back a giggle. "Yes, Mistress! That will way so teach this stupid whore not to be a total slut, Mistress!!!" Slave says in a rather enthusiastic voice. She hurries to the kitchen to pull lezzie away from her chore as "chefette skanky's helper and chief pot scrubbing bitch." Since both slave and skanky officially got their degrees today, we're having roast orange duck for supper. By now the ducks are roasting and skanky is merely working on the side dishes. She can do without lezzie's help for now.

Hearing me call for lezzie, Sharon suddenly gets far more nervous. She squirms and fidgets a lot more energetically. She mews more desperately pleading little "OOH!s" The panic shows on her face. And on her breasts where her nipples tighten until goosebumps erupt around them. Her pussy too as now the honey begins flooding her slit and slowly overflowing it onto the outsides of her lips. She quivers crisply as well. She wonders who I've called for as well. Since she's been here, she hasn't seen anyone other than me, slave, and Jess. And she hasn't seen Jess since she came out of the bathroom so she thinks I let Jess leave.

Slave is back in far under a minute. Lezzie is right behind her, behaving herself as usual. Like skanky lezzie is always naked in the apartment (although unlike skanky on the rarest of occasions I've made an exception for lezzie when it suited my needs to do so). And like skanky, lezzie is wearing a set of police-issue leg irons on her ankles. She's wearing her pastel pink collar as well. But that's all. She has her hands casually behind her as she steps into the room. She crosses to me, ignoring everything and everyone else. She pays no attention to the wiggly Sharon. Lezzie drops to her knees. Kneeling properly she says "How may this bitch serve You, my Queen?" It's a bitch's

Chapter Four - First Licks

polite version of “what do you want?” The version that spares her bottom a spanking here.

Lezzie is slightly taller than me. She’s 5’4”. She’s lean at about 130 pounds. She also has a rather shapely body, with soft, smoothly flowing, defined feminine curves to it. A nice, well toned and rounded, full bottom as well. A full, but neatly trimmed, moderately dense black bush on her pubes, but also smoothly shaven lips on her pussy. She’s fairly busty, with full, rounded, and firm, C cups on her 34” chest. She’s far younger than Sharon as well at 26. None of which Sharon has the slightest clue about.

All Sharon knows is that there is definitely a third person in the room. By now she’s heard my voice, and slave’s, enough. Lezzie’s is slightly deeper, though still very feminine, and softer. She has a hint of the old south in it as well. Sharon shudders as she hears lezzie speak.

“This stupid whore...” I begin telling lezzie. I usually won’t tell lezzie anything more than she needs to know. But I’m not really saying it for lezzie. I’m just heaping another bit of humiliation on Sharon as she hangs there and hears me telling lezzie. Lezzie is smart enough to know exactly what I’m doing. “Has been telling everyone that it doesn’t like girls. While it has been lying away, that pussy has been acting like a total nasty gutter slut...” I see a little grin on lezzie’s face. “Go show that stupid whore just how much *my* new pussy there likes bitches.”

Lezzie is not a lesbian. She’s not bisexual either. It’s part of the reason I named her ‘Lezzie Bitch.’ She is a true submissive. She doesn’t care about Sharon’s gender. Or what she’s being asked to do with Sharon. Her only concern is pleasing her Queen – Me. She knows that she will be able to tongue Sharon’s pussy very well. She’ll make sure Sharon feels every bit of it as well. She knows that I will be pleased with her efforts, and thus with her. So she’s happy and eager to do it. I’d bet Sharon, however, is assuming that lezzie is a lesbian. Especially when lezzie’s

Mrs. Politician

voice enthusiastically replies “Yes, my Queen, gladly.”

Lezzie doesn’t hesitate to get to her feet and walk over to Sharon. She stands in front of Sharon, facing her front. And she steps forward. She seems to completely ignore Sharon as her knees bump against Sharon’s breasts. And Sharon’s wiggling body bumps against her. She leans her head forward, letting her shoulder length, fine, silky hair fall to where it’s flowing over Sharon’s pubes and bottom. Then lezzie’s lips lower onto Sharon’s mound, getting a taste of Sharon’s hot, fresh honey.

A half second later Sharon screeches a loud, very needy, sultry “uh-OOHHHHHHHHH!” Sharon tenses up hard, her muscles pulling taut and as tight as steel. She quivers sharply. A second later she shudders wickedly hard, her body tossing about as it does. Sharon goes on thrashing with crisp shudders for several long seconds as Lezzie’s tongue continues teasing her pussy.

Lezzie is rather well-trained at it, too. I’ve taught her to sweetly and sluttily torment a pussy. Once Sharon begins “jumping” around as the shudders racking her body sharpen, lezzie wraps her arms around Sharon’s hips, her hands softly cradling Sharon’s bare bottom to steady her hips. Lezzie’s tongue goes on, very slowly and tenderly swirling around Sharon’s aching, hard clit, licking along her inner folds, and swirling around the rim of Sharon’s tunnel. Endless repeating.

Sharon’s body snaps hard as her shudders grow more and more powerful. Needier. More urgent. After about ½ a minute of lezzie’s tongue, Sharon’s screeches settle into a steady rhythm of shrill sucking “UH!s” as she inhales a lightning fast breath, then longer squealing, pleading, hungry “AHHHHH!s” as her breath explodes from her lungs.

Lezzie understood the instruction I gave her, even though it’s not exactly one of the standard commands. It’s more one of the special commands I use with the three who live in this house. The three I expect far more of. I

Chapter Four - First Licks

instructed her to make Sharon suffer. Badly. The sweetest of agonizing torment. So, maybe 30 or 40 seconds later, once lezzie has a little control over Sharon's hard fighting, squirming hips, lezzie's hands begin to very tenderly caress Sharon's bottom. Shamelessly.

Sharon seems to enjoy it. I hear a little more urgency in her moans. I see a little more desperation in her squirms. I see the goosebumps that have erupted in the creases of her thighs and over her breasts, too.

My instruction to lezzie has one more part to it. Lezzie is not to allow Sharon to cum. She knows how to do that as well. I can tell that, while her tongue works eagerly on Sharon's pussy, her eyes and hands are paying close attention to Sharon's body, watching her reactions, her squirms, thrashes, and listening to her moans. Lezzie is gauging just how close Sharon is to orgasm. As Sharon inches closer to the edge, lezzie eases up on the tease slightly. Just enough for Sharon to begin ebbing back from the edge. Then lezzie pushes her back towards the edge. And repeats. The cycles growing shorter as Sharon is pushed into a more and more intense arousal.

It makes Sharon scream out her sultry cries and moans. It makes Sharon forget everything else beyond the unbearably intense needy ache throbbing powerfully in her pussy. Beyond the urgent tension flooding out of her pussy and racing to fill her body. Beyond the unbearably intense electric tingles shooting along her nerves, straight out of her clit, along her spine. The tingles that have her body snapping hard with shivers.

I never had any doubt that was going to be a new experience for Sharon. One she'd never thought possible. Enduring a rather intense stimulation, and arousal, feeling the need explode through her body, begging for the release of an orgasm. And not being able to orgasm. No matter how hard she tries to let go and cum. Instead, no matter what Sharon does, or what she wants, she "hangs"

Mrs. Politician

on the very edge of the desperately needed release, unable to go over into bliss. As she waits, the ache in her pussy and clit grows more intense. Exponentially fast. It quickly becomes so deep that she can't stand it. Still unable to climax, she suffers as the ache goes on building, demanding its relief so much more forcefully.

After a couple of minutes I see the tears begin to roll from Sharon's eyes down, over her brow, into her hair. Sharon screams desperately, moaning her pleas for relief. Moaning out how fully her body is aroused now. Crying out for release.

It's the moment Sharon has finally, at least subconsciously, realized that she has no control. She's powerless, even just to allow her pussy the orgasm it craves. Her orgasm will, or will not, come whenever lezzie deigns to give it to her. If lezzie does. Until then, there's absolutely nothing she can do but hang from her ankles and endure an arousal far more intense than she's ever experienced, bask in the absolute total frustration of delay, and wait. Hope. Pray. But mostly suffer the intense, but equally sweet, agony of that blinding, aching primal urge. It's new to her. And unimagined. That her body could so fully be under someone else's power.

And it's exceptionally degrading to her. She hears the squeaky, desperate, screamed words "PLEASE! I'M BEGGING YOU, MA'AM. I CAN'T STAND IT! PLEASE LET ME CUM! FUCK, IT HURTS TOO MUCH, I HAVE TO CUM, MA'AM. PLEASE!!!!!!!!!!" She recognizes its her voice. She doesn't know she's saying them, though. Just hears her voice as if it were someone else. "I'M BEGGING YOU, MA'AM! I CAN'T STAND IT, IT HURTS TOO MUCH. I NEED TO CUM. PLEASE, MA'AM, PLEASE MAKE LET ME CUM!!! FUCK, I'LL DO ANYTHING MA'AM, WHATEVER YOU WANT, I DON'T GIVE A SHIT WHAT IT IS! I'LL DO ANYTHING. PLEASE, OH PLEASE, LET ME CUM!!!!!!!!!!"

Lezzie ignores Sharon. She has her instructions.

Chapter Four - First Licks

They are to tease. Not to relieve. She doesn't particularly want to see Sharon suffer like this, but she doesn't care much either. What matters is that she was told to tease, and she's giving the best tease she possibly can. Lezzie knows that I'll end Sharon's agony when I want to, or if it really gets to be too much for her.

I leave, stepping out of the playroom. Slave follows me. It leaves lezzie to tongue Sharon's pussy. But I can still hear Sharon screaming her desperate pleas. The entire apartment can. If the apartment next to me wasn't empty today, I'd worry that they could hear her, too. But it's not being used, so there's no one to hear.

I'm not known for mercy. But Sharon does have one mercy coming. It's already 17:30. That means supper is served in 30 minutes. I have no plans to invite Sharon to the table with us. But I will end her agony so that everyone else can have their supper. Not that Sharon knows what time supper is here, much less what time it is. In her state, time is kind of meaningless.

I leave her hanging like that a little over twenty minutes. It's about as long as I can stand to listen her screaming moans. I'd bet it feels like twenty centuries to Sharon. Not that I'd care. I want her to suffer. I want her to truly appreciate just how hot, how aroused, how hungry her pussy is right now. I want her to appreciate that it was a woman who made her so hot. With her hips thrashing and bashing against lezzie's ample breasts with their stiff nipples, it's going to be hard for Sharon to pretend otherwise. More so with her chest bumping against Lezzie's pubes, her bush, with every squirm.

I just snap my fingers and announce "enough, lezzie." Lezzie instantly lifts her lips from Sharon's pussy. It lets me see the wide smear of Sharon's sparkly clear honey covering lezzie's face from the bridge of her nose down to the tip of her chin.

Mrs. Politician

Sharon pants fast, painfully frustrated, hungry breaths. She immediately stops thrashing, her energy spent, and hangs limp. Her body keeps trembling, though. I can see the glistening sparkle of honey on her, too. It covers her mound. It has run down into her crack and over the top curves of her globes. It has run down into her pubes and light bush. It's smeared across the bottom couple of inches of her thighs, where they knocked against lezzie's face. With a quick peek, I can see Sharon's lips pounding as her prominent clit throbs powerfully against their insides. Mission accomplished.

Getting Sharon down is easier than getting her up. I just reverse the winch. It begins letting the cables back out, slowly. Sharon's head inches towards the floor. She hangs inert and quivering. Once her head is touching the floor, I put my hands to her hips and guide them back as the cables continue lowering her ankles. She starts to roll onto her back. I let go of her hips and leave the cables to do the work. In several more seconds, her loose body has laid down on her back, her legs now pointing up. The cables keep going. Sharon's legs, no longer held taut, come to lie against the wall behind her. The cables go slack. I stop the winch. I unlock Sharon's ankles from the cuffs. She doesn't move. She lies quivering and panting agonized "Um!s" softly.

I dismiss lezzie, sending her back to her chores in the kitchen. It's about time for her to help skanky plate up the supper to be served. And serve. I don't bother telling her to clean her face off. She won't, since I didn't tell her to. She'll know there's a chance I might want Sharon to see the honey on her face. Which I do. There's no use in trying to keep it secret who ate her pussy. She'll know the first time I tell lezzie anything. There's only one lezzie.

I step back. I snap my crop, very lightly ($\frac{1}{4}$ power), landing the soft leather tip squarely atop Sharon's breast and nipple. The crop makes a soft crack as it lands. Sharon

Chapter Four - First Licks

makes a loud screeched “OWWWWW!” and shudders hard. She wiggles, but the energy is gone, long since spent in her wild thrashing. Her eyes do pop wide open to stare at me in shock. The crop leaves a faint pink splotch on her breast. I snap “stop lying around and skanking all over my floor, stupid whore. It’s supper time. Stand!”

Then I watch as Sharon struggles up to her feet. She’s not so much rubbery as just exhausted. Her body wants to lie still and re-energize. Her pussy wants to cum. Plus her hands are still locked behind her, forcing her to roll over and wiggle up to her feet without using them. I’ll bet that’s yet another first for her.

“Did *my* pussy enjoy a good lesbian tonguing?”

Sharon blushes a bit. “Yes, Ma’am,” she answers. Now her voice is tired, breathy, soft, and rather sensual.

I reach out and very affectionately brush the hair out of Sharon's face. “Tell me how much my pussy liked it, bitch.” It’s the first time I’ve told her anything softly. I want to see if Sharon is going to keep playing modest mouse or finally admit the truth to herself. A pussy has no idea if the tongue licking it belongs to a man or a woman. The only difference is the skill behind the tongue. In general, men tend to have far less of it. Men tend to try and push a woman to orgasm as fast as possible. Women tend to be a bit slower as they take care to do what most arouses the pussy. Women tend to be a bit more delicate, and less tentative, as well. The rest is all learned skill. And I’ve taught lezzie very well.

“It loved it, Ma’am... that was the best... licking... I’ve ever had... it still aches so badly it hurts, Ma’am...” Not exactly the most shamelessly immodest answer, but the blush on her cheeks and resignation in her voice tells me Sharon is beginning to understand. Maybe soon she’ll realize that she’s not telling me anything I can’t already see.

Mrs. Politician

I grab hold of her collar. "Come, stupid whore, it's time for supper. Even bitches get their Alpo here." I start walking to the table. Sharon follows me, a slight unsteadiness to her step.



Chapter Five - Suppertime

Chapter Five - Suppertime

The table is set and ready. There's a place at the head clearly reserved for me. Slave stands beside her regular seat at my left. The seat to my right is set, but empty. Princess Lilly is already sitting quietly in her chair next to slave. Across from Lilly Prince Butt Monkey is sitting (sort of) and waiting (sort of) patiently as he wiggles excitedly and wags his tail. The table is set in front of both as well. It leaves only the seat directly across from me. Except there's no chair or place setting there tonight. Sharon sees all that and assumes, for a moment, that she'll be seated beside me and next to Butt Monkey. I keep her going, walking her right past the table to the far end. I see the "lost" look on her face as she wonders what I'm up to.

I snap "on your knees, bitch." Sharon drops to her knees. She doesn't really know that posture yet, so I use the lightest taps of my crop to emphasize my instructions as I direct her into place. She quickly kneels properly. She even keeps her eyes forward instead of looking to the table which is now at her left side. I let go of her collar.

"Skanky, come." I call out. Skanky hurries into the room. I have a surprise for her. It's not every day a girl graduates from college. Skanky is nude, as always, no exceptions. She's wearing only her pastel green collar, locked around her neck with a shiny small brass padlock that I have the only key to, and decorated with a gold, bone shaped dog tag proclaiming her "Skanky Whore" and offering a "reward if found stray, please call my owner at:" with my phone number. And a pair of police-issue leg irons.

She has no idea what I want. Only that I want her to come to me. She does, immediately dropping to kneel properly "how may this whore serve You, my Queen?" She waits patiently.

"Go sit at the table, the place at my right. You've earned a treat today. You will eat at the table with the royals."

Mrs. Politician

“Thank You, my Queen!” skanky sounds elated. And she is. Not for the rare treat of eating at the table instead of her usual place in the kitchen (where house servants belong). She’s elated that I’m proud of her and think she’s earned a treat. She beams, a wide smile on her face, as she takes her seat.

I notice Sharon rather intently checking skanky out. She’s not so interested in her. She’s definitely wondering if this is the woman who ate her pussy so aggravatingly well. She doesn’t see any trace of wetness on her face. As she thinks hard, she realizes, or guesses, that this body is leaner and lithier than the one she felt herself thrashing against. Her breasts are perky, having an almost pointy shape to them, not the rounded ones she thought she felt against her body. Then again, she reminds herself, she wasn’t paying much attention to the other woman. Just to the agonizing ache in her pussy.

“Lezzie, serve the bitch.” I call out.

Now I have Sharon’s full attention her eyes shifting slightly to take in the archway out of the kitchen as she watches to see who emerges from it. She recognizes the “name” lezzie. Now she knows that whoever comes out of the kitchen will be her tormentor. She trembles slightly as she thinks about it. And waits. She isn’t thinking about what I instructed lezzie to do.

Lezzie comes out of the kitchen, shuffling her feet a little with the irons limiting her stride. Just as skanky did, lezzie pays no attention to Sharon. She comes to me.

Sharon, on the other hand, has every bit of her attention – and her eyes – locked on lezzie. Her face tells me that she knows this is the woman who tortured her pussy so sweetly. It tells me that Sharon is rather interested in lezzie as well. Maybe not so much attracted to her feminine form as attracted to, and now very interested in, what that feminine form has proven that it can do for her.

Chapter Five - Suppertime

It helps that lezzie is a fairly shapely and curvy young woman of 26 years old. She's also somewhat similar in size to Sharon. They're both within an inch or so in height, and there's less than 10 pounds difference between them. But lezzie carries her weight a little differently. She has just a hair more of it on her hips, by no stretch making them even close to fat, but just enough to smooth out the flowing soft curve of them. And she has a little more of that weight in her breasts. Actually, both bitches have full, and fully rounded, breasts. Both have fully stiff nipples now as well. Lezzie's rings and nipples are a shade or two lighter of pink, though. A fraction wide, and a couple of fractions taller, too. Sharon's eyes stray to lezzie's bush as well. Like Sharon's, lezzie's bush is well trimmed, and leaves her lips bare. Unlike Sharon's, lezzie's is black. And dense. Her fur is longer and rather curly as well. The hairs, entwining together, give it a look almost like a black triangle on her pubes. Lezzie has no tan lines on her body, making the dark bush stand out from her soft white flesh.

Lezzie has a rather soft featured, moderately oval, face with very smooth, flowing lines to it. She has brilliant, bright green eyes, a small nose, and a wide mouth framed with soft, silky, light pink lips. Decently plump lips. All of it framed by silky fine, light-to-medium brown hair down to the tops of her shoulders. Without any makeup on, if you looked very closely, you can just make out a few impossibly faint freckles on her nose. Lezzie isn't a beauty queen. She's more of the girl-next-door. Maryanne, not Ginger. And she does it well.

Sharon notices that lezzie is, or at least looks to be, the oldest one here. Not by much, though. Slave and skanky still have the look of a college girl. Lezzie is more of a grad student. I can tell that Sharon is suddenly very curious about lezzie. I'd bet she's making up a hundred different possibilities of who, and what, she could be. That Sharon is wondering if she lives here as well, or if she's just

Mrs. Politician

another of my toys that I summoned to play with Sharon. What kind of woman she is. If she's a professional woman, if she's rich, if she's married, or if she's trailer trash, or maybe something else. Lezzie is a first grade teacher. I'll bet that's not one of the images of her that Sharon conjures up. I'll bet, of all the ideas Sharon invents, lezzie dressed in inexpensive professional attire, standing in front of a class of little ones, and singing the infamous A, B, C's song as they practice spelling words, is not one of them. But that's exactly what lezzie was doing today. The kids love her. The parents do, too, as her students tend to get better than average marks on their state tests. Lezzie has a boyfriend / finance as well (one approved by me and her father). I'd bet Sharon is imagining her more as a devout lesbian. Which she's far from.

Sharon is so interested in lezzie that she doesn't even notice the bowls lezzie is carrying over to me. They're both regular plastic dog bowls in pastel green. Both have "Stupid Whore" written on them in a girly, flowing script that's rather cutsey. Only when lezzie leans over, her ample breasts dangling right in front of the kneeling Sharon's eyes, that Sharon notices them.

One has plain distilled water in it. Call me overly cautious, but I know what Cholera is. I know that rarely does a week go by without yet another sewage overflow, either from Prichard's mostly-unmaintained system or the slightly-below-sea-level southern part of the county. I use distilled water, and nothing else, for drinking. For \$1/gallon, it's better safe than sick. And I can't manage to trust the water is reliably bacteria-free when millions of gallons of sewage a year are overflowing from the water treatment systems.

The second bowl has Sharon's supper. Bitch chow. It's the same meal everyone else is getting. Roast orange duck with all the trimmings. She even gets dessert! It's all in the bowl. It's all been in the blender, turning the entire

Chapter Five - Suppertime

meal in to a single uniform paste. It looks similar to cheap dog food. Dog food I would never feed Lilly or Butt Monkey. I want it to be unappetizing, but also nutritious and healthy. I don't want Sharon to know what she's eating. I don't want her to even know what's in that paste. I definitely don't want her to like it. But she is going to eat it.

It's another aspect of the theme of this evening. Sharon hinted, and I am now certain, that she needs to be completely without choices. She needs to not think at all. To be a plastic doll for a few hours. To "turn off" and relax as life happens to her. First, to get here able to do that, I need to teach her that she is utterly powerless. Thinking won't do anything for her, because no matter what she thinks, wants, needs, hates, or how much she whines and cries, none of it will matter. She'll do whatever I want her to do, and she's unable to even influence how she does it, much less what she does. The feeling of utter nothingness. I know Sharon isn't going to want to eat this. Nor is she going to like the taste of it. No one would. I don't want her to. I want her to "choke down" every bite of it, knowing how much she hates it, and accepting that she has no choice but to demurely do it simply because she was told to.

Lezzie sets the bowls on the floor. She steps back. I ignore lezzie for the moment. I have Sharon to focus on. And now that Sharon has noticed the bowls, she's watching them closely. She's fidgeting again as well. Her face tells me she's wondering what that gooey, glob of green-brown paste could possibly be. If it might actually be Alpo, as I referred to it. I'd bet 1200 calories of glazed duck is not anywhere on the list of things Sharon guesses it to be. But that's what it was. Including generous portions of vegetables, a bit of grains (rye roll), a bit of starches (pasta) and even a bit of sweets (pecan pie). It's even Kosher!

"Eat up, *bitch!*" I watch as the color blanches from

Mrs. Politician

Sharon's face in an instant. The instant she realizes what I'd meant a moment ago when I said "bitches need their Alpo." She's the bitch I was referring to. Not, as she believed I meant, one of the canines in the house. Sharon trembles. She shirks with a sudden burst of renewed desperate energy. She starts to look sick as the concepts fully settle into her mind. She doesn't move.

I'm no more patient that I usually am with bitches. That is, I give Sharon about two seconds to obey her instruction. When she's still kneeling instead of moving to eat her supper, I put a hand roughly on the back of her head. I put my foot atop her thigh and press down firmly to keep her legs where they are. I shove her head forward, bending her waist, and mostly sort of throwing her face forward and down towards the waiting bitch chow bowl.

"UH!" Sharon sucks in a sharp, squeaky gasp. She tenses instantly, using every bit of her strength and every muscle in her body, to keep her head up. Or at least far from the goop. I keep shoving her head forward as I lift my foot from her thigh. That allows her bottom to rise up a little as her waist continues bending and her shoulders moving down. The chains of her handcuffs rattle a bit noisily as her hands struggle to come around in front of her. The cuffs win, holding her hands behind her and useless. I put my foot to her back, the sole of my sneaker between the tops of her shoulder blades. I stomp down, my leg having plenty of power to forcibly shove her shoulders all the way down. Her bottom rises up more as her knees begin to flex. Her face nearing the glob of ickiness. A tremor, so sharp and strong that I feel it through my leg, racks Sharon's body. And then her face plops into the slop. I hold her face in it, burying her lips, chin, and the tip of her nose in it, for a second or two. An even more powerful shudder sweeps over Sharon. I glance back to her bottom. I can't tell if it's having an effect on her pussy or not – after her time under lezzie's tongue, Sharon's mound, bottom, and thighs, are just too much of a

Chapter Five - Suppertime

wet mess.

I ease up the pressure on Sharon's back. I wouldn't want to suffocate her in her supper. Immediately I feel her shoulders rising eagerly up, lifting her face from the slop. She pants a deep breath. She shudders very sharply. And she misbehaves. "No way am I ---" Sharon blurts out, a sudden firmness, and an utter revulsion, in her voice.

"OWWWWWW!" Sharon screams out, as my crop snaps a moderately hard swat onto Sharon's taut bottom. This time the swat rings out with a loud and sharp splitting crack. It sears a light red crop print splotch on her cheek. Sharp needles of pain shoot like lances into her globe as her flesh begins to burn from the crop's stinging bite. A violent shudder sweeps over Sharon. This time there's no missing the sparkle of fresh wet honey emerging from her slit. There's a quick, and brief, but heavy, dollop of it. Enough to cover her entire slit in that instant. As fast as it appeared, I know Sharon's pussy spasmed, basically squirting the creamy / oily honey from her tunnel. I know she's feeling the icy hot tingling sparks erupting throughout her pussy as well. And the sudden blossoming of the already agonizing ache in her clit. "OW, that HURTS!" Sharon cries out loudly, her voice back to its squeaking tone. Sharon pants fast, noisy, nervous breaths.

"Eat up, *bitch*" I repeat the command. I stomp down on her shoulders again, driving her face back into the food. I hold her face down for a few seconds, feeling those powerful tremors flowing through her body, watching her hands frantically squirm around unhelpfully, and noticing the little quivers of her pussy lips. I let up, allowing her to lift her shoulders and bring her face up a couple of inches.

Sharon stays put. She doesn't have much choice. She pants the most nervous breaths. After a second she starts heaving, but dryly, more from the revulsion as she imagines eating the food, not from actually doing so. I know she hasn't tried eating it yet. I watched. There's no

Mrs. Politician

hiding the rippling, the moving tendons, in her neck and at her jaw as she chews and swallows. I saw none of it. I don't explain it to Sharon. She doesn't need to know how I know she didn't eat.

Sharon screams again as the crop snaps hard (about $\frac{3}{4}$ power) against her other cheek. It sears a matching crop print on that globe. It gets me more shudders and another fresh spurt of honey on her slit, too. It leaves Sharon panting desperately, cringing hard, a deathly pale sweeping over her face as it wrinkles up in absolute disgust. It leaves her heaving a couple more times, a little more strongly, but still just dry.

"Eat up, *BITCH*," I repeat the command again, and then my foot stomps down driving Sharon's face back to her dog bowl of slop.

Another heave hits Sharon at the same time as a crisp tremor shudders her body so much that I see her bottom wiggle from it. Her breasts would definitely jiggle as well, were they not pushed flush against her knees. I feel the tension as she cringes. I see another fresh squirt of honey appear on her slit. Finally I see the little motions in her neck. I see her jaw open, but not wide. She takes a small, almost minuscule, bite of the food.

And then she heaves hard. It's sharp and violent. Thankfully she doesn't vomit. Her bottom snaps up hard. Her face stays put, my foot holding it down. She snaps a wickedly violent shudder - this one so strong that her bottom thrashes with it. A dollop of honey flows along her slit, drips from the end of the pink line, and gets tossed onto her foot. Her toes curl up. Her hands ball into fists. Her entire body seems to pale sickly.

She swallows. Then I let her face up. Her lips quiver more, now enough that no one would miss it. Her clit must be throbbing hard, and aching worse. Her nipples are still rock hard. Tears roll from her eyes. But I don't swat her bottom again. After a couple of seconds, once Sharon is

Chapter Five - Suppertime

confident that a swat isn't coming, she realizes that somehow I can tell if she's really eating it or not. She imagines I'm going by the disgust she shows. She realizes something else, as well.

Something far more important. That she's going to have to eat this slop. That I actually meant exactly what I told her: whatever she's told to do, she will do, and the only question is how much punishment she will endure before willingly doing whatever it is. I said eat the goop. Now she understands that she is going to eat the goop. As much as it nauseates her. She doesn't have a choice. Because she has no way to refuse. Physically no way. If she doesn't eat, I'll just whip her bottom again. And again. And again. Each stroke stinging a rather painful welt onto her bottom. Eventually, and sooner rather than later she thinks, the pain will be so great that she'd rather eat the food than suffer another stroke of the whip. Then she would eat it. Or she can eat it now and spare her bottom the fiery sting of a few more whippings.

The feeling of utter powerlessness fills her as she dwells on her fate. In a couple of seconds, I see her body relax a bit as she resigns herself to her new place in the world. Almost immediately the quivering returns. It's not that her body shudders, but more of a trembling of her flesh as if her nerves were so overly sensitive that tingles were erupting all along them, from the tips of her toes to the top of her head. The grimace of horrific disgust on her face fades into a mask of unwilling, reluctant acceptance. Her pussy lips quiver a hair more powerfully. Her honey weeps a hair faster.

"Eat up, *bitch*, I expect both of those bowls licked clean before my entree is served. Do not disappoint me, *bitch*." I use my foot to nudge her shoulder down just a fraction of an inch. Toward, but not into, the goo.

"Yes, Ma'am," Sharon answers in a very shamefully hushed, squeaky, and resigned voice. She lowers her head

Mrs. Politician

the last inch, putting her lips to the pile of gunk. She takes another tiny bite, her face scrunching into a hard grimace as she tastes it again. She swallows. She shudders hard. She takes another bite.

I take my foot from her back. She doesn't rise. The only difference I notice is a little more of a sparkle at her slit. Now, with nothing touching her, she can't lie to herself and pretend she's being physically forced to eat it. She knows there's nothing to stop her from lifting her face. She doesn't. She's accepted that eating this is not her choice to make. It's been made for her. She hates eating it. But she obediently makes herself do it.

I wait a moment, until I have some confidence that she will eat her supper. Then I return to my seat. I call out for lezzie to begin serving the supper. Up first is the appetizer: celery sticks with non-dairy bleu cheese dressing. That's in Sharon's bitch chow, too. Every thing on my plate is. The others, Lilly, Butt Monkey, slave, skanky and lezzie, get the same plates I do (except Butt Monkey always demands the full three plates he's allowed, and Lilly often has seconds. I swear Butt Monkey would eat until the food was shooting out his butt, and then keep eating! Boys!!!) Tonight lezzie is the only one not seated at the table. She didn't graduate today. Nor this year. Nor last year. But she does have a BA. She will eat her meal standing in the kitchen after the rest have been served and the meal cleaned up. Just as skanky would any other day. Slave gets table privileges due to her assignment as my handmaiden - I keep her at my side to cater to whatever whim impishly occurs to my inner imp. A small greens salad with an array of fresh greens and vegetables follows. Then a small cup of french onion soup au gratin. It's everyone's favorite soup, made with non-dairy cheese to keep the meal dairy-free and strictly Kosher.

Once I've lingered over those three courses, and the soup has been cleared away by my naked wait-bitch,

Chapter Five - Suppertime

lezzie, I rise to my feet and walk back around to where Sharon is on her knees. Her head is still down, and it's neither that easy, nor comfortable, for her to keep her face to the floor with her hands locked behind her. The water bowl is nearly empty. The food bowl is about 75 or 80 percent eaten. There's no doubt that Sharon is eating slowly. As slowly, with the smallest bites she can manage. It's the opposite of what I'd do - I'd gulp it down and get it over with. Sharon seems to be more making herself do it, doing as little as she can while behaving, meekly making her way through the task.

I won't stand for that. I don't care if she gulps it down or not. But I did tell her that she was to have both bowls empty before my entree. That allowed her around 20 minutes to eat a bowlful of food. It could have been gulped down in a minute or so. She's had far more than enough time. And here, obedience is prime.

Sharon trembles as she sees me stepping over to her. She swallows a slightly larger bite. I grab her hair and use it to violently yank her head up, bringing her all the way up, driving her bottom back down between her heels, until she's kneeling properly. I watch the shock, and horror, erupt on her face. I see her shudder and tremble at the same time. She knows she's disappointed me.

"Bad bitch!" I scold her without raising my voice. I just harden it into a disapproving and icy steel. "You were told to have those bowls empty before my entree was served. They are not. You will be punished for your disobedience." It's as if I'm stating a fact utterly devoid of any emotion. As if all that matters to me is my instruction being followed. As if Sharon, and whatever unpleasant punishment she now dreads is coming, doesn't matter the least bit to me. As if I don't care how miserable it makes her.

I pull a pair of strong nipple clamps out of my pocket. These are made like alligator clips, complete with teeth on

their jaws, only with stronger than normal springs in them. Those springs will squeeze the jaws more strongly, driving the teeth to pinch her nipples harder and more painfully. I pinch one open, holding it right in front of Sharon's eyes as I do, forcing her to see the pointy little teeth. "You will wear these clamps on *my* naughty nipples until I finish supper. Their sharp bite can remind you to obey your Queen, *bitch*."

I put one hand on her shoulder, getting a strong grip to keep her chest steady. And then, rather casually and without a care in the world, I bring the clamp down positioning its wide gaping jaws above and below her left nipple. Across the nipple sideways, not head on. I release my grip, allowing the spring to close the jaws on her steely hard little nub.

The points of those teeth bite sharply into her nipple. "OW!" Sharon screeches. She squirms, and her hands snap into gear to struggle to get free of the cuffs. None of it does anything. She stays in place, her breast staying still as the clamp torments it. I see a tear as she sobs. Wisely, she doesn't say anything. After a second she trembles again. And waits, watching in horrified agony as I pinch the second clamp open and bring it to her right nipple. Then she screeches again as the second clamp bites into her second nipple. I release her.

"Eat up, *bitch*, do not disappoint me again. When I return, those bowls are to be *licked spotless*." And then I return to my seat, leaving Sharon up on her knees.

Sharon hesitates a short moment, weeping silently as the clamps pinch the little needle like teeth into her nipples. As the light pain fills her nipple, then her breast. As she truly discovers that there's nothing she can do about it. Even the sharp tremors that hit her, jiggling her breasts a bit, do nothing to dislodge the clamps. There's nothing she can move enough to get to them and release them with her hands bound. I've decided she would be

Chapter Five - Suppertime

punished by these rather unpleasant clamps. Thus she will be. She got no say in it. No choice about it. I said. She suffers. The end. After several long seconds, she resigns herself to the fate. She accepts that she gets no say. That the clamps are there, and will stay there until I whimsically decide to remove them. And until then, she will endure the sharp sting and the now-blooming throbbing ache tormenting her nipples.

Now Sharon believes that there will be more punishment, likely worse, should she displease me again by not having her bowl licked clean whenever I decide to come look. And she realizes that she is not going to disappoint me again. Because it will do only one thing – make her life worse. She fumbles, clumsily leaning forward and brings her face to the bowl. She starts eating it, a bit more quickly than before. With somewhat larger bites as well. As she should have done 20 minutes ago. She's learning a bitch's place.

Lezzie serves the entree, orange glazed duck (breast for me and the girls, leg/thighs for the royals who prefer the darker meat), with steamed carrots, a rye roll, and a pseudo-Asian creation of noodles, chopped nuts and seeds, sprouts and bamboo shoots tossed with a spicy peanut sauce. I eat, enjoying my supper and ignoring Sharon. Lezzie serves, keeping the table well tended and the drinks (we're having a freshly brewed orange pekoe tea, sweetened with honey, flavored with a touch of lime juice, and iced). Everyone ignores Sharon.

Once lezzie clears the supper plates, I rise again and walk around to Sharon. I'd bet I was only $\frac{1}{4}$ of the way through my plate when I saw her lift her head partway up. As I glance down now, her bowls are spotless. Literally licked spotless. There isn't a speck of gooey food nor a drop of water that I can see. And that tells me something: Sharon has accepted her place, at least this moment of it. She understands her position: spotless bowls, or

Mrs. Politician

punishment until I get spotless bowls. There is nothing else. Only those two. And both end in the same way.

Sharon is not kneeling properly. She's hunched forward, eyes and face down to stare at her knees and the floor. A hard yank on her hair snaps her head up. I have a leg behind her feet, and as she jerks upright her back bumps against it, keeping it straight. I let go of her hair and she stays up. Her face is scrunched up into an agonized grimace. And now I can see the deep purple hue of her nipples under the clamps as well. Those have got to be throbbing intensely. Not that doubling over would ease it. But it does keep her face from view. She still weeps silently.

I scold her sternly, but not harshly, reminding her that she's to kneel properly. No other way. Ever. Because that's what I want. No one cares what she wants. "Nor do I care how badly those boobs hurt, bitch. I don't feel a thing!" I tell her that she's to remain kneeling properly, and keep her eyes open / forward. Eventually someone will tell her otherwise. Until then, "*my toy, my property*, stays where I put it, just as a Barbie Doll would stay put on my shelf until I returned to get it. Because you are exactly what that cheap hunk of Chinese made plastic is: *my property!*" That said I return to my seat.

Lezzie serves dessert. It's pecan pie topped with a small scoop of (non-dairy) ice cream. I have white chocolate/raspberry. Slave has mint chocolate chip. Skanky has butter pecan. Lilly has dulce de leche. Butt Monkey has the same as I do. Everyone got her favorite tonight. Sharon's goop was made with the butter pecan. And I know, to Lilly's ire, Lezzie will have the dulce de leche. We eat.

And I enjoy the live entertainment. Sharon. She has no choice but to see everyone eating. Which means she watches as slave spoon feeds a patient Lilly her dessert. As Sharon realizes that here even the canines get to eat

Chapter Five - Suppertime

like “normal people” at the table. Only Sharon wasn’t afforded that. Only she had to eat like a dog. The numerous visages of shame, disgust, and similar coming over her face are my entertainment. Her face shows the discomfort of those hard pinching clamps, too. Most amusing is the small smear of bitch chow around her mouth, and a single spot of it on her nose. She has no way to clean it off. She definitely feels it there. And knows we’re all seeing it. Add another fresh one to the humiliation column for Sharon!

Once I’ve finished my meal, including an after dessert flavored coffee, I rise and return to Sharon. Now I see a bit of hope on her face and I know that she’s hoping I’ll take those clamps off her nipples. I ignore them, and her, for the moment. I ignore the smear, too. I grab her chain collar and snap a soft, firm “come, bitch.” I start heading for the playroom, forcing Sharon to hurry clumsily to get up onto her bound feet and shuffle them to follow along. I’m sure she wonders what horror I have in store for her now. I’ll bet she’s praying for relief for her aching pussy, too.



Chapter Six - Lesbian 101

Mrs. Politician

I put Sharon on her knees. She drops willingly, but still a bit reluctantly. I take my time. I have slave fetch me the spanking chair and set it facing Sharon. I stand beside it while slave fetches me a light paddle. It's a wooden ping-pong paddle without the rubber on it. Just plain light wood. I hold it in front of Sharon's face, letting her get a good look at. In less than a second I see the very nervous look bloom on her face as she envisions what I might intend to do with the paddle. I make her stare at it about 15 more seconds.

And then I speak, telling Sharon in a plain, all business, detached, and uncaring, but soft, voice exactly what the paddle is for. Telling her that all her fears are going to come true. "I've decided that you deserve to be spanked for interrupting my supper by making me get back up." I add a pronounced whimsical note to my voice, too. I watch the horror erupt on Sharon. I see her begin to tremble. I'd bet her pussy is already weeping fresh honey, too. "You will get five swats with this paddle, bitch." My voice sounds a bit impish, letting Sharon know I'd just suddenly decided to punish her more for her sin. "*You are going to behave for your spanking. You are going to be a proper, polite, humble, and very respectful little bitch while I spank your naughty bare bottom, bitch.*" I smirk wide, keeping the flighty but stern tone in my voice.

Then I take my seat. Whether Sharon deserves a spanking is immaterial. I have another reason for increasing her punishment. First, I want to make sure she understands that there are no defined rules for me, like there are for her. I'm free to change my mind. I'm free to make things up as I go. I'm free to do whatever impish whim strikes me at any moment. Whether it's fair to Sharon is just as immaterial, because Sharon doesn't matter. She's property. Second, it will give Sharon a chance to show me that she's learned her lesson. That she now accepts her place. That she is going to humble herself shamelessly because that's her place.

Chapter Six - Lesbian 101

"Ask me properly to spank you now, bitch," I tell her, adding a rough outline of what to say because I know that the concept of abject humility is alien to her.

"Miss Rodgers," Sharon begins. Her voice is the shamefully hushed, near silent, slightly breathy and very squeaky tone I'm used to. She shirks inward. Her face shows a light blush along with her shame. "I'm sorry for not eating my supper when You told me to, Ma'am..." Sharon cringes a bit more as the humiliation deepens. As does her reluctance, and her fear that she's going to get what she asks for. "I deserve to be spanked for interrupting You, Ma'am..." Sharon cringes hard, her face scrunching into a miserable grimace. Her blush deepens. Her voice hushes a bit more and breaks with the squeakiness. "Will you please turn me over your knees spank my naked ass five good hard strokes like a naughty little girl to punish me for my disobedience, Ma'am?" By the time she gets the last words out, she's almost sobbing aloud. And shirking back from me. She trembles as she waits, knowing that I'm going to grant her unwilling request.

I scold her for her potty mouth, telling her that it's not polite. My bitches have good manners. I warn her there will be consequences should I hear another "dirty word" from her mouth. I see her cringe and blush with shame as I scold her exactly as if she were about three years old. Then I make her ask again just to add a hair more to her humiliation. She says the same thing, changing only "ass" to "butt." I accept that.

"Come here, bitch, over you go." I tell her firmly, crooking a finger to her as I tell her not to get off her knees. I don't care how awkward it is for her shuffle over and around on her knees with her ankles chained. She gets the hint and comes over to my right side. I have her lean over and lie herself across my knees. Once she's over my thighs, I open them into position to support her, my

Mrs. Politician

right leg in the bend of her waist, my left just under her rib cage with her ample breasts dangling down against the outside of my legs.

I leave her lying there, feeling the quivers as they flow through her body, while I tell her what “behave” means for her spanking. She is to ask for each stroke. She is to lie still while she gets it. She is to count it, thank me, and then ask for the next. She’s not to move at all. She’s not to make any effort to cover her bottom. Other than what’s required of her, she is not to say a single word. She is to lie there keeping her bottom still and fully exposed for me to spank. However bad her spanking is, that’s her problem to endure. No whining. And no wasting my time by stalling. “It’s my bottom and I’ll spank it when I want, I don’t care what you want, because you don’t matter and that’s not your bottom. It. Is. Mine.”

I very gently touch the paddle to her bare globes, letting her feel the wood against her skin. She flinches sharply from just the touch. I tell her “that’s your cue that I am ready, thus it is time for you to ask for your first stroke, bitch. Quit wasting my time before I change my mind again.” Unsaid is that if I change my mind, it might well change to decide I want to spank her ten strokes instead of five. Or something like that. The shiver tells me she’s figured that out.

Sharon shivers crisply, her body tensing up at the same time while she cringes, slightly curling up, across my knees. Her voice trembles, its squeak mousy and shrill, and it mutes to almost nothing. “Will You please spank my bare butt nice and hard to teach me to mind my Queen, Ma’am?” I’m not sure what there’s more of in her voice, humiliation at having to ask, or reluctance.

I move lightning quick, lifting the paddle about 18” from her cheeks and snapping it back hard. I keep my elbow bent as I swing the paddle, limiting the power I can put behind it to about half. I’m not trying to hurt Sharon. I

Chapter Six - Lesbian 101

want it to hurt, but not that badly. I want to degrade her by making her ask for these swats, knowing they're going to hurt, while lying rather demeaningly over my knees like a naughty child.

"AH-OWWWWWWW!" Sharon shrieks far more loudly than the ½ power swat merits. She tenses fast and hard. Her hands jump around against her back. Her head snaps back. She squirms. She pants fast, squeaky "AH-OW!" as she tries to pull herself back together. There's only a light pink splotch on her globes now. I'd bet in well under an hour it will fade to nothing. I'm sure she feels the sharp sting of the paddle's bite, though.

It takes her close to 15 seconds to compose herself. It's about as long as I would have allowed her. I almost wonder if she's trying to stall, to guess how long I'll give her. "One, Ma'am." Now I hear the pain and nervousness breaking in her voice as well. I know she's imagining another four swats on her now-sore bottom, wondering how badly it's going to hurt by the end, wondering if she'll be able to handle it or if I'll make it hurt enough that she embarrasses herself by acting like a baby. I can see that she's nicely (deeply) humiliated by this. "I'm sorry for not obeying You, Ma'am. Thank You for spanking my bare butt, Ma'am. I deserve four more strokes, Ma'am..." Sharon hesitates for a second before forcing herself to eke out the last. "Will You please spank my naked naughty butt again, Ma'am?"

She gets her "wish." As soon as the words are out of her mouth, a fraction of a second before she's expecting it, I snap the paddle again. And Sharon screeches again, snapping, tensing, shuddering, and cringing over my knees. She wiggles a little more energetically and pants her whines a little more urgently. She sobs now. And then she counts off the second stroke and asks for her third.

I lift the paddle quickly, then hesitate a second with it high, just to make her wait. I wouldn't want her to get into

Mrs. Politician

a rhythm and know when it's coming. It snaps just as hard as the last two. It deepens the pinkness on her cheeks to medium pinkness. It gets a good shriek from her, and gets her sobbing a little harder. It gets her squirming a lot harder, too. It keeps her slit wet with fresh honey and her lips quivering atop her throbbing clit, too, but I'd bet anything she's hoping that I won't notice that. It takes her a little longer to count this stroke off, even though her bottom isn't nearly that sore. I could make it far sorer. I don't because I don't need to – I figured out long ago that Sharon craves being forced into mindless obedience to humiliating things, not hard pain. The light pain of this paddle is just the force to make her willing to degrade herself shamelessly. Which excites her.

Sharon counts off her stroke, and this time the paddle is up fast and landing as the last word leaves her lips. A half second faster than she expected it. She was sure I'd let her finish asking before she felt the bite. She didn't expect the swat to land at the instant she finished asking. It keeps her off-balance enough that she still hasn't figured out what to expect. Which makes this all the more arousing for her. It reminds her that she's to obey her instructions, and I will do whatever I fancy with her. She sobs hard now, tears staining her cheeks. She squirms hard, too. Her bottom glows a little brighter shade of pink.

Sharon asks for her last stroke. I land it just a hair harder this time, and a second or so later than she guessed I would. She screams, then she sobs a good cry. She quivers crisply as she squirms around over my thighs. Not one part of her body is still. I feel her breasts dragging over my thigh. I see her bottom wiggling, trying to shake away some of the sting. I see the bright sparkle of honey on her slit, too.

It takes Sharon about $\frac{1}{2}$ a minute to stop whining enough to count it off. "Five, Ma'am. I'm sorry for not doing as I was told, Ma'am. Thank you for spanking my

Chapter Six - Lesbian 101

naked butt to teach me that I have to obey my Queen, Ma'am."

I send Sharon back to where she started, instructing her to kneel as she was before being over my knees. She's off my legs as fast as she's ever moved. Her bottom glows a bright, medium pink as she shuffles along on her knees back to place. By the look of it, it will take a couple of hours for the pinkness to vanish. The sting will linger until morning. She kneels properly, taking care to get in a proper posture lest she give a reason to spank her again.

"Tell me what you learned over my knees, *bitch*?" I say firmly, but in a soft / gentle voice.

Sharon blushes, and shirks back a hair. "I learned that I have to obey You, Ma'am..." I just glare hard at her, a rather disapproving scowl on my face to let her know that no simple answer is going to satisfy me. She's going to have to give up that pride and answer fully. She catches it. "I learned that it doesn't matter what I think, Ma'am, when You tell me to do something, I have to do it because I'm going to end up doing it anyway and if I don't You'll just punish me, which I will not like, and eventually I'm going to just do it to stop the punishment, Ma'am." I keep staring at her. She hesitates a few seconds. "I really wish I'd just eaten that slop you gave me, Ma'am... if I had, then my butt wouldn't be on fire right now, and I still ate it."

"Stupid Whore!" I scold her sharply, seeing her cringe so hard she almost jumps back at the mild (by my standards) rebuke. "You haven't said the most important thing. What are you, *bitch*?"

Sharon sobs heavily, but only for a couple of seconds, her face blushing to a deep beet red. "I'm nothing, Ma'am... I'm Your property, Ma'am... I'm... I live to serve and obey You, Ma'am." Sharon squeaks out with as much shame as I've heard from her.

"I guess you're not as stupid as you've been acting.

Mrs. Politician

Maybe those liberal, and insane, positions you've taken on some issues, is just pandering to your constituency, not actual beliefs. I should have known that a politician would be nothing more than a media whore, saying whatever the viewers of the hour wanted to hear as if you actually believed it. I mean seriously, why would you even think of expanding welfare and jobless benefits when there's 7% unemployment in your area? They don't need welfare, they need to get off their lazy butts and fill those jobs." I sigh, letting her know that I truly disapprove of her politics. I suspect half of them are truly hers, and half are just her touting the party line. Those Democrats so love to spend money. "Are you ready to behave that naughty flabby old bottom, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am." I clear my throat to urge her to a more shameless answer. "I'll behave my naughty butt, Ma'am."

"And how are you going to do that, bitch?"

"I'm going to do what You tell me to do, Ma'am, whatever it is."

By now Sharon has managed to stop crying. Her face is still a mess, but only slightly so. It'll do. With her still on her knees I send slave over to take the clamps off Sharon's nipples. When slave removes the first one, Sharon breathes out a deep sigh of relief. "Aw, does your little nipple hurt from those sharp clamps?"

"Yes, Ma'am... my nipples hurt a lot from those clamps, Ma'am."

"Slave, kiss the bitch's boo-boo and make it better."

"Yes, Mistress," slave answers with a bit of a giggle in her voice. She leans down, putting her lips very softly to the tip of Sharon's breast. She opens her mouth a little, letting her lips surround the nub without touching it. Then she takes her tongue, swirling the tip of it very slowly and tenderly around the throbbing nub.

Chapter Six - Lesbian 101

“OOH!” Sharon blurts out in surprise. A very sweet surprise. She shudders hard, her jaw hanging open. Goosebumps erupt around her nipple, swelling out to cover half of her breast. Sharon pants as slave’s lips release the breast. Slave moves over and releases the other clamp, kissing that breast to Sharon’s squealing delight as well. Slave returns to me.

I pull my phone out of my pocket. “Did you enjoy a good pussy eating from my lezzie bitch?”

“Yes, Ma’am... I really loved it when she ate my pussy, Ma’am.”

“You will learn to tongue a pussy just as nicely as she did that overly slutty cum dumpster between those fat legs, bitch. And don’t bother telling me it’s not the trashiest slut hole on Earth, bitch, I saw how it was dripping wet even while you cried over my knees. That pussy is just a total complete whore! I know it’s aching for a good cock to fuck it hard like a whore likes right now. Too bad, I don’t feel like my pussy getting pounded by a cock, and I don’t feel that annoying ache, so I really don’t care how badly it aches for a dick.”

I hold my phone up, getting a good image of Sharon’s entire body on her knees. “Ask your nice husband to watch you eat a pussy like a cheap dyke whore, bitch? I’m waiting, and I do not want to be disappointed by you pretending to have some pride, modesty, or shame. Ask him like the shameless slut you’re being.”

Sharon cringes hard, wrinkling her face up as she sobs a single time. She blushes again. “Uh... honey,” she begins. I snap, scolding her for the familiar language and telling her that she’s not his wife, she’s my play toy, my bitch, and I want her to be humbly polite. Always. I tell her to try again. “Sir... Before supper the Queen had her lezzie bitch eat my pussy and it was incredibly good, and it left me so horny that I can’t stand it. Now She’s going to

Mrs. Politician

teach me to eat a pussy like that... Will you please watch me... bury my face between lezzie's legs and eat another woman's pussy like a trashy lesbian whore, Sir?"

I decide to accept that invitation, even though there's one error in it. It won't be lezzie's pussy that gets eaten. Lezzie has dish duty. But I see no reason to correct that since I have no plans to tell Sharon whose pussy she's eating. It doesn't matter. She's to learn. The pussy is just a training aid. A prop. I slip my phone back into my pocket. Then I have slave blindfold Sharon. It gets Sharon showing a little more antsiness without her sight. It makes her feel more vulnerable, more at my mercy. It makes her trust and rely on me more. As if her bound hands didn't already do that.

I leave Sharon ignored as I silently signal slave to fetch skanky. Slave does it quickly, and when she returns with skanky I just point to show skanky where I want her. Lying on her back, on the massage table. She hops up. Another little cue and skanky rather eagerly parts her legs offering up her pussy. She doesn't know what I have in mind, but I'd bet she has a good guess. I know she's hoping / praying that at some point I will allow her a treat. A nice orgasm by "stupid whore's" tongue. It would be the only name she's ever heard me call Sharon. Skanky wouldn't care what her name is. All skanky cares about is pleasing me, and so much the better if it gets her a delicate tonguing in the process.

I take hold of Sharon's chain collar. "Come, bitch" is the only thing I say, my voice steely firm, but soft and not scolding yet. Enough to let Sharon know that I expect obedience without question, but also that I'm not upset with her. Yet. Sharon hurries up, shuffling her feet and fumbling her legs as she gets up without her hands and in the leg irons. Then she follows me, her feet moving as much as the chain will allow. I keep the pace to one she can handle, but not by much. She's going to learn, one

Chapter Six - Lesbian 101

way or the other, that I'm not a fan of stalling or delaying.

I walk Sharon to the foot of the massage table and stand her facing it. I use a hand on her sore bottom, lightly, to urge her forward until the foot of the table is against her waist. She squeals as I touch her tender cheek. And she jumps forward with the slightest urging from me. I move my hand up to the small of her back and press lightly, nudging her flush against the table. I keep a little pressure against her, stopping her from moving backward. I uncuff her wrists, surprising her. Obediently she keeps her hands behind her. I guess she remembers what happened last time she didn't.

Slave brings over a milk crate and sets it on the floor in front of Sharon's feet. I know it won't be comfortable for her bare feet to stand on, but with those irons on, she's going to need the little bit of lift it offers. Besides, it's not my bare feet! I tell Sharon to step up on it and she does.

I give her permission to use her hands now to brace herself. I tell her to climb up on the table in front of her, getting her knees up on it, leaving her feet hanging off the end, and kneel. She fumbles a lot, moves rather clumsily, especially blindfolded. The chain limiting her feet's movement doesn't help much either. It only lets her get her knee barely on the table before the chain goes taut and she has to bring the other knee up. Then she shuffles forward a bit. Very cautiously. Skanky has her feet on the table, legs wide, and knees almost fully bent, which has her up beyond Sharon's knees.

I take a moment to put an 18" spreader bar on Sharon's thighs just above her knees. That way she won't be able to close her legs. And I don't want her to. I'm sure she's wondering what I'm doing. And probably more wondering why I'm doing it. She'll find out soon enough.

I have Sharon lean over slowly, putting herself on all four paws. Her hands and knees. I keep my hand on her

Mrs. Politician

thighs, holding them from moving, which keeps her from figuring out what I have between her knees. Then I have her start to inch her way forward. She can move, the bar lets her, but it's not so easy. It's definitely uncoordinated. She creeps up. Her hands quickly brush against skanky's smallish, narrow, slightly bony feet. Bare feet. Sharon quickly pulls her hands in, as if not wanting to touch skanky. Or any other woman. I am all but certain that Sharon still thinks it's lezzie on the table. It's not like she was paying any attention to lezzie's feet.

I stop Sharon with her face directly over skanky's smoothly shaven pussy mound. I stand beside Sharon, and slightly behind. Enough behind her that I can see the long mound of her pussy, its slit pink and brightly sparkling with fresh sticky honey. The spreader forces her to keep her knees opened wide. That keeps her thighs slanting outward at a decent angle. Which keeps her pussy mound fully bared, with nothing close to it. And that's exactly what I want.

I tell Sharon "there's a practice cunt right under your silly nose, bitch. Use those hands to pull its lips wide open so your tongue can get to the good parts. And be sweet, like it was a lover's pussy, not just some worthless practice toy."

Sharon moves tentatively, her hands quivering slightly, and showing a bit of reluctance. But she moves. Her fingertips go right to skanky's wider slit. She must feel the slippery, hot, oily thin honey at her slit. Her fingertips are right in it. She cringes slightly. Then she nudges skanky's plump lips wide, baring her hot, light pinkness and eager little clit. All of which is sopping wet with honey.

I put a hand to the back of Sharon's head and nudge it down, pushing her lips flush against skanky's sloppy pinkness. I feel the crisp tremor of a cringe hit her, but then her body stills into an erotic nervous quiver. A single glance lets me see that her pussy steadily weeps gooey

Chapter Six - Lesbian 101

honey. Sharon might look disgusted and unwilling, but her pussy is rather eager. And that's what I care about. Pussies don't lie. Bitches will.

"You are going to eat that pussy until you get it perfectly right. Then you are going to eat it more, until I tire of listening to that thing moan like a trashy gutter slut. What you are not going to do, bitch, is act like a totally disgusting selfish lesbian whore while I kindly loan you practice cunt to learn proper cunt munching. I do not want to see that nasty cum dumpster dripping skank, and I definitely do not want to see that greedy obscene clit pounding around like some tramp looking for a little lick of its own. You will behave your naughty whore-self. Eat pussy. Don't waste effort on having trashy little lesbo day dreams! Now, put your tongue right in that sloppy whore juice there and find that cunt's clit. It's the hard little nub, stupid." I tell her mockingly, as if she should already know all of that.

It takes me a minute to get her tongue in place, it's underside lying lightly against the front of skanky's clit. I'm sure Sharon can feel the heat, and the light throbbing, of skanky's eagerness. I know she's getting a good mouthful of skanky's intimate taste, too. I can see the honey already clinging to her tongue. I instruct Sharon to start by leisurely swirling her tongue once around skanky's clit. She doesn't need to keep the underside of her tongue against the nub, just her tongue. It lets her tongue roll smoothly around the nub. Then I have her suck her way down one of skanky's loose inner folds until her lips find skanky's lightly twitching tunnel. Sharon's tongue softly traces a single lap around the rim of the tunnel. Then she sucks her way up the other fold, bringing her tongue back to its starting place against skanky's clit. And repeats. For the first three laps I have Sharon hold her lips open so that I can see what her tongue is doing. Then I have her close her lips, lying them softly against skanky's pinkness

Mrs. Politician

stretched wide to encircle her clit and tunnel. I stay on her, directing her step by step through a total of about ten strokes.

By then I can hear skanky's sultry deep voice purring very hungry, throaty moans. I know her moans well enough to use them to gauge how properly Sharon's tongue is teasing. So I turn my attention to Sharon, letting my ears keep track of skanky's moans. In a few more laps I see the squirming fidgeting start on skanky. At first it's skanky's legs wanting to instinctively snap shut and clamp Sharon's head in place. Skanky knows better, so she makes herself keep her legs splayed wide so that I can watch Sharon. Then it's the rest of skanky, wiggling energetically, her hands gripping the edge of the table. Her head rolls from side to side as she cries more and more urgent moans. Sluttier moans.

I watch Sharon's pussy. I don't have to wait, as I knew I wouldn't. Her honey is still flowing, and her lips are quivering like jello as her clit pounds away powerfully behind them. I knew they would be. I knew this would rather intensely turn Sharon on. But I still watch for a moment, seeing that her honey flows a hair faster as skanky's moans pick up their neediness into an almost pleading urgency. There's no mistaking skanky's ecstasy. Or her agony as she holds back her relief until she has permission. After all, that's my pussy, and I decide when my pussy gets to cum, not my house slave! But clearly, skanky's growing delight adds to Sharon's arousal.

I use my crop, very gently tapping the outside of Sharon's pussy lips with the crop's soft leather tip. It's not quite enough to leave a pink spot. But it's definitely enough for her to feel it. A violent shuddering tremor racks her body. I hear her suck a noisy, squealing breath in. I see her tremble hard a few times as if shocked to the core. I have no doubt that her pussy is one place Sharon never imagined feeling the snap of my crop. Even just a light

Chapter Six - Lesbian 101

taste. Enough for her to feel the slap, a faint sting, but not to really hurt. Enough, I hope, to get her full attention.

"I told you not act like a total gutter slut, bitch! Do you think I'm blind? I can see your nasty fuck hole dripping your filth on my table. Surely you can feel the gooey wetness running down those flabby lips, bitch!!! Now, behave! You promised!" I'm sure I have Sharon's full attention. I see the faint pinkness that flushes her body, seemingly starting at her bottom and flooding outward. I see the very nervous trembling, too. And I see her honey flow with more of a pulsing now. That tells me that her pussy is twitching powerfully, almost squirting her honey out. It started when I scolded her for her sluttiness.

I snap another teasingly light swat on her pussy. She shudders violently again. "You are being such a trashy whore! Do you really think anyone wants your filth all over her table? You must *really* like the taste of that skanky cunt, bitch! Behave, bitch!"

There's no chance whatsoever that Sharon is going to stop weeping honey. There's even less chance that her clit is going to stop pounding as it throbs for attention. I know it. I'd bet Sharon does, too. She's just too aroused. And she's definitely not turned off by eating pussy. More like turned on, jump started, and super charged at the same time. She's still cringing, her face a mask of total disgust, even now with a bit of wet honey clinging around her lips. But her pussy is loving it. I'd bet Sharon is imagining how it feels, and praying that another tongue will quickly be doing this exact thing to her pussy.

I give her several more soft taps with the crop. It takes half a dozen of them for the outside of her lips to begin showing a pink glow. But it's only a faint glow. For now, she has a while left to practice. She's going to learn perfection. She shudders more crisply with every tap. Her lips quiver a little more shamelessly too, announcing to the world that each tap of the crop is making her clit throb and

Mrs. Politician

ache harder. Despite the light sharp sting that should be filling those lips now. I scold her with every swat.

Once I can see that Sharon has it down right, and that skanky is moaning very sluttily. Very loud, too. Not to mention squirming around rather trashily. In short, making a good show of it, although she's definitely not acting. By then there's a fairly liberal smear of brightly glistening honey covering the lower part of Sharon's face, from just below her nose down. It shows plainly. Perfect.

I step back and bring up my phone. I make a clip, about two minutes long, showing every bit of Sharon and skanky, missing only Sharon's curling toes. This way the video clip shows skanky's perky breasts pointing up from her chest with her wide nipples sticking up proudly hard. And it shows Sharon's face gleaming with skanky's honey. Once I have that clip, I make a quick "edit" by splicing together the two clips into one, so that in the clip Sharon is on her knees asking her husband to watch, and then it immediately cuts to showing Sharon eating pussy. And skanky thrashing around shamelessly as Sharon's tongue teases her pussy. I send the clip to Hope with instructions to "ask your special guest to watch this." I don't know Glenn, but if he's like most men, he will enjoy the sight of his wife with another woman. Especially a pert attractive, and much younger woman. I sent it to Hope instead of Glenn for one reason - This way Glenn won't actually have the clip. He'd have to get it from Hope and she wouldn't give it to him without asking me first. I don't care if he has it. But I intend to make sure Sharon never sees it. I want her to wonder about it. I want her to know "it's out there" but always wonder just what it shows. How clearly she can be identified in it.

Sharon gets ½ hour of practice. Much to skanky's horror, I don't allow her an orgasm. Suffering the growing proficiency of Sharon's tongue, skanky spends the ½ hour moaning desperately needy pleas. And thrashing. And

Chapter Six - Lesbian 101

shuddering. And weeping honey onto Sharon's face.

Sharon spends her ½ hour being a rather skanky slut. At first she's rather tentative, hesitant to intimately lick another woman. She appears disgusted by it as well. Especially the instant her tongue first gets a good taste of skanky's slightly sweet honey. But in a few minutes the look of disgust fades from her face. At first it's replaced by an intensity as Sharon tries hard to master the technique I'm teaching her. The technique I'm demanding she use perfectly. As she does, skanky thrashes and squirms more energetically. Skanky moans more urgently, her deep throaty cries as sultry as they are hungry. Sharon seems to notice that skanky is enjoying her tongue. It must build her courage up. Sharon tries harder to get it perfect. The more proficient Sharon gets, the more energetically skanky shows her delight, encouraging Sharon to keep going and try even harder. After several minutes, Sharon's face shows a lustful interest. Probably not in skanky, she doesn't even know it is skanky, but in the act of making skanky moan so hotly. Of making skanky like it so much.

Sharon also spends her ½ hour being a very trashy little slut. The first few minutes Sharon's pussy gets stroke after stroke, raising a light pinkness over the entirety of her mound. Then, as she accepts that skanky is truly enjoying it, and Sharon grows more comfortable doing it, her pussy weeps even more honey. Her clit throbs a little more excitedly as well, quivering her lips even more. That makes me whip her pussy with near constant strokes. Realizing just how aroused Sharon is, I lighten the strokes as much as I can manage. Otherwise, by the end, Sharon wouldn't have a pussy left from all the whipping. Even with my lightest strokes, at the end, Sharon's milky white lips are glowing a bright fire-engine red. They have to be stinging as if the sharpest of needles were stabbing through every bit of them. I'd bet their flesh is so hot that it feels like it's on fire to her, too. Crops do that. The

Mrs. Politician

lightness of the strokes just means that it took longer to get there, the sting slowly intensifying.

I know that the pain doesn't arouse Sharon. I know she needs it, too, though. It's simple. Sharon grew up believing, and has always believed, that same-gender sex was a sin. That it was wrong. That it was something no decent Christian woman could, or should, ever like. Not that her belief seems to have even slowed her down from advancing the liberal agenda of her political party. It being so wrong, she shouldn't be doing it. She should suffer, be miserable, be punished, for thinking about it. More so for imagining it. Even more so for considering doing it. And now for doing it. The pussy whippings remind her that I know she's getting aroused by doing it. That, no matter what she says, or wants, she can't convince me that she isn't deeply excited by it. That she has no privacy from me. Not even the most intimate shred of privacy.

It reminds her that she has no say over her body, too. Her pussy is the very last place she would choose to be whipped, even this lightly. Yet she is being whipped there. And allowing it. Not that there's anything she could do to avoid it. The spreader bar keeps her legs wide to keep her pussy fully bared for my whip. No squeezing her legs together to protect that tender mound. Her bottom stays still, too. Because I demand she keep it still. Because she accepts that she will have to keep it still. Now, or after some punishment that lasts until she decides to. And she knows that there is no way to stop her pussy from weeping honey, or stop her clit from throbbing. She definitely hates that this arouses her, but there's no changing the fact that it does. She might be shy about it, but her pussy isn't shy about showing off it's eagerness.

Nor does the punishment deter her pussy. It stings. Just a little at first, but as the soft leather continues cracking against her tender flesh, the sting sharpens and strengthens until it's so strong that she's wincing from it.

Chapter Six - Lesbian 101

Almost crying from it. She feels the burning fire on her lips. She feels the stabbing bite of the sting throughout her lips. And even beyond, into her pinkness. She feels her tunnel steadily twitching with a growing sharpness. She feels the unbearably hot icy sparks as tingles explode along her nerves and race through her body, shuddering her. Mostly she feels the incredibly powerful, hard throbbing, ache in her clit. A throbbing so intense that she feels as if her clit is going to explode any second. Her clit is now so overly sensitive that any little touch to it is slightly painful. That's a problem as her clit is prominent enough that with each throb it pounds against the insides of her lips. And then sends lightly painful, too-intense-to-handle, erotic tingles flooding through her body.

At the ½ hour mark I can see that skanky isn't going to be able to last much longer. There is a limit to how much a girl can hold in, and for the last 15, maybe closer to 20, minutes, Sharon has been pushing the limit hard. Besides, skanky did well getting her degree today. I lean over, close to skanky's ear. I put one hand on skanky's shoulder, letting it slowly and tenderly caress it's way down to her pert breast. "Go ahead, skanky," I tell her softly in my sweet voice. "You've been a good house slave lately, so go ahead and have an orgasm...in fact, treat my pussy to two of them."

"THANK YOU, MY QUEEN!" Skanky eagerly cries out in a voice that's pure throaty, raspy, moaning. A second later her body loosens as she lets the tension out of it. The tension from holding back. Three things happen at the same time: First, skanky's lithe legs snap shut like a bear trap, clamping Sharon's head in place. Second, skanky's hips buck up sharply, thrashing wildly; so hard that were her legs not locking Sharon's head to her pussy, her buck would not only make a rodeo bronco proud but toss Sharon's head off. Third, Skanky screams her relief. Loudly.

Mrs. Politician

I just snap a firm command to Sharon to keep going, that I will tell her when to stop. Sharon keeps going, trying to ignore skanky's bucking hips. Skanky's honey flows fast now, covering more of Sharon's face with its oily wetness. After about a minute, skanky's thrashing begins to ebb very slowly. It eases up by about half. And then she screams again, just as loud, and with even more relief in her raspy voice. Her hips snap back to full-bronco-bucking, tossing around a little more powerfully and crisply than before. Her hands beat against the mattress under her. Her legs shudder even as they squeeze Sharon's head with all their might. Her toes curl as her feet quiver. No part of her body isn't thrashing hard and tossing about the table.

Skanky's powerful thrashing is dragging Sharon along with her. Not just Sharon's head, either. Sharon's shoulders follow her head. Which drags her breasts and stiff nipples over the table. Sharon's hips wiggle as her body is snapped from side to side, up and down. Sharon's pussy squirts a few heavy dollops of honey, not shooting them out, but spurting them just powerfully enough that they seem to magically appear atop her fine slit, then run down her slit and drip. Naturally that gets Sharon another crop swat for the sluttiness of it.

Once I see skanky start to lose some of the energy in her thrashes, a sure sign that her climax is starting to ebb, I grab hold of Sharon's hair. And I yank hard. A few strands get yanked out as I jerk her head free from skanky's legs. Sharon screeches a shrill "OW!" as her hairs are pulled out. I pull her up, and back, bringing her up to her knees. Then I release my grip and brush the small knot of hair from my fingers; I do it in front of Sharon, letting her see that I did pull a tiny bit of her hair out. And see that I don't seem to care that I did.

Sharon kneels. She pants lightly. Her face is covered in skanky's honey from nose to chin. There's even a small spot of honey that's trickled down onto the front of her

Chapter Six - Lesbian 101

neck. It's a little sticky as it dries, but it still sparkles brightly. Sharon quivers as she kneels. A few small drops of honey drip from Sharon's pussy. I give her about fifteen seconds, then have her get off the table. I put her on her knees back in front of the spanking chair, where she started. I leave her there, honey covering her face, while I wait for skanky to fall spent and have her get off the table. I send skanky back to her chores.

And then my phone vibrates. I wasn't expecting anything. I glance at the screen and see that the text is from Celeste. Since Sharon's husband is with Celeste and Hope, I assume that he's the subject of the text. I wonder if it's just a thanks for the video, or more likely a request for a copy of it. But I still read it. It could be important. Maybe something happened and Sharon is needed in some way. Nope. Instead the text tells me that Celeste and Hope introduced the idea of a two-girl blow job to Sharon's husband. Fine, I did say to make sure he enjoyed his stay. And that he was "dumbfounded" by their skill. That he wished Sharon could be taught the same skill. She didn't need to add that he was wishing that once Sharon learned that skill, she would put it to use – for his pleasure.



Chapter Seven - Cock Sucking 101

Mrs. Politician

I didn't really have a "next thing" planned. There are a number of possibilities that would fit the bill for a next page in my playbook. There's really only one thing that matters. That whatever comes next humiliates Sharon. That it's beyond her comfort zone. That it happens with a stern, unyielding discipline reinforcing unquestioning obedience. It wouldn't matter if it was pure pleasure, or pure pain, to her, as long as it came with the appearance that no one cared what it was for her. That she doesn't matter. That she's nothing more than a plastic doll to be used as other wish to use her.

It's also already almost 20:30. I have a "set" caging time here of 21:30 that's inflexible, except for in extraordinary circumstances. I set it because I have to get up at 05:00, and thus so does everyone else. I want a little time to myself before 22:00, when I head for a bath and then to bed. Beyond 21:30 only slave is allowed uncaged. She sleeps at the foot of my bed, just in case I have some impish whim in the middle of the night that could be catered to (and she sleeps under Butt Monkey who has claimed her as his pillow since Lilly refuses to allow him in my bed). Since Sharon is staying the night, although Sharon doesn't know that, she too will be caged at 21:30. It leaves me roughly an hour. Which I decide is plenty of time.

I text my doorman. Like doormen the world over he excels at providing whatever his tenants want. It ensures that his income is boosted nicely by tips. He doesn't have any problems providing whatever "adult" things I want, and he gets "tipped," often by my playtoys and not in cash. He's been here a few times and knows exactly what I do for amusement. I think he enjoys helping out with a few little things, like offering a toy a "full clothing" check instead of just the typical coat check before allowing it up to my apartment. With my phone already in my hand I shoot him a quick text "can you have a good dick at my door at 21:10?" In about 20 seconds I get a text back "no

Chapter Seven - Cock Sucking 101

prob. Anything particular?" I send back "just hard. The rest IDC, but bigger is always better." He texts back a thumbs up. I neither know, nor particularly care, where he's going to find it. Could be a friend of his. Could be another tenant, usually someone staying in one of the corporate apartments for a few days who has hinted he might like some fun while his wife is in another time zone. Could be anyone. Although he knows better than to send up trash, such as some random guy off the street.

I leave Sharon blindfolded. She doesn't need to see to obey. It also leaves her wondering. And reminds her that she isn't entitled to knowledge. Any knowledge. No matter how intimately personal. I pull her hands behind her back and cuff them again as well. She won't be needing her hands for this. They'd just get in the way as I know she'd insist on moving them. Now she won't.

I decide to use lezzie this time. Skanky could use a little rest after those orgasms she just had. I send slave to fetch her. Slave returns with lezzie quickly, and I hand slave the "number 8" dildo. It's a strap-on dildo with a shaft that's 8" long and 1¼" thick. It even has a set of rubbery fake balls attached to it. Slave puts it on lezzie. Then lezzie follows me over to where Sharon waits on her knees. Lezzie stands properly with her hands behind her. And now with her "cock" jutting straight out, rock hard, its tip about 1" from Sharon's unsuspecting lips.

I haven't said anything to Sharon. Nor anything that she could hear. She has no clue what I'm doing, or what's next in store for her. Just that she's waiting. And guessing that something will be coming. Probably praying enthusiastically that whatever it is will offer her an orgasm, too.

I stand behind Sharon and lean over. Softly, but loud enough for the others to hear, and in my most mocking, taunting voice, I tell her "I hear that you are about the world's worst cocksucker. That won't do. My whores, even

Mrs. Politician

a stupid one, are the sluttiest cocksuckers. You know, the kind of whores guys actually want to suck their cocks.”

I swat the back of Sharon’s head lightly. It’s enough to bump her head forward, though. And that has her lips bumping into the stiff latex cock right in front of them. Sharon sucks in a rather shrill “UH!” as the hard shaft knocks against her mouth. She stiffens and starts to pull her head back from it. My hand pushes the back of her head forward, holding her from moving back and keeping her in place, the tip of the dildo pressed flush against her lips. “Show me how lousy of a cocksucker you are, bitch. Go on, do your best on it, bitch.”

Sharon cringes for a moment, but only a short one before the look of resignation sweeps over her face. She shudders, even as she trembles. Then she stretches her mouth open and lets her lips begin to stretch around the shaft. I have no doubt that Sharon knows it’s a dildo, not a cock. It’s not hard to tell the difference between latex and flesh.

Sharon gets about ½ of the cock head into her mouth. And then I notice a crisp tremor flow over her. I can see the surprise on her face, too. I’d bet her eyes are wide under that blindfold. She’s starting to wonder just how fat this dildo is. I guess she’s already decided that it’s thicker than her husband. Good. I want it big. Bigger than any real cock she’s likely to encounter. That way, when she’s faced with a real one, it will be simple compared to her training dildo. She won’t hesitate on it.

I watch as she slows, her lips creeping along the widening bulbous head. Her jaw stretches wider to let the shaft pass between. I see a light strain on her muscles as her jaw widens. She keeps going. Finally the cock head vanishes into her lips. I’m sure it’s the widest Sharon has ever stretched her jaw. I’m sure it’s a little uncomfortable for her. I’m just as sure that her teeth are touching the shaft. That’s a no-no in my world, but for the moment I’m

Chapter Seven - Cock Sucking 101

going to ignore it. I want her to show me what she usually does, so I won't help her one bit.

I watch as her head starts "bobbing." Her strokes are short. They're shallow as well, taking no more than about 1" of shaft past the cock head into her lips. They're fairly quick, too, as if she's trying to push the cock to orgasm as quickly as she can. I give her about $\frac{1}{2}$ of a minute to settle into a rhythm, and then I step back. I make a quick video of her sucking the dildo. The clip is only about 20 seconds, but it's plenty to show her technique. I'd rate her skill level on the low side of average housewife.

Lezzie is looking down, watching Sharon, with a bit of disapproval on her face. Slave is watching as well, showing little on her face. Both know I'd never tolerate such a typical blow job here. Both can guess what's about to happen. It looks like both are eager to watch Sharon taught, too. It usually is a good show.

I don't bother telling Sharon anything. I grab her head. One hand goes under her chin, holding her bottom jaw while my fingers and thumb pinch her jaw hard to force it to stretch to its widest. That opens her jaw another $\frac{1}{8}$ " or so. Plenty that her teeth are well off the shaft. My other hand goes to the back of her head, at the top, and gets a firm grip on her skull.

I watch Sharon's stroke, timing mine. As she nears the deepest point of her stroke, a point where I'd guess that the tip of the dildo hasn't quite reached even the back of her mouth yet, I push on the back of her head. Instantly I feel her muscles tense up. She tries to reverse her stroke. I lean forward, putting my weight behind my arms, and shove her head forward. I slow its pace, setting a far more leisurely one than she did. I feel her body resisting me, straining to pull her head and shoulders back. It doesn't work. Her head keeps moving forward, more of the dildo beginning to vanish into her mouth.

Mrs. Politician

It doesn't take much for the first wave of panic to hit Sharon. Even before the dildo reaches the back of her mouth. I'd bet she's imagining how long it could possibly be. And how much of it I actually expect her to be able to take into her mouth. I know she's feeling her mouth stretched wide and stuffed full with the overly thick shaft.

I keep going. Sharon has between 3 and 4 inches of dildo, including the cock head's length, beyond her lips. Just a slight bit more outside her lips. I feel a little bump as the tip of the hard shaft knocks against the back of her mouth. I was ready for it, although I'd thought I might get another sliver of it into her before I felt it. As I moved her head, I've been angling it, stretching out the bend at the top of her throat. Straightening it just like a sword swallower would. Sharon didn't even notice it.

The tip of the shaft just slips down, stroking against the back of her mouth as it aligns itself with her throat. Sharon gags hard. I ignore her and keep her head going smoothly, never letting her miss a beat on the rhythm. In a half second, Sharon chokes on it. Her bottom snaps up hard as her stomach heaves. I hold her steady and keep her moving. The unyielding shaft keeps steadily plunging into her throat. And now it's reached the top of her throat, slipping into the funneling there, stretching it uncomfortably as it pushes deeper into her throat.

Sharon keeps choking hard. I keep her head going. I feel her body shuddering hard. I see her cringing as true panic hits her now. She pales. Her muscles tense hard, putting everything they can muster into resisting. Her head tries to jerk back, as do her shoulders. Her knees squirm. Her hands thrash around, doing nothing but rattling the cuff's chain. Her stomach snaps with hard heaves. And I force her head to keep going. The dildo keeps stretching her narrowing throat harder and wider, stuffing it more and more tightly. She chokes even harder. She almost thrashes around trying to get free of it. She

Chapter Seven - Cock Sucking 101

would if I wasn't holding her, straddling her body, and blocking her from moving too much.

Then she has about five inches, maybe a bit more, inside her lips. Her jaw is fighting as well, trying to clamp down on the shaft and stop me from driving more of it into her. It doesn't work, my hard pinch keeps her jaw wide open. Now I feel the tip of the shaft pushing hard against what feels like a solid wall of rubber. To me. I just keep going, ignoring the momentary hard resistance.

The wall, and its resistance vanishes in an instant. At the same instant, Sharon heaves, her body snapping violently and tossing her bottom up. She tries hard to thrash from side to side. She's not strong enough to overpower me. I make her head keep going. The dildo keeps slipping into her mouth. And now through her throat. I feel the mild drag as her throat stretches taut around it. With nothing else to stop it, the dildo keeps going, pushing deeper and deeper into her.

Slave grins, her eyes watching as the sides of Sharon's neck bulge out in roughly the shape of a thick cock. The bulge slipping deeper and deeper. I make Sharon keep going, ignoring her spasms and choking as I do.

She struggles, but it does nothing. In about five seconds, from the time I started her stroke, her lips bump against the fake leather pubes of the strap on. They squish slightly against it. The fake rubbery balls bounce against her chin. Sharon squirms energetically. The dildo stuffs her mouth and throat far fuller than she's ever felt.

Now I stop, holding Sharon's head in place with the entire shaft down her throat. She gags hard, her body snapping spasms. I hold her head still, making sure her lips stay flush against the pubes. Knowing that Sharon isn't thinking about anything except getting that too-wide shaft out of her throat so she can breathe again, I take a

Mrs. Politician

few seconds to taunt her. "See, whore!" I begin teasingly and insultingly. "You can manage to swallow a cock like those nasty whores hanging around in the filthy gutters outside crack houses." I laugh slightly. Sharon goes on gagging.

"Men actually like it when a whore sucks his entire cock, not just the tip of it. You are going to suck a cock properly, whore. That means every single stroke, every single time there's a cock in that useless mouth, you are going to suck the entire thing. You will take your time. That way the cock can enjoy feeling your slimy mouth around it, stroking it. You're not going to rush. Men enjoy feeling their blow jobs. No one cares if a whore enjoys anything - you exist to give pleasure, not feel pleasure, bitch. Pay attention while I teach you how to suck this cock."

I hesitate for a couple of seconds. Then I start moving Sharon's head, slowly backing it off and letting the cock pull from her throat. As soon as it's free of her throat, I hear Sharon sucking in a fast, noisy breath of air. I keep bringing her head back until only the head of the cock is left invisible inside her lips. And then I reverse again. Just like last time, I force her to swallow the entire length of it. And just like last time, Sharon fights as hard as she chokes on it. It still doesn't spare her anything. I keep her head moving steadily, setting a constant pace of about 10 seconds per stroke (both directions). I keep her head moving for stroke after stroke. After about a dozen strokes, I feel her choking start to ease up. It takes a few minutes before Sharon is moving smoothly, no longer choking on it. And no longer struggling hard against it. Now she's more resigned to her fate. Almost loose in my hands, meekly allowing me to fuck the cock with her mouth. She's quivering rather sharply, too. And I see a few drips of honey on the floor under her pussy.

I wait until Sharon is moving smoothly, offering no

Chapter Seven - Cock Sucking 101

resistance and only gagging very lightly on it. Then I tell her that, now that she's gotten the hang of swallowing a cock, she's to keep going on her own. I won't be forcing her to. She will. I loosen my grip. I feel the quivering sharpen up a little. Sharon takes over. She gags a little more now on it. Her pace is a little unsteady at first, breaking as she hesitates when a gagging reflex hits her. It only takes about five strokes to get past it. After about ten strokes, she's moving fairly smoothly. And she's not hurrying it along.

I let her go a couple of minutes. Then I start the second part of the lesson. I instruct her on two techniques that I demand she add to every stroke. First, at the apex of each stroke, only the head of the cock left in her mouth, her lips softly closed around it as she lightly sucks, her tongue is to swirl around the tender head – just once – as she reverses her stroke. Her head is never to stop moving smoothly. Second, at the nadir of her stroke, every bit of the shaft deep inside her throat, she's to casually slip the tip of her tongue between her teeth and the bottom of the cock, sticking it out just enough for it to flit across the top of his dangling balls. And make sure that while she's doing that, her top teeth do not touch the cock. It takes her another minute or so, about 10 strokes, to get that smooth. To keep her lips moving smoothly over the shaft, never pausing, as she does both.

Once she has that down, I let her go a couple more minutes, getting her practice in. Until I see her moving smoothly and fairly easily. And no longer gagging on the fatness of it. Then I let her stop. She pants hard and deep once the cock is out of her mouth.

I give her about a minute of rest while I unlock her hands. Then I tell her she's to do it again, this time without any help, and remind her that just because her hands aren't locked, they're not to move. She's to suck it, and sucking is done with the mouth, not the hands. I make her

Mrs. Politician

give the cock a three minute blow job. Her first few strokes are a bit clumsy again, but after that she smooths out and quickly falls into a rhythm. I give her another minute of rest and make her do it a third time, watching her closely. She does it right.

She's about two minutes into it when I hear the knock at the door. I doubt Sharon does, I don't see any reaction from her and she's been antsy enough that she would have shown it. I just wave for slave to go get the door. She knows what I've ordered, and what do with it.

Slave will greet whoever the doorman sent. She will explain to him, rather directly in my words, that he is not here for a date. In fact I don't even want to know his name. To me his name is Dick. He is here for one thing only: to loan my whore his penis for her final exam in "cocksucking 101 for whores." His phone, and anything else digital, is to be left on a table by the door. His hands are to stay in his pockets. He needn't bother trying to be polite or flirt. I'm sure the doorman warned him. He must mind the rules. Slave is back leading him in quickly.

His eyes fly around the room, taking in the sights. There are three of us. Sharon is naked and blindfolded on her knees. Lezzie, also naked but still wearing the huge strap-on dildo, stands back a couple of feet from Sharon now. I'm fully dressed, standing beside Sharon, standing over her, with my crop in my hand. Sharon's still slightly flushed. She looks a little hot and tired, too.

"Oh, good!" I announce in a rather teasingly excited voice. "Dick is here, time for your final exam, stupid whore."

Slave keeps him moving, bringing him over to me and standing him right in front of Sharon. "Oh, whore!" I sing teasingly, "there is a cock in front of your ugly face. You may use your hands *ONLY* to get to it. Suck it properly. When it cums, swallow it all like a good whore... go on, whore, quit wasting my time, suck cock, cocksucker."

Chapter Seven - Cock Sucking 101

Sharon shudders hard. It shows. It's one of her harder shudders. It's enough that her ample breasts jiggle as the tremor sweeps over her. Along with the tremor, her pussy snaps a sharp spasm. It's probably the sharpest yet. I see the squirt of honey falling from her slit. Maybe squirted out, maybe she's just so wet there was nothing left for it to cling to and it fell. Either way, it's a heavy drop.

Sharon isn't stupid. She might be blinded, but she can tell there's an actual male in front of her. I can smell what I call "midlife crisis" aftershave. Something like Axe. Not my favorite, but it's not going to get him kicked out either. He's dressed decently enough in a high-end department store type of suit. Something off the rack somewhere like Macy's. I'd guess Dick is in the late end of his 40's, but that's a subjective guess; he could really be anywhere from his early 40's to late 50's. He's decently built, about 6-foot tall and around 190 or so with short, close cropped mostly silvery / formerly black, hair. There's no wedding ring, but there is a very fresh line where it was very recently removed; I'd bet about five minutes ago just before he came up. I've never met or spoken to him, but I have seen him in the lobby once, maybe twice. I assume, but don't care to know, that he's one of the corporate apartment guests; tenants that come and go daily, or weekly, as their companies need them to move around. If so, this isn't his first time here. Maybe he's heard rumors about me. Maybe he just told the doorman he wanted some fun. None of it matters to me. I only care that his cock is hard. With his eyes darting back and forth between Sharon and lezzie, I'd be very surprised if it wasn't. There's lust in them there eyes.

I give Sharon about three seconds. She's still hesitating. I snap my crop, landing a sharp swat on her bottom. She yelps a squeaky cry. I scold her to quit wasting Dick's time, and take her final exam.

Mrs. Politician

Sharon blushes, not deeply this time, but very brightly. She quivers wildly. I know she's thinking about what she's about to do. She's about to have oral sex with a complete stranger, not her husband. Worse, to her, she has no idea who he is, or what he even looks like. And she knows he can see her. All of her. If she bumps into him, he'll recognize her. Anywhere. She won't have a clue who he is. As she quivers a couple of more drops of honey appear on my floor. It has to be the cheapest, trashiest feeling for her. And one she didn't expect. It has to be letting her know that I really don't care about her morals, or what she wants. Only what I want to do with her body. The dripping pussy tells me that on some subconscious level, that's exciting her powerfully. As is the trashiness of what she knows she's going to do. I'll bet she's wondering what her husband would think if he knew, and vowing to never tell him. Oops, I have a surprise humiliation for her!

Sharon, not wanting another swat, brings her hands up. She fumbles around, clumsily finding his zipper. She unzips and unbuttons his pants, then his belt. She pulls them down a little, taking his briefs with them. She doesn't see his cock spring up, standing out about 6". Nor can she see that he's circumcised. Nor the light pink bell-shaped head pointing straight at her lips less than an inch from them. Or the thick, jet black bush covering his pubes. Not even the above average sized balls dangling down in a furry sack. But she can feel his briefs slip over the stiffness of his shaft, freeing it from them.

Sharon takes a deep breath. She starts bringing her lips to his cock. She stretches her mouth as wide as she can manage. Not knowing what to expect, she prepares for the biggest, thickest cock she can imagine. One exactly like the dildo. The tip of his cock brushes against her bottom lip. She stops for an instant, just long enough to gently close her lips around the tip. Then her head is moving again, steadily and leisurely. His cock is now slipping along the top of her tongue, sliding deep towards

Chapter Seven - Cock Sucking 101

her throat.

“Dick” stares down at the top of Sharon’s head. Despite what she “knows,” he won’t recognize her if she walked up to him. The blindfold covers her eyes and a fair bit above her nose. It’s not like her breasts are going to be on display, and he’s spent more time studying those than her face. Now he mostly sees the top of her head and her blond hair. He knows nothing about her, either. Not even a first name. Or age. She could live in this building, or Barrow, Alaska, for all he knows. It doesn’t look to me as if he cares too much about what he doesn’t know. Then again, I’ve heard many guys have a fantasy about the anonymous, very good, blow job. Instead of trying to notice any details about Sharon, he just stares down and watches his cock slowly disappear into her soft lips. Into the hot wetness of her mouth.

Sharon keeps going. She’s smooth now, even though it’s her first stroke on an unfamiliar cock. It’s smaller than the dildo. I’d bet this shaft is no more than 1” thick. I’d call it above the average mark, but not by so much. It’s easier for her to swallow it.

“Dick” purrs softly as he feels his cock finding the back of her mouth. Then he purrs a bit more loudly as he feels the tip of it squishing as it pushes into the narrowing funnel atop her throat. He can see that she hasn’t choked one bit. I’m sure he’s wondering just how much cock she can take.

Sharon has about four inches of the shaft into her lips when “Dick” suddenly blurts out a deep, “UM!... Oh, yeah!” He must have felt his cock plunge into the tightness of her throat. And feel the gentle squeezing of her taut throat around it. He must realize that she’s swallowed it. He looks rather happily surprised.

Sharon keeps going. All the way down, until her lips are against his pubes and sack. Until his wiry hairs are

Mrs. Politician

tickling her chin. I see him shudder a little as her tongue licks across his balls. "Oh, YEAH, damn... just like that..." He purrs out happily. Sharon reverses her stroke. She sets a rhythm like I taught her. She sucks it well.

"Dick" stands there, staring down and watching happily surprised as she swallows his entire cock over and over again, and manages to lick his balls with every stroke. I'm sure it's the sluttiest blow job he's ever imagined.

It doesn't take long for "Dick" to be fidgeting and wiggling as Sharon works on him. He's already purring rather eagerly hot moans. And offering words of encouragement, telling Sharon that it's definitely good. That she's welcome to suck his cock anytime.

I'm more watching Sharon. I see exactly what I expected to. The more he squirms, the more he purrs and reassures her how much he likes it, the more Sharon quivers. The more her pussy drips. The more eager she is to suck it. In under a minute she's sucking with a true hunger for the cock, as if she can't get enough of it into her mouth. And then I see her hands fidget. As in they keep wanting to go to her pussy and she has to stop them before I stop them. Probably with my crop.

While Sharon is "taking her final exam" I step back and bring out my phone. I make another video clip, also about 20 seconds long. This one shows every bit of the kneeling Sharon. And what she's doing. But the top of the frame is just above the top of Sharon's head, so almost $\frac{1}{2}$ of Dick isn't visible. Nothing that would make him identifiable. Once I have that clip, I add another ten seconds to my video by zooming in close, the frame now showing little besides his cock and balls, letting the viewer watch up close as every bit of that hard cock slips in and out of Sharon's slutty mouth smoothly, and tenderly. Then I return my attention to Sharon.

"Dick" manages to last about five minutes, maybe even a few seconds more. He cums, and no one misses it.

Chapter Seven - Cock Sucking 101

His hips thrust forward a bit and he breathes out a very fully satisfied moan.

I snap for Sharon to keep going. She does. I wait until I can see that he's done, that the last drops of cum have spurted out the tip of his cock. Then I allow Sharon to slowly release the cock from her mouth, sucking her saliva off of it as she goes. I have her tuck it back in for him, and fix his clothes back to the way she found them. She takes a moment to manage, fumbling around without her sight. She does a passable job of it.

I have Dick take one step back. "Be polite, Stupid Whore!" I snap forcefully. "Thank this kind man for allowing you to suck his cock, whore."

Sharon blushes and quivers. Again. Her voice is rather meek and squeaky. Hushed, too. "Thank you for allowing me to suck your penis for my final exam, Sir, I really enjoyed sucking it like a cheap whore, Sir."

I have slave walk "Dick" out. I'm done with him. He doesn't object, or try to linger. But on his way out, his eyes linger on the naked women.

I wait while slave walks "Dick" out. While slave returns. While lezzie takes off the strap-on. And while skanky is called in. Only then do I take Sharon's blindfold off. She blinks against the light. Once she can see, her eyes dart around to find "Dick." failing, they return to forward. She quivers. Still.

It's getting close to cage time. I have lezzie, skanky and Sharon line up. I'd bet Sharon still has no idea what's going to happen or that she's staying the night. Then I have slave take the trio, as one, to the bathroom for a "potty break" and to brush their teeth.

Slave makes sure all use my toilet properly, sitting shamelessly, allowing everyone full sight of their pussies and bottoms as they relieve themselves. Lezzie goes first,

Mrs. Politician

then Sharon, and skanky last. Since Sharon doesn't have a toothbrush here, she gets to "borrow" lezzie's. Fresh from lezzie's mouth.

Lezzie is first for one reason. She sleeps in the time out room. As soon as I see her emerge from the bathroom, ready for bed, I walk her to her room and close her in. It's not a room, it's a coat closet. There's nothing in it, not even a light switch. Nor is there a door handle on the inside of it. She's shut in until someone lets her out. And once I flip off the light switch next to the door, she's shut in the dark, too.

In the corner of the playroom there's a screen to hide one corner of the room. Behind the screen are two dog kennels. Both are steel wire cages. Both are large. One is just slightly larger than the other. Between them, there's a shorter screen to block the sight line from one cage to the other. Both cages stand open tonight as slave walks skanky and Sharon back around the screen.

I watch as Sharon sees, for the first time, what's behind the screen. She instantly figures it out. There are two cages standing ready, and slave has just walked two women to them. Maybe, she prays, just for a few minutes. But she knows the instant she sees them that I am going to put her in one of those cages. Like a dog.

Sharon trembles hard. She shirks back. "Good night, skanky," I say. Skanky drops to her knees. "Good night, my Queen, thank You for the wonderful treats today, Ma'am." Skanky gets on all fours and crawls into her cage. I lean forward and lock the door with a shiny padlock. The cage is far too small for skanky to stretch out in. Or stand up. She wiggles around, getting to her side with her knees curled slightly up. She lies still.

"On your knees, bitch!" I snap a little more forcefully to get through the fog in Sharon's mind. I can see it on her face. She's already dwelling on how humiliating it is going to be to spend her night alone in a dog cage. Knowing that

Chapter Seven - Cock Sucking 101

she's going to do it, she hesitantly drops to her knees. I tell her to say her prayers. It's one thing her husband told me she always does before bed. I just make her say them aloud tonight. Naked. With chains on her ankles. "Don't worry, bitch, the Big Guy already saw what you've done. He knows what an utterly shameless whore you are." I taunt her. She prays, but it's an almost generic prayer.

I have Sharon get on all fours as well and crawl into her cage. She moves very reluctantly. And unwillingly. But she crawls in. I wait until her feet have passed into the cage, the last of her body. "Oh, that pussy is being a total slut!" I point out so that she can hear it. "I'll bet it wants to cum so badly!" I almost giggle when I say that.

I reach inside the cage and take hold of Sharon's wrists. "You're not being an especially naughty little whore and thinking about diddling that sloppy skank hole when I'm not looking, are you, bitch?"

"No, Ma'am," Sharon squeaks out, her voice breaking. I have little doubt she's lying. I can still see her lips quivering as her clit throbs a strong ache behind them.

"Better safe than naughty," I add in my most taunting and mocking voice. I pull her left wrist over to the right side of the cage. Quickly I zip tie her wrists to the cage, at the back, near the floor. "Now I won't have to worry about you being a bad bitch and enjoying *my* pussy while I'm not looking." I shut the door and lock her in. I've her wrists ziptied together and a second strap securing them to the cage. It gives her some wiggle room to move around. But there is just no way those hands are getting anywhere near her pussy. I leave her there and turn the lights out.

I slip back in just before 22:00 to check on them. Skanky is sound asleep. Sharon has wiggled onto her side and is using her arms for a pillow. Her bottom is still at the door of the cage. Her legs are bent, knees pulled up, and

Mrs. Politician

that's poking her pussy out for me to see. It's still softly weeping honey. Sharon sobs softly as well. I leave her there for the night.



Chapter Eight - Hubby's Entertainment

From:



F098

“Hope”

05/11/23		05:44:03 AM	
Are you menstruating?	No		
Did you have an orgasm?	Yes		
By whose permission?	Mr. Wexler, Your special guest		
How did you climax?	My mom tonguing my clitoris		

Clothing:

Bra – white lace with a pink ribbon bow between the cups, ½ cups
Panties – white lace with pink ribbon straps around my hips
Garter belt – white lace
Stockings – nude color, to mid thighs
Blouse – lavender silk blouse with short sleeves
Skirt – navy blue, hem 1 ½” above my knees
Belt – soft leather, lavender
Watch – sliver with the big dial
Necklace – thin chain with a heart pendant hanging just above my breasts
Shoes – Navy blue slip ons with 3” pointy heels

What aroused you today? More than anything, being in charge of my mom

Did you have an assignment today (& what)? Yes, Ma’am. I was assigned to supervise my mommy and make sure that Your special guest had a very good stay here, Ma’am.

Last Session:	2023-033	03/11/23
Last Assignment:	01-0502-6	05/02/23

Yesterday:

As instructed, my Queen, this bitch waited for Ms. Speer to arrive. Miss Speer arrive around one, Ma'am, and she immediately had me undress so that she could inspect my worthless body, Ma'am, and then she allowed me to dress. She had me wait by the door until You sent for us, Ma'am.

At the airport we waited for Your bitch Sharon, and Ms. Speer found it. As Ms. Speer instructed me, Ma'am, as soon as she stepped away with Sharon, I started being very nice to Mr. Wexler, Ma'am. I made sure to touch him a lot, and sweetly, and to always use my flirty slut voice with him, Ma'am. He had a lot of questions, Ma'am, all about Sharon and their short trip to Mobile, and I think he was a little frustrated that I didn't have any answers for him. I told him that "the Queen only tells me what I need to know, Sir, and never anything that doesn't affect me." I did tell him that my mother and I ran a B&B and that You had generously arranged for him to stay with us tonight, and obviously as a guest of our Queen, there would be no charge. He told me that he had a reservation at the Renaissance for the night, but I convinced him to stay with us promising him much better service and "far better experience" than they could possibly offer. He accepted, and asked about Sharon's accommodations, but I had to tell Him that I didn't know, but that You would ensure Sharon was taken care of and if You wished, I would gladly go get Sharon and bring her to the B&B. After Ms. Speer returned with Sharon, Mr. Wexler allowed me to get his bags for him, Sharon's as well, since Ms. Speer was taking her.

When we got to the B&B, our only other guests (a couple) were out, so my mommy was waiting to greet our special guest in her slutty maid outfit, Ma'am. Mr. Wexler was very surprised to see her dressed so sluttily, Ma'am, but didn't object. We both welcomed him with big hugs, and kisses, which he allowed. Then we both wrapped our arms around him, and I very softly whispered in his ear that "my mommy and I are going to make sure you are so very well taken care of tonight, Sir... I promise you that not a single desire of yours will go unfulfilled while you're our special guest, Sir." I think Mr. Wexler realized then that I mean we were included with his room, Ma'am. My mom asked him if the NY strip steaks would be acceptable for His supper tonight, and he accepted. I took him to his room, where he allowed me to unpack his bag for him. Naturally I promised him that I would pack it for him in the morning as well, Ma'am.

Mr. Wexler told me that the seats on the airplane were uncomfortable and they didn't even have a first-class section

on the flight, so I immediately asked Mr. Wexler to be allowed to massage his back for him, and he allowed me to.

That's when Ms. Speer returned. My mom brought Ms. Speer to the room, and she came in. Ms. Speer brought him Sharon's things, which I took for him and told him I would have them washed before it was time to pack their bags, Ma'am. Ms. Speer asked him for a change of clothes for Sharon, and he allowed me to fetch the items as he told me what to get from her suitcase, Ma'am. I made sure it was all neatly folded and bagged up for Ms. Speer. Ms. Speer asked if he was happy with the accommodations, and he said he was. She had me promise to take care of him, which I happily did, and then she left.

At supper our other guests were in, so I couldn't serve Mr. Wexler as I really wanted to, but I did make sure that he had everything he wanted, Ma'am. After supper my mom cleaned up and saw to the other guests, freeing me to cater to Mr. Wexler, Ma'am.

After supper Mr. Wexler told me that I was very pretty and the most polite young woman he'd ever met. I thanked him, but I know he was only being kind as I'm plain, not pretty, and every bitch is as polite or more so than I am, Ma'am.

This is when You sent me the video of Sharon on her paws tonguing skanky's pussy, and Sharon getting her pussy whipped almost constantly for being so slutty while she was tonguing, Ma'am, and instructed me to offer to show it to Mr. Wexler. He watched it and obviously enjoyed the sight Ma'am. He asked me who the other woman in the video was, and I told him that was skanky, Your live-in skanky whore. He asked if she had a "real" name, and I told him that I was sure its mommy had given it one, but now everyone calls it skanky and that's all I know it by. He told me that he thought she had "pretty little pointy boobs" that he thought Sharon would enjoy. I asked him if he liked breasts, too, and he said yes. So I faced him and unbuttoned my blouse. His eyes stared at my chest and he looked genuinely surprised as I took my blouse and bra off then asked him "would you like to enjoy these little breasts, Sir?" He said he would, Ma'am, so I brought them close to him and allowed him to play with them and lick them, which he enjoyed.

Then my mom came in and he got this look like a deer in headlights on his face, which almost made me laugh, Ma'am. I stood up and told Mr. Wexler "my mommy's breasts are bigger than mine, but not as perky. Would you like to see them, Sir?" He nodded. I took mom's top down to show her breasts to him. Since I was told to be flirty and slutty, I put a hand on my mom's breast and stroked her hard nipple with my finger. Mom purred. He stared happily. I asked him if he thought her hard nipples needed a good sucking, and he said "oh, yeah." I dropped to my knees and took a nipple into my mouth, holding it with my teeth while I tongued it and made

mom shudder, then licked and sucked it while he watched. Then I asked him "Like that, Sir?" and he said "Oh, yes, just like that, Hope." I smiled and asked if my naughty nipples needed to be licked as well, and he said "definitely" so I told mom "mom, suck my nipple while I lick yours." He stared so shamelessly while we did that. Then he allowed me to undress my mom and show him her worthless body, Ma'am. He watched me strip for him next, Ma'am.

Now that we were both naked, I asked him if "we may be allowed to thank him for staying with us," and asked if he's ever had a "proper two bitch blow job before." He said we could thank him, and he's never had "such a thing" before. I grinned and told mom "come on, Mom, lets show this hunky man what he's been missing." We gave him a very proper two bitch blow job, Ma'am, with me getting the first stroke and getting his semen in my mouth. Mr. Wexler was completely surprised that we both are able to take his entire (and kinda big) penis in our throats and lick his scrotum while we sucked it. He purred so happily while we took care of him. He also said "I wish Sharon could do that half as well," so once we relieved him, I asked him if he wished for me to let the Queen know that Sharon isn't a very good cocksucker and he would like her to be better. He smiled and said yes, so that's when I texted You his request, Ma'am.

I told my mom that Mr. Wexler seemed to enjoy watching the video of Sharon learning to tongue a pussy, which mom never saw, and then I asked Mr. Wexler if he would like to see "me demonstrate a proper pussy eating, since my mommy is here to loan a pussy to tongue while he watches us." He said yes, so I tongued mom's pussy for about ten minutes until she couldn't stand it any longer. Mr. Wexler told me that I was very good at it, Ma'am. I told him that I was just properly trained by You, my Queen, and to prove it I asked if he would like to see "my mommy eat my naughty pussy just as well." He said he would, so I told mom to eat me. Mr. Wexler was just watching, as he'd done while I used mom, so I told him that "he's welcome to touch us both, or so whatever he wants, with these naughty bodies" while we put on the show. He touched us both, even diddling mom's pussy while she tongued me until I couldn't stand it any longer. I think my moans were getting kinda loud, Ma'am.

I asked if we could both undress him, and he graciously allowed us to, Ma'am. Then I told him that "I know we're both very naughty sluts," but "would love for him to enjoy us and we definitely do not want him to be 'neglected' just because Sharon was bad and has to be taught to behave." I asked him what he'd like to do with "two naughty little sluts like us." He was kind of shy about it about, like he was afraid to upset us by asking, but he told me that he's never had anal sex before and always wondered what it's like. I smiled wide and turned my bottom to him, then I spread my cheeks and showed him my little anus, and asked if it would

do. Before he answered I said "Wait! Mommy, show him your anus, too, and we'll let him pick one... or both!" Mom showed him her anus as well. I cheated, Ma'am, and looked over my shoulder with this huge grin on my face and sweetly told Mr. Wexler "My bottom is very tight and I'd love your huge penis inside it to make me orgasm, Sir." Mom looked over her shoulder then and said "my bottom is just as tight, Sir, and I really love anal sex, Sir." I reached over and spanked mom's bottom and told her "don't be a total slut, Mom, we'll let Mr. Wexler have whichever bottom he wants... unless we can convince him to try us both, that is."

Mr. Wexler decided that since we both seemed so eagerly willing, he'd try both of our bottoms and pick the one he wanted to finish in, Ma'am. He tried me first, Ma'am, and told me that my bottom was "incredibly tight and so wonderful that he didn't want to leave it." But to be fair he went to try mom's bottom.

I apologize now, my Queen, for being so nasty of a whore, but Ms. Speer did tell me that I was to be slutty, Ma'am. As soon as his penis was in my mom's anus, I leaned over and put the tip of my tongue to his penis and mommy's anus, licking around her anus right as his penis slipped into it. Mr Wexler almost screamed the most manly moan. Then he told me "I can't believe how good that is, Hope. Are you sure it doesn't bother you to lick her ass?" I smiled at him and very teasingly told him "For you, Sir, there is nothing that I wouldn't love to do. If you like my mommy's bottom, Sir, I would love to lick your huge penis while you used her bottom, Sir. May I please have that honor, Sir?" He allowed it, and he ejaculated very quickly into her bottom. I licked all the delicious semen off his penis while he pulled it from her, and then I asked in my sugary voice to be allowed to "lick her filthy anus clean as well." He allowed me, and watched closely as I did. Mom screeched really loud slut moans and dripped juice on my knee as I did.

He allowed me to fetch him a beer, which I served to him properly, Ma'am. He really liked the way You taught me to serve, Ma'am.

Then we stayed with him until he was ready for bed. He allowed us to tuck him, which we did, both taking a side. Mr. Wexler asked if I thought Sharon would be coming, and I told him that I don't know, but if she does we'll bring her straight to his room. He asked when breakfast was served, and I told him whenever he wanted it, that I would suggest six o'clock so that he'd have time to eat and get ready before we left for the airport, and he agreed. He asked if we could give him a five o'clock wake up call, so I told him "of course we can, Sir, we can give you whatever you wish, Sir. But if you'd allow me, Sir, I'd love to give to a five o'clock wake up blow job. May I do that, Mr. Wexler?" He agreed.

I asked if he would like "some company" for the night,

and he said "I didn't expect that, but I wouldn't mind if you joined me, Hope." I dismissed mom to see to the B&B and cuddled up with Mr. Wexler.

Mommy's Maid Uniform



From:



F098

“Hope”

05/12/2305:17:42
AM

Are you menstruating?	No
Did you have an orgasm?	Yes
By whose permission?	Mr. Wexler, Your special guest
How did you climax?	Mr. Wexler using my vagina

Clothing:

Bra – Yellow lace with white ½ cups and white flowers embroidered on them
Panties – Yellow lace, french cut
Garter belt – Yellow lace with spiraling ribbons for straps
Stockings – Nude color, to mid thigh
Blouse – Yellow, short sleeved, unbuttoned enough to show my cleavage and the bra
Skirt – Dark Gray, with the bottom hem half way down to my knees
Belt – White soft leather
Watch – the silver one with the big dial
Necklace – thin chain with a heart pendant hanging just above my breasts
Shoes –

What aroused you today?

In the shower with Mr. Wexler, washing him, when he bent me over and used my nasty pussy while my mommy had to watch

Did you have an assignment today (& what)?

Yes, Ma’am. I was assigned to supervise my mommy and make sure that Your special guest had a very good stay here, Ma’am.

Last Session:	2023-033	03/11/23
Last Assignment:	01-0510-3	05/02/23

Yesterday:

As allowed, my Queen, I woke Mr. Wexler with a proper blow job. He must have enjoyed sleeping cuddled up to me and touching my body until he fell asleep, Ma'am, since his penis was very hard when I woke. I was able to swallow about half of it before I saw him start to wake. He lie there and let me swallow it all, then purred very happily as I woke him. He ejaculated in my mouth again and I swallowed it.

I offered to "help" Mr. Wexler with his shower, and batted my eyes when I did, so he allowed me. He allowed me to summon my mom to help as well. We both washed him as affectionately as possible, Ma'am, and my mom decided to be a slut and "wash" his penis by stroking it in her soapy hand. I let him watch me spank her bare bottom for "not offering to share that huge penis with me" and he seemed to like watching that as well. He asked me if I thought I could "do a better job of washing his penis" and I told him that I would like to try. He allowed me to. I got my crack very sudsy with his soap then put his stiff penis in my crack and wiggled my bottom to stroke it. Mr. Wexler purred rather happily and told me he preferred my way. I reminded him that "my mommy and I are here to make you as happy as possible, Sir" and that we both want him to "not be shy about helping himself to the meager slutty service of these bodies." He decided that I was "being rather slutty" for washing him, and "I should be punished for it." He chose to punish me by using my vagina to finish cleaning his wonderful penis, Ma'am. He told my mom to "watch, so you will know what happens to bad girls." I told mom to watch very closely, and she leaned over to see his penis as it slid in and out of my vagina until he ejaculated inside my vagina. I knelt and thanked him for allowing me to be of use to him, and he allowed me to suck his penis clean. The he asked for mom to "wash it again, since it's been used, and do it the way he likes this time." She used her bottom as I did, Ma'am, and Mr. Wexler liked it. He watched as we washed each other.

Mr. Wexler allowed us both to dress him, and then we took him down for breakfast. He'd chosen a western omelet with a bran muffin and fruit so that was breakfast today. After breakfast he allowed my mom to rub his shoulders while I packed their bags, Ma'am, and loaded them in mom's car. We both gave him a very long hug and kiss together as mom said good by to him. Then I drove him to the airport, and stayed with him while we checked them both in for their flight home.

I waited with him at the TSA checkpoint, which is as far as I could go without a ticket. Ms. Speer arrived with

Sharon a minute or two before eight as planned, Ma'am. Miss Speer ordered Sharon to wait patiently while I said goodbye to Mr. Wexler. I said a proper goodbye, giving him the hottest kiss as I did. Ms. Speer dismissed me, and as I left I wiggled my bottom towards Mr. Wexler and told him "if Sharon ever comes back to the Queen's, I really hope she lets me take care of you again, Sir. Thank you for being so nice and fun, Sir." I left and went home to return to my chores, Ma'am.

GUEST APPEARANCES

My other play toys who make an appearance in this story



F089

Jess

Daddy's Whore ("Jess")

Age	Height	Weight
19	5'3"	124
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Brown	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-A	29	35
Debuts In:		



F097

Celeste

Hotel Whore ("Celeste")

Age	Height	Weight
42	5'6"	146
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Black	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-DD	29	35
Debuts In:		



Mommy’s Whore (“Hope”)

Age	Height	Weight
20	5’4”	137
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Black	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
36-C	30	37
Debuts In:		

THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"

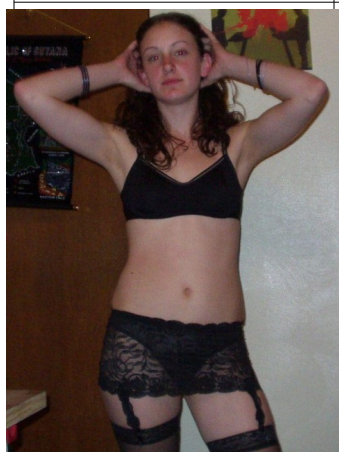
My friends, family, and slaves who appear in this story and numerous others. Only those in this story are shown.



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

Age	Height	Weight
21	5'4"	118
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	26	34

Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"



Slave-whore ("Paige")

Age	Height	Weight
20	5'7"	112
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	29	34

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



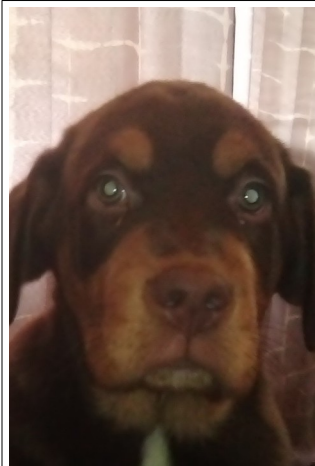
Lezzie Slut (“Dawn”)

Age	Height	Weight
24	5’5”	125
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-A	30	35
Debuts In: “The Dorm.”		



Princess Lilly

Age	Height	Weight
6 (Human)/42 (K9)	2’2”	60
Hair	Eyes	
Black & White	Puppy Dog	



Prince Butt Monkey

Age	Height	Weight
13 Mo.	2'10"	80
Hair	Eyes	
Brown, Tan, White	Puppy Dog	