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Author's Note:

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

The latest four stories are always available, with no questions asked and for free, on my website, including stories that aren't published anywhere else.

The complete archives of all my public-version stories are available in the member's pages of my website. Just sign up, it's easy and free. So are the stories. I promise to never spam anyone.

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

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

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31. January 2021

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Prologue:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

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

Paige is rather lean girl. She stands about 5'6" tall, but weighs only 112 pounds. It gives her a slightly stickish figure, with only the gentlest of feminine curves to her waist and hips. But she does have a pair of rather perky, and slightly pointy, 34-B breasts with wide nipples. She has honey brown hair that's long and curly with green eyes.

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

I have three BFFs, (Isabelle, Reagan, and Ellie) none of whom are into my little games. But all of whom occasionally creep into my stories. After all, they are my BFFs so they tend to be around. Luckily they're not

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

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

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

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

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



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My friend Andrea is a flight attendant. She's also a fellow Domme. And that's kind of common knowledge around the airline she works for. Definitely with the dozen or so flight attendants and pilots she usually works with. I guess it's something in the way their work schedules are done, but she usually flies with co-workers from that same small group.

Andrea and I regularly meet for coffee, and mostly for gossip, with a few other Dommes we both know. We talk about our toys. We talk about our latest adventures. My friend Colette, always asks when she'll get more than a brief mention in one of my stories, or better yet, when I'll write a story about one of her adventures, and I always tell her the same thing, when she's in one of my scenes that becomes a story.

I'm not surprised when Andres tells me she has a couple I might want to meet. The six of us often swap toys. Or "do favors" for each other by seeing one of Her toys for a one-time session. The subs, at least most of them, seem to like the variety of being loaned out once in a while. We "offer out" subs we've run into, but aren't interested in, to the others often enough, too. It happens enough. One of us will meet a toy whose interests more closely align with another. We share. All of us have decently well-stocked toyboxes already.

Andrea tells me about Susan and Chris, the couple she mentioned. They've been regular passengers on her flight, or rather the leg of it from Mobile Regional (KMOB) to Charlotte International (KCLT), flying with her about once a month. They've told her they fly it about twice that, but Andrea isn't always on the crew. She says that's to be expected, several cabin crews alternate on the route. Her crew works only every fourth day.

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She tells me that they've been flying with her for a long time, at least a year, she thinks. She remembers seeing them often enough. Apparently, Susan somehow heard the gossip about Andrea. Andrea is sure it was Lydia, her counterpart on another crew, who told Susan.

She tells me that Susan is a "play Domme," as we refer to them. She plays games with her husband. Games where he's her slave, but only in their bedroom. And then not every time, just sometimes. To me, it disqualifies Susan as a Domme. To me, she's just a woman playing some games to spice up her sex life. Fine by me, I hope they enjoy it.

Susan told her that before they were together, he played with a couple of other Dommes. And he liked it. It was Chris who suggested they try the power-exchange games. Susan played along and found she liked it.

Susan told Andrea that she would like to arrange a surprise for Chris. A session with a "serious Domme." A Domme with some real experience at it, one with far more ideas than she has for "punishing Chris." She would prefer to be invited to watch the session and hopefully learn a few things that she might use later.

She told Andrea that Chris has a "thing" for naughty nurses, too. It's just fantasy so far, he's never even dated a nurse, naughty or not, before. He likes "being ridiculed" by ladies. He likes being spanked. According to Susan, there's nothing she'd done that he hasn't liked.

Their biggest problem is Chris' standing in the very rural community. He's a county commissioner. And he's also the pastor at a Baptist church. If his idea of fun were to become known in that conservative community, he'd be neither any longer. He'd be laughed out of town. I grin as I hear that. I have two toys that live in that same

county. I suspect all that righteous conservativism is outward only. It stops at the bedroom doors. Like everywhere else on Earth.

But it deeply matters to Chris and Susan. They want to keep up appearances. Thus, she wants to arrange a session with someone from out of town. Preferably out of town. Far from nosy neighbors. It's why, after hearing the rumors about Andrea, Susan approached her. She figured that Andrea, if not interested, might know someone who is. Someone from Mobile or Charlotte, away from their home.

Andrea told Susan that she knew of a Domme who was also a nurse. That's me. I'm a student nurse, but that's close enough in Andrea's mind. I can appear and act like a real nurse. It's easy. I've had plenty of practice being a real nurse, between shifts at the student health center and an internship at USA Med Center, one of the largest hospitals in Southern Alabama.

Andrea told Susan that she would speak with me and see if I was interested in a one-time session with Chris. If so, she'd let Susan know, and arrange something.

I have to think about this one. I generally like one-off sessions. They give me the variety I like. They let me play with far more toys than I could manage if I had to keep them all in my toybox. But I've never seen "play Dommes" as worthy of being called anything but housewives. I hesitate to get involved in anything with an admittedly inexperienced amateur. Her repertoire is just too limited for me. But, on the other hand, Chris has played before, with others. Susan just doesn't know how experienced those others were, or what they did with him.

I decide to agree, mostly because it will be amusing for me to see how subservient Chris will be when faced with a strong dominance. And I wouldn't mind showing Susan up. I would get so hot to see her

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husband on his knees, begging me shamelessly and ignoring his "pretend Domme" wife as if she were nothing.

Susan, hoping for the best, gave Andrea the schedule for their next couple of flights. Along with her cell number. It tells me when they'll be in Mobile again. And that lets me make the plans I need to make.

It's no problem to "borrow" my favorite little coffee cafe downtown. It's not open on Sundays anyway. And I own its owner. Pam, half of the couple who owns the cafe, is a toy of mine. She will gladly allow me to borrow her cafe whenever I want it. Although I've never asked for it during business hours. I wouldn't want to interfere with her business. But after hours... It's just sitting there!

When I ask Pam for her cafe, all she asks me is if she's to be there as well. I tell her why not? We could use a hostess.

Then I start thinking about the others I want to invite. Since Chris has a "thing" for nurses, I want a couple of nurses there, not just me. I immediately think of Annie. She's a nurse I know from USA, and even better, she likes to play around. She's a lot like Susan sounds to be. More into playing games than dominant. But I've played with her and her boyfriend before, so I know that Annie is open to a little fun.

Annie suggests we invite Mindy, another of the nurses from USA. I know her decently well. And I know that she's Annie's gossip partner around there. Annie tells me that Mindy knows about the time Annie brought her boyfriend over to see me, so Annie wouldn't mind Mindy seeing "whatever." So Invite Mindy, who rather eagerly agrees to come. Eagerly enough that I suspect Mindy has been hinting to Annie to get her invited to a show or something like that.

I add in Wendy, a first-year student nurse I know from campus. She's been after me to invite her to one of my shows. And she's playful enough that she might be fun to have here. She's also nice and young. Something Annie and Mindy aren't. Annie is in her late 20's. Mindy is around 30. It makes for a more varied group of nurses.

Then I invite two of my BFFs, Izzy and Ellie. My third BFF is out of town for college, so there's no use in inviting her. I tell both they can bring a friend, or a date, as long he or she knows my rules. What happens at the cafe stays at the cafe. That rounds out a second and third table to make the cafe look like it's actually open for business.

Now I need a few toys to play with. It's been a while, maybe five or six weeks since I've visited Christy and Brad, a middle-aged couple that are both toys of mine. They're in their 40's, which makes them a few years older than Susan and Chris.

I want a rather attractive young couple in the mix, too. Although I have two of those in my toybox (Paul & Elise, and Mark & Callie) I decide to make one up. I pick Kevin, a rather manly and well-built young man, and tell him he's taking Dawn, an athletic woman and a senior on USA's swim team, out on a date. He's taking her to Pam's. I tell Dawn that Kevin will pick her up, and she's going with him. Both give me the same answer: "yes, Ma'am."

That fills five of Pam's 14 tables. As I think about it, I decide that's not going to be enough. I want Pam's to be busy for this little show. And I want a varied crowd for my audience, something like you'd find in here if it was actually open.

For some variety, I pick Natalie and Shawna. Natalie is Shawna's mother. Both of them are my toys. Natalie has been for some time now. Shawna has been for several months since she turned 18 and begged me

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to take her as well. Natalie is still slightly uncomfortable seeing anything with Shawna in it. That should add nicely to the dynamic.

I decide to add a foursome, assuming everyone is interested. It will consist of Beth and her husband Dan, friends of mine I met through my fellow Domme Janelle. They're both vanilla, but they're also eager to watch a show. Beth practically begged me to let her see one. Then one fell in my lap, Her neighbors Sabrina and her husband Erik. Since Beth saw that show, she's been wanting to see another. So when I call her, she eagerly agrees to come and watch and volunteers her husband to come as well. I tell Sabrina her presence is expected, and I invite her husband, who enjoys participating as long as nothing kinky is done to him, to join the foursome. It amounts to three spectators and one toy.

I invite Cassandra and Meredith, two girls I know from USA. Neither are nursing students. But both are in one of my classes, and both have been asking me to invite them to join the audience for a show. I have no doubt they're interested in it mostly as gossip fodder, but I also believe they'll follow my rules and not out my toys. They'll add a pair of young, and rather giggly, girls to the audience.

That gives me a total of eight tables and 17 guests. It about half fills Pam's cafe. I guess that's not a bad crowd for a Sunday evening. What I know, it's going to make for a scene very different from what Chris has ever had before. And I think one he'll like. One that's going to come as a big surprise for Chris. And just as big of a surprise for Susan. I'm sure it's not going to be what she's thinking it will be.

I tell Andrea the plan. She doesn't tell Susan. Instead, on their flight back from Charlotte, Andrea never told me why they go there so often, Andrea slips Susan a note. It says "Take him for coffee, 5:00 pm

today. My friend will find you there." And it tells her where Pam's cafe is.

It's not two minutes later when Susan slips out of her seat and tries to get more information from Andrea. But Andrea can be very firm. She only tells Susan that's what "her friend" told her. Andrea doesn't know anything more, so asking is a waste of oxygen, which is a limited resource at 31,000 feet. She tells Susan that it's up to her whether she goes or not, but if she doesn't she shouldn't count on me making a second offer. I'm known not to offer second chances. At least Susan understands that the friend Andrea is referring to is a Domme.

The Blue Sky Cafe, Pam's cafe, is kind of like a Starbucks, only with a much better menu. She serves "designer" blends of coffee, all organic and ethically-sourced. She serves some fresh baked muffins and danishes. She serves sandwiches. Both deli sandwiches, and a small selection of made-to-order hot sandwiches such as a Cajun-blackened flounder sandwich that makes a hearty lunch. She doesn't serve supper. She closes at 4:00. But she does serve a champagne brunch on Saturdays, and that's delicious. It's substantial, too, with offerings such as a variety of eggs benedict.

I have my audience in place at 4:30. My "staff," too. Pam will be cooking. Paige, my live-in slave-whore, and Elisha, a college girl I'm looking after for the semester, will be the waitresses. Naughty waitresses. Sophie, my live-in slave-girl and handmaiden, will be in her usual place. At my side catering to my many, and diverse, whims. It's where a personal slave belongs.

I created some rather cute uniforms for my waitresses. I started with a short-sleeved white cotton blouse that buttons all the way up to the neck and has a collar almost like a man's shirt would. I added a

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pastel green, narrow, men's tie to it. I had them button their blouses all the way from the collar down to just under their breasts, then leave them unbuttoned. And tie the tails at their stomachs, to leave a slice of bare skin visible above the pastel green mini-skirt. And pastel green patent-leather shoes with spiky heels. But no underwear of any kind. No bras. No panties. Not even stockings. Both wear their collars, but those aren't visible under the shirts.

It won't matter to the audience, I introduce both of them as my slaves. They even have name tags on. Paige's gives her name as "Skanky," and Elisha's gives her name as "Newbie." It's the names I made up for them. The ones they use everywhere, except on official forms where their names have to match some official record. Then they use the names their parents gave them. Only then.

But Susan and Chris won't know these two are slaves. Elisha is going to wait on them. "Newbie," a name that's generic enough that doesn't give away that she's a slave. Nothing in here will give anything away. Except for Sophie's collar. That's visible. I just wonder how long it will take Susan to spot it. Or even if she will. That clearly gives away that Sophie is a slave. And that her owner is likely one of the two ladies at her side. Thus, either I or Mindy is the "friend" that Andrea sent them to meet.

"Ugh!" I hear Susan groan out slightly loudly as she opens the door to Pam's. Just a few minutes before they were due to arrive, Andrea texting me a warning when they deplaned, we switched the sign in the window to "open." Pam is going to switch it back to "closed" as soon as they aren't looking. Luckily Pam's is downtown, and the downtown area is rather quiet on Sundays. There's not too much chance of a random diner coming in.

"Just try it, babe." Susan is saying over her shoulder to Chris. "I'm too hungry to wait until we get home, and the flight attendant swears by this place. She said it's the best cooking in Mobile, and she's lived here all her life." That's true, Andrea was born here, but I seriously doubt she told Susan that. Susan must be improvising.

Pam hustles over and offers to show them to a table. Before Chris can say anything, Susan allows them to be led to a table. It's in the center of the dining area. We reserved it just for them. But since everyone here is part of a scene, that wasn't hard to do. There are no random diners this time. That's happened to me before when I used this place. But since Chris lives only one county away, I won't let it happen this time. I want to fully control the environment.

I just want it to like no one is controlling the environment. It's why I invited a wide selection of people, and toys, for the audience. I want it to look like it's not an audience, but just a random collection of people who decided to have their supper here tonight. I have young. Wendy is only 18 by about a month. I have older. Brad is 48, and his wife Christy is 46. I have guys and girls. I have students. I have upper class. I have working class.

And I have a table full of nurses in scrubs, including me. We're all wearing the crimson scrubs with USA Health embroidered on them. We all have our IDs clipped on. We have some stuff, like a stethoscope, crammed in a pocket. Just stuff to make us look like a group of nurses grabbing a meal after a long shift. And gabbing about the patients we had to deal with. That's a topic we all have plenty to gab about. Plus Mindy and Annie did just get off at three, which usually means closer to four. They look tired as if they've just done a long shift on their feet. Because they have.

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It's not long before Elisha is at their table, introducing herself and handing them menus. I printed the menus on my computer. This evening, we're offering only three choices, so it won't be too hard on Pam. We have Lamb Kebabs, guaranteed Kosher. We have blackened flounder filet served with grilled shrimp. And we have deep-fried turkey breast. It's a menu that offers a decent variety. And uses what Pam already had in the kitchen.

Doing her best to be a good waitress, a job Elisha's never had in an actual restaurant, she's prattling on about how everything is ethically-raised, free-range, organic, non-GMO, no-antibiotic, and in short, actual food, the way G-d created it. She warns them that flounder is a bit spicy but incredible. As are the kebabs, but not those aren't as hot as the flounder is. According to Elisha, a girl who never set foot out of Georgia before coming to Mobile, the kebabs taste very authentic, "like straight from Jerusalem, authentic."

I just wait, gabbing away with my friends for a few minutes. There's no sense in looking too eager. And it leaves Susan to wonder which of the ladies in here is the "friend" who will find her.

I wonder which of the ladies Susan is thinking it is. My money would be on Sabrina. She's about Andrea's age and looks it. She also has a slightly stern look on her face. Like a strict librarian. Like someone, the "adult entertainment" industry would cast as a harsh German dominatrix. Oh, how wrong that guess would be. Sabrina is a rather submissive little fuck toy!

I make them wait close to ten minutes, giving Elisha time to bring them some drinks.

The Audience



Craig

Ellie

Derek

Isabelle



Guest	Also Appears In:
Annie	"The Nurse And Her Naughty Boyfriend"
Brad	"Home Invasion"*
Christy	"Home Invasion"*
Beth	"The Neighbors"*
Dan	"The Neighbors"*
Sabrina	"The Neighbors"* & "The Pirate, Mistress"
Erik	"The Neighbors"* & "The Pirate, Mistress"
Dawn	"The Dorm"
Kevin	"Her Son's First Lesson"*
Natalie	"Introducing Shawna"
Shawna	"Introducing Shawna"

* All of my stories are available online, although those marked are not available on Literotica. I publish only some of my stories there. And their rules won't allow me to tell you where to find the others.

Cassandra, Meredith, Craig, Derek, Wendy and Mindy do not appear in any of my other stories.

Izzy and Ellie, BFFs ##1 and 3, appear in a good number of my other stories, to one extent or another.



Chapter O2: Naughty Little Boy

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When I finally rise, I slowly meander my way over toward Chris and Susan's table. I walk casually as if heading for the ladies' room in the back or something. Anywhere but their table. I don't see any reason to draw attention to myself so soon.

For the same reason, I tell Sophie to stay at the table. She's clearly a slave, and if she were tagging along with me, it would offer Susan a big hint. I leave my crop at the table, out of sight in Sophie's hands, too. That way I'll just look like a young nurse walking through the cafe. Another diner.

I got a good look at the pair as they entered the restaurant. I picked a seat where I would. Andrea tends to get rather artistic with her descriptions of people. And it's not like she could ask them for a picture. Well, she could have gotten one from Susan, but that wouldn't be as much fun. Still, her descriptions are close enough. As they enter I have no doubt they're the couple I've been waiting for.

Chris is a decently tall man. I'd guess he's a bit over six feet, maybe 6'2" or so. He has a nice broad build as well. I just can't tell if he's stocky, hunky, or has a bit of a "dad body" under the business suit he's wearing. Not even when he drapes his coat off the back of his chair.

It's a nice suit, suitable for church, which is probably where they were before leaving this morning. He has on a white, button-down shirt with a medium red tie. The suit has black slacks and a matching blazer with it. It looks like leather loafers, too. Nicely shined ones.

Chris has a fairly oval face, but one with softer, more rounded lines to it. And not so oval as to look narrow. His head is clearly shaven, not bald. I can see a trace of stubble covering his head, as if he shaved yesterday, not this morning. He has a full beard of light brown hair that's neatly trimmed short. It's brown, with almost no gray to it at all,

except at the center. There it's almost fully gray, making it look like he has both a beard and a goatee. He also a neatly trimmed brown mustache. He has green eyes over a slightly long-looking nose. And he has a slightly narrow mouth, framed with medium-plump, dark pink lips.

Andrea told me Chris is 41. She got that off the passenger manifest which has ages on it, along with ID numbers and such. I guess that's post-9/11 security. They want to know exactly who is on planes now. He looks it. He's also a fairly good-looking man. I wouldn't mind being seen with him.

Susan is closer to average height, around 5'5" I would guess. It puts the top of her head around the level of his chin. She's wearing a very loose-fitting, modest, ankle-length skirt today. It's not fancy, like evening wear would be, but it is professional looking. It looks like church-wear to me. She's paired it with a long-sleeved, loose, black blouse. It hides the shape of her body almost fully. But still, I can guess that she probably weighs around 140, give or take a few pounds. She's just not wide or thick enough to weigh much more than that. It is, however, possible, that those blousy clothes are hiding a slimmer figure than it looks. She wearing low, and thus comfortable, heels that match her skirt.

Susan has a slightly sterner face. Not harsh. It's feminine, just with a light touch of sharpness to it. It's fairly oval, enough so that it has a slight narrowness to it. She has medium brown hair that hangs down to her shoulder blades. It looks to be styled into tight curls. They're too precise to be natural. But tonight she has her hair pulled back. She has bright green eyes over a smallish and narrow-looking nose. And she has a straight, slightly narrow, mouth framed with fine lips. I can't tell what color her lips are, they're covered with a thick, deep red lipstick. She has a jawline with slightly angular lines to it but topped with a rounded chin.

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It's those lines that give her face that strong look. The straight mouth gives it a slightly, and perpetually, displeased look. She's wearing silver-framed glasses with small oval lenses.

Susan is definitely not an unattractive woman. She just as definitely looks middle-aged. But not quite as old as her husband. Guessing I'd put her age in her late 30's, maybe 40 at the most. Andrea told me she's 38. If anything, I'd call her look common. She could be any woman in any supermarket anywhere. While there's nothing special about her looks, she's definitely as pretty as any other housewife I'd pass in Publix.

As I near the table, I hear a tidbit of conversation. It seems Chris has decided that the menu here is rather brief in its selection. But everything sounds, and from what he's seen, looks delicious. It sounds as if he's softening to Susan's choice of restaurant.

Susan has been steadily checking out all of the ladies in here. I'm sure she's wondering which of us is the one Andrea sent her to meet. Her demeanor tells me she's getting slightly impatient as if she's wondering if Andrea might be playing some trick on her. She pays me no attention as I pass by her. As if she's already discounted me as Andrea's friend. I don't know why! Andrea is only eight years older than I am! But I'm petite, and that makes me look a little younger. At least to middleaged people.

I stop right beside Chris and quickly turn to him. "Oh, you're that naughty little boy who just can't take his eyes off my friend," I say to him in a rather scornful voice.

"Excuse me?" Chris says to me, clearly lost. He hasn't a clue what, or who, I'm talking about.

"Don't play dumb with me, little boy," I scold him sternly. I move quickly, slapping his face. It's not a hard slap, but it's enough to get his attention. It doesn't even leave a handprint. At least not one that won't fade in a few seconds. But Chris's jaw drops from it. "You know exactly who I mean! That beautiful red-headed flight attendant you ogled all the way from Charlotte today."

"I don't know what you're talking about..." Chris says, almost stumbling over his words. I'm sure his mind is racing at warp speed. Wondering how I knew about Andrea. Or even that he was on a plane today. Maybe he thinks Andrea called a friend to laugh about the guy who was checking her out. As if that doesn't happen ten times a flight!

Out of the corner of my eye, I see a look of surprise on Susan's face. I guess I wasn't the one she was expecting. But mentioning Andrea was obviously enough for Susan to catch on that I'm the one Andrea sent her to meet. I see her eyes flash over me, taking in the scrubs and noting the nurse-look. I'd bet she thinks it's a costume, not real.

I am not going to give Chris time to think. I've found it works better if I don't when I'm surprising a sub who doesn't know me. Taken by surprise, an eager sub will generally submit, at least when interested in playing with me. So I'll just find out.

I reach down, my hand moving as quickly I can, to Chris's crotch. I grab a good hold of his cock and balls, squeezing him firmly and holding on. I get enough of a squeeze that I see his eyes starting to pop, his face just starting to scrunch up. That's enough for me to know that Chris is definitely feeling my squeeze.

"Naughty boy!" I sternly scold him, still not raising my voice above normal. In that harsh, steely-firm tone, I tell him "stand up. You deserve

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to be spanked for eyeing up another woman in front of your wife!" I pull up on his balls. The thin fabric of his slacks does nothing to cushion my grip. Chris quickly rises up to his feet, the backs of his legs pushing the chair aside as he stands.

"Oh..." I say with a little surprise in my voice. "There must be something wrong with this little penis. It's throbbing. Has it been checked lately? Never mind, I'll just see what's wrong with it. Show me your penis, little boy."

"WHAT?" Chris balks, his face pure shock. Out of the corner of my eyes, I see a look of just as much surprise on Susan's face. I'm sure she expected to just meet me, have coffee, and talk about some future session. I'm sure she didn't expect me to just start in on Chris. Especially here in public, with all these people watching us! And now, everyone in here is staring at Chris. I guess they heard me tell him to show me his cock. It's what I wanted. I wanted them both surprised, out of their element, and essentially left with no choice but to either put their trust in me or leave.

"Never mind," I say in my bullying voice. As I do I release my grip on his balls. My hands move as fast as they can, flying up to the waistband of his slacks. It takes me only a few short seconds to get his belt unbuckled and his slacks unbuttoned. My hands hang onto the waistband of his pants. As I do, I slip my fingers under the waistband of his boxer shorts. "I said show me your penis, little boy." I yank hard, tugging his pants off his hips. They're loose enough fitting that they fall right to the floor. His boxers go right with them.

It leaves Chris standing there with his hard cock sticking out from between the tails of his shirt. His cock isn't so long. At most, it's five inches, and maybe a little under that. It leaves him no bigger than

average. But it is decently thick. Over an inch wide. It's not circumcised, leaving its foreskin rising up and almost fully hiding the spongy head of it. So far up that only, the very tip is visible. The hole at its tip, and maybe a tiny sliver of deep purple flesh around it. His skin is light, fully showing the thick veins that line his hard shaft.

And now, everyone in here is gawking at his cock. A couple of the girls, especially the younger ones, are giggling, too. I'm sure they're giggling more from the way I just exposed it so shamelessly and openly. And I'm just as sure that Chris is certain they're giggling at its size. Any man would think that.

"This penis is just so tiny!" I announce, a bit of a mocking giggle in my voice. "Girls, you have to see this little thing!" I grab hold of Chris's balls again. But this time I just get his balls, reaching under the erect shaft to cup them in my hand and squish them firmly. His balls are covered with the same long, curly hairs that make up the fur surrounding his shaft. Bot otherwise they're now bare in my hand. I give them a good squish, stopping only when I see his face starting to scrunch up. That tells me that he really feels the firm grip I have on those tender eggs.

I start walking toward my table. And I hang on to Chris' balls. He stumbles badly, almost tripping a few times as we cross the few strides. I'm sure it's next to impossible for him to walk. Not only am I half dragging him along by his balls, but his pants are dangling around his ankles.

I walk him right up to the table. As I pull him to it, I use the back of my hand to nudge his cock. The same hand that I have balls gripped in. It nudges his cock up over the table. As his pubes bump into the table, I move my hand back down so that I'm squishing his balls under

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the table, but his cock is laying atop the table. As if another of the menu offerings.

To my surprise, it's Mindy who speaks first. Almost the instant his cock is on the table. She, like all of my guests here, knows the rules. Chris may be touched, anytime, anywhere, by anyone. I don't care who touches him. Or how they do it.

"You're right, that penis doesn't look good. It appears to be severely atrophied." Mindy reaches her hand out to his cock. She very softly puts the tips of her fingers on his shaft, as close to the base of it as she can. She starts slowly drawing her fingers along its length. His cock twitches so hard that it jumps up off the table. Mindy lets it, keeping her fingers flowing along its length as she does.

Mindy's fingers glide all the way down to the tip of his cock. She slips her fingers around it, wrapping her hand around the shaft about midway down. She holds it lightly. She pulls his skin back, exposing every bit of the dark purple, bulbous head of his cock. She keeps his cock snugly in her hand. She puts the tip of a finger to the head of his cock, stroking it very tenderly over the sensitive flesh.

She barely manages a single stroke. A huge drop of sticky cum oozes from the tip of his cock, clinging to it and sparkling in the light. Everyone at the table sees it.

I squish his balls a tiny bit harder. "Messy little boy!" I scold him in a cold, bullying voice.

"I'm not surprised it's so eager," Mindy says with a faint giggle to her voice. "A penis this small would never be able to satisfy a woman."

"So true!" Wendy blurts out in a very girly, and giggling voice. "It takes some man-meat to fill up a girl and satisfy me!"

Chris blushes a little as his eyes turn to the very young-looking Wendy who is making fun of his manhood. His cock twitches crisply as Mindy teases it a little more. "Have you ever seen one so small before, Annie?" Mindy asks.

Of course, she has. She's been a nurse for years. She's probably seen one half the length of Chris's. "No, that penis is shrunk up worse than any I've run into. No wonder it's throbbing so badly. No way could it satisfy itself with a woman, there just isn't enough of it left."

"You know, with it leaking like that, it's probably an issue with his prostate," Annie says with a little smirk on her face. Annie has always been very playful. Playful with her boyfriend, too. As long as it's him getting the short end of the straw, not her, she's up for about anything.

There's about one second of silence. Wendy's eyes go wide at the suggestion. Even though she's only a first-year student, barely starting, really, she knows generally how a prostate gets checked. Who doesn't? She's just yet to see it done or get to do it herself.

Sophie just pulls a latex glove out of her pocket. In about one more second, Sophie has it pulled onto my hand. "You're right, Annie," I say in a very taunting and sly voice. "We'd better check."

I use my gloved hand to push against Chris's shoulders. It takes him by surprise, leaning him a bit over the table before he catches it and stiffens up. But by then my hand is already on its way down.

I can only see the bottoms of his cheeks. His shirt is hanging down too far, covering the top half of them. But what I can see of them looks fine to me. His globes are hairless. They're decently rounded, but they also seem to have a touch of loosens to them, as if the flesh atop his muscles has loosened up over the years. I can see a deep crack, one

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that's fully closed off with inside edges of his globes lying flush against each other.

It doesn't take me any trouble to get the tip of my finger between those cheeks. As I push it in, I can feel that his cheeks do have some looseness to them, but I can also feel the flesh parting easily around my finger. Then I feel the tightly clenched ring of muscle under my finger. I can feel the defined firmness of that muscle. I don't feel any funneling to it, nor do I feel it puckering out. His feels a hair wider than most, but not unusually so. It's still tightly shut, and his ring isn't any bigger than a nickel. Or so it feels. I can't see it.

"YOU'RE NOT—" Chris blurts out in a voice that's half shock, and half panic. That's all he gets out. It's cut off by his deep grunted "UGH!" as I push my finger steadily against his asshole. My finger feels his ring cinch uptight to resist. Then I feel his ring being pushed wide and my finger starting to slip into him. I feel his muscle unhappily squeezing hard around my finger as if trying to grip it and stop me. I just keep slipping into his bottom. I let all of my finger slide into his bottom until the webbing of fingers is flush against the outside of his asshole.

By the giggling looks on the girls' faces, I can tell they are seeing Chris's face scrunch up hard. Men are such babies about their bottoms!

I curl my finger inside his rectum, bringing the tip of my finger back to press against his body just inside his asshole, toward his balls. The balls I still have squished in my hand, keeping Chris fairly still for his rectal exam. I put my thumb against his body, to the strip of flesh behind his balls. I wiggle my finger, quickly finding the almond-sized gland that's his prostate.

Mindy releases his cock, letting it lie flat on the table now.

I stroke my finger over his gland softly, gently massaging it.

Everyone else stares at the show. I'm sure it's the first time that anyone has ever seen anything like this done in a restaurant. Even if it's closed and a private show.

But Chris doesn't know that. As far as he knows, this place is open for business now. I give the slightest tug on his balls. "Now you be a good little boy while I check your prostate." I firmly tell Chris.

He says nothing. He just stands there, grunting deep, and uncomfortable "UH!s". I let him get away with that for about two seconds, and maybe not quite that long.

I glance out the corners of my eyes. Susan is still sitting in her seat. By now she's clearly figured some things out. That I'm the one she was to meet. That this is a tease for Chris. And whatever is going on in this restaurant, it's clearly not offending anyone. No one has called the cops yet, anyway.

"Damn, Izzy," I hear Craig saying to Izzy, my BFF #1. those two have a table between mine and Susan's. Craig is 22, and rather stocky and good-looking. "I can't believe that dude is letting her finger his ass in front of everyone like that! What a bitch – him, not her!"

Izzy smiles wide. "So? Come on, when's the last time you got a show like this in a restaurant?"

"Never!" Craig says, "who'd do something so faggoty?"

Chris must hear it as well. I feel him tense up with the words.

I keep stroking my finger over his prostate. I've been about no more than ten seconds. "Oh, his prostate is definitely swollen. Maybe about double what it should be."

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"Uhh..." Chris grunts out, drawing it out and tensing up hard as he does. A crisp shiver races over his body. "Uhm..." Chris groans out, this time his voice deep and breathy. His cock twitches crisply, this time jumping up off the table and rising about halfway up to his shirt. His cock spurts a thick stream of white, creamy cum. As it spurts, rising off the table, it jumps to his left as well. It sends the stream angling off towards Wendy. Chris grunts out another satisfied purr.

Chris's cum splats on the table, mostly in front of Wendy, a little off to her side towards Annie. It shoots a good two feet from the tip of his cock, landing fairly close to Wendy. About where her supper plate will soon be sitting.

"O-M-G!" Wendy gasps out with honest shock in her voice. "No one's even touching his dick and he's cumming all over our table!" Her voice is girly high and laced with a squeakiness. Her surprise has her voice raised loud enough for everyone to hear it, too. "Seriously??? You couldn't even wait for some girl to touch that thing?" I couldn't have scripted it any better.

Chris tenses up hard. He tries to back away. He doesn't move. Between my snug grip on his balls, and my finger in his bottom, Chris isn't moving. It forces him to stand there, his cock spurting more gooey cum at Wendy and Annie while I tease his prostate.

The audience laughs hard. It's a good enough laugh they could be in a comedy club, hearing the funniest joke. And it's everyone laughing. Except for Susan. She's just staring at Chris, her eyes disbelieving. Slowly shaking her head.

"You naughty little boy!" I sternly scold Chris in a "strict librarian" kind of voice. "Here we are trying to help you out, even after you were such a creepy pervert with my friend, and what do you do? You cum all

over the nurses trying to help you! We just can't let you be that naughty. You'll have to be spanked for being so over-eager."

Chris says nothing. He just grunts another sweet purr as yet another spurt of cum shoots from his cock. At least now he's running out of cum, so this one doesn't come so close to hitting Wendy. I think she might have freaked if it had hit her.

I give his balls a very harsh squeeze. Not enough to injure him, but enough for him to really feel it. To feel slightly painful. "Bad little boy! Didn't your wife teach you any manners? What does a polite boy say when he's told something?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Chris says, his voice deep and breathy, breaking as he grunts out another moan while trying to answer. His cock twitches with renewed vigor, but he's about out of cum now.

"Good boy! Now when your tiny little penis is done leaking all that icky semen all over the table like some horny toad, I expect you to be on your best behavior while you're spanked for your disgusting indecency. Is that clear, little boy?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Chris answers.



Now that Chris is finished making a mess all over the table, and slightly grossing out Wendy, I have him standing in front of the table. And facing my group of nurses. His pants are still around his ankles. His cock is still standing out, now semi-stiff. If it's going to soften anymore, it's doing it very slowly.

"Turn around, little boy," I firmly tell Chris.

Chris blushes slightly as he turns. It forces him to see everyone so openly staring at him. There's no doubt what he's just done. Everyone could see him cock spurting cum at Wendy.

Susan stares at him just as intensely as everyone else. The look on her face is about pure surprise. I imagine that she's surprised Chris is getting this session, she wasn't expecting it. I imagine she's surprised that no one has called the police on us, or that the cafe hasn't kicked us out yet. She doesn't know that everyone except her is in on the scene. I imagine she's just as surprised that I was able to make Chris cum without touching his cock. I'll bet she's never seen him do that before.

I didn't expect it. Orgasms like that happen, but they're pretty rare. The nerves from the penis do pass close to the prostate, and it has enough of its own. But it's not usually sensitive enough to produce an orgasm. Usually. Obviously, Chris's prostate is rather sensitive. Once I saw what was happening, I just couldn't help myself. I had to follow through with it. It just made for too good of a show not to. And now, I'm already thinking about what more I can do with Chris's bottom. Clearly, his body will like about anything there, even if he doesn't.

The waitresses, Paige and Elisha, are just starting to serve the salads. As Chris stands there, looking out over the audience, Elisha takes one of the salads to his table. Maybe Chris or Susan notice that Elisha has brought only one. That she knew Chris wouldn't be dining with

Susan. Or maybe they just assume Elisha skipped over him while he's not at the table. The salads are small, but I'm serving a seven-course meal with live entertainment. I figure, a few of the couples here are on dates, and a nice, fancy meal is appropriate for a date night. My guests all understand that I'm not charging for the meal, but I do expect Pam to be well-tipped. If the tips don't make up for the cost of the food, I will. But so far, Pam's made a few bucks every time I've used her cafe.

"Now let's get that naughty bottom spanked good and red for making such a mess, little boy," I tell Chris in my firm, stern-librarian, voice. "Take your clothes off, one piece at a time, fold them up neatly, and make a pile on this chair."

As he stands, the tails of his shirt cover his pubes and some of his balls. It mostly just leaves his cock standing out between its tails. And it hangs down to cover about half of his bottom. That leaves mostly his legs on display. With no clothes at all, every bit of his body is going to be fully displayed to the audience. He won't be able to tell himself that he's covered any longer.

Chris hesitates for a couple of seconds. Slowly, his head nods forward until it's hanging. "Yes, Ma'am," Chris says in a very cowed voice. He squats down and slips his shoes off to begin the pile. His socks soon join them. As do his pants and boxers. Those were still around his ankles, so taking them off amounted to almost nothing for him.

Chris reaches up and slowly opens the loop of his tie, pulling it out until he can slip it over his head. It leaves him only his shirt to take off. And that's about the only thing that's been covering his body. He reaches up and starts unbuttoning it.

His eyes remain downcast, his head hanging forward, as he unbuttons it. But I can see him watching Susan out of a corner of those

eyes. Well, it's more like the top of his eyes. He watches as she glares at him, interest evident on her face. He watches as Susan calmly interacts with Elisha, accepting Elisha's offer of freshly ground pepper on her salad, while he exposes his entire body to a bunch of strangers.

He gets his shirt off. Now I have a full view of his body. As I'd suspected, he has what they call a "dad body." It's not exactly well-toned. He does have a decent build, though. His body is strong, but it's also loose. His stomach has a few extra pounds to hit, but it's not flabby. It's not even a "beer belly." It's more as if his stomach merely swells out slightly. But those are about the only extra pounds on him. He's not hairy either. He does have hair on his chest and legs, but it's more of a light furring of brown wisps that are heavy coat. The only dense hair I see is on his pubes. There he has a thick jungle of long dark tangles. And it's unruly, not neatly trimmed. But he's a man, and few men trim their pubes no matter what girls like to see!

I tell Chris to pick up his pile of clothes. He does. I tell him to take them to Susan and very politely ask her if she'll hold his clothes while he's spanked. Naughty little boys aren't allowed anything while they're spanked, and I am most certainly not hanging onto his things for him.

Chris walks over to Susan with tentative baby steps. Meek steps. As I told him to, he holds the pile of clothes atop his upturned palms. And he holds his hands in front of his small, dark nipples, six inches out from his chest. He stops at the side of their table, facing Susan, a few feet back from her. Then, as instructed, Chris waits quietly for Susan.

Susan finished her bite of salad. Then she looks up at Chris with a faint tinge of a smile on her face. With her seated and him standing, it has his cock at about her eye level. And that ensures Susan doesn't miss

the sight of his cock, still standing out and semi-hard. Its tip glistening with a coat of his sticky cum clinging to it.

"Mistress... I've been a naughty little boy..." Chris begins in a hushed, sheepish voice. "I let my little penis make a big mess on their table. Will you please hold my clothes for me while the pretty nurse spanks me for being so naughty?"

"That was very rude of you," Susan tells him. But her voice is normal, not scolding or mocking, or anything else. It's just her regular voice. That tells me she doesn't take her role seriously, that she's just playing a part. But at least she does "scold" him and tell him he was rude.

Susan reaches up and takes the pile of clothes from his hands. She sets them on the table, about where his plate would be if he was going to be eating. "Go get your spanking. And try to behave for the nice nurses." I see a tiny twinkle of amusement in her eyes as if she's recognized that Andrea must have told me about his "thing" for naughty nurses and I dressed up a few friends as nurses for him. It tells me she knows that Chris is going to love being spanked by a nurse.

"Yes, Mistress," Chris says in his sheepish voice. He turns and returns to me.

While he was taking his clothes to Susan, I turned the chair around so its back is flush against the table. I'm standing in front of it when he returns. "slave, hand me a paddle for this naughty little boy," I say sweetly.

"Oh, yes, Mistress!" Sophie, my slave-girl, says rather enthusiastically. She must have guessed and already had the paddle out

of the bag she has on the floor beside her. Almost instantly she's putting the handle of it in my hand. I grin.

Chris stares at the paddle, a slightly nervous look on his face. It's not that evil-looking of a paddle. But it does look... strict. It's wooden, about 3/4" thick. It's only about 18" long, but it is 4" wide. It has holes drilled in it to cut down on the wind resistance and speed it up, making its strike a little harder.

The look on Chris's face tells me that he was expecting to be spanked with my hand. I do that, but not so often. I have tiny hands, and they're slightly bony. A good spanking hurts my hand almost as much as it hurts the bottom. I prefer paddles. I don't feel a thing with them. But Chris, it appears to me, is a stranger to a paddle. It kind of makes sense to me. Susan is just playing with him. She no real Domme. She wouldn't have invested in real toys for their games.

I reach over and get a good grip on Chris's pubes, letting the long hairs of his bush weave between my fingers. I pull, leading him around to my side and turning him so he's facing my side. "To your knees," I tell him firmly.

I sit down, keeping my grip on his bush. It pulls him downward with me. That's enough of a nudge that Chris drops reluctantly down to his knees. That should be enough to tell him how he's going to be spanked. It's pretty obvious.

I release his hairs and reach up. With his shaven head, I don't have any hair to grab hold of. So I improvise. I pinch his nose hard. I pull his head forward, using his nose as my handle. I bring it down as well, lying Chris over my parted thighs.

Chris comes along, but hesitantly. I put him in my favorite position. That's with his chest lying flat on my lap, my left thigh under his breasts, my right thigh in the bend of his waist. I have his waist fully bent, his thighs hanging straight down to the floor. His knees barely touching the floor. I have his cock trapped, lying between his pubes and my thigh, its head pointing up at his navel. His arms hang over the far side. I'd guess his cock feels about ¾ of the way to steely hardness, and this is as soft as I've seen it so far.

It has Chris's bottom pulled tautly. His cheeks have a slight looseness to them, leaving the tips of them looking a bit flat and less rounded. But his cheeks aren't big, and there's no sign of flab on them. It's just a bit of looseness from age. But under that flesh, I can make out some decently firm muscles.

I lie the wood paddle across his cheeks. I hold it there, and very lightly caress the soft flesh of his bottom with the smooth wood blade. "This is for cumming all over the table and making such a mess. No one gave you permission to ejaculate during your prostate exam. You have to be a big boy and behave for nurses. Cumming all over a nurse is just so immature. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am... I'm sorry for being such a messy little boy, Ma'am."

"Wendy, since you almost got splattered with this little boy's mess, you get to decide how many spankings that was worth. Pick a number..."

While Chris was delivering his clothes I told the girls that this was worth somewhere around three strokes, maybe as many as five, depending on how naughty they considered it. That was meant for Wendy. I just didn't tell her that I was going to ask her to sentence him.

"I think... three." Wendy answers.

"Three strokes it is," I announce. Then I tell Chris that he has to count his strokes, too. I don't know if Susan, or anyone else, has made him do that. I want him to know what I expect him to do.

I lift the paddle, raising it up high. I snap it down, putting about ¾ of my strength into the stroke. If Wendy had picked a higher number, I would have just eased off on the strokes so his bottom would end up just as sore. The paddle comes down fast and hard, landing across both of his cheeks with a loud, splitting crack that rings out through the room. If I didn't have everyone's attention before, that crack gets it.

"UGH!" Chris grunts out hard, his voice already carrying a note of strain to it. He stiffens up over my lap, his muscles tensing hard. Atop my thigh, I feel his cock instantly snap to its fully steely hardness. Whatever bit of softness was in it, is gone now. It feels as if his weight is pressing an iron pipe into the top of my thigh.

"One, Ma'am," Chris counts. It only takes him a second to loosen back and lie fairly still. But his hips do squirm a hair as if trying to squirm some of the sting out of his cheeks. His cheeks are just loose enough for the flesh to jiggle at their tips, but only a hair. He takes a few fast breaths. His hands jump to the legs of my chair, getting a good grip on them.

As I lift the paddle for the next stroke, it reveals the glowing pink strip across his cheeks. That should leave no doubt to anyone that Chris is really being paddled. The toys in my audience wouldn't have doubted it, but they've all been paddled themselves before. Some of the others, like Meredith, this is the first of my shows she's seen.

Chris stares at the floor. It spares him from having to see everyone gawking at him as he submissively lies over my knees and allows himself to be spanked like a bad little boy. By a girl young enough to be his daughter, and as tiny as he is big. I'm sure it's an interesting image.

The looks on faces vary. My toys have looks of pity on their faces, as if they know what a paddling is like and feel sorry for him. Most of the guests have a look of embarrassed amusement on their faces. Susan has a curious look on her face. I saw her flinch hard as the stroke landed on his bottom, but otherwise, she seems more interested.

"UGH!" Chris grunts out hard, his voice betraying the pain of the stroke as it lands on his bottom, sending fresh needles stinging their way into his behind. He tenses up, and this time it takes him a few more seconds to loosen back up. "Two, Ma'am," Chris counts off. Now we cal hear a faint sobbing note in his voice. It tells us all that he's trying hard not to show the pain of the spanking. Not to cry.

Men always try to "be a man" for their spankings. They hate for people to see them cry. I knew Chris would. So as I snap the paddle down for his last stroke, I put every bit of my strength into it. It lands with a slightly louder, more splitting crack.

"OW!" Chris cries out. His bottom squirms hard, grinding against my thigh. It massages his trapped cock against my thigh, too. I already feel it starting to twitch again. I sigh, hoping he doesn't cum again on my thigh. That would really get him spanked! And irritate Sophie who would have to get the mess out of my scrubs.

Chris tenses up, but that doesn't slow the squirming of his hips. It takes him a moment to quiet down, even knowing that this was his last stroke. Before he does, I hear a pair of sobs from him. "Three, Ma'am,"

Chris counts out. Only now his voice is strained, but also whiny. I can hear a bit of a sobbing to it as well.

I put my hand to the top of his head. I tell him to kneel. I push on his head, almost shoving him up to his knees at my side. He's tense as if he doesn't want to get off my knees. As soon as he's up, I see why. I see the little tears running down his cheeks. Good. I'll bet it's the first real spanking he's gotten. And he so deserved it!

"Aw..." I coo teasingly sweetly. "Did that spanking hurt, little boy?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Chris answers, the light sob still in his voice.

"Then why is your tiny little penis so very hard, little boy?" I point to his steely hard cock as it stands straight out from his black curls, still twitching slightly. In case anyone hadn't already noticed it. I'm drawing attention to it. I'm making sure that everyone sees the irrefutable evidence that he liked that hard spanking. It works. All eyes quickly dart down to see for themselves how stiff that cock is. Even Susan's.

"I don't know, Ma'am," Chris very sheepishly says. He blushes brightly now. And he hangs his head in shame.

I leave Chris there, on his knees facing the chair. I stand up. I move slowly as I turn around and set the paddle on the seat, right about where Chris's eyes are going to be on it. It should remind him of the consequences of being naughty for me. "Stay," I tell him firmly.

I walk casually over to where Susan is sitting. She's just finished her salad now. I don't know if read the menu or not. The next course is a hot french onion soup au gratin. There was no choice on the minor courses. I didn't want to make too much work for Pam. Everyone gets the same. Mostly Susan's attention is focused on Chris. The angle of her

eyes tells me that she's staring at his very hard cock, as if waiting for it to soften and lose interest.

I stand beside the table, looking down on Susan. Instantly I have her attention. The look on her face is expectant as if she thinks that now I've come to have that talk she was expecting. "Your little boy's penis seems to be very needy. I'm sure you saw how badly swollen his prostate was with backed-up cum. And as you can see, his penis also suffers from a fairly severe priapism. That's pretty much an erection that won't go away, which his should have after ejaculating. And certainly, it shouldn't have gotten stiffer while he was being spanked!"

"I've noticed..." Susan quietly muses. I think she means she's noticed how eagerly his cock is responding to me and some stern discipline.

"Oh, good." I hold my hand out as if to shake hands with Susan. It might be a little late for social niceties, considering I've already spanked her husband, but that's how she takes it. She takes my hand as if she thinks we're really going to shake.

I grip her hand. I pull gently, but firmly to bring Susan up to her feet. "Before we go too far, we have to eliminate the obvious cause. I'll assume that his main form of penile release has been vaginal sex?"

"Uh... yes..." Susan hesitantly answers. Now her eyes begin to turn wary as she looks at me. And notices that I'm releasing her hand.

I put my other hand to Susan's back, just between her shoulder blades. I start pushing very gently, just nudging her forward. Except her waist is already against the table. She starts leaning over.

I move very quickly as I reach down to her skirt. "Then you'll understand that I have to check..." With Susan starting to stop herself

from leaning any more forward, I suddenly flip her skirt up. By now she's about 1/3 of the way over the table.

"UHH!" Susan sucks in a very nervous, and even more shocked, breath. She starts to turn her head, twisting her shoulders, to look back at me. "What are you..." She blurts out.

It takes me both hands. Another little nudge at the backs of her shoulders and Susan is moving down again. Not hard. Not fast, but moving for the second or so it will take her to tense back up and stop herself. In that time I have her skirt the rest of the way up. It reveals a pair of panties that would be rather modest. They fully cover her bottom, all the way up to her waist. Would be modest. If they weren't see-through. They're black and lace-trimmed. But I can clearly make out the globes of her bottom through them. Her crack as well.

I push harder now, just enough o keep her moving. She gets her hands out in front of her, catching herself with her elbows on the table. It has leaning about halfway over the table.

Just as quickly I have my fingers at the waistband of her panties, pulling them firmly down. "The vagina that he's been relying on to satisfy that tiny penis."

It doesn't give Susan even a second to object. Instead, it has her leaning over the table, her elbows on it. And her panties down around her thighs. With her skirt up on her waist, it has her bare bottom poking out.

From this view, I can see that Susan's cheeks are slightly loose. And they carry a few extra ounces, but only ounces. It's enough to give them a soft look. And to flatten out some of their roundness. But not so much that they look heavy. They just look older and well sat-upon. It

gives her a fully closed crack, the inside edges of her cheeks flush and snug against each other.

Her thighs are loose, but not heavy. It's not extra pounds on them, just that her skin has lost some of its elasticity. That her flesh is no longer taut. Her feet are only open a foot or so, but that's plenty. Her thighs are far enough apart to fully reveal the mound of her pussy.

Her mound is flat. Her lips are long and wide, but not so plump. They're covered with a dense, but short, layer of black fur. At least I can see that Susan's bush is neatly trimmed. There isn't a hair in the creases of her thighs. And it has sharp lines. Her lips meet fully, leaving only a fine line for a slit. Only at the center of her slit can I see the tips of her light purplish inner folds peeking up. It looks like a wrinkly knot between the edges of her slit.

"Now, let's see how sexually healthy your vagina is," I say. My fingers are already moving. As they head for her lips, I can feel the dampness in her fur. That really tells me all I need to know. I put the tips of my fingers to the edges of Susan's slit. A fraction of a second later I have her lips spread wide open.

I notice just how thin her lips are. They're little more than flaps of skin. But they're long and wide. Her inner folds are decently plump, though. They have a bit of a purple tinge to their edges, but past that they're flushed a hot pink. A very wet hot pink. A layer of her thin, oily honey covers everything. I notice her inner folds flow together, almost into a single lip, barely making any kind of a nest for her clit. I can see her clit poking its narrow, fully rounded, head up just a hair above those folds. And I can see the entrance of her tunnel. Spongy, soft walls swell inward, almost immediately closing her tunnel off. Walls that are nicely pink, but also flushed hot. And filled with more honey.

It's all clear signs that Susan is nicely aroused. Even though she's leaning over the table exposing her pussy to a room full of strangers. I'm not sure that's even sunk in yet. I'm moving fast enough that Susan is still busy trying to squirm around.

I put two fingers to Susan's clit. I'm still moving quickly, trying to do things before Susan really has a chance to object. I think, if I give her the time, she will object. Not because she doesn't enjoy what I'm doing. But because she doesn't want to enjoy it. And definitely, more so, doesn't want anyone to think she does. It's just a guess, and all I have to base it on is the way she's been acting. The looks on her face as she watched Chris. But I am going to find out. Her rather wet pussy tells me that I might just be on the right track. She's definitely gotten aroused watching the show.

I pinch her clit. It's a firm pinch, but not so hard as to be uncomfortable. Enough for her to feel it, though. Enough for hot tingly sparks to start shooting out of her clit and racing through her body.

"UH!" Susan sucks in a very fast and nervous breath. Her cry is mostly utter shock.

Susan's clit is fairly narrow. Not quite as wide as a pencil eraser. It's fully rounded, swelling up like a bell – or the head of a cock, but its tip not quite rising above the gentle knot of folds. It's a fairly small clit. But it is as hard as any stone ever dreamed of being.

Holding the pinch, I slowly roll my fingers, rubbing the captive nub between them.

"UH!-UH!-UH!" Susan shrieks out an endless stream of lightning-fast, loud, sensual cries. It seems like each one grows a little girlier and high-pitched as well. Her body stays still for a second, tensing up

instantly to steel. A very sharp and crisp shiver sweeps over her, seemingly beginning in her pussy and flowing to her head and feet at the same time. Her head snaps back until she's looking up at the ceiling.

"UH!-UH!-UH!" Her fast-paced cries continue. It's been about a second. Her arms shoot forward, dragging her elbows along the table, as her chest flies down. It crashes against the table. Susan lies there, screeching louder cries, her body now fully bent over the table. And I didn't even have to push her down. Her hips shudder, almost thrashing as they squirm. I let my hand move with her hips, keeping my rolling pinch on her clit.

As Susan's hips shudder hard, her pussy weeps a liberal stream of oily-thin honey. It flows down, quickly covering my fingers. I feel her clit start to throb between my fingers. In about one second it's not throbbing, it's pounding.

I put my free hand to the small of her back, intending to hold her chest down against the table. It lets me feel the rippling tremor flowing through her tensed muscles. "It seems that your vagina is very under satisfied... Not that I'm surprised, there's just no way a penis as small as that tiny thing could ever satisfy an actual vagina." I announce, mostly to the audience. And to Chris, teasing him again with an exaggerated reference to his size. To Susan, too. "Does your pussy want to be slutty now and cum?"

"YES!" Susan screeches out, "UH!-UH!-UH!" before falling right back into her machine-gun-like screeching moans. Moans that are still girly and mousy.

I stop rolling her clit, but hold the pinch on it.

"EEEE!" Susan squeals out. Other than the change in her moan, she keeps right on shivering and squirming. It tells me that I have her close to the edge of an orgasm. An orgasm that her body is craving desperately now.

I pinch just a hair harder. Susan's shoulder snap, thrashing her head back, sending her hair flying. But they only rise up an inch or so off the table. My hand holds her down. "Ask very politely for an orgasm, slut." I tell her in a steely firm voice, but also a voice that's sweet enough to offer her some hope of relief.

"May I please have an orgasm, Mistress?" Susan stutters badly as she tries to ask while screeching moans. To me, it sounds as if she's a broken record. Or a scratched CD. Not that anyone uses either any longer!

Her inexperience shows, too. At least in my world. "Mistress" is a title reserved for one's owner, and I do not own Susan. But I suspect she used it because she thinks it's appropriate. And polite. It's her way of say she submits to me, at least for now.

"Would you like a nice soft tongue to eat your pussy, slut?"

"OH, YES, MISTRESS!" Susan stutters and blurts out eagerly. As she says yes, I hear a hopeful note in her voice. And I feel a sharp tremor flow through her body.

I reward her by pinching just a hair harder on her clit.

"EEEEE!!!" Susan screeches out endlessly now. Her cry is loud and shrill, and very needy. Her hips thrust upward, rising a fraction of an inch off the table. As if bucking against my fingers.

I turn my head so that I'm looking directly at Dawn. "Come over here."

I picked Dawn for a variety of reasons. First, and foremost, She's seated behind Susan, at least as Susan now is bending over the table. She's almost straight behind Susan's bottom. Susan can't see her and thus will have no idea who is eating her pussy. I'm going to make sure of that. Second, Dawn is good at it. Mostly, Dawn is female. I doubt Susan has ever been touched by a woman, and it's something that she would never think of trying. Plus, Dawn is attractive, and it's going to make a good show for Chris.

Chris is staring intently as he sees the attractive woman get up and quickly step over to me. His cock, never having softened even a bit, is now twitching lightly as he thinks about what he assumes he's about to get treated to seeing.

Dawn is a 23-year-old senior on USA's swim team. She's good enough at it that she has a scholarship for it that covers her tuition and her books. She's fairly petite, around 5'4". She's lean, her body having a strong athletic figure to it. I'd guess she's around 130 pounds, but that's because muscle weighs a little more. She's not manly at all, but her body is rather lean, allowing some of the lines of her muscles to show. But it's still rather feminine.

Dawn looks like exactly what she is. A college girl. A pretty one at that. For her "date" tonight with Kevin, Dawn dressed nicely, at least by college standards. She has a short, and skimpy, black dress on with sandals. It's strapless, showing her shoulders and arms, which lets Chris see the defined lines of them. It looks as if she has well-toned muscles, but also muscles that haven't bulked up. And absolutely no body fat to soften their lines. It makes her look strong. And attractive. Like a

woman who takes very good care of herself. It also lets everyone see that Dawn has small breasts. They poke the front of her dress out only about two inches, which isn't much for breasts.

Dawn comes to me. I nod with my head. Dawn drops to her knees behind the still-shrieking Susan. She scoots in a little, putting her face close to Susan's bottom.

"Eat this pussy," I softly tell Dawn.

Immediately Dawn's soft plump pink lips are stretching wide open. She puts her lips to Susan's pussy, inside the edges of Susan's lips, which I'm holding open, and atop Susan's slightly taut, wrinkly, inner folds. I feel the rounded tip of Dawn's tongue as she lies it against Susan's pounding clit. Dawn ignores my fingers.

I release my pinch on Susan's clit as I feel Dawn's tongue start to swirl around the tip of Susan's clit. It's a leisurely swirl, giving me time to get my fingers off the hard nub before they interfere. Dawn's lips have my fingers at the corner of her mouth. I pull my fingers from Dawn's mouth now that they're no longer needed on Susan's clit.

I thought Susan was screeching insanely fast and loud before. I underestimated her squirminess. As soon as Dawn's tongue starts circling around Susan's clit, caressing it with softness, Susan screams out piercing "AH!-AH!-AH!s" And she blurts out her cries at an even faster pace.

I still have my hand on Susan's back. It's a good thing, too. Her back snaps up hard, her muscles tensing up. It rises so hard that it almost throws me off of her. But I manage to hold her down, keeping her over the table. She shudders hard. The shudders sweeping her body

rattles the glasses and silverware on the table. Her jaw hangs open, but at the same time, her teeth are rattling.

It's been about two seconds. Already I can see a bit of Susan's oily honey sparkling atop Dawn's slightly wide nose. Dawn has decently well-tanned skin, and that makes Susan's honey all the more sparkly atop it. Susan's hips are wild, snapping crisply, grinding her waistline hard against the table, but not really moving much either. As if trembling powerfully against the table.

"AH!-AH!... UM!" Susan screeches out. Her head snaps forward, hitting itself against the table. Then it snaps just as hard back up. It thrashes from side to side, tossing Susan's hair around. Her hands grip the far edge of the table. Her body stays tensed up rigid, even as it struggles to get up. Not that it really wants to.

The audience has an excellent view of Susan's bare bottom. They have an excellent view of the top half of Dawn's face, too. But that's about it. Dawn has long, fine, brown hair that hangs down her back. It usually hangs close at the back of her neck. But not now. Her head is moving along with Susan's shuddering hips, and that has her fine hair tossing about. It blocks the sightline to Dawn's lips and Susan's mound. Still, with Susan's sensual cries, there's no doubt what Dawn is doing. Or that she's doing it rather well. Or that Susan is liking it.

I see a wide range of looks on the audience's face. My toys here don't show much on their faces. But why would they? All of them have eaten any number of pussies. And all of them would be on their knees just as quickly as Dawn did, should I have picked them to eat Susan's pussy. It almost looks like Kevin, Dawn's "date," is jealous that I picked her instead of him to do. Izzy and Ellie aren't the least bit surprised by it, either. They've seen it enough before in my shows. Their dates, Izzy's

boyfriend and Ellie's friend, whom I haven't seen before, look rather excited to be seeing two girls having sex, especially with the graphic display Susan is putting on. Annie and Mindy both gawk, as if more surprised by the shameless and obedient way Dawn agreed to have sex with a woman she's never met, simply because I told her to. Wendy, Meredith, and Cassandra look shocked, and slightly embarrassed, to be seeing it. As if they hadn't expected me to be so open with letting the world watch two people have sex.

Chris looks shocked. I guess he never imagined Susan would be with a woman. Not that Susan knows she's with a woman. And he looks absolutely thrilled. And excited. He gawks shamelessly and watches as Dawn eats his wife's pussy. I'd bet his only thought is how he can get a better view of it. That's not happening, he's staying on his knees. And I hope he knows he'll be over my knees long before he gets to Susan if he tries it.

And that's all the time I have. Susan's hips snap up, and back, hard, driving her pussy against Dawn's face. Her hips still, in that their motion shortens to almost nothing, but at the same time it picks up its pace until her hips look like they're vibrating. She pushes her bottom back hard, grinding her pussy shamelessly against Dawn's face.

Susan screams out a long, continuous "OOH!-EEEEEE!" Her shoulders snap up, still only rising about an inch. Her head thrashes wildly, one of the few parts of her body that aren't pinned.

Susan's right foot comes up, her leg jumping hard and bashing her knee against the underside of the table. Then it stomps down just as hard. And repeats.

Susan's hips try to slam back even further against Dawn's face. There's no room left for them to move. Her stomping foot throws her hips up a bit. Dawn's head moves with it.

"UGH!" Susan cries out quickly. She falls silent, now just panting hard, fast breaths. She falls limp and spent against the table. It's a good thing I have her leaning over the table. It's supporting her weight. All of her weight. Her legs aren't doing a thing. Her knees aren't even locked. Her legs more hang limply. She just lies like that, her body shivering, but the shivers slowly ebbing.

I tell Dawn to get up. She does, letting everyone see the glistening coat of Susan's honey clinging to her face from the nose down. A coat of honey that's especially heavy around Dawn's lips.

Dawn opens her mouth, showing me the honey that's clinging to her tongue and the roof of her mouth. She says nothing. She doesn't need to. Susan came hard. Susan wept a lot of honey.

I glance down and see that the fur on Susan's lips is sopping wet now. I don't have to look to know her pussy is sloppy wet now. I send Dawn back to her seat. She gets a short round of applause, mostly from the men in the crowd, as she goes. I guess they liked seeing a pretty girl eat pussy.

I stand there, giving Susan a moment to pull herself back together. Mostly giving Dawn a moment to get back to her seat behind Susan before Susan sees who just ate her pussy. I have no doubt she'll get it out of Chris later. But that's later. After the show is over.

"Oh, slut..." I coo teasingly sweetly, almost so sweetly that it's mocking. I still haven't addressed Susan by name. Eventually, she'll realize that, and wonder if I even know her name. Just maybe, Andrea

never told me. Andrea could have just described them to me. Andrea never told them my name. "Stand up, now."

Susan almost struggles to rise to her feet. It's as if her body is just too heavy, and her muscle too weak, to lift herself up. She moves slowly, almost as if in a fog. She takes a few seconds to stiffen up her legs first. Then she lifts her shoulders. They rise even more slowly. She keeps her hands on the table, using them to brace herself. As she rises, her hands slide along the table. She finally stands on wobbly legs, looking at me with glassy eyes.

"By your shamelessly slutty display, I gather your skanky pussy liked being eaten?"

"Yes, Mistress..." Susan answers. Now her voice is dull and breathy. But also rather polite.

I know nothing about Susan, other than she is enjoying watching Chris's session and that she obviously enjoys having her pussy eaten. That's nothing. What woman wouldn't like having her pussy eaten skillfully? But I also know, at least when aroused and needy, Susan will submit, when offered the chance to. She just did.

Now it's time to see how Susan responds to humiliation. "Give me your skirt," I tell her firmly. As Susan rose to her feet, the full-length skirt obviously fell back down, covering her body to her ankles.

"Yes, Mistress," Susan answers in her same dull breathy voice, but now with a touch of reluctant acceptance in it. As if she doesn't want to give up her clothes, any of them, but accepts that she must.

Susan reaches for her waistband. Her hands fumble, not nervously, but more wobbly as if they're as unsteady as the rest of her. She manages to reach behind her to the zipper and undo her skirt. She

takes her hands away and it falls to her ankles. It shows everyone that Susan's panties are still around her ankles. It also shows off the full dense bush of long black hairs on her pubes. But it is well trimmed into a neat triangle, just not trimmed short as well.

Susan moves very slowly and unsteadily as she steps her feet out of her skirt. She squats down just as unsteadily and picks it up. She must have been paying attention when I had Chris undress. She folds her skirt, but it's not a very neat folding. Her hands are too fumbly and lost for that. She holds it out to me. I tell her to set it on her table for now.

"Give me your panties, too, slut," I tell her in the same firm voice.

"Yes, Mistress," Susan answers in the same voice, a bit more reluctance in it. She moves slowly but doesn't hesitate to slip her panties down to her ankles and step out of them. She hands them over, and they join her skirt on the table.

"Pick someone, slut, anyone except that naughty little boy, and ask him or her to hold your clothes for you. Hurry up, I'm not known for my patience."

Susan picks up the pile of clothes, her skirt, and panties. It leaves her wearing only her low-heeled shoes and blouse. And the blouse comes down only to her waistline. It leaves her pubes, and her bottom, fully exposed to everyone without so much as a single stitch covering it.

Susan glances around the room. Her eyes dart over the audience, checking out the diners, wondering which of them she might ask. And definitely wondering which of them just ate her pussy. Unfortunately for her, Dawn has wiped the honey from her face, so there's no way for her to tell. Her eyes scan over the diners several times, but it's no help.

Everyone is staring at her. Then again, after the show she just put on, she figures the world is staring at her. Who wouldn't be?

I haven't told the audience anything. I didn't expect Susan to be joining in the show or I would have. I haven't told them to accept, or to refuse, Susan. My toys in the audience will accept. I told Susan to ask someone, and in their world, that means I expect that someone to accept. But the others won't know that. Well, Izzy and Ellie do, but they also know I wouldn't care if they refused, and Izzy is impish enough to refuse just to embarrass Susan. There's no predicting what Izzy will do. The same with some of the others. I barely know a couple of them. I just met Ellie's date a half hour before the show started.

Susan picks Cassandra, one of the vanilla girls I don't know well. She's in my English class at USA. She's been after me to invite her to one of my shows, a fairly uncommon event, but also an invitation that's sought-after on campus. It comes with some bragging right to get invited. Cassandra is a nice girl, but she's also decently heavy, so she doesn't get hit on nearly as much as she'd like. I'm sure she'll gossip about the show, but she'll respect the rules and not identify the toys. I figured it might help her social standing a little. And she offered a variety to the audience. She's the heaviest girl in it. I'd guess she's around 5'4" and 200 pounds.

I think Susan picked her simply because she's the one seated the closest to Susan's spot. Thus her clothes will be as close as possible to her. Susan takes the two steps over to the thick, blond woman. "Miss... will you please hold my clothes for me?" Susan asks. It's less than humbly polite, but I don't say anything. I'm sure neither of these two toys has had any real training.

"Uh... I guess..." Cassandra says reluctantly. I don't really blame her for not wanting to hold another woman's panties, especially when they're fresh off her bottom and still slightly damp. She takes the clothes from Susan and quickly drops them atop the huge purse beside her feet.

"Thank you very much, Miss," Susan politely says. Then Susan comes back to me.

I tell Susan to take her seat. She's to sit there and finish her meal. She's also to keep her hands above the table at all times. Pam's chairs are wooden, with wicker seats to them. It's going to leave Susan's bare bottom, and the mound of her pussy, on that wicker. And she's going to feel that. It won't be unpleasant, but it will constantly remind her that every bit of her body from her waistline down to her ankles is now naked and visible to anyone who cares to look. There are no table cloths to hide behind, either.

Susan takes her seat. I return to my table. The waitresses being bringing the soup. Counting the soup, only six more courses to go!



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Elisha brings Susan her soup. The look on Susan's face is something like "you seriously expect me to eat while I'm sitting here with my butt naked and everyone is staring at me?" She looks extremely uncomfortable as she realizes that's exactly what she's expected to do and slowly reaches for the spoon.

It gives me the time to turn my attention back to Chris. I cross the few steps over to where he's still kneeling beside my table. I immediately order Chris to rise up to his feet. As soon as he's on his feet, and just before he still from moving, I reach out to his cock and grab hold of it around the shaft. I wrap my hand around it just beneath the spongy head of it. I have tiny hands, but I'm 5' 1.75" and 90 pounds. I'm just tiny. Even so, my hand is almost against his pubes, leaving very little of his shaft exposed. Mostly it's just the purple head of it sticking out from my hand.

I squeeze. Hard. Squishing his cock in my grip. I watch Chris's face as I tighten my grip around his cock. His face scrunches up hard. He winces. His eyes squish shut as if he's about to cry. I even let the tips of fingernails start to dig into the side of his cock. I feel the stiffness of his shaft. It's as hard as steel when I start.

"You naughty little boy!" I scold him sternly as I hold my tight grip on his shaft. "Who gave you permission to let that tiny penis get so hard?"

"No one, Ma'am," Chris answers. His voice is strained, showing the discomfort of my tight grip.

"You know little boys have to behave, especially in public, don't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"And I'm sure you've been told that good little boys don't walk around with erections while people are trying to eat, right?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Chris answers. Despite the pain in his voice, he sounds almost apologetic now. As if he knows he's misbehaving.

"Then get that tiny penis under control, little boy." I squish it just a hair harder.

"UM!" Chris grunts out, flinching hard. "I'll try, Ma'am," He sounds like he doesn't believe himself.

I give him a little time, about fifteen seconds. His cock is still rock hard in my grip. So I tighten my grip a tiny bit more. Chris grunts hard again. I don't, but I'd like to. Now the muscles in my hand are feeling the strain of squeezing so tightly. I give him a few more seconds. I don't feel his cock softening, not even a bit.

"OW!" Chris blurts out as I tighten my grip a little more. "Please, Ma'am, it hurts!"

"Then be a good little boy and it won't hurt anymore," I tell him firmly. I tighten my grip up again, the firmer squeeze his punishment for whining. Chris blurts out another "OW!" and shudders from it. He stands there, cringing hard, but suffering the hard squeeze on his shaft.

I give him a few more seconds. I still feel the ungiving hardness of his steely cock. I squish even tighter, making sure my nails are digging into the hard side of his cock. He screeches, his voice taking on a slightly girly tone. And I see another tear roll down his cheek.

Finally, I start to feel his cock softening up. It doesn't really have much of a choice. I'm squeezing it too hard. I hold the tightness of my grip until his cock has softened to about half-stiffness. It doesn't seem

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to shrink that much as it softens, but how much more could it? I slowly release my grip on his cock. As my fingers open, I can see the red marks my fingernails left in its sides.

I grab a clean plate. It's white. It's just a typical restaurant plate. I put it under Chris's cock, leaving his half-soft cock lying atop the plate, stretched straight. As if it's what's being served. I have the plate's edge snug against Chris's pubes. It has his balls dangling down under the plate. I tell Chris to put his hands to the edges of the plate at the sides. It keeps his hands away from his cock.

"There, now we can all see when you misbehave again," I tell Chris with the faintest hint of a giggle in my voice.

"Now you're going to be polite little boy," I firmly tell Chris. "You will go to everyone in this restaurant and apologize for interrupting their supper by being a bad little boy. You will behave while you apologize. That tiny baby penis of yours is to stay soft. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Chris accepts in his sheepish voice. He sounds just like a toddler after a harsh scolding.

"Good, now start with Miss Nurse here. You owe her a very nice apology for almost getting your sticky, messy cum on her!" I point to Wendy.

Chris doesn't have to move. He's already close enough to her. He just has to turn to face Wendy. He stands there, his cock displayed on the shiny white plate, and apologizes to her very politely. Then to Annie. Then to Mindy. He addresses all of them as "Miss Nurse." But I never told him their names. The only name we've even used is Wendy's, and I don't know if he caught that or not. I have Chris apologize to Sophie too, telling him that Sophie is "Miss Slave."

Now I send him off to start the rounds of the eight occupied tables. I don't give him any names for anyone. I act as if I don't even know them. As if they're just diners here who have gotten to see the show. And apparently don't mind free entertainment with their supper.

He picks Cassandra and Meredith's table first. It's only a few steps away, and if he makes a circle to his left, it could be a good starting point. Although I suspect that Meredith is the reason he picked that table. If he went the other way, it would be the table Natalie is sharing with her daughter Shawna. And Shawna looks very young.

Meredith, however, looks like a college sorority girl. She's decently tall and thin. She has long black hair. She's also fairly slutty and it shows. Like in the half-top and mini skirt she's wearing tonight. She's pretty, in that cheerleader sort of way, too. She has a tattoo on her shoulder that's fully visible with that top. It gives her a party girl look. I'm not sure if she's the prettiest girl in the audience, but if college girls are his turn-on, then she's definitely in the top three. And she's definitely the only one that looks slutty, as if she might be up for some fun.

"Excuse me, Miss..." Chris begins. "I'm sorry for being such a naughty little boy and interrupting your dinner by making the nice nurses spank me for letting my tiny penis get too eager."

Meredith laughs. "That's a dick?"

Chris blushes a deep red. "Yes, Miss, it's all the penis this little boy has, Miss..."

Cassandra quickly takes out her phone. "I have got to get a pic of this! No one will believe that dicks come so little!" Cassandra holds her phone up, getting a picture that mostly shows Chris's cock on the plate,

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as well as his pubes. I told her my rules before Chris and Susan arrived. I don't mind pictures, as long as they show only toys, and don't show any faces or identifying things. I doubt anyone could identify Chris by his cock. And I know Cassandra is going to be showing the cock on a plate picture to everyone.

"No way would any guy with a dick that little ever touch me!" Meredith remarks to Cassandra. Both of them are rather gossipy. "I would so kick him out of bed!"

Cassandra laughs hard.

"I mean, seriously? Why bother? It's not like that little thing is going to do anything for me! I wouldn't even feel it!" Meredith adds. She must have decided that making fun of Chris's cock is the sport of the night. Or maybe just that I shouldn't have all the fun insulting his manhood.

I jump up from my seat. Not because of Meredith's cock-mocking. I couldn't care less about that. I jump up because I see Chris's cock starting to get stiff again. Right there on the plate. It quickly, and steadily, stiffens back up. I grab my crop as I rise up to my feet. In about two seconds I've crossed the few steps to where Chris is standing.

"Bad little boy! Have you no shame?" I scold him in my strict librarian voice. With plenty of disapproval in it. "You're supposed to be apologizing! Can't you even look at a pretty girl without that baby penis misbehaving?"

I lie the tip of my crop very softly on the spongy head of his cock. Chris flinches even though it barely touches him. I tell him that he's to hold still, and if he drops the plate, he's going to be "one sorry little boy!"

I lift the tip of my crop up about a foot above the head of his cock. I turn to Meredith. "Don't worry, I'll teach him to have some decency." I just flick my wrist, snapping the crop down. The leather tip of it lands squarely atop the spongy soft bulbous head of his cock.

"OW!" Chris screeches out, his voice girly-high, and loud. Rather whiny, too. He sniffles a couple of sobs.

"Behave!" I scold him firmly. "Five... four... three... two... one..." I count backward. His cock is as stiff as ever. Without a word of warning, I flick my wrist again. Another swat of the crop snaps down on the very sensitive cock head. Chris screeches, and now he cries hard.

I start counting again.

"PLEASE, MA'AM!" Chris cries out, pleading. "PLEASE DON'T SPANK MY PENIS AGAIN, MA'AM, IT HURTS TOO MUCH!"

I swat the head of his cock with my crop. "I didn't say you could beg. I said to behave." I start counting.

Off to the side, and not far away, Susan is wincing along with Chris at each stroke of the crop on his most sensitive place. She looks shocked. It must be the girly, infantile way Chris is screeching and crying from it. As if it really hurts. It does. I can already see the head of his cock turning a bright red from the swats.

I reach zero again, and Chris squeals loudly as another swat rains down on his cock head. I start counting backward.

"I'll be a good little boy!" Chris mumbles under his breath, mostly talking to himself. He repeats it over and over for the few seconds he has.

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The swats do what I wanted them to. They get his cock to start softening back up. It goes about half-soft, which is as soft as it's ever gone tonight.

I have him turn to Cassandra and apologize for interrupting her meal. He does. Then I tell him to move along. It puts him at Ellie's table. He apologizes to Ellie, who mostly ignores him. She doesn't pay much attention to his cock. "Whatever, weirdo," Ellie says, dismissing Chris.

I have Chris turn to Derek, Ellie's date. I don't let him shy away from Derek just because he's male, which Chris seems very eager to do. I make him stand just as close, his cock displayed just as fully to the young man. And I make him apologize just as politely.

"Roll on, dude," Derek says to Chris, "no one wants to see a dick that small."

Ellie bursts out laughing. Ellie is pretty much a hippie, and I'm confident she's seen her share of cocks. I'm sure she has plenty to compare his to. I'm sure she's seen smaller, too. But it has an effect on Chris. It earns him another swat on his cock for starting to stiffen up.

He goes to Izzy's table. Izzy leans way down and peeks under the plate. She quickly rises back up, giggling. "I just wanted to make sure there wasn't a pussy down there. That could just be, like, something swollen up, and not a dick! I had to be sure this is a *boy!*"

"Ain't no man," Craig, Izzy's boyfriend, and date adds.

It goes about the same until we get to the last table. The one with Natalie and her almost 19-year-old daughter Shawna. But Shawna looks young. She's also rather plain. Not ugly, but she's never going to be the prettiest woman in a room, either.

Chris apologizes to Shawna last.

Shawna has been my toy for a while now. I gave her some instructions before Chris arrived. She reaches her hand out to the plate. She takes his cock in her hand, holding it gently. She gives it a light stroke, her hand gliding along its flaccid length very tenderly. "Mom, are all men this small?" Shawna asks Natalie.

"No, honey," Natalie answers with a bit of a smirk on her face, "I doubt you'll ever see one this small."

"Whew!" Shawna blurts out. She drops his cock back onto the plate, letting it land with a slight plop. It starts stiffening back up.

Since Chris has finished his apologies, I reach under the plate and grab hold of his balls. They make a great leash to walk him back to my table. Long before we cross those few steps, Chris's cock is back to its full hardness.

"Something must be seriously wrong with this tiny penis!" I tell the girls sitting at my table. "I just can't control the swelling. I think it might be infected..."

"It could be..." Mindy joins in with a bit of amusement in her voice. "We should see if he has a fever. Maybe it's COVID!" On cue Mindy, Wendy, and Annie all hurry to pull masks on. Annie and Mindy just have generic hospital issue masks. Wendy has a pink mask with a picture of her dog printed on it, and decorated with some glitter. I haven't met her dog yet, but the cocker spaniel on the mask is adorable!

"Does anyone have a thermometer on her?" I ask. I know Annie does. I gave it to her earlier.

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"I have a rectal one," Annie announces. She pulls it out of her pocket and holds it up. It's huge. It's ¾" thick and about eight inches long. But it is a real thermometer.

"I'll do it!" Wendy blurts out and snatches the thermometer from Annie's hand. This I didn't script. Annie was going to do it. But Wendy seems to want to, so I go with it. Not that it matters. Wendy stares at the fat thermometer and slowly a grin blooms on her face.

"Be a good boy for Miss Nurse," I very sternly tell Chris. I have him turn so that his back is to Wendy. Then I have him bend over and brace his hands on his knees.

Chris looks reluctant. He moves reluctantly. Slowly. He looks rather nervous, too. But he leans over, poking his bottom towards Wendy. He stands close to her, but only because I don't give him a choice about it. I tell him exactly where to stand. I want it to be easy for Wendy.

The thermometer has a fat, rounded tip. Wendy uses her fingers to push his cheeks apart enough to expose his asshole. She puts the rounded tip flush against his tight ring. She pushes firmly. The glass tip presses right into Chris's tightly clenched ring.

"UGH!" Chris grunts out hard. "OH, Miss Nurse! It's too big for my bottom! Please, Miss Nurse! It hurts! It's too big for me!"

I reach over Chris's back to spank his bottom with my hand. "Stop whining like a little girl!" I scold him. "Be a good little boy while the pretty young nurse takes your temperature!"

"Yes, Ma'am," Chris answers, his voice as sheepish and cowed as ever, but also with some strain and a hint of a sob to it. "I"m trying, Ma'am... but it's just so big in my little bottom!"

I spank him again with my hand. "I said behave for the nice nurse!"

"Yes, Ma'am, I'm sorry, Ma'am..." Chris quickly answers. "Ow!" He mutters under his breath.

Wendy has it just barely into his bottom. Where it should be. With the silver tip surrounded by the thick ring of Chris's asshole, its muscle squeezing snugly around the tip. She leaves it there a full two minutes, just as she should. She pulls it out and holds it up to look at the temperature.

Chris breaths out a heavy sigh of relief once it's out of his bottom.

"99.9 degrees..." Wendy announces to the group.

"Hmm..." I hum, "an overly sensitive prostate, excessive volume of semen, priapism... the symptoms are starting to add up." I grab Chris's shoulder and pull him to stand up so I can stare into his eyes. "Have you been masturbating that tiny thing, little boy?" I ask him with a bit of urgency in my voice.

"NO, MA'AM!" Chris quickly blurts out, as if he's being asked if he's the one who raided a cookie jar. It's more as if he's trying to convince us. Hoping we'll believe his answer.

"I think you have been abusing that little thing!" I tell him.

"I haven't, Ma'am!" Chris insists. He insists so firmly that I know he has been. He just doesn't want Susan to know. Or anyone else. His cock is still standing up, fully hard. It was before Wendy took his temperature, and it strained to even stiffer as she did. That tells me something. Chris, despite his whining, liked having it in his bottom.



I grab hold of Chris again by his balls. My grip is snug enough for him to really feel it, but not quite hard enough for him to cringe. By now he's learned to follow his balls, or I will squish them hard until he does. He follows me as I lead him over to Susan.

The waitresses have now brought the next course. Deep-fried cheese sticks with dipping sauce.

Susan is right where I left her. And she's still naked from the waist down. She's scooted her chair as close as possible to her table until the edge of the table is pushing into her stomach a bit. I guess that lets her convince herself that it's doing something to hide her nakedness from the audience. It's not.

I stand beside her, Chris close beside me, my hand still squishing his balls firmly. "What is it, little boy..." I ask Chris, "What about this woman gets you so excited that you have to abuse your tiny little penis so badly?"

Chris stands silent. For the two seconds, I give him. I squeeze hard to punish him. "EE-OW!" Chris screeches out. I hold my tight grip on his balls. "Her tits, Ma'am!" Chris blurts out very quickly, with an almost pleading note in his voice. "I love her tits, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am!"

"Be polite!" I scold Chris firmly while squishing his very tender balls.

"Her breasts, Ma'am! I love her huge breasts, Ma'am!" Chris very quickly corrects himself.

I let off just a little on my grip. It's enough to allow Chris to stop cringing from it, but that's about all. "Oh, really... You think my new slut here has such pretty breasts, do you?" I sweetly say to him.

I turn my attention back to Susan. I already see the reluctance on her face, as if she can guess what I'm going to say next. "Stand up, slut," I tell her.

Susan shirks inward a bit. She hesitantly scoots her chair back as she rises up to her feet. Just standing is enough to expose her bush and bottom again, giving the crowd another good look at it. And making sure their attention is on me. Or rather on Susan.

"Show me the slut's breasts, little boy," I firmly tell Chris. "Go on, take her shirt and bra off so we can all see how nice those breasts are."

Chris hesitates. Mostly, I think, because he's unsure how Susan is going to react to being almost completely nude in public. But he very quickly decides that he'd rather face Susan's wrath later than mine. He reaches up to her blouse and starts unbuttoning it. He slips it off her shoulders and folds it up before setting it on her table.

It lets me see Susan's shoulders and the heavy coat of light freckles lining them. It lets me see that her skin is slightly loose here, too. But there's no flab or extra pounds. Her shoulders are still lean enough for me to make out the lines of her collar bones. And they're not bony lean. Her shoulders have softer, more flowing lines to them. It also lets me see that her bra matches her panties. It's black, full cups, are sheer and see-through.

Her bra has a wide band around her body, but fairly narrow straps over her shoulders. It also has a thick wire under the cups to support her ample mounds. Chris reaches around Susan's body to unclip her bra. Susan stands still but shows her uneasy modesty, as the straps fall to her sides. Chris reaches for her shoulders and pulls the bra from her body, revealing her mounds.

Her breasts are big. I'm guessing that bra is about a 38-DD. They're rather plump and soft, as most breasts that large tend to be. Without the support of her bra, they droop down to lie against her chest, making a deep crease at their undersides. They spread out to her sides a hair as well, leaving a full, and very deep, V of cleavage between them. Even hanging low on her chest, her nipples are pointing straight out. Her medium pink, marble wide nipples that are surrounded with rather wide rings of a faint brown-tinged pinkness. The nipples that are standing up hard, rising a good 1/4" off the tips of her soft mounds with their fully rounded tips. Long and hard, her nipples really are pointing out at me!

"Slut, put your hands behind your back, and they are to stay there until I tell you that you may move them, is that clear?"

"Yes, Mistress," Susan answers very reluctantly. It seems as if she's submitting just as reluctantly. But the dampness on the seat of her chair tells me that she's definitely not as unhappy about it as she's making out to be. The stiff nipples say the same thing.

I lace my fingers into the long tangled hairs of Susan's bush, getting a grip on her the same way I have Chris. "I don't think those breasts are so hot that they should be driving a boy, even a very little boy, to play with his penis. We'll get an unbiased opinion. Pick one of these men in here, and you can go ask him to check my slut's breasts out and tell us what he thinks of them."

Chris looks rather uncomfortable. His eyes dart around the room, taking in the men. He looks them over quickly, no more than a glance. His eyes settle on Brad, a man in his mid-40's seated a couple of tables away with his wife, Christy. Both of them are toys of mine. Both have similar interests in being surprised with a session. At first, both

preferred that they not be shared, that their sex is only with each other. But as time went on, they've both loosened up and accepted that sometimes I will bring another for them to play with.

I think Chris settles on Brad for a couple of reasons. Brad is close to his and Susan's age, something the other men here aren't. The others are a bit younger. Christy has a decently similar body to Susan's — one that looks middle-aged and imperfect, but still decent and well cared for. Christy has ample, breasts as well, although they're a size smaller than Susan's. Maybe Brad likes larger breasts. Christy's look to be somewhat similar in shape to Susan's. At least with the snug white dress, she's worn for their date night.

I lead them both over to Brad and Christy by the grips I have on them. Susan by her pubes, Chris by his balls. I stand Susan close at Brad's side, and that has Chris a little further away along the side of the table. Closer to Christy, but with his side and sort of his back to the blonde woman.

"Ask him, politely, to get a good look at my slut's breasts. He needs to fully check them out. Go on, she's just a slut, she won't mind."

Chris's voice is sheepish and hesitant. "Excuse me, Sir... Would you please do me a favor and check out my wife's breasts? They really excite me, and the nurse here doesn't think they're nice enough that they should be. I'd like your opinion, Sir..." He blushes again, and his voice sounds reluctant to offer even this much of his wife to another man.

"Sure," Brad answers in his husky voice.

Brad reaches up with both hands. He puts one to each of Susan's soft mounds. She flinches, unaccustomed to being touched there by

unfamiliar hands. But she stays put, keeping her hands behind her back. And submitting to Brad's strong hands. The hands of something Chris isn't. A man who works with those hands. Strong hands.

Brad quickly decides that Susan's breasts are huge. He moves both hands to one of them. He gently kneads the mound, feeling the softness of it. It feels like a water balloon. Soft, and squishy in his hands. He slowly draws his hand along the length of her mound, feeling the softness of her silky skin.

His hands reach her nipples. Christy's nipples are poking out against the snug dress, letting Chris see that hers are about as wide as Susan's, but aren't quite as long. Brad's fingers gently caress Susan's hard nub, gently stroking it and rolling it between his fingers.

Brad leans forward, putting his lips to Susan's breast. She closes his lips around her nipple and the tip of her mound, sucking gently. He licks his tongue around her nub.

"OOH!" Susan squeals out in utter shock. "Oh... Ooh!" She fades into a very sweet purr, "Mmm..." as Brad teases her nipple with his tongue.

Brad takes his time. When he opens his mouth, Susan's nipple sparkles with a bit of his saliva on it. Brad moves to her mound and repeats his "inspection" of it. He hefts her mound, lifting it up off her chest.

"Your wife's breasts are kind of heavy..." Brad says, "and they're kind of soft... but her nipples are deliciously hard. Nothing that should be driving a man to masturbate, though. They're just not as well shaped as breasts should be. Like my wife's are. Sorry, bud."

"I like them..." Chris mutters very quietly under his breath as if he's hoping I don't hear him but Susan does.

"Oh, you like these saggy breasts, do you, little boy? You're calling this nice man a liar! You're saying that this sluts breasts are nicer than his pretty wife's? You are going to pay dearly for being so rude if you're wrong!" I firmly scold Chris.

Then I turn to Christy, and very sweetly ask her "Would you mind showing us your breasts so that we all will know what a liar this naughty little boy is?" Christy, being my toy, is smart enough to know that I'm not asking. I am telling her to show everyone her breasts. And if she doesn't, she'll wish she had before the night's over. She just hates being paddled!

"Okay," Christy says. She rises up to her feet and moves to stand right beside Susan. Christy simply slips the straps of her dress off her shoulders and pulls her dress down. She's not wearing a bra under the snug dress. I guessed that. With only spaghetti straps on her shoulders, I'd see the straps of a bra.

It bares her slightly smaller mounds. Christy is a 38-C. Her mounds are full and well-rounded, but they do have some softness to them. The softness of hanging on her chest for so many years. Age, the one thing no woman can defy. Her mounds lie against her chest with a crease at their undersides. They're topped with wide, dark-pink nipples that rise about half as far from the tips of her mounds as Susan's do. Christy's nipples have rounded tips, but it's a flatter rounding than Susan's. Her nipples are surrounded by dark pink, brown-tinged rings that are wide, but not like Susan's fainter rings. Christy's mounds sit in about the same place on her chest, but hers don't hang down nearly as

far as Susan's do. They have the same deep V of cleavage to them, though. They look firmer than Susan's, too.

"Let's vote!" I announce very enthusiastically. Let me have a show of hands. Who thinks my slut's breasts are prettier?"

Chris tries to raise his hand. It gets about a third of the way up before I squish his balls a little "You don't get to vote, dummy!" I scold him. His hand goes back down.

"OK, now who thinks this nice lady has the nicer breasts?" I point to Christy.

Everyone else raises their hand. "We have a winner! It seems guys and girls alike think this lady's breasts are the better ones." I turn to the audience, not picking anyone in particular. "Will someone tell this naughty little boy what makes this blond lady's breasts so much nicer?"

"Dude, seriously?" It's Derek, Ellie's friend, who speaks up. "Your wife's boobs are like totally sagging! Like flab, not boob."

"Go on, little boy," I tell Chris, "see for yourself if her breasts are nicer."

Chris starts to reach his hands up for Christy's breasts. He moves a bit eagerly, too.

I give his balls a good, and hard, squish. Chris yelps. His hands stop moving for her chest, though. "Be polite. You need to ask permission before touching a woman's breasts. Don't be a pervert!"

"Miss, may I please touch your breasts?" Chris asks Christy, his hands frozen in mid-reach.

"Quickly..." Christy reluctantly allows him.

I snap for Chris to ask her husband's permission as well. Chris asks. Brad tells him to be quick about it, as his wife told him to be.

Chris asks me if he may touch her breasts now. I lighten up my grip on his balls and tell him to go ahead. His hands almost fly up to her mounds.

I've touched Christy's breasts enough times to remember how they feel. They're like wet dough. Spongy and soft, but with some rubbery firmness to them. They're not as soft as Susan's are. They're close to as big, rising maybe an inch or so less from Christy's chest. They easily fill his hands, leaving a little extra. Chris gives them the same touch that Brad gave Susan's breasts.

"That's enough," I stop Chris before he gets his lips to her breast. Chris isn't getting that treat. "You have permission to touch, not to nurse on those breasts like the baby you've been acting like!"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Chris blurts out.

"You're just naughty, little boy!" I scold him in a very mocking voice. I sigh out. "Now thank this nice man for thoroughly feeling up your wife's saggy breasts for you."

"Thank you, Sir---" Chris starts. "OW!" a squish of his balls cuts him off.

"A proper thank you is said on your knees!" I scold him sharply.

Chris gets down to his knees, breathing out a heavy sigh of relief as I release his balls to allow him to kneel.

I snap my fingers and order Sophie to bring me my crop. It's in my hand in seconds. With a giggle.

I tap Chris's knees with the tip of my crop, urging him to open his knees wide. Then I tap his bottom, having him sit back with his cheeks between his heels. I have him sit up straight. It has his balls dangling down below his bottom, between his feet, halfway to the floor. But his cock is still jutting out straight, fully stiff and hard, from his pubes.

"You, too, slut," I tell Susan.

Susan gets down to her knees very reluctantly. She moves cautiously. She tries to get herself in the same position as Chris is in. I tap her feet with the crop, making her spread her feet as wide as she can.

I have them both kneeling in front of Brad. Chris straight in front of him, his knees no more than a foot back from Brad's feet. Susan is close at Chris's right, almost in front of Brad's foot.

"Now a proper thank you," I sternly tell Chris in a voice that leaves no doubt I expect perfection from him.

He starts to say thank you. A light, but firm, stroke of my crop on his bottom cuts him off again.

"I said a proper thank you!" I scold him harshly now, my voice full of disapproval.

"Slut, show your little boy what a man's penis looks like. Ask this man if you may see his." I see Susan cringe hard at the instruction. I give her a firm, but light, swat on her bottom with my crop. It lands with a nice snapping crack but sears only a faint pink welt onto her white globe. I land it in the center of her cheek. It leaves the welt pointing back and down, not straight out for the audience to see.

Susan yelps "OW!... Oh, OW!" and sucks a few stuttering sobs as she pants from the light strike. She shudders crisply from it as well. It takes her a second to stifle her whiny sobs. She looks up at Brad. "Sir, may I please show my husband your penis so he can see what a real man's penis looks like?"

"Why not? Let him be jealous," Brad says with a hint of a grin on his face.

Susan's hands quiver slightly as she reaches for Brad's pants. She moves hesitantly, and slowly, as she unbuttons and unzips his pants. Brad is wearing briefs, and they're slightly snug on him. It takes Susan's unsteady hands a moment to work his cock free of the snug underwear through the flap in the front. It also has her hands on his cock as she does it.

There was a good-sized bulge in the front of Brad's briefs when she started. I could see the outline of his thick cock through them. When Susan frees it, Brad's shaft stands up hard. Brad's isn't the biggest of cocks, either. But it is a decent enough one. His cock is about six inches long and fairly thick for its length. Maybe 1 1/4" across. His is circumcised, fully showing off the fat pink head of it. I can see just a few curls of his gray-tinged black hairs around the edges of his cock, poking out through the flap of his underwear.

"Oh, that penis is so much nicer, isn't it slut."

"Yes, Mistress," Susan very reluctantly, and shyly, admits.

"You like that penis much better than this naughty little boy's tiny little wee-wee, don't you, slut?"

"Yes, Mistress," Susan confesses very shyly, her voice hushed so much I can barely hear her. I'm sure she's hoping that Chris won't hear

her deem another man better than him. And that's exactly what I'm hoping for. I want Chris to hear it. The humiliation seems to behave a strong arousing effect on him. Her too, it seems.

"You want that delicious, manly, penis don't you, slut? All slut just love a good penis!"

"Yes, Mistress," Susan barely speaks, her voice less than a whisper.

"Then ask him if you may have just a taste of it. Go on, slut, be a slut."

Susan hesitates. I give her a firm stroke with my crop on her bare bottom. She screeches a yelp far louder, and more squealy than is warranted. "Sir, may I please be allowed a little taste of that delicious, huge, manly cock, Sir? Please, Sir, I've had nothing but this tiny little boy's cock for so long, may I please just have a quick taste of a man? Please, Sir?" Susan blurts out very quickly, her words running together. Her voice is a little loud now, a hair above normal. It's also eager, almost pleading for a taste of his cock.

Unseen by Chris or Susan, I nod to Brad. "Suck away, slut," Brad tells Susan.

I put the tip of my crop lightly up under Susan, against the furry mound of her pussy, touching her with it so lightly that she barely feels it. "Show us what a slut you are!" I mockingly tell Susan.

It's unnecessary. As soon as Brad gives her permission, Susan's lips are moving. She quickly puts them to Brad's cock, taking the head of it into her lips. She starts stroking his cock, with fast strokes, as if she's starving to devour his length. Her stokes are short by my definition, taking no more than half of his six inches into her mouth. But they are very eager strokes.

"Ummm..." Brad purrs softly. He sits there, oblivious to the fact that everyone is watching Susan suck his cock between the appetizer and the next course.

With a wave from me, Christy fixes her dress and takes her seat across from Brad. She stares at him, watching him get a blow job from Susan. It doesn't take long for me to notice Christy fidgeting in her seat. The kind of squirming that grinds her mound against the seat and rubs her sweetly. The kind that tells me she's enjoying watching her husband get this blow job from the unfamiliar woman. A woman whose name they don't even know. Just another of the toys I've used with them. A sex toy to spice up their kinky sex life.

I let Susan suck it for about a minute. I grab hold of her hair, and with a sharp tug snap her head up. It pulls Brad's cock from Susan's lips. Susan pants a few fast breaths then sighs out a heavy groan of frustration. It leaves Brad's eager cock standing up hard, and now glistening with the coat of her saliva on it.

A short round of applause breaks out, mostly from the men in the crowd.

I smack Chris on the back of his head, hard. "What are you waiting for, Passover? Thank him!"

Chris starts to speak. I put my hand to the back of his head and shove his head forward hard. "UH!" Chris squeals out as I push his head down. I keep shoving him down until his lips bump against the tip of Brad's cock. I don't bother giving Chris an order.

"I'm NOT!" Chris blurts out. It's all he gets out. I put a hand under his jaw, pinching the corners of his mouth wide, and forcing his mouth to open to its widest. I keep shoving his head forward, despite the firm

resistance I feel from his neck muscles. In about one second the very tip of Brad's cock is against Chris' tongue and steadily slipping deeper into Chris's mouth. Chris struggles, resisting me. But it's a "fake" resistance. He tries to lift his head. He tries to close his mouth and block the cock. But he doesn't get up or even bring his hands into the struggle. It's just enough resistance for him to be able to believe it when he tells himself that he didn't do this. That I overpowered him and forced it.

I keep shoving his head down, pushing more and more of Brad's thick cock into Chris's mouth. I make him take about the same length of it that Susan did. Then I ease off the pressure on the corners of his jaw just enough to allow his lips to close around Brad's shaft.

I need both hands and a firm grip. I start moving Chris's head, stroking Brad's cock with Chris's mouth.

In a few seconds, the resistance I feel in Chris fades into a tension. In a few more seconds, Brad is purring another sweet "Mmmm..." as Chris sucks his cock. "Nothing says thank you like a nice blow job! I'm sure even a naughty little pervert boy like you would agree with me... if you didn't have six inches of cock down your throat!" I tauntingly announce for Chris to hear.

I keep my grip on Chris's head. I keep it stroking Brad's cock. Very slowly the tension in Chris' neck ebbs. And then Chris starts getting into the blow job, sucking it on his own. I release my grip. Chris keeps going. Brad keeps purring.

Susan is a mess. She blushes brightly, thinking of how shamelessly everyone watched her devour that cock. She cringes thinking about what I somehow made her do, something she normally would have fought to the death to avoid. And how eagerly she did it.

And liked doing it. And now she cringes as she watches her husband do one of the most unnatural acts, giving another man a blow job. And much worse, liking it. But I notice that Susan's nipples are poking out as hard as ever. Obviously watching the act she detests isn't a turn-off for her! More like a turn-on!

"O-M-G!" Cassandra blurts out with shock in her voice. "He's blowing that other guy! That's two GUYS!"

"I know!" Meredith squeals excitedly, "Isn't that so hot!"

"They'd be lynched back home!" Cassandra quickly adds. I don't know where she's from, but from that, I can guess it's a small southern town. Deep south, where things like this are still heavily frowned upon. After a couple of seconds, Cassandra adds, "But yeah, it is kind of hot to watch! Just really gross to be doing!"

I watch Brad more than anyone. I know Brad rather well. I know that he likes seeing Christy humiliated. Or anyone else. And then the more the other is humiliated in front of him, preferably along with him, the more aroused he gets. I know this won't be long.

And it isn't. No more than two minutes. Three if you count the minute Susan gave him. I see the twitches of Brad's cock. I left enough of it exposed for me to see them. The first few are crisp, but not so powerful. After two of those, I grab Chris's head and hold it, still letting Chris give the blow job, but keeping my hands on his head as he does.

Then I see the first real twitch. One that's so powerful that would have his cock jumping around if Chris' mouth weren't holding it. A half-second later Chris's head is snapping hard, pulling back desperately from Brad. As Brad's cock slips from Chris's mouth, Chris gags hard. He sputters, "Ugh!" a couple of times. He chokes. A few drops of Brad's cum

runs from his gagging, and gaping mouth. Chris tries to spit as he chokes.

He doesn't get much chance. I hold his head firmly in place, the tip of Brad's cock maybe two inches from Chris's face. Brad's cock twitches again, just as sharply, and spurts another powerful stream of his cum. Brad's cum squirts hard, splatting on Chris's face just beside his nose.

Chris flinches hard against my unyielding hands. A loud round of applause rings out. "ON HIS FACE!" Meredith blurts out, "I hate it when some freak-oid tries to do that to me! Like I want to wear cum all night!" Meredith sounds rather pleased and very amused by it.

Chris sputters, still trying to spit the cum from his mouth. Now he tries to pull his head away with renewed vigor. I hold it in place, letting another spurt of Brad's whitish, creamy cum land on Chris's face.

A minute later, Chris, still half-sputtering and spitting, says a very polite "Thank you, Sir, for feeling up my wife's very saggy breasts for me, Sir."

I leave Chris there, insisting that his hands now stay behind his back. It stops him from wiping the cum from his face. Meredith said it perfectly. "Wear cum all night long." I decided then that Chris wanted to.

I give Susan a very firm little tap on the back of her head and tell her to clean Brad's cock off for her naughty little boy. Susan hesitates, unsure what I want her to do. I tell her. She eagerly lowers her lips and licks his cock clean. She has more than a few drops of cum to lick away for him, too. She doesn't seem to mind. Then I have her tuck Brad's cock back into his pants for him.

"Thank you, Sir, for allowing me to show my husband what a real penis looks like. I'm sure he enjoyed sucking it for you, Sir." Susan politely thanks him as told to.

I have the pair stand up now. And face the audience. It lets everyone see Chris's rock-hard cock jutting out. And it lets them see the glistening droplets of his cum that are slinging to the tip of his cock. And more of them clinging to the hairs on his thigh. His cock was leaking cum as he sucked another man's.

I tell Susan, "now we'll all see what a complete slut you are. Show me your pussy, slut."

Susan blushes to the brightest shade of red. And she quivers. I don't' give her any mercy either. I quickly snap instructions for her to get into position and show me her most private places.

Susan obediently, and reluctantly, turns her back to me. She spreads her feet wide, stretching her legs out. She leans forward, behind over fully. She reaches around the outside of her hips and puts her fingers to the flat lips of her pussy. She stretches her lips wide apart, baring all of her sloppy wet pinkness.

It lets everyone see how thick the coating of honey is. It's thick enough that as Susan pulls her lips open, a couple of drops rain down to the floor. It lets me see her clit swollen up and hard. It lets me see the entrance of her tunnel, its spongy walls flushed bright red and fiery hot.

"This pussy is so hot that it's on fire, slut! Did you enjoy sucking a real cock for once?"

"Yes, Mistress," Susan answers shyly, her voice hushed, her most intimate places still on full display.

"Did you enjoy watching your naughty little boy suck a man's cock?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Does that pussy want to cum again as badly as it did before?"

"It wants to cum worse than last time, Mistress!"

"Go back to your seat, slut. It's time for the next course."

"Yes, Mistress," Susan reluctantly accepts that she won't' be getting that relief now. She rises slowly and returns to her seat. Only when she gets there does she realize that I've left her nude, except for her shoes. She very uncomfortably takes her seat, scooting the chair all the way up to the table and folding her arms across her chest to hide most of her breasts from view. She sits, fidgeting, and naked.



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Unfortunately for Chris and Susan, the next course of the meal is a small one. It doesn't give them much time to rest after the blow job session with Brad. Susan gets her meal, although I leave her to sit nude and eat it.

Susan sits there, fidgeting anxiously in her seat. And blushing. And generally cringing. It's as if no matter how hard she tries, and she's trying her hardest, she can't forget that she's naked. She refuses to look up, keeping her eyes locked on the plate in front of her. And mostly closed, except for a small slit to look through. That way she doesn't have to see herself either.

The others are watching her. Not all of them. Some of the girls aren't so interested in her. But the guys all are. Then again, they're guys and Susan is a large-breasted naked woman. It's irresistible to their male eyes. But Susan is certain every eye in there is staring at her. And that she has absolutely no way to hide her body or preserve even a shred of modesty. It's the most humiliating thing of her life, by a mile.

Chris isn't worthy of being fed, and I remind him of that as I tell him that he's to stand by my table as everyone else gets their food. I have him stand with his hands behind his neck and his feet stretched about a third of the distance they could part. It leaves his stiff cock standing out almost perfectly straight from his dark pubes. And it leaves his furry balls dangling down between his thighs with enough space that they're not touching anything. They're in full view of anyone who looks.

I also stand Chris so that he can see Susan, but only out of the corner of his eye. It makes him strain to see her. And he keeps peeking. Not that Susan notices. But he keeps checking out her nude body.

It seems that no matter how much time passes, Chris's cock stays at its steely full hardness. I'm sure it will eventually soften, but it

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doesn't look like that will be before supper is over. And he's already had one orgasm, even in the wake of that, I could only make his cock go halfsoft. It never fades a bit during the course.

And the tip of his cock still glistens with the now-sticky, mostly-dried, droplets of cum that he leaked while sucking Brad's cock. I haven't allowed Chris even a sip of water to rinse his mouth out. It's forced him to keep tasting Brad's cum. That makes for a nice reminder of getting on his knees and pleasing a man as if he were a woman. I hope it helps him to keep that cock nice and hard.

Now it's time for my next little surprise for Chris. I'd planned out several, but even now I'm not sure which of them I will actually give Chris. It's impossible to plan a session for a toy I don't know. I have to see what he likes and what he doesn't. And I didn't even have a clue that Susan would be joining in this session. I was told she wanted only to watch. She's doing far more than watching now. She just sucked Brad's cock rather eagerly.

I step up beside Chris. Very casually, trying not to draw too much of Chris's attention, I move my hand to his cock. It doesn't work. The minute Chris notices I'm going for his crotch, his wary eyes are on me, already dreading another vise-grip on his balls. Instead of squishing those, I put the tips of my fingers to his cock. I slowly, and very lightly, stroke my fingers along the length of his cock, all the way from the very tip of it, to its root at his pubes. And back.

"Ooh..." I purr softly, "does this naughty little boy's penis ache now?" I ask in a very teasingly sweet voice.

There's no denying it. The instant my fingers touched his shaft, his cock began twitching. As I teased it with tender strokes, it twitched even sharper. Now it's outright jumping from the touch. As if it's about

to cum. "Yes, Ma'am," Chris answers. His voice is still humble and cowed, but it does have that hopeful note in it.

"Let's see just how badly that cock is throbbing... you will stand still. Behave and maybe one of us nurses might just help relieve that terrible ache for you. Now you be a good little boy!"

I turn and look out on my audience. I look everyone over as if sizing them up. Then I look directly at Sabrina. "I need a volunteer. Is one of you feeling especially slutty tonight?" Sabrina catches me glaring at her and raises her hand. As does Susan.

I ignore Susan and point to Sabrina. "You... You look rather slutty. Come up here..."

Sabrina rises to her feet. She comes up eagerly, with a grin on her face. I picked Sabrina for this for a number of reasons, but mostly because her body is about as different from Susan's as I have to pick from. Susan is, in my words, a common, ordinary, housewife. Like any number of women I see at Publix. About as average as average gets.



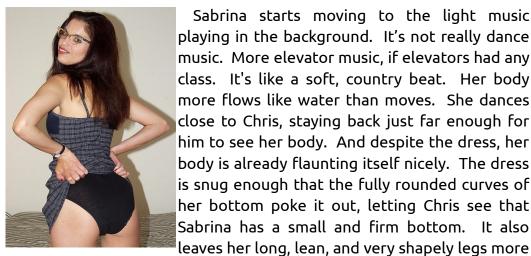
Sabrina, on the other hand, is more of an exotic beauty. She has olive-toned skin and long, straight, silky, jet-black hair with brown eyes. She's about the same height, but she's slim giving her a more petite look. And she has small, but very shapely, breasts. And then there are her glasses. Hers have thick, white plastic frames. they look like they were in fashion 100 years ago, so retro that they're hot again! they're something a librarian, or a prissy woman would wear. And for some reason, they just make her look more exotic.

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Sabrina loves blue. It seems like every time I see her she has blue on. Until she has nothing on. Tonight is no exception. She has on a snug-fitting dark blue dress. It's about the shade of denim, decorated with fine lines of white checkered through it. It's sleeveless, leaving her shoulders bare except for a pair of spaghetti straps, all the way down to her breasts. in front and in back. it covers her only down to about midthigh. I see a pair of deep blue, and high, almost spiky, heels under it. She has her hair loose, letting it flow down over her shoulders to the bottom of her shoulder blades.

"Strip for us," I softly tell Sabrina.

Sabrina just smiles wide. She has a slightly oval face, with defined, but soft, lines to it and a jaw that's just barely on the strong side. She has a long, slightly angular, nose that seems to fit with the Mediterranean look. She has plump, deep red lips that frame a wide mouth, giving her a rather bright smile that seems to stretch from ear to ear.



music. More elevator music, if elevators had any class. It's like a soft, country beat. Her body more flows like water than moves. She dances close to Chris, staying back just far enough for him to see her body. And despite the dress, her body is already flaunting itself nicely. The dress is snug enough that the fully rounded curves of her bottom poke it out, letting Chris see that Sabrina has a small and firm bottom. It also leaves her long, lean, and very shapely legs more

Sabrina starts moving to the light music

bare than covered.

Sabrina is clearly not shy. Actually, she is, except during her time with me. I've gotten her used to immodesty. Now that she trusts me to protect her. It leaves her free to let her inner slut out to play. Like now, as Sabrina turns her bottom to Chris and leans over, poking her taut

cheeks out. She wiggles them slowly, teasing him their roundness right through her dress.

The dress slips down Sabrina's lithe body. It's snug, so she has to pull it down, but she's able to it smoothly. It almost flows as sensuously as her body is. It just slips right down. As it begins sliding down, Sabrina is facing Chris. It starts showing the gentle curve of her breasts as they round up smoothly from her chest. Just as the top hem of her dress is about to bare her nipples, Sabrina turns her back to Chris, taking away his sight of them. She's not wearing a bra

under the dress. She can't, not without it showing, and she doesn't have big enough mounds to really need one. It lets Chris see that her mounds are full and firm. Then it turns them from his eyes. Sabrina eases the dress down, showing her wide, dark-purple-brown nipples, and the slightly lighter, less wide, rings around them to the audience. It has every male eye on her, all of them watching eagerly as her clothes begin to come off. She keeps the dress moving, teasing Chris with her bottom, as she bares the full mound of her breasts to the audience. It gets a catcall from Derek, albeit a short one.

Sabrina turns back around to Chris, bringing her slim hands up to cover her breasts as she does. It teases him with the sight, knowing that her breasts are exposed and he's now the only one who hasn't seen them. Her body flows sinuously. She pulls her hands from her breasts,

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flashing them to Chris for a fleeting instant before covering them again. Finally, after half a minute of teasing, her hands fall from her mounds and start her dress moving down again. It slowly bares her flat, taut, stomach, and the defined curve of her waist to his eyes. And Chris's eyes are locked on Sabrina. I doubt even a crowbar would get those eyes to move.

I'm not watching Sabrina. I'm mostly watching Chris. Already I can see his cock twitching lightly. And I can see the tiny sparkle at the very tip of his cock that tells me it's starting to weep a fresh droplet of cum. I bet even his balls would be twitching if there were any muscles there to twitch them. I can hear his breathing getting a little deeper, too, as if he's trying to steady it and not purr a moan.

Susan watches Sabrina stripping as well. I can see a slight look of envy on her face as if she wishes her body was still as firm as Sabrina's. then again, Sabrina is younger. Sabrina is only 35! But she could easily pass for even younger than that. Mostly, though, the mask on Susan's face is one of relief that I didn't make her undress so wantonly. And a little surprise that Sabrina is so willingly doing it.

Sabrina's dress finally makes its way down to her ankles. She lifts one foot out of it. Then she lifts her other foot, bringing her dress with it. She kicks her foot out lightly, sending the dress flying towards her husband. He almost catches it, but it falls a bit short. Craig, Izzy's boyfriend catches it and hands it to Erik, Sabrina's husband.

It leaves Sabrina wearing only the high-heeled shoes and a pair of black panties. They're simple cotton panties that fully cover her bottom. they're slightly wide at her hips, covering her hips, but leaving her thighs bare. They're just as modest in the front, fully covering her pubes. It

lets Chris see that her mound is flat. There's enough of a gap between her lean thighs to show it.

Sabrina doesn't hurry to get her panties off. She leans very close to Chris, letting the gently rounded tips of her hard nipples touch his chest, but no more of her breasts. Or her body. She moves, slowly drawing her nipples over his flesh. the tease gets a good shiver from Chris. And captivates his attention. Sabrina finally turns her back to him. She very quickly pulls her panties down, flashing her bare bottom to him. Showing him those hard, toned globes and how shapely her backside is. then her panties are up again and she's turning to face him again.

Sabrina stretches her feet wide, and squats a bit, putting her breasts even with Chris's hard cock. She very lightly touches the tips of her nipples to his stiffness. It jumps sharply, pulling away from her nipples, then falling back down and just missing them. Sabrina leans back, moving her breasts out of range. I see the glistening of a tiny speck of his cum on her nipple now. How eager, and ready, that little cock must be!

Sabrina takes her time, teasing Chris and flashing him tiny peeks of her pubes and bottom. It takes her a couple of minutes to finally slip her panties down. She steps out of those, leaving them around one ankle. She lifts them up with her foot. She wiggles her foot lightly, making the black panties dance on her foot. It gets the attention on her panties, not her body, for a second. That's when, with all eyes on her panties, Sabrina kicks them away. They soar through the air, arcing up high. Sabrina has some skill. She manages to drop her panties down on Susan's shoulder.

Susan almost jumps out of her chair as the panties, still warm from Sabrina's body, land on her bare shoulder. She jumps enough that

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her ample breasts jiggle, now freely as Susan's arms scramble for the panties. She snatches them off her shoulders. She holds them with two fingers away from her body. She looks about, readying to toss them to Erik. I stop her with a stern look. "A souvenir!" I tell her. Very reluctantly, Susan drops the panties on Chris's empty side of the table. I suspect they'll be in the trash the first chance Susan gets. No woman wants another woman's panties hanging around their home.



It leaves Sabrina wearing nothing but the high-heel shoes that have her calf muscles pulled taut, making her slim legs look even more shapely. Those, I hope, she leaves on. It also lets everyone, and especially Chris, see the very neatly trimmed bush on her pubes. It's a triangle of black. It's trimmed with sharp, crisp lines at the top, and before the creases of her thighs. The hairs are cut short, not left unruly and long. It flows smoothly down over her flat mound. But the short fur doesn't hide the fine, dark line of her slit.

Sabrina turns her back, letting Chris see the toned cheeks of her bottom. And the short crack between those globes, where their inside edges barely meet.

Sabrina keeps on dancing for Chris. She knows that I'll tell her when I think Chris has had enough. With her bottom a mere foot or so from Chris's stiff cock, Sabrina slowly stretches her feet wide, sliding them smoothly along the floor. Then she leans forward just as slowly, giving Chris a perfect view of her long, wide lips. Her lips are thin, as Susan's are. They're covered with a thin coat of fur. Her slit is nothing

more than a long, dark line where the edges of her lips meet fully. And now that line is glistening with her wetness.

Sabrina very slowly inches her bottom back toward Chris. She stops when the tip of his cock just brushes against the lips of her pussy, leaving a tiny drop of her honey on the tip of his cock. She raises her shoulders a bit, rotating her bottom down so the tip of his cock glides along the outside edge of her crack. Then, suddenly, Sabrina slams her bottom back with a light thrust, pushing her cheeks against his cock. it pushes his stiff shaft up. Now pointed upward, it lies against his pubes. the firm cheeks of her bottom press against the underside of his cock. She gives her bottom a soft wiggle, stroking his cock with her crack.

"UGHHHH!" Chris groans out. He keeps his eyes down, watching the taut cheeks of Sabrina's bottom stroking his very hungry cock.

Susan glares at Sabrina as if she's dying to tell the slut to get away from her husband. And knows better than to do it.

Sabrina only gives Chris a few seconds of it. Then she's back on her feet. She turns to face him. She steps very close to him. She lifts her right leg up, hooking it around Chris's waist and pulling him close to her. Until her breasts are flush against his chest. Sabrina is only 5'6", which makes her half a foot shorter than Chris. Pulling him close gently drives the tip of his cock against her bush. His cock ankles upward again, its tip gliding through the top of her bush and along the taut skin of her stomach until it's trapped flat between his pubes and her stomach. Sabrina wiggles her hips, caressing his cock again. Then she backs away, letting me see the sticky droplet of Chris's cum on the flat of her stomach. Proof that she's being slutty. That Chris is liking this a lot.

Sabrina keeps dancing before Chris. It's a very slutty dance. Sluttier than even a stripper in a club would dare to offer. She uses her

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breasts, teasing them over his flesh. She uses her bottom, lightly rubbing him those firm cheeks. She uses her bush. She uses her hands. She even uses the lips of her pussy on occasion, teasing him with those, but never allowing his cock to penetrate even a tiny fraction of a millimeter into her slit. Chris seems to love it when Sabrina uses her small, pert breasts, slithering them down his chest and stomach, along his waist, all the down until his cock is trapped between them. She is good enough that she's able to keep going, using her stiff nipples to tease over his dangling balls, too.

It goes on for almost ten minutes, counting the three or four minutes it took Sabrina to get naked. I figured ten minutes would be long enough. It would be a hard tease for Chris. It would be a very hot show for the male half of the audience, as well as any women who are into other women. There could be one or two. I haven't a clue what Cassandra, Meredith, Wendy, or Mindy's sexual preferences are. I only know that Meredith dates a variety of men. It doesn't mean she won't date a woman.

There's just under a minute left to go before I stop the show. Chris is definitely showing the strain of being tormented by Sabrina's body. I can see a bit of tension in his muscles. I can hear the purrs that he's trying to hide under his breath. I can see his hands gripping the back of his neck. I can see that his jaw muscles are tight. I can see his eyes locked on Sabrina, following her body and taking in every bit of whatever part of her body she's currently flaunting for him.

Sabrina is standing back, about 18" between her body and Chris's, facing him. She has her hands on his hips, tenderly holding them. She thrusts her hips forward and back as if she were fucking him. Chris tenses up a hair more, his eyes locked on her softly, teasingly, thrusting pubes. Swiftly, Sabrina releases his hips. She turns her back to him,

bending over again and spreading her feet wide so that Chris has a very full view of her pussy.

Sabrina puts the tips of her long fingernails to her slit. she quickly pushes her lips aside, flashing Chris a view of her inner, intimate, pinkness. A view of her short, plush, soft inner folds, their tips tinged dark purple, the rest of them a deep pink. A view of her narrow tunnel, its spongy soft walls flushed a deep, bright red with heat. A view of the coating of her creamy honey clinging to everything. Especially the thick knot around her swollen clit. It lasts about a second, letting Chris take in about half of it, and his imagination to fill in the blanks. But it's enough for Chris to see that Sabrina is good and hot now.

Sabrina releases her lips. Her nails are painted a deep, bright red. I've heard it called "slut red." She puts the tip of a nail to the bottom of her slit. She very slowly draws her nail up, along her slit, towards her tunnel. "UH-MM!" Sabrina purrs in the sugariest voice.

Sabrina rises quickly. She turns to face Chris. Her hands are now on her breasts, cupping the undersides of the small mounds. She has her nipples pinched lightly between her thumb and forefinger. Sabrina purrs a very honeyed "I really need a dick in me right now." Sabrina licks her lips, softly, slowly, seductively. Her fingers tease her nipples enough to send a crisp erotic chill racking her body.

It's too much for Chris. I see him tense up until his body trembles lightly. I hear him purr out a very needy, strained groan. "UH!" It's long, drawn-out through his tenseness. Then I see Chris's cock jump, twitching sharply and powerfully. I see a heavy, full, spurt of Chris's whitish cum shoot out and splat against Sabrina's body, just under her breasts. His cum clings to her body, slowly running down her flesh.

Chris blushes a deep beet red. His cock keeps twitching crisply, jumping up and falling down. And it keeps spurting dollops of his cum at Sabrina. Chris quickly hangs his head, shamed to cum like this. He avoids looking at anyone, focusing only on the more intimate parts of Sabrina's lithe body sensually flowing before him.

Sabrina ignores the cum splattering on her body. She keeps dancing before Chris. She spins around, getting a squirt of cum on the center of her back. She turns back around, her hand going to her pussy. A spurt lands on her breast, barely missing her nipple.

The audience laughs hard at Chris. Derek, the more vocal of the young men in the crowd, calls out "what a loser!" The girls can't help but giggle. Cassandra blurts out "she made him cum without even touching him!"

Sabrina ignores the cum clinging to her body letting it flow slowly down her body. I tell her to stop. "I think it's clear to everyone that this naughty little boy has had enough big boy teasing for now." It gets another chuckle from the guys.

With my crop in my hand, I begin scolding Chris. "You filthy little boy! This whore was being so nice as to entertain us with her slutty body, and what do you do? You go an cum all over her like some boy who has never seen a woman before! You really ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

I give him a couple of light swats on his bottom with my crop. they're not hard. They barely leave pink welts to quickly fade away. But they make Chris shriek out "OW!" and jump from each. His cock is still fully hard. As he jumps from the strokes, his cock dances around in front of him. His balls jiggle under him. His face scrunches up.

"It's certainly not fair that you came and this whore didn't. after all, she's the one who did all the work. You just stood there like a moron and came all over her! She deserves a good pussy eating..."

Sabrina smiles wide. She likes that.

Chris grins, a hopeful look on his face.

"Don't be silly! This whore wants a real man to eat her pussy, not some naughty little boy who can't even manage to wait to touch her before he cums!"

"Whore, show this little boy your pussy," I tell Sabrina.

Sabrina doesn't hesitate at all. She turns her back, letting Chris see his cum flowing down toward her bottom, and leans over. with her feet wide apart, she reaches around the outside of her hips and pulls her lips wide. it gives Chris a very good view of her intimate pinkness.

I roughly push Chris down to his knees, barking a command for him to kneel as I do. I grab hold of his head, pushing it a little forward so his eyes are only an inch or two from Sabrina's hot wetness. that way he will have a view of nothing but her pussy. And a good whiff of her sweet muskiness. He won't have to imagine. He's already memorizing every detail of her unfamiliar pussy. And the creamy honey weeping from the rim of her narrow, tight tunnel.

"Get a good look at her hot little pussy. Doesn't it looks so wet and tight?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Chris ruefully admits. He must have heard me when I told him that he wouldn't be getting to touch it.

"You'd like to eat the sweet pussy, wouldn't you little boy?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I really want to eat her hot pussy, Ma'am... Can I please?"

I swat his bottom with my crop. This time it's a slightly stronger stroke. "Bad boy! I warned you about begging. Now I have to punish you for that." I snap for Chris to get back up to his feet, pulling his head away from Sabrina's pussy as I do. And pulling up on it to urge him to his feet. The resistance tells me Chris would prefer to stay put and ogle her pussy longer.

"I ought to whip your bottom without mercy for that, especially after you came all over her! But I'll be kind and give you one chance to spare your bottom a hard whipping... you may beg your slut over there to eat this pussy for you. If she does it, you won't be whipped bloody. go beg, naughty little boy... And try not to cum all over anyone else!"

Chris's cock twitches. It's still fully hard, straining to stiffen even more, despite his cumming for the second time. Chris very reluctantly goes over to Susan.

Susan heard his instructions. She doesn't know I wouldn't actually whip anyone bloody. Her eyes are wide. She looks out at Chris with a very nervous look on her face. A very hesitant look as well. As if she's trying to talk herself into doing it to spare her husband's bottom. As if she's trying to make herself do it.

"Honey..." Chris begins. His voice is sheepish, very hushed, and full of shame. "I'm sorry I came all over the pretty woman... I just couldn't stop myself... I tried! I didn't want to! Now I'm in real trouble... Will you please eat her pussy for me. Please, honey...if you don't eat her pussy, the nurse is going whip me for being so bad. PLEASE! Will you PLEASE eat her pussy for me, honey? Please... please... I'm begging you, honey, please eat the pretty woman's pussy for me...."

"I have to..." Susan tells him in a very reluctant voice. A voice that's pure humiliation. A voice that says she'd rather do anything but. A voice that says she's not sure if she can go through with it. 'I can't let you be whipped like that..." Susan's face scrunches up. She very slowly rises to her feet and crosses the few steps to me.

I already have Sabrina sitting on the edge of an unused table. Her feet are resting on a pair of chairs, her legs spread wide open. She's leaning back, her hands gripping the far edge of the table. It has her very wet pussy eagerly displayed in offering. Sabrina looks upon Susan as she approaches, a sweet smile on Sabrina's face. An eager smile.

As Susan approaches, I take hold of the nude, modest, housewife by her shoulder. She's keeping her arms folded across her chest, covering her breasts from the eyes that are gawking, eagerly awaiting the next act of this show. As Susan stiffens up and cringes hard, I pull her in front of Sabrina.

"Is this going to be the first pussy you've ever eaten, slut?"

"Yes, Mistress..." Susan answers. Her voice is pure nervousness, and reluctance, with a hefty dose of disgust thrown in. I'm sure she's spent her whole life in church hearing how wrong it is. I bet she'd really cringe if she knew that it was a woman who ate her pussy a while ago. An eating that Susan so obviously loved.

"Open your mouth wide. Use your fingers to push her lips aside and put your lips to her pinkness. Put your tongue to her clit. go slowly, swirl your tongue around that hard nub. Just be soft and steady. Do a very good job, make her cum, and I'll spare your husband's bottom." It's all the instructions I give her.

I put my hands to her wrists and pull her arms from her chest. It lets her jiggling breasts bounce around freely as I pull her hands forward, putting them to the table just beside Sabrina's slim hips. I don't put Susan down to her knees, as I think she's expecting me to do. I bend her over. As she leans, as her mouth nears Sabrina's musky wetness, Susan's muscles tense up more and more. It makes me push her even harder. By the end, it's close to a fight, Susan's body resisting as much as it can.

Susan's lips end up flush against Sabrina's lightly furred lips. She stands there, fully tensed up, unmoving. I grab her wrists and pull them up to Sabrina's lips. It leaves Susan's arms bent, lying over the creases of Sabrina's taut thighs. I have to put Susan's fingers to Sabrina's lips and push them apart.

"You're not eating that pussy like a woman trying to earn some mercy for her hubby..." I taunting scold Susan.

Susan sobs twice. Finally, I notice the light ripple of tension flow over Sabrina that tells me she can feel Susan's tongue starting to lick her most sensitive place.

It takes several seconds before I hear Sabrina start breathing deeply, the faint purring moans slowly creeping into her breaths. And before I see the tension starting to stiffen her muscles up.

It takes serval more, and much longer, seconds before I feel the stiffness start ebbing from Susan's body. By then I can already see Sabrina's honey clinging to Susan's chin, and around her lips. It looks like the tips of Susan's fingers, too. As close as Susan's nose is to Sabrina's pussy, about two millimeters, Susan' has to be smelling Sabrina's warm, musky, very feminine, scent. And it leaves Susan's eyes nothing to see

but the fine hairs of Sabrina's bush. All of which ensures that Susan knows exactly what she's doing.

I give Susan a minute to warm up. I'm not worried about Sabrina cumming too soon. She knows better. She knows she's only allowed to cum with my permission. Otherwise, she's to "control her slutty urges." It guarantees me that I have all the time in the world for Susan to practice eating a pussy.

I slip my foot between Susan's feet. I use my foot to gently, and slowly, nudge Susan' to open her feet until there are about 18 inches between them. It straightens out her back a little, getting it almost flat with the floor. More importantly, it fully exposes Susan's pussy between her open thighs, letting everyone see it. I doubt Susan is thinking enough to realize that. She's still too caught up in trying to get over her revulsion and eat Sabrina's pussy well enough to spare her husband.

It takes about two minutes for Susan to fully get into what she's doing. To forget that it's supposed to be disgusting her. Maybe it's the loud moans of sweetness that Sabrina is purring out. Maybe it's the tension that's rippling through Sabrina's legs. Maybe it's the sweet, musky, scented honey liberally flowing. Maybe Susan can even feel the little twitches beginning in Sabrina's pussy. Maybe it's the fidgety squirms beginning in Sabrina's hips, grinding her bottom against the table. It doesn't matter.

As Susan goes on her confidence grows. It's clear that Sabrina is enjoying it. Susan's reluctance fades. I release Susan and she doesn't try to get up. She just keeps on going. Steadily, Sabrina's cries grow more pleading and needy. It encourages Susan to work more enthusiastically.

I'm sure if anyone ever found out what Susan is doing, Susan would claim it disgusted her and she only did it to save her husband. I

slowly make my way behind Susan, to the one part of her that will never lie to me. Her pussy. I don't have to open her lips. I can see the fresh honey weeping from her slit and keeping her fur damp.

Now it's humiliation time. "Good girl, slut! Now if you can just keep doing that and not stop, your husband might be able to sit down tomorrow!" I very tauntingly tell Susan.

Then I turn my attention to Chris. He is watching. His eyes are glue to the point where Susan's face meets Sabrina's pussy. His eyes are wide, openly gawking. His stiff cock is already twitching again. It hasn't even taken a break after cumming.

I have Chris put his hands behind his back. He doesn't take his eyes off the action, watching as Sabrina's thighs start inching closed around Susan's head. I grab Chris's head and turn it so that he's looking at Susan's pussy. "Look at what you've gone and done now, you naughty little boy!" I scold him. I use my other hand to very tenderly ease Susan's lips open. It lets Chris see Susan's sloppy wet pinkness. "Your slut of a wife is trying so hard to eat that pretty pussy just to spare your naughty bottom a whipping, and now it's gone and gotten her pussy all sloppy wet and hot! Now she's going to have to eat pussy with her pussy throbbing and aching for a good fucking! Doesn't that pussy look like it's begging for a man to fuck it?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Chris answers. His voice is very regretful and humiliated. But there's that tinge of eagerness as if he thinks I might actually allow him to fuck his wife! How silly is that?

"I guess your slut shouldn't have to suffer that horrible aching need just because you've been a very naughty boy... go apologize to this whore's husband for cumming all over his pretty wife." I give him a firm

command. And I leave him with that tiny hope that he might get the relief he's been aching for.

He goes to Erik, one step away. Erik isn't a submissive. He just enjoys watching Sabrina's scenes. Like now. He's watching Sabrina get eaten as eagerly, and closely, as Chris is watching Susan eat Sabrina. Chris, with his head hung down in shame, very soft apologizes. "Sir... I'm very sorry for cumming all over your beautiful wife. I didn't mean to, she's just so pretty I couldn't stop myself from misbehaving... I'm sorry, Sir..."

"Good boy," I tell Chris sweetly, "now ask him to fuck your slut for you. Let her have a real cock to satisfy that ache for her while she eats his wife's pussy for you." I add just as sweetly, but now lacing a heavy bit of firmness into my voice.

Chris sobs and blushes brightly. He quivers lightly as well. His cock twitches a little sharper, telling me that this humiliation might kill Chris, but it is driving his cock happily insane. "Sir..." Chris goes on in the most sheepish, most reluctant of voices. "my wife is getting very horny while she's eating your pretty wife's pussy... My tiny little pecker will never satisfy her hot pussy now... will you please fuck her for me, Sir? Please, Sir, will you please fuck her with your real man's pecker for me?"

Erik might not care to be dominated, but he's never minded joining in a scene before with Sabrina. I'm pretty sure he won't refuse now. Susan' might not be quite as attractive as Sabrina, her body not as lithe, but she's still an attractive woman. What married man doesn't want an unfamiliar pussy once in a while? Especially when his wife can't object, like now, with Sabrina having sex with the same woman!

Erik takes a quick peek at Susan's furry pussy. I know that Erik likes his pussies hairy. It's why I've allowed Sabrina to keep the well-

manicured fur on her lips. For her husband. Susan's is even furrier. And now that fur is good and wet, as is Susan's slit.

Unfortunately for Susan, she's so caught up in eating Sabrina's pussy that she's not really paying attention to what I'm making Chris do now. She's too focused on the very unfamiliar act she's doing for her first time. She's too worried about making it good enough that I spare Chris's bottom. She doesn't hear Chris ask Erik to fuck her. She doesn't notice Erik slipping around to peek at her pussy up close.

Susan doesn't hear Erik say "I can do that." Even if she did, she wouldn't realize what "that" was. She doesn't notice Erik unfasten his pants and let them drop to his ankles as he steps up behind her. Nor does she notice Erik pull his briefs down to expose his cock.

Erik is a fairly well-built, and lean, man. He has a light fur of medium brown curls around his cock. And he has a pair of rather ample balls beneath it. But what Chris notices is that Erik's cock is huge by comparison. Erik's cock is about six and a half inches long, and close to 1 ½" thick. His cock is circumcised, letting Chris see its fat, bulbous, light pink head swollen up at the tip of his rock-hard length. His cock has light white skin on it, fully showing the thick, knotty veins lining it. And its skin is thin enough that, with a close look, Chris can make out the ridges of the steely hard tube inside. Erik's cock also has a very slight curve to it. It's enough that it can be seen, but not much more than that. It curves to Erik's right side.

Erik steps in behind Susan. He puts the spongy soft tip of his cock against Susan's wet slit and gently presses it forward. It slips very easily into her slit, its path well-greased by the thick layer of Susan's oily, slippery honey. In under a second, the fat head of his cock finds Susan's eager tunnel.

Susan, absolutely shocked to feel a cock pushing into her pussy, blurts out a very surprised, and very hungry, "OH!" A fraction of a second later, Susan, her lips still on Sabrina's pussy, screeches out "OOH!!! IT'S SO BIG!!!" as Erik's cock starts stretching Susan's pussy wider, stuffing it fuller, than Susan has gotten used to being filled. Susan's bottom wiggles a bit. Susan cries out another "OOH!" Susan keeps eating Sabrina's pussy.

Erik gets right to it. He's been around me enough to know that there's never a guarantee of anything. Wasting time isn't a good idea. My whim might change before he gets to finish! He starts thrusting his cock hard into Susan, taking long, powerful strokes.

"UGH!" Susan grunts out hard as each thrust rams Erik's thick, long shaft into her pussy. "UGH!... UGH!" She keeps grunting out, her voice hard, but full of sweetness and hunger. IN a few seconds, Susan's reflexes have her bottom bucking back against Erik's cock, pounding it into her a little harder.

"UM!" Sabrina shrieks out, "OOH!.. UM!" Sabrina's thighs snap shut around Susan's head, clamping Susan's head in place against Sabrina's pussy. Now Sabrina's hips squirm hard as if grinding her pussy against Susan's mouth.

Sabrina's urgent moans encourage Susan to put even more effort into the pussy eating, and that makes Sabrina moan out with even more neediness in her cries. And squirm more energetically. It has Sabrina's thighs squishing their hardest around Susan's head, too.

Sabrina's hot cries encourage Erik. It gets him thrusting his cock faster and harder into Susan's pussy. It even gets Erik grunting lightly with his thrusts.

Erik's added vigor drives Susan insane. She's putting every bit of effort she has into eating Sabrina's pussy. and she's grunting out loud, pleadingly-hungry moans with every pounding thrust.

"YES!" Susan screams out, "FUCK ME! GIVE ME THAT DICK!"

Erik gives sit to her, putting all of his efforts into thrusting his cock hard into Susan.

Susan's bottom slams back against him, driving his cock harder into her pussy. Susan's hips tremble as they pound back. Goosebumps erupt all over Susan's body. Her hands grip Sabrina's lips and thighs hard. Susan's toes curl against the floor. Her legs tremble. Her breasts, dangling down below Sabrina's thighs, bounce around wildly. Her nipples are harder than ever, straining for even more hardness in them.

I keep my attention on Chris, making him watch Erik fuck Susan's pussy, not Susan eating Sabrina's pussy, which I'm sure is what he'd prefer to watch. His cock, however, likes the view I'm making him see. I can see his cock twitching away, and weeping tiny droplets of cum. not enough cum for it to drip, but just enough to keep the tip of his cock glistening with fresh, sticky, wetness. I start to wonder how much more of this Chris can watch before he cums on Erik. That I doubt Erik would welcome. It seems the more humiliating the sight, the more aroused Chris gets. This could be fun! For me.

It's not even two minutes! I know it's coming when I see Susan stiffen up hard, her body tensing to steel. Susan's body trembles, the trembles constantly growing harder and sharper. Erik sees it, too. He pounds away, thrusting his cock hard into her sopping wet, fiery hot, pussy.

I nod to Sabrina, giving her permission to cum. It doesn't take Sabrina but a second to let go. To just stop holding her climax back. Sabrina's body thrashes as she sits there, almost dancing around on the table as the first intense wave of the orgasm flows over her, snapping her body. Her pussy squirts a bit of honey onto Susan's face. I'm sure Susan feels the sharp twitches from Sabrina's pussy. And the pounding throb of Sabrina's clit as Sabrina cums.

"YESSSS!" Susan screams out, "FUCK ME!!!!" Susan shudders hard, her body snapping against Sabrina's thighs and legs. Susan's hips slam back and stay back against Erik's pubes. Susan's hips snap hard from side to side, thrashing with all her strength around the cock stuffing her pussy so much that she feels slightly stretched out from it. "UH!!!!!!" Susan grunts hard.

"Ooh...." Susan breathes out with utter bliss in her voice. Her legs give out from under her. She would fall to her knees. but Erik holds her up by her hips.

"UGH!" Erik grunts hard, cumming along with Susan. He holds her hips, mostly holding her up, but also stilling her wild thrashes slightly. Enough that he can again thrust his cock into her pussy, pounding it hard as he spurts his cum into her. It's only about two thrusts until the first drops of Erik's cum drip down from Susan's pussy, overflowing her tight tunnel.

Susan falls limp and fully sated. Her arms catch on Sabrina's thighs, helping Susan to keep her chest up. Her head falls loose, then sags forward as Sabrina opens her thighs a bit to release Susan's head.

Erik finishes spurting his cum into Susan's pussy. He pulls his cock from Susan's pussy and before I can "offer" anything Erik might not

welcome, he tucks his cum-covered cock back into his briefs. He leans over and pulls his pants back up.

Another round of applause breaks out. It's not often that a live sex show features a threesome, and they just watched one.

It takes Susan a minute or so to pull herself together. When she does, she stands up slowly on very rubbery legs. She sees Chris, his cock still twitching, standing where he would have had a good view. She sees Erik, whom she knows to be Sabrina's husband, standing off to the side of Sabrina's hips, as if he too was watching Susan eat his wife's pussy. What she doesn't see is any evidence of who just fucked her. The look on her face tells me she's sure it wasn't Chris. It also tells me that Susan is still lost in dreamland, drifting in the sweet fog of her afterglow. That she doesn't yet really care who fucked her.

Sabrina slips off the table. She reclaims her dress with a nod from me and starts pulling it back on. Without her panties. I didn't tell her to reclaim those.

As soon as Sabrina has gotten off the table, I take hold of Susan. I get a firm grip on her, too. It's a mercy for Susan. "Did I do it good enough to save him, Mistress?" Susan asks me in a very soft, throaty, honeyed voice.

I don't answer Susan. I just turn her around and guide her back until her bottom is against the table. I have to help her up onto it, half lifting her up to take Sabrina's place. I summon Sabrina over and have her help steady Susan's shoulders.

Now I can turn my attention back to Chris. I put him on his knees in front of Susan's pussy. "See that?" I ask him. Susan's lips are open just a bit, stretching her slit open enough for Chris to see the edges of

Susan's inner folds peeking out. But mostly all he can see is Erik's cum covering everything, oozing from Susan's pussy, and raining down the floor. "That's a well-fucked pussy."

"Yes, Ma'am," Chris very sheepishly admits.

"You do appreciate her earning you bottom some mercy, don't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Good. Show her you appreciate it," I tell Chris. I switch to an almost cold, ultra-firm voice. I put my hand to the back of Chris's head. "Clean her pussy up for her," I say as I'm shoving Chris's head forward. It takes him a second to catch it, and by the time he's stiffening up out of reflex, his lips are already on her sloppy pussy.

I don't let him balk. I slap his face. "Lick his cum from your slut's pussy! NOW." I slap him again.

Chris sticks his tongue out. Very tentatively he puts the tip of it to Susan's slit. His first licks are even more reluctant and slow.

"OOH!!" Susan screeches loudly, her body shuddering hard, "OH LORD!" Her hips snap up, grinding her pussy against Chris's face and smearing Erik's cum on Chris.

I stay on Chris, forcing him to lick every drop of Erik's cum off her lips. And to lick it out of her hairs. Susan screeches hot cries the entire time.

Chris's face scrunches up hard in disgust. He sputters, trying to gag the unwelcome, salty taste of Erik from his mouth. I hold his head to Susan's pussy and with a few more slaps keep him steadily licking her clean.

Now that Susan's lips and pinkness are clean, I have Chris put his lips to the rim of Susan's tunnel. I tell him to suck lightly. And to push his tongue into Susan's tunnel so that he can use it to lick the inside of her walls clean. Sucking draws the rim a tiny bit into his mouth. It also draws a good mouthful of Erik's cum out of Susan's pussy and into Chris's mouth. It chokes him. From the revulsion. I don't give him any mercy. I make him lick more of Erik's cum off Susan's pussy walls.

Susan screams the hottest moans. Her body shudders so hard that it's jumping around on the table. Now it's Susan's thighs slamming shut to clamp Chris's head to her pussy. But I don't let Susan have enough to cum again. Maybe half of a minute. Enough for Susan to suffer the endless hot sparks tormenting her pussy with a fresh arousal. enough for Chris to get all the cum, and honey, that he's going to get out of her pussy. I pull Chris's head back.

Chris sputters hard, not that he ever stopped. He gags from the sticky heat filling his mouth. a gob of Erik's cum coughs from Chris's mouth and lands on the floor.

My crop lands on Chris's bottom, and this time it's a decently firm stroke that gets a good yelp from Chris. As he sucks his breath in, He swallows Erik's cum without thinking. I scold him for spitting like some little girl. I tell him he should swallow it like a shameless whore.

Then I have Chris thank Susan for allowing him to clean "the nice man's hot, fresh cum out of her pussy for her."

Susan goes back to her seat on very wobbly legs. She drops into her seat, her body still loose and sated from Erik's cock. Now she's given up on her modesty. She doesn't bother trying to cover herself. She just sits there, allowing her head to loll back and panting soft breaths. Her arms hang limply at her sides. Elisha brings the entree.

I have Chris go stand by the nurses' table. Hands behind his neck again so that everyone can see his very hard cock jutting out. And the gooey coating of Erik's cum drying on Chris's face. Paige brings our entrees.



Luckily for Chris and Susan, the entree is a fairly long course. It gives them a little time to rest after the threesome just before. Susan clearly needs the rest. She spends most of the mean more nibbling, still drifting in bliss, than really eating. Chris probably wishes the course were much faster. He's left to stand there, his cock never softening a bit, silent while we eat.

As we finish out entrees, the three of us nurses chat about Chris. It makes him hear us openly discussing his body, and mostly, his very naughty cock. Chris doesn't know that the conversation is "semiscripted," meaning that I've already told the girls what we're going to talk about and decide. We decide that Chris definitely has some "sexual functioning issues" that clearly need to be addressed.

I know Chris found his first prostate exam slightly uncomfortable. He showed it. His cock didn't seem to mind it, though. I rather enjoyed it. Annie suggests, as I've told her to do, that since Chris had to go and cum at Wendy during his first prostate exam, that maybe we should repeat it. This time, just maybe, Chris can manage to behave himself for an entire exam. And then we'll know why that "tiny penis" is so excessively hard.

I decide that's a good idea. Of course, I would, since I told Annie to suggest it. I add that maybe it's me. Maybe Chris just likes petite blondes too much and couldn't handle my finger poking around up his butt. "I'll do it this time," Annie offers. I told her to.

"I got this," Mindy blurts out with a grin on her face. She's already pulling a latex glove out of her pocket. Annie looks over to me for some hint of what I want her to do. I just shrug my shoulders. Why not? If Mindy wants to, let her. We are all here to have fun. I just don't know

Mindy well enough to have asked her to do it, or anything else. But if she volunteers...

We all four get up this time. We almost surround Chris. I get the place in front of Chris. I've waited until everyone finished their entree so I wouldn't be disturbing anyone's meal with it. I grab Chris by his balls again, this time using a snug grip that's just short of being unpleasant for him. But firm enough for Chris to know that should he resist, I will squish them hard as his punishment. Or worse.

"Come along, naughty little boy, the very nice nurse is going to check your prostate again. Now be a good little boy and behave for the whole exam so we don't have to punish you and start over. All you have to do is stand there and not cum on anyone this time!" It gets a little laugh from some of the audience. It gets a little nervous shirk from Chris. I guess he's not so sure he can last too long without cumming again.

I lead Chris over to an unused table. I tell him to be a big boy and open his feet a little for us. Then I bend him all the way over the table, lying his lightly hairy chest flat on it. Annie and Wendy take places at Chris's hips. I move around to the front, standing in front of Chris's head. I pick his head up, making Chris look out upon the audience. And see all of them staring back at him.

Annie and Wendy each put a hand to Chris's bottom. They take one cheek each and stretch his slightly loose cheeks wide apart. It gives Mindy a very clear view of Chris's nickel-sized asshole. A view that's not necessary for the exam, but doesn't nicely embarrass Chris by making him feel his most private, off-limits, place being immodestly displayed.

Mindy is probably the largest of us four, but that's not saying much. I'll bet she's about 5'4" and 140 pounds. She is not heavy. She

pulls her glove on with a loud snap. Chris flinches hard at the snap. Annie takes a little packet of lubricating gel out of her pocket and hands it to Mindy. Mindy squirts a good gob of it onto the tip of her finger.

Mindy puts the tip of her finger to Chris's tightly clenched asshole. She presses very lightly, then wiggles the tip of her finger to smear a good coat of the gel around all of his rings.

"OW!" Chris shrieks like a girl, his body stiffening up hard, as Mindy more shoves her finger into his bottom. I'd told Annie to be "hard" this time. I guess Mindy heard that. Or maybe she's a closet sadist. Mindy pretty much just shoved her finger, and she pushed it all the way into his bottom with a single fast thrust.

Chris pants a few squealy sobs as he stills. Mindy gives him a second to calm down, something I wouldn't have done. Then Chris grunts again as Mindy curls her finger up inside his rectum to find his gland.

"Let's just check on these testicles quick first..." Mindy says. Before Chris can react, his dangling balls are gently cupped in Mindy's bare hand. Mindy feels them tenderly, more playing with them than actually checking them. Chris relaxes a little as he feels Mindy's gentleness. Mindy keeps his balls in her hand as she puts her thumb to the strip of skin between his balls and asshole.

"UH-MM!" Chris half purrs and half grunts as Mindy begins feeling his prostate. I'm sure she's lightly stroking her finger over the hard gland, massaging it through the paper-thin walls of his rectum. And just slightly rotating her finger as she does, smearing the lubricant even more thoroughly over the flesh of his asshole.

"You're right," Mindy says to me, "His prostate is very swollen like it has a couple of years' worth of semen backed up in it." Medically speaking, there's no such thing. Prostates do swell up, but it has nothing to do with insufficient release. And Chris's isn't swollen up. But that doesn't mean we can't say it is!

"And after this little boy has ejaculated twice already," Mindy adds. "I'm not sure anything short of a good long fucking until his tiny cock just runs out of cum is going to make that little stop swelling up."

"You're probably right..." I say to Mindy in a very sweet voice. those who know me, which is most everyone in here, recognizes my very evil, teasing, tone. I'm up to something. But Chris and Susan won't catch it. They've never met me before.

I lean over and look Chris straight in his eyes. "Would you like a good fucking... from someone who really knows how instead of that gutter slut you're stuck married to? We've already seen you just don't have enough penis to satisfy her..." I turn my head, looking directly at Shawna.

Shawna is a fairly small woman, not quite 19 yet, who looks to be about 16. She has a rather plain, but not ugly, face. More like the teenager next door. But she has a fairly shapely body to go with that ordinary face. She's looking back at me with an eager look on her face. Shawna, like the rest of the toys here, doesn't have a clue what I have in mind. But she does know that she likes getting fucked by men. It shows on her face.

Chris does what I knew he would. he turns to see who I'm looking at. He sees Shawna. She scoots her chair back a bit, letting him see the shape of her body. She's slim, with small, but perky, breasts. Today she's wearing snug-fitting jeans and a blouse that shows the shape of her

body. Chris smile appreciatively. He can't see Susan looking at him with some reproach on her face, as if to say "you want to fuck that young girl? She could be our daughter!"

"Yes, Ma'am," Chris answers eagerly.

He can't see me as I hold my hand up over his back and wave for Kevin to come up. He keeps his eyes on Shawna. I look to Shawna. "Flash your breasts, girl," I tell Shawna.

Shawna doesn't hesitate, even with her mother seated across the table. She reaches under her bouse and fumbles around for an instant. then she's lifting her blouse up. When it rises up enough, Chris can see what she was doing. She's lifted her breasts out of her bra, the cups tucked under her slightly pointy mounds. It lets Chris enjoy the sight of her firm mounds rising off her chest, with their soft curves. And unlike Susan's breasts, Shawna's have no sag at all to them. It shows him her light pink, pencil-eraser-wide nipples standing up hard and eager. They're a fairly light pink, with rounded tips and noticeable sides to them. And they're surrounded with moderately small rings of the same color. Both her nipples and her mounds seem to jut out towards him so eagerly.

What it really does is distract Chris as Kevin is coming up behind him. Annie greets him with a finger to her lips, hushing him. She reaches down to his pants and starts unfastening them for him. She pushes them gently down to his ankles, taking his undershorts along with them. Annie puts her hand to Kevin's cock, very tenderly stroking it in her loose grip.

It's unnecessary, Kevin's cock was stiff long before Annie freed it for him.

Kevin is one of my toys. He's a rather cute, and masculine, decently beefy-looking guy. He's also 19. I picked him for this role for one reason. He has a cock that's almost seven inches long, and a good 1 ½" inches thick. His body is mostly hairless, except for his pubes which have a dense jungle of long black curls surrounding his thick cock. And furring a pair of rather ample balls that are hanging loose in their sack now. His cock is circumcised, baring its fat, light pink, soft head. At the very base of that fat head, it has to be almost 2" across. but spongy soft, not rigid, and hard like the shaft just beneath.

And Kevin has been my toy for some time now. Long enough that he's gotten over any instinctive taboos. He's learned to give himself to me. He'll do anything, with anyone, if I tell him to. He's done it all already. And I do mean all. I can't think of anything that Kevin hasn't done during one session or another, except for me that is, and "cum buckets" as he did. So I knew he wouldn't even think twice when I told him what to do.

"Oh, you think that girl's breasts are pretty, don't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am, her breasts are very pretty, Ma'am," Chris eager, and happily, admits.

"Are you sure you want to fuck now?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Chris answers enthusiastically, his eyes locked on the grinning Shawna's breasts.

I nod to Annie. She watches Chris's bottom as Mindy slowly pulls her finger from. Chris grunts softly as Mindy does, her exit far gentler than her entry. Then Annie moves fast. She brings Kevin's cock up, putting the spongy head of it against Chris's tightly clenching asshole. Kevin's cock is so thick that covers not just Chris's ring, but every bit of

the pink-purple flesh surrounding it, making it look like he doesn't even have an asshole in his crack.

"Then here's your fuck, my naughty little boy," I tell Chris with a hearty laugh to my voice. It's Kevin's cue.

"NOOOO!" Chris screeches out in a desperate panic. I feel his muscles tensing up hard. I feel him pushing hard against me, trying to hurry and stand up. and get away from the fat cock pushing snugly against his asshole. I'm sure his asshole is tensing up even harder to resist. "I'M NOT A GIRL!"

"OW!" Chris screeches out loudly. He jumps forward or tries to, his hips already flush against the table. He tenses up, his shoulders rising up a bit. His jaw hangs open. His eyes squish shut.

Kevin pushes every bit of his length into Chris' bottom. Annie and Wendy nicely hold Chris's cheeks wide open for Kevin, too. It takes a second or two for all of Kevin's length to push into Chris. Chris screeches his long, "OW!" drawing it out, the entire time Kevin is pushing into him. Kevin stops only when the front of his balls dangle and bump against the backside of Chris's smaller balls.

"I'M A BOY! I'M A BOY!" Chris shrieks out, his voice girly high and desperately pleading, "PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME BE A GIRL, MA'AM! I'M A BOY!"

Everyone laughs.

Kevin starts stroking his cock in Chris's tight asshole. Kevin takes full strokes, pulling out until little more than the head of his cock is left inside Chris's bottom, then thrusting in all the way, bumping his balls softly against Chris's. "Take it like a man!" Kevin tells Chris with a little

taunting laugh to his voice. then he thrusts a little harder into Chris's bottom.

"O! M! G!" Cassandra blurts out, "It's two men... fucking!"

"So PERFECT!" Meredith answers. "Guys always want me to do that, so why should they be willing to do it?"

Chris starts grunting "UGH!s" with every one of Kevin's thrusts. His grunts grow harder, and girlier, with every thrust it seems. He grips the far side of the table, hanging on firmly. He stays tensed up.

I call Susan to come over. She comes, a little reluctantly. She tries not to look at what her husband is doing. I ask her if Chris has ever asked her for anal sex. She says yes.

"SEE!" Meredith blurts out, "He wants to do it to her, so he deserves to get it, too! What kind of pig would ask a girl to do something for him he wouldn't do himself!" Meredith's comments get a good chuckle, and agreement, from the other girls in the audience.

"No one is going to believe this..." Cassandra blurts out, pulling her phone out again. She's kind of been the picture queen tonight. But she's been good about not showing faces. And I've watched closely. She gets up and comes over to me. "Can I get a close-up?" I nod to her. I don't care about pictures of Chris's cock. No one is going to recognize that.

Cassandra makes sure her camera is on, keeping it pointed at the floor. She puts it under Chris, between his spread legs, and pointed up now. the image that fills the screen shows Chris's cock standing straight down, rock hard, twitching and dancing around as Kevin bumps against Chris's bottom. It shows Chris's balls hanging down. It shows Kevin's thick, long cock steadily thrusting into Chris, above the back of his balls,

and vanishing. It shows Kevin's big, hairy balls bumping against Chris's slightly smaller ones, knocking them slightly forward.

It has a good view of Chris's cock. Straight on, the tip of it pointed right at the camera. It really lets the crisp twitches of his cock show, as his cock dances in front of the lens.

It's been less than a minute since Kevin first thrust into Chris's bottom. Maybe, just maybe, Cassandra has about fifteen seconds of video clip. Chris screeches out the loudest, most desperately pleading, "PLEASE, MA'AM, PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME BE A GIRL!" He grunts hard as he sucks in another breath. "NO!!!!!!!" Chris screeches out. It's loud enough that I'm sure Cassandra is going to have a nice soundtrack to go with her video.

"OH FUCKING GROSS!" Cassandra screeches out. She drops her phone, her hand flying out from under Chris. "HE FUCKING CAME ON MY PHONE!" Cassandra forgets her phone. She jumps back a few feet.

Now everyone is laughing hard a Chris. There's nothing Chris can do. Except to stand there, leaning over the table, and get fucked. His cock jumps around under the table, spurting huge, thick, rivers of his cum down onto the floor. And a little more onto Cassandra's phone. At least it landed with the lens up so her video will go on.

Chris starts bawling. "I'M NOT A GIRL! I DON'T WANT TO BE A GIRL!" His cock keeps cumming. The crowd keeps laughing. Susan just stares at him in utter disbelief. She never imagined he could cum like this. Nothing is close to touching his cock. Just Kevin's cock still steadily thrusting into Chris's bottom.

Kevin's thrusts don't vary. He doesn't seem to notice that Chris is cumming, although I know he does. It's hard to miss. Chris's asshole will

be snapping tighter with spasms around Kevin's cock. But Kevin knows not to stop until I tell him to. And he knows that he's not to cum. I told him to fuck Chris, so that's what I expect him to do. He's nothing more than a dildo to me.

Chris cums hard. It's by far the most intense orgasm of the night. It takes about half of a minute for his cock to stop spurting cum down to the floor. "I'm done, Ma'am!" Chris begs me, his voice quiet now.

"Shut up, little *girl*. Obviously, the man isn't done, is he? You'll know when he's done. Your butt will be full of his hot, fresh cum. A *girl* gets fucked until the boy is done. I'm sure that how this slut is used to getting fucked, isn't it, slut?"

"Oh, yes, Mistress," Susan says in a voice that tells me Chris has been too quick for her more than once.

"Maybe now this naughty little *girl* will have a new appreciation for the girl's experience," I tell her with a very satisfied note in my voice.

"UH!" Chris grunts out, "NO! Please!" I peek under the table just in time to see his cock start jumping again. And spurting a few more drops of cum down onto the floor. Except for the second spurt, which lands entirely on the screen of Cassandra's phone. For some reason, I think next time I see Cassandra, she's going to have a new phone. And Meredith will be telling the story of what happened to Cassandra's last phone.

"Again?" I balk, mostly announcing it to the audience, but mocking Chris as I do. "It hasn't even been a full minute, and already you're cumming on the floor again?"

"I told you, his prostate was way over full with backed up semen!" Mindy giggles. "And the young lady over there was right..." Mindy points

to Meredith, whose name she doesn't know. I didn't exactly introduce my audience to each other. "IT IS SO HOT TO WATCH TO BOYS FUCKING!"

"Ain't it, girl?" Meredith joins in.

"Would any of you other ladies like a closer view? Come on up and see."

The first one to come up is Beth, a 38-year-old blond housewife. She's not a toy of mine. Both she and her husband just love to watch. I think she's enjoy joining in but just doesn't have the nerve yet to actually try it. She's also Sabrina's neighbor and the one who introduced me to Sabrina. That earns her invites to a show now and then.

"Oh, wow..." Beth says quietly, "look how tightly his butt hole is stretched out... that pink skin is tight around his huge penis... And it is a very big penis... Mmm..." She takes a step back.

Chris's cock is still hard. And it's still twitching. It's only been about three minutes, but I can tell by the look on Kevin's face that he could cum whenever I want him to. Orgasm control, an essential skill for porn actors and my toys!

Beth looks up to Kevin, "Hey, hunky, is that butt nice and tight?"

"Hell yes, Ma'am," Kevin answers with a little erotic strain in his voice. "Tightest pussy I've ever had, Ma'am."

Chris sobs heavily, repeating "I am not a girl!" over and over again in a very high-pitched and girly voice.

Chris screams out "PLEASE, MA'AM, DON'T MAKE ME A GIRL AGAIN!"

I look under the table and watch as Chris's cock cums again. It's the third time he's cum in about five minutes. His cock twitches hard, jumping around wildly enough that it snaps up against the underside of the table a couple of times. But he spurts only a few drops of cum.

"He - I mean she - Mindy says, "must really like getting it up the butt! Look at how many times she's cumming!" And everyone chuckles at Chris.

It takes him about two minutes before I see his cock jumping yet again. This time he doesn't bother to beg me not to make him cum like this again. He must have figured out it won't do him any good. I'll just ridicule him and make him do it. This time, I might even point out that no one is holding him down. Just him. He's staying put, allowing himself to be sodomized by a younger, better-built guy. In front of an audience of strangers who are openly gawking and ridiculing him for it. With his wife watching closely.

And then Chris's cock finally goes soft. I almost tell Kevin to go ahead and cum. But before I do, I see Chris's flaccid cock twitching crisply, jumping hard, and spurting a single drop of cum out. Soft, his cock flops around as the muscles twitch with his orgasm.

I decide that's enough and nod to Kevin. Kevin grunts hard, a heavy, deep satisfaction in his voice. He thrusts hard, once, ramming his cock into Chris's tight bottom.

"OH!" Chris screeches out as he feels the hot, sticky cum splatting against his insides, deep into his rectum. Chris's cock instantly starts jumping and flopping around again. But this time it just doesn't have enough cum let to spurt even a single drop. It's just a tiny bit that clings to the tip of his cock, making it sparkle with the freshness of it. And

showing everyone that cum hitting the very depths of his bowels is enough to make him cum.

Kevin finishes his orgasm with long, soft strokes, squirting a full load of his cum deep into Chris's rectum, then using his cock to smear it all around inside Chris. He pulls his cock from Chris's tight asshole.

For a few seconds, Chris's asshole gapes wide open, closing back up very slowly after being held so widely stretched. It offers the world a view right inside his bottom, of the little bit of waste in there, and the huge puddle of Kevin's semen coating everything and pooling on the bottom of his rectum. Mindy quickly snaps a picture of it.

Those few seconds are all I need. I grab Susan and roughly push her into place behind Chris. "On your knees, slut!" I snap with a steely, sold firmness in my voice. "He cleaned your skanky pussy up, you can clean his skanky pussy up." I shove Susan's lips up to Chris's still-gaping asshole. "Lick up the cum, slut, all of it!" I reach down and swat her bottom with my hand.

"OOH!" Chris screeches out. His body snaps to full tension, shivering crisply and shuddering hard at the same time. "OH, OOH! NO!!!! OH, NO! I CAN'T STAND THIS! IT'S KILLING ME!" Chris screeches out, his voice the girliest yet, as he shivers and shudders, his hips grinding against the edge of the table.

I hold Susan's face to Chris's asshole for about half of a minute. Then I nod to Mindy. She has her camera ready. I use the tip of one finger to pull Susan's lip back, letting Mindy, and her camera, see the sight. It shows Chris's asshole, now snugly cinched back up. And it shows Susan's tongue sticking into Chris's asshole, his ring squeezing gently around her soft tongue.

Now that Mindy has the picture, I let Susan stop. She pulls her face back and pants a few times. "Damn, honey," Susan says with some exhaustion in her voice, "you didn't have to squish my tongue so hard with your butt!"

A huge laugh breaks out, along with a loud round of applause.

"SLUT!" Meredith loudly pronounces Susan. "NO FUCKING WAY AM I EVER GOING TO STICK MY TONGUE UP ANYONE ASS!" She has to raise her voice to be heard over the crowd.

"And now, it's dessert time!" I announce. I send a naked Susan back to her seat for the dessert. She hurries to her seat, blushing like a beet, and guzzles an entire glass of tea. Elisha brings her another with her cheesecake.

I have Chris stand by the nurses' table again. And now, for the first time tonight, his cock has gone fully soft. It's no more than about two inches long, and maybe a half-inch thick. It hangs loose and limp in front of his balls. And it doesn't dangle down close to as far as his balls do.

And no one has really touched Chris's cock yet.



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Susan eats her dessert very slowly, more using its richness to hide the taste in her mouth than savoring it. Chris doesn't get dessert, either. He gets to stand there with his shriveled cock on full display and watch.

The show is pretty much over. The only thing left to serve is the coffee. The last scene makes for a nice finale, I think, too. Now it's time for me to dismiss these two. But nothing says I can't humiliate them while I do!

I take Chris back to the unused table in the center of the crowd. This time I have Chris stand back a couple of feet from the table. Then I call Susan up and have her stand beside him. For the first second, she stands very uneasily with her hands at her sides. I can tell that, with her now seeing everyone's eyes on her nakedness, she wants to cover herself with them. I have her put her hands behind her head as Chris's are.

I take just a second to scold Chris for being a messy little boy. And I point out that he's now standing in his own cum. I tell him that's his fault. He shouldn't have cum all over the floor. That was very rude of him.

Then I turn my attention to Susan. "It's obvious to us that you have been insufficiently releasing the cum from this tiny cock. Show me how you suck a cock, slut."

Susan blushes. She hesitates for a second, imagining herself getting down on her knees with an audience. Then she says a hushed "Yes, Mistress," and gets down on her knees. She opens her mouth and takes every bit of Chris's soft cock into her mouth.

Susan tries hard to suck it, but it doesn't work very well with a soft cock.

The thing about cocks is that they have a mind of their own. Most men can cum about three times before they're just done. After that, they won't even get hard again until they're ready. No matter what's done to them. Chris just came, literally, until his cock ran out of cum. I don't know his body, but there's not much chance of his cock getting hard right now. not for an hour or three until it's had a chance to recharge.

Susan keeps trying, sucking on his floppy cock with increasing enthusiasm, as if she's trying harder and harder to make him like it. To make him get hard. And she's clearly failing.

I let her have about a minute and a half. With everyone watching her on her knees sucking on Chris's tiny cock. I just grab Susan's hair and pull her head back an inch or so until Chris's cock slips from her mouth. "Well, obviously you can't suck a cock worth a hoot, slut! Look at it! Your worthless mouth can't even get that baby cock hard! No wonder you're stuck married to this naughty little girl, no one with an actual penis would want you if that's all you can do for him!"

I almost knew Chris's cock wouldn't get hard. It's just too tired. But the audience enjoyed the show. He came several times while having sex with Kevin. And he won't even get hard for his wife. It nicely humiliates both of them.

I have Susan stand back up, telling her that there's no sense in her sucking him any longer, obviously, she's never going to satisfy that little cock. Susan gets up, shirking inward and blushing. A few of the guys look at her as if she's about the most worthless woman ever.

I point to Shawna. "Take your clothes off and come up here." I glance over to Natalie. "You might as well, too." Both of them rise to their feet and very quickly start getting their clothes off. Both make

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neat piles of clothes on their seats. They come up to me, both standing beside each other with their hands behind their backs. They wait for their next instructions.

I look to Susan. "Pick one of these trashy things for this naughty little girl."

Susan barely glances a the two naked women. Natalie is a fairly shapely blonde woman about their age. Shawna is 18 and looks like a teenager. Susan quickly picks Natalie for Chris. I thought she would. The look on her face when she saw Chris checking out Shawna's breasts told me all I needed to know. She didn't approve of him eyeing up a woman who looks so young. She would never have picked Shawna for him, especially not knowing what I have in mind for her to do. Just as I know that Chris is still eager to get his hands on Shawna's perky petite breasts.

"I guess I'd better make sure that skanky pussy won't be dripping skank all over the place on the way home," I tell Susan. "turn around and bend over. Spread those feet wide so I can get to your bottom, slut."

For a fleeting second a look of surprise flashes over Susan's face. It quickly fades into a look of resignation. She turns her back to me. I have her lean all the way over and get her back flat with the floor. It has her arms stretched out as she reaches forward to grab the edge of the table and brace herself. It also has her huge breasts hanging down and jiggling freely, which seems to entertain a few of the guys.

I pull a latex glove out of my pocket and pull it onto my hand. There's still one place I haven't violated Susan. When she leaves here, I want her to feel as if I've violated her fully. As if there's no part of her body I haven't gotten to know better than Chris, and her doctor, know it.

I put the tip of a finger to Susan's furry slit and slowly draw it up the fine line. It gets a nice coat of Susan's oily honey on my finger. As slippery as it is, it's just as good as any lubricant. I keep drawing my finger up, off her mound, letting it start slipping into her crack. Her cheeks are just full enough that her crack is closed as she bends forward, the inside edges of her globes lightly against each other. My finger just pushes them aside as it slips into her crack.

My finger stops directly atop her asshole. Hers, I can feel is tiny and tight. It's also funneled very slightly inward. As my finger stops atop the tight ring of muscle, her ring snaps to its full tightness. "Mistress, please! I don't do that, Mistress! Not my butt----" Susan very nervously blurts out.

"UM!" Her plea is cut off by her grunt as my finger presses into her snug little asshole. I feel her muscle yield quickly, turning rubbery and allowing my finger to slip right in. My finger slides easily through her ring on its coat of her honey. It slips all the way into her bottom until the web of my finger is flush against the outside of her asshole. That has my hand in her crack, pushing her cheeks further apart.

Now that my finger is inside Susan, she stands very still and purrs a long, but muted, "Umm..." She sounds more unhappy than uncomfortable to me.

I press the pad of my finger down very gently. I use just enough pressure to feel the ultra-thin membrane that's the wall of her rectum, and the paper-thin layer of smooth muscle lining it. Just beyond that lies the backside of her pussy. And I can feel that fully, too. Right now, even as Susan is cringing hard and making like she's very uncomfortable, her pussy is fiery hot and twitching very lightly. I guess she liked watching Chris with Kevin. It certainly didn't turn her off!

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"Oh, you filthy gutter slut!" I tauntingly scold Susan with a bit of disgust in my voice. "You're just as bad as this little girl! I can feel your pussy burning from here!"

"I'm sorry, Mistress..." Susan offers in a very hushed, and even more embarrassed voice.

"No matter, sluttiness is easy to cure," I say softly. "Since you gave the blond lady to Chris, the little girl can fix that for you." I turn to Shawna. "Go ahead and eat this sloppy pussy, girl."

Shawna does say anything. She just drops to her knees and puts her lips to Susan's very wet pussy.

Susan tenses up hard, her body stiffening to steel. I feel her asshole clenching to the steely tightness around my finger too. She holds her breath, gritting her teeth for several seconds. as if she's trying hard not to show any reaction to Shawna's well-trained tongue.

But it only lasts several seconds. "UH!" Susan finally blurts out. then she's grunting very needy moans endlessly. A couple of seconds later, even the firm tension in her muscles isn't enough to keep her still. Her hips shudder. Then they're thrashing. And then the rest of her is thrashing as much as it can. her feet stay in place on the floor. her hands stay on the edge of the table, gripping it hard. But that's all that stays still. the rest of her squirms, and in about ten seconds, it's squirming wildly. It has her breasts jiggling just as wildly as they hang down from her chest, a sight some of the guys find interesting to watch.

It doesn't take Susan more than two minutes to cum. two minutes she spends shrieking very guttural hot moans and squirming like her butt is on fire. I know when she cums, and not just because she cries out

as she does. I still have my finger in her bottom. I can feel her pussy twitching crisply as the waves flow over her.

I haven't told Shawna to stop. Susan thrashes even more wildly now, as the spasms racking her pussy begin to ebb. "I'M DONE!" Susan screams out. "I CAME! I'M DONE!" I guess she thinks Shawna didn't notice the honey squirting onto her face? "I'M DONE!" Susan screams out, her voice pleading. Shawna just keeps right on eating Susan's pussy, obediently waiting to be told to stop. "OH, FUCK ME! NO! NOT AGAIN!" Susan begs.

I ignore Susan. The twitches in her pussy haven't ebbed away yet. It's still fiery hot, too. But I know it will stay that way even after she's really done. She squirms with all her might, barely staying on her feet.

And in a couple of more minutes, her grunts give way to screaming "OH, FUCK, YES!!!! I'M CUMMING AGAIN!" I know. I feel her pussy twitching just as powerfully as the last time she came. This time, as the first wave of the orgasm hits her, Susan's knees buckle. She catches herself, barely, and stays on her feet. Her bottom thrashes hard, snapping wilding from side to side as energetically as her muscles can thrash it.

"I'M DONE!" Susan screeches out again. "PLEASE, NOT AGAIN, MISTRESS! IT HURTS! I CAN'T CUM AGAIN!" Susan pleads. I ignore her and Shawna keeps licking away.

It's only a few seconds before Susan screams out a very begging, and hungry, "OH FUCK, IT HURTS!" Then her body thrashes so wildly. Her knees buckle. She screams out her moans. She drops to her knees, pulling her hands from the table. And pulling her pussy from Shawna's mouth. She falls forward onto her shoulders. I pull my finger from her

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bottom. Susan lies there, her body shuddering crisply, and her pussy weeping honey so fast that I can see it flowing.

Shawna rises back to her feet, showing me the thick glaze of Susan's honey covering her face. And she grins.

It takes a couple of minutes before Susan is able to drag herself up to very wobbly legs. She stands there, her body drifting in the wind, her mind drifting in the fog of those three orgasms that came so closely together.

I tell Natalie to get Chris's clothes and "dress the naughty little girl." Chris's cock still hasn't gotten hard, not even while he watched a nude Shawna eat Susan's pussy beside him. His eyes were mostly on Shawna.

I send Shawna to collect Susan's clothes, whispering a special instruction to her. She comes back with the pile. Only now the pile has Sabrina's panties in it, not Susan's.

Natalie dresses Chris and Shawna dresses Susan. They both do it very seductively, their hands roaming all over their bodies as they dress them, and feel them up even more. Natalie even teases Chris's cock and balls, pretending that she's putting his briefs on them and "adjusting" him to sit comfortably in them. Shawna runs her fingers through Susan's bush and spends close to a minute on Susan's breasts. And a lot longer just caressing Susan's body with her very affectionate touch. I doubt Susan even notices it much. Susan is just too lost in her bliss.

She's lost enough that I don't think she notices that the panties going on her bottom are a size or so too small. They fit, but they're rather tight. She'll notice later. It will remind her of everything. And that she just wore another woman's used panties home.

I have Natalie and Shawna sweetly take them back to their seats, Chris finally allowed to share the table with his wife again.

A minute later Pam is at their table. "If you two are done leaving your skanky mess all over the cafe, we'd appreciate it if you would pay and leave now." She hands Susan the bill. Susan blushes and very quickly hands Pam \$100. I doubt Susan even looked at the bill. Pam sets down Chris's meal, packed up in to-go boxes. Susan paid for it, after all!

The pair very quickly hustle out of there.



Epilogue

Epilogue

It's three days later when I get a call from Pam. She tells me that "Mrs. Slut" from the other night came in. Susan very shyly asked if Pam knew who "The pretty, young, blonde nurse" was. When Pam said, "she comes in here sometimes..." Susan asked if she could leave a letter for me. Pam said she'd give it to me when she saw me. Susan left and Pam immediately texts me.

Susan and Chris were left with no real way to contact me, or Andrea. Neither even knows my name. Just "Ma'am." Neither has any idea how to find Andrea, except that sooner or later they'll see her on another flight to Charlotte. But that could be a month from now. Whenever it is, I've sent Andrea a nice picture to tease them with. I call it in-flight entertainment. It will be very entertaining for Andrea! I can only imagine how they'll react when they find out that not only has Andrea heard all about it, but that she has pictures of Susan eating pussy while being fucked, and of Chris having anal sex with Kevin.

I tell Pam to bring me the letter that evening, adding that Pam is due for a spanking. She delivers the letter. I spank her for taking so long to text me after it was delivered. It's as good of an excuse as any for a spanking!

The letter is on formal, pastel pink stationary. It's something a classy woman would use. And it's handwritten.

Dear Mistress;

I wanted you to know that Sunday night was the absolutely most disgusting thing Twe ever imagined. Both Chris and I were utterly humiliated to depths far beyond what we ever imagined sinking to. When I thought of a session, I never imagined

anything like that. And I certainly never thought of anything so unnatural as gay sex! It was repulsive!

I still havent figured out how we didn't get arrested. I mean we were right there in a busy restaurant, and no one called the police, as I would have done. Everyone just watched us suffer humiliations no person should ever have to endure.

Chriss behind was sore all night. He barely sat in the car on the way home. And even the next day, he could get an erection. Which was a good thing, since I had no interest in sex that day, either.

I hope you get this note. I have no other way of contacting you, and I wanted you to know how thoroughly you humiliated both of us.

Would you be interested in meeting with us again, Mistress?"

Susan

P.S. Would that woman like her panties back? It seems the girl you had dress me put the wrong ones on me!

The next morning, I text Susan. She'd given me their address as well both her and Chris's phone number on her note. I send her a very short message. "You will keep her panties in your purse at all times. When it's convenient for me, I will summon your slutty bottom. You will come, and bring that naughty little girl with you. Miss Rodgers."

In under a minute I have text back "Yes, Mistress."

THE WISIAL SUSPECTS



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

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



Slave-whore ("Paige")

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