

# Daddy's Dungeon Bail

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Daddy's Dungeon Bail

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

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

I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big

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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 19-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 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

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

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put on a show on their account.

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

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

**[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. Enjoy the story!]**

# Part I: Naughty Boy

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My toy tonight is a 40-year-old man named Ken. It's the fifth time I've had him over to my playroom to serve as my entertainment. He's slightly tall and equally thin. Plus he's an accountant by trade. I hate stereotyping people, but in this case, it fits. He's rather boring out of the dungeon. Or rather his life is. But once in my dungeon, he eagerly serves my whims.

About three years ago, Ken's wife told him he was "utterly boring and pitiful" of a husband, then she ran off with a 25-year-old carpenter. I'm sure he had a much more manly physique. And I'm almost as sure he didn't have half the brains Ken does. Neither Ken nor their then-15-year-old daughter Emily heard from her for several months. In that time, their divorce became final, the courts feeling that his wife's failure to respond to its summons was as good as answering his complaint. Then she popped up, having discovered that her carpenter couldn't keep her in the lifestyle an accountant could. It was Emily who sent her packing, telling her that she chose to leave, and now she was gone. Ken would have welcomed her back. Only Emily stopped him, insisting that if mom returned, she'd leave and find her own way in life. It was an empty threat, I'm certain of that, but she made him believe it. I'm not sure what Ken would have done. But once Emily proved her point by vanishing for a night, mom gave up on coming back. She tried for alimony and only Ken's lawyer prevented her from reopening the divorce and cleaning him out retroactively. She went away and hasn't been heard from again.

I don't know Emily, even though she's the same age as my house-slave and whore, Paige. They went to different high schools. Paige is from here in Mobile. Emily is from a very rural county in Mississippi just over the state line. That's where she still lives, at home with her father. But my BFF #1, Isabelle, is acquaintances with a boy named Terrance. He's twenty, but he went to the same high school as Emily, and despite the age difference, in his senior year he briefly dated the sophomore Emily. Luckily for me, Izzy is nosy and devious about it. Over the last couple of weeks, she's gotten every morsel of gossip out of Terrance and



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painted me a fair picture of Emily.

Emily is flighty. And she's a bimbo, with all that entails. But she also has a little bossy streak in her. It doesn't sound like dominance, just bossiness. She can be bratty, and especially sassy, too. She's definitely a party girl who likes to have fun. And she goes through boyfriends faster than I go through cups of coffee. She's pretty (I've seen a picture) but not especially beautiful. Cute enough for the cheerleading squad, even here in Mobile, though. She's not the greatest student, but good enough to get somewhere in life. And it sounds like she's known for making snap decisions, then changing her mind two minutes later. And reversing course several times. And not appreciating it when others don't understand her whimsical mind-changes. Yup, a bimbo. Useless!

Ken has been in my dungeon for around an hour now. I have him on a table I designed and bribed a couple of frat boys to build for me. Okay, I bribed them with Shelbie's body. Their payment was to watch as I tied Shelbie to it, the redheaded 35-year-old with her firm body, nude. Then, for three hours, the two boys were permitted to do whatever they dreamed up to Shelbie. They weren't that imaginative. But they left Shelbie sloppy, like the whore I was making her be. I'm sure Shelbie enjoyed it. She always enjoys it when I give her away to total strangers (to her).

This rack is built like a giant Y. It has slats of 1x6 unfinished boards for legs, and a pair of 1x8s, side-by-side, for a stem. Underneath the slats, there's ample welded steel to brace them up. Except at the junction where all three meet. Or used to meet before they cut that part of the slats away leaving just an empty space there. At the bottom of the six-foot-long slats, there are little winches.

Ken lies on the base of the Y, his legs pulled out onto the slats. I've tied a rope around his ankles, the same as I always do. Three coils of rope wound around each ankle, the loops snugly against each other, then tied off. The free ends of the rope, those I laced through the winch. And then I

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slowly cranked them tight, pulling his legs taut.

To keep him from simply being dragged down the Y by his legs, there are two inch-diameter wooden dowels sticking up a few inches. Those fit in his armpits. His hands are pulled up under the base of the Y, bound together with handcuffs, and the chain of those cuffs is firmly attached to the underside of the boards. It holds his hands in place, roughly where the small of his back is, keeping him from getting to anything, or from moving his hands enough to get free of the pegs.

To keep him from simply raising his chest up, and thus his arms off the pegs, he's wearing a training collar. I have them in both baby blue and pastel pink. His is baby blue for a boy, but it's also a rather feminine shade of blue. The collar is turned around, its buckle in the back, and its buckle is locked to the table.

It keeps his body taut on the table. And that keeps him from moving while allowing him to squirm around a little. The missing section of the table leaves his bottom hanging out in the air, nothing at all under it. The wide-angle of the leg-slats leaves his cock and balls hanging out too. Or rather now just his balls dangling down. His cock is far too stiff. It stands up, or when left alone lies up along his stomach.

It's not being left alone. Ken is here to accept his punishment for being a bad boy between his sessions. I have all of my toys keep in touch daily. When I got Ken's email this morning, he confessed to masturbating last night. And the naughty boy didn't ask me for permission to play with himself! For that, he's suffering greatly now. And has been since I got him tied down to this table.

Ken isn't a fortunate man. To start with, he's a little on the hairy side. His pubes aren't dense, their hairs short and curly. But those hairs, without thinning out much at all, flow out to cover close to half of his thighs, the bottom edge of his stomach, and the bottoms of his cheeks before they quickly to thin away leaving him "averagely" hairy on the rest of his body.

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But that's why I call him unfortunate. The average size of a man's cock is just over five-inches at its full stiffness. Believe it or not, we covered that in one of my nursing classes. Ken's is barely four inches long. Nor is it thick. I know, I watched Sophie measure it. It's a hair over 5/8<sup>th</sup> of an inch across, even at its pink-purple head. The only thing it has going for it is that it's circumcised.

His balls aren't better. They're just slightly on the small side of proportional for a man his size. But his sack holds them close to his body, instead of leaving them dangle, making it look like he barely has much of scrotum at all.

I'd never date him, let alone marry him. There is no way I'd condemn myself to a life of just that little dick. I like good sex far too much. I suspect, or maybe guess, that his ex-wife's carpenter was much more manly-endowed, and that was a good bit of his allure for her. Then again, he does have enough to make a daughter.

As soon as Ken arrived here I had him strip. I'm sure he expected that, I always make my toys get naked first thing, and stay naked while they're here. Clothes are a very rare exception for my toys that I save for the equally rare times I take them out of my playroom. Then I put him on his knees and spent ten minutes deriding him with a continuous scolding for "abusing himself."

I told him that he would be spanked for playing with my cock without my permission. He's my toy, so I own him. And if I own him, then I own his tiny cock as well. I didn't feel like having my cock played with last night. And I don't care what he thought he wanted. I don't care if my cock throbbed and ached to be played with. I didn't feel it.

But I decided that I didn't feel like spanking him right that instant. So he could wait on the rack until I felt like spanking his naughty bottom. Then I brought him in here and tied him to the table he's on.

I wouldn't want him to get bored while he waits around. It could be a while until the whim to spank someone strikes me. So I decided my

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house slave, "skanky whore" could use my tiny cock for a practice dick while he waited.

"Skanky whore" is what I call Paige, my house-slave. It's her name, at least as far as I'm concerned. A name I ensure she lives up to. She's 18, about 5'5" and at 120 pounds thin and lean. But she has some proportionally nice, very pert 34-B breasts. They're firm, standing straight off her chest and tapering with more of a cone-shape than a roundness up to wide, light pink nipples that swell up like half marbles when they're stiff. Which they seem to always be.

I've told Paige to "tease" his cock. She knows what I mean for her to do. "Tease" is a specific term for what I want her to do, something I've taught her to perform on command like a trick for a dog.

It has Paige start at the tip of his cock, flicking her tongue over the tip once. That always gets a sharp twitch that makes his cock jump. From there she licks her way down his cock with a single, long stroke of her tongue, caressing it along the underside of his shaft all the way until her tongue has massaged its way over his small sack. Then, her tongue motionless atop his sack, Paige closes her soft lips to completely surround his entire sack. With his balls now captive in her mouth, she flicks her tongue as rapidly as possible, dancing it over all of his sack.

Then she allows his sack to slowly slip from her mouth as her lips move back to his cock. As soon as his lips are on the very base of his shaft, the instant they can feel its stiffness, Paige closes her teeth gently clamping the shaft in place. She closes her lips around the sides of his cock, then sucks very gently as she flicks her tongue over the underside of it. Paige's mouth creeps up the shaft all the way to the very tip.

Once Paige can go no further up the shaft, she uses her head to lift it up, loosening her grip on it just enough that the cock swivels in her mouth until it's pointing straight into her mouth as if she were going to suck it. Paige stretches her mouth wide, taking all of the cock's head into her mouth and closing her lips softly around it. Then, with the head of his

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cock fully inside her warm, wet mouth, Paige will swirl her tongue around the purplish flesh as excruciatingly slowly as she possibly can. Once that's complete, her tongue having circled fully around the bulbous head, she gently lowers his cock to lie against his stomach. And repeat. And repeat.

On every tenth repetition, and only on those tenth repetitions, Paige will skip the tongue-swirl. Instead of that, and moving just as slowly, she'll take all of his cock into her mouth for a single blow-job stroke. She'll do that just as slowly as she possibly can. And it doesn't matter how much cock he has. Ken's shortness is easy for her. But a giant cock would be just as easy. I've taught Paige to swallow whatever a man has to offer.

Paige will keep on doing that, repeating the ten-repetition sets, until I tell her to stop. While she does that, her hands are very tenderly exploring his chest, caressing him sweetly.

It's not enough to make him cum. Paige obediently stays far too slow to bring him to orgasm. But it is as good as a blow job at stoking up his desire, his urgent need to cum. I've found ten or fifteen minutes of lying there and suffering it, especially with Paige's very loving, tender, hot, and moist mouth, which is more than most men care to endure without release. A half-hour is usually plenty to drive a man mad, at least with Paige's skillful attention.

Ken has been here an hour now. A single stroke was enough to have him purring moans. A second started him squirming, testing the ropes that leave him with no choice but to feel the sweet agony. By the time his cock was fully inside Paige's mouth for the first time, he was gone. He squirmed hard against those ropes, and his moans had risen to an almost-girly-high full of an urgent plea.

Now I have Ken where I wanted him – absolutely desperate for release, and thinking of nothing but the pounding ache in his over-stiff cock. He even has little tears welled up in the corners of his eyes. And all

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the other obvious signs of the sweetest of agonies, like curled up toes, and his hands clenched into tight fists.

I stand beside Ken's ears and ignore the loud, high-pitched, fast-paced moans he's crying out. "Are you listening to me, dick-less?..." I say it my most taunting, mean-girl, bully voice. "I've decided that, since you snuck off and hid to paly with that little thing, you must like privacy. So you'll be spanked publicly. I have friends coming over Sunday afternoon for tea. You can be spanked then. They won't mind watching your hairy butt go over my knees. And since my friends are girls, they should get a very good laugh when they see how little your dick is."

I sigh out deeply, drawing it out. Then I do nothing. I just stand there for a couple of minutes, letting it sink into Ken's brain just how badly I am going to humiliate him. Like many subs, Ken openly hates being humiliated, but it also arouses him powerfully. And he knows it. It gives him time to ponder the disgrace of it, and think about how aroused it will make him, and how that will only add to his shame as all my girl friends will get to see that it's turning him on faster than a switch would.

"I guess you'll just have to wait here until it's time to spank your naughty little boy-butt." I tease him. Then I wait another couple of minutes. It's time Ken spends crying out moans that are nothing but erotic and desperate pleas for release. And testing my rope-work a little more enthusiastically. But not getting any play from the rough hemp ropes holding him taut.

I sigh again, just as deeply. "But I guess you could have bail... would you like to beg me for bail, dick-less?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Ken cries out urgently, his voice more anguished erotic moan than words. "Please, Ma'am, may I please have bail while I wait for my public whipping, Ma'am? I swear I'll be back whenever you want me to so you can whip my naughty bottom in front of all your friends, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am, please allow me to have bail!" His voice grows desperate as he begs. Desperate not to suffer any more of the

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teasing agony of Paige's sweet mouth.

"Fine, you may be bailed off the table... Of course, that means you'll have to have someone bail you off. Someone who will agree to insure you obey the terms of your bail. Someone, like say a wife. Really anyone over 18 is fine, just as long as that person will agree to stay at your side to ensure you're behaving. Do you have such a person, anyone at all who will stay with for a couple of days? Anyone who cares enough about you to actually bail you off my table?" I taunt him.

Ken says "no." immediately, then continues moaning out his overly-needy cries.

"Well, I'll give you ten more minutes to think about it. Otherwise, if you can't think of anyone who cares about your dick-less butt, then you'll just have to wait right here until it's time for your spanking. Don't worry, you won't get lonely. My skanky whore will see to it that you're continuously entertained."

And it does. With just a little nod from me, Paige adds a little more enthusiasm to her teasing. Now Ken is suffering Paige's very best.

And he does. Suffer. Paige is a well-trained whore. She's very good at teasing. Ken lies there, crying out hungry moans and squirming as desperately as the ropes will allow him, which isn't very much. Enough that I hear the chain on his cuffs rattling almost constantly.

I stay out of his view, watching his graphic display of male erotic agony. Especially the near-constant little twitches that have his cock dancing whenever Paige's lips allow it to move and knocking against her teeth and lips the rest of the time. I have no doubt that the instant Ken can be alone he'll masturbate.

Knowing him, he won't even wait to get home. That cock looks far too eager for release. And I already know that Ken prefers not to masturbate while his daughter is at home, even hiding in his bedroom. I picture him stopping at some gas station and finishing himself in some

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skanky-dirty men's room. And that is almost certainly how this will end if I send him away without granting him relief. Of course, if he does that, he'll confess it and that will just ensure he's back here for another lesson. I consider men to be just like dogs: properly teaching the tricks, and to be good boys, require plenty of repetition!

At the ten minute mark, I return with his phone in my hand. I wave the phone over his eyes, letting him see it. "Last chance, dick-less," I purr in my mean-girl, taunting-bully voice. "Do you want to *beg* someone to come bail you off my table, or just lie there and let that skanky whore entertain you until it's time for your spanking?"

"Please, Ma'am!" Ken cries out over a moan, his voice full of desperation, "Please! Don't make me stay like this, Ma'am! Please, it's driving me insane! I have to cum!"

I slap his face. It's a hard slap, one that leaves a pink little handprint on his cheek. "Bad boy!" I scold him sternly. "I asked you if you wanted to beg someone to come bail you off this table or wait here. I did not say you could beg me for relief." I pause just a second. Then I slick my wrist, swinging my crop upward. Its tip snaps firmly against his bare bottom. He grunts a pained yelp and quickly resumes moaning. Paige never misses a beat. "What will it be, dick-less?"

A tear rolls down his cheek. He hesitates for a second. "Please, Ma'am! I don't have anyone to call! The only one at home is my daughter! Please don't make me suffer like this! It's killing me! PLEASE!"

I swat his bottom with the crop again. This time I get his other cheek and the swat is harder. Hard enough to get a good flinch as he cries out his yelp. And enough to leave a nice bright red crop-print on his hairy cheek. "You poor little dick-less boy!" I tauntingly scold him, "maybe now you won't abuse my toy dick!" I laugh. "this is the last chance you get, dick-less. Since you little girl is the only one who cares about your dick-less hairy butt, you may *beg* her to come bail you off this table, or you



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may just wait here and enjoy this whore's sweet tongue until I get around to tanning your naughty hide! Do not displease me again with your stupid, senseless, pleas for mercy. Ask properly. Make your choice, dickless. Now." I turn my voice cold and hard, letting Ken know I mean business. He's been my toy long enough to know he will regret not making a choice now. Erotically regret, but regret it all the same.

He cries. Whenever he suffers a sweet torment, as he is now, his voice always raises to where he sounds slightly girly. Humiliation, especially a deep humiliation, has the same effect on him. I've lost count of how many times I've seen that from him. His moans always have that girliness to them.

Now his voice raises another octave, not quite, but almost, making him sound like a little girl. "May I please beg my daughter to come bail me out, Ma'am?" He asks politely, his voice laced with sobs. I can barely make it out over the moans he can't hold in even long enough to ask.

"You have... three minutes. You *will* tell her where you are. You *will* tell her why you are to be punished and what that punishment will be. You *will* tell her what fate awaits you if she does not agree to bail you. You *will* stop pretending you are a man and beg her to come bail you like the shameless little bitch you really are. You *will not* offer her anything to bail you. You *will not* remind her of anything you've done for her over the years. You *may not* pressure her in any way to bail your useless butt out. Just beg. Oh, and you *will* explain to her that if she agrees to bail you out, she will be responsible for you until she returns you here, and there will be very unpleasant consequences for her should she fail to do her duty."

He sobs out his PIN number and I unlock his phone. I scroll through his call log, seeing that all of his calls are either business calls, or to me ("Ms. R." in his contacts), or to his daughter. What a dull life! I quickly update my contact, changing my name so it displays "My Queen" instead of the nondescript "Ms. R." I'll peek in a week or so and see if he changed it back. And spank him for it if he does.

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I click on Emily's contact, and his nice new Android asks me if I want to call her with the phone app or with Google's Duo video call app. My inner imp rears its naughty head. I pick the video call. As soon as it starts ringing, I hold the phone over his head, aiming it down. But I do make sure that only his head is showing to Emily. Not the rest of his nakedness. Then I put an eye to my watch, making sure Ken knows I am timing his call closely. I hope he knows that I will take the phone away right at the three-minute mark.

Ken sees the little image on his screen, the same image Emily will see. If she answers, 18-year-old bimbos aren't known for answering daddy's calls. He grits his teeth hard, trying to stifle his girly moans. He fails, fairly miserably to mute himself. And then he runs out of time.

Emily's young oval face pops up. I can see enough of her to see that she's wearing a cute pale yellow sleeveless top, but that's about it. And that she's wearing nicely applied make-up with slightly slutty-red lipstick. "What, dad?" She answers. Not even a "hello."

"Em... Please!" He starts, his voice still girly. He moans loud and urgently as he speaks, unable to hold it in. But then again, the gods of timing have Paige swirling her tongue around the tender head of his cock just as he tries to speak. I couldn't have planned it better! "I really need a favor! PLEASE!"

"I... uh..." His voice quiets as the shame hits him. Very reluctantly, and blushing beet red, he continues. "I'm sorry! OK, I'm so sorry, Em! I... uh... I played with myself without asking my Mistress for permission, and now she's punishing me for it!" He blurts it out, his voice panicked and shamed. Over his hungry moans.

"My punishment... Sunday afternoon she's going to spank me in front of all her friends... until then, I have to wait here, on her torture table, unless you are willing to bail me out of here... PLEASE, Em, PLEASE! I'm desperate to get off this table! She's killing me! I can't handle this torture! Please, Em, please come get me! Please, Em!"

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He cries out a very long, very needy, and very high-pitched moan as a hard shudder racks through his body. With a glance, I can see Paige taking his cock into her mouth, and grinning as she swallows it. The shudder is hard enough that I can see it on his head, too. As Paige ends the stroke, he goes on, his voice now moaning a little more and more desperate. "PLEASE, Em! PLEASE, don't leave me here! I can't handle this torture!" He pants a couple of quick and moaning breaths, glances up to see the stern look on my face, and my eyes on my watch. "I've been here forever now! She won't let me cum! I can't handle it! Please!

"Em, baby, please! I don't know what Miss Rodgers will ask of you! But please! I know that you have to watch me and make sure I behave and bring me back here for my punishment. And I know she'll do something hideous to you if you don't do what you promise her you will. I'll behave. It won't be any trouble for you! PLEASE, EM! Please don't make me suffer like this until Sunday!"

I keep my other eye on Emily's image. She looks rather shocked as her father asks her to come get her. Seriously grossed out, too. I have only her ex's impression of her to go by, so I'm not certain what she'll do. The whimsical in her could go either way. The bimbo... nothing will interfere with her social life, certainly not her (gasp) parents! The bossy girl, however, might relish a chance to boss him around.

I take the phone away from his face. I turn it around, holding the camera just over his chest, giving Emily about a two-second glimpse straight down his nude body. It lets her see a lot, his slightly hairy chest, his somewhat loose stomach, and even the denser fur on his pubes. But my timing has Paige's hair covering his cock. Standing between his legs, squatting down, and putting her lips to his balls at that instant, only Paige's hair is visible. But her long, curly, flowing honey-brown locks are enough for Emily to know it's a woman. And to see that her head is doing something between his legs, just not what she's doing. I turn the camera away before Emily sees any more than that.

## Part I: Naughty Boy

I see a strange look on her face. It's grossed out in most part, but there's also a trace of an impish smirk in it and just as much of a hint of a smile. I interpret it as: way to go, dad, you finally found a woman; Ooh, that looks very sweetly teasing; and YUCK – I don't want to see it, dad! I take his phone with me, stepping into the hall and closing the door behind me. I leave Sophie to watch my whore, and I know Emily hears me when I tell her. "slave, mind that skanky whore."

"O-M-G!" Emily says as soon as I turn the phone so I'm talking to her. "You're Ellie's friend, Pepper, aren't you?"

*Ellie's friend? Ellie is my BFF #3. She knows Ellie? Ellie didn't say so, and I asked all three of my BFFs if they knew Emily or any of her friends. "Yes, how do you know Ellie?"*

"Oh, my BFF, Livvy, her boyfriend's sister, Cammie, sometimes hangs out with Ellie, and Ellie talks about you just all the time!" *BIMBO!* I can't help it, the thought races through my mind. They say that everyone is connected to everyone on Earth by no more than six degrees of separation. By my math, that's five degrees between Emily and me. And yet she's heard so much, it seems. Why do I think this girl lives on gossip?

"Do you have a car?" I ask her, and she eagerly says she does. I ask her if she wants to come over for tea and I'll tell her exactly what whoever bails that naughty boy out has to agree to do, then she can decide if she wishes to bail him, or leave him to "enjoy that skanky whore's attention." Just as eagerly, she accepts the invitation. Her voice tells me it has nothing to do with her dad, and everything to do with having tea with me. And I know that "tea with Pepper" is going to be fodder for gossip that will spread across her county faster than light. As Emily boasts about being invited. I doubt the reason for the invitation will be included. She'll make it sound like she's now my newest BFF. I give her my address and directions off US-90, the route she'll take if she has any brains. While I wonder about Emily, I don't wonder about Google. Maps will bring her

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that way, too. She promises to hurry right over. Eagerly promises.



## Part II: The Bail

## Part II: The Bail

Fifty minutes later, Emily has slipped past the building's doorman, which any clown could do, and is knocking on my door. I send Sophie to answer the door. Like usual, I have Sophie dressed in one of what I call her slave dresses. They're all the same, except for the colors. Today it's pastel pink. The dress itself is an all-lace stretchy dress that runs from her breasts down to an inch or so below the bottom curve of Sophie's bottom. Its lace does nothing to hide anything from prying eyes, and I never allow her underwear with these dresses. She has matching fingerless gloves. And knee-high, spike-heeled, boots made of patching lace instead of leather. All of it is trimmed in frilly white lace. Even the plush horseshoe clip I have holding her long honey-blond hair off her face.

Sophie opens the door. Watching from the hall I see Emily's eyes go wide for an instant. Then they roam over Sophie's body. "O-M-G I have so totally got to get a dress like that!" Emily enthusiastically blurts out. "That outfit is just so awesome! Where did you get it? Do they have it in yellow? Yellow is just so my color!"

"My Mistress allows me to wear this dress, Ma'am. I don't know where she bought it, Ma'am. I have one in yellow, so they must, Ma'am. My Mistress is expecting you, please come in, Ma'am." Sophie is always polite.

Emily bounces in and allows Sophie to show her to the sofa. I can't help but picture Emily in a yellow slave dress; she'd definitely be a hit at whatever club or party she wore it to. I slip in and take a seat on the love seat across from Emily. "slave, we'll have the green tea, sweet, with lemon. Fetch."

"Yes, Mistress." Sophie answers.

While we wait I tell Emily where she can order a dress like Sophie's. She clicks up the website as I rattle off the address and I see her bookmark it. She is so going to spend daddy's money there. And I know, I just know, that the minute Ken asks her why he has a \$250 charge for a dress, Emily is going to remind of this evening. And he is going to shut



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up in less than the blink of an eye. I'd bet she gets the gloves and boots too, even though the boots cost as much as the dress. Oh, well, Ken is an accountant. Surely he can afford a thank you outfit for his bimbo daughter. Not that I care. He's not my accountant!

Sophie returns with a tea kettle and two cups and saucers atop a silver serving platter. She sets the platter on the coffee table, then kneels down. She pours a cup, garnishes it with a fresh slice of lemon, and turns to Emily. Sophie kneels with her knees and feet spread. She holds the cup, atop its saucer, on her upturned palms even with her nipples and six inches out from her chest. She looks up to Emily. "Here is your tea, Ma'am."

Emily giggles happily. I'd bet anything it's the first time she's ever been served in her life, much less served humbly by slave-girl. I know this will be a juicy tidbit for her gossip mill. "thank you..." Emily reaches for the cup.

"Her name is slave."

"Thank you, slave."

"You're very welcome, Ma'am. It's my pleasure to serve my Mistress' guests." Sophie tells her. Then Sophie serves me.

Emily takes a sip of her tea. She smiles and takes a few more. Her face tells me it's to her liking. I dismiss Sophie, telling her to go peek on my skanky whore. She hurries to peek and ensure Paige is behaving herself.

We chat for a few minutes, not that long since it's clear I have very little in common with Emily. She's 18, but she still has seven weeks of high school left. I'm a sophomore at USA. Two completely different worlds. She does ask if I know her ex, Terrance. I tell her my BFF #1 has a class with him, but I've never met him. She tells me not to believe anything he says about her. She dumped him. That I believe.

She asks how I number my three BFFs, why Izzy gets to be number

## Part II: The Bail

one. Is she a better BFF than Ellie? I tell her I number my BFFs chronologically. Izzy is number one because I met Izzy the day she was born, two months after I was born, and four months before I met BFF #2, Reagan, also on the day she was born. I didn't meet Ellie until she moved into our neighborhood about four years ago.

I have to nudge the conversation to Ken, even though he's moaning loudly and urgently. With the playroom door open so I know Emily can hear every moan. Clearly, dad's pleasurable suffering isn't her first concern. It seems too far down her priorities list, well beneath her concern for her wardrobe. BIMBO.

I have Sophie print out a "bail agreement" for Ken and bring it to me. I glance at it, then hand it to Emily. It's a form I keep on my computer for occasional use, although it's so far been spouses bailing out their spouses. That got tiring for me since the spouse inevitably already knows all about their mate's kinkiness. I've decided to make a few other toys, those that thrive on humiliation, be bailed. Toys that don't have spouses to bail them. Ken, however, was an impromptu decision I made. He just didn't seem to regret abusing my cock deeply enough.

I wanted it in writing, especially for this girl who I'm deciding is more and more flighty by the second. I don't want there to be any confusion about what she has to do. That way, when she doesn't, she can't say she didn't know. I swear I'd push her face in the form and spank her if she did! Or at least I'd really want to.

"Number one, the naughty boy can't be left alone, not even for a minute. You have to stay with him the entire time until you return him. In the house with him, not him inside and you hanging out on the porch with your friends. He could misbehave that way! And he is just such a naughty little boy!

"Number two, he has a bedtime. Before eleven you have to take him to bed, not send him, take him. He has to be in bed before eleven. And he has to be naked in bed. In the morning he has to stay in bed until

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you return for him. He is never to get out on his own. Since he is just so naughty, I'll loan you a couple of pairs of handcuffs. Those will ensure he's a good boy and stays put!" Emily giggles hard when I tell her that.

"Number three, no guests. Yours or his. You can only have guests over while he's in bed, and you can't leave him in bed so you can have a guest. As soon as you're out of bed and dressed, you have to go get him up. No one but you two can be in the house.

"Number four, he has to stay inside the house. Not even so much as a toe on the porch. Inside.

"Number five, he has to shower and shave daily. And he has to eat three meals a day, real meals, not a bag of chips.

"Number six, he's not allowed to use a phone, a computer, or anything else connected, or to talk, text, email, IM or whatever with anyone. You're the only one he should be talking to. There's one exception, and that's for urgent work business. You'll have to answer his phone for him and find out who is calling and why. If it's business, he can take the call as long as he sits next to you the whole time and keeps the talk on business. After the call, he has to give his phone back to you. And you'll have to check his email twice a day, without him watch you. Read everything. If there's anything business-related that seems urgent, you are to tell him who is asking what, and he is to tell you what to reply. Then you answer the email for him, without him seeing your reply. He'll just have to trust you to get it right." I so never would!

"Number seven, proper attire is required. He has to be fully dressed at all times, even his shoes.

"Number eight, he's not allowed to ask you for anything. Not even the time. Nothing at all. If he wants something, that's too bad. HE can do whatever he wants around the house. But you have to lay eyes on him every fifteen minutes, except for when he's in bed. If he decides to take a long shower, if it hits fifteen minutes since you've seen him, go in and peek. And he may not close *any* doors. You may close his bedroom door

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at night, but that's it. Every other door stays open. Unless you're in the room and you want it closed, like your bedroom, close away.

"Number nine, he has to be polite to you. No exceptions to that one. And that also means he has to answer every question you ask him, no matter if it's personal, or private or none of your business. You ask, he has to give you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"Number ten, he has to be a proper little boy. No TV that's rated Mature Audiences, and no movies that are rated R or above. You have to make sure he's not sneaking in some sleazy R movie or something! You can watch whatever you want, just as long as he's not there to see it. And that also means no playing with himself. He'll be dying to, but he can't. Since we both know boys always listen to their little heads instead of the big ones, I'll put him in a chastity belt so he won't be able to masturbate. Just don't let him cut it off or anything." Emily giggles hard.

"Here's what you have to do. You have to make sure he follows those rules perfectly. If he doesn't, you call me the instant he breaks one. You have to keep a journal of what he does, when, and it has to be very detailed. If he so much as uses the toilet, it goes in the journal. And you have to bring him back at one o'clock Sunday. His car can stay here for now. You can drive him home. He won't need a car since he won't be going anywhere.

"Now for the big one. You have to leave something of great value with me. If you don't do your part, I keep it. If you do, you get it back. Just like bailing him out of jail. So think about it, do you trust him enough to take a big risk for him?"

Emily actually thinks about it, which surprises me. I expected the flighty girl to make her decision without any consideration. Maybe she has a small brain in her head after all. Because it is going to be a big risk for her.

After a good minute, she finally asks "what's his bail? What do I have to leave you?" I'll bet she's expecting me to say something like her

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phone, which is definitely her most cherished possession.

I grin, my evil-imp grin. "A video. A video of you enjoying two consecutive, unbroken, orgasms. Keep your promise to me, and you get the video when you return him. But if you let me down, I keep the video and do whatever I fancy with it. Which might mean posting it online for all your friends to see. I'm sure Izzy wouldn't mind giving Terrance the link..."

Emily pales to an almost ghostly-white. Then I see a slight quiver take hold, slightly trembling her entire body. A few seconds later she starts fidgeting in her seat. I let her squirm, and have Sophie bring me a model release form. It's standard practice for porn stars to sign ones just like the boilerplate one I downloaded. Sophie brings me a pen, too. This way, I can't be sued if I do post the video of Emily. Which I won't, but I want Emily to believe I might.

Finally, Emily asks me, her voice nervous and unsure, "does it have to be a video? Can't it be something else?"

"Nope. His bail has been set."

"Do I have to..." Emily's voice lowers and grows even more tenuous, "with a guy?"

"Nope. There aren't even any guys here, just the naughty little boy in there and he's busy. It goes like this. I get my camera set up. You sit there. You tell the camera your name, the city you live in, your phone number, your age, and your bra size. Then you undress completely. Then you lie there and just enjoy a couple of really good orgasms. After the second, your dress. Then you sit back down and say goodbye to the camera, thank you for watching me. I put the camera's memory card in a sealed envelope. It goes in my desk. When you return him, your part done properly, you get the envelope back still sealed. But don't do your part, and you'll never see the envelope again, or it's contents. Except maybe online. You'll be very popular."

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Emily blanches even whiter and fidgets around much more nervously. She stays quiet for a minute, maybe two. Finally, Ken cries out the most stressed, most urgent, almost pleading, and awful-loud of moans. The erotic utter desperation in his moan tells me that Paige not only swallowed his cock this tease but knowing Emily is out here, licked his balls while his cock was fully in her mouth. That drives guys crazier than crazy. And gets sensual moans like that one.

Emily trembles. In a voice I can barely hear, she asks “and if I do my part, even if he breaks a rule, I get the video back? No one ever sees it?”

“Right. As long as you call me so he can be punished for breaking the rule. That’s your part to watch him, catch him, and call me. Do your part and the only way anyone will see that video is if you show it to them. Assuming you don’t burn the memory card that is!”

Ken cries out another begging moan. It gets a single crisp shudder from Emily. With the unhappiest of looks on her face, Emily finally whispers to me, “I’ll do it... I can’t leave him like that...” I don’t tell her that I wouldn’t make him suffer like that until Sunday. I doubt he could. I doubt anyone could. If she doesn’t bail him, I have an alternate plan. I have a spare kennel he can hang out in. But Emily will never know that. I suspect she’d gladly leave him kenneled.

I have her sign the release. She does, but reluctantly enough that it takes her two full minutes to sign her name. She might be a bimbo, but at least she’s not a shameless bimbo, I think to myself.

With a snap of my fingers and a couple of words, Sophie sets up the camera, aiming it at Emily. She turns it on, turning the viewer around so I can see the image. It’s perfect, it shows Emily and enough of the room that it won’t have to be moved. With its ultra high resolution, I can easily crop the video to show only the “action” later.

Sophie takes her time setting it up, aiming it, and focusing the image. Emily sits uneasily, watching Sophie, and fidgeting more as each

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second ticks off. I couldn't ask for a better video. And I know Sophie has the camera recording every anxious second of it, even while she sets up.

Emily sits fidgeting, squirming around anxiously, with her face scrunched up. But she doesn't start. I just watch her squirm. It is just so entertaining! After something like a minute, I wave my fingers to Sophie. Sophie gets a piece of poster board on which she's already very neatly printed out Emily's "script" for this video. The entire script is on it. Emily's role isn't much of a speaking part. I heard Hollywood doesn't count moans as "speaking roles."

Emily sees it and shirks back into the sofa. For a few more seconds she says nothing. Finally, she starts reading her lines, her voice shyly muted, mousy, and lightly breaking. "Hello everyone, my name is Emily Allison Porter from McLain, Mississippi. I'm 18 years old and I wear a size 34-B bra. If you like what you see, my number is 601-246-1234." the reluctant shyness in her voice tells me that Emily is going to change her number the instant she's out of this apartment, just in case this video should "leak." Not that it would even slow anyone down if they wanted to find her. McLain has a population of a few hundred people. Which is why I would never put this online. I never take chances with those who amuse me, and in a town that small, there's too big of a chance of some pervert tracking her down.

Emily fidgets anxiously. She stays in her seat for at least another minute, until finally, I motion for her to get on with it. Only then does she hesitantly lean over and start very slowly taking her shoes off. Then her socks. She doesn't bother making a neat pile, but I didn't require her to. Instead, she makes a very haphazard pile beside the sofa.

It takes her a couple of minutes to get her shoes and socks off. She never looks up at the camera, not even once, leaving it with a view of little more than the top of her head. She finally scoots forward a little and takes off her belt. It's a belt that's clearly an accessory, not to hold her jeans up. It's wide and worn slightly loose, made of thin, soft, black leather with a

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shiny buckle. It ends up on the pile, too.

It leaves her nothing to take off that won't reveal something. She does as any woman with her choice would and pulls her top over her head. She does it slowly at first, unintentionally teasing her audience as she very slowly bares more and more of her stomach. She moves a little fast, almost normally, once she gets it up to where it bares her bra. It's not an expensive, or fancy, or especially sexy bra. But it is a cute bra. I'd bet it's from Wal-Mart, but that's the usual place new adults shop. It's a medium shade of bright blue, with full cups that cover all of her modest breasts. The cups are lacy, but also with a faux-silk layer under the lace so nothing shows through the lace. It has fairly wide straps around her sides, but those quickly taper to a narrow band across her back. And narrow straps over her full, narrow shoulders. And it has a smallish clasp in front, right between its cups. It's the kind of thing I'd expect a bimbo-girl like Emily to consider everyday wear. Comfortable, but not especially so, and still very cute, just in case someone might glimpse it. The kind of thing a woman might wear when she wants to feel sexy, but also seriously doubts anyone will see it.

Now it's time for her jeans to come off. She stays sitting on the sofa, her head looking down to keep her face away from the camera. She takes her time unzipping them. Then, with her hands at the waistband, she starts slipping them down just as slowly. It takes her a moment to get the waist of them down to where the back of it can't go any lower with her bottom on the seat. The front of them is still up then. She reluctantly lifts her bottom just a hair. Keeping the front of her jeans up, she quickly scoots the backside of them down, over her bottom, and drops back into the seat. She starts sliding them down her thighs, keeping both of her arms in front of her hips and leaning over far enough that her long hair hangs down to hide her panties.

It's a good try, and it's about half effective. It makes it hard enough to see her panties that someone would have to look closely. Except from my view, off to Emily's side, I can see them fairly well. They're simple



baby blue cotton panties, decorated with little blue hearts that match the brighter, darker, shade of her bra. They have a small fringe of lace at the legs and waist, but it's a decorative lace, not a sexy lace. They have moderately wide sides to them as well that cover about two-thirds of her hips, leaving only the top third bare above the waistband. They also completely cover her pubes, and I'd bet most of her bottom.

I had told Emily to stand up while she undressed. As I've watched her, I've thought about correcting her. But I haven't. Stripping while seated, the shy way she's doing it is making for a video that's pure embarrassment of the most tantalizing variety. It works. This video would be far more popular than if she were standing. So I let her get away with it.

Now Emily really has no choice. She has nothing left except for her bra and panties. Taking either off is going to show a part of her she most definitely does not want to show to the camera. She stays like she is, leaning forward and using her draping hair to shield as much as she can of herself. She hesitates for a very long moment. Then I see a slight quiver being flowing over her body.

Emily wiggles a single hand up under her chest, still leaning forward as far as her waist will bend, her hair hanging over her knees. She works slowly, and I can her hand fumble a couple of times before she gets her clasp undone and the bra's cups fall free. Her other hand starts nudging the straps off her shoulders, letting them fall to her elbows. And then, finally, her hand pulls the bra out from under her folded chest and carelessly tosses it to the pile. As soon as the bra is clear, Emily's arm presses tightly to her chest, covering her breasts.

She fumbles with her free hand to get to the waist of her panties. She refuses to sit up, or straighten up, even a bit. She tries to push her panties down with one hand, from the front. It's clumsy. She finally has to lift her bottom again, raising it a scant inch from the sofa to slide her panties off her cheeks. As soon as they clear her globes, her bottom is

## Part II: The Bail

back on the seat and she scoots then down her thighs. Once they clear her knees, they all but fall to the floor. Without even looking, she tosses them in the general direction of her pile.

Emily sits still for a moment. Then she wiggles her free hand under her. I motion for Emily to sit up. She very uneasily starts slowly straightening up. Eventually, she gets to sitting up almost rigidly straight. Her hair isn't long enough to hide her breasts, or I'm certain she'd brush it into place over her mounds. Instead, she sits with her arm tightly clamped over those mounds. Her arm is lean, though not especially lean or bony-thin. But it still manages to cover plenty of her breasts. Far more than the average sexy bikini would. Only the very tops, right where they meet her chest, are visible. Nothing that a moderately modest outfit wouldn't show. She keeps her other hand pressed just as tightly against her body, her hand over her pubes, stretching and straining to cover what I can now see is a dense bush. She seems to rely on the sofa to cover her pussy, which it's doing. Her face is shyly cringed up hard. Her body is chirking inward just as strongly, her shoulders almost curling in on herself. She tries to keep her face turned a bit, away from the camera. She shakes her head a couple of times, getting those long, straight strands of hair to cover part of her face. Not enough of it, but some of it. I can see a faint trace of wetness to her eyes.

It is so obvious that Emily is absolutely embarrassed just to be sitting here naked. And that she's even more uncomfortable doing it. Which makes me wonder why she is. After all, this is plenty degrading enough without the camera, and more so with it. I wonder if she might secretly want me to push her beyond her modesty, although I'm confident she definitely does not want me to do it on camera. If at all. I don't know her well enough yet to have a good guess why she's doing it. But I'm fairly sure it's not for dad. At least not too much for dad.

Emily watches me with a very anxious eye. One that knows what's coming, dreads it and prays for another second of mercy before it comes. She fidgets almost wildly. And she doesn't dare say anything. That might

remind me to pay attention to her instead of just letting her sit like this. I give her half a minute or so to squirm. Anticipation is always worse than actually doing it, the sitting there knowing it's about to happen, that she desperately doesn't want to, yet won't be able to refuse when it finally happens. Her mind is so conjuring up images of how bad it will be, and all of them are worse than the truth. So I leave her to squirm.

"You must be feeling so shy this evening Emily Allison!" I say to her, quietly, knowing that the camera's mic will barely pick my voice up. "Since you didn't stand to undress, as you were supposed to, now you can stand up, put your hands at the small of your back, and turn around very slowly to show you naked body to my audience. Or we can just forget all about this..." I add with a good note of firmness in my voice, "since you've already not lived up to your end, that is." I wonder if she catches my meaning, that I could claim ownership of this video for her shyness-induced failure to obey.

Emily says nothing. She sits for a moment, then almost springs up to her feet. With her hands still modestly covering herself, she trembles. She stands, trembling constantly, for a long moment, maybe fifteen seconds. At first, her hands creep, barely moving at all. Very teasingly-slowly, her hand bares a growing sliver of dense black curls on her pubes. It's enough of a slice for me to know that her bush is neatly trimmed inside her bikini line. Just as teasingly-slowly, her arm moves across her chest, baring nothing until, close to a minute after she got to her feet, only the tips of her fingers are left to cover the top one mound. Her arm still fully covering the other. Now that her choice is reduced to exposing herself, or quitting, her hands fly to her back.

Emily stands up rigidly. She has a fairly oval-shaped face, with a rounded chin, brown eyes, and a small soft nose. She also has a wide mouth, framed with plush, full, deep-pink lips. And light brown hair that hangs in full, but straight, tresses down onto the tops of her shoulder blades.

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Her body is straight, with a modest, but obvious, feminine curve at her waist. Her stomach is flat. Her skin is a soft, almost pale, milky-white that looks smooth and delicate. I don't see any scars or blemishes, except for a single, medium-brown spot no larger than a pencil eraser, just over her left hip. Her legs are shapely and lean. She carries just enough leftover baby fat to hide any boniness and still leave her a cute, girly figure.

She stands around 5'4" and I'd guess about 120 pounds, which puts her square in the average ranges for a petite woman. I figure those panties are a size 5, plus or minus a size. More likely minus one if I'm off. Her face is what I'd call somewhere between pretty and girl-next-door. Nothing special. Nothing that's going to get her on the cover of anything, anyway. But cute, and attractive. A face that will definitely get her some male attention in life. Especially with her make-up skills.

Now I can finally get a good look at her breasts, too. They are very shapely, very firm and pert, too. It's as if her mounds just swelled up from her chest, stretching her white skin as taut as it could go. They're roughly the size of a half orange and almost the same shape. So nicely rounded. At the bottom, their curve begins where they rise from her chest, arcing upward as it flows outward. Then their tops are fully rounded, before flowing gently, and a little straighter, up to rejoin her chest. Even their sides are curvy and rounded, making a very defined, but shallow, cleavage. Those perky mounds are topped with quarter-sized rings of a light pink. At the center on her rings, medium-pink nipples stick out straight, far enough to have sides that are almost straight, like a tube, but turning into softly rounded tips. And right now, as Emily stands here displaying her nakedness shamelessly and cringing modestly, those nipples are as hard as rocks. They're so hard that the lighter pink flesh around the nubs has pulled up so tightly that little goosebumps dot it.

On her pubes, I can now see that her bush isn't as dense as it looked. Until I look very intently at it and see the tiny stubble laced all through it. Irrefutable evidence that she's not only trimmed its edges but

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thinned it as well. Her hairs are neither short nor long, and they're more straight than curly. But they look silky soft. Her bush has a very defined triangle shape to it, except at the bottom where the point of it is less obvious. Instead of a defined edge to it, Emily has it thinned to fade away to nothing as it flows to her lips. Even standing, I can see her pussy. Her wide, slightly plump lips. Those fully meet, leaving a thin dark line for a slit. But they're long, and her mound is slightly puffy, making it look like her slit rises up into her pubes.

As soon as Emily's body is bared, even as her hands are still moving behind her, she starts turning. She turns fast for the first step, anxious to get her front side off display, but quickly slows remembering that I insisted on a slow turn. I'm sure she remembers that this entire turn is her "punishment" for not undressing on her feet, too. I'm sure she's thinking that more punishment will follow should she turn too fast. Her desire to get this over with without making it any worse wins out, mostly, over her shyness.

It's about fifteen seconds before her backside is squarely facing the camera. From the rear, her hips have a full curve to them, rounding outward from her hip bones and curving back in to meet her thighs. Her cheeks are firm. They more flow, rather than curve, to her sides, up to her back, and down to her thighs. It gives them a more gentle roundness standing out but also leaves them a small, very pronounced, and tight curve at the inside of their bottom edge, right where they turn upward to make her crack and the insides of her globes. But her cheeks are full enough that they meet fully, touching each other at her crack and fully covering her asshole inside. They do it all while appearing firm and not the least bit fat or flabby. It's not the most rounded bottom I've seen, but it's cute enough that I wouldn't mind playing with it.

As soon as Emily is again facing the camera she asks, very mutely, her voice trembling as much as her body, "what now?"

"Do not cover yourself. You can put your hands beside you and

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tell yourself that you have clothes on. Sit. Then just relax.” I instruct Emily.

She very quickly plops down on my sofa, squeezing her thighs tightly together and almost hiding her slit from the camera. Too bad for Emily that her slit is prominent enough that it’s top is visible through the thinning, already-sparse hairs of her bush in the valley formed between the tops of her thighs. She fidgets very anxiously and completely avoids looking at the camera.

I give her a quarter minute to just sit. It doesn’t help her at all. Her body remains as uncomfortably tensed as it could get.

"Do I have to... you know, myself? Can I just get this over with? PLEASE!" Emily blurts out in a mousy, breaking voice. In a voice muted enough that it sounds desperate as if I'm torturing her!

"Just relax, Emily," I tell her sweetly. "slave, help this little mouse out."

"OH, YES!" Sophie blurts out very eagerly, "Thank you, Mistress!" She quickly moves in front of Emily, dropping to her knees. Sophie deftly keeps her back to the camera, ensuring that should anyone see the video, her back, her head fully obscured by her long, honey-blonde, wavy locks, is all anyone will see of her.

Sophie puts her hands to Emily’s knees. I can see the muscles in Emily’s legs snap suddenly to full tension as they strain hard to resist Sophie’s hands. Sophie doesn't force Emily's legs apart. She just holds a firm pressure on her knees and waits a second. She knows better than to ever force anyone to do anything unless told specifically to. I don't want Emily to be forced. I want her to have to submit and allow it. It's far more humiliating that way. And makes for better entertainment for me, my friends (my kinky friends), and the subscribers to my web site. After a long couple of seconds, Emily’s knees begin parting. They move slowly, her muscles still stiff and resisting, but yielding just barely enough to allow her legs to be opened. Sophie keeps it up, making Emily fully splay

her legs wide open.

Sophie moves into the space between Emily's knees, deftly keeping herself slightly to the side so the camera has a good, and unhindered, view of every cell of Emily's pussy. Now I can see that her slit is as long as it looks. It seems to flow so far back that it runs into her crack. Her lips have only the softest, sparsest fur on them. And even in here, her bush is well trimmed inside the creases of her thighs. As if it's trimmed for a decently immodest bikini. And that's some I'd so expect to see a complete bimbo, like Emily, wearing. Even now, with her legs fully opened, her slit looks to be nothing more than a dark, almost brownish, narrow line where her lips meet. Except at the very top of it, where the tiniest of little wrinkle of a brownish-purple inner fold peeks up, pushing the lips a hairs width aside.

Sophie releases Emily's knees. Emily's legs stay tensed, but they also stay where Sophie has put them. Sophie puts her hands to Emily's lips. Emily jumps, her bottom coming up off the sofa, and squeals a mousy "UH," high-pitched, as she sucks in a startled breath. She falls back to the sofa and trembles a little more.

Sophie pushes Emily's lips open. As soon as Emily's lips begin to separate, they begin baring a very steamy, hot wetness, along with her inner folds. Folds that are a shade of purple so deep they're almost brown. Folds that, as her lips spread further, the camera can see are wrinkly, long, and loose. But that also fades into a very hot pinkness at their bases. All of which is covered with a heavy coat of a honey that looks pasty-thick, creamy, and watery-clear. And it gives me, sitting several feet away, a whiff of Emily's slight muskiness.

Sophie puts her fingers to the fold where Emily's inner lips meld together into a wrinkly knot of wrinkles. "Ooh..." Sophie purrs in her most sugary and sultry of voices, "this little mouse is so eager!" Sophie presses her finger down, pushing the wrinkles aside until Emily's rock-hard clit pops up. It's like the very tip of my pinkie, about as wide,

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standing up maybe ¼", just enough to poke above the folds under Sophie's fingers. It's tip looks to be the same shade of brownish-purple, except now it's almost white from the swelling so powerfully up.

Sophie very tenderly pinches the hard nub in her fingers, holding it still without squeezing it anywhere near enough to be uncomfortable for Emily. As Sophie's fingers touch the straining nub, Emily cries out another mousy squeal and shudders. She barely holds herself back from crying, but I can see the wetness in her eyes.

Sophie puts a single finger to Emily's nub. Her touch as light as a feather, Sophie starts moving her finger across the tip of the nub very slowly in a small circle. Sophie focuses her full attention on what she's doing, which locks her gaze on Emily's pussy. She caresses Emily's nervy, sensitive, clit, Sophie's finger gliding over the tip of it, the nub stilled in Sophie's gentle grasp.

Emily shrieks another mousy cry. That's all the time she has for surprise, for embarrassment, for shyness, or anything else. She shudders hard with a crisp tremor. Then she pants out a deep, breathy moan with only the tiniest trace of a girly squeal to it. It takes only a few seconds for her moans to deepen until her lungs can breathe no faster or deeper. Her quivering, nervous, shy, tremors vanish.

Emily squirms, only now it's not from humiliation. It's a purely sensual squirming, her bottom grinding hard against the cushion. Her hands forget about wanting to cover her nakedness. They grip the edges of the cushion under her hard, digging her fingers into the foam. Her eyes close, and her head lolls back a second before her mouth opens to gape wide. She moans on, her moans now growing only in a very hungry urgency.

A few seconds later the tension in her legs yields. Her legs tremble violently, staying splayed wide, vibrating her knees up and down lightning fast. Her hips slowly start to buck forward and back, straightening their grinding out. It arches her chest forward, thrusting



her so-perky breasts and impossibly-hard nipples out.

“OH- MY- GOD!!!!” Emily moans out, her voice overly-breathy and deep, “I am going to cum so hard!” It’s been a few seconds less than a minute.

Sophie ignores Emily completely. I’ve told my slave to rub Emily’s clit just as she is, and that’s what Sophie is going to do until I tell her otherwise. Sophie wouldn’t care if it went on for days. If I want this girl’s pussy rubber deftly and sweetly, that’s what she’s going to do. And she doesn’t care what Emily thinks of it. Emily doesn’t matter to Sophie. Only I, and my amusement, matter to Sophie.

Emily finally relaxes. The tension in her muscles fading from anxious resistance into sensual agony. She trembles hard and crisply. And she moans out even more urgently. Her head rolls from side to side, still hanging back, her eyes closed.

And then, Emily’s hips snap sharply, thrusting her pussy eagerly at Sophie. The tension returns instantly, Emily’s body stiffening hard, as she hangs there.

“UH-YES!!!!” Emily screams out as the stiffness in her body vanishes. Immediately she starts moaning, her moans now a little squeakier but just as deep and breathy. She squirms wildly, her hips moving every which way around the sofa. Only now her shoulders wiggle around just as energetically, leaving little of her body still.

I can see her honey oozing. As thick as hers is, it wouldn’t run. It flows so slowly for that, but it flows steadily. With Emily’s pussy already well honeyed, her cream now coats Sophie’s fingers. First, the ones steadying her nub, then the ones teasing it.

Emily’s clit very suddenly flushes a deep-blood red. It swells up even more, its tip rising another hair above Sophie’s small fingers. And now, the captive nub throbs so hard that I can see it from here.

It happens quickly, Emily still at the peak of climax. First, her feet

## Part II: The Bail

stomp hard and fast on the floor, even with her legs still vibrating from the tension in their muscles. And they stomp hard. A second later it's Emily's arms tensing impossibly hard, her tight fists pulling the ends of the cushion up around the sides of her cheeks. A second after that her shoulders press back into the sofa with all of Emily's strength, again bringing her pussy out to Sophie. Her hips tremble hard from the strain, wiggling her pussy around wildly. A second after that, Emily's head is flying from side-to-side as it hangs back, tossing her full-bodied hair around just as wildly.

"STOP!" Emily cries out, her voice rising another octave of squeaky, "Oh, G-d, please! IT HURTS! IT'S TOO FUCKING GOOD! STOP! I CAN'T!" It takes her a few panting breaths to screech it all out. Before she finishes, her feet give up on their stomping. Instead, her legs snap hard, slamming shut around Sophie's hands, then springing back to fully-wide-open in less than a second. Her legs keep snapping just as sharply, and maybe even a little faster.

Emily's hands abandon the cushion. Her balled fists fly around for a few seconds, hitting all over the sofa, and a couple of times the wall behind it. They pound her chest a couple of times, hard enough to leave slight pink splotches just above her breasts. Then they hit her breasts. Instead of flying, they stop, her fingers springing open. Her hands close just as fast and grip her breasts hard, kneading her fingers into her hard pert mounds.

Emily's cries grow squeakier for a couple of short seconds. Then in the span of a single fast-panted moan, the squeakiness vanishes, leaving only the faintest trace in her deep, desperate, moans.

Emily's thighs stop, slamming shut and locking onto Sophie's hands, squishing the girl's hands in place hard enough to keep them there. Emily's hips arch out further, offering up her pussy and wiggling it around in invitation. By now Sophie's hand, as well as Emily's lips and the creases of her thighs, are well coated with a heavy layer of Emily's

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thick honey. It's clear, watery, hue makes it sparkle brilliantly. There's no mistaking how wet Emily's pussy is.

"OH- MY- GOD!" Emily cries out loudly, the deep breathiness of her voice almost fully masking her urgent words. "I'M SCARED! PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME! IT'S TOO GOOD! PLEASE!" Emily pants a few more moaning breaths as her body tenses even harder, until it's as stiff as steel and her bottom has risen up so high as to make her almost straight from feet to shoulders.

"PLEASE!" Emily cries out, but her moans are so breathy it's so hard to make her words out. Or even to tell there are words under those starving moans. "NO!" Her hips start trembling fast, making her pussy seem to dance. "I'M SCARED!!! DON'T MAKE ME! IT'S GOING TO BE TOO MUCH! DON'T MAKE ME!" Emily's hips tremble faster and faster, wiggling her pussy around with an almost blinding speed to it. "I'M TOO SCARED TO DO IT!"

Her teeth clench, partly muting her as she struggles to suck enough air fast enough through them. Her body hangs, locked at full-straining tension for several long seconds. As they pass, even her wildly wiggling pussy stills to mere lightning-fast quivering. She hangs like that.

Then she screams out a deep, but very mousy and girly "AH!" drawing her cry out forever. Her body snaps hard, pulling her feet off the floor and sending her bottom crashing onto the sofa. Almost as soon as her bottom touches the sofa, her muscles snap again, this time stiffening up to steel. Still crying out, she snaps again as a second wave hits her. Then a third.

It goes on for about fifteen seconds before Emily falls limp and loose on the sofa. Except she doesn't stay limp or loose. Instantly her body trembles violently, making it look as if she's thrashing around, sitting on live wires or something. Her cry goes on.

It takes half a minute for her lungs to run out of air. She's quiet for a split second before she sucks in a panicked-fast breath and screams out

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again.

She goes on like that another half minute until finally, I tell Sophie to "stop playing with that sloppy pussy." Sophie vanishes. Emily falls spent, her body quivering sharply as trembling tremors flow over it. After another half a minute, her cries fade away. It leaves her panting deep, starved, fast breaths, like a dog after running a marathon in an Alabama summer.

Her pants fade very slowly, taking a couple of minutes to ebb off into sweet purrs. Her eyes don't open. She finally lies fully spent, fully sated, basking in the blissful afterglow of that second orgasm. She looks almost dead, except for her breathing and bright, sweaty flush of her skin. And her still-perky nipples.

It's around ten minutes until the flush of her skin has ebbed from a bright, hot pinkness to a dull pink tinge and her breathing has returned to normal. I'd bet Emily hasn't a clue that even a minute has passed. Or that she's lying there fully bared to the camera. Even with her knees about halfway to full wideness, which is plenty to have her weeping pussy completely displayed.

"Oh, Emily, you can dress now..." I coo teasingly sweet.

Emily just lies there for a few long seconds. Then it must hit her where she is and what's happening. Her hands fly back into place, modestly covering her breasts and pussy. She curls up, trying to use her body to cover her body.

"No, Emily." I just say it firmly, not raising my voice a single decibel. "No covering your naked body. Just stand up and put your clothes on, one piece at a time, facing the camera, or sit there naked if you'd prefer."

As if that's a real question. Emily rises to her feet, very hesitantly allowing her hands to fall away and hang at her sides. The very instant she's back on her feet, she's bending over and madly snatching up her

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panties. She stands, pulling them up as she does. Her bra is on just as quickly. That does little to sate her modesty. Her jeans, and then her top are on almost as quickly, as carelessly rushed, as her underwear. Then she slows to put her belt on. I nod permission for her to sit and put her shoes and socks on.

While Emily is dressing, Sophie gets the giant cue card, turning it over to show the closing lines on the back of it. Once Emily is dressed and sitting up, Sophie holds up the cue card.

Emily sees the lines. She cringes, even though I told her before she agreed to the video what I expected. Her voice is girly, unhappy, tense, and shamefully muted as she reads her lines perfectly. "Thank you, everyone, for watching me cum like a complete slut! I hope my skankiness entertained you. If you liked watching my totally naked body cum, let me know."

Sophie pretends to turn the camera off. It's enough for Emily, her eyes still glassy and dream, her brain foggy, to believe it. Emily relaxes slightly now that she thinks the camera isn't getting it all.

"I think we could use another cup of tea, slave."

Sophie serves us both.

I give Emily a minute to get herself back together.

"Was that your first time with a girl touching you?" I ask her. I never said that she had to answer my questions. But she does, telling me yes. I ask if she is a virgin, and she tells me she's not. I ask how these orgasms, at the fingers of girl, stacked up against the orgasms boys have given her. Or that she's given herself. Reluctantly, and blushing, she confesses these were the best. A few more questions get her to admit that "Miss slave" is very skilled with her fingers, merciless, and so tender. Delicate, in a very feminine way, with a silky-soft, also very feminine, touch. It drove her mad.

I ask her why she screamed out that she was scared. She

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immediately blushes and shirks inward. It takes her a second to answer in a very muted voice, that she was scared because she'd never felt anything like it before. She'd never had two continuous orgasms. And the feelings of it were "a gad-zillion times" more intense. So intense that they hurt, but not painfully. Just the feeling of her nerves being overly sensitive to the pleasure. She didn't know how it would affect her. Or how "slutty" she'd come across as. And she still doesn't. She doesn't remember anything but the burning, pounding, sweet ache that blossomed in her pussy and the suddenly flooded her entire body.

I tell Sophie to take the card out of the camera and put it in the TV. Then I click the TV on, telling Emily I want her to see the video so she knows what's on it. I make her watch the entire thing until she's dressed. Emily fidgets, cringes, shirks, and even lets a tear run down her cheek as she watches herself climax twice.

I let her see me seal it in an envelope.

"Please... please give me that video... please let me have it..." Emily asks in a very breaking voice.

I set the envelope on the coffee table. "You can take it if you want." I can her muscles starting to tense as she wants to grab for it. "But if you don't leave it there, daddy stays right where he is! It is his bail."

Emily stops herself. "but I get it back when I bring him back, right? And you won't show it to anyone, ever?"

I have her sign over the seal on the envelope. I promise her it will sit unopened in my desk until Sunday afternoon. If she holds up her end of his bail agreement, I'll hand her the unopened, still-sealed, and signed envelope. And if she lets me down, she forfeits her bail, and I'll begin by screening her video for all my friends. While she's still in the apartment. I call that motivation.

Once we've finished our tea, and I sip my leisurely, I ask Emily if she's "ready to come and get her naughty daddy."

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It surprises her. I guess she figured that he'd just be brought out to her. But I never said either way. I only spoke of what would happen to her, what she'd have to do. I never said what she'd see. She looks very uncomfortable about it but tentatively gets to her feet.

Emily follows me to the playroom. I think she's surprised to see another woman in there teasing Ken. Or maybe it's just that Paige is dressed as any slave-whore should be: in nothing except chains. Leg irons with a long chain locked to the center of the chain joining the ankle cuffs, which rises up, its other end locked to Paige's collar. And handcuffs, which are locked to the chain with a short length of chain so she can use her hands to caress Ken.

I have Sophie fetch me a "chastity tube, size small... very very small." Then, as Paige's mouth makes it way onto Ken's balls, leaving his cock completely bared, lying rock hard along his stomach and glistening with a thin film of Paige's saliva, I point to it. "Isn't that the just the tiniest little dick you've ever seen?" I tease.

Emily giggles. It kind of surprise me, since she's been so uncomfortable so far. But it's an honest, girly giggle, that I know Ken hears. His cock jumps, and I watch a tiny drop of his cum weep from the tip of his cock and cling to its head. I guess he enjoyed the humiliation of having his barely-adult daughter giggling at the sight of cock. And it was a laughing giggle.

Sophie hands me the chastity device. It's an eight-inch long piece of clear, but heavy, plastic pipe. Its inside diameter is one inch, which is plenty wider than his cock. At the tip of it, there's a mesh-like chicken wire covering it. He can easily pee through that mesh, but it will stop him from reaching in to get at his cock.

A snap of my fingers is enough for Paige to step away. I lift his cock to stand up straight. "If you had two of these, they'd add up to man!" I tease, and Emily giggles another laugh. I lower the tube over his cock. It covers the entire shaft, leaving enough room around it that his cock will

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only lie against it; no matter how stiff and swollen it gets, it will only touch that narrow sliver at the bottom. He barely fills half the tube's length, and the clear tube shows how far his cock comes from "measuring up."

The tube has little slits in its base end, the end against his hairy pubes. Through one of those on each side, I lace a thin leather strap, bringing both ends of it under his waist, doubled over, before lacing one through the second slit and securing them with a shiny brass padlock after pulling the tight. A similar strap goes around the top of each thigh, lying in its crease and pulling slightly up against the bottom curve of a cheek. Those are locked as well. The final strap is at the very bottom of the tube. It cinches snugly around the top of his sack, pulling his scrotum snugly against the edge of the tube. On his small sack, it just barely pushes his balls down to hang in partly taut skin beneath the strap. If he had a large sack, instead of one that's proportional to his cock and holds his balls close to his body, they dangle under the strap freely.

Now that his cock is untouchable, I have Sophie release the ropes and cuffs holding him to the table. I send her to fetch his things. Then I tell Emily, "I have a rule in here, no worthless, or dick-less, naughty boy is allowed to roam free. Take him by the hand and lead him out."

Emily tries very hard not to look at, or anywhere near, his cock. She just takes his hand, her unease showing and follows me out to the living room. I suggest that she have him sit on the sofa and explain to him the rules of his bail, so there will be no confusion later. She seems to think that's a good idea and leads him to the sofa. The farthest end of it from where she just sat.

I hand her the list of rules he has to live by. I tell her to read them to him, explain whatever she thinks needs explaining, and make sure he understands them. He can accept her guardianship until his punishment or return to the table and await it there. I see a cringing shudder sweep over him as I suggest that she can return him to the table.



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"Number one." Emily begins. She stands confidently in front of her seated father, looking down on his nakedness with a cool, hard glare on her face. "I have posted an extremely high bail for you. You may never, ever, ask me anything about it, or what it is. You are so totally going to follow these rules because if you make me lose my bail, I swear, I will kill you in the slowest, most agonizing way I can possibly dream up!" Her voice is definite and stern, and I hear the bossiness I'd heard about in it. That wasn't one of my rules. Emily has added it. I don't see any reason to contradict her. She recites the rest of the rules only very slightly less firmly.

Then she asks him, "are you going to follow them?"

" Yes, Ma'am." He answers in a voice that's pure shame.

"You'd better!" she says, "now get up and put our clothes back on."

"Yes, Ma'am," Ken answers her before getting to his feet.



# Part III: Daddy's Punishment

### Part III: Daddy's Punishment

I had no plans for a Sunday "tea" with my friends, even though I told Ken and Emily I did. It took me all of twenty minutes, and a few phone calls to make plans for one. I invited my BFFs, Izzy and Ellie, telling both to bring a guest. But I warn Ellie that some girl she "hangs" with, who doesn't know me, is gossiping down a chain that reaches to Emily. She assures me it won't be an issue. I'd have invited BFF #2, Reagan, but she followed her boyfriend to a college only slightly less reputable than the "Mail Order University of Somalia." It's called Florida State University. I don't know anything about it, but my Gator fan slave-girl Sophie knows all about it. Okay, it sounds like there some intrastate rivalry going on there. I'll accept Sophie's version. It's also about three hours away, which means Reagan doesn't get back to Alabama nearly as often as we want her to! That's reason enough in my book. Then I invite my friend Andrea and her guest, whomever she wishes to bring.

None of my friends would lightly pass up the chance for a meal here. Even lunch, the lightest meal of my repertoire. I'm too good of a chef, and I've taught Sophie everything she knows. She's almost as good as I am by now. Thus all three quickly agree to come over. And none mind that I have a little show planned for their amusement after lunch.

My guests arrive around eleven. We begin with a private screening of Emily's bail video. For a teenager, Emily is surprisingly tech-un-savvy. She didn't even think to consider that my video camera has WiFi built-in! All the good cameras do. Or that my laptop was recording a second copy of her little show, which is automatically stored on a server in Moscow. Oh well, what she'll never know won't hurt me. This copy will be only for my private collection unless Emily forfeits her bail.

Izzy brings a girl friend named Tiana, whom I've met a number of times before. She's a student at USA with us. While I don't know her well enough to consider her a friend, I do know that she's a member of a sorority known for "anything-goes party girls." Ellie brings a guy I don't know. He's around 20, decent look, except that he's slightly scruffy and hippie looking. Then again, Ellie is pretty much half a hippie herself, so

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they should get along well. Andrea brings another flight attendant. A male one who looks to be in his mid to late twenties, as is Andrea. He also looks very effeminate and sounds it. I'd guess he's gay, and certainly the feminine half of any couple. I have no clue why anyone picked the "plus-one" they did. But I know Izzy likes to tease other girls with a trip here, Ellie likes to see how guys she likes handle it, and Andrea tends to bring either those she's considering as toys or those she's close friends with. I'd guess these companions all fit that bill.

I being by telling them what the after-lunch entertainment will be. "A middle-aged male accountant, completely spineless and just about as dick-less, who disobeyed my wishes will be coming for his punishment. His punishment will be a good spanking. After which he will be placed on the table where skanky whore will see that he doesn't lose interest. If he behaves he *may* be allowed relief."

"He misbehaved Thursday night. Friday evening I was going to punish him, however decided that he could wait for it. I allowed his 18-year-old daughter to bail him out of the dungeon until time for his punishment. She will deliver him promptly at one. As bail, she made and left with me this very cute video. If she follows all of the conditions of his bail agreement, she gets the video. If she disappoints me, I keep it and might just post it free online.

"And now, for my special friends and guests, we will screen the little slut's collateral." My TV is a 60-inch smart TV. It has built-in WiFi. A few clicks on my laptop, and the video clip, edited only to start when Emily starts, appears on the screen.

The clip is almost half an hour-long, even though less than four minutes of it is Emily's diddling orgasms. I have Sophie serve coffee while it's playing. Everyone watches intently. Especially Ellie's male guest. Men. I see a huge smirk on Andrea's face. I know she loves the shyness Emily shows, and how fully I stripped away her modesty and dignity. I like how submissively she allowed me to.

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Then Sophie serves a leisurely lunch. It brings up to around twenty minutes to one. We retire back to the living room, Sophie serving tea, and chat away as we wait for Emily to bring Ken back.

I do find out that Andrea's guest is "mostly gay," as he describes himself. Seeing that no one here really minds that, he willingly elaborates that he likes it when a strong, "beefy" man "nudges" him to go down on him. However he thinks girls are pretty as well, and if the right woman, meaning one who was physically strong and somewhat masculine in her ways, would "nudge" him to go down on her, he would so love that as well. He's been after Andrea for ideas of what he might do with his long-time boyfriend to spice it up a little. Andrea, knowing the amusement would be male, invited him to "see if likes something." Emphasis on see. I welcome him and tell him that I'm bi myself. I'd have no trouble "nudging" a "properly equipped" male, or a female, to her knees to service my pleasure. Sophie grins very wide, I'm sure thinking of the countless times I've nudged her to her knees. I just think "nudge" might have a different meaning here than to him.

The knock at my door comes ten minutes early. Emily not taking any chances of being tardy, and thus forfeiting her bail video. I didn't tell her that she had to be precise. I'm sure her father did, but I'm just as sure Emily isn't listening to anything he says now. She's too worried about that video being seen. Sophie answers the door.

"Oh, there you are!" I say as Sophie leads the pair into the living room. Emily leads Ken along by his hand. Yep, this girl isn't going to chance anything. I didn't think she would. Especially now that I've seen the seven emails she sent me, telling me everything Ken was doing, over the course of about 40 hours. Or should I say 24 hours, once the 16 he was asleep are taken out? That's about one every three waking hours. She is so not taking a chance.

"Here he is," Emily says firmly. She glances nervously around the room, seeing that my guests are both male and female. Counting every

## Daddy's Dungeon Bail

life form, there are now ten humans and one Supreme Goddess (Lilly the foster dog) in the room, all of who will see her video if screen it. And none of whom hint that I have already screened it for them. I notice Ellie's friend's eyes taking Emily in rather eagerly, but Emily doesn't notice him. Just all of those eyes on her, however, is enough to get her fidgeting slightly. Her voice turns edgy and anxious as she coyly asks, "can I have it now?"

"No," I tell her. Emily trembles, her eyes almost popping out of her head. "You may have it after I am done with this naughty dick-less boy. You still have two things to do. That's not how you got him. And you have to hand him over to me *exactly* as he was when I gave him to you. That means completely, utterly naked. Second, you did agree to witness the execution of his punishment. Do both of those, and your collateral is yours."

Emily relaxes a little as she realizes that she just might get it back. I pretty much came out and told her that she's done acceptably so far. She turns quickly to Ken. He's six feet tall, so she's looking up at him, her eyes about even with his neck. "Dad, strip, now." Emily snaps rather firmly. Her tone leaves no doubt that she's demanding it.

"Yes, Miss Porter," he politely answers her in shamed voice. He starts taking his clothes off. When Emily doesn't hold out a hand for them, he makes a very neat pile on the end of the coffee table in front of him. He's wearing a Polo shirt and jeans, with sneakers. It doesn't take him long to get most of it off, baring his body to all of these eyes.

He hesitates for a fraction of a second when it's time for his boxers to come off. With them up, the hard tube pokes out a defined bulging outline, making him look well-endowed. He pulls his loose-fitting boxers down, and immediately his cock juts to stick straight out, proudly showing off the clear tube locked over it. And embarrassingly showing of how little of the tube his stiff cock fills. He stands with his hands behind his back, obeying my house rule.

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I reach into my pocket and get out the tiny key. It's on a little keyring with a small rubber fob maybe four inches long. The fob is shaped like a hot pink phallus. I hand the key to Sophie and she takes it to Emily. Emily gets the hint and takes the locks off. She pulls the straps out enough that they hang free, and slides the tube off of his cock. His cock still sticks out at us. Emily gives the tube and key to Sophie who puts them on the table.

To one degree or another, all of my guests laugh. Ellie's friend mutters "poor guy..." and Izzy coyly asks her friend (Krystal) "how does he ever get laid with *that*?" Laughing, Krystal answers "definitely not by me!" Ken stands there demurely, blushing a deep beet red as we all honestly laugh at his cock.

I hold up a pair of latex gloves, showing them to Emily. "I never trust naughty *little* boys, especially when they're here to be punished for sneaking around to play with their little pee-pee. Would you care to check him yourself and be certain that this boy has *nothing anywhere* or would prefer to gamble your collateral on his being naked when I check his disobedient little butt?"

Emily stares at me for a split second. It's plenty for her to see the no-nonsense look on my face and know I'm serious. If I find anything, I'll keep her video. As I'd hoped it would do, it motivates Emily to very quickly agree "I'll do it." Then, as Sophie brings her the latex gloves, Emily reluctantly asks "what do I have to do?"

As Emily is pulling on the gloves, I tell her that she has to "look at every single cell of skin she can possibly make a way to see, as well as run her hand or at least a finger over it. "And if I were you, I'd look, and feel, very diligently, lest you miss some tiny thing..."

Emily looks very uncomfortable, and just as unhappy about it. But she does it. I tell Sophie to "help" Emily, so Sophie stands beside Emily and tells her what to do.

The rest of us stand back and watch as Sophie has Emily start at the



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soles of his feet, running her gloved hands over them and looking at them, one by one, her eyes a scant six inches from his skin. Sophie lets her move up his body steadily and suggests that she save the "more intimate" places for last. When Emily gets to the very top of his head, running her fingers through his gray-brown short hair, Sophie finally tells her "here, use this light and peek behind his ears. Boys are just so untrustworthy!" Then it's peeking in his ears. Up his nose. In his mouth, under his tongue, between his cheeks and gums, just everywhere.

Sophie suggests Emily kneel in front of Ken, to get a better view. She has Emily run her gloved hands over the entire length of his stiff shaft, which makes his shaft jerk hard as eager twitches shoot through it, and then over his balls. Finally, Sophie tells her to very gently pinch the head of his cock to make it's "little hole" open up and look there - using the light - too. Emily looks, but I doubt she sees anything. My guests watch intently, more seeing how uncomfortable this is making Ken than anything.

At Sophie's suggestion, Emily has Ken turn around, spread his feet wide, and bend over to brace his hands on his knees. It puts Ken's backside to us, the audience for this strip search that's far more thorough than any jail's. It also puts his butt a few short inches in front of Emily's eyes. Sophie tells Emily to use one hand to "push those ugly, hair cheeks as wide apart as she can manage so that his filthy asshole can really be seen." While I can see Emily cringing hard, as I'm sure the others can, she obediently follows Sophie's advice.

She pushes his cheeks wide, first baring his penny-sized dark purple ring in all its wrinkly glory. As she spreads them wider, it pulls the wrinkly flesh, partly folded over on itself, fairly taut, stretching out most of the wrinkles and showing us that he's too hairy here too. His butt hair runs almost all the way up to his ring. She holds those cheeks wide, his asshole stretched tautly, but not open, the little dark funnel of it maybe six inches from her eyes.

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Sophie tells Emily to run her fingers over everything she can now see, making sure there's nothing there. Emily does it, quicker than she's done anything so far. Done, Emily glances up, expecting Sophie to tell her she's done now. There's none of Ken left for her to look at. Instead, she sees Sophie tearing the corner off a single-use packet of lubricating gel.

Emily cringes so hard we all see it. Sophie tells Emily to give her a finger. Emily very hesitantly, and more slowly, brings up her free hand, her fingers generally toward Sophie. Sophie casually squirts a dollop of lubricating gel atop Emily's first finger. "Now just put the tip of that greasy finger right against the center of that dark little tight hole... aim it for his navel...now just push all of that finger in there. All the way until you can't get any more into that filthy little hole."

Emily pushes gently. I can see the ring of muscle there push in a little, but not give. Her face shrivels up tight as her eyes avert. She pushes harder. Unskilled at this, almost certainly never having to do it before, she pushes a little too hard. Her finger shoves through his ring, stretching it as it slips into the ring.

Ken grunts hard, letting us all know that Emily isn't doing this nicely or comfortably for him. I can see she's doing it clumsily, but so what? It's her first time! As he grunts, I see his cock twitch so hard that it snaps up and slaps against his stomach. It returns to its place, hanging down between his spread thighs, but still twitches.

I signal Sophie to draw it out. Emily sees nothing, trying hard not to. Sophie tells Emily to "use her finger to feel around up that dirty butt," and to "make sure your finger glides over just everything it can reach up there." I watch Emily closely. I can see the tendons on the back of her hand showing me that her finger is moving.

Ken grunts again at the first tiny movement. And his cock jumps again. He purrs a drawn-out, groaning "UH!" as Emily's finger feels around. "Go slow! You don't want my Mistress to find anything you miss up there!" Sophie warns Emily. It makes Emily slow down. Ken

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grunts with a tiny bit more strain to it as Emily more diligently pokes around up his sensitive butt. His cock twitches sharper with every passing second, too. After about fifteen seconds I see that Emily's finger stops moving.

"Emily, do you feel anything inside his filthy bottom?" I ask her teasingly nicely.

"Just a giant turd I really want to get my finger out!" Emily answers, blurting her words out as pleadingly as they are hopeful and disgusted. I tell her she can take it out now. She yanks it out as fast as she can, which gets another grunt, and about half a dozen good cock twitches, from Ken. She hurries to pull the gloves off, unhappily moaning "EW! Gross!" as she does.

I have Ken stand back up and turn around. As he faces us, his cock still has stopped twitching eagerly, although its twitches have ebbed almost fully. Emily hops up to her feet, turns her back to Ken, and pleadingly asks me, "Are you going to check him now? No way are you going to find anything!"

I grin. "Nope... I'm confident you would have found anything that naughty boy was trying to hide."

"Duh." Emily groans out, "you made me check places I'd bet no one has ever seen before in his life!"

A few of my guests giggle lightly at Emily's comment. It's hard not to. "Nah, " I add teasingly, "I've seen it all. Slave has, too." Emily misses it at first, but a half-second later she cringes as it dawns on her that I'm telling her I've done all of that to her father. And he keeps coming back for more of it. Noting how Emily feels about anal violation, I decide right then that if I ever get another chance at Emily, I am so going to poke up her bottom. I half think about making myself a chance, but decide that wouldn't be fair.

With a wink from Ellie, Ellie says, "Emily, I'm Ellie, I hear we have

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some friends in common. Come join us?" She shoves her companion over, making room on the sofa next to her for Emily. Emily, thankful to get off center stage, takes the seat beside Ellie. "She mentioned it to me," Ellie asks once Emily has taken the seat, shying as far from Ellie's friend as possible, which puts about an inch between them. "Someone is dating someone's sister or something?"

"Oh, like, yeah!" Emily eagerly blurts out, "My BFF, Livvy is dating Kyle. Kyle's sister, Amanda, is BFFs with Roxanne! I've heard so much about you! It's like I know you already!"

"I know Rox pretty well, and I've met briefly Amanda a few times. I haven't met Kyle yet, though. Rox, however, is a total sweetheart!" I've met Roxanne, maybe twice. She's a hippie, even by 1960's standards. But she is really nice. And I'm pretty sure bisexual.

I just snap my fingers and hold my hand out. "Paddle." Sophie hurries off. She's back in less than half a minute, gently putting the handle of my preferred paddle in my hand. It's 18" long, 4" wide, and a mere ¼" thick. It's made of two layers of soft rubber with a thin sheet of spring steel sandwiched between them to give it a rigid shape and firmness. The handle is wooden so I can get a good grip on it.

I look up at Ken and grin. "Okay, naughty little boy, bring that bottom over here so all these actual people can watch you get spanked like a miscreant toddler.

Ken comes over, his steps slightly hesitant. His eyes anxiously dart around the room, checking out my guests. All of whom glare at him, most with scorn and amusement in their eyes. Especially Andrea's friend, the gay man, who has the most disdain on his face. I see Ken cringe when he sees the gay man looking down on him as if Ken is much less of a man. And clearly, he's no more taken by Ken's little dick than any of the girls are.

I bring Ken over to my right side, then push him down by the shoulders to his knees. With a good grip on his shoulder, I pull him

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forward quickly, pushing him down at the same time, until his chest and stomach are lying across my knees. As it always does, bending his waist close against my thigh has the added effect of trapping his stiff cock atop my thigh, his pubes pinning it in place.

I wait for half a second. Ken squirms himself into a position where all his weight is on my legs, then stills himself and picks his head up. I lie the blade of the paddle very softly against his cheeks. It has him facing my long sofa where Andrea, Izzy, and their companions are seated, his eyes almost directly at Andrea's friend. I couldn't have planned the seating better if wanted to! He obediently turns his head to look mostly towards Emily. "Miss Porter, I am sorry for being a bad boy. Thank you for taking care of me while I was waiting for my punishment, Ma'am. Will you please watch Miss Rodgers spanked me really well for being so bad, Miss Porter? Please, Miss Porter, I want you to see me spanked like a bad little boy." He tells her obediently before turning his head straight.

"You're ten swats from getting you collateral back, girl." I remind Emily, "all you have to do is see what a spineless worm this dick-less eunuch that claims to have somehow sired you really is." I hold the paddle still across his bottom, making him feel it and think about the sharp sting he's about to suffer. "I hate to insult a woman I don't know, but I can see why your mother left him. There's no way that little thing could satisfy his hand, let alone a pussy. I just can't figure out how he ever sired you! I can't believe she let him touch her with that thing. I wouldn't. Would you?"

Emily shirks slightly, which backs her up against Ellie, which makes her shirk inward a little more. "uh... no, I guess not..."

"Oh, I get it, girl! You want your man to be an actual male, not a eunuch with a little finger!" It gets a good laugh from everyone except for the cringing Emily.

I bring the paddle up high. I snap it down, it's blade cracking loudly and sharply against his hairy cheeks. His cheeks show their age.

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They're a little bit loose, with a trace of flab to them. They look like he's spent a lifetime sitting on them instead of exercising those muscles! Which he probably has. The looseness, the slight flatness to their tops, just makes the crack ring out that much louder.

Ken cries out a squeaky "YE-OW!, OW! OW! OW!" and pants a couple of fast, strained breaths. I feel his hips jerk forward, going nowhere, against my thigh as the strike lands. "One, Ma'am." Ken counts, his voice betraying the strain he feels. "Thank you for spanking me like the naughty little boy I've been acting like Ma'am."

As I lift the paddle off his cheek it glows with a wide pink stripe across the tops of his furry globes. I raise it up just as far and snap it back down. This time Ken screeches out his yelp. He tenses hard again, and I feel his hips snap against my thigh. I also feel his snapping hips as they grind his trapped cock between my thigh and his bushy pubes. I feel it twitching crisply against me, even through my jeans, but not moving. His weight has it to snugly pinned in place. It takes him several seconds to stop himself from crying out and count the stroke. And it's only his second. But it leaves his butt nicely pinkened.

The third gets a screamed yelp from him. And a hard cringing shirk back from Emily. I can see she wants to avert her eyes, to not have to see her father spanked like a little toddler. But I also see the determined look on her face, a look that convinces me no matter Ken suffers, her eyes aren't turning away. Not now, not after all she's done to get that video back.

The fourth makes Ken stiffen up so hard that his back jumps just slightly. He screams again, now falling into a sob as he counts his stroke.

The fifth is the one that does him in. As soon as his scream fades, he falls into a bawling cry. Then he counts out the stroke. As I raise the paddle I can see that his bottom is a bright, angry pink, but barely red yet! What a sissy, I think to myself. Girls take it much better than he is. I hesitate just a second and ask him, "aw, does your naughty bottom hurt?"

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in my most sugary-taunting voice.

He answers "Yes, Ma'am," through his bawling sobs. Just as he makes it to the last syllable, I snap the paddle again. It surprises him, and he screams out a very high-pitched girly shriek. And now, his bottom a mere light red, he cries like a baby girl. Through his sniffing, squeaky-bawling cries I can barely hear him count the stroke. But I do hear Ellie's friend mumble, "what a pussy, take it like a man!" I just hope Ken heard it. The shudder that runs through Emily tells me she did. The boy turns to Emily and says, "Sorry, that wasn't nice of me."

I swat him again, not easing back on my strokes even a tiny bit. Now he screams a shrieking girly-high cry between bawling sobs. When he counts his seventh stroke off, he blurts out his words pleadingly, more sobbing them than saying them.

It gets him exactly what he deserves. His eighth stroke. As he counts it off, I hear Andrea's friend softly saying to her "what a sissy! He's even all snotty like he's two!" I now really hope that Ken heard the effeminate homosexual man call him a sissy. That has to be humiliating.

He takes his final two strokes just as shamefully. When I'm finished, his bottom glows a bright, but not a deep, shade of red. A shade that I know will fade before he goes to bed tonight and leave not a hint of a bruise. I hear Emily sigh out with relief as I push Ken off my knees and onto his beside me. I hand the paddle back to Sophie so she can put it away.

"You filthy little boy!" I scold him sternly, in prim matron voice. He shirks back from my voice. "Just what kind of perversion has gotten into you! You got your little wee-wee so hard while you were spanked! That's so disgusting of you! Obviously, you haven't learned that your teensy little wee-wee needs to behave, too. Go apologize to everyone for what you did and thank them for watching your spanking. I'd apologize for acting like a girl, too. Then I'll take you to the training room and we'll teach your little wee-wee how to behave! Go one, little Kennie."

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Ken gets to his feet. I'm pointing to Emily, so he goes there to start. He kneels in front of her, his legs spread fully to leave his cock jutting out into thin air, pointing up straight and stiff at Emily. He looks her in the eyes. "Miss Porter, I am sorry for being a filthy little boy and playing my tiny pee-pee. I know it's wrong for little boys to do dirty things like that, Ma'am. Thank you for coming over to see me get the spanking I deserved for my disgusting sin, Ma'am. I'm sorry for crying and acting like a two-year-old girl for my spanking, Ma'am. I know I should act like a boy, Ma'am. Will you please forgive me, Ma'am?"

"Fine, whatever," Emily says with plenty of distaste in her voice. I doubt Ken recognizes that her distaste is for having to be a part of this, not for what he did. He thanks her again for forgiving him and moves over to Ellie. He doesn't know Ellie's name. I didn't bother to introduce him to any of my friends. So he simply uses a polite "Ma'am" to address her.

I see his cock snap with a hard twitch as he apologizes to Emily. Then another couple of twitches, albeit not as crisp of twitches, as he apologizes to Andrea's overtly-gay companion who stares down contemptuously the entire time. I even make him apologize to Sophie. Then I go around the room and ask everyone if they thought his apology was sincere and humble enough as if he's truly repentant of his "sinful filthy ways." Everyone says they are.

I stand. "Now we'll teach your disgusting little wee-wee to behave itself!" I reach over to his pubes, cupping my hand over his tight scrotum and gently, but firmly, gripping his balls in my hand. "Come." I don't wait. As I start heading back for the playroom, Ken follows his balls. Which I used for a leash.

Five minutes later I have again tied to the table, just as he was Friday evening. Sophie lets Paige out of her kennel, and I send her to tease Ken until his "little wee-wee learns to be good." I leave him with Paige teasing him and return to my guests in the living room.

Once I'm back in my seat and Sophie has freshened up everyone's



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tea, A snap of my fingers is all it takes to cue Sophie. She goes to my desk and gets the envelope with Emily's video in it. She carries it over to Emily, kneels down, and offers it out politely. "Miss Porter, here is your collateral, Ma'am. My Mistress is very pleased with your attentive guardianship of that filthy worm, Ma'am."

Emily all but snatches the envelope off of Sophie's hands. She runs her hands over it, feeling that the card is still inside it. She takes a few seconds to check the seal, seeing that it hasn't been opened. She folds it up and stuffs it in the front pocket of her jeans. Then she breathes a sigh of relief. "Am I done now?"

"You can be." I tell her softly, "or you can hang out and have tea with us."

Emily can't resist the offer. She instantly falls into her gossip-girl bimbo persona and very eagerly joins the conversation. She happily pumps Ellie for every morsel she can. By listening to them, I learn that her companion doesn't hang out in a lot of the hippie places Ellie does. He doesn't know Roxanne, and thus no one who knows Emily. Ellie chose her companion well. I only wonder if Emily is going to end up telling on herself. I know Ellie won't give anything away. She'll probably mention the afternoon, but without names or anything else that would hint at who is on my table. Emily, however, might well boast of this afternoon to Roxanne, who I'll assume is smart enough to put Emily's story together with Ellie's and figure it out. Or maybe Emily is smarter than she looks. Izzy asks her what the collateral in the envelope is, but Emily steadfastly refuses to answer that one. I see the impish smirk on Izzy's face, telling me Izzy (and probably everyone else) knows what's in there. Emily just doesn't have a clue they've all seen her rather enthusiastic orgasms, and our little chat afterward.

We chat for close to an hour. After two minutes with Paige, Ken is moaning loudly and sweetly, but also even more pleadingly urgent. His moaning doesn't seem to distract anyone from a nice conversation,

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though. Certainly not me, I can ignore it easily. Emily seems to as well, or at least she's so enthralled with the conversation that she doesn't care even a bit if her father is suffering in the next room while she chats.

Finally, I sigh and suggest "I guess we ought to take care of that whiny boy now..." In my bubbly happy voice, I add "Hey, why don't you all come along! Dick-less won't mind!" I'm on my feet in a snap. Andrea is up just as fast. Izzy just rolls her eyes before gets up, her companion following her. Then Ellie and her friend are up. No way is Emily allowing herself to be left out. She's up with our herd, and soon everyone is following me back to the playroom.

Paige is in the same place, wearing her chains and nothing but. Then again, I have the only key to Paige's chains, so wearing them isn't much of a choice for her. She very eagerly licks and nibbles Ken's cock.

Ellie's companion immediately notices Paige. His eyes spend several seconds roaming over her youthful, lean, and curvy body, taking all of her in and clearly appreciating it. He manages to survive about ten seconds of that before I see Ellie's elbow tap his stomach and we all hear him grunt. Looks like he's in trouble! I'll bet Ellie is going to give him hell for ogling my skanky whore.

Emily takes a place up near Ken's shoulders. She stands there but pays him no attention. Instead, she's focused on us.

I move up to Ken's head and reach down. I lightly stroke his cheek as I ask him in my sweetest and most taunting voice, "has my naughty little boy learned that he has to behave with his little wee-wee?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Ken shrieks, his voice high-pitched, girly, and desperate. He lies, squirming powerfully against the ropes and rattling the chains on his cuffs. His mouth hangs open as he pants his long moans.

"Does my little boy want to cum like a big boy?"

"Yes, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am!" Ken shrieks out.

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"I'll bet you'd really like it if one of these ladies here was super nice to you and took care of that for you, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am! Oh, Please, Ma'am!" Ken shrieks very hopefully and eagerly. I'm sure he expected to get his relief by masturbating. That's almost always how he gets his release here. I'd never touch him, not like that! Nor would I allow Sophie to, not that she'd have any interest in doing so. Even though she's strongly attracted to men. I would tell Paige to do it. She's my whore, and that's what whores are for! But Ken's not worthy of even the sweet attentions of a skanky whore - like Paige. Unless he's dumber than my goldfish, he should know that my friends know what a man is built like, and it's not like his little thing. They wouldn't want it either. And apparently, even his barely-18-year-old daughter prefers better (or at least adequately) endowed men. Thus, he should know that his only options are his hand and the hole in my wall.

"It's just been so long since a female actually touched that tiny dick for you, hasn't it? Go on, little boy, tell my friends who last touched it and when."

"Yes, Ma'am. It's been almost three years, Ma'am. My ex-wife, Tammy, was the last girl to touch my little pee-pee, Ma'am." Ken's shame is long gone. Out the window. Replaced by his desire to please me and thus earn the release his cock is killing him to afford it.

"Did she touch it a lot for you?"

"No, Ma'am! She'd only do that for me if I was extra special good for her, Ma'am!"

"Did she use her hand?"

"Sometimes, Ma'am, but not much."

"Did she use her mouth?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Did she let you use her pretty pussy?"

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"Yes, Ma'am, if I was very good."

"Did she let you touch her bottom?"

"Oh, no, Ma'am! She'd never let me near that, Ma'am."

"Did she let you use your hand?"

"Yes, Ma'am, but only when I was a good little boy, asked, and she watched me to make sure I behaved myself, Ma'am."

"Has a girl ever sucked that cock?"

"No, Ma'am... Miss Tammy would never put something so filthy as my little pee-pee in her mouth, Ma'am."

I stroke his face a little more, tenderly. I already knew all of that. I'd long ago made him tell me all about what he's done before. So I knew that "Miss Tammy," mom to Emily, wasn't much of a Domme. She was more of a control freak, and she quickly figured out that sex was the perfect stick to control Ken. So she used it, playing along with his hidden fantasies to get her way. But she never did much else, such as spanking him. She just allowed him sex when he did what she wanted him to, and denied him when he didn't. It worked. Ken wanted, craved more, but never dared to say anything for fear of losing what he had. I only make him tell everyone now because Emily is here and I want her to hear it. I want her to know her father. Especially the little part he's trying so hard to hide from the whole world, most especially from her. It doesn't hurt that my guests get to hear it, too.

I go around the room, starting with Andrea, and ask her if she would like to "help Ken with his little problem." As I knew Andrea would, she laughs hard and long before firmly saying "I only touch men. Men have dicks. That stub doesn't come close to measuring up." then she laughs again. Next Izzy, and then Izzy's friend Krystal less insultingly say the same thing: not me. I ask Ellie's friend next he very politely tells me "sorry, I don't swing that way." I ask Andrea's friend next. He giggles and says "Sorry, I prefer my men manly." I so hope Ken heard the

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slightly-flamboyant man call his cock less than manly. Ellie declines as well. And there I stop. Sophie and Paige don't get asked. Both are my property. Both will eagerly do it if I tell them to, or not if I don't tell them to. They're good girls. I don't ask Emily either. I don't see any reason to put her on the spot.

"Well, I guess that's it. No one wants to touch you. I didn't ask your hand, but I'm sure it doesn't want to touch that tiny dick either. And I know my wall doesn't want it anywhere near the hole in it!" That gets a little chuckle from the crowd. A deep blush from Ken. And a slight blush from Emily, which I attribute to her seeing the obvious shame and humiliation on her father's face.

"Do you like that skanky whore's mouth?"

"Oh, Yes! Ma'am! Her mouth is wonderful, Ma'am!" Ken shrieks out, his enthusiasm back full force as he thinks, or at least prays, that he might finally get a blow job and a very slutty-good one at that.

"Do you think it's skanky pussy might be good, too?"

"Oh, Yes! Ma'am! I'll bet it's the best pussy I'll ever get, Ma'am!"

"How about her hand? Would you like to feel her soft hand loving stroke that tiny thing?"

"Yes, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am!" Ken is just as eager for her hand as anything else. He's just eager for the very rare treat of having it done for him, something that hasn't happened for him since his ex-wife ran off.

I laugh. "Nah, I don't think I want to dirty up my skanky whore by letting it touch a filthy little boy who can't stop abusing his little wee-wee." I get a laugh from Andrea, too. Her laugh is contagious and gets a few of the others laughing as well.

Ken lies there, humiliated and resigned, waiting to hear whether I'm going to allow him to masturbate in front of all these strangers, or if I'm going to send him away unsatisfied, as he deserves to be, and force

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him to all but run home, hide in his bedroom, and finish it himself. Which would get him in more trouble. And thus further humiliate him, further arousing him, putting him right back where he is now.

"You really want a blow job, don't you?"

"YES!" Ken shrieks out, "Please, Ma'am, may I please have such a great treat, Ma'am?" That unwarranted hopefulness returns to his girly shrieks.

"Certainly not from my whore! And don't even think about a higher life form, such as my slave-girl." I taunt him. I wait a few seconds and decide I've teased the idea enough. It's time to find out. "The only one who hasn't laughed at your disgusting little wee-wee is Miss Porter. If you want someone to make that tiny thing cum for you, I'd suggest you beg her rather well."

Ken blushes even deeper. He stiffens and turns his eyes away from Emily. He lies there, and it kind of looks like his blush is deepening.

Emily shirks. She steps back, glaring hard at me, her jaw hanging open in surprise. Slowly, she shakes her head no. But with his eyes turned away Ken doesn't see that. "Oh, you don't have to." I happily tell Emily. "I could care less if this dick-less filthy boy has to suffer or not. He knows he's not allowed to play with his wee-wee, so if he doesn't get it taken care of here, then he'll suffer. I won't!"

I stroke the slightly loose flesh of Ken's chest with the tip of my crop. "I guess you don't want to have a girl do it for you... you'd rather suffer a few more--"

"Miss Porter!" Ken shrieks out as his cock begins sliding into Paige's mouth for the most teasing stroke of the repertoire. His cry cuts me off. "Please, Miss Porter, will you please touch me--"

I snap the crop up with a powerful stroke, landing it square across his freshly spanked bottom. It's the whole reason I had my frat boys build this table so that whoever is on it lies with nothing supporting his or her

bottom. To leave their bottom bare and fully accessible. For my whip, of course. Bottoms need frequent whippings.

"Bad boy!" I scold him. I see a look of puzzlement replace the look of revulsion that had been on Emily's face. "I said beg like the bitch you are, you sinful, filthy little boy!" I snap the whip up again, just as strongly. Ken screams. Paige keeps right on going, the straps holding Ken still for her – and holding his bottom still for my whip. "I've taught you better than that. If you want something here, you beg like the shameless bitch we both know you are. Go on, if you want relief, stop pretending you have even the tiniest shred of decency or shame, and *beg, bitch!*"

"Miss Porter," Ken cries out with utter desperation in his voice. "Please, Miss Porter, my teensy tiny little pee-pee hurts so bad right now, Ma'am. I can't stand the ache! Please, Miss Porter, I was such a good boy for you, wasn't I? Please! Will you please help me, Miss Porter? Will you please make me disgusting little pee-pee cum for me, Ma'am? Please! I've never had a blow job, Miss Porter. She's the only one to even kiss my filthy little thing, Miss Porter. I've wanted a blow job all my life, Miss Porter, but I know I'm never going to get one! No woman is ever going to do something so generous for me, especially not after she sees how tiny my thingy is, Ma'am. Please, Miss Porter, please? I don't care how you do it. Anything, Miss Porter. I know you don't want to suck my disgusting wee-wee, Miss Porter. I know it's so filthy you don't even want to touch it, Ma'am. Please, will you please make it cum so it will stop pounding so badly with its ache? I can't stand it! However you can touch it without puking from its filth is fine with me, just please, Miss Porter, please, will you please stop it from hurting me so badly, Ma'am?"

Emily glares at him, a mask of pure revulsion on her face. She says nothing, not ye or no, for a very tense moment. Tense because everyone is waiting to hear what she'll say. Will they get to see that show? Or will Ken have to be satisfied with the hole in my wall?

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I put my hand tenderly on Emily's shoulder and give it a little squeeze. "You so don't have to." I tell her softly and nicely, "you don't even have to be here. You can go anytime you want to. We'll see that he gets what he's got coming, then send him home."

Emily stands there another long moment, still silent. Ken squirms and squeals desperate pleading moans. Emily asks me, in a very hushed voice, "he's really suffering, isn't he?" A single tear runs down Emily's cheek.

"In girl-terms, it would be like hanging right on the edge of a second, or even a third, climax and not being able to go over that cliff." I don't point out that's she's recently danced on the edge of that cliff, where she lasted about two seconds before plunging over it. I'm sure she remembers the agonizing ache right as she swelled to explode for that orgasm. I just don't remind her of that, letting her think that others don't know anything about it.

"It's... you're not recording this... or anything, are you?"

"I haven't brought in my camera." I evade, but Emily doesn't realize that I'm evading. It's true I'm not making a special 4K ultra high definition recording of it, as I did her solo show. But there are cameras in my apartment. Concealed security cameras that record every nook and crevasse of my apartment. Including one in the ceiling almost right above Ken. I didn't say I wasn't recording it. Besides, Emily should have read those model releases she signed. The second one told her there were cameras everywhere and they film everything, and I own all of their recordings, and no matter is done with them, she can't sue me. My lawyer wrote that one. I wouldn't put it online or anything, I really don't want to humiliate Emily publicly, and I never blackmail anyone, so she's safe. I only use them to entertain my close friends, in some cases, where the toy desires it - openly or not - I put them on a paysite, and I use them to ensure no one ever sues me for anything that happens in here. Or worse, tries to lie and claim something happened that didn't. They're good for



keeping tabs on skanky whores, too.

"What do I... how would I... she's there..." Emily very quietly whispers.

Just as privately I tell her, "do whatever you want to do for him. That whore will get out of your way. It knows its place."

Emily stands there. She watches Paige take another teasing suck on his cock. It's good enough of a tease that it makes Ken shudder hard and screech another girly moan that's louder and more desperate. As Paige's lips leave his cock, it twitches a couple of times against her lips.

"You so owe me for this, dad," Emily says quietly, her voice disgusted, yet very firm. It tells me that Ken's true suffering hasn't begun yet. Emily is going to make him pay dearly. Very dearly. I suspect whatever house rules he has just vanished. And his credit cards just took a nice big hit – the kind of hit that will take him years to pay to pay off and leave Emily with a very complete new, and fashionable wardrobe.

Emily moves very slowly. Tentatively, reluctantly, she puts her hand flat on his pubes, lying it atop his bushy fur. She hesitantly closes her hand, wrapping her thumb and first finger around the fairly narrow shaft of his cock. She stands there, holding the base of his cock in her hand.

Ken's cock twitches the instant Emily's definitely feminine hand touches it with her silkiness. It keeps twitching.

Paige ignores Emily's hand. She simply adjusts her teases to keep her mouth above Emily's hand.

Emily moves slowly, stroking her hand tenderly up his shaft. As soon as her hand starts moving, Ken's hips snap up powerfully, moving every bit of the ¼" the straps allow them to. His cock snaps against her hand. Paige backs away. Ken screams the most hungry, most eager, most excited girly-high moan yet.

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"The hell with it..." Emily mumbles under her breath. She turns to Ellie and stares hard into her eyes. "Roxanne had better never hear a word of this!" Then she turns and looks down into Ken's pitiful eyes. "You so totally owe me, dad."

"Yes, Miss Porter!" Ken screeches desperately. His urgent, pleading cry tells me he's dying to beg her more, to beg her to just stroke his cock a few more times, but that he knows better. "Anything you want, Ma'am! Anything, Ma'am!" I have to stop myself from laughing. It always amuses me how men will agree to anything, and forget every bit of decency and morality they used to have, the instant the little head starts doing the talking.

Emily leans over, slowly putting her head down towards his stiff, twitching cock. She stretches her mouth wide, but not the full-wide open I demand of my girls. It's plenty wider than needed for Ken, though. She takes the head of his cock into her mouth and gently closes her lips around it. She starts lowering her head a little more, taking his cock into her mouth.

Ken screams a very sweet and equally sweetly-agonized cry. Endless crisp shudders rack through his bound body as he lies immobile, his cock now fully at Emily's mercy. His hips snap hard, impulsively thrusting up to shove his cock into Emily's mouth. The straps keep those hips still, doing nothing more than making loud cracking noises as they test the straps. Straps that have never failed me, and they've had far stronger men than this accountant in them. Manly men. Strong men. Young men. Cute men. My kind of men.

Emily goes down until her lips lightly meet her hand, taking about three, maybe three and a half inches of his length into her mouth. It's most of his shortness. It's enough cock to fill her hot, wet mouth with it, but not so much as to press against her throat and gag her. I doubt he has enough to do much gagging.

Emily reverses her stoke, rising up fairly quickly until only the

head is left in her mouth. She reverses again, picking up speed, her short strokes caressing his cock with her lips, and whatever of her mouth it's touching. Her tongue, I'm sure. I'm not so sure about anything else.

Ken screams the happiest and most urgent of erotic moans as Emily inexpertly sucks on his cock. She's doing it fast, hurrying him along the last little bit to climax. She keeps her hand on his cock, her fingers wrapped around him and stroking his shaft ahead of her full lips. Her long hair hangs down, partly blocking the view, as it dances around over his pubes. And I can see a good coat of slobbery spit on his shaft as it emerges from her lips. That tells me that she's not sucking very hard, if at all and that her lips are less than snugly tight against it.

It's an amateurish blow job. It's the kind of thing a very young woman, such as the barely-adult Emily, would give to her first boyfriend, maybe the second or third time she tried it in her life. The kind of thing that would absolutely thrill an equally-inexperienced young man with nothing to compare her abilities to. Or at least very little to compare them to, such as other blow jobs by equally unpracticed girls.

Everyone watches Emily's blow job. Andrea with a touch of embarrassment for Emily obvious expert skill. Markie (however he spells that!), Andrea's companion, seems to agree with Andrea's assessment of Emily's abilities. I have no doubt he's far more practiced at sucking cocks than Emily. Ellie's friend looks more envious as if he wished Emily might treat him to one. It makes me wonder if Ellie has done it for him. Then again, I really don't know how skillful Ellie is at it. I just know she's never asked for serious help, and I know of a few boys she's treated. Otherwise, just the usual girly-gossip between us. The rest look mostly surprised that Emily would suck her father's cock, and fairly disgusted by the idea. Although I can see Krystal watching intently enough that I know she's comparing Emily's technique to her own. It makes me wonder how experienced Krystal is at this. IS she trying to see how it's done? Or is she looking to see if Emily might know some trick she doesn't? If she really wants to learn, she should have watched Paige.

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I've trained my whore very slutty-well.

Emily might be very amateurish at it, but Ken doesn't know it. Emily is his first time, at least his first-time blow job. As far as he knows, Emily's the best cocksucker on Earth.

Emily's fully dressed, today with a loose-fitting cotton top on. And she's standing backward, leaning over from his shoulder to get her mouth to his shaft. It has her chest lying upside-down over his. Which has her blouse brushing over his bare stomach and pubes with every quick stroke. That doesn't let him forget that even though she's sucking him, she's got her clothes on, and he doesn't. It's a status symbol, a power thing. She doesn't have to let him see her body. He's not worthy of seeing such a beautiful sight. Every time her blouse brushes over his skin, it raises little goosebumps wherever it touches him.

There is one noticeable difference in the "backward" way Emily has positioned herself. It puts her tongue along the top side of his cock instead of the underside. It feels very slightly different that way, but not so much so that most men without ample experience would even notice it. And different doesn't mean lesser.

Ken barely lasts a minute. I'd guess he makes it by about five seconds. Certainly not more. When he does cum, it's hard to tell. His cock is already twitching crisply. He's already thrusting hard against the bonds. He can't squirm much, he's already wiggling as far and energetically as the bonds will allow. And he's already screaming the most impassioned of moans at full volume.

I hear something in his moans. At the same moment, I see Emily's eyes pop so wide open that I think they're in danger of falling out of her head. A fraction of a second later her face scrunches up tight in distaste. Now that is all I need to see to know Emily is tasting a mouthful. A very unwelcome mouthful. I guess she expected him to warn her so she could use her hand to milk the cum out of his shaft and avoid its taste. Oops. Never trust a very eager and horny guy. I thought all girls knew that!

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She instantly slows up. Wincing hard, she goes on for about ten seconds before her head springs up. She makes it about halfway up before she gags hard. She coughs, gags again, then coughs and spits out a huge gob of cum and just as much spit. The whole mess lands on his stomach, just above his navel, and in a dense little knot of hairs. Emily gags again then spits twice more. By then, she doesn't have much more cum in her mouth to spit out. But she still has that look on her face, the disgusted, hard wincing, as if she just tasted the worst thing imaginable and can't get the taste out of her mouth.

I'm dead certain it's the first time Emily has ever gotten more than a hint of the moderately salty taste of sticky hot cum. I decide to take pity on her and show some mercy. I snap my fingers, "slave, fetch this girl a cup of tea so she can wash the hideous taste of this dirty little boy's filth from her mouth."

Emily steps back slightly from the table. Now her face looks purely disgusted and slightly nauseous. She stands, but slightly unsteady. She immediately averts her eyes not to see Ken lying there.

Ken lies there as the last droplets of cum weep from the tip of his sharply-dancing cock. He lies still, no longer testing the straps, trembling only very slightly. He pants hard and deep, each breath now a very pleased sigh of bliss. Otherwise, his body is loose, spent, and very relaxed.

Sophie is back with the serving platter. Smart girl. She kneels and serves Emily a cup. It's steaming hot, as tea should be served. That doesn't stop Emily. The girl guzzles it. Sophie smirks, says nothing, and serves Emily another. At least Emily doesn't guzzle this one. With his eyes closed, Ken misses her guzzling that cup.

It doesn't take long. Maybe half a minute tops. Ken's cock quickly softens, shriveling up to around two floppy inches, even as the very last of his cream is still sticking to the tip of his cock and sparkling with its wetness.

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I swat Ken's face lightly. It's just enough of a slap on his cheek to get his attention. As soon as he feels my petite hand stinging his face, his eyes spring open to the sight of Emily sipping the second cup of tea. "You rude little boy!" I scold him, "Is there no end to your shameful ways? Miss Porter just gave you a wonderful and very special gift. Wasn't that so undeservingly kind of her? What do good little boys say to nice ladies who give them gifts?"

"Thank you, Miss Porter," Ken begins. His voice is now full of shame, but also just as much glee and appreciation. "thank you very much for sucking my filthy little pee-pee for me, Ma'am. That was my first-ever blow job, Miss Porter, and it was far better than I hoped they would be. It felt incredible, Ma'am. I appreciate you giving me such a good blow job, Miss Porter. You're too kind, Ma'am."

Emily shirks back another half step as he thanks her. I'm sure a thank you was the last thing she wanted. For her, it just reminds her of what she's done. Something she is already trying hard to forget and pretend never happened.

I take pity on her. I take Emily and my guests to the living room, where I have Sophie serve us another round of tea. Only then do I send Sophie back to unlock Ken, instructing her to bring him here – leashed – once he's off that table.

It doesn't take Sophie long. Soon she's back with Ken. And now Ken's baby blue collar is attached to a matching leash. Sophie has him kneel down facing everyone. She stands beside the naked man, his tiny cock hanging limp and spent between his spread thighs, holding his leash.

"Emily, you don't have to do anything you aren't willing to do. Ever." I tell her with a reassuring certainty in my voice.

Then I turn to the nude, kneeling Ken. "You, naughty little boy, on the other hand, will behave that obscene little bottom of yours!" I say very sternly. "From now on, you will show your far-too-kind daughter the respect she deserves as a much higher life form. In case you really are

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dumber than my goldfish, which you seem to be, let me tell you – she did *not* want to suck that comical dick of yours. She only did it because she pitied you and wanted to end the misery you deserved to bask in. You will *never* speak of it again. You will never even remotely hint to her that you want any kind of womanly attention from her! Try to remember, even though she's an actual lady, not a filthy little peasant bitch like you, she's still your daughter! Remember your place. You will take whatever you get, and like it."

I can see the relief on Emily's face. She thinks, correctly, that Ken will obey my instructions, and thus she won't have to hear about sucking his cock, or him wanting anything else from her.

"Next time I catch you abusing that filthy little wee-wee of yours, you will wish I only punish you as I just did. You must behave! You will not abuse yourself. If you just can't stand the ache another second, you have to ask me to supervise you so you don't get carried away. If I'm not available, and that means after you've tried really hard to get in touch with me, you may ask Miss Porter to supervise you. I have no clue if she'd be willing to, it is an especially revolting sight to have to watch. But you may ask her, *once*, to supervise you. Politely. Humbly. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

I have Sophie hand the leash to Emily. Once it's in Emily's hand, I tell her "This repulsive little boy is now in your care." Then I quickly turn to Ken and tell him, "I'm done with your worthless flabby bottom for now. You will stay put, and stay silent. You will obey Miss Porter now. Just wait there until she sees fit to give you clothes and take your disgusting butt to filthy up her home."

I turn back to Emily, "can my slave fresh your tea?" As in, don't hurry off.

Emily hurries off. Ten minutes later she's leading a silent, deeply blushing, Ken quickly out of the house by his hand. I know he's in for hell. Too bad Emily hasn't figured out that more hell she gives him, the

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more humiliated he'll be, and thus the more aroused she's going to make him. And that will just make her dish out even more hell. Thus begins a very agonizing cycle for Ken. Emily, too.