



Breaking
Bitch

Nadezhda Sarankhova

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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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Breaking Bitch

Prologue:

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

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

I'm petite. Actually more "tiny" 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.

Breaking Bitch

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

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

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

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

Breaking Bitch

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

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

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

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

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

Breaking Bitch

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

I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommies as well. Andrea (28), Janelle (36), Colette (40), Diane (44), and Olive (46). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and a little chat about who's doing what to whom lately. We sometimes share, or loan, our toys to each other, but not that often. Sometimes we do a favor for each other, such as providing something different for a toy. Mostly we do what girls do: we gossip.

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

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

Breaking Bitch

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



Chapter 01: Meet The Bitch

Breaking Bitch

My toy tonight is a 41-year-old woman named Nina. I've never met or spoken to her before, so I don't know much about her. Only what I've been told. I can't even really be certain that she'll show up. Even if half of what I've been told about her is true.

And I suspect it's all true. My friend, and fellow Dom, Nikolai, is the one who sent her to me. He's never steered me wrong. And he's not one to exaggerate anything.

One of Nikolai's business interests is a few privately-owned jails throughout the southeast. But his company also contracts to manage a number of jails for the local sheriffs. I don't know too much about Nikolai's business. I'm not in business with him. And with Russian business, it's better (and sometimes healthier) not to ask about things that aren't your business. I'm pretty sure that the jails themselves are run honestly. I'm less sure about the "investors" who actually own the company. Nikolai has a lot of connections back in Moscow. Most any connection in Moscow that is worth anything is connected in some way to Putin and his cronies, and that means former KGB/FSB. That means people you're better if you don't come to their attention. Especially when, like me, you travel to Russia.

He told me that when he manages a smaller jail, and the smaller ones are the ones the Sheriffs want to contract out, it's more profitable to sub-contract out most of the services, such as food and laundry. It's too expensive to provide on-site staff for those things when you only have a dozen prisoners to worry about. Better to just have a company drop supplies off daily.

Nina is a Vice President of a company that does just that. They deliver food, orange jumpsuits, and a number of other things to various jails. They provide staff to serve it for some of the larger jails around, too. They provide about anything a jail needs, except guards, iron bars, and management.

That's how Nikolai knows Nina. His jails don't use her company. They're all big enough that it's cheaper for him to handle it all himself, on-site, and using convict labor for most of it. But the jails he manages aren't so big. He contracts with Nina's company. According to him, Nina

Chapter 01: Meet The Bitch

can provide a meal for less than the food would cost him in those smaller quantities. I don't know how Nina is saving so much money on food, but I am definitely glad that I am not eating it.

Nina's son, Adam, works for his mother. I guess he actually works for the company, but Nina is his boss. According to Nikolai, Nina is pretty much *the* boss. At least in the area around Pensacola where Nikolai is. She pretty much runs everything.

And Nina is a bitch. You know the type. She has a huge wardrobe of designer power suits. She's short and decisive with her underlings. She's attractive, and not only does she know it, but she also uses it. Mostly to flirt her way into more business for the company. She's rather firm in her negotiations, too. And she likes nice things almost as much as she likes flaunting them. A bitch.

Exactly the kind of woman I absolutely love to play with. To put her in her place, which if you ask me is naked and humbled on her knees. So when Nikolai asked if I'd be interested in "entertaining myself" with Nina as a favor to him, I naturally said I would gladly do him that favor.

He presented it to me as a one-off session, something he doesn't do. But he also said that if I wanted to see her again, that was "my business." Meaning he doesn't care one way or the other - he's only asking me to see her once. The rest is up to me.

Adam must know about his mother's desires, at least to some degree. There's another young woman named Olive that works for Nikolai. She runs the programs at one of his jails. She's also a Domme, but she has her slave and isn't interested in playing with others. She's not interested in men, either. I like her, even though I don't know her that well.

But Adam was flirting with Olive. She's cute. And he said a few things about his mom. Mostly veiled hints that Nina might enjoy playing games with a man like Olive. Despite the oblique nature of his hints, Olive mentioned them to Nikolai. I know those two are decently close, and I'm certain that Olive knows about his lifestyle. I first met her at a party at Nikolai's, where his three slaves were attending Him. Everyone there with the IQ of a turnip knew with their shameless display.

Breaking Bitch

Apparently, Adam services a couple of the smaller jails, ones fairly close to one of his bigger jails where he transfers long-term prisoners. To me, it sounds like he's a delivery driver. I'm not sure how it went from there. Nikolai made it sound like a long story and one that doesn't matter to me. What does matter to me is that somehow, Nikolai managed to have a few conversations with Adam. Talks that led to Adam telling Nikolai a little more about Nina.

Nina, it seems, doesn't date much. By that, Adam means that she doesn't get asked out that often, and when she does, she never gets asked out for a second date. I get the impression that her demeanor doesn't change much from her work persona to her date persona. She's just as much of a bitch to her dates. It definitely explains why no one wants a second date with her.

Adam says that he's tried to clue a few of her dates in. To tell them that they just need to "bully" their way through her bitchiness and they'll like what they find. Apparently, none have either tried or succeeded, in bullying through.

It was Adam who called me. He told me that he only found out about his mother's desires accidentally. She prefers that no one knows. But once, long ago, a Dom made a video of a session with her. She was watching it when he walked in on her. She refused to discuss it. But he was plenty old enough to know everything without her saying anything.

He doesn't know exactly what she likes. And Nina isn't going to tell anyone. But he does know that she craves the submission. And he knows that she is very opposed to homosexuality. Vocally. In his opinion, she protests far too much. So much so that it either is the most disgusting thing to her, or she's harboring secret desires that she definitely does not want to face, let alone explore.

I'm fine with that. I've met a number of toys just like that. Forever curious, but for whatever reason, unwilling to explore those desires unless overtly forced to. But once they try it, they love it. And hate themselves for doing it.

I told Adam that I would meet Nina on one condition. He had to bring her here. As if she were his property. He was to drive, not her, in

Chapter 01: Meet The Bitch

his car, not hers. I don't know what either of them drives, but I'm sure his car isn't nearly as fancy as hers. And I'm sure she's the kind of woman who hates letting anyone else drive. And then, when they arrived, Nina isn't allowed to speak. Adam must do all the talking for her. But I did promise him that I wouldn't make him stay too long, or see too much.

I gave him a little advice as to what, and when, to tell Nina. At the very last second. I suggested that he just plainly tell her that he was taking her to see a Domme. She was coming, like it or not. And that she wasn't allowed to speak once they got here, so if she wanted him to know anything about her tastes, the time to speak up was before she arrived. She wasn't to change, or anything, because they were leaving now. And it wasn't her choice. She was coming.

I figured it was about fifty-fifty that she'd come. But I got a text from Adam saying they were on their way. It also warned me to be prepared. Nina is in full-bitch mode. She says she doesn't appreciate his meddling in her private affairs. I'll bet she does. She's coming. Unless he has her in the trunk, she had a choice about it. No matter how he presented it to her.

I'm already prepared for her. I'm ready for her to come through my door in full-bitch mode. And I'm ready to show her that bitches aren't tolerated in my little Queendom. There's only one Queen here, and it is definitely not some gutter peasant. It's me, and she – the gutter peasant – is going to learn her place. Her place being the gutter.

I figure that I won't have long, probably not even a minute, before Miss Bitch decides to test me. To make me show her who's the boss here. And that's it's not going to be her. It might not even be that long, depending on how Adam has convinced her to come with him. I don't know what he said to her. I just hope he didn't threaten her with harsh consequences if she didn't come. I don't like my toys pressured into playing. If I find out that's what he did, I'll send her away. And I'm going to find out.

I know they live in Pensacola. It's one of the reasons Nikolai sent her to me. She has some professional standing to protect. It wouldn't serve her well if her tastes became known. Around the company or its

Breaking Bitch

clients. He figured she'd be far more relaxed, and willing to play, far from her vanilla life. That way, she can still be Miss Bitch in her vanilla life, and no one will have a clue about her other side.

It means they'll have an hour or so to drive each way. Luckily it's all along I-10, a highway they can make good time on. It means I have plenty of time to finish my supper when I get Adam's text. And to give Sophie, my live-in slave-girl, a few instructions.

They arrive pretty close to when I guessed they would. I know how far he had to drive, and I assumed he'd be driving like every other 19-year-old guy I know. Pushing the limits of what the troopers will let him get away with. Maybe pushing a little less once he crossed the state line. Alabama troopers aren't known for cutting you as much slack if you have out-of-state plates on your car. I'm sure Florida troopers return the favor.

Normally Sophie answers my door. But I told her I would get it this time. I figure there's a good chance that Nina will misbehave very quickly so I want to be there to make sure she learns to behave sooner rather than later. I've told Sophie that if that happens, she's to attend to Adam until I'm done "with the bitch."

When Adam rings the doorbell, I answer the door. Immediately I catch sight of Adam. He's a pretty handsome guy. I'd guess he's around six feet tall and close to 200 pounds. He looks to have a strong build, but not like a linebacker or a weightlifter. More like a guy who works hard and works out on top of it. Like a guy trying to be strong. With his build, if he was a little wider, he just might come pretty close to that linebacker look. He has short, dark hair, and moderately tanned skin, as if he works outside. Or at least spends lots of time outside.

And I can see Nina standing next to him. She's definitely a pretty woman, as Nikolai told me she was. She could pass for her mid-30s. She's shorter than Adam, about 5'5" or so I guess. She's thin, too. I can see that much even with all of her clothes on. Tonight, that's clearly the clothes she wore for work today. A nice, high-end designer pants-suit with charcoal slacks and a cream blouse. A silk blouse. But no blazer.

Chapter 01: Meet The Bitch

And no purse. I'd told Adam not to let Nina bring anything that she wasn't wearing, and it looks as if he's followed my instructions.

Nina has a decently oval face, framed with curly ebony-black hair. It hangs loose, full of body, down past the tops of her shoulders. She has a pair of big, brown, "doe eyes" to go with it. Then she has a slightly long, and slightly narrow nose with a sharp line at its top. Beneath that she has a fairly wide mouth and a brilliant smile. A pair of plump, soft, medium-pink lips surround her smile. Her face has some slightly strong features to it, but it doesn't have harsh lines. Everything is nicely rounded, giving her face a delicate and feminine look. The only flaw I can see on Nina's face are a few small, and rather faint, wrinkles at the corners of her eyes. But that's kind of to be expected for a woman in her 40s.

"Hi, you must be Adam. I'm Miss Rodgers..." I greet Adam, making it a point to ignore Nina. "I'll assume that this is Nina. Has Nina behaved herself for you?"

"If by that ---" Nina says, glaring at me.

I guess I was right. Time to, in Adam's words, bully my way through her bitchiness. I don't hesitate at all. I was not only ready for it, but I've also been waiting for Nina to give me an excuse to show her who's the boss here. I just didn't think she'd do it so soon. I thought I'd have the time for at least another whole sentence before she acted up.

I just reach up and very quickly slap Nina across her face. I make it a good slap, one that sears a medium bright handprint onto her cheek. It knocks her head slightly to the side as well. And it cuts her off in mid-sentence. I'm pretty sure she didn't expect it. I'm pretty sure I'm getting her attention now, too.

I grab a good handful of her curly hair. It's fine and silky, but I can feel a trace of some styling gel, or something similar, in it. I guess those curls aren't natural, not that it matters. I yank hard, pulling Nina forward.

Nina stumbles. The pull of her hair is plenty to pull her forward. But she's not expecting to move just yet. Pulling her hair pulls her head, and then her shoulders, into the apartment. Her reflexes make her feet

Breaking Bitch

scramble to stay under the rest of her body and prevent her from falling on her face. That has her stumble a couple of quick, clumsy, steps.

But those small steps are all I need. Now I can reach Nina's back. I put my hand to the small of her back. I kind of turn, putting all of my weight into a hard shove to the bottom of Nina's back. It sends her stumbling forward again, faster this time.

She doesn't have far to go. I keep a spot just inside the wall empty. There's nothing there but a plain wall. Nina's feet bump firmly against the baseboards. Her head stops just short of bumping hard into the wall. Another firm push on her back has Nina flush against the wall. It's a technique my friend Janelle taught me to control a person. Janelle is a Deputy Sheriff. I'll bet she's shoved plenty of people against a wall.

And she's done exactly what I'm doing now. While Nina is still surprised by the sudden violence of the move, something she wasn't expecting apparently, I grab her wrists. I pull them up to the small of her back. Then I'm locking a pair of standard handcuffs around Nina's bony wrists. I doubt she's expecting that, either.

Still holding her firmly pressed up against the wall, I grab her hair again. This time I get my grip low, almost down to the tops of her shoulders. I yank with all my strength, tilting her head back with a hard jerk. One that almost snaps her head back. I hang onto her hair, keeping the pressure on her neck, and forcing her to keep her head tilted back.

I pull a ball gag out of my back pocket. I only have one hand free, so I use it to put the ball to her mouth. I push and feel the hard resistance as she clenches her teeth firmly to block me from pushing the ball into her mouth. I manage to work a few fingers around and pinch the corners of her jaw. Anatomy wins out. Her mouth opens. Wide.

The ball is a good-sized one. It's squishy, but it also gets firmer the closer to its center you get. So really, only the outside of it is squishy. I don't hesitate to shove hard. The outside of the ball squishes in as presses against her teeth. I feel her tendons tightening up as she tries to close her jaw, but she doesn't have a chance with my finger there. The ball squishes through her teeth. It stuffs her mouth full. And that leaves me just the chore of pulling the hard leather strap around

Chapter 01: Meet The Bitch

the back of her head and fastening it tightly before she can manage to spit the ball out.

I win that race, too. Maybe because once I get the straps around her head, I can pull them tight and that drives the ball deeper into her mouth. Where her mouth is slightly narrower. It has the ball pushing a little harder to stretch her mouth a little wider.

I still have a grip on Nina's hair. I don't give her any instructions, I just step out from behind her, no longer pinning her against the wall. Then I use her hair for a leash, yanking hard to get her moving. I pull her one step back from the wall. Then I pull her hair over the top of her head and yank again. This time pulling her to turn around and step forward.

Adam is still standing just inside the door. I worked fast, taking well under a minute to get Nina cuffed and gagged. But by now, I thought Sophie would have moved Adam to the sofa. Clearly, it's not from Sophie's lack of trying. Adam isn't going anywhere. He's just standing there, gawking wide-eyed, as I manhandle his mother. I guess I must make it look easy. It wasn't. Nina tensed up instantly and resisted me. But Janelle taught me well. And Nina didn't have much time to actually fight me. It was more just that she wasn't cooperating.

It's clear to me from the look on Adam's face that he definitely did not expect to see anything like this. I'll bet he has the same idea of D/s that most vanillas do. Dominatrix in high-heeled leather boots, up to their thighs, and leather dresses with bullwhips. Submissives crawling around like dogs. I can't know what Nina expects, but I do see the surprise on her face. Along with a touch of nervousness. But to me, it looks more as if she didn't expect me, a rather petite and delicate-looking woman, to so powerfully, and violently, take control of her.

I snap her hair again, yanking almost hard enough to pull some of it out. But not quite. It gets her stumbling forward, towards the sofas. That's all I needed. Stumbling is moving. I just keep pulling hard, turning her curly hair into a leash, and keep her moving the few steps over to the sofa.

Breaking Bitch

I stop Nina in front of the sofa. Then swiftly I use my foot to tap the backs of her knees, buckling them. At the same time, I jerk her hair down sharply. I can see her hands struggling against the cuffs as if she's trying to get her hands up to pull mine from her hair. But with the cuffs on, her hands are useless. The shove down, with her knees buckling and unsteady, is enough. It drops Nina onto her knees.

I am not letting go of her hair. From my anecdotal research, a good yank on a woman's hair does one of two things to her. It either makes her horny, or it makes her want to fight. Sometimes both. I've yet to decide what it's doing for Nina. But it's clearly doing something.

I put my foot to Nina's hip. I'm not wearing heels, though. Just my comfy sneakers. And they're pastel pink. I use my foot to shove her hip back, pushing her to sit back as she kneels. Then I use my foot to kick her knees wide apart. Her feet, too, so that her bottom is hanging between her heels. I use her hair to keep her back up straight. And now, Nina is kneeling the way I like to see my slaves kneel.

Now Adam follows Sophie over and takes his seat on the sofa, too. But he keeps his rather startled eyes on Nina.

I keep my hand on Nina's hair, holding it taut above her head. And I keep my foot on Nina's hip, holding her bottom down. I feel a few twitches of her muscles as if she's trying to raise her hips up. I quickly stomp down, pushing her hips hard down. After a couple of twitches, Nina settles down and stays where I put her.

But she still has the surprised look on her face. I watch as her eyes very anxiously dart over to Adam. "MMM!" Nina tries to say something through her gag, but its ball is too big and squishy. It has her mouth stuffed so fully that he can barely make a sound. And that's just what I wanted. Nina needs to learn a few things before we get serious.

I lower my grip on her hair, letting her silky locks slip between my fingers as I slide my hand down to her scalp. I keep enough of a grip on it that Nina doesn't dare to try yanking her head away. But once I have my tight grip close to her scalp, I turn her head slightly so that she's facing me. And I tilt her head back so that she's looking up at me.

Chapter 01: Meet The Bitch

I stand over Nina, looking down upon her. And straight into her eyes. "I don't know, and I don't care, what filthy gutter they scraped your skanky butt out of, bitch. You are in my Queendom now. Here, even the trashiest of filthy cunts act like proper ladies. I'm sure that a gutter whore like you aspires to the status of a filthy cunt, so try acting like the cheapest of gutter trash and maybe someone will be so stupid as think you aren't freshly yanked out of some sewer and dressed up like a whore!

"You were told that Mister Goren would speak for your worthless, skanky butt, and yet the first thing you do is open your mouth. I would have thought that a filthy whore like you would know there's only one time anyone wants a whore's mouth open, and that's to suck a cock. Absolutely no one here cares what a stupid whore has to say!

"Get this through your useless head, bitch. You are nothing. No one cares about you. No one cares what happens to you. You have nothing. Because you are nothing! You're no more valuable here than a hole in the wall, just another hole to be used for a cum dumpster. If you want to spare yourself some very painful lessons to teach you your place, I suggest you start acting like the filthy peasant cunt we both know you are."

I can the nervous look on Nina's face blooming. As I'm scolding her, my voice icy cold and stern, it goes from slightly anxious, to almost deathly afraid. I suspect, from what I've been told about her, that the nervousness is from the realization of her worst fear. The loss of control. It seems to be something that truly scares her. It's probably why her dates haven't had much luck. It's going to take a lot to bully through.

I hold out one hand as I call for Sophie to hand me my favorite crop. The one I always use. The one that's made of pastel green soft leather and trimmed with frilly white lace. The one I'm so worried that I'll wear out someday!

I use the tip of the crop to lightly tap Nina's bottom. She still has all of her clothes on. But her slacks are made of a delicate fabric. Not something that's going to cushion even a light tap much. So I know she

Breaking Bitch

feels it. I really hope it gets her attention and lets her know that the consequences of disobedience here are going to be harsh.

"Let me make this so clear that a retarded amoeba could understand it. Just maybe even a filthy cunt, by which I mean you, will understand it, too. You are going to stay right where you are. You are not going to move. I am not asking. I am telling you that is what you are going to do. The only choice you have is how much punishment you will make yourself endure before you finally realize that you are going to stay on your knees, where gutter whores belong."

I give Nina another, and slightly harder, tap on her bottom with my crop. It gets a little crisper of a flinch running through her body. And it eggs up the nervousness that I'm seeing.

She's not fooling me. I know that she wants to be here. Adam told her where he was taking her. I don't know what she thought might happen here, but she's a smart woman. She would have guessed pretty clearly when he told her that she was seeing a Domme and expected to be totally demure when they arrived.

It tells me that her nervousness is just a combination of the fear of the unknown. The idea of submitting to a woman, something I doubt she's ever done before. The idea of a new Domme, where she won't know what to expect. The idea of her son seeing far more than she wants him to, and what he might think of her afterward. And now, the quickly growing idea that she's not going to be able to resist me. That I will push through her defenses and find what she's hiding.

I've seen enough women like her to know that I'm not close to past those defenses yet. Nina is going to fight me more. Whether she stays put now or not. She's going to be one of those toys that are always testing the limits. That's always making me prove to her that I can keep her on her knees. At least until I do. She'll become a different person then.

I let go of her hair, snapping a very stern, and cold, "stay, cunt," as I do. Nina stays put for a moment, her anxious eyes still locked on me. I'm sure she's watching for a clue about what I think I'm going to do now. And I know she's watching me for any sign of a weakness she can exploit.

Chapter 01: Meet The Bitch

If I'm going to dominate Nina, she's going to make really dominate her. She's going to make me work for it, too.

There's really not a lot Nina can do to get up. And that's intentional on my part. I'm sure she realizes it, too. My foot is still on top of her thigh, snug against her hip. If she tries to move, my foot is going to pin her in place. Firmly. And I'll punish her for trying. Nina is smart enough to know all of that. She's not going to fight me now. She's going to wait a moment until she has a better chance of success or a better reason to fight. Then I'll have to remind her that I wasn't asking her to stay on her knees like a good whore.

I turn my attention back to Adam. But I keep a corner of my eye on Nina. I'll bet you anything she's watching me close enough to see it, too.

"Now, where were we... Oh, yeah... I assume this filthy cunt is Nina?"

"Yeah, that's my mom. Nina." Adam answers me. He keeps one eye, maybe one and a half, on Nina. I'm sure he's watching her for some clue as to whether she's liking this, or not. The uncertainty, the slight hesitation in his voice is enough to tell me that he's far beyond his element. He hasn't a clue what's going to happen to Nina. Or what I'm going to expect of him.

"What did you tell this cunt about where she was coming and why?"

"I told her what you said to. That I was bringing her to meet you. That you're a dominatrix, and that you'd said she wasn't allowed to talk here, that I would have to answer for her. She... uh... told me that she could speak for herself..."

"But she came. Is this filthy cunt as stupid as she looks – and has been acting – or does she have some brains, like say as much brains as the average goldfish?"

"She's really smart."

"Oh, goodie!" I blurt out with a touch of excitement to my voice. "Then she should have figured out why you were bringing her here."

Breaking Bitch

"I'd say so. I mean, I've been riding her hard for months now that she ought to just find someone to give her what she wants. Maybe then she'll stop being so crabby with everyone. I've even told her that if she wouldn't find someone, I'd find someone for her."

"Then she should have definitely figured it out. Unless she's as dumb as she looks. In which case I'd be amazed if you told me she managed to dress herself."



Chapter 02: Starting At The Top

Chapter 02: Starting At The Top

As firmly as Nina is gagged, Nina isn't going to be saying anything. About anything. To anyone. A good, or well-trained, slave wouldn't need the gag. I consider it a training aid for Nina. It won't let her misbehave. It will teach her to be quiet and let others decide things for her. Or at least it will get her used to the idea of it. Because she isn't going to have a choice about it.

I keep my attention on Adam. "For the moment, until I decide if I'll train this filthy cunt, it still belongs to you. You brought it here, so it's yours. If this bitch didn't like that idea, it wouldn't have wanted you to bring it.

"That means you'll have to stop thinking of this disgusting whore as mommy and start thinking of it as what it is. It's nothing. It's no more than a Barbie doll to be played with however its owners wish to use it. It has no thoughts, feeling, emotions, or anything else. It's just a Nina doll.

"Now, you don't mind if I check out this bitch's boobs, do you?" I ask him. I shift back slightly, moving as casually as I can. Once my head is just barely out of Nina's sight, I nod to Adam, letting him know that he's to say yes. I'm pretty sure that he didn't expect to actually make any intimate decisions for Nina. Or to have any involvement with her breasts.

I can't tell him the reason I asked him. Nina would hear it. This is what Nina wants. I can see that much already. It's not that she wants to show her breasts to her son, I'm pretty sure she doesn't want him to see them. It's the humiliation she craves. Being reduced to nothing. Not just told that she's nothing. Anyone can do that. Being reduced to nothing. As she is now. She's the one on her knees. They're her breasts. Yet she has to stay quiet and allow Adam to decide if I will get to see them. Me, a woman who so far has done nothing but roughly manhandle her. It's a very intimate humiliation for Nina. And that's what she wants.

"I guess..." Adam answers. I hear a slight question in his voice. And a fair amount of reluctance. It tells me that he doesn't want her breasts openly displayed in front of him. He doesn't want to see them. And he's far from sure that Nina wants me to see them. He clearly

doesn't want to make Nina endure anything she doesn't want to, but he also doesn't know what she wants to happen. And I can't explain to him that Nina wants to be degraded as fully as I possibly can humiliate her. Nina would hear it if I did. Then she'd know that Adam is just playing a role for me.

I don't need Adam's permission to do anything. I made it clear to him that this is my world, and I do as I please with toys. Toys like Nina. I only "asked" his permission for Nina. So she could hear him make the choice for her. She could hear him freely offering me her breasts. And so that Nina could kneel there and realize that his decision is the only one for her. She doesn't have a say in whether I get her breasts or not.

Now that I have his permission, I switch to my sweet voice and tell Sophie to "show me this bitch's breasts."

Sophie comes over quickly. One of the instructions I'd given her before they arrived was to be especially sweet with Nina. I told Sophie that because I know how much Nina claims to hate same-sex contact. Now she's going to get a good feel of Sophie's very delicate and feminine touch. And hopefully, she'll know that it was Adam who condemned her to it.

Sophie starts unbuttoning Nina's silk blouse. There's not a lot Sophie can do to be extra sweet as she undoes buttons, but that doesn't stop her from trying. Sophie does her best to let the sides of her hands slip into the opening front of Nina's blouse and tenderly brush over her skin. She also keeps Nina's blouse closed as long as she can, leaving the unbuttoned flaps of it hanging loose over Nina's breasts as she keeps going down. And then as she works her way around the waistband, gently tugging the tails of the shirt out.

"There," Sophie says in her very honeyed voice. She has a heavy southern accent. Old, deep south. "Now let's show those tiny breasts to my Mistress, bitch." Sophie puts her hands to Nina's shoulders, letting almost all of her hands softly touch Nina's skin. I'm sure Sophie feels the hard flinching shudder flow over Nina. I can see it. I'll bet Adam sees it, too. Sophie uses her hands, very affectionately caressing her way along Nina's lean shoulders, to push the blouse off. It falls down her arms,

Chapter 02: Starting At The Top

revealing a white bra underneath. With only a slight nudge, the blouse drops all the way to Nina's wrists. It would fall free if Nina's wrists weren't cuffed behind her back. Now her blouse just hangs from her wrists, draping down over her bottom and onto the floor.

Nina's bra is a fairly modest one. It has full, foam-lined cups that completely cover her smallish mounds. And with that thin layer of foam, there's no seeing anything through it. It has a fairly narrow band around her chest, and narrow ribbon-like straps over her shoulders. But it does have a nice lace trim to the cups. It's not exactly a date-kind of bra, something a woman would wear hoping she'd been seen in, but it's a rather sexy everyday kind of bra. It tells me that Nina wore it not to be seen, but in case she had a chance, or a need, to flaunt her body. As if she thought the prospect of using her body to distract a man and increase her sales commission was a real possibility.

Sophie puts her hands to Nina's sides, close to the band of Nina's bra. Then she tenderly slides her hands around, over Nina's bare skin, to her back. A crisp shiver sweeps over Nina. At the same moment, she thrashes her shoulders. It's intentional, not reflexive. She tries to twist and pull her chest away from Sophie's hands.

I deal with it by simply flicking my wrist. It sends the tip of my crop flying up, snapping firmly against Nina's bottom. "MM!" Nina cries out into her gag. I see her eyes snap wide with surprise as if she didn't expect that sharp snap of the crop. As if she didn't expect real pain as her punishment. I stomp down on her thigh, too. It pushes her bottom down a hair, pinning Nina onto her knees before she gets the idea to rise up.

"You are going to stay put while my slave shows me those little boobs, cunt," I firmly tell Nina. I snap my crop again, tapping her other cheek with its tip, and getting another pained cry from her.

"Mom," Adam begins. I asked him to tell Nina to behave. And I kind of, very quietly, told him what to say to her. Maybe Nina heard it, maybe not. She's awfully nervous and distracted right now. "You need to stay still and let her show Miss Rodgers your breasts like you were told to. I've said she may see them, so she will see them."

Already I can see that Nina has a firm and lithe body. A decently narrow body as well. I can see the outlines of her collar bones along her shoulders, showing me that she doesn't have much if any, body fat on her. That's not so common on older women. It's not rare, but it's not common either. As women age, they tend to pick up a pound here and there, filling out just slightly. It seems Nina hasn't. She's stayed as lean as she was 20 years ago. I can see her stomach is flat and toned as well. Her skin seems to have lost just a trace of its youthful tautness, but not so much of it. There's absolutely no sag or flab to her. Just a flat and hard stomach. I have to look closely to see a few, very faint, stretch marks close to her waistline. Those are a souvenir from her pregnancy. I can see a nice feminine curve to her waist, too. It's no wonder that Nina flaunts her figure. She's got a figure to flaunt. And I'm sure it helps her sales. Although, using her sexuality to increase her sales makes her a whore in my book.

Sophie's hands ignore Nina's pulling away. She can see that I'm dealing with that. The crop strokes, and my firm foot on her thigh, are enough to convince Nina that she's not getting up. That resisting is only going to get her a sore bottom. She stills slightly.

Sophie's hands slow, taking an extra second to work their way back to the clasp. Sophie has very soft and delicate skin on her hands. The softest I've ever felt. It's very feminine. And erotic. It looks like it's not lost on Nina, either. I see a few more shivers sweep over her as Sophie's hands make their way around. As Sophie's hands tease those nerves along Nina's spine.

Sophie quickly unhooks the single clasp holding the bra around Nina's chest. She lets the ends of the bands fall free to Nina's sides. Nina flinches hard. But then she freezes, quivering slightly, but almost steely firm. Her face wrinkles up slightly, nervously.

Sophie's hands leisurely start slipping up to Nina's shoulders. Sophie is clearly taking her time, using that erotic delicate touch of hers to tease Nina. And Nina is clearly feeling it. As she finally gets to Nina's shoulders, Sophie lets her fingertips slip under the now-loose straps of Nina's bra.

Chapter 02: Starting At The Top

Adam watches, almost mesmerized by the erotic display of one girl touching another. But his eyes are locked on Sophie's small hands and her pastel pink nails. He's studiously avoiding having to see Nina's face. That would make him remember whose body those pretty, girly hands were caressing. Not just a girl's body, but then it would be mom's body.

It happens again just as Sophie pushes the straps of the bra off Nina's shoulders. Nina flinches hard. She tries to lean forward, pulling her shoulders away from Sophie's hands and keeping her bra just barely up. As it is it hangs loosely over her mounds, barely staying on them.

I figured Nina would try again. She's going to make me show her that disobedience won't be tolerated. Constantly. I'm ready for her. The flick of my wrist sends the crop's tip flying again, snapping it firmly against Nina's chest just above her breasts. It sears a light pink crop print onto Nina's skin. And it gets a pained cry from Nina. It's not a good place to get whipped. There's nothing but skin over her breast bone. Nothing to absorb the sting of the whip. It hurts worse than it would have on her bottom.

It also uses Nina's reflexes against her. Her instinct is to move her body back, away from the crop. And that has her straightening back up where I told her to stay in the first place. The position she was trying to get out of. Only now with her chest stinging sharply, as if a thousand knives were stabbing into it. The sting will fade fairly quickly. No more than about ten or fifteen minutes.

"I said stay, bitch!" I snap in my iciest, strictest voice. But I don't raise my voice to her. I keep it at my normal volume. Then I turn to Adam.

My stare is enough for him to get my message. "Mom, you were told to stay still while she shows Miss Rodgers your breasts. Do as I told you."

Nina shivers sharply. She stays still as Sophie slips the straps off her shoulders. Immediately the full cups fall from her breasts, baring them to everyone's eyes. Sophie nudges the bra down. The cups and

band slip down Nina's stomach to her waist. The straps slide down to her bound wrists, bunching up with her blouse.

It shows us all a pair of small, soft mounds. I'd bet Nina is a 34-B. Her breasts are rather well-rounded. They lie back against her chest with a small crease to the underside. And they angle slightly to her sides, making a wide, but short, V of cleavage between them. Their flesh is milky white. And they don't look floppy or loose. They look almost firm, easily holding their almost perfect rounding.

They're topped with a pair of medium-dark, purple-brown rings. Those rings are rather wide, but not the widest I've seen. They do seem to take up a good part of the tops of her mounds. Centered in each ring is an equally wide nipple of the same shade. Her nipples are as hard as rocks. As wide as my little finger, they're standing up about ¼" above the curving rounded tips of her mounds. They have gently rounded tips of their own. And I can see the dark flesh of those rings around those nipples is shriveled up tightly. It all tells me that Nina is nicely aroused.

The look on Nina's face, scrunched up as if she's enduring the worst imaginable horror, tells another story. It says that Nina knows she's getting hot and doesn't want to be. Even more, she doesn't want anyone else to know it. Especially Adam. She stays still, quivering lightly. There's no longer any reason to resist. Her breasts are fully displayed. We've seen them. Resistance can't accomplish anything.

"Hmm... those boobs look awfully tiny..." I muse, but really talking to Nina. "I guess... she's a 36-A?" I purposely overstate her chest and understate her cups. No woman wants her chest to be thicker than it is. Nor does she want to hear that her breasts look smaller than they are. It's my way of mocking her. She'll know her true bra size. She just won't know that my "guess" isn't my guess. My eyes are far better than that.

"Adam, what do you think? What size bra do you think this skanky bitch wears on those tiny boobs?"

"I... uh... I'm not really good at guessing, but 36-A could be it. I guess." It tells me that Adam hasn't gotten to see that many breasts before. And doesn't know much about guessing bra sizes. Then again, that's not really something a guy can ask a girl. Not unless he's a

Chapter 02: Starting At The Top

masochist and enjoys having his face slapped. Girls can be sensitive about that.

"Slave?" I say.

Sophie reaches for the clasp ends of Nina's bra. That's where the tag is going to be. She finds it, and announces "This bitch has size 34-B breasts, Mistress... Or at least its bra is a 34-B!"

"It must be all the flabbiness that makes them look smaller," I say. Her breasts are not the least bit flabby, but every woman worries about it. I don't want Nina thinking that we view her body as attractive. I want her to feel as if we're coldly sizing it up as if she's just a piece of meat, and that our appraisal is exacting and critical. That should add a little bit to her humiliation. And that should arouse her a little more.

I casually reach my hand down to Nina's breast, picking the one that's closer to me. I put my hand to it, trying not to be either gentle or rough with it. Trying to pretend as if it's not an intimate part of her body or any body, but just another thing. A thing that doesn't have nerves to feel how I'm touching it.

I cup my hand under her mound. I lift her mound up, pulling out the crease at its underside. Her mound doesn't have far to go. There's not much of a crease. But Nina feels it lifting up off her chest.

Nina tries once again to twist her shoulders sharply and pull her breast from my hand. As if she doesn't want to be touched. I immediately squeeze her breast hard. Hard enough that Nina yelps into the gag. And she immediately stops twisting her chest away from me. I hold the too-tight squeeze on her breast.

"Are you ever going to learn, you stupid bitch?" I coldly scold Nina. "No one asked if you wanted your boobs examined. You were told to kneel while they were examined. And that's what you're going to do. Now behave." I squeeze just a little harder on her tender mound.

Nina sucks in a very sharp breath as tiny little tears well up in the corners of her eyes. Then Nina reluctantly starts straightening her chest back up. Sitting back up on her knees the way I had her. Returning her breast to where it is, no longer trying to pull it from my hand.

Breaking Bitch

I keep my tight squeeze on her mound until she has herself all the way back in position. Then I release the squeeze, but keep my hand under her mound, holding it up atop my palm. Her mound is already purple-blue from the tight squish. Quickly that turns to a deep red, then starts fading as the blood begins to flow again. I just stand there and wait until her mound is milky white again.

Her nipple is as hard as ever. Maybe even harder than it was a second ago. It seems that the light pain doesn't bother her, either. Or maybe it was just the firm discipline, not allowing her to resist anything, that has her aroused.

I put a fingertip to her stiff nipple and slowly, very softly, stroke my finger over the top of her nipple. Both the tip of it and its side. Then I stroke up onto her mound. I give her nipple a light pinch, just enough to feel the steely hardness of it. And enough for Nina to feel me pinching it and know what I'm doing. Then I give her breast a light squish, enough to feel its firmness. It's as firm as I thought it would be, as a firm dough. Or a hard, wet sponge. Squishy soft, but firm enough to have a defined shape it wants to hold. And can hold. But still soft enough to give under my fingers smoothly, as if I'm kneading that dough.

"Just as I thought!" I blurt out with some fake, but real-sounding, enthusiasm in my voice. "This bitch's boobs are like jello!" it is not a compliment, and I can see that Nina doesn't take it as one. It's not true, but that doesn't mean Nina doesn't believe it. I see her face scrunch up a little more. Since I'm having so much fun, and so nicely humiliating Nina, I don't see any reason to stop now. "Here, Adam, see for yourself!" I point to Nina's other breast. I also glare at Adam with a firm look in my eyes.

Adam gets the message. I'm pretty sure that he knows this isn't about him. I don't really care what he does. This is about one thing. Degrading Nina as fully and deeply as I can. He reluctantly, and tentatively, reaches his hand for Nina's breast.

Nina cringes hard. But with my hand still holding up her breast, and ready to squish it until it brings tears to her eyes again, Nina stays

Chapter 02: Starting At The Top

put. She just cringes hard and quivers lightly. Her nipples stay as stiff as ever. Even as Adam's hand tenderly touches her soft mound. He does just what he sees me doing. He puts his hand under her mound and lifts it off her chest. He strokes the tip of a finger over Nina's nipple. He very softly pinches her nipple. So softly I doubt he's even really felt the stiffness of it. And he gives her mound a couple of very soft squeezes.

Nina stays on her knees as he examines her breast. She shirks inward. She averts her eyes, refusing to see him touching her. She looks as if she's about to cry. And she quivers a little sharper.

"Uh... I guess... they're soft..." Adam tells me. His voice tells me he's not really sure. And that says Adam doesn't have a lot to compare them to. I guess he hasn't had too many breasts in his hands yet. At least not different ones.

"I'll show you," I tell him with the sweetest of tease in my voice. "Skanky!" I call out raising my voice so that Paige can hear me in the kitchen.

Paige comes hurrying out of the kitchen. Paige is my other live-in slave. She's my house-slave and my whore. Her role here is simple. She does the housework in the most demeaning way it can be done. And then, whenever I wish to use a female body to tease a toy, or whomever, it's Paige's body that I use shamelessly. Paige, naturally, gets no say in what I do with her body. Or who I share it with. And she likes it that way.

Paige is 19. She's decently tall at 5'7" but she's also very slim and lithe at a mere 119 pounds. It leaves her with a stick-like figure. She just doesn't have enough body for much in the way of curves. Just some gentle ones. But enough that she looks very feminine.

Paige is also pretty. She has long, wavy, honey-brown hair and green eyes. She also has a wide mouth with a bright smile and faint, silky, pink lips.

Paige is never allowed any clothes in the apartment. Not ever. She strips at the door on her way in. The only thing that doesn't come off is her hot pink collar, and that's locked around her neck. Its key is on my keyring, so only I can take it off of her. And I don't. She wears it

everywhere. Even to school where her friends can see it. Besides that, she only wears a pair of police-issue shackles on her ankles. Those are to remind her of her place. And as my whore, her place is at the bottom, lower than any other slaves. Just like Nina's place.

Paige obediently drops to her knees beside Nina, where I'm pointing. She puts her hands behind her back and just demurely waits. And she captures Adam's attention immediately. He must like nude girls.

"This is skanky, my slave-whore," I tell him. "I know she's rather skanky and scrawny, but you'll notice that this bitch's breasts are firm, not flabby and soft like that bitch's are."

Adam's eyes are already on Paige's breasts. Hers are very pert. They stand straight off her chest, not lying back at all. They don't have a crease to their underside. Instead, they're perky enough to look slightly point, especially at their tips. Her light pink, wide, nipples just accent the pointiness. She's a B-cup as well. Only her chest is slightly narrower than Nina's. That, plus the perkiness of Paige's breasts, makes them look bigger than they are. It's clear that Adam can appreciate her breasts. I can see that in his eyes. I guess he does like girls.

"Go ahead, examine the bitch's breasts so you can feel what firm ones are like."

Adam doesn't need any more encouragement to touch Paige's breasts. He eagerly puts his hand to one. He examines it the same way he examined Nina's. Only now he takes his time. And he clearly enjoys touching her. Just as much as he clearly didn't enjoy touching Nina.

Paige behaves. She stays but on her knees, not flinching or shying away from his touch even the slightest. I wouldn't expect her to. She knows I'd be disappointed in her if she did. And I know that she likes to feel manly hands on her body. I'll bet she's having as much fun as Adam is.

Nina stays where she is. My foot stays where it is, too, making sure Nina does. But she watches out of the corner of her eye. It lets her see that Adam, her son, is clearly far happier with Paige's pert breasts than with her own softer ones. Unlike Nina's breasts, Paige's are so firm

Chapter 02: Starting At The Top

they're almost hard. There's a noticeable difference in the give as they're squished.

"Yeah, she has some nice breasts..." Adam says, a little reluctance in his voice. But it's just that's he's worried about offending Paige by his assessment. Even after he finally takes his hand away from her mound, his eyes stay on it. And probably the rest of her nude body.

"Much nicer than that other bitch's," I add. Adam doesn't answer. His eyes do that for him. He doesn't even take them from Paige's mounds for a fraction of a second to glance over to Nina's. I'm sure Paige notices that. She likes it when guys like her body.



Chapter 03: Ending In Her Bottom

Breaking Bitch

"I'm certain that this bitch is just as slutty as skanky there," I tell Adam in a rather teasingly sweet voice. He still has no clue what I'm going to do next. And he's still paying more attention to Paige's body. I'll bet he's wondering who she is. What her name is. If he might be able to bump into her somewhere. If she'll be the same when I'm not around. If she might like him enough to talk to him. Or date him. Men tend to have one-track minds when it comes to girls. Especially younger men.

"I think we should just take a good look at the bitch's pussy and see for ourselves what a gutter whore it is. What do you think, Adam, would you mind if I inspected this bitch's pussy?" I bat my eyes at him, hoping that he catches it. I want him to say yes.

"NUHHH!" Nina grunts desperately into her gag. Her eyes plead with Adam just as urgently as her grunt does. She shakes her head fast and hard.

"I suppose so... I guess you kind of have to see that..." Adam doesn't sound thrilled by the idea.

"Tell her," I ask him.

Adam sighs. He definitely doesn't want to tell her. I doubt he wants to be this involved with her session. He's obviously very reluctant. "Mom... Miss Rodgers is going to check your pussy now. You will behave."

I tell Sophie "let's see this bitch's pussy, slave."

Sophie doesn't hesitate. She just slips Nina's shoes off. Those will get in the way of her pants coming off.

I stop Sophie. I hand her a pair of handcuffs and my key. Then I tell her she might as well get the bitch's blouse out of the way first. Sophie knows how to do it. How to never allow Nina a chance to resist. She puts the second cuffs around Nina's forearms, just above the first set. And above the clothes hanging around Nina's wrists. Once those are fully locked in place, Sophie takes the first pair of cuffs off. Now she can easily slip the clothes off Nina's hands. And Nina's hands are still snugly cuffed behind her. Sophie puts the clothes aside, the extra pair of cuffs along with them.

Chapter 03: Ending In Her Bottom

Now Sophie gets back to taking Nina's pants off. I already know that Nina is going to resist. She made that clear when she tried pleading with Adam not to allow me to see her pussy. I get ready for Nina's little display of resistance. I wonder if it will be a real resistance, or just a show this time. Whatever it is, I'll squash it quickly. I'm going to get a very thorough look at her body. I'm pretty sure Nina has figured it out by now, too.

Sophie puts her hands very tenderly to Nina's waist and caresses her way around to the front of Nina's pants. Sophie unbuttons them. I hear a sharp intake of breath from Nina and see a crisp flinch run over her body. That tells me that her resistance is going to be real. There's something in her panties she does not want me to see. And more so, doesn't want Adam to see. Maybe it's shyness. We'll see.

Sophie unzips Nina's pants. I feel a sharper flinching tremor run over Nina's body. As if she wants to resist now, but she's smartly biding her time, waiting for a better chance of getting away with it. Of actually doing something to stop us from revealing her most intimate places.

Sophie knows to undress Nina quickly. Not to bother slowly baring her body, or making her show more and more of it in small steps. I just want her to get Nina's clothes off as fast as she can this time. Next time Nina can undress herself, and show herself slowly. I'm already pretty sure there's going to be a next time. Something tells me Nina is going to plead for it.

Sophie slips her hands into the waist of Nina's slacks. She lets her fingertips slide under the lace waistband of Nina's panties, too. And that has them under the waistband of Nina's pantyhose as well. I hate pantyhose. Those are going in the trash. And Nina's bottom had better hope this is the last pair I ever see her in. Bitches and whores look so much nicer in stockings!

Sophie starts to slide Nina's pants down. As she does, her hands slip a little further around to Nina's back, letting her fingertips now glide softly over the flesh of Nina's bottom. I'm sure Nina can feel the softness of Sophie's very gentle touch.

Breaking Bitch

Sophie quickly pulls the waist of the pants down, slowly baring Nina's bottom. It doesn't show much in the front. Mostly Nina's pants just bunch up. It's the bend at her waist. If she were standing, her pants would be coming down just as much in the front. But with her waist bent, they don't. Not until Nina's bottom is bare.

But that's another problem. As soon as Nina's bottom is exposed, her pants will have to start moving down her thighs. Only as she's sitting back, her thighs are flush against her calves. And her knees are fully bent. It's going to make a lot of work, and moving, for Sophie to get them to Nina's feet.

That's when Nina makes her move. Just as her bottom is fully exposed. It's also when I have to move my foot off her thigh for a moment so Sophie can start pulling the pants down Nina's thighs.

Nina almost jumps. She moves fast. She screeches a loud "NUH!" which I take to be a "no" into her gag. She tries to rise up to her knees. I'm not sure what she thinks she'll do if she gets up, other than letting her pants fall to her knees as gravity will demand.

I'll never know. I was ready for Nina to move. It will even make Sophie's job so much easier. I grab Nina's hair. It's so fast that I'm sure it comes as a shock to Nina. The instant that first twitch of muscle starts, my hand has her hair pulled hard in its grip. Nina couldn't see it, but my hand was waiting just behind her head for just this to happen.

I yank so sharply that I feel her hair snapping. I know Nina feels her head snapping with it. I can see her head being jerked by it. I pull Nina's hair, and her head, forward. Instinct has Nina's shoulders following her head forward. Then I'm shoving her head roughly straight down. Almost as soon as Nina's head is sailing toward the floor, Nina screeches a loud "UHM!" Into her gag. And now her voice rings with the nervousness that says she figures her face is going to slam into the floor.

Just as quickly, my sneaker in on her back, atop her spine, just below her neck. I stomp down, driving her shoulders straight to the floor. I ease off at the last second, letting the hard tension in her muscles slow her. Her face bumps the floor, but not hard enough to give her a bloody nose or a bruise. Her shoulders are on the floor a fraction

Chapter 03: Ending In Her Bottom

of a second later. My foot presses hard, pinning her shoulders to the floor.

Nina is still on her knees, only now with her shoulders on the floor as well. It has her now-bare bottom poked up fully, offering me her taut, rounded globes. They look to be slightly full, with a touch of flatness on their fronts. Maybe without them pulled so tightly they'll be more rounded. I can tell they'll be slightly loose, too.

I flick my wrist, sending the tip of my crop snapping hard against Nina's bare cheek. It lands with a loud, splitting crack like lightning. It's a far harder stroke than any she's gotten so far. This one sears a medium pink, bright, angry welt onto her pale globe. A welt the very same shape as the tip of my crop. Like a little rectangle with a triangular point on its tip. It sends a million needles of pain shooting into Nina's flesh, stinging her bottom sharply.

"OW-MM!" Nina screams into her gag. Her bottom starts snapping from side to side, both trying to wiggle the sting away and make it a moving target for me to swat again. I watch a very crisp shudder flow over Nina's pinned body.

"You were told to behave, you filthy cunt! You are going to behave, bitch!" I scold her in my most disapproving, iciest, and sternest tone. But I still don't raise my voice to her. Instead, I raise my crop, snapping a matching welt onto her other cheek. It gets me another crisp shudder from Nina as she screams into her gag.

This time the shudders are so crisp that it's violent. It hits Nina almost like a spasm. Her feet shoot back. With me pinning her shoulders down to the floor, the rest of her body has nowhere to go. Her feet shoot back. Her calves follow. Her knees follow them, pulling her legs straight. And pulling them out from under her. Her hips, with nothing left to support them, slam down to the floor. And with my foot still on her back, it has Nina pinned down with nowhere to go.

She tries once to lift her hips up. They raise about an inch before dropping back to the floor. Her feet start to kick and squirm as if she's trying to get them against the floor and push herself up. "NUH! I SAA

NUH!" Nina grunts through her gag. I'm pretty sure she's still telling me that she doesn't want her pants off.

Now that she's lying flat on her stomach, her globes are a little more rounded. I can see a defined curve at their bottom edges. I can see that Nina has a modestly long crack that's fully close, the insides of her cheeks just barely touching each other. I can see that her cheeks are slightly loose, too. Just enough that the rounding of them has softened from what I'd call firm. Just enough to have the slightest bit of flatness to their fronts and jiggle to them as she struggles. I love a jiggling bottom, especially one that's not flabby and still fairly well-rounded.

I snap the crop again, searing a second welt onto a cheek. "You are going to lay still and allow my slave to show everyone *my* new pussy, bitch."

"MM-OW!" Nina screams into the gag as a fourth swat of the crop sears the matching welt to her other cheek.

Nina starts crying. It's a full-blown bawling cry, like a baby. She also falls limp. She doesn't fight me anymore. She just lies there, crying loudly and quivering crisply.

It spares her from the next swat, one I was already raising my crop to give her. I nod to Sophie.

Sophie puts her hands back to the waistband of Nina's slacks. Although the waistband is more of a leg band as it hangs around the tops of Nina's thighs. "That's a good bitch," Sophie very softly tells Nina. "You just like there and I'll show my Mistress your skanky pussy." I have taught Sophie so well, haven't I?

Sophie's hands are very tenderly on Nina's thighs. She slips Nina's pants down quickly but lets her hands glide very softly over Nina's bare legs as she pulls them to Nina's ankles. Then Sophie lifts Nina's feet out of her pants. The clothes join Nina's blouse in making a pile on the floor. And it leaves Nina almost nude.

Nina still has her jewelry on. But thankfully she's not the bimbo kind of girl who wears a ton of it. Just some earrings and a very nice watch. Nina lies quivering as Sophie takes all of that off Nina's body as well.

Chapter 03: Ending In Her Bottom

Sophie drops to her knees in front of me. "Mistress, this bitch is now fully nude for you, Mistress. May this slave be allowed to do *anything* else for you, Mistress?"

I tell Sophie that I have nothing for her at the moment.

Then I stand over the loudly crying Nina. And I keep my foot on her back, pinning her down. I doubt she's done resisting. But I'm also sure she's starting to realize that I can control her no matter what she wants. It's the start of her submitting. She'll have to believe that I can control her regardless of what she wants first. Then her submissiveness will kick in, and her instinct will be to please me. Whatever that takes. And the more pleased I am, the better. Eventually, she'll forget that silly idea of resisting anything. But she's not there yet. She needs to go far lower to get there.

I lean down. "Listen to me, filthy cunt. You belong to me now. Whether you know it or not. Whether you want to or not. You are my property.

"You are going to get to your feet and show me *my* new pussy. I don't care what you want. I am going to see every detail of it. You can get up like a good bitch, or you can keep fighting me like a bad bitch. It's your bottom that going to pay for your naughtiness. Now, on your feet, stupid bitch."

I get a grip on Nina's hair, pulling it slightly taut. I hold the gentle tension on it, letting Nina know that I'm ready to yank that hair out of her head if she gives me the excuse. Then I take my foot from her back.

Getting to her feet is going to be next to impossible for Nina with her hands useless behind her back. I know it. So when she doesn't immediately try to pull away from me, I put a hand to her shoulder and both steady her and lift her shoulders up. Nina pulls her knees up as she rises, getting to them. I give her a very light snap of her hair as she starts to rise onto her knees. It reminds her that it's going to hurt if she misbehaves. She gets to her feet.

Nina stands there, crying hard. Tears run down her cheeks. She quivers crisply. She hangs her head in shame, unwilling to look up and see anyone. Especially Adam, watching her.

Breaking Bitch

And now she displays her full-frontal nakedness to us all. The first thing I notice is the dark bush on her pubes. It's dense, its curls long and tangled together, making it hard to miss. But it's also well-trimmed. I can see the lines just inside of the creases of her thighs. And it looks like it's trimmed to leave her lips bare as well. It's just dark, black, and rather dense.

As I thought, I see that her pubes are as flat as her stomach. And I see the nice, rounded curve of her hips. I can only make out the hint of the tips of her hip bones, too. I can see that her legs are lean as well. But at the top of her thighs, I can see that her skin is fairly loose. There's no fat behind it, just skin that's loosening up. Maybe she lost a few pounds there. It doesn't hang or sag, so it couldn't have been many pounds.

So far, I can't imagine what Nina wouldn't want anyone to see. Her body doesn't look weird. Or different. It's just another woman's body to me. A fairly well cared for and lean one, too. A nice one. Nina has nothing to be shy about.

I keep my hold of her hair. "Come here, bitch," I tell her just as firmly, but now letting a bit of softness into my voice as well. It should let her know that I noticed she's behaving for the moment. And I suspect that's all she's behaving for. The moment. She's still thinking, dreaming up a thousand ways to get herself out of this. And very secretly, at her core, hoping that they'll all fail. While the rest of her hopes they don't.

It's only two steps from where I have Nina to the front of my desk. The desk where I study and take care of other things. It sits in the corner of the living room. I pull Nina over to it, putting her facing it. The edge of its top sits flush against her hips now. And I have Nina in the center of the desk. I'm pretty sure that Nina knows what's going to happen to her next.

"Open those feet, bitch," I firmly command. I don't bother to give Nina the chance to obey. I figure she'll take her time if she does it. She'll figure out why I want her legs spread wide. It will poke her pussy out

Chapter 03: Ending In Her Bottom

nicely as she bends forward. Instead, I use my foot to roughly tap the inside of her ankles, nudging her feet wider and wider apart.

It doesn't take me too long, or too many rough taps with my foot, for Nina to have her legs splayed wide. Nina is staring forward, her eyes downcast. The top of my desk is about all she's seeing through her wet eyes.

Sophie quickly comes over and kneels down behind me. I already have a short length of rope toes to each of the two legs of the desk. There's a heavy plastic zip tie attached to the end of each short piece of rope. Sophie moves as quickly as she can. She just loops the tie strap around Nina's ankle and cinches it down snugly. It's not a perfect binding. It won't keep her legs still. Nina can still move them. But Nina can't close them, and for now, that's really all I care about.

Now that Nina's legs are secure, I put my hands to the chain of Nina's cuffs. I lift up. It pulls her hands up behind her back. Then., after her hands have risen about a foot or so, it starts driving Nina's shoulders forward and down. In a couple of seconds, I have Nina fully bent over the top of the desk, her shoulders and face effectively pinned down. I just hold her hands up to keep her in place. For about ten seconds until Sophie is back to her feet beside me. Then Sophie holds Nina's hands up, freeing my hands for other things. And Sophie lifts a little more than I do, straining Nina's shoulders a little more, too. And pinning her even harder. Sophie is not going to let herself be the cause of my disappointment.

I drop to my knees. It puts my eyes about level with Nina's pussy. It lets me see that her mound is flat, not puffing out at all. I can see that Nina doesn't have much for lips, either. Hers are thin and narrow, but long. They're also rather wrinkly, as I'd expect her folds to be, not her lips. They're loose and soft, too. And they're shaven smooth. But they almost have to be. I couldn't imagine how the fur would feel on those wrinkly lips. It seems to me as if it would be going every which way and couldn't ever be neat. And tickling me. Her bush fades to nothing at the very top of those lips. As if she left as much hair as she could before it became annoying.

Breaking Bitch

Nina's inner folds are even more wrinkly. It's more as if they're bunched up and jumbled around instead of just wrinkly. The edges of her folds are dark, almost black, in a shade of blue-purple. But they quickly fade into a bright, hotly flushed, pinkness. A light pinkness. Her folds are long and tall, rising into her wide slit. But not through it, just about to the outside of her lips. They meld into a rather wide, knotty, wrinkled ridgeline at the top, near her bush. But below that, with her legs spread, they gape enough for me to see some of her pinkness beyond.

It's that knot that has my attention for the moment. I wash half expecting to see Nina's clit standing up from it. But hers looks a little different. Everything is there, I'm not saying it's abnormal, it's just too wrinkly. And those wrinkles give it a bunched-up and knotty look. And they have the loose flap lying over her nub. So I put the pad of my finger to the ridgeline to feel her nub.

And do I feel it. That flap has to be rather thin. Her clit seems to be rather wide, too. It's almost as if most of the knot is swollen rock-hard. And throbbing hard. Actually, it throbs so hard that it more pounds against my finger. With it being so prominent under that thin fold, it's going to get its share of attention when Nina has sex.

"OOH-EE!" Nina screeches into her gag, her hips shivering crisply as I first touch her nub. And I'm not caressing it, or even stroking it, just barely touching it. It has got to be very sensitive now. And Nina has got to be very aroused. "UH!" Nina grunts out, urgently. She starts panting fast, deep breaths, in through her nose, and grunting out deep "UH!s."

I ease Nina's folds wide apart. It lets me see all of her pinkness. A light pinkness that's now flushed bright and hot with blood. And that's covered with a thick coat of pasty honey. Her honey looks to be rather thick, but also fairly clear with only the faintest of white tinge to it. And I can smell a strong, slightly sweet, muskiness through a very sweet lilac scent that has to be perfume.

I can also see the entrance of her tunnel. It's almost flush with her pinkness, funneling inward very slightly. Her walls, what I can see of them, are spongy soft, and slightly loose. And covered with a heavy coat

Chapter 03: Ending In Her Bottom

of very clingy honey that sparkles in the light. Her walls swell inward, just slightly, but barely enough that they close off her tunnel fully, stopping me from seeing to the back of it. Not that Nina's tunnel was that wide, or gaping, to begin with.

With Sophie holding Nina's hands up high and driving Nina's shoulders hard against the desk, Nina isn't going anywhere. Her options now are limited to one. To lie there and suffer whatever indignities I decide to heap upon her. I'm known for heaping.

I call Adam over, telling him "Get a good look at this bitch's sloppy-wet skank pit. It is being just such the total slut!" I don't care if Adam sees her pussy or not. I'm pretty sure he'd prefer not to. But I do care that Nina hears me showing it to him. That way, Nina will know that Adam has seen the most private part of her body. That he knows her pussy as well as she does. As well as any of her lovers ever have. As well as I do.

I make sure Nina hears me pointing out how sloppy wet she is. And I show him where her "obscenely huge" clit is trying to hide. I even have him put his finger on her nub, and that gets Nina moaning fresh, urgent grunts into her gag. And shuddering crisply as she feels his firm, masculine, touch on her nub. "Oh, yeah, I can feel that thing pounding away," Adam tells me with some surprise in his voice. It gets a hard cringe from Nina. So perfect!

I pull on a latex glove, snapping it loudly. Then I "ask" Adam "I'll just check the depths of that slutty thing now." I input the tip of my finger to the entrance of Nina's tunnel. I press gently, casually pushing my finger into Nina's pussy.

It doesn't take even a fraction of an inch for me to feel the snugness cuddling around my finger. Or the softness of the sponginess of her walls, and their strong muscle. Or to feel the fiery hot heat burning through those walls. Despite its thickness, Nina's honey seems to be rather slippery. Like grease. It nicely has my finger gliding through her snug tunnel.

And that has Nina moaning more urgent grunts. And panting needy fast breaths. I'm clearly teasing some very hungry nerves. I'd love

Breaking Bitch

to know how long it's been since this pussy was taken proper care of, but it's not like I can ask her while she's gagged. And it's not like Adam would know when she last masturbated. It's not like I can tell, either. All I can tell is that right now, she's rather hungry for some attention here.

I ease my finger back out of her pussy. It keeps Nina moaning. And it gets her walls twitching. It's not faint twitches that slowly grow stronger. One second I barely feel anything, the next I feel her walls snapping tightly around my finger. And I hear Nina moaning twice as urgently. Then my finger is out of her pussy and my hands are gone. I pull my glove off as noisily as I can, making sure Nina hears it.

Nina stands there, bent over my desk, and bawling.

"You can see this bitch's pussy is far too slutty," I say to Adam. "I'm pretty sure its butt is being just as much the slut. You don't care if I check inside this bitch's butt and see if that's a disgustingly trashy as the rest of it, do you?"

Even as I nod to him, Adam hesitates for just a second.

"NUH!" Nina shrieks her voice pleading and panicked, into her gag. "PUH-ESE! NUH! PUH-ESE!" It doesn't take an interpreter to figure out what Nina is begging Adam for. To say no. For him to tell me to leave her butt alone.

I nod to Adam again, this time a little firmer. I guess he figures out that I'm not really asking his permission. He's only there for Nina to hear him give him permission. As if this is just theater and he's playing his role. "Mom, just behave....," Adam tells her, his voice tired but as firm as he can manage. "Miss Rodgers is going to check... inside your butt now."

"NUH!" Nina screeches her voice now pure panic.

I ignore Nina and her screeching. I just reach up to the desk and get another latex glove. I take my time, watching Nina tremble and plead, as I pull it onto my hand. Then I snap it loudly. Nina jumps. Her hips try to wiggle, making it harder for me, but they can't go far with her so fully bound.

I'm sure Nina realizes it too. There's absolutely nothing she can do, except to stand there and wait for my finger to slip into her bottom.

Chapter 03: Ending In Her Bottom

How much she doesn't want there means nothing. It's going to happen to her simply because Adam and I decided for her that it would. That Nina is powerless, even over the most reserved part of her body.

I put a tiny drop of lubricating gel on the tip of my finger. Then I use my free hand to casually push Nina's cheeks wide apart, as if her comfort is of no concern to me, but also not trying to be rough with her. I just want her to feel that I am completely unconcerned with her comfort. Or her wishes.

It reveals the most private piece of Nina's body to our eyes. The one place that Nina never would have thought anyone would so casually be examining, except maybe a doctor. The one place she least wants anyone to see. Her asshole.

Hers isn't anything special. But I am a student nurse, and I've seen enough of them by now. Nina's is a light pink, surrounded by a swatch of light pink flesh. It's almost fully hairless, only a few stray hairs of her bush making it back that far and not caught by her razor. About three of them. Her ring funnels inward slightly, but that's not uncommon, especially on older women. And men. Her muscle is still firm, clenching firmly shut. And now she's cinching it as tightly as she possibly can. Her ring is lined with countless, but gentle, little wrinkle lines.

I put the slippery tip of my finger to her ring, pressing it just enough that the tip of my finger is in the wide mouth of her funnel. It's barely wide enough for the tip of my finger, not even my finger. It lets me press lightly against the tiny point of darkness where her muscle is cinched together.

Nina screams a very desperate, begging "PUH-ESE!" And she trembles hard. She tries to move, but Sophie has her too fully pinned for Nina to go anywhere. She wiggles her bottom desperately, but it's not going anywhere either.

I just press. I don't give her any advice to ease it. I don't try to be rough. Or gentle. I push, steadily increasing the pressure against her tight and resisting ring. The funneling of it helps me, not her. It more guides my finger to that point of darkness, keeping my pressure fully centered over her opening. Her muscle is hard, straining as it resists the

unwanted invasion. And then I feel her ring softening, growing slightly rubbery, and starting to widen. It gives my finger a little more room to press a little deeper into her bottom.

“UHHHHH!!!!” Nina screams into her gag. And there's no reason for her to be screaming. This might not be comfortable with her ring resisting, but it doesn't hurt either. Then again, her scream is panic, not pain. Her hips slam hard forward, bashing against the desk. They don't really move, she was already against the desk. But she's definitely trying to move.

I feel the rubbery muscle of Nina's asshole squeezing around the tip of my finger. Fully clenched, her ring is about ½” thick. It will thin out as it's stretched. But my finger is slim and is barely stretching it. It lets me feel the thickness of her muscle as it squeezes snugly around the side of my finger. As it squishes, trying to grip my finger and stop it, the lubricant does its job. My finger slides easily. And now that her asshole is stretched wide enough to accommodate my finger, there's nothing to hinder its way to the depths of Nina's bottom.

I slip all of my finger into Nina's bottom, stopping only when the web of my finger is flush against the outside of her tight asshole. I'm sure Nina can feel that, too. And if not, she can definitely feel my finger inside her. She knows that it's all inside her bottom. That my finger can now explore as much of her bowels as I want it to. Or as much as I can reach. I have rather small hands.

I don't need much for this. I can already feel plenty. But I know exactly what I'm feeling. I can feel her asshole squeezing hard around my finger as if trying to hold it still. I can feel a fiery hot heat burning all through Nina. I can feel a very light quivering flowing through every muscle in her body. And almost through her bowels as well. I can even feel the waste inside her.

But what I'm interested in is just below the paper-thin walls of her rectum. Close to her asshole. That's where her pussy sits. The thin membrane of her rectum does nothing to block me from feeling her pussy, either. I can feel the slightly firm sponginess of those walls. And I can feel the sharp twitches still racking those walls. Not little pinpricks

Chapter 03: Ending In Her Bottom

sprouting up and snapping. This is her entire walls snapping sharply. And it feels almost like they're quivering as they snap.

I just start to press the pad of my finger down very softly. I'm not trying to hurt Nina. I'm trying to get to those walls and stroke the backside of them. It doesn't matter which side of those walls are stroked. It teases the same nerves. Her pussy won't know where my finger is. Only that those nerves are suddenly on fire.

I don't get to massage the backside of her walls. Before I can I feel the tremor hit Nina. Her body violently snaps, every muscle tensing up at once. They stay fully tensed, straining hard. Nina doesn't even screech now. I doubt she can. I imagine she's biting the gag, her jaw as tensed as everything else.

Except for her asshole. That's suddenly snapping around my finger. And her pussy. That's twitching so hard that I can it pushing tiny gobs of her pasty honey into her slit. If her honey was watery, I think it would be squirting. Those spasms sweeping her pussy are so sharp that I wonder if Nina is cumming already.

So I give my finger a tiny wiggle. Just one. I want to see what effect it has on her. The effect is instantaneous. Her body snaps violently. Just once, as my finger is stroking the backside of those walls. It's a hard snap, one that jerks hard on the ropes holding her feet, bashes her knees against the front of my desk, and has her knocking her head against the top of it. And then, she's back at full tension. It's more as if she never lost any of that tension, just snapped while staying tight. But I also feel her pussy snap with the rest of her body.

It makes me think that Nina is going to be useful in my toybox. She's pretty. Prettier than average for a woman of her age. That will make the guys want her. And I would bet anything that she's just as energetic when she's having sex as she is now. That her body is going to snapping and thrashing the entire time. Wildly. Guys will love that. So will the girls.

I stop and leave my finger still inside Nina's bottom. Then I pull it out very slowly. Nina stays tensed the entire time. I know, I can feel it. Especially around my finger where her asshole is squeezing me so hard

Breaking Bitch

that even the grease isn't so much help. But then, once my finger slips from her asshole, her body falls loose and Nina pants fast, sucking breaths. Breaths that are so needy it's clear that she hasn't cum yet.

"I just can't tell," I tell Adam in a rather teasing, but sweet, voice. "This bitch's butt is just so tight and hot that I can't tell how slutty it is. It just won't relax enough for my finger."

I sigh. "There's only one other way to tell how slutty its bottom is. I'll just have to stretch its anus wide open and then we can all look right up its bottom and see every bit of its filthy rectum, and we'll know what a total slut its bottom is.

"You don't mind if I look up this bitch's butt and check out the very depths of its rectum, do you?"

Adam stutters. He definitely doesn't know what to say to that. I'm sure he's thinking there's no way that his mom would want me, or anyone, looking up her butt. Who would? But he's also thinking that she's clearly gotten very aroused by everything I've come up with so far. That each new invasion of her body, and her dignity, seems to have her hotter..... as if I might be able to read Nina in ways he can't.

With me nodding vigorously, Adam finally agrees. "Mom, Miss Rodgers is going to look all the way up your butt. You are going to behave while she sees your... insides."

Nina screeches another series of pleading "NUH!s." She lies there trembling, too. It's all she can manage to do.

I send Sophie to the playroom with instructions to fetch me an anal dilator and "a soft probe." Sophie giggles. She knows that a "soft probe" is one of my ways of saying "a feather" without saying it. When I don't want the toy to know what I'm getting. I take hold of Nina's hands so Sophie can hurry off without leaving Nina free.

Sophie is back quickly. She hands me the spreader, its steel blades already greased up with a fine film of lubricating gel. She hands me the feather, too. It's exactly the kind I wanted. Then Sophie takes over pinning Nina down again.

I quickly spread Nina's cheeks again, stretching them as wide as I can and fully exposing the tight ring of her asshole. Nina screams very

Chapter 03: Ending In Her Bottom

desperate pleas into her gag, begging me and Adam not to do this to her. She fidgets, fighting to get up and going nowhere.

The spreader is just a pair of small steel curved blades with a handle on them. Closed, as those blades are now, their edges and tips are flush against each other. Even together, they're no wider than my finger, making for a fairly easy insertion. One that won't be uncomfortable if Nina would just relax instead of resisting. I put the tips of the blades flush against her asshole. They press lightly into the funnel.

Nina screams, one more long cry of absolute panic as she feels the firm pressure of the blades pushing into the funnel of her asshole. Her ring doesn't have a chance of stopping me. Those blades slip easily into her asshole, stretching it just about as wide as my finger did. And that's not wide at all. The blades aren't that long, about an inch. I push all of them into Nina's asshole, knowing that the tips of them are now about ½" beyond the inside edge of her muscle.

Then I start twisting the thumbscrew on the handle. That opens the blades, slowly. Slow enough to give her muscle time to get used to being stretched and soften, rather than strain it. I keep turning it, and it keeps opening the blades.

Soon I can start to see through the blades. Now it's just a question of far open do I want to stretch Nina's asshole. Wide. I want her to really feel her asshole being held wide open for a good view inside her body. So I keep turning the thumbscrew. And the blades keep creeping apart, pulling her muscle wide.

It stretches her asshole in an oval, not round. The blades are always the same size, about like my finger. But they keep stretching wider apart, pulling her muscle and the flesh over it taut between them. By the time I stop opening her asshole, it's gaping almost an inch across, but less than half that high.

It still gives me a very clear view into her rectum. I can see everything. I can see the pinkish wall of her rectum, now flushed hot and bright, almost to a red, with her blood. I can see the dark, thick veins lining it. I can see the pink flesh of her asshole pulled tightly

Breaking Bitch

between the blades. I can even see that only the bottom two inches or so of her rectum are really accessible. Beyond that, she's full. Her waste is in full view, too.

But I can also see the light quivering at the bottom of her rectum. Right where her thin wall is lying against the backside of her pussy. It tells me that her pussy is still twitching just as sharply as it was. Sharp enough that it's jiggling the filmy membrane of her rectum as it lies atop her pussy.

My goal is not to look up Nina's butt. I've seen far more of that than I need to see for an entire lifetime. My goal is to subject Nina to yet another invasion of her body. A particularly degrading one. And an intimate one. That's always more humiliating when I make Nina think about it. To stand there, feeling her bottom stretched wide for the world to see, and think about what we're seeing inside her bottom. One place even Nina doesn't have a clue what she looks like.

"Adam..." I say in my sweetest, most teasing voice, "can you see those faint tremors in the bottom of this bitch's rectum? Look right there... see it quivering?"

"Uh, yeah..." Adam says. He barely glances, but his voice has enough sureness in it that I'm pretty confident he saw them. They're pretty hard to miss. It's like a piece of Saran Wrap lying atop a vibrator or something.

"That's this bitch's butt being very disgustingly slutty. It should be her pussy twitching around some guy's thick, hard cock. But, as you're seeing, it's its rectum twitching around *nothing*. It's so slutty that it can't even wait for a cock in it. In its pussy or its butt, apparently."

I bring the feather up. The one Sophie brought me, the one I wanted, is long and thin. It has a very fine, silky fur on it that's barely stiff enough to hold its shape. It will feel silky soft, delicate, and feminine against Nina's body. Anywhere.

I very carefully slip the tip of the feather through the open blades of the spreader. I'm very careful as I do. I make sure that the feather doesn't touch Nina. Not even the tiniest bit. She hasn't a clue that I'm

Chapter 03: Ending In Her Bottom

putting anything, let alone what, through those blades and into her bottom.

"Let me show you just what a total slut this bitch's butt is..." I use my most taunting voice to tell Adam. Then, before Nina can process what she heard, I let the tip of the feather touch the inside of Nina's rectum. I have it as deep as I can, just before the point where her waste is blocking the path. Nina could really use a good enema now! Then I'd have the entire length of her rectum to play with, instead of just the base of it.

It's not hard to find nerves in a rectum. There are enough of them. Especially close to the asshole. Deeper, there are fewer, but there are still plenty of them. A few run along her rectum, near those thick veins. Those are easy to find. It's one of those I target. And one that happens to be just above her pussy.

I just lightly put the tip of the feather to the filmy membrane and start drawing it very slowly along the line where those nerves are.

Nina doesn't screech. She tenses up, her body instantly snapping to steel just as it did with my finger inside her. Only this time she doesn't freeze up. Her body fights hard. She thrashes wildly, her legs snapping against those ropes with all her strength. Her hands fight to get free of Sophie's grip, trying to slam down against her back. Her shoulders twist and thrash against the desk. Her hips snap forward, bashing hard against the desk. Even Nina's head thrashes, beating itself against the desk.

Nina's toes curl under, almost into circles. Her fists ball up. Her face scrunches up tight. Nothing stops her. Nina thrashes with every bit of energy she has. It takes about two seconds for me to see the thick honey start oozing from her slit. At the same time, I see the goosebumps suddenly erupt along Nina's spine. They run along both sides of her spine, all the way from the top of her crack to her neck before vanishing under her hair. Nina just keeps snapping violently and thrashing every which way.

I can see the tremors in her pussy growing crisper. I can see them jiggling the wall of her rectum as it lies over those spongy firm walls. I

Breaking Bitch

have no doubt that Nina is in the most agonizing ecstasy right now. I hear the ropes on her feet snapping again.

But Adam can't tell. He's not sure if Nina is loving this, or if she's in hideous pain right now. I'm pretty sure that he is leaning toward pleasure since it's not easy for a feather to be painful, but he's thinking I could be tickling her to death with it, and that wouldn't be fun.

"Oh, filthy gutter cunt..." I coo teasingly, and a little loudly. It's the first time I've raised my voice even a decibel. "Do you want to let this slutty butt cum now?" I don't care what Nina wants. But I want her to tell Adam. I want him to know that she's liking it.

Nina very enthusiastically nods her head, knocking it against the table and not caring one bit that she does. She just wants him to see it. Needs him to see it. I have no doubt that stopping now would be excruciating for Nina. It would be the sweetest agony. But agony.

I wait a few seconds, then I ask Adam, "I think this bitch wants you to know that it really wants to be the filthiest of sluts right now."

"Uh, yeah, that's kind of obvious!" Adam answers. "Damn, she likes that up her butt, doesn't she?"

"Yes, this bitch definitely likes it up its butt..." I tell him. Then I yank the feather out of her bottom.

Nina screams into her gag. It's a long, loud, pained scream. A scream that begs Adam to ask me to finish what I started, and almost did finish. I know Nina is hanging right on the edge of an orgasm. It's right where I wanted her. And right where I'm going to leave her.

While Nina screams into her gag, I get another piece of rope. I tie one end of it to the chain of Nina's cuffs. I take Nina's hands from Sophie, bringing them down to Nina's back. I drop the free end of the rope over the top of the desk, then I pull it hard. I take the slack out of it, then keep pulling. It forces Nina's elbows to bend and pulls her hands up along her back until her shoulders are straining hard. I tie the rope off, and it pins Nina over the desk just as effectively as Sophie had her.

And then, almost to Nina's regret, I take the spreader out of her asshole.



Chapter 04: The Dildo, Mommy, And An Orgasm

Chapter 04: The Dildo, Mommy, And An Orgasm

And now, it's time for Nina's next lesson. I'm already thinking that it's too bad that Adam isn't interested in Nina, or at least willing. I'm fairly sure that Nina wouldn't find it disgusting and humiliating for him to touch her. And very arousing. I've already seen that much by the way she reacts to him. Even when he's just making a choice for her, she cringes from the humiliation and gets hotter.

I hand Adam a blindfold. And I tell him to put it on Nina snugly. She isn't to see anything anymore. She'll just have to learn to trust Adam. Completely. With every bit of her body. As he steps to Nina, slightly reluctantly, I send a quick text message. It's just two words. "Come now."

"Mom..." Adam recites the line I've given him as he ties the blindfold around Nina's eyes. "I've told you that you belong to Miss Rodgers now. You don't need to see. We will take care of you. Just behave."

It doesn't calm Nina. She doesn't exactly fight Adam, but she does about everything she can to make it hard for him to take her sight away. Her head isn't still. She cries. She even blurts out a screeching "NUH!" But with her shoulders fully pinned down to the desk, there's not much more she can do except to roll her head around as he tries to tie the blindfold. It doesn't take him very long to get it tied. Maybe a few seconds more.

Now I wait. It won't be long. Before Nina arrived I'd summoned a couple of toys and told them to wait in their car until summoned to the door. I figure they're parked out on the street somewhere close to my apartment. They've been toys for a while now, and they know I don't like to be kept waiting. We don't wait in silence, but I do refuse to discuss what's next for Nina. Instead, I ask about his job, and if he's thought of going to college. He's 19, so he wouldn't exactly be the oldest freshman on campus. By far. He tells me that's his plan. He's taking one year, this year, off to work and save up some money, then it's off to school. He's been accepted at a few colleges in the area. But he didn't apply to USA where I go. He only applied to colleges in Florida. Closer to his home. I

Breaking Bitch

suggest he reconsider since everyone knows USA is the best school south of Tuscaloosa! He just laughs.

Then the knock comes at my door. I send Sophie to answer it. It's the two toys I summoned, Wayne and Anita. They're a married couple, both of whom like to play. Wayne is 48 years old. His wife, Anita, is 44. And Anita is in trouble this week. Wayne is a pilot for one of the major airlines. While he was away on a flight, Anita committed the unpardonable sin of masturbating without permission from me.

Anita's punishment is that Wayne must bring her here every night to be teased. But she's not allowed to cum. And I've put a chastity cup on her pussy to ensure that she's prevented from cumming, no matter how hard she tries to. All she can do is suffer the teasing, and wait. However, since Wayne hasn't misbehaved, I don't see any reason to deny him permission for a little relief. Thus, Anita is required to bring Wayne to orgasm nightly, with her mouth.

As soon as Sophie shows them in, I see Anita's face drop. She can clearly see Nina, nude, blindfolded, and tied over the desk with her pussy offered up. It doesn't take her much imagination to figure out what role Nina is serving. That of cum dumpster. And that's one thing that Anita hates. She hates it when I allow Wayne to have another woman. Even though it arouses her intensely to watch. I'm sure she's assuming that Nina is going to provide Wayne's nightly orgasm.

As soon as the pair sets foot inside my apartment, Sophie orders them both to undress and hand their clothes over to her. Once they're both nude, Sophie takes their clothes and locks them in a file cabinet in the playroom that I keep for that very purpose. Now neither of them can get to their clothes. I have the only key to open that drawer.

Anita isn't the prettiest woman, but she's not undesirable either. She's fairly plain-looking. She's about 5'5" tall and around 150 pounds. It's just enough weight to give her what I call a "mom body." One or two extra pounds on each arm, another one or two on each thigh. Enough that a thin layer of body fat covers her muscles, but not so much that she looks thick, fat, or flabby. But she does have slightly wide hips. And she has a loose stomach, mostly flat, but with a pair of creases to it, one

Chapter 04: The Dildo, Mommy, And An Orgasm

between her navel and her breasts and a second, lighter one, along her bikini line. They make her stomach look like it has carried a few children and never quite recovered to its pre-pregnancy tautness. Then again, she has three children. Including her oldest, my slave-whore Paige who is still demurely on her knees awaiting her next instruction. Despite her parents coming in and being made to strip in front of her, Paige doesn't react at all. It's not the first time she's seen them nude. It's not the first time she's been in the room while one, or both, of them, entertained me. She knows that they were my toys long before she was. And I'm not one to get rid of amusing toys just because of their former relationship to another of my toys. Nor am I one to care much about that former relationship. To me, all three are nothing more than play toys. And Barbie dolls don't have parents.

Anita has a very slightly plump-looking oval face framed by fine, jet black hair that hangs straight to the top of her shoulders. It's a face with soft, full, rounded features and lines. I don't see a harsh angle to her face. Or the rest of her body for that matter. She has deep-brown eyes, a moderately wide and slightly short nose, and a rounded chin. She also has a narrow mouth framed by thin light-pink lips and a bright white smile.

I know how women, especially older ones, tend to lie about their size. So I always measure my toys on one of their first sessions. They all want to be thinner, have a shapelier figure, and have bigger breasts. Or so it seems. Anita's breasts are 38-B's. They're full and rounded, spongy soft, but sag so little it's not really noticeable. Not that she that much breast to sag. Like the rest of her skin, her mounds are milky white. They're topped with wide medium-pink nipples that swell up like hard half-marbles. Those are surrounded by very wide rings. Those rings are the same shade of light pink. A shade so light that it's almost white.

Beside my desk, I keep a small wooden stool. It's very plain. It has a 12" round seat on it and four legs to support it. It's Amish-built, so it's very sturdy. It's also just a hair low for the average person to sit on. I bought it with that in mind. I don't want it to be comfortable.

Breaking Bitch

Anita has a full, moderately dense bush, just like Nina does. And like Nina, Anita's pussy mound is shaven bare. The chastity cup sits just inside the lips of her pussy, so it's not visible. Not even with her fully naked. All that Adam, or anyone else, can see is the mound of her pussy between her thighs. He can't see that the lips of her pussy are sealed together with surgical glue, except for the very end of a catheter tube that allows Anita to pee. With those lips sealed, Anita can't take the chastity cup off. And with it under her lips, there's absolutely no way that she can get anything to her pussy or clit. She can't even grind herself against anything. The cup is made of a hard plastic that prevents all of that.

Anita has her hands behind her back. I call her over to me and tell her to take a seat on the stool. Usually, I have my toys sit facing the wall behind my desk, a wall that I intentionally keep blank so that they have nothing to see but the wall. Tonight I have Anita sit the other way. Facing out, toward the rest of the room. It has Anita beside Nina. There's probably less than two feet between Anita's shoulders and Nina's prone chest. And, out of the corner of her eyes, Anita will be able to see Nina's bottom. More importantly, she'll be able to see what happens behind Nina's bottom.

Unlike Nina, Anita is well-trained. She knows the rules here. She knows what I expect from my toys. She knows that she's to sit still. I've told her to sit, and that's all I need to say. She sits with her back up straight and her legs crossed right over left. She'll keep her hands behind her back where they won't hinder anyone's view of her naked front. And her breasts. Her pubes are mostly hidden with her crossed legs. She knows not to say a word, either. Not even to turn her head to watch whatever is being done. Just to sit there and wait for me to tell her what use I might have for her body.

Wayne's a decently-tall man at 6'1", but he has a lean, almost-but-not-quite wiry build at 175 pounds. He has short hair that used to be as dark as Anita's, but now has a fair dose of gray to it. He has an oval face, too, but with a more pointy chin. Still, his face has soft and rounded lines, not harsh angles to it. His face may be slightly long looking, and

Chapter 04: The Dildo, Mommy, And An Orgasm

that makes his chin look pointy, but it's a rounded point to it. He also has brown eyes. His nose is slightly small and without any sharp lines to it. And she has a fairly wide mouth, framed with medium-dark, full pink lips.

He has a flat stomach with straight sides. His chest is covered with a medium-dense and deep-black fur that hasn't started to gray yet. His fur lightens up to "sparse" on his stomach. Then he has a very dense tangle of dark, long, curls with a slight brownish tinge to them on his pubes. All with legs that are mostly hairless, covered only with a fine layer of fuzzy hairs.

I measure men when they first come to play, too, although not as completely as I measure women. Men don't find it embarrassing to have their measurements loudly announced as women do. Except for one measurement that is, and that's one I make sure to get. And it's not one that flatters Wayne. His cock measures a mere 4.87" long, and that's at full steely hardness. And it's a mere .87" inches across. Soft it measures only 3" long and ½" thick. According to the "experts" on such things, as well as my personal observations to date, that puts him on the wrong side of average. But only by about ¼", so not too far below average. Very far below my average, but I'm picky and I have standards; nothing under seven inches is going to touch me. Nor is anything less than about twice as thick as Wayne's little toy cock. It's really the thickness that matters. As long as a man has enough length to reach the back of a pussy, anything more is just a waste, and it doesn't take that much, maybe about five inches, to reach the back. But thickness... that's what pulls the pussy walls taut and strokes so snugly over those sensitive nerves. If I'm getting a cock for myself, it's going to be one that really stimulates those nerves and drives me happily insane.

Unfortunately, Wayne's cock isn't circumcised, either. I hate that. Inside me, I can feel the looseness of the foreskin moving around, and I don't care for that. On a toy, the foreskin does nothing but hide almost all of the cock's head. That makes it harder for me to tease that most sensitive part of it.

Breaking Bitch

I have Wayne come over to stand before me. I'm about one step behind Nina's bottom, and Adam is still beside me. Immediately I notice how uneasy Adam seems to be with Wayne nude and close. Not that close, there's a good foot or two between us. It's not like we're hugging! But Wayne is close enough.

Wayne has his hands behind his back as well. And that leaves his small cock standing out straight. And rock-hard. I'd be surprised if it wasn't hard. His eyes are on Nina's very sloppy-wet pussy. I'm sure he's hoping that I'll allow him the use of her pussy. A woman other than Anita is a rare treat for him. I keep it that way for Anita. If I gave Wayne to other women too often, then it would lose some of its impact on Anita. She'd get too used to it. I don't want that. I just love the way she cringes and hates it when she knows that some other woman is getting Wayne's cock. I love how hot it gets Anita, too.

And that's why Anita has to know it's coming. She knows that it will get her hot. And she knows that I know it. She also knows that my stated goal for her week of punishment is to keep her as hotly aroused as I possibly can, and make her suffer without relief. Or even the ability to relieve herself.

I know two more things. Nina can hear everything that's said, and she's paying close attention to what I say to Adam. It gives her some clue what I'm going to do to her next. What further humiliation I might subject her to. And that neither of them has any clue what I'm doing, or in which direction I'm going. Or why. Adam is just dumbly following along, and he's starting to get reluctant. It tells me that I'm reaching the limit of how involved he's willing to be.

But he's also not trying to leave. That supports an idea I got talking to him, and one that's firmed up as I've watched him with Nina. He loves his mother. Obviously! He wants to protect her. That's why he's stayed as long as he has. He doesn't understand D/s, and really he hasn't seen much submission yet, so he still doesn't understand much about it. He just wants to ensure that his mother isn't hurt. By me, the woman he chose to bring her to. I'm sure he's smart enough to know that some unpleasant things would fall upon her, such as spankings,

Chapter 04: The Dildo, Mommy, And An Orgasm

which are so stereotypical of D/s. But he doesn't want her injured or abused. So he's stayed to keep an eye on her. More so while Nina is helplessly bound and really at my mercy.

Nina probably hasn't realized that yet. She's probably not really thinking about much right now. She's too busy worrying about what might happen to her next. It will dawn on her later, while nothing is happening to her, that I was allowing Adam to have a say for her. That while I was in control, Adam was the one who could have stopped things for her. That Adam would, hopefully, not have let things go too far for her.

Adam is trying hard not to look at Wayne. To look past him. To keep his attention on me, and as much of an eye on Paige as he can. Anita is behind him, out of his sight, so he's not looking at her. Then again, Paige is prettier and younger than Anita, so she'd have his attention anyway.

I turn my attention to Adam. I tell him that he's a good son for Nina, far better than a filthy cunt like Nina deserves. "Do you think that my bitch would like an orgasm tonight?" I ask him.

"Heck, yeah... You heard her begging it for a few minutes ago." He confidently answers.

"Do you want that bitch to get fucked, then?"

"I... uh... that's the way it's done, right?" He tries to put a little laugh into his voice as if he's making a joke. What he's really saying is "how else is she going to cum?" As if he's wondering if I might have some secret device that would do it for her without the usual methods.

"Then here's your job. See that useless dildo standing there? I know, it's tiny, not like a real man, but it's what's here... Your job is to decide if that dildo is sufficient to fuck that bitch. Before you decide, you'll have to get a very thorough look at it. That way, you'll know what you're going to allow to fuck that bitch."

Adam cringes hard at the words, even though he doesn't yet know what I mean by them. I'm not sure why he's cringing, though. There's something about the way he's avoiding any eye contact with any part of Wayne. And how fully focused he is on Paige. It's almost as if it's a case

of "he who protests too much." As if he's doing everything possible to avoid anything masculine, and make himself focus on anything feminine. But that could be several things. Like homophobia.

"The first thing you'll have to do is check that dildo there." I don't offer Adam any gloves. And I'm certain he would like a pair. But that's not what I want. I want him to feel a cock in his hands. To really feel the hard shaft. So I just don't offer him any. "Just put your hand under its dildo. Hold your hand flat, like a little tray, and let the hard shaft rest atop your hand. Lift it up just a hair so that it's sticking straight out and not drooping even the tiniest bit. Go ahead, you can touch it. The dildo won't mind. It's just a cheap sex toy... so cheap I'll bet it was even made in China!" I laugh. Hey, everyone knows the cheapest toys come from China! Although Wayne is from Indiana.

Adam put his hand out slowly. And it quivers slightly as it nears Wayne's stiff cock. Adam turns back to me and silently pleads with me not to make him do this. I just smile back at him, waiting to see if he'll touch a cock. Men can be so weird about that! Seeing that I'm not going to change my mind, Adam finally gets his hand under Wayne's small shaft. Adam holds his hand straight, the tips of his fingers almost touching Wayne's hairy balls and the tip of Wayne's cock pointing to Adam's wrist.

Adam still tries hard not to look at the shaft. For the moment, to put Adam slightly more at ease, I switch to my professional nurse mode. As if this is just a clinical examination. I tell him to put the tips of his fingers to the top of Wayne's cock. To press just lightly, only hard enough to gauge the stiffness of Wayne's shaft.

Then I watch Adam's hand as it trembles lightly. He moves very hesitantly. But finally, he gets his fingers to the top of Wayne's hard, narrow cock. He presses, just lightly. Then he tries to lift his hand quickly from the shaft. I put my hand to his and stop him from taking his hand away.

"You're not playing with it," I tell him. I don't mean it. That's exactly what I'm getting him to do. But I need to keep Adam calm and focused. "This is really an important task. That bitch can't decide for

Chapter 04: The Dildo, Mommy, And An Orgasm

itself if this dildo is right for it. You have to do that for it. It's your place now, since you brought it here, to look after it. Trust me, that bitch wants you to look out for it. You're just checking the dildo to make sure it's ready and won't hurt her.

"Think about all of the times you've been with a girl." I don't know how many times that's been. If any. But he is 19, so it's a very good bet there have been a few times by now. "Any girl with any experience will always touch your cock before she lets you touch her with it. That bitch can't. She'll do that to make sure it's ready and won't hurt her. You have to do that for this bitch. Or just gamble it's appropriate for her body." I give that a second to sink in, knowing that Adam won't gamble with Nina's body.

After a second or five, I finally feel the tension ebb from Adam's muscles. I hear a light sigh from Adam, too, as if he doesn't want us to hear it. I know then he's resigned himself to having to check this cock. And I know he's telling himself that Nina had better appreciate him going so far for her.

Now I guide his hand. I keep those fingers pressing very slightly on the top of Wayne's cock. And I stroke his fingertips along the length of the steely hard shaft. I ask Adam if he can feel "the texture of the hard tube just under the dildo's skin."

"Yeah..." Adam tells me, his voice disgusted, but also sure. It tells me that he can feel the lightly ribbed texture of Wayne's cock. Of the blood-filled tissue just under the skin stiffening his shaft.

"Good, now you're checking to see if you feel anything but a very light ribbing. Light is good. That texture will stroke the bitch's insides and tease its hungry nerves. But anything else might hurt her. Just imagine whatever you feel, stroking over the tip of your dick. It will feel about the same on the bitch's insides, so if it would hurt you, it will hurt a bitch. Is this dildo acceptable?"

"I guess..." Adam answers reluctantly. "I mean, I don't feel anything more than the... texture you said I would..." I see Adam cringing as he says it. It's making him think about what his hands are doing. I want that. I want to see how Adam reacts to a cock.

"Fine," I tell him. I have Adam wrap his hand around the center of Wayne's cock. With Wayne's short cock, Adam's hand covers most of his length. I have Adam give Wayne's cock a decent little squeeze, holding the grip for a second, to feel the hardness of it. Adam tells me it's "as hard as an iron pipe." I'm sure it is. Wayne is definitely excited, more so now that he hears that Nina just might really be on the menu for him. His eyes are locked on Nina's very eagerly waiting pussy.

Now I make Adam use that hand around Wayne's cock to pull Wayne's foreskin back and expose the head of the cock. As Adam holds it back, I have Adam put the tip of a finger to the tip of Wayne's soft cock head and stroke it a couple of times. Lightly.

Adam's fingers are like his hands. Fairly large. Somewhat rough, like a man who works with his hands. And very masculine. There's no mistaking his touch. Not even with eyes closed. It's manly.

Wayne's cock twitches the very instant Adam's manly finger touches it. Even before he starts stroking his finger over the spongy soft head. Stroking it just makes Wayne's cock twitch crisper, more eagerly.

Adam cringes hard. He takes those eager twitches for what they are. A sign of Wayne's arousal. As proof that Wayne likes having a man tease his cock. In Adam's mind, that makes Wayne gay. I can see it on Adam's crunching face. He hates it. He thinks Wayne's cock should be softening as fast as a cock can. Instead, it's staying hard, straining to get harder, and liking Adam's soft touch. I'd bet Adam would make his touch unpleasant for Wayne if he could. It's why I'm keeping my hand on Adam's, making sure he keeps the touch soft. I doubt Adam will realize that Wayne's cock doesn't care what teases it, as long as the teases are sweet, it will react to them. Nerves are fairly simple like that. The rest is all in the head. Literally.

I have Adam use his fingers to pinch the head of Wayne's cock softly, just to feel how spongy and soft it is. And to feel the tip of the stiff tube at the base of the bulbous pink head. Officially, I tell him it's to gauge how that will feel inside Nina. Really it just to make him feel up more of the cock.

Chapter 04: The Dildo, Mommy, And An Orgasm

"Now it's time to gauge how ready, and eager, that dildo is," I teasingly tell Adam. Immediately Adam's face scrunches up, even more, the look of disgust on his face growing worse. He must know he's not going to like this. I tell him to keep his hand soft and take a few slow strokes on the cock. Just as if it were his cock and he was masturbating. With a loose grip, since he doesn't want to make the cock cum. Just to see if it really wants to cum.

Adam cringes hard and looks away. I wonder what he's telling himself that he's doing. Probably anything would work, as long as it isn't stroking another man's cock. As he's doing. He takes a couple of short strokes. "A few more, I'll tell you when..." I tell him softly. Adam starts stroking Wayne's cock again, his hand caressing Wayne's hungry shaft from base to the tip of its head. It's short strokes, Adam's hand plenty big enough to cover the distance.

After about three strokes I take my hand away. Adam keeps stroking the cock. The cock keeps twitching in his hand. Adam's grip is loose enough that I can see the twitches as they tap his cock slightly against Adam's hand. Adam doesn't stop. He doesn't slow down. He doesn't even squish Wayne's cock. He just keeps his eyes averted and tenderly strokes the length. Wayne's cock twitches a little sharper with each stroke.

I leave Adam to stroke the cock for a moment. It doesn't take but about three seconds before I hear Wayne breathe out a slight purr of sweetness. I see Adam cringe as he hears it, and turn slightly green as if it makes him sick. But his stroke doesn't change. He teases the cock sweetly.

I finally tell Adam to stop. I figure by now Wayne's cock is nicely teased. And about halfway to an orgasm. Wayne hates it when I have a man touch his cock. He is not the least bit interested in men. But the thought of submissively standing there and allowing a touch he hates has got to be arousing him. I knew it would. It isn't the first time I've done this to him.

I ask Adam if he thinks Wayne's cock is ready to fuck a filthy cunt, like that bitch. Adam says it is. He sounds rather sure of it, too. Then

again, I'm sure he felt the eager twitches racking Wayne's cock as it jumped against his hand.

I tell Adam that it's time to check Wayne's balls. I have Adam cup them in his hand, very gently holding Wayne's hairy sack in his hand and squeezing only hard enough to feel Wayne's rubbery balls through the furry skin. I ask Adam if Wayne's balls feel ready. I ask him if they're "hard," as if they're "full of filthy cum," and he tells me yeah, they are. Balls don't get any harder. I'm just making him feel those balls.

"Only one thing left to check!" I tell Adam with a lot of enthusiasm in my voice. I wonder if Adam has figured out by now that the more enthusiastic I am about him doing something, the less he's going to enjoy doing it. "Dildo's prostate! You have to make sure this dildo is healthy before allowing it to defile your bitch!"

Adam almost cries. And runs off. But then, a fraction of a second later, he resigns himself to it. I give him a pair of latex gloves and a small packet of lubricant. I wait as Adam slowly pulls the gloves on. Then I tell him what command to give Wayne. "Show me your anus, fuck boy," Adam repeats word for word.

Wayne does not look happy. "Yes, Sir," Wayne says, his voice telling Adam that Wayne doesn't welcome it any more than Adam does. Then Wayne turns his back to Adam. He spreads his feet wide. He leans over as far as he can, getting his back flat with the floor. Wayne reaches around his hips to his cheeks. His aren't as well-rounded as Nina's are, they have a bit more flatness to them. And they're decently hairy, so they look very manly. But they're not big or fat. Wayne pulls his cheeks wide apart, stretching his crack fully open.

It displays the tight ring of Wayne's dark-pink asshole. Like Nina's, almost certainly the only asshole Adam has ever seen, Wayne's is funneled just slightly inward. It's covered with slightly larger and more noticeable wrinkles, too, all of them flowing inward toward the center of his ring. Only his center is more of a very short dark line than a pinpoint. His asshole doesn't have any hair on it, but the pink flesh around it has plenty. It makes his asshole look manly, too. Enough so that there's no

Chapter 04: The Dildo, Mommy, And An Orgasm

mistaking it for feminine. "Here is my anus, Sir," Wayne obediently offers his most private place to Adam.

I take hold of Adam's hand, telling him that he's to pay close attention to how to do this properly as a doctor would. He needs to know, for Nina's sake. And I'm not going to show him again. He can learn now, or make things very unpleasant for the next asshole he touches. It gets Adam to pay attention. He doesn't know whose asshole will be next, but I'm sure he's thinking at some point it might be Nina's. The one asshole he cares about not hurting. And preferably not touching.

I guide Adam's hand into place, putting the tip of his finger flush, and lightly, atop the tight ring of Wayne's asshole. I show him to keep his finger rigid and keep the rest of his hand out of the way. I show him how to press, slowly increasing the pressure against Wayne's tense muscle. "There, can you feel the rubbery muscle of its anus squeezing around the tip of your finger, stretching slightly to let your finger shove through and into its rectum?" I ask Adam, forcing him to think about what his finger is doing in detail.

I keep Adam's finger moving until all of it has slipped through Wayne's tight asshole. I ask Adam if he can feel the snugness of Wayne's asshole squeezing around the base of his finger. He says yes.

I know Nina is hearing every bit of it, too. That she knows Adam has felt and played with some cock to check it out for her. And that he's played with the guy's balls. And that now Adam has his finger up the guy's butt. Yet Nina has no clue who the guy is. She can't see him. No names have been used. He's just "fuck boy" or "dildo." She knows nothing about the guy Adam is checking over so intimately and deciding if this guy is going to be allowed to fuck her.

It has Nina wondering who the guy is. What he's like. What standards Adam, and I, am using to decide if he gets to fuck Nina. And I know it all has her thinking about how she doesn't have any say in it. Her pussy is mine now, to give away as Adam and I chose to. I'm sure the pounding ache in her pussy is butting into her thoughts, too. That will be telling her to hope Adam approves the cock. And that it's a good one.

Breaking Bitch

One that will make that agonizing ache go away. Because she can't. She can only stand there and pray we will take care of it for her.

That's Nina's lesson for the night. She's here to learn step one of submission. To allow others to make her choices for her. Even if they're not the choices she would make herself. To learn what it's like to have zero control over her body. Until she can accept not having that control, she's going to resist giving it to me.

Now that Adam has his finger fully inside Wayne's rectum, I tell Adam that he's to curl his finger inside Wayne. I want the tip of Adam's finger touching Wayne just inside Wayne's asshole. I hear a light grunt from Wayne. Adam tells me that he's done it.

I tell Adam to press lightly against Wayne's insides and to gently moves the tip of his finger until he feels a very hard little gland. It's about the size, and shape of an almond. It's also the only hard thing he will feel close to there. I tell him it's in the space between Wayne's asshole and his cock, along the end of the hard tube stiffening Wayne's cock. Almost over, and behind, Wayne's balls.

It takes Adam a moment. And I hear a couple of grunts from Wayne that tell me Adam's finger is moving around inside him. I doubt Adam is going out of his way to be gentle, either. But finally, Adam tells me that he can feel it. He says it feels hard and smooth, like steel, under his finger. I tell him that's it. His job to make sure it's not swollen or soft. I suggest that he stroke the tip of his finger, very lightly, over the top of Wayne's prostate for a minute or so. I'll bet Adam is wondering why he needs to massage Wayne's prostate for nearly that long. I'll bet he's thinking of getting his finger out of Wayne's butt, too.

Adam starts stroking the tip of his finger over Wayne's prostate. I cheated. I know what it does to Wayne. It takes about a second for Wayne to breathe out a very needy moan and shiver. And that gets Adam cringing. He can tell that Wayne likes this. And he hates that he's the one making Wayne like it. Wayne steadily purrs moans with growing urgency in them. Finally, after about twenty seconds, I ask Adam if Wayne's prostate feels healthy to him.

Chapter 04: The Dildo, Mommy, And An Orgasm

Adam tells me "it feels queer!" in a rather disgusted voice. But yes, it also feels hard and he guesses it isn't swollen, since it's "not like a golf ball or something." I tell him that he can take his finger out now. It's out quickly, and the glove is off just as quickly.

I ask Adam "Now that you've fully examined this dildo, so you wish to use it to fuck that bitch, and give the bitch what its pussy really craves?"

Wayne stands there, waiting hopefully for the judgment. Whether Nina's son will allow him to fuck her. If Wayne's manhood measured up to whatever standards the younger, hunkier, guy has set for his mother's body."

"I guess so..."

"You want to fuck that bitch with this dildo?"

"Yeah, let her have her orgasm..."

I tell Adam to tell Nina what he's decided and give her instructions. He steps close to where Nina's head is lying on the desk. "Mom, I'm going to fuck you with this dildo. You are going to behave. And you will not climax until I tell you that it's time for you to cum. Just stay there and let me fuck you with this dildo."

I know that Adam is wondering how he is going to fuck Nina with Wayne's cock. I'm certain that Adam wouldn't use his cock. I'm less certain that he wouldn't use an actual dildo on her. HE might well be willing to go that far. Or maybe not. I don't know what Nina thinks he'd do or not do. But I'll bet the way he said it has her wondering. If I might have an actual dildo that I want Adam to use on her. It would relieve her ache almost as nicely as a cock would, so it would be welcome, albeit more welcome in someone else's hand.

I know Nina is nervous. She can't see anything, so she won't know what's happening to her until she feels it happening. She can't even see who, or what, Adam is going to allow to fuck her. Or decide if she would allow it if she had a choice. All Nina knows is that Adam has decided she's going to get fucked. By someone. With something, maybe a cock. And that he expects her to wait for her relief until he tells her to. I'll bet that's something Nina has never done before. Deny herself and

subserviently wait for everyone else to be done using her body and tell her that she can have hers then.

I hand Adam a pair of gloves and wait as he puts them on. I knew he wouldn't think it! He's too eager not to be touching a cock with his hands to wonder why he now gets gloves.

"This bitch will get fucked in her bottom. Her pussy will love that!" I tell Adam with a lot of enthusiasm in my voice. And I watch as the look of horror comes over Adam's face. Sure he just saw me tease Nina's bottom, and he saw how insane it drove her. But the very idea of a cock going there... in his mother's butt! I'm sure he's thinking there's no way Nina could possibly like that, let alone cum from it. That it will hurt her badly.

I hold out a packet of lubricating gel to Adam. As much as I've used already, Nina doesn't need anymore. There's already plenty of it still clinging to her asshole. "Would you like to lubricate the bitch's anus for it? If you do, the dildo will slide into its rectum easier. Your choice." I grin. And I know that I've put Adam in an impossible place. He can do it, which means very intimately touching Nina's bottom. He can decline, which means (as far as he knows) making it harder for Nina. Or he can leave, which means leaving Nina to my mercy. Leaving her unprotected.

I step up beside him and whisper "trust me. It's not exactly my first, or 100th, time at this." Then I just grin at him, waiting for his choice.

After a couple of seconds, Adam takes the packet of gel from my hand. I guess that's his choice. He'll do it. I was really hoping he would. I thought he would, but it's hard to tell since I just met him. I tell him to squirt the gel onto his finger.

I see Nina relax a tiny bit as she hears that Adam will lubricate her. I'm sure she's only thinking of that dildo, or cock, slipping into her bottom. Imagining a huge shaft that might tear her if it's not greased up. Imagination is always worse than reality. Then Nina tenses up as she hears me telling Adam to put the grease on his finger. She realizes then that the finger will be touching her to lubricate her.

I have Adam use his other hand to open Nina's cheeks to their full wideness. He's rather gentle and tender with her. Then I tell him to just

Chapter 04: The Dildo, Mommy, And An Orgasm

push his infer into her asshole, twist it about a quarter turn a couple of times, and pull it back out. I tell him that the deeper he gets his finger into her bottom, the more of her rectum that will be greased up. I tell him that since he just practiced penetrating an asshole, he should be fine to do this one on his own. I'm smirking as I tell him that.

Nina cries. She hasn't stopped crying, except when she was screeching needy cries. But she doesn't try to resist Adam. She stands there, as still as she can be, and just lets him do it. I think that she's figured out by now, if she couldn't get free of the ropes while I tickled her bottom, despite her desperate struggles, she's not getting free of them. Better to just allow it, especially with Adam not knowing what he's doing, rather than make it harder for him. If she does, all that could happen is that she makes it worse for herself. So she just accepts her fate. At least for now.

Adam puts his finger to Nina's asshole. I watch as he presses his thicker finger into her tightly clenched ring. I hear Nina grunt a little, and uncomfortably, as it pushes into her tight muscle. I see a light flinch flow over her. I see Adam's finger slip right into her depths. I watch as he smears the gel around quickly and pulls his finger back out. Then he pulls the glove off just as quickly.

It leaves his hand bare. And I don't offer him another glove. I just tell him to keep Nina's cheeks spread wide apart. Then I tell him to take hold of Wayne's cock, gripping it snugly around its base, and guide the tip of it to lie very lightly atop Nina's asshole. I watch as Adam very reluctantly takes hold of Wayne's cock and guides it into place. Wayne, however, is rather eager for Adam to put his cock in place.

"Now, let me show you how to hold your dildo!" I tell Adam. Adam looks surprised, and not pleasantly so. I'm sure he thought that once Wayne's cock was in place, he'd be just turning Wayne loose on Nina. Maybe we'd watch and tell Wayne how to fuck her or something. But hold him? While he fucks her?"

I grab Adam's hand and bring it down, under Wayne. I put the tip of Adam's thumb to Wayne's asshole. Then, much to Adam's disgust, and more so since Adam took his glove off so it's his bare thumb, I push his

thumb fully into Wayne's bottom, burying it all the way to Adam's hand. Wayne grunts hard as the thick finger pushes through his tight asshole. I hold Adam's hand in place for a moment, until I feel the tense resistance starting to ebb. Until I'm confident Adam won't pull his thumb out the first chance he gets. Then I wrap Adam's finger around Wayne's balls. I close Adam's fingers, telling him to "get a good grip on his dildo," until his hand is squeezing Wayne's balls tightly, almost to where it would hurt Wayne. But definitely to where Wayne will feel it. Where he'll feel the tight grip ready to crush his tender balls.

I tell Adam that now he has a grip on the dildo's handle. To keep a very firm grip on it, since dildos sometimes have a mind of their own and want to get too energetic. In a way, I'm guaranteeing that Adam keeps a tight grip on Wayne's balls. He'll do it to ensure that Wayne doesn't get too energetic and hurt Nina. No matter how little he wants to be holding balls.

I tell him to "shove the dildo up the bitch's butt now." But that's for Nina to hear. I have my hand atop Adam's wrist, controlling it. I tell Adam to look, to keep his eyes on Nina's asshole. That's the part her needs to see to fuck her effectively, and gently, with his dildo. It gets his reluctant eyes on her tight ring. And it makes him see that he can't see her ring now. The tip of Wayne's cock is thick enough that it completely covers her asshole and the muscle around it. It leaves only a narrow slice of pink flesh exposed around it.

I use Adam's hand to urge Wayne, and thus Wayne's hard cock, forward. Gently. It's not Adam's hand pulling on Wayne's balls that gets him moving. It's Adam's thumb in his bottom. Adam's grip on Wayne's balls does the opposite. It holds Wayne back. Wayne can't go forward without crushing his own balls against Adam's hand. It forces Wayne to keep his body directly atop Adam's hand, moving with Adam's hand. NO slower, and no faster. Slower has Adam's thumb driving hard into his bottom, the side of Adam's hand pushing just as hard against the outside of his asshole. And the tip of Adam's thumb poking firmly against some nerves deep inside Wayne's bowels that send little cramps racing through Wayne's insides just behind his pubes. Wayne's reflexes won't

Chapter 04: The Dildo, Mommy, And An Orgasm

let him endure that. Nor will they let him crush his own balls. It leaves Adam in total control of Wayne's movement.

And now Adam understands what I meant when I said he would fuck Nina with the dildo. Sure, Wayne is the dildo. But it's Adam doing all the work. Everything. It's as if Adam is the one fucking her, just without touching her.

Adam watches as the tip of Wayne's cock pushes hard against the outside of Nina's asshole. He sees her flesh start funneling inward. Then, slowly, he sees the pink flesh surrounding her asshole start to grow around the sides of Wayne's cock. He knows that means the tip of Wayne's cock is pushing into the funneling of Nina's asshole, and now starting to push her ring to stretch wide. My hand keeps Adam's moving slowly, increasing the pressure against Nina's asshole.

Adam watches as, finally, he sees the smooth flesh atop Nina's ring start appearing around the sides of the darker pink flesh at the very base of Wayne's cock head. Only now the countless wrinkles that line her asshole have smooth out as her ring is pulled taut. He hears Nina gasp loudly, in full-panic, into her gag.

"NUH!!!! S-AH-PUH!" Nina screams into her gag. I recognize her tone of voice as being panicked, not pained. But I doubt Adam makes the distinction. Especially not with his eyes seeing her asshole stretching far wider than thinks possible. "AH-DAH-UM! S-AH-PUH!!!! PUH-ESE!!!! NUH!!!!" My universal translator says that's gag-speak for "Adam, stop, please. NO!" I wonder if Adam makes her panicked cry out.

"AH!" Nina grunts into her gag. It's a hot grunt, but one with a touch of strain in it. It's the point where her asshole has stretched as far as it's going to be stretched. Then instant when the hard shaft of his cock makes it into the opening at the center of her ring.

Adam's view is now of the light pink flesh, pulled rather taut, stretched and squeezing snugly around the pale white akin of Wayne's shaft. And of Wayne's shaft slowly seeming to grow shorter as more and more of it vanishes into that tense pink hole.

My hand on Adam's keeps Adam's hand moving steadily. And that forces Wayne to keep moving steadily. And that has Wayne's cock

pushing steadily, and slowly, into Nina's bottom. I'm sure that Adam thinks there's already plenty of cock inside Nina's bottom. There's about $\frac{1}{4}$ of the shaft inside her now. I'm sure Adam's thinking that less is better. There's no way Nina could possibly want any more of this cock and deeper inside her butt than absolutely necessary. I see a crisp, faint shivering flow over Nina. I don't know if Adam notices it or not. He seems to be concentrating on her asshole and likely telling himself that it's anyone's asshole other than Nina's that he's looking at.

I make Adam keep going, pushing every bit of Wayne's short length into Nina's bottom. All the way until Wayne's hips bump against the tips of Nina's globes. It's why I have Adam's hand under Wayne, so it won't get between their bodies. That would just shorten Wayne's strokes. And I'm sure Wayne enjoys feeling her cheeks against his hips.

I guide Adam to stroke Nina's bottom with Wayne's cock. I show him to use steady, leisurely strokes. But also full strokes. Ones that have his entire shaft, from the very base all the way until only the head of his cock is left in Nina's bottom. And I show him how to smoothly reverse those strokes, changing direction in a fluid motion.

"UH!... OOH, UH!" Nina screeches into her gag. Her cries are not pained. They're very desperately needy, and nothing else. It's barely the second stroke and already Nina has tensed up hard. Her body is quivering sharply. And then it's thrashing wildly, fighting those ropes with every bit of her strength as Nina screams more guttural moans into her gag. And beats her head against the desk. It's about the only part of her that she can move.

But there's no mistaking those moans. Nina isn't crying out from the pain, as Adam thought she would. If she didn't have that gag, she'd sound like a porn star. Her cries are pure needy hungry. And sultry as all. Just as her thrashing isn't a desperate attempt to escape from torture. It's her nerves, the uncontrolled thrashing of her nerves overloading with too-intense pleasure. There's no mistaking that, either.

And then, about the fourth or fifth stroke, Adam discovers one more thing about this. As he strokes Nina's bottom with Wayne's shaft, at the deepest point of the stroke. Wayne's balls, dangling just under his

Chapter 04: The Dildo, Mommy, And An Orgasm

cock, should be bumping against Nina's pussy mound. But now Adam's hand surrounds Wayne's balls. So it's Adam's hand that bumps against Nina's pussy mound with every stroke. And that lets the backs of Adam's fingers feel the heat burning in her mound. It also smears a very clingy layer of Nina's pasty honey all over Adam's fingers every time those fingers bump against Nina's loose folds.

It's not much longer before Adam feels Wayne's muscles twitching Wayne's body against Adam's grip. It's clear those muscles, Wayne's instincts, want to fuck Nina harder and faster. Adam does as I told him to, even now that I free his hand. He simply keeps his hand moving steadily. And that forces Wayne to keep the pace. But it also lets Adam feel Wayne's balls pulling against his grip, and Wayne's bottom pushing against his thumb.

It lets Adam feel how fully he is in control of the act. It really is as if he's fucking his mother's bottom with a dildo. The shaft strokes Nina's body just as Adam wants it to. Neither Wayne nor Nina has anything to say about it. Adam has full control. Wayne might as well be a plastic dildo.

It takes about a minute of wild thrashing. And then I see Nina being a bad bitch. It the one tiny shred of control that she actually has. She screams into her gag, a single cry drawn out until her lungs run out of air. A fraction of a second later, Nina stops thrashing. Her body falls loose and limp on the table. But not still. It snaps as violently sharp tremors flow over it. Tremors so crisp that they have her shoulders and head knocking against the desk. Her knees, too. But beyond that trembling, Nina just lies there.

"You worthless disobedient filthy cunt!" I scold Nina in my iciest and harshest voice. "You were told not to cum while your son fucked your butt with my dildo! And now you've gone and cum all over his hand! Just how skanky of a disgusting cunt are you, bitch?"

"You will be punished harshly for your disobedience, bitch! You can spend the night screaming in my dungeon! Maybe morning you'll be ready to obey your Queen like a proper piece of gutter filth!"

Breaking Bitch

I turn to Adam and return my voice to its normal sugary tone. "Go ahead and finish fucking the bitch's bottom. Then I'll take this bitch to the dungeon and begin its lesson in obedience."

It doesn't take long. I could see Nina's body tense just as she went over the edge into her climax. It tensed far harder than it had yet. And I could see her asshole tensing with the rest of her body. I'm sure the thin muscle around her rectum tensed up just as tightly. And that had her bottom squeezing Wayne's cock hard. Almost painfully hard. But not quite.

Long before Nina's body stop twitching and spasming as the waves of her orgasm flow over her body, Wayne cries out a loud grunt of satisfaction. His cock twitches crisply, spurting his cum into Nina's bottom.

I ask Adam if he noticed. "He came, too, didn't he?" Adam says with some disgust in his voice. As if he's thinking that he gave Wayne that orgasm. Which he pretty much did, since he was so fully in control of the act. I'll bet he can feel Wayne's asshole snapping around his thumb. And maybe feel Wayne's cock twitching sharply atop his hand.

I have Adam keep going, not even slowing up until Wayne has finished cumming. Until every drop of Wayne's cum is inside Nina's bottom. Only then do I have Adam pull Wayne's cock from Nina's asshole. And push Wayne to take a step back.

For a second, maybe two, Nina's asshole gapes wide, slowly closing back up after being held stretched wide open by Wayne's cock. And a small trickle of Wayne's cum runs from her asshole, down to the mound of her pussy.

Then I tell Adam what Nina's punishment for cumming without his permission will be. I figure that Nina, still quivering as the orgasm ebbs, isn't going to fight me now. She's not going to do much of anything but lie there and bask in the bliss. So I cut the zip ties from around her ankles. Then I untie the rope pinning her shoulders down. I'm right, Nina just lies there limp atop my desk. But I keep a hand on Nina just in case.

Chapter 04: The Dildo, Mommy, And An Orgasm

I tell Wayne to stand behind Anita and wait while I take Nina to the dungeon to suffer her punishment. I tell Adam that he's to bring her. As In thought would be the case, Nina's legs are so wobbly, and her mind so foggy, that she can't really walk. It takes Adam supporting her to get her moving to the playroom. Also known as the dungeon. It's not far, maybe a dozen steps away. None of which Nina walks.

I have Adam take Nina over to a place along one wall. I'm sure that Adam can see the heavy leather cuffs dangling from huge log chains attached to the ceiling. And the heavy iron cuffs, attached to more of the log chains, anchored into the floor. I'm sure he can guess that they're for Nina. If not, I'm sure he figures it out as he almost drags a limp Nina into the space between those shackles.

I put the leather cuffs on Nina's bony wrists first, pulling them snug. And I use padlocks to ensure they stay in place around Nina's wrists. Nina won't be getting those off. Then I have Sophie fetch me a step stool. And I have Adam lift Nina up for the moment it takes me to shorten the chains a few links. Or rather adjust which link is clipped to the eye bolt in the ceiling.

I tell Adam to release Nina now. He doesn't need to hold her up. He does, gently, and slowly, lowering her. The chains have her arms stretched as wide as they do high. And they're high enough now that Nina can barely get her tiptoes on the floor. Not that Nina is capable of standing on her tiptoes just yet. Instead, she hangs from her wrists. It's the reason I have the leather cuffs on the chains instead of the iron ones. Hanging from the iron cuffs, her full weight pulling against them would be too much for her wrists to handle for very long.

While Nina hangs there, I pull her feet wide and lock them in the iron cuffs. It pulls her legs wide, splaying them fully. Spreading her legs raises her feet a little, making so that she can't even get the tips of her toes on the floor anymore. And then shackles hold her feet wide.

It has Nina's pussy fully exposed between the tops of her gaping thighs. And even better, those tautly stretched legs also mean that Nina can't move her hips more than a fraction of an inch. Or her bottom.

Breaking Bitch

About all Nina can do is hang by her wrists, her face against the wall, and... hang. Beyond hanging, she's at my mercy.

I tell Adam to tell Nina what her punishment is. "Mom... You were a very bad bitch. You have to be taught a lesson. You will behave here, for both me and Miss Rodgers. You're going to be harshly punished now. You were told not to cum, but you did anyway. That's disobedience. Miss Rodgers has decided that you can hang here for ten minutes for every year old you are. You're 42, so you'll be here 420 minutes. That's seven hours. Every ten minutes you will be spanked with a paddle. I suspect, by morning, you will truly regret your disobedience."

I'm sure Nina hears it, but it's taking a moment to really sink in what her punishment will be. I go about the other thing I want. The other part of Nina's punishment. It's a vibrator. It has a big, spongy, round head on it. And it plugs in instead of running off batteries, so it will never tire. It's attached to a stand with a wide, and steady, base on it. I just slide the stand up under Nina. And then, I loosen a thumbscrew to adjust the height of the vibrator. I set it so that the top of the soft head is just barely touching the very outsides of Nina's pussy lips.

And then I turn it on. It vibrates. And those vibrations flood Nina's pussy lips. They have her lips jiggling and vibrating with them. That has the vibrations flowing into Nina's folds, but fading as they pass through Nina's flesh. Then they flow through Nina's folds, and finally into the hard knot where Nina's clit is. But by then they're only dull vibrations, a shadow of the powerful ones they began as. They're still enough for her clit to feel her loose folds so lightly jiggling against the stiff nub. But they're not going to make her cum again. They'll just make her beg for the orgasm.

While I'm setting it up, I let Nina hear me tell Adam that there's no reason for him to wait all night while this bitch learns some "pussy patience." I suggest that he takes her things, even her panties, since she won't be needing them, and return in the morning for the bitch. He should bring her fresh clothes, too, since I doubt he wants to take her to work naked. Although that would probably help her sales out considerably. "The bitch can just wear whatever rags you find lying in

Chapter 04: The Dildo, Mommy, And An Orgasm

the trash for it," I tell him. I know he's going to bring her some of her actual work clothes. Knowing how men think, it will be one of the suits he's seen her wear a lot.

Then I go to my cabinet and find the paddle I want. It's more of a strap than a paddle. It's about 4" wide and 18" long. But it's only ¼" thick. It's made of two strips of hard leather with a thin sheet of spring steel between them. The steel makes it more of a paddle, holding its shape and stiffening it, but leaving it flexible as well. I love this paddle. It hurts. But it doesn't really bruise the bottom.

I get a stopwatch while I'm at it. I hand both to Sophie. I tell Sophie that every time the last digit of the minutes shows a zero, which will be every ten minutes, she's to give Nina a firm tap with the paddle. Then I tell Sophie to start the timer.

It starts at zero. Duh. Sophie eager Sophie does what I knew she would. It says zero, and on zero Nina gets a swat. So Nina gets a swat. Sophie lands the paddle squarely atop Nina's globes.

Nina flinches hard. Hard enough that her body snaps against the wall with a loud bump. Nina shrieks into her gag, too. It sounds to me like a loud, slightly pained "EE-OW!" It shouldn't have been too bad of a swat for Nina. I told her to give Nina a tap, and that means a light stroke. I can see that it leaves Nina's cheeks only lightly pinkened. Then again, Nina has 41 more to go. By then, her bottom is going to be very sore.

I tell Adam to come along, there's nothing to be seen here unless he wants to "torture his eardrums with the bitch's shrill screams." I'm pretty sure that Adam has figured out that Nina's screams will be from the sweet kind of agony. Nina is already moaning again, those same needy, sultry, moans as the vibrator teases her pussy.

And she's squirming as much as she can. It's not that much. The chains hold her loosely, but they also have her arms supporting all of her weight. And that's not easy for her arms. Legs are for supporting weight, not arms. Still, she fidgets and squirms, her body knocking against the wall constantly. And none of it gets her pussy away from the tip of the vibrator.

Breaking Bitch

Sooner or later Nina will surrender. She'll have to. She'll get too tired to fight. And she'll realize that for however long she's been struggling, it's done nothing. She's still hanging from the wall and the vibrator is still torturing her sweetly. Only then will Nina go limp and just endure the teases. Only then will Nina truly accept that she has no say over anything. She's only to suffer and endure. I have control over her body. I'm sure it won't be long, maybe a couple of minutes, until Nina needs to climax again. It will take longer, maybe a lot longer, for her to realize and accept that she's never going to. That no matter how much she wants to and tries to, she can't. She'll have to wait until I want her to cum. She won't have anything to say about it then, either. She'll cum, and she won't be able to stop herself. Her body will respond to me, not her.



Chapter 05: Reward

Chapter 05: Reward

Adam follows me back out to the living room. It leaves Nina alone in the playroom, still gagged and blindfolded, and hanging from the wall. With only Sophie to supervise Nina's suffering. And to paddle Nina's bare bottom every ten minutes. Not that Nina has much of a clue about anything, except that she's suffering sweetly and being spanked.

I am very observant. And unfortunately for Adam, he's wearing fairly snug-fitting jeans tonight. They're snug enough that I can easily make out a decent-sized bulge in the front of them. A bulge that's been there for almost the entire night. It appeared well before I expected it. Apparently, some part of Adam didn't mind seeing his mother roughly manhandled. Or maybe it just aroused him to see Nina, who seems to be just as snappy with him as everyone else, finally getting what she "deserves."

That can be rather arousing. All these years Nina has been rather bitchy. She's been firm, controlling, and demanding. Of him. Of everyone. And then, suddenly, I come along. A much smaller and younger woman than Nina. And I just take control of Nina. I humiliate Nina. I seize control of Nina, taking even the most intimate choices away from her and giving them to Adam. And then I give her to Adam, allowing him to give her bottom away to be fucked by some guy. A guy she hasn't a clue who it might be. Only Adam has a clue. He picked the cock, and he gave her bottom to it. Without caring what Nina wanted. That's a lot of power over Nina for him. And it's a lot of power to watch Nina suddenly live without having.

When we reach the living room, I just stop. Adam catches it and stops beside me. "Flabby, get your fat bottom over here," I summon Anita. Wayne stays where I left him, standing behind where Anita was sitting. Which has him facing the rest of us. Anita hurries over to where I'm standing. I point to a spot in front of Adam, and tell her to get on her knees, "where a naughty bitch belongs."

"This bitch has been very naughty. It diddled my dirty little pussy between its legs simply because that pussy ached too much! I hadn't given this bitch permission to play with my pussy like that. Naturally the bitch is being harshly punished for raping me by touching my property,

Breaking Bitch

that pussy, without my permission. Its punishment is rather extensive, but the relevant part is this. It's required to satisfy that tiny cock with its mouth daily. However, you just 'broke' that little thing by using it for a miniature dildo to fuck your mother's bottom. That will make it difficult, if not impossible, for this fat old whore to service it.

"Since your mother got the use of the cock this flabby whore was to suck, I suggest that it would be fitting for this bitch to suck another cock instead. And since I can see that little bulge in your jeans, I was thinking that you might be willing to volunteer your cock for this filthy slut to suck. Would you mind? I promise, nothing but a blow job. No tricks, just a nice little blow job from this bitch on its knees in front of you., and your cum in its mouth... or on its face... or wherever you want to leave it." I look at Adam and bat my eyes.

I hope Adam takes me at my word. I'm really not trying to tease him or play with him. I'm just trying to tease, and humiliate, Anita. I know Wayne will find it nicely arousing to watch his wife forced to suck another man's cock, too. And there's no doubt that Adam is ready for a little release. I don't intend to torment him. Although it would be easy to do. Wayne is still here. And I noticed that in spite of all of his cringing, Adam's cock stayed bulging while he was examining Wayne.

Adam is dumbstruck. I guess he didn't expect me to offer him a sweet relief. Maybe he thought I didn't notice that his cock wanted some attention. I'm sure he would prefer Paige's attention, or Sophie's, or mine. But, neither Sophie nor I will be doing that. Paige... I'm saving her body for later.

Besides, Anita isn't a bad-looking woman. She is slightly plain, and she looks her age. Which is just slightly older than his mother. And yes, she's a tiny bit thick. But she definitely has a feminine figure. And she has a better figure than a lot of women her age do. Not as lithe as Nina, though. Then again, Anita isn't his mother, either. Incest can be a big taboo to get over, and I'm certain that I've pushed Adam's envelope there, at least for now. He wouldn't go any further with Nina.

Adam looks down. Anita demure waits there, on her knees with her hands behind her back. Sitting back, her loose, but full and rounded

Chapter 05: Reward

bottom, between her heels. It has her lips about a foot away from Adam's crotch. And Anita's face is blank. She's not showing any preference, to suck him or not to suck him.

Plus Anita is naked. And she's not his mother, so her body is definitely not taboo for him to look at. He's looking. Straight down, which lets him see the moderately dense bush on her pubes. And her smallish, soft breasts. It lets him see her very stiff, wide, nipples perked up on the tips of those rounded mounds, as well.

"I... Uh... are you for real?" Adam blurts out.

"Yes, I'm for real. Just tell the bitch to suck your cock, and it will. And this old hag has been around long enough that it can really suck a cock. Try it." I sweetly tell Adam.

He stares at Anita's nude body for just a few more seconds. Then the smaller head takes over and opens his mouth. "Suck my dick, bitch," He says. His voice has that note of question and disbelief in it that tells me he's more wondering if Anita will really do it. After all, she hasn't a clue who he is. Not even his name. Sucking his cock simply because he said to, and said it in a degrading way, is awfully slutty. Most men know that women just aren't that slutty. Even when they're thinking with the smaller head. Or at least they have the good sense not to walk up to a woman and ask her like that, lest they end up a sex offender.

"Yes, Sir," Anita says in a very honeyed voice.

Anita's hands come around, and she doesn't hesitate. She puts her hands to the zipper of his pants and unzips them. Then she slips a few fingers into the opening and teases his cock out. And then Anita hesitates for just a fraction of a second, her eyes going wide.

There's a cock that's about seven inches long, maybe closer to eight staring her in the face. And it's around 1¾" thick. It's circumcised, too, showing off its deep purple, and fat, head. It's surrounded by a thick jungle of dark black curls. And it's as stiff as any board ever dreamed of being. It's rock hard. It's probably the biggest cock Anita has seen. I've seen bigger. But I haven't spent decades married to a tiny cock, either.

Anita catches herself. She stretches her mouth wide. Then she tries to open it a little more, knowing the thickness of this cock is going to strain her muscles. She puts the tip of his cock to her tongue. Then she starts moving her head, steadily allowing the tip of his head to slide over her tongue as it slips toward the back of her mouth. And more of his cock follows it. Almost immediately Anita's fine, pink lips are stretched around the lightly tanned flesh of Adam's stiff shaft. It has Anita's lips stretched tautly.

Anita keeps going. As she does, she leans her shoulders forward to allow her to take more of his cock. It stretches her neck, straightening the bend at the back of her mouth. And that allows his cock to press past the back of her mouth and into the funnel that leads to the depths of her throat. I see a look of amazement, and growing pleasure, bloom on Adam's face as he feels how deeply Anita is taking his cock.

I'm sure that this isn't Adam's first blow job. I'm just as sure that the young women who have done it for him before don't have the skill that Anita does. I've taught Anita a few rather uncomfortable lessons over the years. I've turned her into a good whore. The kind of whore that can drive a vanilla man insane.

Adam just stares down, gawking at the top of Anita's head and watching as she keeps going. Feeling her mouth getting snugger and snugger around the head of his cock, and wondering just how much more of it she'll be able to take. I'm sure Anita has already taken more than anyone else has.

Anita just keeps going. She doesn't hesitate. Then I see a tiny bit of confusion on Adam's face. And I see Anita curling her toes up. It tells me just where Anita is. Adam is feeling the tip of his cock pushing firmly against what feels like a wall of rubber. It's not solid, but it will feel like to him. Especially as fat as his cock is. It's just the very top of Anita's throat. Where her esophagus splits off from her windpipe and a little flap of skin blocks the way.

Anita keeps going. It takes only a fraction of a second for her throat to give. Then the tip of his cock head slips past that flap of tissue

Chapter 05: Reward

and starts sliding down her esophagus. From there it's a straight shot to her stomach. But that rubbery tube isn't nearly as fat as his cock. But it's very rubbery. It stretches wide as his cock pushes into it. It squeezes snugly, and hard, around his cock. It drags on his cock, making Anita work harder to keep going at her steady pace. Adam won't notice that. He's far too busy feeling the tight squeeze of her tube around his cock. And feeling more of his cock shoving into that tight squishing caress.

Now Adam's eyes are wide. Anita has half of his cock into her mouth, maybe a little more. And she's not slowing down. Nor is she really choking on it. I've seen a few faint tremors hit her as the thick cock pushes into her, a cock far thicker than she's accustomed to, but that's all I've seen. Anita easily ignored them.

I'm sure Adam is wondering just how much cock this middle-aged, or mom-aged, woman can possibly swallow. I'm sure he wonders that all the way up until Anita's lips bump against his pubes and balls as she reverses her stroke. She has to reverse, there's no more cock for her to swallow. Maybe he still wonders how much she could swallow.

I can see the sides of Anita's neck puffing out wide from the thick shaft pushing through her throat. I doubt Adam can. It looks to me as if his eyes are on the top of her head and her breasts. Except for the moment, I saw them looking down her back to peek at her bottom. I'm sure he's decided that Anita isn't "not pretty" as I constantly remind Anita that I consider her to be. I'll bet Adam is very thrilled with Anita right now. I'm sure he's wondering why he ever hesitated to accept my offer, too!

Anita goes all the way back up, her fine lips flowing smoothly over his thick shaft until only the soft head of his cock is left inside her mouth. It lies along the top of her tongue. And then she reverses her stroke just as smoothly as she did with the cock in her throat. And now Adam's cock is pushing back into her throat.

Anita keeps her pace steady and unhurried. Leisurely. She just steadily keeps her mouth moving, Adam's cock pushing into her throat, slipping down into her throat, then slipping out again. And again. And

again. She doesn't miss a beat. She sucks lightly, and she moves her mouth steadily.

"UHMMM!" Adam purrs loudly and eagerly. He tries to stand still for Anita, but he doesn't do too good of a job of it. He just can't keep his hips that still. They want to squirm as his cock is so sweetly teased. He puts his hands to Anita's head, about all that he can reach easily. He strokes his finger softly through her hair as if she were his lover instead of a whore. His hands find her bare shoulders a few times, as her head nears the base of his cock, but slip back up to her head quickly as she reverses.

It doesn't take Anita long. Adam doesn't last but about three or four minutes. I hadn't thought he'd last too long. I figured, correctly, that the idea of her taking all of his cock would be more than he was used to. More than he could stand. It would bring him to climax quickly. And very sweetly.

Adam cums. He grunts out a very tense, very satisfied "UH... OOH, YEAH," as he does. I can see the twitches at the base of his cock. And I know Anita can feel them in her mouth. I doubt she can taste Adam, though. His cock is still too deep into her throat. His cum is bypassing her mouth. She won't even have to swallow it. I can see a few faint ripples in his stomach, just above the waistband of his pants, too. I know he's cumming.

He grabs Anita's head and holds it, but doesn't try to stop her from moving it. Anita keeps sucking his cock. He keeps cumming, spurting more and more of his salty cream into her mouth and throat. Anita doesn't lose any of it. Whatever goes into her mouth, she swallows. Whatever goes past her mouth is already swallowed. She just keeps sucking Adam's cock and letting him cum into her.

Finally, I hear the deep, primal sigh from Adam that tells me he's finished. So I tell Anita to stop.

Anita releases his cock, sucking the last drops of cum out of it on her final stroke. It leaves his cock clean, except for a thin film of her saliva. Anita reaches her hands back up to his cock and sweetly tucks it back into his jeans before zipping them up.

Chapter 05: Reward

"Thank you, Sir, for allowing this fat old whore to suck your very huge cock, Sir. I love the taste of your delicious cum in my slutty mouth, Sir! And I really hope my Queen will give me to you again, Sir." Anita tells him, her voice as honeyed as honey gets.

"There. That's what I call a blow job," I tell Adam.

"Hell Yes!" Adam rather eagerly agrees.

"Good. In later lessons, that bitch of yours will learn to service a cock just as... nicely. I'm sure whatever men you give that bitch to, or I give it to, will appreciate its sluttiness just as you've appreciated this whore's."

From the back room, we all hear Nina screeching into her gag as the paddle swats her bottom again. I guess she feels it a little more now that her bottom is already sore from the first swat. She's in for a very rough night.

I tell Adam that he can stay or go now. Then I go get Anita and Wayne's clothes. I'm done with them. They were only here for Anita to be teased to full arousal, and I have no doubt she's there. It was just a bonus, to me, that I could use them to play with Nina as well.



Chapter 06: Obedience

Breaking Bitch

Once Adam, Wayne, and Anita were gone, I traded Sophie for Paige. I sent Paige to stand guard over Nina, while I brought Sophie to cater to me. Then I just relaxed for a few minutes with a fresh cup of coffee. The only interruptions were Nina's loud screeches, and the extra loud screech every ten minutes. It sounds to me like Paige is being diligent in spanking Nina as well. I'll bet Nina doesn't even know that I've swapped the salves.

Then I went to bed, taking Sophie along. Sophie is my favorite vibrator, and after this evening, I felt like some sweet relief of my own. Unlike the cheap vibrators whose batteries always seem to run down at the worst possible moment, Sophie's batteries never get weak. That tongue just keeps right on going. Sophie slept on the floor beside my bed. Paige didn't get to sleep. Paige spent her night with the paddle in hand.

Simple math told me that Nina was due for her last spanking at 5:10 in the morning. Thus, I had until 5:19 to call Paige off before Nina got more spankings than she'd earned. That wasn't a problem, I'm always up by five. It was a few minutes before five this morning. So I sent Sophie to relieve Paige on paddle duty. I never make much use of Sophie first thing. I prefer to shower alone most of the time. It's not that I trust Sophie more, but Sophie has a lot more practice watching over my toys.

I'm in the playroom by 5:15. Not that it would matter, I've given Sophie instructions not to paddle Nina after 5:10, so Sophie will just let her hang there.

Nina has definitely had a rough night. She's clearly tired. And she's a mess. Her body hangs limply from the chains. She still quivers slightly, but otherwise, she isn't moving. Just hanging there. I can see the strain in her arms. Not so much her muscles, those don't look to have any tension in them, but instead, it's the tendons straining as they're stretched by her weight pulling down.

She's hot and sweaty. Even her long hair looks somewhat damp now. Her skin looks slightly flushed to a light pink. Except for her bottom. Her bottom is a fairly deep, angry shade of red. It's not bruised,

Chapter 06: Obedience

but it has got to be hurting her badly. I can only imagine how bad it has to be stinging her. A hundred hives of the angriest of bees couldn't sting her half as bad as her bottom must be now. But it's a shade of red that's going to fade. It will just take a good part of the day for it to fade. The sting will take a while longer. I suspect it will tomorrow before Nina doesn't mind sitting down. I suspect that Nina will try to stand all day today, too. I know that her bottom will spend its day reminding Nina of the high price of disobedience here.

Nina no longer struggles against the bonds. I don't know if that's because she's surrendered, or if it's just that she's too tired to fight anymore. It doesn't matter. Either way, Nina just hangs there, half lying forward against the wall, her head drooping to the side a little.

Nina moans softly through the gag. It sounds like her moans are as tired as she is. They're hushed, more like mewling purrs. They're strained as if she's far beyond her limits. But they still have a heavy note of arousal in them. Arousal that's long ago turned to a sweet torture. It's as if she can't breathe with her breaths taking on that moan.

The vibrator still hums away. And it's still very lightly against the outside of her pussy lips. Only now the entire head of it is coated with a layer of thick, sticky honey. Her mound is coated with honey as well. Some of it sticky and drying, some of it fresh and creamy wet. The honey, even the fresh honey, has made its way into the creases of her thighs. And onto the top of her thighs at the inside. I'll bet her pussy is aching so badly that she doesn't feel much else. So badly that's become almost painful from the over-stimulation. And so badly that she'd do about anything to relieve that tension now.

I think Nina is ready for her next lesson now. I think Nina isn't going to fight me so much now, either. Partly because she's too tired and sore. And partly because she's starting to accept that I can control her. And that I am merciless.

Getting Nina out of those chains is a bit of a challenge. Luckily there are three of us. Nina isn't any help. Even when I free her legs, she doesn't use them to support herself. They just hang there, a fraction of an inch over the floor. She could strain a little and get her toes to the

floor, but Nina doesn't even try. Instead, I have Sophie and Paige lift some of Nina's weight, just enough to get the tension off the chains holding Nina's arms, and I shorten them. I shorten them more than a few links, too. Enough so that once I have them both shortened, Nina is on her knees. She stays on her knees, her face and chest lying flush against the wall for support. And slowly her mewling moans fade.

I release her hands from the leather cuffs one at a time, and quickly pull those hands behind her back and cuff them there again. For now, at least, Nina leaves her arms loose and doesn't resist me.

Now it's time to show Nina just how fully she can be controlled. In ways that Nina would never have imagined that anyone could, or would, think to control her. Or be able to.

I don't bother moving Nina over to the massage table as I usually would. As loose as her body is, it would make me work. I know that Nina isn't unconscious or anything. She's not even that tired. I suspect that the looseness is just another form of resistance. Fighting hasn't worked for her, so now she's just not cooperating. She's making me work. Do everything. She's about to learn that's a mistake, too.

I leave Nina on her knees for a second while I go get a few things from the cabinets. I set them on a little tray and pull on a pair of gloves. This time I don't snap the gloves. Nina doesn't need to know that I have them on. Now that would only be a warning for her that I'm going to do something to her. I set the tray on the floor near Nina.

Then I have Sophie help me. We take Nina by her shoulders and lie her down on her side. Then I have Sophie bring Nina's knees up, as if Nina is sitting, only with Nina still lying on her side. This way, I have a good view of Nina's pussy mound between the tops of her thighs. And of Nina's red bottom.

"I really hope that you've learned your lesson, you filthy cunt," I tell Nina in a firm, cold voice, but not a disapproving one. Her punishment is over now, so her sin is forgiven. "It's time for you to clean up for the day. Obviously a disobedient bitch like you can't be trusted to properly groom its worthless old body. My well-behaved slaves will see that you are taken care of. Unless that fiery red bottom of yours would

Chapter 06: Obedience

like a little more punishment, I suggest that you behave your slutty bottom. Let's see if you can manage to do nothing without getting in trouble." I add the last sentence with a bit of a taunt in my voice. I know that she's doing nothing as a tiny resistance, so I tell her that's what I want her to do now. It gives her the choice of cooperating or actually working to do something to resist. We'll see what Nina does.

The first thing I've gotten from the cabinet is an enema nozzle. It's not one of the ones I usually use. This one is slightly big at about eight inches long and may be as wide as a finger. I picked it knowing that Nina is going to feel it. It also has an inflatable latex band around the shaft, just forward of the base. I smear a little coat of lubricating gel on the tip of the hard, somewhat flexible, nozzle.

Now I put the tips of my fingers to Nina's crack. I haven't told her what I'm going to do. And she's still blindfolded, so she can't see what I have out. Or what I'm doing. She can just feel my slim fingers pushing into her crack. I'm sure she's glad that's where my fingers are. It's about the only part of her bottom that isn't stinging red. I don't want to hurt Nina if I don't have to, but I'm not going to go out of my way to make anything more comfortable for her.

"I know your bottom has got to be on fire, bitch," I tauntingly tell Nina as I'm lifting her cheek high up, again exposing her asshole. "I don't care. You got it sore by misbehaving, and now you get to live that sore bottom. Don't think I am going to do any extra work just to spare that bottom a little more pain. It's not my fault that it's sore." I want Nina to understand that. I want her to know that the pain of the spanking is only part of her punishment. The other part is that there won't be any concessions offered for her sore bottom. She'll have to live with it. And she is going to feel a fresh stinging every time anything touches her bottom. It makes a very nice reminder of the punishment she endured. And why she was punished.

I put the tip of the nozzle flush against Nina's asshole. It's still tight, only now I don't see it tense up and strain to cinch to its tightest. It's more as if Nina is simply ignoring the light pressure against her ring. She doesn't react much to it, either. She mostly lies there for now. I

start pushing, casually, but carefully, pressing the slightly wide nozzle through her asshole.

I don't tell Nina anything. I don't feel the need to talk constantly as I'm doing things unless maybe there's a chance to insult a toy. I don't want her to know what's happening to her body. I want her to do what she's doing now. To just lie there and let me do whatever I wish with her body. To accept that it's beyond her control.

I press all of the nozzle into Nina's bottom. I know she can feel it. That's why I picked a wider, and longer, one. So that Nina could feel the rigid tip of it sliding along the filmy walls of her rectum, inching its way all the way back to the very depths of her bottom. Where Nina could feel that it's about as deeply inside her as her insides are deep.

I use a small syringe filled with sterile water. I just screw its tip onto a small port at the base of the nozzle and push its plunger. It sends the water through a small tube and inflates the latex band around the bottom of the shaft. The band that's now sitting just inside Nina's asshole. It grows wide as it fills. At most the rigid nozzle's shaft is about ½" thick. The band grows about ¾" on all sides of the shaft, making it close to 2" wide. That's plenty to stretch the wall of her rectum taut just inside her asshole. And now, the entire width of that 2" is pressing against the backside of her asshole. It's a little too much to pass through her asshole. Instead, it will just push firmly against the inside of her ring. Any pressure in her rectum will only push it more firmly against her ring, sealing it off even more fully. It's won't come out. And there's nothing Nina can do to push it out. Not without deflating that hard-inflated band first, and she can't do that. The nozzle will be staying put until I want it out.

I unscrew the syringe. The band can't be deflated without it, or at least something, attached to push open a one-way valve. I toss it aside for later.

Then I pick up the next thing from my little tray. It's a standard, but decently large, Foley catheter. It's a 28-French, one of the wider ones they make. The width will only make Nina feel it that much more. And I want her to feel it. Partly because it's one place she would least

Chapter 06: Obedience

expect me to touch her. I want her to feel me taking ownership of that part of her as well. I want her to understand that there's no part of her that I can't take and use as I wish. That I can't fully control regardless of what Nina wants.

I use my fingers to spread Nina's pussy lips and folds wide. I'm sure Nina expects me to go for her pussy now. Or maybe prays that I will. Her pussy is almost as red as her bottom. It's flushed that hotly. And it's sloppy wet with her thick honey. Her clit is just as eager. It's pounding hard. I can see it throbbing, pulsing against the thin flap of pink flesh over it. It's pulsing hard enough that the flap is pulsing with it. She's definitely needy now. And she's going to be waiting for that relief.

I doubt Nina knows what I'm doing when she feels the tips of my fingers on her pinkness just above the top rim of her tunnel. This isn't the easiest position for me to have Nina in, but it's far from a difficult one. It just has her pussy, and her pinkness, a hair loose. My fingers pull the flesh taut, revealing the narrow opening of Nina's urethra. But it's so close to Nina's tunnel that I'll bet she thinks that's what I'm after.

I put the lubricated tip of the catheter, a fairly rigid but flexible, part of the tube, to the opening. It's wider than Nina's hole, but her hole and tube are rubbery. She'll stretch, unpleasantly, to accommodate the catheter. I push. I've done this so many times by now that it takes me about two seconds, or maybe a hair less, to push it all the way in.

"OW!" Nina groans loudly into her gag. I feel a sharp, but brief, flinching tremor rack her body, shuddering her once. I see her feet snap a light kick, moving about an inch, too. And then, it's fully inserted, and Nina isn't feeling any longer. Instead, she's just lying there, wondering what I'm doing now. What I'm doing there. It's not a place she's sensitive, and not a place usually touched by anyone other than a doctor.

Now that the tip of the catheter is inside Nina's bladder, which I'll bet is rather full by now, All I have to do is inflate its little band, just like the one on the enema nozzle. It does the same thing. It makes the stiffer tip of the catheter too wide to slip out of her bladder and seals it off. It leaves Nina's urine only one way out of her body, through the catheter.

The end of the catheter is shaped like a Y. There's a wide channel that's the full thickness of the tube. The other side of the Y is a narrow channel with a smaller port on it. That's the one used for filling the band. The wider one is used for draining urine. That one I have pinched off now, stopping Nina's pee from doing anything more than filling the tube down to the clamp. I take my fingers away from Nina's pussy, leaving her folds and lips to close around the latex tube sticking out through them.

I still don't tell Nina what I'm going to do to her. The end of the enema nozzle stands out from between her cheeks a few inches. It's far enough above those red globes that I don't touch Nina's bottom as I connect a length of clear tubing to the nozzle. Nina doesn't even know that I've done it. The tubing is about six feet long. I attach its other end to a huge enema bag. The largest one I own. It holds a full four liters, almost a gallon. It's rubbery, like a douche bag, but it's clear. I don't bother with a stand to hang the bag from. I have Paige for that. I just take hold of Paige's arm, position it where I want it, and hang the bag from it as if Paige were nothing more than a piece of furniture.

And then I release the clamp on the tubing. That lets the yellow-tinged fluid begin to flow. I'm sure Nina feels the cold liquid flowing into her bottom and filling her rectum. And now she knows what's being done to her bottom. It's pretty obvious at this point.

"OOH!" Nina squeals loudly, and suddenly in a very desperate panic, through her gag. "PUH-ESE!" Nina begins crying. It's not exactly a bawling cry, more of a deep sobbing one. It's more of a cry of shame than pain. I'll bet she's wondering if Adam is back yet and seeing this humiliation, too. Or not. And just who is getting to see Nina given an enema. One that Nina not only wasn't asked if she'd allow but didn't even know she was going to be given.

Nina fidgets lightly as she lies on her side. I watch for a few minutes. As Nina's rectum fills more and more, Nina fidgets more and more. She cries more, too. And she starts to groan out squealing, pleading "OW!s" with her cries. But otherwise, she just lies on her side, quivering and filling up.

Chapter 06: Obedience

Nina's rectum won't take the entire four liters. It won't even take close to that much. For it to take that much, the tip of the nozzle would have to be deeper into Nina. It would have to be filling her colon instead of her rectum. There's a tiny "valve" where the colon meets the rectum, preventing waste from flowing backward. It will only allow the fluid to leak backward very slowly. Instead, the fluid will stretch Nina's to its very limit. Then the rubbery walls of her rectum will be so taut that the pressure inside her body keeps any more fluid from flowing into her. Long before that point, however, Nina's asshole will try to surrender. And open, allowing the waste it thinks is pushing so firmly against its inside to exit, no matter what Nina's brain is saying. The band around the nozzle will become a stopper, blocking the fluid from flowing out. It will leave Nina's rectum no option but to fill further. And that's going to be very unpleasant for Nina. She's going to cramp sharply. It's her body's way of urging her to get to a toilet and get the waste out of her body. And that, Nina, can't do. Nina can't do anything but lie there and fill up.

Nina steadily cries harder and harder, her "OW!s" becoming strained and pleading. I just let her fill up. I want her to be so full that she can't stop herself from emptying. I want that stopper to hold her that full. I want Nina to bask in the feeling of desperately needing to relieve herself, and not being able to. Of knowing that no matter how desperate her need, all she can do is wait until I decide to relieve it. If I decide to. That Nina is utterly powerless to do it herself. Or to not do it.

After a few minutes, I see the flow ebbing to almost nothing, telling me that Nina's rectum is close to its limit. I have a little flow meter, nothing more than a clear disc the size of a quarter with a little neon pink wheel in it that spins as the fluid flows over it, in the tubing. So I leave Nina to finish filling up and move on.

I return my attention to Nina's catheter. I attach a large syringe to the end of the catheter. It's already filled with about 16 ounces of sterile water, which is more than Nina could hold. It would be far too much for her already full bladder. I release the clamp and start pushing

the plunger slowly. It starts pushing the water backward through the tube and into Nina's bladder, filling it even further than it already was.

Nina screeches after a few more ounces have entered her. I put my hand to Nina's pubes and press lightly. It lets me feel her bladder through her skin. It's definitely full. It's swollen up almost fully. I keep pushing the plunger, forcing a little more water into Nina. I keep going until I can feel Nina's bladder is not just full, but also hard. That tells me that it's at her limit. The point where her body will stop processing her waste so that nothing more tries to seep into her bladder lest it burst. I clamp the catheter off again.

Nina is really crying hard now. It's enough to qualify as a bawling cry, but it's also a demure cry. As if she's accepting that she's powerless to do anything but suffer the strong discomfort she's now feeling. I disconnect the large syringe. Then I disconnect the tubing from the enema nozzle, too. The nozzle has a valve to keep the fluid from flowing out of Nina's bottom through it. I reconnect the small syringes to both of the smaller ports, the ones on her catheter and her enema nozzle. I leave them hanging.

I reach over Nina's chest, getting a firm, but light, squeeze of a squishy breast in my hand. My squeeze should be enough to get Nina's attention, even as she cries hard. And so loudly. "You want to go pee and poop now, cunt. If you have the brains of a pet rock, you've figured out that you can't. You will only go potty when and where I decide to allow you to. I can let you go anytime. Or I can not let you go. The choice is mine and only mine. You don't have a choice. Feel free to try your very hardest. You can't go. I can let you go. But I'm not. So you won't.

"If you want me to let you go, you are going to behave. And not just until you get what you want. As you discovered last night, there are swift and harsh consequences for disappointing me in my Queendom. Is that clear, cunt?"

Nina just nods her head. It's not like she can answer while she's gagged. And then she'd have to stop crying.

Chapter 06: Obedience

"Good. Then you will obey my slave just as if it was me. When my slave tells you to, you will stand up. You will walk to the toilet like a big bitch. Normally. I don't care if your little tummy is cramping because you have to go so badly. You are going to walk normally. My slave will make you do 'your business' at her pleasure. Mind my slave."

Nina vigorously nods that she will.

I turn Nina over to Sophie. Sophie knows what I want her to do. It's far more than just taking Nina to the toilet. And more than controlling what Nina does on the toilet. Nina is going to be cleaned up fully for her day. I don't want Nina to miss any work. That's why Adam is returning at seven, so he can have Nina to work by nine. Of course, Nina doesn't know that. I never tell my toys anything that I don't have to. They just have to trust me to take care of their vanilla lives, too.

Sophie helps Nina to her feet. With Nina's hands bound, Sophie doesn't have much of a choice. It would be a hard struggle for Nina to get to her feet on her own, especially with her stomach so strained. Sophie keeps her hands on Nina's bare hips, steering Nina toward the bathroom. And Sophie isn't going to let Nina go slow. Even as Nina screeches out from the cramps that rack her stomach, just behind her pubes. As full as Nina is, they'll be sharp.

I only watch the first part. Sophie turns Nina so that Nina is standing over the toilet, facing the wall across from the toilet. And facing Sophie. Sophie makes sure that the end of the catheter is hanging down into the toilet, close to the water. As close as it will hang.

"Pee now, filthy cunt," Sophie says very teasingly in her sweetest voice. As she tells Nina to pee, Sophie releases the clamp on the catheter. Immediately Nina's golden pee shoots from the end of the tube in a long, powerful stream. "Good cunt!" Sophie squeals, "You managed to pee! Now you just keep peeing. MY Mistress wants your bladder fully empty... Ooh, your pee is just so dark yellow, cunt! You must have wanted to potty for so long!" I've told Sophie to talk to Nina as Nina is emptying out. I want Sophie to remind Nina of what Nina can't see. That she's being very closely watched as she does this private act,

too. "Oh, that's so much pee! You really are a dirty cunt, aren't you, cunt?"

Still sobbing loudly, Nina just nods her head. I doubt Sophie expected an answer to the question.

Sophie waits until Nina is done peeing. With the catheter in her bladder, there's no question that Nina's bladder is now fully empty. Sophie deflates the band, and with a sharp yank pulls the catheter from Nina. Nina stays put, standing, and yelps through her gag as Sophie pulls it out.

Sophie has Nina sit on the very edge of the toilet, and lean forward as much as Nina can without her hands to brace herself, it has Nina leaning over a little more than 45 degrees. And that's enough to have Nina's breasts dangling from her chest. Sophie puts her hand on Nina's bare shoulder, something that's more for Nina. It's a new experience for Nina to be touched while nude and using the toilet. So I have Sophie touching Nina so that Nina will know Sophie is there. Touching Nina's nude body. Seeing everything that Nina does.

Sophie reaches to the syringe attached to the enema nozzle. There's only a short piece of tubing between the two, about an inch long. It's just enough tubing for Sophie to have the syringe above the level of Nina's asshole. And Sophie makes sure she has it as far above Nina's asshole as she can, stretching that short tubing up along Nina's crack. At the valley of Nina's crack. Sitting as Sophie has her, it has Nina's crack pulled opened plenty far for Sophie to see Nina's asshole and the white shaft sticking out of it.

Sophie pulls the plunger very quickly, pulling the water out of the balloon band just as quickly. The pressure in Nina's rectum helps it flow out. "Now go poop, cunt. Let's get more of that filth out of my Mistress's filthy cunt!" Sophie keeps her voice so sweet that it's taunting.

It doesn't matter. Once the balloon band deflates, the pressure in Nina's rectum takes over. There's nothing Nina could do to stop it if she tried. The fluid, as well as Nina's waste, explodes from her asshole, shoving the nozzle out of the way as it does. A huge, powerful torrent shoots out Nina's asshole, out of her spread crack, and against the back

Chapter 06: Obedience

to the toilet bowl. It's yellow, laced with plenty of browns and blacks. And it seems endless.

"Ooh!" Sophie blurts out enthusiastically, "Wow, Mistress's bottom was just so messy! And full! I can't believe just how big Mistress's anus has stretch open to let all that icky stuff out! It's gaping so wide it looks like it wants a cock!" Sophie giggles. I see Nina cringe, and blush slightly, from the embarrassing humiliation of listening to Sophie describe her asshole and the waste coming out of it. It makes sure that Nina knows just how closely Sophie is watching her. Sophie keeps one hand on Nina's shoulder the entire time. But now that Sophie has the nozzle in the trash, she uses her other hand to lightly stroke Nina's back and tells Nina that she's being a good cunt now.

It takes a couple of minutes for the strong jet of fluid to finally stop. Sophie reaches under Nina's breasts and puts a hand to Nina's stomach. Sophie rubs Nina's stomach very tenderly. "Come on, cunt, finish going poopy. You can do more for me, cunt... come on, cunt, go poopy a little more for me... I don't want Mistress to have to make you!" Sophie talks to Nina just like Sophie would if she were potty training a toddler. And that's another humiliation that isn't lost on Nina. Nor is it lost on Nina that when Sophie encourages her to go more, Nina strains and goes more. The idea, the threat, that if Nina doesn't empty fully I will make her is enough. Nina might not know how I'll make her, but she'd rather the humiliation of using the toilet like a two-year-old to whatever I would do to her. So she makes herself empty the last few drops out.

Sophie stands Nina up, telling Nina that Nina has been a good cunt. She tells Nina to stand still while Sophie cleans her disgusting bottom up for her. It's one more humiliation for Nina, to have to stand demurely as Sophie wipes her butt for her. And to know that Sophie is getting an eye full of Nina's dirty bottom. I leave instead of watching it. I don't want to see that. I'm sure Sophie doesn't, either. Too bad.

I relax in the living room.

Paige prepares my breakfast.

Breaking Bitch

Sophie gives Nina a very thorough bath, including shaving her, washing her hair, and even douching out Nina's pussy. Nine stays cuffed for every second of it.

It's about forty-five minutes later when Sophie brings Nina out. I'm just going to the table for breakfast. I have Sophie put Nina on her knees beside the table, and join me. Sophie deserves a treat after what she had to clean this morning. I'm sure Nina can smell the food. But not see it. Nina is still blindfolded. But she must know it's breakfast time.

Nina stays still on her knees and waits while Paige serves Sophie's and my breakfast. Everyone completely ignores Nina. And no one gives Nina anything, not even a sip of water. Nina just waits, obviously hungry, and smells the breakfast we're eating.

Once I'm done, I send Sophie to the kitchen without saying why. Sophie doesn't ask, she just does as I tell her. As soon as Sophie appears in the kitchen, where Nina won't hear anything, Paige hands Sophie Nina's breakfast and tells her that I said to give that to Sophie when Sophie came in. Sophie understands that's why I sent her to the kitchen. To fetch. She comes out and silently drops to her knees beside me, offering me the "meal" Paige sent with her.

Nina is still gagged, too. SO I've adjusted her meal to account for that. I had Paige put Nina's food in the blender and add her coffee in. that made it rather runny, instead of thick and pasty. Then Paige filled a giant 16-ounce syringe with the "food." I've already attached about six inches of clear tubing to the end of the syringe, where the needle would normally be. This syringe isn't made to take a needle. Its tip is far too wide for that. It's made for the tubing.

I take hold of Nina's cheek while she kneels. I pull her cheek out, and I have to pull it taut and wide before I see a little bit of her mouth behind the gag. That ball really has Nina's mouth stuffed full. I push the tubing through that little gap, shoving about two inches of it beyond the ball. It's not enough to push it past her throat. I don't want to do that. There's too much chance of it going into her windpipe if I do. Besides, then she wouldn't get to taste her breakfast! I wonder, for a fraction of a second, what french toast (without the butter and syrup), melon, air-

Chapter 06: Obedience

fried egg whites, and potatoes with coffee will taste like. I decide that I prefer to taste them separately.

The end of the tube isn't too far from her throat, though. It's close enough that I know she can feel it tickling, and annoying, her throat. It's in the funneling of her mouth that leads to it. Right about at the base of her tongue. "Eat your breakfast, cunt, it's as filthy as you are!" I very teasingly tell Nina.

I push the plunger slowly. That pushes the watery paste of pureed food into the very back of Nina's mouth, steadily filling the space behind the gag with it. It doesn't take but a few seconds for Nina to feel her mouth filled with the goo. And then to feel the goo pushing its way down to her throat.

Nina panics. She starts swallowing reflexively. She swallows fast, gulping the goo down. Her face, mostly her nose, wrinkles up telling me that she doesn't like its taste. She keeps swallowing, her reflexes not leaving her a choice to choke instead. I hope Nina realizes that I make her eating the food that she doesn't like or want to eat. That this aspect of her body is now under my control as well. And Nina is just as powerless to control anything as with everything else. Just like a plastic doll is.

I push all of the syringe full of food into Nina's mouth. It's a full meal. Everything Sophie got, and just as much of it. It's about 800 calories laced with caffeine. It's about what she'd eat if she actually ate breakfast. The only difference is that this is all blended together into a goo. And doesn't taste so good apparently.

Nina stays on her knees, gagging as she hurriedly swallows the food. And grimacing hard from the taste. Once the syringe is empty, I pull the tube out of Nina's mouth. I'm pretty sure that Nina is glad it's over. She stays on her knees, her shoulders moving slightly, her stomach tenses up as she chokes. She chokes a few more seconds, gagging down the last swallow of the food. I'll bet now Nina is wishing for that coffee to wash the taste from her mouth. But she's already had her coffee.

I take Nina to the living room and put her back on her knees there. I have Sophie bring me a "fancy collar." It's not fancy. It's a length of

shiny silver chain with small links. Sophie brings me a padlock and a pair of small bolt cutters with the collar.

I lift Nina's freshly washed and dried hair up, baring Nina's neck. I wrap the chain around Nina's neck, pulling it close to flush against her skin, but leaving plenty of space around her neck so that it won't choke her. It will sit like a small necklace around her neck. Then I lock the chain around her neck with the tiny padlock. It's a lock like you'd see on luggage, one that Nina is capable of breaking off, but not so easy. I hold Nina's hair up while Sophie cuts the last few, the extra unneeded links of chain off. It makes the chain almost into a necklace. If a padlock counts as a pendant. A padlock with "I belong to Miss Rodgers" engraved on it.

"There, cunt," I say with a great deal of satisfaction in my voice. "Now you have a collar like a proper bitch!" I wave a hand towards Princess Lilly, lying on my sofa. I've given up on getting her off the furniture. That bitch just lies wherever she wants! And Lilly is a real bitch. She's my dog. And she's *not* wearing a collar. Collars are for bitches and slaves, not pretty puppies! I hope Nina notices it.

"In case you really are as dumb as you've been acting, as of now you belong to me. I own you, just as I own everything else in my Queendom. You are nothing but my property, and I will use you however I fancy. Whenever I fancy. Wherever I fancy. Someday I might finally you enough tricks that you can rise to the level of a whore, and I'll rent your worthless bottom out as I wish, too.

"I am going to take the cuffs and gag off now. You are going to behave. You do not want to disappoint me as I expect you will. You've been a very disobedient and thus disappointing cunt so far. I promise you, you don't want to disappoint me again, cunt.

"You are going to keep that disgusting cock sucker of yours shut. You will speak only when spoken to. And then you will be humble and polite to everyone. Period. Princess Lilly, over there is a higher life form than a skanky gutter whore, and you aren't even a skanky gutter whore. You will do as you are told. You will obey all higher life forms, including the Princess. You definitely don't want to disappoint her either. She's a real bitch when gutter filth disappoints her." I can't help but grin at my

Chapter 06: Obedience

comment. Of course, Lilly is a real bitch. She's a female, and she's a dog! She's a pit bull, too, but she's not mean. Just assertive and a gigantic love sponge. "Do as you are told, and do nothing that you are not told to do. Now, are you going to behave and try to be a good cunt?"

Nina shirks inward slightly. She nods yes. It's a shamed nod, not an eager one. As if she's ashamed to admit that she's going to behave. I think it's time for Nina's next lesson. She needs to see, not just be told, that those around her will accept her just as much if she behaves as if she's Nina. And that Adam won't think less of her for her desires. She needs to know that it's okay for her to surrender and be a slave.

I take her gag off. Nina says nothing. I take her cuffs off. I tell Nina to keep her hands behind her back. Nina doesn't move. She just stays on her knees and slowly lets her head hang forward, as if utterly ashamed of herself.

"Good cunt!" I tell Nina. "I suppose my pussy is aching now, isn't it?"

"Yes, my Queen... your pussy is aching so badly that it's pounding and it hurts, Ma'am..." Nina says very humbly. Her voice is mute, hushed, and laced with shame. But it's also sure as if she wants me to know how badly her pussy wants attention. Her choice of words tells me she's accepting that her body is mine.

"I'll think about whether I wish my pussy to enjoy a nice orgasm or not," I tell Nina.

"Yes, my Queen..." Nina's voice pleads for me to think quickly, and allow it. Nina just waits, her hands behind her despite her desire to use them to relieve that ache.

And then Adam rings the doorbell. I send Sophie to let him in and show him to the couch. As soon as Adam is in the door, his eyes are on Nina. I'm sure he notices that she's still nude. I hope he notices that she's not bound. Or gagged. That Nina is staying on her knees on her own now. She's not being forced.

Nina doesn't move. But I do see a sharp flinch run over her body as she catches sight of Adam. And a harder one as she sees Adam's eyes on her nude body. Not so much that he's seeing her nude, he got that

sight last night, but that he's seeing her on her knees. She tries hard to avert her eyes instead of looking at Adam. But she doesn't say anything, either.

I offer Adam a cup of coffee. I'm sure he's hoping that Paige, the young, pretty, and naked slave that served it last night will serve it again this morning. He accepts. I send Sophie to fetch mine. "And take this filthy cunt along. It can serve my guest."

Sophie hops to her feet. She puts her hand on Nina's shoulder and tells Nina to come along. A minute later they're both back.

Nina holds her hands out in front of her breasts, her hands side by side, and her palms turned upward to make a small tray. She has them six inches out in front of her hard nipples. And she has a cup of coffee rest atop her palms. Nina walks over to Adam. She drops to her knees, spreading her legs wide once she's down. She keeps her back up straight. She keeps her eyes downcast as well. "Here is your coffee, Sir. Thank you for allowing this filthy cunt to serve you. Is there anything else this cunt may do for you, Sir?" Nina repeats the line I know Sophie fed her. I told Sophie to teach Nina how I expect my guests to be served. I'm sure Sophie reminded Nina that Nina doesn't want to disappoint me.

Adam just watches. Or rather gawks. It's a sight he never imagined. Nina isn't bound, or being forced. She's willingly humbling herself and doing so in a rather degrading manner. And doing it nude, as if she's unworthy of even clothes. She's calling him, her son, Sir. And there's none of the bitchiness he's always seen from her.

I leave Nina where she is. In front of Adam, her body on full display for him. I sip my coffee. As I do I chat with Adam. We talk about Nina as if she's not there. Nina obediently stays silent on her knees, letting the "grown-ups" talk.

I tell Adam, making sure that Nina hears it, that while that collar is around Nina's neck, Nina belongs to me. That she's not a woman. She's not his mother. She's a piece of my property. Nina doesn't matter. Nor do her desires. Nina's only purpose for existing is to serve her Queen, and I am her Queen. I tell Adam that I have the only key to the lock on Nina's collar and that I won't be taking it off anytime soon. Until then,

Chapter 06: Obedience

Nina can wear it proudly. Everywhere. I give him a wink, hopefully letting him know that it will be alright. I can't exactly come out and tell him that Nina's clothes are going to hide the lock, leaving only a few lines of the shiny, small chain visible, and that's going to look like it's a necklace, not a collar. He'll figure that out when he dresses her.

I tell him that Nina, and her body, belong to me 24/7, not just when she's here. She'll follow my rules every second of her life. Or pay for it when I find out, and I always seem to find out.

I tell him the basic rules. Such as that Nina isn't to touch her pussy without my permission. It's my pussy now. I'll decide when it's touched and by whom. She's to wear "appropriate" clothing, or no clothing, every second of the day. Appropriate means according to my dress code, which he's already found. And for the nights, that means no clothes. She's to be nude from 10:00 until 6:00 in the morning. Period. In bed, or at a client's home, it doesn't matter. She'll be nude between those hours.

Nina can be whatever works best for her at work... Unless I'm there, or my slaves, or my friends, or Adam. Then she's to behave. Outside of work, she's to behave, period. That means humble, polite, and obedient. Or punished.

I add that Nina isn't allowed to ask questions, either. Nothing, ever. If she's told to strip in some guys' house, she's not to ask why. Or if she has to get completely naked. She's to strip. The answer is obvious. "Because I said so." And that means that she's not to ask him anything about last night, either. Not even about the dildo Adam used to fuck her bottom. She already knows what a gutter whore needs to know. I allowed Adam to fuck her bottom with a dildo of his choosing. HE examined the dildo and decided to use it on her. So he fucked her bottom with it. It wouldn't matter if it was a green one or a pink one, so it doesn't matter that it was a "fleshy" one.

Adam pays attention, but I can see that he hasn't guessed why I'm telling him all of those rules yet. Once he's heard all of them, I tell him that "this stupid whore would enjoy an orgasm before work." I see Nina's face light up hopefully as I say that. I hope Adam notices that.

Then I tell him that I don't care if it cums or not. He can pick one of three choices. "he can make it cum, either by Nina's hand or by a pretty whore, or he can send her to work with an aching pussy." It doesn't make any difference to me.

Adam stutters, noticing how smoothly I just roped him into picking Nina's relief for her. He glances down and sees the very eager and hopeful look on Nina's face looking back at him. Her face makes it clear that Nina wants to cum. And now she doesn't care if I make a spectacle of it.

I summon Paige and tell her to kneel beside Adam. I just wink at him, letting him know that Paige is the cute whore I offered to allow him to borrow for Nina's relief. As I thought it would, the idea of seeing Paige with another woman, even if it is his mom, proves too much for Adam to pass up.

"Diddle her pussy, skanky," Adam tells Paige.

"Yes, Sir," Paige answers gladly with a little giggle in her voice.

Paige goes over to Nina. She kneels down beside Nina. Paige puts her hands on Nina's lean shoulders and starts caressing down Nina's body. She stops for a brief moment at Nina's breasts to run her hands so softly over Nina's spongy mounds and caress them a few extra seconds. As if Paige wants those breasts.

And then Paige's hand is slipping over Nina's dense bush to Nina's pussy mound.

"AH!" Nina screeches out loudly, with true hunger in her voice as Paige begins teasing Nina's very hard and wide clit. "OH!... OH!... AH!" Nina cries out, her voice pure bliss. Nina shudders hard. As she's shuddering, Nina's body leans over slightly, lying lightly against Paige's nude chest. Nina keeps her hands behind her back, gripping her hands tightly together and squeezing with all her strength. Steadily, Nina starts shuddering harder and harder. And screeching louder. More urgently. More pleadingly.

Nina's head starts snapping around, up and down. Her legs tense, lifting her bottom a couple of inches off her heels. Her toes curl.

Chapter 06: Obedience

And then, Nina's body snaps hard. It jerks, tossing itself against Paige's body hard. It's a single hard jerk as Nina screams out "UH!" then Nina falls loose, her body collapsing limply against Paige. Nina just lies there, limp and quivering sharply, her body lying against Paige's for support. Nina's head falls forward and hangs loosely as if there isn't any tension left anywhere in her body. Just those sharp, shivering, hard quivers that flow over every bit of her body.

After last night, Adam knows what Nina just did. She came. I tell Paige that she's diddled that sloppy thing long enough, and Paige stops. But Paige doesn't get up. She can't. She's holding Nina from falling over. And Nina isn't responding to anyone. She's just lying against Paige, breathing hard, and moaning out sweet purrs.

It's twenty minutes later when Adam has opened the bag of clothes he brought for Nina. He followed my instructions and gave them to her piece by piece, telling her to put each piece on. Nina, still dreamy with the bliss, dumbly obeyed.

Now that Nina is dressed, I get a leash and clip it to her collar. Then I hand the leash to Adam.

I tell Adam that Nina is to behave. He is in charge of her until she's returned here. That will be tomorrow night. He's to pick her clothes for her and watch her dress in the morning. Then, in the evenings, he's to watch Nina undress and return the clothes to him. Nina gets no say in what she wears, when she puts it on, or when she takes it back off. Nina isn't to masturbate, or even touch her pussy.

Tomorrow night Adam will return Nina here. If she's behaved her filthy bottom, Nina might be rewarded. If she's been naughty, Nina will be punished harshly. She's to be leashed when she's returned. And any time she's in my building. And whenever else Adam wishes to leash her. It's not her choice to make. She's leashed when people want her on the leash.

I ask Nina directly, "are you going to be a good cunt for him?"

"Yes, my Queen, this cunt will behave itself for him, Ma'am," Nina answers. But I can hear the dreamy note in her voice that tells me she's

Breaking Bitch

already fantasizing about what her reward might be if she accepts the humiliation of obeying her son so humbly for two short days.

the "USUAL SUSPECTS"

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



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

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

Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"



Slave-whore ("Paige")

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

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



Princess Lilly

Age	Height	Weight
5 (Human)/35 (K9)	2'2"	
Hair	Eyes	
Black & White	Puppy Dog	