

Dr. Slut's Office

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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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Prologue:

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

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

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

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

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moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

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

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

Sophie is my 19-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest. Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

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

I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommies as well. Andrea (26), Janelle (35), Colette (39), Diane (43), and Olive (44). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and

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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!

Chapter 01: Misbehavior

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Usually, I shy away from toys in the health care field. That's because I'm a student nurse. Whether I make it into medical school next or not, I'm going to be working in health care. I'm afraid it would be rather awkward for a toy, where it to have to work with me. And more so, I don't want to separate my life. I don't want to be "Nurse Pepper" to the toy during the day, and "Miss Rodgers" to it later. So it seems easier just to avoid those toys I might end up working with.

But like every rule, that one has exceptions. And one of those exceptions is Jill. She's a 38-year-old pediatrician with a thriving practice in Milton, Florida. That's one of the reasons I made an exception for her. Milton is two counties, and one state, away from my home in Mobile, Alabama. On I-10, it's about an hour's drive. And it's on the other side of Pensacola, a rather large city. Thus, there's almost zero crossover between the affluent suburb of Milton and the rather poor city of Mobile. So it's unlikely that I'd ever run into Jill professionally. She's not even licensed in Alabama. And I have no plans to move to Florida – there are far too many Seminoles fans there – the insanity of it might be contagious!

Jill first came to me several months ago through the usual chain of friends. My friend Nikolai, a fellow Dom in Pensacola sent her to me. He, I hear, learned of her through his friend Diane, a woman I know slightly. Diane heard of her through her friend Jessie, a "bedroom Domme" and friend of Jill's. That seems to be the usual way I meet new toys. They have a friend who is into D/s. Obviously, they don't want to play with their friend, so they end up asking if she knows someone. Jessie isn't exactly active in the BDSM community around Pensacola, but she does a little networking, mostly just for ideas of things she can do with her "slave-husband" behind closed doors. So she mentioned Jill to Diane, wondering if Diane, a Domme who is active in the community, might know of someone who was interested. Someone far from Milton so that Jill could ensure that her private and professional lives never came close to crossing paths. Both Diane and Nikolai immediately thought of me. I'm sure distance was a part of it. As was the idea of the nurse lording over the doctor.

I have no desire to "out" Jill. Doing so, in the conservative

community she practices in would destroy her practice. She'd end up having to move. Not that Jill's sexual tastes have any impact on her professionally, but in that small city, no parent would take their child to a doctor who wasn't seen as "straight-laced." That's just the way things are. It's also the reason Jill wanted to meet a Domme from some distance away. To keep her lives separate. Very separate.

The first time I met Jill I laid out all of my rules to her. And she agreed to them. If she hadn't, I would have sent her packing. One of those rules is that I own her. 24/7. I have never been interested in being a "bedroom Domme," a woman who is only a Domme once the bedroom doors are shut and locked behind her. I am dominant, period. To me, it's who I am. I made it clear to Jill that I might invite myself to pop up anywhere, at any time, and she would be expected to "behave" if I did. No matter what. She agreed to it.

Jill tried to ask me to agree never to "invade" her professional life. I spanked her for asking. Then I told her that I don't allow my subs to set limits. Any limits. My subs just have to put all of their trust in me to think about them and their needs. Jill would just have to trust that I would not damage her professional reputation. She accepted that. Then she begged me to avoid invading her professional life. I spanked her for that, too. I think she got the message.

Jill, like most private-practice doctors, is a workaholic. She's usually in the hospital by 6:00, then in her office by 8:00 to see patients. After which, she's back at the hospital for another couple of hours. Her social life is somewhat limited. But she does have a long-term boyfriend, a guy she kind of lives with, although he keeps his own place as well. They've been together for around ten years now but never married. Smart woman. He knows about her playtime with me. I would have taken her if he didn't. I don't like to spank behind the back of a significant other. I'm not going to be the "other woman." I've met him. He seems to enjoy watching but doesn't want to join in. I can live with that. As can Jill.

One, and maybe the only, good thing about COVID is that it has

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moved a lot of classes online. Especially now. The summer semester is always a light one anyway. I only have classes on Mondays and Thursdays. Those are all "lab classes." Nursing classes where we actually do things to people. Classes that can't be online. On Tuesdays, I work a shift in the student health center. There, students get free health care. The price of the free care is that they get it mostly from student nurses and doctors, not real ones. They get free care, and we get practice dummies. Nothing is ever really free, is it? The rest of my classes are online, and I can do those from anywhere. Mostly anytime. For some reason, the professors have taken to posting videos of their lectures instead of interactive classes. At least most of them still have office hours in case you get stuck. Most.

Today is Wednesday. I have nothing firm on the agenda for Wednesdays this semester. My live-in slave-girl, Sophie does, though. She's a sophomore at bishop state college. It's a state-run two-year college in Mobile. She didn't have the grades to get into USA with me, so I sent her there. Too bad I didn't know her sooner, or she would have had the grades for USA. I would have seen to it. Unfortunately, they seem to run that school more like a high school than a college. She has classes four days a week, and she has to be in her classes. As does my slave-whore Paige. Paige is a year behind Sophie. Paige is only 18! She's just starting her freshman year at Bishop. Since I'm sending Sophie to classes this summer, I decided there was no reason Paige could get a jump on her freshman year. So Paige has classes today as well.

I had planned to just hang out with my BFFs, all of whom attend four-year colleges like me. While BFF #2 is away, both Izzy and Ellie are at USA with me. And neither has plans for the day. But that was before I got the email from Jill's boyfriend last night.

He sort of, unofficially, watches Jill for me. Jill, of course, knows all about it. All I've asked him to do is to email me if he catches Jill breaking any of the rules I insist that she follows 24/7. They're all pretty basic rules. None of them is anything that anyone else would pick up on. Just "dumb" rules like not wearing pantyhose. Only stockings and a garter. That one is on the list because I hate pantyhose. And a sub never

knows when her Mistress might wish to strip her.

According to his email, he caught her breaking one of the more serious rules last night. For my married (or cohabitating) subs, a group I've put Jill in because she mostly is living with her boyfriend, I have a rule that she is always to be available to him. She may never deny, or even discourage, him from sex. She is to have sex with him, in any position he fancies, whenever he wishes it. The same applies to oral. If he wants it, she is to give it, then and there. So far, that's never been a problem for her. And definitely not for him. Anal is a different story. She is not allowed to do that without my telling her to. He doesn't mind that restriction, since before me she refused to do it. I guess he figures anything is better than nothing.

The other half of that rule is that she is not to "ask" for sex. She's to just wait until he desires her. Given the average male libido, that's never been a problem either. He seems to desire her often enough that she doesn't go horny. Nor is Jill allowed to masturbate, unless he wishes to watch her or I tell her to. I'm not naive. I know that Jill has countless little ways to show it when she's horny. She can't ask for it, but there is any number of things she can do to let him know she wants it.

That's what she did last night. She might have gotten home late, but that didn't stop her from changing into a sexy nightie and parading around in front of him. In high heels, too. Tell me that's not a giant billboard saying "fuck me." But before he did (and I'm sure he only took so long because he was enjoying the show she was putting on), Jill took matters into her own hand. Literally. She sat beside him and cuddled up. A couple of minutes later he saw her hand slipping between her thighs. He stopped her, but he still "ratted her out" to me. Good boyfriend.

Especially since I'm confident Jill knew exactly what she was doing. Oh, I'm sure she wanted that orgasm, which he later gave her. But she also knew well that he would tell me. Not only did he promise me that he would, but he also promised her that he would. Thus, she knew that he would. And she knew that I wouldn't "stand for it." She

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knows that I will summon her and punish her for it. Since it's been a few weeks since Jill's last session, I suspect that's why she made sure he caught her. So he'd tell me. And I punish her. She must be getting eager for another session. She's not allowed to ask to see me, so like most subs, she "asks" by misbehaving knowing full well that I will punish her for it. It works well since that punishment is what she really wants anyway.

But she's not suspecting what I thought up for her. I'm sure she will absolutely hate every second of it. Almost as much as her pussy loves every second of it. And she is definitely not going to be expecting it. I'd bet she's expecting me to summon her some evening very soon to my apartment. Or maybe to pop in to her house so that her boyfriend can have the reward of watching. But she's not expecting this.

A few minutes after 8:00 I pull into the parking lot of her office. As I get out of my car, I take out my phone and call Jill's private cell number. I have all of her numbers, but calling her at the office would just make me go through her receptionist, and I don't want to. But this number is for her closest friends, her boyfriend, and me. It's the one number she'll always answer since all of us know to avoid calling her during work hours when possible. And she does.

"Oh, hello my naughty, horny little slut!" I greet Jill when she answers her phone. "You are in so much trouble! How dare you masturbate without my permission! Don't you remember that pussy between your legs belongs to me, slut?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers. I'm sorry, Ma'am... I just couldn't help myself! I didn't even realize I was doing it until Hank caught me, Ma'am." Jill babbles her apology. What I notice is that she's using a normal voice, and she's not guarding her words. Thus she must be alone. I'd bet she's in her office at the back of the office. With the door shut. She doesn't have a patient for another 20 minutes or so. Not until 8:30. And the doctor is never early! I think they take their licenses away if they are!

"Shut up, slut. Stop babbling. You already know you've been naughty. And you know what happens to naughty sluts. They get

punished. You have one minute from... now to get your naughty bottom up to your waiting room, slut. Hurry up, those seconds are already ticking off." I hang up without letting Jill answer.

Then I step into the waiting room. There's already a patient here. A mother with a small almost-toddler boy. A very cute patient! I hope he's not too sick! But otherwise, the waiting room is quiet, as I'd thought it would be. The receptionist is behind her desk, with that annoying glass window shut. At first, she doesn't even look up to see who came in. She must have been doing this for a long time now. She's got the attitude.

Today I've dressed as a nurse. I have my scrubs on. OK, mine are crimson and have "USA Health" embroidered on them along with "P. Rodgers," but who cares? I have my long blond hair pulled back and clipped up out of the way. I even have my stethoscope in my pocket. I could be any nurse in any clinic anywhere. I'd bet the only difference here is the name of the facility on the scrubs. And maybe the color. Jill seems like the kind who would have nurses in clown-print scrubs for the kids. But mine will do. It screams "nurse" and thus, no one will guess that I'm anything more. Or here for some non-professional reason.

The receptionist is just turning to open the glass and greet me when the door opens and Jill hurries into the waiting room. Jill sees me standing there and freezes in place. I watch as a faint blush begins to blossom on Jill's light cheeks. Then I save her. I turn to the receptionist and introduce myself as "Penny Rodgers." I made up the first name. My name, Pepper, isn't too common, and I don't want her Googling me. "I'm a student nurse. Dr. Tanner has agreed to let me shadow her for a little bit. It's part of my classwork that I have to shadow a doctor for a bit, and all the ones they had on the list were, like, surgeons -who are totally obnoxious, or like, oncologists, which is so depressing!" I smile. The receptionist believes every word of it. And she smiles right back at me. I had her when I said surgeons were obnoxious. Maybe she used to work for one. They can be such prima donnas! Whatever now the receptionist is on my side. She believes every word of it. So she doesn't suspect there's another reason I'm here.

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I turn to Jill. "Thanks again. Where do we start? Your office?"

Jill, still blushing lightly, nods. It takes her a second to pull herself together. Then she turns and leads me back to her office. I'm sure her mind is racing. Wondering how long I plan to hang around. What I plan to do. If I can convince her nurses of that story. And especially, what I plan to do to her. She knows it's going to be "bad." She is up for a strict punishment. It's the second time she was caught masturbating.

Jill leads me straight to her office and very quickly shuts the door behind me. I think she has it locked even before it's shut. Then she turns to me, a look of pure nervous fear on her face. Nervous that I'm here at all. That her secret could get revealed. In her office. While patients are here. Something that would utterly destroy her reputation, force her to move far away, and even then still follow her around.

But I wouldn't let that happen. She is just going to have to learn to trust me.



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Jill is a fairly tall woman, around 5'8" and 135 pounds. As nervous as she is, she still remembers to stand properly before me. She faces me, her feet a couple of inches apart, and her hands behind her back. I insist that my toys stand like that. Jill would be punished if she stood before me any other way. More so now that she's already in trouble.

I can see how nervous she is. She usually a very sure and composed woman. But not now. She's still blushing slightly. And she trembling just slightly. Even though she locked the door, her eyes are still darting around the room anxiously, constantly making sure that no one is going to see or hear anything. She's far from still.

Jill is a pretty woman. She has long, frizzy-curly blond hair that spreads out to cover the tops of her shoulders. It's a fairly light shade of blond, too. And I don't see any gray in it yet. She has brilliant blue eyes to go with it. They decorate a slightly rounded face with soft lines and softer features. Except for her nose. That's slightly long with defined, sharp lines. Unlike her jawline with its soft features. And she has a rather wide mouth framed with a fine pair of light pink lips.

She's dressed for work. Or should I say she's dressed to work, not to sit at a desk all day? Then again, she wouldn't be much of a doctor at a desk. She's wearing comfy jeans. They're slightly snug on her, but not overly so. And they clearly have a designer label on them, as does everything she's wearing. I can see a snug undershirt with spaghetti straps over her shoulders, underneath a white, long-sleeved shirt that's buttoned just high enough to fully hide her cleavage. She has a matching white blazer on over that. And she's wearing sneakers. A smart choice for a woman who will be spending the day on her feet. All of which meet my dress code.

Although I don't know about her underwear. That's where I have the strictest standards. I wonder if she's wearing comfortable undies, one a woman would wear to work in, or if she might have something sexy on just in case her boyfriend might see them later. I know, whatever her choice was, she didn't plan for me to be seeing her in them. Good, now I'll see how she really dresses when she doubts she'll

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be seen by me. Doubts she'll have to endure the punishment if I catch her.

I don't have much time. I'm sure I could keep Jill in here for a while if I wanted to. But in about 20 minutes a patient is expecting her. If Jill doesn't show up, sooner or later (OK, later), eventually a nurse will come to find her. Eventually, the rumors will start around the office about what Jill and were doing behind closed doors. Rumors live forever. So now I have to hurry. But Jill doesn't have to know that, although she should be able to guess it. If she were thinking clearly, which it doesn't look like she's doing. I'd bet her only thought is whether she's going to get caught.

"Stay," I say firmly, but without raising my voice to her. It's a simple command I taught her long ago. The same command I'd teach a dog. Stay means stay put. Don't move, not even a finger. Don't speak, not a peep. Just stay as you are while I do whatever with you.

I reach my hands out to the front of Jill's shirt and start unbuttoning it. Since it's not my body, I'm not the least bit shy, so I don't hesitate. I work fairly quickly to unbutton it all the way down, pulling its tails out of her jeans as I do. I open the shirt, leaving the soft fabric hanging free.

It lets me see the undershirt she has on. That's simple cotton. It's slightly snug on her chest. Enough so that I can see the lines of her figure. And the lines of her bra underneath. I can see the mounds of her ample breasts swelling the front of it out, too.

I take hold of the bottom hem of the shirt and lift it up. This time I don't hurry. But I don't dally either. I just lift it up until it uncovers her bra. Then I leave it hanging around her upper chest, just above the tops of the bra's cups.

I see she's gone with cutesy-sexy for her underwear today. As if she thought, just maybe, after Hank told on her that he might undress her tonight. Her bra is white and silky. It has half-cups that cover a decent part of her breasts while leaving a little slice of them bare at the top and leaving a nice cleavage. It also firmly supports her mounds,

pushing them up and together to maximize a cleavage that doesn't need maximizing. It has ½" wide, peach-colored straps with a delicate black lace trim over her shoulders. Straps that are far wider than the straps of the undershirt over them. It has cups that are decorated with bright lavender flowers. It has a bow of peach-colored fine ribbon between her mounds. It has a wide strap around her chest. And it has another strip of fine black lace along its bottom.

I leave Jill standing like that, her bra fully exposed, one shirt dangling open while the other snuggles high around her chest. I put my hands to the button of her jeans and unfasten them. Then I unzip them. I pull the little flaps wide open to reveal her panties underneath.

The panties perfectly match the bra. They're obviously a set. Good thing for Jill, since that is part of my dress code – matching bra and panties, always, period. I figured they would be. Jill is well-off enough that it isn't an issue for her. She doesn't have to piece together her wardrobe.

Her panties have a modest, fairly large, triangle of fabric in the front. It's a triangle with fairly steep sides so as to leave every bit of her thighs bare. But it also rises up fairly high on her waist. Enough to fully cover her pubes. And the light bush I can see puffing the fabric out. What it doesn't seem to have are sides. Besides that triangle, all I see are the ½" wide peach straps with the black fringe circling around her hips. But that triangle is also decorated with more of those flowers. And it has the same black lace fringe to it.

As Jill stands still, I circle around behind her. With her jeans still pulled up and now slightly loose on her bottom, there's not much for me to see. I put my hands to the waistband of her jeans. I'll bet Jill expects me to pull her pants down. But I don't. Instead, I pull the waistband out, away from her body. It leaves me a decent-sized gap between the denim and Jill. A gap I can easily peek right down.

Now I can see that Jill definitely picked these panties in the hope that Hank would undress her. The narrow band circles all the way around her hips and across her back. At the very center, beneath the

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small of her back, I can see only a tiny triangle of the fabric. In about an inch it tapers into another narrow band of fabric that vanished into her crack. And that leaves her cheeks fully bared. I'm sure it has a swath of fabric to cover her pussy, but that's going to be minimalist as well. Definitely not everyday wear. Or workwear. These are "hot date" wear.

I slip my hand down the back of her jeans, letting my bare finger slowly glide down across her equally bare cheek. Once my hand is around the center of her cheek, I give the globe a gentle squish. Just enough for her to feel me playing with her bottom.

"Oh, this bottom has been so slutty and naughty!" I coo in a very teasingly sweet voice. "So naughty. I am going to have to spend some time properly disciplining it for your naughtiness."

My hands slowly inches towards the center of her bottom, until I find her crack. I slip my finger into her crack, using the tip of it to slowly stroke along the narrow band of fabric. Even through the thin panties, I know Jill can feel my finger teasing its way along the valley of her crack, all the way down until it has passed over her asshole to the swath of fabric atop her pussy before heading back up again.

"Oh, and clearly you need much closer supervision. If you were well behaved enough to be trusted on your own, you would have been diddling your slutty little skank pit last night like a naughty slut. I guess I'll just have to watch your slutty bottom myself for a while." I giggle. "Too bad you have to work. Even worse, for you, I don't care!" I giggle hard. "Patients or not, your naughty bottom will *not* be out of my sight for even a fraction of a second until you've learned your lesson and been punished. You'll just have to hope that I can play a convincing nursing student for a while." Now I laugh.

But Jill won't get the joke. I don't tell my toys much, if anything, about myself. I prefer them to simply know me as their Mistress. Not a friend. It doesn't matter what I do, or what my job is. I am Mistress. I own her. That's all she needs to know. So Jill doesn't know that I actually am a student nurse. Playing one will be child's play for me. I don't know what she thinks I do, either. The few toys who have ventured

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a guess usually peg me for a “trust-fund brat,” but that’s mostly because of my nice apartment. And my seemingly random availability to dominate at all, and at odd, times of the day. Times when most would be at work, like now. I doubt student with an academic scholarship is a common fantasy of theirs.

“I shouldn’t have to remind you, but since you’re such a delinquent slut, I will. You will behave that naughty bottom. Like a proper lady. Whatever your concerns are, I don’t care! You should have thought of them before diddling that skank pit.”

I take a second to squish her bottom again, just to remind her that I can, and will, demand access to even the most private parts of her body at my whim.

I slip my hand out of her jeans. Then I quickly tug those jeans down to the tops of her thighs, exposing every bit of her bottom. Her cheeks are nicely rounded, but modestly so. It’s as if her thighs flow up and swell outward into a gently rounded globe that just as softly flows up to a flat back. Across, her cheeks have the same gentle rounding to them. They meet fully, making a deep crack, but barely touching as they do. But her cheeks are well rounded enough that it’s a short crack, her cheeks curving away from each long before flowing into her waistline. And those cheeks are well-toned and firm. But covered with a milky white skin that as soft as silk. Taut and elastic, without a single blemish let alone a wrinkle or line, but also baby-soft. I so love spanking this bottom.

I use my hand to spank the closer cheek. It’s not a hard spanking. I never spank too hard with my hand. That’s what paddles are for – to save my hand from the sting of it. But it’s hard enough to leave a faint pink handprint on the light flesh. It’s hard enough to land with a crack that must sound as loud as lightning to Jill.

And it’s hard enough that Jill jumps as it lands. I hear a few nervous pants from her as she steadies herself. I imagine her praying that no one else heard the spank. It’s a fairly unmistakable sound. I spank her other cheek. She jumps again, blurting out a muted, and very

Chapter 02: The Sentence

embarrassed, "OOH!" as it slaps her bottom.

I step back around to face Jill. I put my hand underneath her jaw, and nudge her head around so that she's looking slightly downward and right into my eyes. "Since this is your second slutty offense, slut, you are in for a very hard punishment."

My free hand slips into the front of her jeans, the tips of my fingers teasing over the fabric atop her pubes. "It will require some time for you to fully understand the skankiness of your naughtiness." I allow a single finger to slip down further. I stroke that fingertip along the tiny swath of fabric covering her pussy mound, roughly atop her slit. Jill's eyes tell me that she feels it. That I have her undivided attention now. And that she's getting hotter than fire.

I suspected she would. Jill is the kind of toy who likes to be pushed beyond her comfort zone. The further beyond she's made to go, the hotter she gets. Light pain excites her as well. As does humiliation, at least if it's done safely where her life won't be ruined by it.

But nothing excites her like medical kinds of things do. I mean things like enemas, which I've found that she utterly despises while they unbearably excite her. I mean simple things, too, like having her temperature taken. I've seen it. It's far too obvious. But so far I haven't done anything to her that would indicate that I have any medical knowledge.

I suspect the fetish is from her being a doctor. All day, most every day, she's doing these same things to her patients. Sometimes unpleasant things. It must strike some chord in her when she's pushed to submissively allow those very same things to be done to her. More so when her modesty is not accommodated as they are.

And now I have a full doctor's office of "toys" to play with. Jill's own office. The one place she never expected to be anything but the doctor ruling over it. Her very own "toys," the same ones she uses on her patients. And I intend to use them on her. I would bet my entire bank account that within an hour or two, Jill will be so hot that she can't stand it. That she will be struggling every second not to let it show just

how hot she is. That should make an excellent lesson for her.

"Now it's time for you to start seeing your adorable little patients. I'll just have to make time in between to teach you to behave. I suggest you mind your manners, slut."

I step back from Jill. "Hurry up and fix those clothes, unless you want even that toddler waiting for you to see what a slut you really are."

Jill blushes to a very bright pinkness. She also scrambles to pull the undershirt back down and cover her bra. Then to button her shirt back up. And fix her jeans. In well under a minute Jill is ready for the day.

I don't give her any time to think about what I just sentenced her to. Instead, I take hold of her hand, gripping it firmly, and lead her to the door. I unlock it for her. Then I almost have to drag her out into the hall, telling her "let's go see our first patient!" Before we get to the exam room, I release Jill's hand. But I don't stray from her side. I stick right beside her and follow her into the room where her patient, and her regular nurse, are waiting.

Jill starts sputtering, her eyes nervously darting all over the place when she realizes that her nurse is seeing her. Worse, seeing me. I decide to save Jill again and introduce myself to her nurse, a 30-ish woman named Hannah. She greets me warmly, laughing as she remembers the times she had to shadow a doctor.

I stay quiet, as a student should, and let Hannah brief Jill on the patient. For this first patient, I plan to stay off to the side, watching Jill as I pretend to be watching her doctoring. As the day goes on, Jill is going to be getting it worse and worse and she really can't stand it.



Chapter 03: How Hot Are You, Slut?

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Jill's first patient is the toddler I saw in the waiting room. When Jill and I enter the exam room, he's sitting on his mother's lap. I'd guess he's between one and two. He was walking, but not exactly steadily when I saw him. His mother tells Jill that she worried about him because he has a tiny cough and maybe a fever. Mom is fairly young, maybe in her mid-20s, so I guess this is her first child. And she's likely worrying over nothing.

Jill has the nurse take his temperature, then she listens to his chest and pronounces that he's fine. Maybe a touch of a cold, but nothing Tylenol won't sure. Mom is relieved. She takes her son out of the exam room. Hannah tells Jill that the next patient is ready in room one.

I quietly tell Hannah to give Jill a couple of minutes. I feign eagerness and ask Jill to explain everything to me. Hannah smirks and tells us that Jill has a light day, so take a minute. Then she steps out before Jill gets more than a few words out. Perfect.

I click the lock on the exam room door. Then I hold a finger up to Jill's lips to silence her. Immediately the nervousness floods onto her face again. Jill's exam had been fairly perfunctory, but that's because this kid wasn't sick. He wasn't even running a fever.

Hannah used an infrared thermometer on the boy. One the ones where you just aim, slick and the temperature reads out. I open one of the drawers in the room and take out an old-fashioned rectal thermometer. I hold it up, letting Jill see it, as I slowly slip a plastic sheath over it. Just as I would if I were going to use it. I'm sure this hasn't been the preferred method of pediatricians for about 50 years now. But it's mine!

"Your turn," I say so teasingly soft and sweet to Jill. And I grin from ear to ear as I hold the thermometer up. I set it down for a moment to find myself a pair of latex gloves, which I quickly pull on.

"Come over here, slut." I'm standing beside the exam table. It's regular-sized, not smaller or baby-sized. The very same exam table the boy was just on. I crook a finger, encouraging Jill to come over to me.

Dr. Slut's Office

Jill walks hesitantly, her steps slow. As if she still doesn't believe this is happening to her. I just tap my foot and wait on her. Sooner or later she'll figure out that she wants to hurry. It won't tie her up as long.

Once she's here, I firmly tell her to "be a good slut patient" and lie on the table, on her stomach. She starts moving even more reluctantly. I swat her bottom, through her jeans, with my hand. She flinches hard at the light swat. She almost jumps up onto the table, too.

I have her lie face down. I have her put her feet almost together, about like they would be if she were standing naturally. At first, Jill tries to prop herself up on her elbows. I don't allow it. I have her fold her arms and lie her head on them. She does, her head turned to where she's looking at the door. It's also the direction that gives her a view of me and what I'm doing. I don't allow that either. I have her turn her head the other way. That leaves her staring at the wall beside the table.

"Now you just be a good slut-patient for Nurse Rodgers..." I teasingly coo to Jill. "Lie still while I take your temperature so we can see how hot you are."

I slip my hands under Jill's waist, sliding them between her body and the softly padded table underneath. I've gotten good at this. It doesn't take me but a couple of seconds to get those jeans unbuttoned and unzipped again. Then I slip my hands out from under Jill.

I put my hands low on her hips, almost at the table, hooking the waistband of the jeans with my thumb. They're still snug enough that with her lying on them I have to wiggle them a little as I scoot them down. It slowly bares her cheeks again. It takes me about ten seconds to get them down to her thighs, to where I have about an inch of thigh bare beneath her bottom.

Then I slip her panties down the same way. Those go easily, but there's not much of them.

I put the tiniest dollop of lubricating jelly atop the shaft of the thermometer. Like any rectal thermometer, this one is slightly thicker than the common ones sold at CVS. But still not even as thick as a

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pencil.

I use my left hand to firmly ease Jill's toned cheeks apart, spreading her crack open.

By now Jill is fidgeting slightly as she tries to lie still. I can hear the faint mewling sounds she's making, too. I suspect that's all over her anxiety at getting caught, not at having her temperature taken.

Now I have a good view of Jill's asshole. Hers is one of the lightest ones I've seen. It's a very light shade of pink, with no purple or brown to it. It's small, too. And it's completely flat with the valley of her crack. I can't see even the lines of the ring of muscle. It's just a nickel-sized, irregular-shaped, swath of light pinkness at the valley of her crack. It has a few light wrinkles around it, all of them flowing inward to the center of the pinkness. To the almost straight, and short, little line formed where two slices of pink flesh press tightly against each other. A line, not a hole. Not even a pinpoint. Just a straight line about as long as this thermometer is thick.

And now I can see that Jill's muscle is straining to cinch her asshole tightly shut. As if it doesn't welcome the invasion her brain is telling it is coming.

I just put the tip of the thermometer against that line and press very gently. It doesn't take any pressure to push the thick, silvery head of the glass shaft into the line. I don't press it in any farther than it should be. Just enough for the silver-filled head to vanish into her ring. That leaves the thick ring of her asshole squeezing gently around the head.

Jill purrs a very soft "UMM!" as it presses into her asshole. It's enough to let me know that she feels it. Although I can't imagine she feels it too much. It's awfully small. I doubt it's even uncomfortable for her, at least not physically. Mentally, it's probably agony for her. It would explain the fidgeting that's keeping her from lying still for it.

I've found that the best teases are the slowest ones. The ones that go on seemingly forever and very slowly build the toy up to

unbearable horniness. The teases that start as almost nothing, and slowly grow more intimate, more invasive, and more intensive. That's exactly what Jill is getting now. This first tease, taking her temperature rectally, isn't much. The thermometer isn't big. It's barely into her asshole, and no deeper. It's simple. It's something ordinary. But the real tease for Jill isn't what's being done, it's having to lie here demurely in her own office while it's being done to her. As the day goes on, the teases will get worse for her. But she doesn't have to know that yet!

I lightly pat Jill on the cheek of her bottom. "That's a good slut-patient, Jill... you just lie there while the nurse sees how hot you are!" My words make Jill fidget just a hair more.

I wait until I'm sure I have her real temperature. No matter how "hot" Jill gets, her temperature isn't going to change. Maybe in her pussy, but that would be it. And then only by a fraction of a degree. I ease it back of her tight asshole.

I leave Jill lying there on her exam table, her bare bottom poking straight up and her jeans down around her thighs. I quickly pull the plastic sheath off the thermometer. I glance at her temperature. 99.9 degrees. Which for a rectal temperature is perfectly normal. I rub the thermometer between my hands, the friction warming it up a little. Now it reads 103.3 degrees.

I reach over Jill's head and hold the thermometer in front of her eyes so that she can read it without turning her head. "It looks like you're very hot this morning, slut!" I teasingly tell Jill. I know she can see it for herself. But she doesn't know that I warmed it up afterward. 103 would be a decent fever. And Jill obviously knows that. She stares at it.

I wait a few seconds before taking it away from her eyes. As I do I remind her to behave. To stay where I put her until she's dismissed. I toss the sheath away and return the thermometer to its place in the drawer. The last thing I want is for Hannah, or Emily the other nurse, to notice odd things being left out. That might call for an explanation.

I get a single alcohol wipe. Then I spread Jill's so-well-toned

Chapter 03: How Hot Are You, Slut?

cheeks again. This time I stretch them wide apart. I hold her cheeks apart, displaying her tight asshole, while I open them wide. Then I use it to gently wipe the lubricant from Jill's asshole. I know she feels it. I know it's cold against her skin, and this is some sensitive skin. And I know she mostly feels the humiliation of it. Of lying here still while her butt is cleaned off for her.

I toss the wipe. Then I pull Jill's panties and jeans back up for her. I even reach under her waist again and button them up for her.

"Now sit up with your feet off the side of the table, slut."

Jill sits up, her knees at the edge of the table, her shins and feet hanging off the edge. As she knows to, she puts her hands behind her back again.

I waste a few seconds, then I step in front of Jill and face her. Just as a doctor would talk to a patient on the table. "Well, it's pretty obvious that your bottom is rather hot, Jill," I say as if stating a fact. "When was the last time your pussy had an orgasm?"

"My pussy had an orgasm last night, Ma'am." Jill very quietly answers me in a voice that's meeker, and more shamed, than I've yet to hear from her.

"And how did it have that orgasm, slut Jill?"

"My pussy had its orgasm when Mr. White fucked it, Ma'am." She answers in the same tone. Hearing how humiliated Jill sounds, I decide to ask a few more questions.

"Did Mr. White dirty your pussy up, slut Jill?"

"Yes, Ma'am... Mr. White dirtied my pussy up with his cum, Ma'am."

"And did Mr. White's nice cock satisfy your pussy better than those fingers of yours?"

"Yes, Ma'am, Mr. White's cock was very satisfying for my pussy, Ma'am."

Dr. Slut's Office

"Well, your nurse will have to run a few more tests. You're so hot now that it looks like you might have come down with a severe case of skankiness!"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jill says.

I take Jill's hand and help her to stand off the table. "Let's go see your next patient!"

"Yes, Ma'am," Jill answers in a very reluctant voice as I unlock the door.



Chapter 04: The Top

Chapter 04: The Top

Jill's next patient is a girl. I'd guess she's around eight. She has a real cough. And her chest is definitely congested. Jill sends her home, giving her mother a couple of prescriptions.

This time, as the patient slips out of the exam room, Hannah just grins at me and says "we have a couple of minutes." Isn't she so nice? She believes I just want to pepper Jill with questions. Hannah slips out and I quickly lock the door behind her.

The instant the lock clicks, that nervousness is back on Jill's face. I'm sure she's already wondering what I'm planning to do to her now. And thinking about the exam her patient just got. Wondering if I will simply subject her to the same again? Or rather some more invasive and kinky version of it. She didn't do much, so there should be much in store for her, right?

Wrong. I'm still going to build the teasing slowly, though. But her patient has a chest exam, so it's only fair Jill gets one, too. "And now it's time for your chest examination, slut Jill," I tell her with a wide smirking grin on my face.

"You need to undress down to your waist." I glare at Jill.

Jill very reluctantly starts unbuttoning her blouse again. It takes her a good half of a minute to get it undone and slipped off of her shoulders. She starts to drape it over the edge of a chair. I stop her. She has a little table for her patients to put their clothes on. I know because when we entered that's where the patient's clothes were. Obviously, Hannah had the girl exchange them for a very cute gown decorated with Sponge Bob. I tell Jill that she needs to be a good patient now. "Where do our clothes go?"

Jill stops. She folds her blouse up and sets it on the table. Then she slips the undershirt over her head. She doesn't bother to try anything with it. She folds that up and sets it atop her blouse. Then she takes her bra off and does the same. I know why Jill didn't want to use the little table. It's on the far side of the room from the exam table. Thus her clothes will be as far from her as they can be. Much too far for her to get to them should anyone barge in.

Dr. Slut's Office

It leaves Jill naked from the waistband of her jeans up but fully dressed from there down. I've always thought there was something sexy about women dressed like that. Snug jeans and naked from there up. With bare breasts.

I take Jill by her hand and walk her the few steps over to the exam table. I help her up onto it, having her sit the same way, with her feet dangling off the edge.

Jill has the kind of breasts I like to play with. Real ones. I hate fake breasts. Fake anythings. Hers are ample. I know that Jill is a 36-C cup. Her breasts are slightly soft, but also nicely rounded. Especially on the underside, where they have an almost perfect rounding to their bottoms. They lie back against her chest, their softness making a decent crease where they do. But from the front, they're fully rounded.

Her mounds are the same light shade of white that the rest of her body is. Those mounds are topped with a pair of slightly wide nipples, not quite as wide as marbles, but definitely wider than pencil erasers. Her nipples are a light shade of pink. They have fully rounded tips to them. And they stand up far enough to have sides to them. Sides that have only the gentlest of tapering to them as they rise off her rounded mounds. Her nipples are surrounded by proportionally-wide rings of a slightly lighter shade of pink. The softness of her mounds allows them to lie against her chest with a deep V of cleavage, too.

Her breasts are still somewhat firm. To me, they feel like kneading a firm ball of dough. Dough that's hard enough to hold its shape on its own. But those breasts still have plenty of soft squishiness to them. And they lie against her chest enough that I can lift them, pulling out the crease as they meet her chest into tautness.

As she sits here, her nipples are already as hard as rocks. They were in her office, too. I could see the nubs straining against the fabric of her bra. Now I can see her bare nipples poking out at me.

I pull my stethoscope out of my pocket and put it in my ears. I start in the center of Jill's chest, feeling her flinch hard as the icy metal end touches her naked skin. I suspect Jill thinks I don't have a clue what

Chapter 04: The Top

I'm hearing. And I don't intend to dispel her of that idea. Not so soon. But I do. I can hear her heart beating. I silently count the beats and compute her heart rate at around 110. Definitely a little elevated. A little excited. But I don't say so. I keep it to myself.

I start moving the tip of the stethoscope around randomly as if I'm just faking it. It doesn't take me long to get over to the side, low on her chest. When I do, I use my left hand to cup the underside of Jill's spongy breast and lift the ample mound up so I can get all the way up under it. What I really want is her breast in my hand.

As I pretend to listen to her chest, it doesn't take long for the natural, slightly, wiggle of my hand to have my thumb brushing over her stiff nipple. The flesh of her mounds is as soft as her bottom. As soft as silk. But her nipples have a touch of roughness to them, as most do. Especially on the tips of them.

Jill definitely feels my thumb casually brush her nipple. I hear her suck in a sharp breath as I do. And I see the goosebumps erupt on the top of her mound all around that nipple. It pulls the pink ring around her nub taut, almost wrinkling it.

I nonchalantly give her mound the tiniest of squishes. Just enough for me to feel the firmness, and sponginess, of it. I pretend that I don't even notice it. Jill does. It sends a faint shiver through her chest. I repeat on the other side of Jill's chest.

Then I turn the stethoscope around. By now her body has warmed the side of it that I've been using. And I don't care about sound quality. Especially now, there won't be anything to hear. I put the fresh, icy cold side of it squarely atop Jill's nipple.

Jill almost shrieks from the cold. She stops herself, sucking in a surprised breath instead. And she shivers. I'm sure, under the stethoscope, her nipple is stiffening up a little more if that's even possible. It was awfully hard to start with. I leave there, atop her nipple. "Jill... Did Mr. White pay close attention to these breasts last night?"

"Yes, Ma'am, Mr. White paid plenty of attention to my breasts last

night, Ma'am." Suddenly Jill is using that same embarrassed voice as she answers.

"Did he play with both your mounds and your nipples?"

"Yes, Ma'am, he played with my nipples a lot and kneaded my breasts almost as much, Ma'am... and he licked my nipples, Ma'am."

"Did that feel good, Jill?"

"Yes, Ma'am, it felt extremely good when Mr. White played with my breasts, Ma'am."

"Did you touch your breasts as well, slut Jill?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." I hear a touch of reluctance creep into her voice now. "I touched my breasts last night, Ma'am... but not while Mr. White was having sex with me, Ma'am, only when I was teasing him in my night so he'd want me, Ma'am."

I take the cold metal off of her breast. "Show me, slut Jill, how you touched your breasts."

I straighten up, giving Jill just a little room. She brings a hand up to her breast. "I touched my breasts like this last night, Ma'am." Jill cups her hand underneath her mound. She gives it a little squish. She lifts it up slightly. Then she wiggles it a little. She takes the tip of her finger and teases around the rim of her nipple. She gives it another squish, raising her mound up as if offering it out. Then she lets go of her mound and returns her hand to its place behind her back.

"Did you enjoy touching your breasts like that, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am... it feels good when I touch my breasts that way, Ma'am."

"But you were really trying to flaunt them for Mr. White, weren't you, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I was flaunting my breasts for Mr. White and hoping that he might play with them for me, Ma'am... I like it better when he plays with them for me, Ma'am."

Chapter 04: The Top

I lean around so I can get to Jill's back. Her back is flat. I pretend to listen to her chest from her back. As I'm doing that, I use the tip of a finger to slowly trace a line up Jill's spine. That has the desired effect. I see the goosebumps sprouting up on Jill's back, their line following my finger down her spine. And I hear another faint purr from Jill's lips.

I look Jill in her eyes. "It's starting to look like my initial diagnosis was correct. Skankiness. Now, let's see how those breasts react to a little painful stimuli." I'm grinning as I tell her.

As soon as the words are out of my mouth, my fingers are on one of Jill's hard nipples. I pinch it, slowly tightening my pinch until I see Jill start to wince. I hold it there. "Does that hurt a little, Jill?"

"Yes, Ma'am... it hurts a little when you pinch my nipple so tightly Ma'am."

"Is that all you're feeling from this pinch, Jill?"

"No, Ma'am..." Jill's voice takes on a heavy note of shy reluctance. "When you pinch my nipple this hard, I also feel a little tingling in my nipple, Ma'am... it's a very... arousing little tingle, Ma'am."

I use the tips of my fingers to stroke the top of her breast. But I don't make her admit anything now. Then I stroke my fingertips along the softer underside of her spongy mound. It gets goosebumps covering the entirety of her breast.

Jill has just enough nipple that the tip of it is about even with the sides of my fingers as I pinch it. I put the tip of another finger to the tip of her nipple. Slowly, and very softly, I stroke my finger over the tip of her captive, pinched, nipple.

Jill shivers hard. Several times. And she purrs a long "MM!" that she can't mute as she does.

I keep stroking the tip of her pinched nipple. "Does that send icy hot chills into you, Jill?"

"Yes, Ma'am, this is sending icy hot chills shooting through my breast, Ma'am. I can't stand it, Ma'am!"

Dr. Slut's Office

The way this is going, by the time I see Jill's pussy her panties are going to be so wet she'll have to wring the honey out of them before she puts them back on. Fine by me. I release her nipple and repeat the tease on her other breast.

"We still have a few tests to run before the diagnosis of skankiness is confirmed, Jill. For now, go ahead and put your clothes back on, slut."

"Yes, Ma'am," Jill answers.

Jill walks across the room and very quickly takes her bra off of the table. She hurries just as much to get it on. But she minds her manners as well. She stays facing me so I can watch her dress. And just as I did while Jill undressed, I keep my eyes on her chest, watching her closely as she does. And more importantly, making sure that Jill sees me watching her closely as if she can't be trusted to put her clothes on by herself.

Once Jill has everything back on, she stands silently and waits the few seconds it takes me to cross over to her. I take her by the hand again and open the door. It's off to her next patient.



Chapter 05: Punishment Begins

Chapter 05: Punishment Begins

Jill's next patient is a boy about ten years old with a case of pink eye. Yuck. He leaves with a couple of prescriptions as well. But this time, as he's leaving the nurse (it's Emily this time) tells Jill that "she has her ten minutes now." Jill tells me that she takes a ten minutes break every third patient for herself. For a bathroom break, or a cup of coffee, or whatever else she needs.

I lock the door as soon as Emily is out. And I see the nervousness back on Jill's face. She is definitely not a dumb woman. By now she has certainly figured out that between every patient, I will be having some little surprise for her. I'd bet she suspects that this time, with me knowing that I have more time to tease her before anyone misses her, Jill suspects that I might be dreaming up something a little more for her.

I already did. I did say she'd have to be punished for her misbehavior. And now, I've decided that her punishment will come in steps as well. Every time she gets a little break, she'll get a little bit of her punishment.

But the boy did give me an idea. I've been wanting to use only things I find in the office on Jill. Her things. When she did his eye exam, she had one of those little plastic paddles no one uses anymore for him to cover one eye with. It's about the same size as a hairbrush. And it will make a decent paddle. I'd been looking for something to use as either a paddle or a whip. So far, I hadn't seen anything. I was about to go look in her office for something, maybe her brush or a belt or whatever. But that little plastic paddle will do fine. It just won't be as strong as a hairbrush would be.

I pick it up. I hold it up, teasing Jill with the sight of it as she wonders what I might do to her with it. "Time for punishment, part one." I use my sweetest, and most taunting, voice. A voice with more than just a hint of eagerness in it. My eagerness, not Jill's. Jill doesn't look too eager at all.

"I think ten strokes – on each cheek – will do for now." the paddle isn't that big. Its head is oval-shaped, and maybe about three inches long. Nowhere near big enough for a swat to land on both cheeks. And I

figure, since those cheeks are a matched pair, they should suffer equally.

"And you will behave for your spanking, slut," I add. I stand beside a very well-padded little stool. It's clearly for the doctor to use. There are some chairs along the wall for parents. But those chairs have armrests which would make me sit on the very edge of it. The stool will be much easier for me. Besides, it's Jill's stool.

"Come over here, slut," I tell her as I drop onto the seat. I open my knees a bit, making a wider lap to support Jill's body. I'm sure she knows what I'm thinking. I've spanked her enough before.

Jill comes over, her steps especially hesitant. I can see on her face that she wants to say something. Probably to ask me not to spank her here. She's always been noisy and whiny when she was spanked. But she knows better. She's not allowed to speak until the spanking is over.

She obediently kneels down at my right side when I tell her to. She's still fully dressed. I might have made her strip first, but I decided not to. I think it is just so sexy to have a woman over my knees with her bottom bare and jeans just below her cheeks. So Jill gets to skip the stripping.

I tell Jill to unzip her jeans. She does. It's the first time I've seen her hands fumbling and moving slowly. And now she hangs her head, keeping her eyes downcast instead of looking at me.

I take hold of Jill's shoulders and pull her forward, bending her over my knees as I do. Jill doesn't resist. She doesn't help much, either. It's more as if she's numb and reluctant, but obedient enough not to fight the inevitable. I pull her down until my right thigh is snug in the bend of her waist. Even though she's taller than I am, it has her thighs almost straight up and down, her knees on the hard tile floor. I have my other thigh about 2/3 of the way up her chest. It has the undersides of her breasts snug against the outside of my thigh. When I can feel her mounds, now a little firmer, squished into the tight cups of the bra.

I have to take hold of Jill's wrists and pull her hands up behind her back. I lay them on the small of her back. She knows not to move them.

Chapter 05: Punishment Begins

She laces her fingers together, squeezing her fingers against the backs of her hands. She fidgets slightly.

I put my hands to the waistband of her jeans, one hand roughly even with the outside of each of her cheeks. I push her jeans down, efficiently baring her bottom. Even though it's completely unnecessary, I push her panties down along with her jeans. It leaves the waistband of her lightly faded jeans snug around the tops of her thighs, her minimal panties bunched up just above them. And about an inch of bare thigh between her clothes and her globes.

It also pulls those globes nicely taut and firms up the muscles of them a little. Jill's fidgeting wiggles her bottom a little. But not enough to have her toned cheeks jiggling. In a couple of seconds, she stills herself.

I put the small head of the paddle squarely atop her left cheek. The cheek closer to my body. I use it to caress a few little circles over her globe for a couple of seconds. "This is the first part of your punishment for masturbating without my permission. Since it's your second time, slut, your punishment will considerably stricter than last time. Sluts have to learn to control their slutty impulses and behave like the proper ladies they'll never manage to be." I scold her firmly, still not raising my voice to her.

I lift the paddle up high. But I bring it down with only about half of my strength, maybe even a little less than that. This little paddle isn't meant for paddling. It's cheap and plastic. I'm afraid I'll break it if I put much more power into it. Maybe later I'll find something sturdier to spank Jill with. This will have to do for now.

The paddle lands with a modest crack as it slaps her light white flesh. I'm sure it sounds like thunder to Jill. It almost bounces back off her cheek, the plastic flexing a little even with the moderate power I'm putting into it. It leaves a bright, but also fairly light, little pink splotch on her cheek.

"EE-OW!" Jill squeals through clenched teeth. She tries to mute her cry, a cry far beyond what the spanking merits. She sniffles a couple

of quick sobs, wiggling her bottom slightly over my thigh as she does. Her sobs come with deep sucking breaths.

"One, Ma'am..." Jill counts out the stroke. Her voice is as shamed as it's ever been. It's muted and soft. It's strained a little. It's almost child-like in its whininess. She wrings her hands. "I'm sorry for being such a cheap slut, Miss Rodgers. Thank you for spanking my naughty little butt and making me be a good girl, Ma'am."

I spank her right cheek next. Jill squeals again. It's decently loud, but not so loud that there's any chance of it being heard outside this room. It leaves a matching pink splotch on her other globe. And it gives her left cheek a couple of seconds of a break between swats. That brief respite is enough for the pinkness to begin fading. Jill counts this stroke off as number one as well.

Ten strokes aren't that much. It's enough to have almost every bit of her globes tanned to the light pinkness. It's enough to have those globes slightly sore and stinging her. But not stinging to the point where it will too uncomfortable for her to sit on them. Enough that she will feel the sting for a while, I'd bet around half of an hour but just feel it. Maybe she won't want to sit for a bit either. But she could without suffering too much.

Ten strokes are also enough to have Jill sniffing a very childish, and light, crying. A crying that's pure whine. Not one brought on by pain. It has her voice a little more squealy than usual and slightly breaking with her sobs. It has her face flushed a touch on the red side from the sobbing, too. And it has her eyes moist but doesn't yet have tears running down her cheeks.

I lift Jill's shoulders up, bringing her up and off my knees. This time she helps me move her body. She quickly drops onto her knees beside me. She doesn't touch her pants, leaving them down around the tops of her thighs. I haven't given her permission to fix them yet.

I glance down. It's the first good view I've had of her front side without her panties in the way. Now I can see the neatly trimmed triangle of her bush. It's cropped with crisp, straight lines into a triangle

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with its edges tapering just inside of the crease of her thighs. Along its top, the line is just below her waistline. Her bush is slightly on the sparse side, her fur is trimmed down to a manageable length of about an inch. It's also a brown-tinged shade of blond. The lightness of her hair makes it look a little more sparse. At the bottom, it tapers, but not to a full point, as it flows down between her thighs. It's the way I prefer to see a bush trimmed up, very neatly. Except for the fur that flows between her legs. I prefer bare lips. But I've allowed her to leave hers furry only because she didn't ask me to. Her boyfriend asked me to. I decided to allow him that concession to his tastes and instructed Jill to shave this way.

It lets me see her flat pubes as well. And the fairly flat mound of her pussy. It's long, wide lips, too. Or rather the tops of them. Too bad her blouse hangs down and covers her hips. Those have a nice curve to them.

"I'm sorry for misbehaving and acting like a complete slut, Ma'am." Jill offers another apology.

"Fix your pants, slut."

"Yes, Ma'am," Jill answers. She reaches down and quickly pulls her panties up. She manages to keep the waistband of those off her cheeks as she does. But she can't do that with her jeans. As soon as the denim drags over her globes, Jill sucks in a sharp, stressed breath and winces hard. She slows down considerably. But she does get them fastened.

I allow Jill to stand up. "What would you normally be doing now, if you weren't getting your naughty bottom spanked, slut Jill?"

"I would probably get a cup of coffee, Ma'am. The coffee pot is up front by Marcy's desk, Ma'am." I just assume Marcy is the receptionist. I've seen that there are only three employees here, the two nurses and her. I already know the nurses' names, and neither is Marcy.

"Ooh..." I coo happily. "I love coffee... You will get me a cup as well. I will have mine with exactly one teaspoon of natural sugar and one teaspoon of creamer. Do you have flavored creamers or just the icky

plain kind?"

"We have the little cups of creamers, like they have at gas stations, Miss Rodgers. There is usually French Vanilla, Hazelnut, and Irish Creme, Ma'am. Which would you prefer, Ma'am?"

"One cup of... Irish Creme, slut Jill. And make sure it is stirred well. I'm very picky about my coffee, and your bottom doesn't want you to disappoint me."

"Yes, Ma'am," Jill answers. She starts to head for the door.

I step in front of her. I take her by the hand. "Did you forget, slut? I said you weren't to go anywhere alone. Come along, Jill." I walk her the last step over to the door. I wait as Jill opens the door, then release her hand as we step into the hall. Here she might run into someone else. It wouldn't do for her to be seen. It would make for some explaining. My "student nurse shadowing her" story wouldn't hold up.

I follow close at Jill's side as we walk up to the little reception area. Jill goes straight for the coffee pot and gets two cups. I hang back a couple of steps, giving her enough space that it won't look like I'm "up her butt."

Emily, the other nurse, is here. She looks to be in her early to mid-30s. She's cute, but just slightly on the thick side. Unlike the rather athletic-looking Hannah. I'd guess she's maybe 5'4" and 140-150 pounds. No more. But Emily has a nice smile. She asks me where I'm studying if it's UNF where she went. I point to my scrubs, "Nope. I'm at USA." Emily knows of USA, everyone in the area does. She comments that it's a much bigger program than UNF. But she's also heard that it's a very good program. She asks if the students get some time in one of USA's hospitals. I tell her we do, but always with someone over our shoulder. I hope Jill doesn't hear my answers. They might give away that I am a student nurse, that it's not just a story I made up to spare Jill some uncomfortable explaining.

Jill returns with two cups of coffee in her hands. She hasn't touched either of them. And she shouldn't. "Don't work Penny too hard,

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she's a sharp one!" Emily says to Jill. Emily heads off to start getting a patient ready, leaving Jill with me and Marcy.

I inch out of the reception area. Jill follows me. I lead her back to her office. It's the one place I've come to see that she's the least likely to be disturbed. I close the door behind us, but I don't lock it. I do lean against which is just as good. We won't be surprised.

I glare at Jill. Even though she's only had a few sessions with me, she's already learned what I expect of her. She sets one cup on her desk. She turns to face me and kneels down politely. With her knees and feet wide apart. Sitting back, her bottom in the space between her heels. And with her back up straight. She fusses with the cup for a second, struggling to get it balanced atop her palms. Those she holds out flat, like a little tray, in front of her. She adjusts her hands until they're even with her nipples, and six inches out from her breasts. That way, they'd hide my view of nothing were Jill naked. And naked is the way I prefer my subs to serve me. "Here is your coffee, Miss Rodgers. Thank you so much for allowing me to serve it to you privately, Ma'am."

As if I really had a choice. There's no way I could have had her serve it in front. Not only would her staff have seen it, but with the glass widow some patients might have. I take the cup and sip it. "Good slut!" I sweet tell Jill. I smile just a little. "Is there something you wanted to ask me, slut?" I know there is.

"May I please be allowed to have a cup of coffee, Ma'am?" Jill asks humbly. She stays on her knees, a tinge of hope on her face, and waits for my answer.

"You may, slut. Stand." I wait as Jill rises, then I quickly take her hand and walk her over to her desk to get her cup. She takes a healthy sip as I walk her back to the door. And it's already time for the next patient. No wonder Jill is swigging her coffee.



Chapter 06: Tramp-itis

Dr. Slut's Office

Jill's next patient is a five-year-old in for a check-up. It's pretty basic. And it doesn't offer me any good things for a new tease to Jill. At least until the end, when Jill informs the little guy that he's due for immunizations. He cries about it, but it doesn't work. He still gets the shot. Poor guy.

"Hmm..." I hum softly as I shut and lock the door behind the patient. Jill just watches me with those wary eyes. I'm sure she's wondering what I'm going to do to her. I'm sure she's replaying that exam in her mind, wondering what piece of it I am going to adapt into her teasing torment.

I leave Jill standing beside the exam table, where she was, and I go over to the cabinets. I hunt through them, a little slowly, making sure Jill sees me searching them.

I hold up a syringe. It's a fairly small-ish one. The same kind she used on the boy. One with a small needle on its top. "It seems to me that I remember your immunizations aren't up to date either. "It appears to me that you are well overdue for your tramp-itis shot. Hop up on the table, slut." I can't help but to grin.

Jill doesn't look too happy about it. But she doesn't object either, she knows better. She just reluctantly, and rather slowly, scoots up to sit on the table. Then she sits, her bottom fidgeting slightly. That gets a little wince from her as if her bottom is still sore from the spanking. Which it might be. It hasn't been that long.

Jill stills on the table. But she does not get comfortable. Her eyes keep darting over to her arm. That's where the boy got his shot, in the arm. And it's what Jill is expecting me to do to her. No one likes needle sticks. But they're not too bad, either. A little needle stick is just the kind of light pain that seems to excite Jill. Like a spanking.

Jill watches me as I hunt through the drawer. I go rather slowly, ignoring the time pressure and just hoping that the nurses will let me have the couple of minutes I need. I set an alcohol wipe out the counter. Then I look through the collection of band-aids. I find one in the right size and hold it up for Jill to see. "Oh, Lookie! It's Big Bird! She is so

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cute!" I set the band-aid on the counter beside the wipe.

I pick up a different syringe. This one is much larger. And it has a huge needle on it. Not one that's too big – I'm not trying to take a biopsy or anything! But one that is on the big end of what would normally be used for an injection into muscle. It's roughly the size of a needle that would be used to draw blood.

I hold it up, pausing for a split second to let Jill see it. I'm confident that she knows how big this needle is. After all, it's her supply of needles I got it from! The look on her face tells me that she knows. The very unhappy look. A cringing look. A whining look, as if she really wants to start crying now. It's almost the same look the boy gave her when he heard he was getting a shot. She throws a few more nervous glances to her upper arm as if already imagining the stabbing of the needle.

I hunt through the collection of medications in her cabinet. There's all the usual stuff. Eventually, I find what I'm after, a little bottle of saline. That's basically sterile water. In other words, it's nothing, and it will do nothing to Jill. I'm glad she has it. I take the bottle out and take care not to let Jill see what it is.

I draw the water into the syringe slowly, making Jill watch me fill it. And I fill it. Jill grows increasingly edge with every drop of it. And it shows on her face. I'm sure she'd be squirming around pretty energetically if her bottom wasn't sore. I return the bottle to the cabinet, still not letting Jill see what was in it. It could have been anything. I'd bet Jill is definitely wondering. And wondering if I know what's what. What is safe to give and what isn't.

I don't give her the chance to ask. I set the needle on the counter and turn to Jill. "Lie on your tummy, slut." I say it with a huge grin on my face. Jill's eyes go wide. And they moisten up. There's only one reason why I'd want her on her stomach for it. I plan to give it in her butt. A bottom that is still sore from the spanking.

Jill quivers slightly, just enough for me to see it. She turns to her left, using her arms to hold herself up, and swings her feet up onto the

table. She moves hesitantly. She lowers herself down onto her stomach, folding her arms and laying her head on them just as I made her do last time I had her lie "butt up." She lies with her head facing me, then quickly remembers and turns her head the other way.

Just like the last exam room, this one has the table flush against the wall. It has Jill seeing nothing but the cute cartoon-character wallpaper. I see her tilt her head, trying to look past her feet to where I am at the cabinets. I glare at her. She shifts her head back and gives up trying to see what's happening.

I cross the two steps to Jill's waist. I bare her bottom the same way I did the first time. By slipping my hands gently underneath her waist. Then unbuttoning and unzipping her jeans. I slip my hands back out from under her. Then I put them to her hips and wiggle the denim down. All the way down, uncovering all of her globes and about two inches of her thighs. She has her feet spread slightly, and that has the waist of the jeans taut around her thighs.

I don't bother to pull her panties down. Hers are so minimal that they aren't covering even a cell of her bottom. Just her crack, and I don't need in there this time. I leave Jill lying there with her naked bottom standing up for a minute.

When I'm back at her hips, I set the needle and band-aid on the table beside her thigh. Then I take the wipe out of the package. I put my hand flat on the top of her globe and gently squish her cheek. It puffs the center of it up slightly, making for a better target.

Now I start acting. I could give a very professional injection. I have already lost count of how many times I have done it. But if I do it would give away that I have some training. It's still too early for that. I want Jill thinking I'm a rank amateur.

I pick an unusual spot to stick her. The very bottom of her cheek, slightly above the line where it melds into her thigh. It would put the needle into the space where the muscles of her bottom meet those of her thigh. Not squarely in the center of a muscle, the thickest part, where needles generally go.

Chapter 06: Tramp-itis

I clean the skin there with the alcohol wipe. As it's drying, I give Jill a gentle pat on the top of her other cheek. "Don't worry, my little slut, I'm practically an expert. I just watched a real doctor do this!" I giggle. I'm sure Jill doesn't find it reassuring.

I pick up the needle and position the sharp tip of it. I take an unusual aim, too. I aim the needle straight up, parallel to Jill's thigh. It will send the thick needle up into the center of her globe. But it will also spare the front of the cheek the stick. I'm saving these cheeks for a spanking. Jill doesn't know it yet. I'm holding the sharp point of the needle just off her skin.

Usually, you stick someone as quickly as you can to get it over with for them. It's like just jabbing the needle in. But I don't. I go slowly. It will draw out the discomfort for Jill.

Jill sucks in a sharp breath with a squealing, whiny tone to it as she feels the point of it touch her bottom. "AH-OW!" Jill squeals as she feels it pierce her flesh. It's loud, just short of loud enough that I'd worry about it being heard. I see Jill's body tense up instantly. Except for her bottom. I even see her hand grip onto her arm and squeeze hard. I see her eyes squeeze shut as well.

"No, slut." I scold Jill firmly, stopping the needle in place. The tip of it is just barely into her cheek. She has a long way to go. "You know you have to behave and be a big slut for your shots. Open those eyes."

Jill groans a strained "UM!" She opens her eyes a tiny bit. No more than a slit really. I just wait. It takes her another second to realize she's not going to get away with it and open them about halfway. That I let her get away with.

"OW-EE! OW!" Jill squeals as the needle starts moving again, piercing deeper into the muscle of her bottom. She pants a very fast breath, then squeals another "OW!.. OW!" By now Jill is pretty tense. I can even see the lines of the tendons in her neck straining. She pants between squealing "OW!s"

It only takes me a few seconds to slip the needle into her cheek.

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There's only so far it can go. About two inches. The length of the needle. But that's far enough to have its point well into the center of her thick, firm muscle.

"Jill... you need to be a good slut for this. It will be cold. Just lie still." I teasing tell her. I start pushing the plunger very slowly. That squirts the sterile water into her muscle. It won't take long, maybe ten or fifteen minutes, for her body to absorb the water.

"AH!" Jill shrieks, clenching her teeth halfway through as if in an afterthought to mute her cry. Her hands fidget, squeezing hard on her arm. Her feet fidget a little too. But she mostly keeps her bottom still. "OW!... AH!"

"That's cold in your cheek, isn't it, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jill answers in a mousy, strained, tone through clenched teeth. "It's freezing cold in my butt, Ma'am."

"You don't want to catch tramp-itis, do you, slut?"

"No, Ma'am," Jill answers, her voice just as strained as before, and now just as embarrassed as well. "I don't want to catch tramp-itis, Ma'am."

"You should know, this immunization does have a couple of side effects, slut. The common ones are excessive wetness in your skank pit and a mild clitoral throbbing. Are you experiencing either of those yet, slut?" She's gotten just over half of the water now. I'm going that slowly with it.

"Yes, Ma'am, my clitoris is already throbbing and I can feel the wetness in my skanky pussy, Ma'am." She's telling the truth. She knows that she's always, to tell the truth. I don't ask questions just to get her to give a rote answer. I want the real answer. I'm sure the stick is part of the cause of her "symptoms" but not the cause. Like duh, the cause is that she's getting even hornier. The stick is just making her a little more so. I'm sure the humiliation of lying here and suffering it is helping her along, too.

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"There!" I blurt out, "all done!" I start slowly pulling the needle back out of her cheek. It takes me just as long to slip it out as I took to slide it in. Jill gets a few more "OW!s" in as it's coming back out.

As it finally slides out of her cheek, Jill breathes a very deep sigh of relief. It has a slight squealing note to it.

I quickly drop the syringe on the table and grab the band-aid. I open it and center it over the tiny droplet of blood forming on the bottom edge of her cheek. I peel the tabs and stick it onto her. Big Bird smiles back at me. I really wish I had a picture of this. Her bare bottom looks so cute with Big Bird on it!

I pull Jill's jeans back up again. Then I reach back under her waist and fasten them for her. I tell Jill that she can stand up now. She hurries to her feet, glad it's over and stands beside the table.

I quickly clean up, leaving no evidence of anything for the nurses to find. Then I take Jill by her hand and walk her to the door to see her next patient.



Chapter 07: On Top

Dr. Slut's Office

Jill's next patient is a slightly older boy who has "injured" himself in gym. Not really. He's just sore from the exercises. It's his back and shoulders. Too many pull-ups or something. I think it's more that he's not the kind of kid who wants to work out. And doesn't. Whatever, I'm not really paying that much attention to the patients. To me, they're nothing more than excuses to tease Jill.

I'll bet she's glad that this one doesn't give me an excuse to get her pants off. I'll bet her bottom is nice and sore! I know I caught her rubbing her bottom, right where just got that shot, a couple of times. I doubt she even realized it, at least not for a second. Then when she caught it, her hand was off that bottom quickly.

Once the patient is out of the room, I quickly lock the door again. And I watch Jill's face drop, the nervousness racing back, the instant the lock clicks. She might not know what she's in for, but she surely knows she's in for something.

I point Jill to the little table. "Stand over there and undress to the waist, slut." I sweetly tease Jill. It's the same thing she had her patient do so she could examine the muscles he was complaining about.

I stare at Jill, my eyes never leaving her, and watch as she undresses. Obediently she stays facing me, and she doesn't try to cover herself. Not even her ample breasts as she undresses. She folds her clothes and puts them on the table. Then she waits for my instructions. I'll bet, by now, Jill is starting to get used to taking some clothes off in her office. And starting to trust that I will be done with her fast enough that her nurses won't notice it. I'll have to change a few things up. The last thing I want Jill to be is comfortable being played with here. Then it would arouse her as much.

But not this time around. I've already planned this one out. And I have a nice little tease in mind for her. Which is what I want. I hope it's just enough that she won't get it completely out of her mind before the next patient. I want her distracted today. I want her thinking more about me than anything else. And constantly thinking about me.

I have Jill come over besides the exam table. "I guess we'll just

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see how the muscles in your back are doing, slut Jill. You never know what slutting around so much might injure! Bend over.”

Jill is standing with her side to the table so that she could obediently face me. There's nothing in front of her, which gives her nothing to brace herself against. She leans over. She gets about halfway bent over before instinct has her hands come forward to brace against her knees.

“No. Hands stay behind you, slut,” I warn her.

Jill's hands move so fast they almost fly back behind her. It leaves her less balanced as she leans. That gets her arching her back more.

I put my hand to her shoulder and push her down, letting her back arc as she moves. I lean her almost all the way over until her back should be close to flat with the floor. It's how I want her. It has her ample mounds dangling down free under her chest. And with her hands out of the way, I have a full view of them from her side.

I have Jill pick her head up, looking forward. Before, with her eyes on the floor, her long hair hung down and blocked my view of her breasts. But with her head up, her hair hangs mostly behind her head, draping over her shoulders. I use a hand to brush the last strands of it up atop her shoulders. That leaves me an unobstructed view of her breasts from the front as well, as I look under her chin and along her chest.

Leaving my hand on her shoulder I use it to get a firm grip. I put my other hand on her back, pushing the center of it down. It forces the arch out of her back, making it straight again. It also leaves her slightly off balance. I don't care about that. I just care about her breasts hanging down loose.

But first I have to play out my role in this act of our play. The act is teasing her as she examined her patient. She started and paid plenty of attention to, the muscles of his back. So it's fair that I do the same with Jill now.

I start with my finger at the top of her spine, where her neck

meets her shoulders. I really wish I had fingernails for this, but I don't. They tend to get in the way during real exams, so I keep mine short. But I keep Sophie's and Paige's nice and long.

I slowly, and very lightly, draw my finger down her spine. My touch is fleetingly light. Barely a touch at all. But it's enough for me to feel the softness of her skin.

I see goosebumps erupt around my finger. As my finger inches along her spine, the goosebumps keep sprouting up, following my finger. They take far longer to fade than they do the erupt.

Jill definitely feels the little tease. The first sign is the shiver that flows over her back. Then I hear her purr a sharp, slightly squealy, "MM!" A second shiver races over her, this one much sharper than the first. It has her breasts jiggling under her.

I keep going, steadily tracing a line along Jill's spine until my finger reaches the waistband of her jeans. It keeps Jill purring quivering "MM!s" and shivering as I go. I'm sure erotic chills are flowing over her in time with the shivers.

Now I can have my fun. I grab the rolling stool and slide it over in front of Jill, just before her head. Then I grab a few things from Jill's cabinets. I take my seat on the soft stool. I'm petite. It has my eyes barely lower than Jill's chest, about even with the base of her mounds as they join her chest. It's a perfect view of those spongy breasts.

Now, as her breasts hang loose and free, I can see every little imperfection in them. And all breasts have some imperfection to them. After all, no one is perfect.

Jill's mounds are fairly soft. Dangling just emphasizes it. All of the weight of her breasts has shifted to the tips of them, just behind her nipples. It leaves them slightly firm at the tips, and slightly looser at the base. It lets me see the faint wrinkling lines as they form in the skin just before her chest. They're almost like stretch marks, but lighter. Light enough to fade into nothing without the weight of her breasts pulling the skin taut and shifting the weight forward.

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But most noticeable is the way the shape of her breasts changes slightly. Now her nipples angle outward a hair, as well as upward a tiny bit. That's something they don't do with her standing. Then they're pointed almost perfectly forward and straight. But they're just as stiff as they've always been.

Now her light pink nubs point mostly downward, slightly forward towards me, and slightly to the outsides. It lets me see the short, straight sides of her nubs as they rise up to their rounded tips. And it lets me see the faint rings wide around those nubs, or rather about half of those rings, the bottom half of them now rising along the backside of her mounds.

I ignore Jill. I take a pair of common forceps, which is what I dug out of her cabinets, in my hand. They're long, scissors-like clamps with short jaws. These, like most, are steel. And they're especially good at pinching and clamping. They lock into place, their jaws clamped around whatever is in them.

I open those jaws wide. They're thin as well, far less than ¼" thick. And ¼" is about how far her nipples are standing out from the dangling tips of her mounds. I lie the jaws flush against her mound, surrounding the stiff nub of a nipple. Then I start squeezing the handle, closing the jaws.

It doesn't take long for those jaws to be clamping around the straight sides of her nipple. They cover about half of its length, leaving just as much free beyond the steel. I keep closing those jaws, going very slowly. I prefer it slow. It gives Jill more time to feel them closing, tightening, biting into the very tender flesh of her rock-hard nipple. I close it until it has her nipple pinched firmly. Until the nipple starts to darken just a hair, telling me that the blood flow through it is starting to be restricted. Then I stop, holding the clamp in place.

At first, Jill barely feels the pinch of the jaws. Then I see her face start scrunching up as she winces. A split second later Jill starts sucking in a sharp, strained breath. Then her face pulls up even tighter, her eyes closing for an instant before she remembers that I won't allow it. Her

eyes open about 1/3 of the way. She breathes in deeper and faster now. "UH-MM!" Her teeth clench tightly, the tendons at her jawline straining. She starts breathing through her nose, her lips closed. It's just as noisy. And it does not mute her pained groaning whines.

It takes about a second. Then I see the goosebumps erupt violently on her breast. They start just around her nipple, springing up so strongly that they wrinkle the pink flesh of her ring. It pulls up taut, the countless goosebumps pulling tiny ridgelines of wrinkles up to surround her nub. Then she shivers racing over her body grow more powerful. They're strong enough that her free mound jiggles. And I can feel the captive mound pulling against my hand through the clamp. But the clamp holds her nipple perfectly still. Not her mound, though. Above her nipple, the ½ of her mound closes to her chest is still loose enough that its skin wiggles.

I put the tip of my finger to the rounded tip of her nipple. I stroke the tip of her nipple with my finger. Very lightly. Now it feels even rougher to me. And it has a more defined roundness to its tip, the clamp squeezing it enough that the tip is starting to squish up.

No sooner do I touch the nipple than Jill suddenly cries out "AH!" She tries hard to mute her cry. She manages to mute it about halfway. Her clenched teeth do her no good. Her jaw drops wide agape. Jill shudders crisply. Not just her shoulders, but her entire upper body. It's enough that I really feel her breast tugging against the clamp.

I make sure to hold her nipple still as I tease it. Jill cries out a couple of more "OOHs!" that grow increasingly sweet, and pained, as I go on. She shudders the entire time as well.

Once I'm sure that this, Jill's right, mound has been thoroughly teased, I release the clamp just as torturously slowly as I tightened it. About halfway through, Jill exhales the deepest sigh of relief.

As I free her nipple, another shiver races over Jill. It gets both of her mounds jiggling nicely. The jiggle pulls her breast away from the clamp and me. Jill pants a few more relieved breaths.

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I go for her other nipple. That one deserves the very same tease, and that's what it's going to get.

Once I have both of her breasts teased equally, I have Jill stand up. I stand as well as her breasts quickly rise above the level of my eyes. Those nipples are just as stiff as ever. The pinch hasn't done anything to ease their arousal. In fact, they seem to be even stiffer. The additional darkness at their tips fades quickly.

I send Jill back to the table where her clothes are waiting. As she stands facing me, I allow her to dress. And this time I hurry her along, constantly scolding Jill to do everything faster. The instant she has the tail of her shirt tucked into her jeans, even before her hands come away, I'm grabbing her hand to lead her out of the room and on to her next patient.



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Jill's next patient is a young boy with a stomach ache. It doesn't look serious to me, and I doubt it does to Jill either. She sends him home with a suggestion that mom tries Pepto and gentle foods, like soup, for a day or so. Her exam is fairly brief. She just feels and listens to his stomach before deciding there's nothing seriously wrong.

I'm sure that's what Jill expects me to do to her as well. After all, it's all she did to her patient, and that's been my rhythm. As I lock the door, I can see Jill waiting, so sure I'm going to make her take her shirt off now.

But I don't. She also suggested that mom get a stool sample and drop it off. Jill would have it sent to the lab for a few tests just to confirm that the boy is fine. Even though Jill didn't collect it herself, I've decided that her telling mom to is close enough for me.

I tell Jill to sit on the exam table. It's the same instruction the patient got. I can see that Jill is slightly surprised, but only because she still has her shirts on. Normally they'd be folded up on the table across the room before I sent her to the exam table. Still, Jill does as she's told and sits there, her feet dangling over the side and her hands behind her.

Jill's always very whiny about her bottom. Anal is still very new to her. With her limited experience, she still expects it to be unpleasant for her. It's why I only have her do anything with her bottom under my close supervision, to ensure that her nervousness doesn't interfere. I wouldn't want her hurting herself. At least no more than I wanted her to hurt.

"You know, sluts, like you, tend to be just so slutty, Jill! And to do just the skankiest of slutty things! Have you been having anal sex, too?"

"No, Ma'am," Jill firmly answers in her hushed and shamed tone. "I haven't had anal sex since you made me, Ma'am."

"Still, since I suspect a very severe case of skank-itis, I guess I ought to be safe and run all of the appropriate tests. We'll just get a quick stool sample from you..." I grin, wide.

Jill does not grin. She's smart enough to know that I'm not going to send her to the toilet and tell her to bring me back a sample. That her

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bottom is about to invaded instead. And that it will be uncomfortable for her. She starts fidgeting just slightly as she sits there. It's why I told her what was going to happen. She can enjoy this minute of waiting, knowing what's coming, and knowing that she's going to have to allow it.

I root through her cabinets, certain that I'll find what I'm looking for. And I do. Rather quickly. Jill has a whole box of the collectors for getting a clean stool sample. I take one out and hold it up as I pull the wrapper off of it. It's about a foot long and pencil-thin. Except for its head. That's about as wide as a dime and twice as long. It's oval-shaped, like a football, and hollow, like the eye of a needle. It's also thin and flat. "Oh, this looks just like the ones they use on my dog!" I teasingly say. It does, too. It just might be. Butts are pretty much butts.

I get a couple of alcohol wipes out as well. And I pull on a pair of latex gloves. Mostly just to be professional. But I don't want to get my hands messy either.

I tell Jill to lie on the table on her left side. It will put her facing the wall on the far side of the table. And it will put her backside facing me. She moves slowly as she lies down, putting her arms under her head for support.

I have to tell Jill firmly to pull her knees up, bending her waist and knees as if she's sitting. Even then, Jill doesn't quite get them in position with the sharp right angles I prefer. Her waist gets close. Her knees less so. Her feet are back a little ways, about halfway up to her pussy. I quickly, and sternly, scold her for those feet and make her move them.

I lower Jill's jeans the same way I have been doing it. By reaching around her waist and unbuttoning them. Then I have to lift her hips slightly as I tug the waistband of them down, around the bend of her waist, and off her bottom. Jill does not help me. As if she does not want her pants pulled down.

That bares the globes of her bottom. But the thin strap of her panties still lies in her crack, covering her asshole. I pull those down as well. It's a little more work since I have to be gentle with the delicate

fabric so that I don't tear it. I'm not ready for Jill to be panty-less yet. Besides, these are cute panties. It would be a shame to ruin them.

I get them down as well. With Jill's waist bend to a right angle, her cheeks are nicely taut. But this position also leaves some definition to the line between her bottom and her thighs. Her cheeks are too firm for there to be much of a line, they don't have the pronounced rounded bottoms to them, but they are rounded enough that I can see where they rise off her thighs. I have her panties stretched around her thighs about two inches below that point, her jeans just another fraction of an inch lower.

Her thighs lie snug, one atop the other. It covers the relatively flat mound of Jill's pussy. But it also leaves a few hairs of her fur sticking out from between those squished-together thighs.

But mostly it leaves Jill lying unstill and fidgeting. She really can't move her bottom too much without me noticing it. But she is wringing her hands together under her head. I'd bet even her toes are curling already inside her sneakers. I can see the fidget to her ankles. And her head. It's enough that the ends of the long locks of her hair are dancing on the table behind her.

I lift the top cheek, Jill's right one. I lift it high up, pulling her crack taut as it opens wide and bares the light pink ring of her asshole to my eyes. And it lets me feel the firmness of her cheek in my hand. The glove dulls the silkiness of her flesh.

I open one of the packets of wipes and shake the wipe to unfold it. "Now, let's just clean your filthy little anus off so we get a clean sample," I tell Jill in my teasingly too-sweet voice. It's a voice almost like a parent would use with a small child. Full of fake enthusiasm.

I use the wipe to clean the outside of Jill's asshole. It really doesn't need cleaning. But I know that Jill does not want me to do it. That she's embarrassed deeply by having her bottom wiped for her. Plus the alcohol is icy cold on her hot flesh. It gets a good sucking wince, and a shiver, from Jill. Despite her unhappiness.

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I hold her cheek up, keeping her asshole fully exposed with its flesh taut. I put the tip of the collector snug against the line at the center of her asshole. I listen as Jill sucks a very nervous breath in. Then I press just slightly.

I watch as the narrow, curving tip of the collector starts to press into the line and vanish. I watch as the tip quickly widens to its full width, about twice as wide as the line of her asshole is long. It stretches the pink skin around it as it lips forward, smoothing out the faint wrinkles a hair as it goes. I'm pushing slowly, dragging out the time it takes to slip through her tight ring and making Jill feel it that much more.

Jill moans a deep "UM!" as it stretches her unwilling muscle. Then the widest part of it vanishes into her pink ring. Quickly her tense muscle pulls the collector forward a bit, allowing her asshole to cinch down around the pencil-thin shaft. "UH!" Jill breathes out, now that the worst of the stretching is done. Not that it actually hurt her at all. It wasn't nearly big enough for that. Just enough to make sure she felt it. And make sure that she knew it was slipping into her butt.

I stop the collector once I feel the resistance from her tensed asshole ebb. That tells me the head of it now just beyond the thick ring of muscle. That puts it at the very bottom of her rectum. Jill definitely can feel where it is, although it won't be hurting her at all now.

"Hmm... is this deep enough, slut? Is this where you'd take a stool sample if you wanted a really good one?" I teasingly ask Jill. I already know the answer. It's not. Stool samples are usually taken from the back of the rectum. The very depths of her bowels. It's the freshest specimen. It's also the place where Jill least wants me to go.

"No, Ma'am..." Jill answers in her muted, shamed voice. Only now her voice breaks anxiously and unhappily. "You should get it from the back of my butt, Ma'am."

I start the collector slipping forward again, moving it about two more inches into Jill's bottom. Jill moans a rather squealy "UM!" as it moves into her. I see her fingers gripping each other tightly as well. And

I see her muscles, the ones I can see with her clothes mostly on, tensing up. I stop moving it again and hold it still.

"Ah!" Jill breathes out a heavy sigh of relief as it stops moving. I know she's exaggerating. It doesn't hurt. But she definitely feels the hard plastic tip as it slides along the inside of her rectum. And she knows that it's slipping deeper into her bottom. It might not hurt, but I also know that Jill absolutely does not want this in her bottom. The deeper it is, the more of a violation it is. And the more unwelcome it is.

"Is this where you want me to get the sample, slut? Or do you want me to go even deeper into your rectum and get a better sample?" I ask.

Jill's voice takes on a light, shamed, sobbing note. Otherwise, it's the same muted and embarrassed voice, only now full of unhappiness as well. "Will you please go deeper, Ma'am? Please, Ma'am, I want you to get the very best sample. Will you please go all the way to the back of my rectum, Ma'am?" It sounds like it kills Jill just to ask me. I love it.

I start the collector moving again, inching it as slowly as I can make it move into Jill's bottom. Instantly Jill is grunting a very strained "UMM!" through gritted teeth. She tenses back up just as quickly.

I slip it a couple of more inches into her bottom. I'm guessing at where the tip of it is now. It should be close to the back of her rectum, but not there yet. But that's a guess based on experience. It's not like I can see up her butt and see where it is.

I stop pushing it into her bottom. But I don't quite stop moving it. Instead of letting it slide in, I wiggle the tip in place. It's a tiny wiggle, just enough for Jill to feel it stroking over the nerves lining her rectum and know just how deeply it's inside her bottom.

Jill doesn't relax this time. She stays stiff. And she moans a long-drawn-out "OOH!" that soft, but very strained. "Is it at the back of your rectum now, slut?"

"No, Ma'am..." Jill reluctantly admits.

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"Do you want me to put it deeper into your butt before I take your sample, slut?"

I know Jill wants it out of her bottom, not deeper. But I also know that Jill understands her place. It doesn't matter what she wants. What matters is that I've decreed we're going to get the best sample. It doesn't matter how comfortable that is for Jill. I'm just making her talk, and ask, to make her squirm even more as she submits to it.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jill's voice quiets a few more decibels and turns very squealy, into her "little girl" voice. She sounds almost like a toddler. "Will you please go all the way to the back of my rectum, Ma'am?"

I know I'm getting close to the back now, so I know this is going to be the last pause. I take a second to stretch Jill's mental discomfort out. "All the way to the very back, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am, please go all the way to the very back of my rectum, Ma'am..." Jill answers. "You'll feel some resistance when you get there, Ma'am. Please! Please, don't press too hard. It will be very uncomfortable for me. Please, Miss Rodgers, please, just be very quick and get my sample, Ma'am." Jill tries to add in a little plea for a tiny mercy.

I slip the collector forward. It slides about another inch into Jill's bottom before I feel the light resistance as its tip presses against the membrane-like back of her rectum. As soon as I feel the resistance, I hear Jill suck in a sharp, pained breath and stiffen up. Her muscles tense to steel.

It's hurting Jill, but not badly. Not even as bad as a needle stick. But she definitely feels the sharp, cramping pressure as the tip presses firmly into the back of her insides. It's her body's way of letting her know that something is deeper inside her than should be, and she needs to get it out of her. As if her bowels are way over-full.

"Ooh, this feels like the back of your rectum," I say to Jill, holding the collector still and keeping the gentle pressure against her insides. "Is this the dirtiest part of your rectum, slut?"

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"Yes, Ma'am..." Jill blurts out in a pained voice. "Please take my sample now, Miss Rodgers. Quickly, Ma'am." Jill grunts a rapid chorus of "OW!" over and over again.

Since Jill misbehaved by sneaking in a plea for mercy, again, she won't be getting that mercy. "Am I going to find any icky man-filth in your stool, slut?"

"No, Ma'am!" Jill blurts out, her voice now taking a desperate note to it. "Please take my sample now, Ma'am, I promise you won't find any semen in my poop, Ma'am! I swear I haven't had anal sex since you made me, Ma'am!" Her modesty now takes a backseat to her desire to get this over with.

I twist the collector around five times. It's four more than I need to twist it. That spins the needle-eye head of it, lightly scraping it against the sides of her rectum and filling the opening with a sample.

Jill cries out a normal-volume-level "UH-MM" as it starts twisting inside her depths. It's a far louder cry than she would like to make. It shows how hard she's trying to mute it, but more failing than succeeding. But it's not loud enough for the nurses to hear her. Which is all I care about. About halfway through the "collection" Jill suddenly cries out "OW!..AH!-OW!" it's a little louder than her earlier cry, but still not enough to draw attention to this room. She tensed up rock-solid as well. Her legs, from the knees down, and her shoulders squirm pretty hard, too. But she fights to keep her bottom still, knowing that moving it will just make this more uncomfortable for her.

I stop twirling the collector but hold it in place, still pressing into the back of her rectum. While Jill lies there feeling the cramping, light stabs of pain, I ask her "There, is that a good sample, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jill quickly answers, her voice urgently begging me to stop teasing her and take it back out of her. "Thank you very much for going all the way to the very back of my rectum to get my sample, Ma'am."

"You're welcome, slut." I tell her, drawing her discomfort out a

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hair longer. Then I start inching the collector back out of Jill's bottom.

Jill breathes out a very deep and heavy sigh of relief as the pressure vanishes from the back of her rectum. After a second or so I feel the tension begin to flow from her muscles, too. She chants a very soft chorus of "Ooh!s" as she feels the slight drag of the plastic as it slips through the tense ring of her asshole.

Jill groans out a more pleading "OH!" as most of the collector is out of her. It's the point where Jill feels the widening tip of the collector pressing against the inside of her ring, ready to stretch it again as it slips through to exit her bottom. She gasps out a squealy "AH!" as it stretches her muscle again. Then she breathes the deepest sigh of relief as it slips from her body.

I set the collector, sample in its head, on the table just behind Jill's thighs and under her bottom. "There, now we have a good stool sample to send to the lab. I'm sure they can check it for skank-itis." I teasingly tell Jill. As I do, I use the second wipe to clean her asshole again, wiping away any mess that the collector might have smeared along on its way out of her.



Chapter 09: Potty Break

Jill lies on the table, panting soft, mewling, whiny “Ooh!s” as she waits for me to fix her clothes and let her up now that her “tease of the patient” is over. I just take my time, lingering as I toss the trash and move the collector over to the counter, careful to keep it full. While I’m over there, I get the little plastic eye paddle out of the cabinet.

Then I step back over to Jill, standing just beside her bare hips. “Oh, and that was three patients, so this is... punishment time!” I tell her in a soft voice full of excitement. “Even if you are suffering from a hideous case of skank-itis, you’re a big slut now, Jill. You can just run around acting like a total gutter whore! You have to behave your naughty little slutty bottom.”

I put my hand to Jill’s cheek and caress it softly. Now that I have my gloves in the trash, I can feel the silkiness of her skin. I love a good bottom, and Jill’s is a good one. Skin silky and soft, feminine, but also like a baby’s bottom. And underneath that softness is a firm, slightly spongy, and very squishable, muscle.

“You’ll get ten more strokes on each cheek. This will part two of the punishment for diddling your slutty skank pit last night, slut Jill.”

“Yes, Ma’am...” Jill accepts, her voice muted, edgy, and reluctant.

I doubt Jill expects it. I take my hand from her cheek, and quickly like the head of the paddle squarely in the center of her cheeks. To date, Jill has been spanked only two ways. Once I had her bent over and braced against a wall. The other times I had her turned over my knees. That’s my preferred way to spank. But now Jill is still in place on the exam table, lying on her side. With her knees up, it has her bottom pulled taut in the same position as if she were over my knees. But it deprives her of the support my knees provide. Her chest isn’t lying firmly over my thighs. My thighs aren’t supporting it. Her knees aren’t braced on the floor. She doesn’t even have the floor to rest her feet on. The table supports her, obviously. But it doesn’t offer her the support my legs do. The support that she relies on to keep herself still as she’s spanked. It’s relatively easy to just lie there, letting me hold her body up.

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Now Jill is going to have to stay still with nothing to resist her body if her muscles try to move. That has her nervous. She knows the price of disobedience, of moving during a spanking. It's a high price. I start the spanking over again. And again, until she lies still and accepts her punishment properly.

I'm sure she knows that her cheeks are going to feel this spanking a little worse than the first one, too. They might have stopped stinging her by now, it has been about 45 minutes, but that doesn't mean her flesh isn't still "tenderized" from it. It just means that the irritation to her nerves has faded enough that those nerves are no longer sending her the pain signal to encourage her to do something about it. But with the first slap of the paddle, the sting will slice into those still-irritated nerves, and they'll let her know it. It will be as if her bottom has already had two or three strokes. The first might well feel like a fourth on those cheeks. By the tenth, it will definitely feel like the thirteenth or so.

This isn't exactly the easiest way to swing a paddle. Maybe it would be easier with a larger paddle. Definitely with a whip. But I'm using this little paddle on her. I have to step up beside her shoulders to swing it. I try to use the same power I used last time. I intend to make every stroke she gets today the same. Even if it turns out to be 100 strokes, they won't get any lighter. Or easier on her bottom.

It lands with the same slapping crack against her globe. It leaves the same little pink splotch on her white cheek.

"OW!" Jill squeals out as it lands on her bottom. She tenses up hard, then relaxes, so fast that it looks as if a hard shudder has swept over her body. "Ow!...Ow!" Jill chants a few times, already sniffing lightly from the spank.

"One, Ma'am. I'm sorry for being a total slut and diddling my skank pit without permission, Ma'am. Thank you for not letting me get away with acting like a whore and spanking my naughty bottom, Ma'am." Jill counts off her stroke in her little-girl's voice.

I swat her other cheek, getting another squeal from Jill. She again counts it as stroke number one.

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Ten strokes later, Jill's bottom is tanned to a bright pink now. I know that it's stinging her like a thousand needle stabbing into it. But I did show her the mercy of avoiding the little Big Bird band-aid where I stuck her with the needle earlier. It's why I put the needle so low on her cheek. So I could avoid it while still turning those cheeks fully pink.

Jill struggled hard not to move. She came close to getting to start over, too. She flinched and shuddered hard with every stroke. By the third, her feet were moving with every flinch. But they stayed together, so I let her get away with it.

But this time I've gotten a couple of little tears to roll from Jill's eyes. With her on her side, and her head sideways as well, the tears rolled not down her cheeks, but out of the corners of her eyes. One along her nose. Then both rained down to the table underneath. But it was enough to leave faint lines in her makeup where they ran. Lines that could be noticed. And it leaves her eyes wet.

It leaves her almost crying as well. Sniffing as she sobs, but not yet bawling.

I pull her panties up first. I know Jill would take good care to avoid the panties, even just the delicate waistband of them, from touching her sore globes if she were dressing herself. I don't. Nor do I try to make it unpleasant. I just pull them up, letting the fine waistband slide over her stinging cheeks on its way up. As if I'm doing a chore and don't care one way or the other how comfortable it is for Jill.

I do her jeans the same, all-business-like way. Only the denim is rougher than the satin of her panties was. As it slides coarsely over her globes, Jill squeals out a pained "OW!" and she shudders lightly. Once the jeans are up and covering her bottom, Jill pants a few hard breaths as I reach around her waist and fasten them. Then I tuck her shirt in.

"Sit up, slut Jill." I give the command in a very stern voice, leaving Jill no doubt that she's going to sit on her stinging bottom. But I don't raise my voice to her. I just give a firm command.

Jill very slowly obeys it. She rolls over to her right side, keeping

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her bottom off the table as she turns over. Then she swings her legs over the side, lifting her shoulders up. Now she braces her hands against the table close at her sides, using them to hold her body, and her butt, off the table. She slowly and gently lowers her bottom onto the table, wincing hard and sucking a pained sharp breath as she does. Finally, she puts those hands behind her back and waits.

I have her hold her hands out in front of her, palms upturned and flat as a little tray. She keeps her eyes forward, but she does try to watch me out of the corner of her moist eyes, hoping for a second's warning of whatever I'm doing to her. I grab the collector off the counter.

I casually drop it on her hands, making sure that the full head of it lands on her hand, not hanging over the end. I see her face wrinkles slightly in disgust as she sees what I've put in her hands. She flinches slightly but stays put. I pause for several seconds.

"Go on, slut. Examine that sample and see if your poop has any man-filth in it. Or anything else. Considering the gutter your slutty bottom was scraped out of, I wouldn't be surprised to see worms!"

Jill barely glances down. She doesn't have to. She knows that she hasn't had anal sex in weeks. There won't be any evidence of it in the sample. "My stool sample is fine, Ma'am. I don't see any semen, worms, or anything else in it, Ma'am." Jill answers softly. The collector is still lying across her flat hands. She never touched it, just glanced at it.

My goal is to humiliate Jill. And to make her uncomfortable. That's part of her punishment. A part that arouses her more than it bothers her. I'm good at humiliating subs. I'm just taking my time with Jill, slowly inching up the humiliation as the day goes along.

"You lazy slut!" I don't raise my voice, but I use my harshest tone to scold Jill. "I said get a good look. You barely glanced. Now really examine your sample, slut." I glare hard at Jill.

She gets the message. She takes the collector in one hand and brings it up closer to her eyes. She turns it, seeing both sides of the

head. She spends about fifteen seconds just looking at it, although I'm sure she's not really seeing any of it. Who'd want to see that? "My stool sample is fine, Ma'am. There isn't a speck of semen or anything else in it. No evidence of skanky gutter worm either, Ma'am." She moves the collector as far from her eyes as she thinks I'll allow her to get away with.

I scold her again, just as harshly. "I said a good examination, slut. It's not like poop should be new to you! I'm sure whatever gutter you were whelped in was full of it." I grab Jill's wrist and move it, bringing the head of the collector up until it's about an inch from her eye. I twirl it, showing her both sides of the head and the waste in it. I take about half of a minute to show it to her.

Then I jerk her wrist firmly, moving the head of the collector down and pushing it up under her nose. I snap firmly for her to get a good whiff of it. I hold it still for about ten seconds, forcing Jill to smell her waste.

I jerk her wrist again, this time hard enough to bring her hand out in front of her. I take hold of Jill's other hand and bring it up. Then I snap her wrist, tapping the head of the collector firmly again her open hand. As I'd hoped for, it knocks the sample out of the collector and into the palm of Jill's hand.

Jill's hand flinches hard, wanting to pull away from the sticky waste dropping into it. But I hold her wrist, keeping her hand in place. Once it's in her hand, I release the wrist of the hand holding the collector long enough to pull the now-empty plastic tool from her grip. I idly toss that into a trash can beside the table. Then I grab her hand with mine.

Jill's hand is stiff and tense. As it unconsciously resists me, I force her hand to open and extend her first two fingers. I shift my grip, now taking hold of those fingers where they meet her hand. I hold them stiff. I pull them towards her other hand, feeling her arm tensing harder with every inch as it nears.

Jill doesn't fully resist. I have to work to pull her fingers along, but not as hard as she could make me. I pull her fingers to her palm, putting the pads of her two fingers right into the gooey gob in her palm

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and pressing them firmly into the mess.

"EW!" Jill moans out, her face and nose wrinkling up as she touches it. She averts her eyes, but keeps her head still and looking forward.

I keep hold of her hand. I rub her fingers around in the mess, smearing it into her palm. Then I tug her hand up, putting her palm close in front of her eyes so she can see the mess smeared onto it. I don't scold her to get a good look. I don't want to warn her. I just hold her hand still for several long seconds.

I release her hand. She quickly moves it away from her eyes, and down as far as she can move it. I scold her for not putting her hands behind her back. She does it. But this time she doesn't grip one hand with the other. Instead, she lightly strains her arms to hold them in place while making certain that her messy hands touch nothing.

"Describe the sample, slut. Show me that you actually looked at it and aren't lying to cover up how disobedient you've been." I tell her firmly.

I see a horrified, and disgusted, look on her face. Surprise, too. She tries hard to describe it, noting it's light brown color, the creamy soft texture of it, and even the tiny piece of undigested corn in it. I ask her if she considers that to be normal and healthy, and she says yes. I ask her to describe its scent, and she tries hard. She deems it "offensive, with a slight sweet tinge to it, but mostly like an open sewer." I'll give her that one. She also deems it a fairly average aroma, neither weak nor particularly strong.

I ask her to describe it's feel. She deems it soft and pasty, with tiny bits of roughness. I guess that's good enough. She adds that it's still warm, too. Yuck.

I tell her to get off the table. She does, careful not to touch anything as she moves.

I ask her what she normally does during this break. She says she doesn't have a routine, but coffee is a possibility. Then she tells me that

she "has to use the bathroom." And that's something she uses these little breaks to take care of.

"Then you may ask to be taken, slut." I tell her smiling at her.

Jill grimaces back at me. In her quietest, most shamed, little-girl's voice, she asks. "Miss Rodgers, I have to pee. Would you please take me potty, Ma'am?" She knew how to ask. As degradingly as possible. I've made her ask for this privilege before.

"Come along, slut." I tell her. Only now I do not take her by the hand. No way am I touching those hands! As I open the door, I see Jill balling up her fists behind her back. She knows that she has to keep her hands behind her. But she definitely doesn't want anyone to see what's smeared on her hands.

I decide not to be nice. It's my preferred level of niceness. We're in the last exam room, closest to the back hall where the staff bathroom is. There's little chance of anyone being back this far. So I firmly scold Jill to open her hands back up. She knows better than to make fists. She very reluctantly opens her hands, turning them so that the messy palms are towards her body and keeping a good inch of space between them and herself.

The walk back to the bathroom is uneventful. The bathroom is fairly small, about like you'd find in a fast-food restaurant. There are no stalls. Just a square room with a toilet and sink. But it's nicely decorated. I tell Jill to start by washing her hands, lest she "skanks up her skank pit any further." It's not like she could undo her pants with her hands messy. Not without messing up those jeans, she has to wear for the rest of the day.

At first, Jill is eager and grateful to wash her hands. Then the sound of the running water has its effect on her. I watch as she squeezes her legs tightly together. Then she lets out a pair of little mewls as she hurries to wash the mess from her hands. Once she's done, she quickly dries her hands and turns to stand facing me. Her thighs remain squished tightly together.

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Jill has already had a little “toilet training” at my apartment. There I have a defined routine for allowing her to use the toilet. A routine Jill has to follow carefully or face consequences. But this is the first time I’ve taken Jill to the toilet anywhere but my apartment. She waits for her instructions.

“You know how good little sluts go potty, slut. Undress.” I tell her in that tauntingly too-sweet voice of mine.

It’s the same thing I’d make Jill do at my place. Undress fully to use the toilet. But here it just wastes some of the little time Jill has. She hurries to squat down and take her shoes off. She almost just scoots them off to the side, now overly-needy to use that toilet. But she thinks better of it. She tucks the laces in neatly, squares them up, and starts a neat pile in the corner, on the floor.

Jill stands back up and takes her blouse off. She folds that neatly and sets it atop her shoes on the pile. Then she takes her undershirt off and adds that to the pile. Then her bra. That’s not the easiest thing to fold neatly, so it takes her a few seconds to get it right.

This is what she was told to do. In my realm, “undress” is a very specific command. I’ve taught it to Jill, as I do all of my subs. It tells her not just to get her clothes off, but to take things off in a specific order. From the top down, once her shoes are off. Those shoes just get in the way. It’s also not the way a woman would normally undress. Most women prefer to leave their bra and panties for last. But moving from the top down, Jill now has her bra off, her chest bare, her soft breasts standing out for me, and her jeans still buttoned up.

Next, the jeans come off. Then her panties. It leaves only two things on her body. Her socks and a watch. The watch, around her wrist, was lower than the high waistband of her panties. But it’s far above those socks. So it has to come off next. Finally, her socks take their place on the very top of the pile. Now there’s absolutely nothing on her body. When I say naked, that’s what I mean. As naked as the day before she was born. If she’d been wearing any jewelry, that would have come off as she worked downward. Even piercings have to come out. I mean

naked.

Now that Jill is naked she doesn't have any choice in anything. She stands up and faces me. She puts her hands behind her back. As much as she wants to keep those legs tightly together, or better yet crossed, she opens her feet about six inches. She looks directly at me. "Miss Rodgers, I am fully nude now, Ma'am. May I please have permission to go pee now, Ma'am?"

"Sit," I tell her.

Jill quickly sits down on the seat of the toilet. She opens her knees as wide as she can and positions her feet flat on the floor directly under those knees. It has her shins straight and vertical. Jill stretches her back, sitting up straight. She stares forward, seeing nothing but the empty wall across from the toilet. She leaves her hands behind her back, her palms flat against the skin of her back and the backs of her hands flat against the lid of the toilet. It's the only place she's allowed to touch the lid. It leaves a space, just under an inch, between her back and the lid. A space that lets me see down all the way to the dimple at the top of her crack.

"Miss Rodgers, will you please tell me to pee whenever you are ready to watch me so that I pee properly, Ma'am?" Jill asks in a very embarrassed voice.

I stare at Jill's body for a couple of seconds, letting her see my eyes looking over her breasts before they work their way down to her bush. With her legs spread wide, I can see under her bush. I can see the top of the furry mound of her pussy. I fix my eyes there. "Pee now, slut."

"Yes, Ma'am, I will pee right now, Ma'am. Please watch my pussy closely while I pee, Ma'am." Jill answers. The line is pretty scripted. Then she pees. It's a hard, long stream that tells me she really had to go.

I watch her closely, seeing exactly what she's doing, but also standing back far enough that I can see the rest of her naked body as well. I don't really want to see it. I want Jill to see me watching her. To

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know that I am seeing everything that she's doing. To know that this bit of privacy has been so fully stripped away from her.

"Thank you for supervising me while I peed, Ma'am. My bladder is empty now, Ma'am." Jill tells me once she stops peeing.

I pause for a couple of seconds, then tell Jill to stand up. I have her bend over, resting her forearms on the seat of the toilet her bottom just vacated. With her feet fairly wide apart. It gives me a view of her pussy. It shows me that the fur atop her mound is already moist and matted with her creamy honey.

I pull off a short piece of tissue, ball it up and hand it to her. She takes it and waits.

"Miss Rodgers, I know a slut like me can't be trusted to touch her pussy, Ma'am. Will you please watch me wipe my pussy, Ma'am, and keep me from touching myself like a whore, Ma'am?" Jill waits.

I sigh deeply as if this is an unwelcome burden for me. "Wipe that skank pit, slut."

Jill, standing with her pussy on full display for my eyes, wipes herself. Then she drops the tissue into the toilet under her. And she waits. She's to do nothing without being told to.

Jill has long, wide lips that meet fully into a fine line of a slit. I grab hold of those lips, feeling the modest, but noticeable, plumpness to them, and casually pull them wide apart to display her pinkness to me. Mostly what I see is the rather liberal layer of her creamy honey coating everything.

"I guess that's clean enough, slut." Officially it's a "post-potty hygiene inspection." An inspection to show me that she's wiped herself properly. It's just another humiliation for her. I release her lips.

"Thank you for caring and checking my pussy for me, Ma'am." Jill thanks me.

I tell to Jill to stand. She rises up and quickly turns to face me. I tell her to flush. She has to turn her side to me to reach, which she does

quickly, then turns to stand waiting and facing me again.

I tell Jill to dress. I watch her closely, making a point for her to see that I'm watching her, as she dresses in the exact reverse order that she undressed in.

She picks up her socks from the pile and holds them atop upturned palms. "These are my socks, Ma'am, may I please have permission to put them on my feet, Ma'am?" She humbly asks. I grant it and she squats down to pull them on quickly. She has to repeat, showing me the item and asking permission to put it on before she can. And she knows that I may not grant her permission for every item. Sometimes I do, sometimes I don't. It depends on my mood. I might well send her along without something, like her bra or panties. But what really has her nervous is that should I deny her permission, the item starts a fresh pile beside her pile of clothes. And there it stays until I give her permission, whenever that might be. She might well be leaving this room with her neatly folded underwear in a pile on the floor.

But she doesn't. I allow her to fully dress. For now.

Then I take her by the hand telling her she has time to get me another cup of coffee before her patient. I have her fetch it, keeping my eyes on her the whole time. And I deny her a cup.



Chapter 10: Chest Pain

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Jill's next patient is a teenage boy with a minor pain in his chest. From eavesdropping on the conversation between Jill and his mom, I gather he hasn't been the healthiest of boys. Thus, maybe mom's concern over the minor pain is warranted. Jill decides that it's probably nothing. His chest, and everything in it, seems to be fine. She sends him home, telling them if it doesn't go away in a couple of days to come back and she'll run a bunch of tests. Tests her insurance company is certain to argue loudly about. Then again, it seems to me that insurance companies argue about everything except cashing those premium checks.

After her last tease, Jill now watches me with unbridled trepidation in her eyes as I lock the door. As if she knows that I intend to tease her, regardless of the exam the patient got.

Since he had his chest examined, I tell Jill that her chest "will be very closely examined" this time. I will be "diligently testing for the subtler signs of skank-itis." while I'm mostly taunting her, it's enough of a warning for her that she's in for a good teasing this time around. It is the third time I've toyed with those sweet and spongy soft mounds.

I tell Jill that she's to undress to the waist again. I add an instruction that Jill is not to touch her breasts as she undresses, not even a tiny glancing brush. Then I glare hard at Jill, making it plain how closely I am watching her, as she undresses and folds her clothes into for about the tenth time today.

Jill averts her eyes uselessly. She can't turn them far enough away not to see me staring at her. She undresses quickly, knowing that we only have a few minutes before the nurses will be looking for her. She also undresses very carefully. She diligently avoids touching her breasts, even pulling the front of her blouse away from her body as she unbuttons it.

Once her chest is naked, she stands and waits. Just as she did with her patient, I have Jill come over and sit on the exam table, her feet dangling off the side. I stand facing her. "Have you been feeling anything in those slutty breasts, slut?"

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"No, Ma'am, I haven't felt anything in my slutty breasts, Ma'am," Jill answers quickly.

I put my hand to her left mound, caressing it softly and slowly as I slip my hand around to cradle its underside. I heft the mound, lifting it off her chest until the crease is gone. I hold it still. "You wouldn't be fibbing, would you slut?" I switch into a very firm but also taunting, voice to ask her. "Because right now I can see a very hard nipple on this breast, slut. That is usually accompanied by a slight tenderness that aches for a man's masculine touch. You don't feel that little ache, slut?"

Jill's head starts to drop. She catches herself and snaps it back up as her eyes shift down. With her eyes still downcast she answers in her little girl's voice, muted, and shamed, and now with the note of having been caught. "Yes, Ma'am... my slutty breasts do ache for a manly touch, Ma'am... especially my shamelessly hard nipples, Ma'am."

"Do they ache so badly that you want to touch them like a skanky gutter whore?"

"Yes, Ma'am... if I could I would be touching my slutty breasts like a skanky gutter whore right now, Ma'am."

"Would that feel good, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am, it would feel very good if I were allowed to play with my slutty breasts now, Ma'am." Jill reluctantly admits. And by now, I'll bet she's thinking that I'm going to make her play with them.

I'm not. She'd like that too much. And what really arouses her are the things she doesn't like. "You lied to me, slut." I snap, not raising my voice, but in a harsh tone. "You told me you didn't feel anything in those flabby breasts!"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Jill blurts out desperately. She's been around long enough to know that lying is a serious offense. There will be a rather stern punishment for it. And here, in her office, with her life and her day going on just beyond that thin door, punishment is something Jill desperately wants to avoid. It tends to be bad, and thus make her get noisy. Which would bring the nurses. And give away her secret life.

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I slap her face. Not too hard. And I'm careful not to smear her makeup. "Bad slut!" I scold her. Jill needs to be reminded of her place. The very lowest, at the bottom. She's only allowed to speak to answer a question. And I didn't ask a question. I stated a fact. Jill says nothing, taking the scolding in obedient silence.

I step off to the side and root through her drawers again. I find what I'm looking for. Every doctor's office has plenty. I come out of that drawer with two latex elastic bands. Then ones they wrap around your arm to pop veins up before taking blood. I hold them up to let Jill see them. She knows what they are. And now she's wondering what I have in mind. What I'm going to do to her.

I set one band on the table beside Jill. Then I gently reach my hand out and heft her breast again. "Since you want to be a naughty lying slut, and lie about these flabby breasts, you will need a good lesson in why honesty is very important in the doctor's office. I think... a little bondage will remind you how important breasts are."

Jill's face scrunches up tight, wrinkling up in horror at the idea. At the same time, her eyes go wide in shock. Jill's breasts have always been fairly sensitive. But so far, they've never been bound. She knows they're sensitive. She knows she's really going to feel it. But she doesn't know what she's going to feel. Just that, since I've deemed it a punishment, it's going to hurt. The not knowing makes the anticipation that much worse for her. And that gets her squirming as she fidgets very nervously. Enough so that her fidgeting has got her free breast jiggling decently, and the breast in my hand wiggling slightly.

"Ask me for your lesson, slut," I tell her in my firmest voice while looking her right in her eyes. It's an attitude that I hope tells Jill that not only is that an order but that I'm not in a patient mood now.

"Miss Rodgers, I'm so sorry for lying to you about feeling an ache in my slutty breasts, Ma'am. Will you please teach me a very good lesson about lying in the doctor's office, Ma'am? Will you please bind my breast for me, Ma'am?" Jill's asks in her little girl's voice, hushed, and breaking with a sobbing nervousness.

I take the band and wrap it around the base of her breast, flush against her chest. I don't pull it tight yet, just wrap it around the mound slowly. Then, just as slowly, I start pulling it tight. It only takes a few seconds for the elastic latex to start squeezing into the loose flesh.

A second after that, Jill groans out a deep "UM!" as I keep pulling it tighter around her mound. Now her mound starts to dark as the band restricts the blood flow into it. "UM-OW!" Jill cries out, "OH!-OW!!!"

I keep pulling it tighter around the loose flesh of her mound. It's the part of her breast where it's at its softest, allowing the band to dig into her mound the most. It doesn't take long before it's pulled a good $\frac{3}{4}$ " into the spongy flesh, finally squeezing into the muscles and glands of her breast.

Jill cries out a chorus of squealy "OW!s" that have a ring of pain to them.

I slip the band under itself to hold it in place. Jill whines her chorus. I wait a few seconds, leaving her breast resting atop my hand as it darkens into a purpleness. Now I know it's throbbing unpleasantly. "There, does your breast ache now, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Jill cries out, "my breast aches unbearably right now, Ma'am."

"And does that remind you not to lie about what those breasts feel?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Jill agrees very eagerly. "I will never lie about what my breasts feel again, Ma'am. I will never forget the painful throbbing in my breast now, Ma'am. It will remind me never to lie to you, Ma'am."

"Good. Now ask me to bind your other breast, slut." I release her mound by simply pulling my hand out from under it. It lets her breast drop down to lie back against her chest. Her now-deep-purple mound against her white chest.

Jill cries out "UGH!" as it falls against her chest. Jill takes a couple of panicked breaths. Then in a voice that's even more reluctant, Jill asks

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me to please bind her other breast “so that one will remind her to be a good slut, too.”

I put the other band around her left breast, pulling it just as tightly. Once it's fully bound and purple, I let that one lie back against her chest as well.

I count off about half of a minute in silence, leaving Jill ignored as she sits on the table, but also making sure she sees that I'm watching her closely. She knows what's expected of her. She's to sit still. The pain in her tightly bound breasts doesn't matter. She just has to endure it and make herself stay still. She fidgets, but she tries hard to keep it to where I might not notice it.

I definitely notice her wet eyes. Her clenched teeth. The fists she's balled up behind her back. The tendon's straining in her neck. The faint pinkness of a blush in her face. And the whiny little “OW!s” in every breath she takes. I notice the tension in her muscles as well.

“Get up and fetch your bra, slut. Give it to me.” I stand at the foot of the exam table holding my hand out for the bra.

Jill quickly pushes herself up from the table. She takes the first step to the pile of her clothes. Her soft, and bare, breasts jiggle as she walks. “EE-OW!” Jill squeals as they bounce lightly on her chest. She slows her steps, moving as softly as she can.

Jill gets the bra off the top of her pile and brings it over to me. She sets the folded bra atop my hand. “Here is my bra, Ma'am.” She offers humbly.

I drop her bra on the table for a minute. I thought about demanding she hand over the undershirt as well. But her blouse is slightly on the thin side. Thin enough that I can make out the lines of the undershirt through it if I look closely enough and she's standing the right way. That makes it thin enough that if anyone looked closely, they might notices the darkness of her breasts through the blouse as well. And by now, those breasts are swelled up to a deep-purple.

“Go dress, slut.” I snap firmly.

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Jill's eyes pop wide again. She trembles, standing frozen in front of me. It takes close to a full second for her to get her wits back and say "yes, Ma'am." Then she heads for the pile of her clothes with the most reluctant of steps. And the most horrified look on her face.

She moves slowly, giving in to the now painful throbbing in her breasts. A throbbing that aches worse as she moves and her mounds jiggle. She pulls her undershirt over her head. But then she pulls it out from her chest, stretching the fabric to its limit as she does before she pulls it down over those bound breasts. She very gently lowers the shirt onto her chest. The snug fabric squeezes just a tiny bit more on her aching mounds. Then she puts her blouse on over it, buttoning it up an extra button. She glances down to her chest, trying to see if her darkly-swollen breasts are noticeable through the shirts.

I take Jill's bra in my hand. I step up behind Jill. She stays facing forward since I didn't tell her to move. She stays very still, not wanting those breasts to move even a hair.

I grab hold of the waistband of her jeans. I'm not trying to be gentle with her, just totally unconcerned with how anything might feel for her. I pull the waistband firmly back, gaining an inch or so of space between her back and the denim as the front of it pulls into her waist. I glance down into the back of her jeans, seeing the top of her panties and the strap flowing into her crack. And seeing the tops of her bare cheeks.

I take Jill's bra and bunch it up. Then I put it into the waistband of her jeans. I use my hand to push it down, into the crack of her bottom, atop the strap of the panties.

Jill squeals as she feels me shoving her bra into her pants. Immediately she cries out a pained "OW!" that's almost too loud as her flinching jump gets a jiggle from those breasts. She stills, a light quiver in her body, and stands there as the bra slips further down her crack. And my fingers caress along her cheeks as they push it.

"There!" I giggle. "You don't want to lose your bra, do you, slut?"

"No, Ma'am, I don't want to lose my bra, Ma'am. Thank you for

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shoving it in the crack of my butt where I won't forget it, Ma'am." Jill blurts out in a nervous but humble voice.

I take Jill's hand. "Let's go see our patient, slut!" I laugh. As the look of absolute humiliation and horror sweeps Jill's face, I add "if I were you, I'd make myself ignore the pain in my breasts rather than show it in front of my patient. Now, *that* will remind you about lying, slut." I laugh again as I'm pulling the door open.

Jill stands shocked and frozen. A light swat of my hand on her bottom, even through her jeans, gets her moving along and gritting her teeth so hard I wonder if she'll need a dentist before her next break.



Chapter II: Oral Examination

Dr. Slut's Office

Jill's next patient is a grade-school-aged boy with a sore throat. He gets a quick exam and a couple of prescriptions.

I'm not really paying attention to him. I'm watching Jill. And now there's something to watch. Something to amuse myself watching. Jill moves slightly slowly now. I can see that she wants to move a lot slower than she does, but forces herself to keep the pace up where no one will notice she's moving hesitantly. She also takes great care to keep her shoulders stiff, moving her upper body only when she has no choice.

But the most amusing part is the way she keeps clenching her teeth for the briefest instant before catching it and relaxing them slightly. Her body stays slightly stiff and tensed as well.

On the way across to this room, I'd warned Jill not to "short-change" her patient just because her breasts were busy teaching her a lesson in openness and honesty. It doesn't look like she does, but it's still a fairly quick exam. Then again, there's not much to examine on this patient.

I'm certain that Jill is heavily distracted. How could she not be? Her breasts have to be throbbing hard and aching worse right now. They're going to be so swollen and deep-purple, almost black they'll look so dark when I unbind them. I know that she's thinking more of the discomfort in her breasts than anything.

As Hannah shows the patient out, and I lock the door quickly behind them, I can see the hopefulness on Jill's face. She's praying that I will unbind her breasts now. That I will deem her lesson learned after a mere ten minutes and one patient. I'm sure she considers suffering through it, having to force herself to ignore the throbbing ache as she went about her duty, to be far more of a lesson than she needs.

Jill inches her way over to the little table as if anxiously awaiting my instructions to take her shirts off.

She makes it about halfway before I stop her. "Your turn, slut Jill. Come over here and let's do your oral exam. Now we'll see how slutty your mouth has been, slut Jill." I order her with a wide smirk on my face.

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Then I watch as her face drops to the floor. Jill moves very reluctantly now. But she obediently inches her way over to the exam table, taking great pains not to let her chest move. It's amusing to watch her try to walk without letting her chest move or her breasts jiggle. At least now she lets herself clench her teeth hard.

Jill slowly slips up onto the table, sitting with her feet dangling off the edge, and waiting. I'm sure that she's now praying that once I've done this tease, I will release her breasts and spare her the torment of having to examine another patient with them bound.

She sits rather still this time. I guess she wants to keep those breasts still more than she wants to fidget around. But I doubt she's any less nervous now.

She faces forward, shifting her eyes to watch me warily as I root through the drawers and cabinets. She about jumps as she sees me pulling on a pair of latex gloves. Instead, her eyes just jump wide. I get out the common implements that I'm after. The same ones she used to check his throat.

"Open wide and say 'AH'" I tauntingly tell Jill as I step up in front of her.

Jill opens her mouth, mostly wide, and says "Ah."

I start by putting my hand under Jill's jaw and pinching the corners of her mouth. It forces her to stretch her mouth and jaw to their widest, opening another fraction of an inch for me.

I use a penlight, shining it into her mouth and looking everywhere. There's not much to see, just a mouth. I release her jaw for a second. "Now did Mr. White use this slutty mouth for his pleasure recently, slut?" I ask.

"No, Ma'am. It's been six days since Mr. White used my slutty mouth for his pleasure, Ma'am." Jill doesn't hesitate to answer. I expected her to be more eager to please me now. She wants something, her breasts freed, and she knows she won't get it if I'm not fully pleased with her.

"So then I won't find any filthy cum in your throat, slut?"

"No, Ma'am, there's no filthy cum in my throat, Ma'am."

I pinch her jaw open again, not even bother to tell Jill to open her mouth. Once it's wide open, I use a tongue depressor to push her tongue down and out of the way. Then I use a little handheld scope to look into the back of her mouth, around the bend, and at the top of her throat. There's nothing to see here either. But there shouldn't be. Even if he had cum in her mouth last night, by now, after her breakfast and coffee, there wouldn't be a trace of it left. I'm sure Jill knows that, too.

I take my time, leaving Jill's jaw held open at full-wideness, her muscles starting to ache from the strain of being so taut. I even take the time to lift her tongue with the tongue depressor and check underneath of it. I push her cheeks out from her jaw and peek in the space between her cheeks and gums as well.

I keep her jaw pinched wide. "Now we'll see how slutty that throat is, slut Jill." I'm sure she's wondering what else I might do in here. I lie the end of the tongue depressor against the tip of her tongue. I start sliding it along her tongue, moving it slowly, inching it deeper into her mouth.

Having something slid into her throat isn't a new experience for Jill. It was one of the first lessons I taught her. How to take the full length of a cock into her mouth. It's a lesson her boyfriend should be appreciating. Although, since he's so far declined to participate in Jill's sessions, I can't say for sure. I haven't seen her swallow his length as she should be doing. But I have seen her swallow a practice cock, a dildo.

The tongue depressor is six inches long. About the length of a hand. Not too long. About the same length as a decent average cock. But it's also nowhere near as thick as a cock is. A cock would be an inch, or more, in diameter. Not an inch across and flat.

I keep it inching its way along her tongue until it reaches the back of Jill's mouth. That doesn't stop me. I nudge her head up a little, straightening the bend at the back of her mouth as much as I can

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without straining her neck. Plenty for this.

I slide it along, watching as the tip of it disappears into the back of her mouth. Now it's headed straight at Jill's throat. I see a little nervousness in Jill's eyes as she feels it moving into the back of her mouth. Nervousness at the unusual and new idea of this going into her throat instead of a cock, the only thing she's felt there before.

I see her body snap lightly as the first gag hits her. She gags again, lightly, from the unaccustomed sensation. This isn't big and round, like a cock that stuffs her. This is just wide and flat, not filling her mouth, but more just there and tickling it.

Finally, just before the tip of it presses into the tightness of Jill's throat, the end of it slips past Jill's teeth. I stop pushing it into her, letting it rest along her tongue. Then I do something that Jill is so not expecting. I push her mouth closed. Fully closed. I even use my fingers to lift her lips and see that her teeth are snug against each other and that the wood isn't visible. That ever speck of the depressor is beyond her teeth.

Jill's eyes go wide as she figures out what I'm doing. She gags, hard this time. I hold her jaw shut as she does, keeping the depressor in place. After a few nervous gags, Jill quiets. I hear her suck very fast and edgy breaths through her nose now.

I step back, leaving Jill on her own. She doesn't dare to move her neck or change the angle of her throat. She stays perfectly still, her chin pointing up.

"You'll be happy to know that your throat looks nice and slutty, slut." I teasing tell Jill. I have to stretch up onto my tiptoes to look straight into her eyes now that she's angling her head up. "As I'm sure you can see, your throat is so slutty that it's deep-throated even my tongue depressor.

"Obviously I will have to have a talk with Mr. White. Either he's gay, or you haven't been swallowing his cock like a cheap slut. If you were, he wouldn't be going six long days without making better use of

your slutty mouth. I'm sure G-d only gave sluts a mouth to serve as a cum dumpster. It's not like anyone wants to hear any words out of it! No one cares what some gutter slut has to say!" I laugh lightly. And I know that there's no way Jill can say anything with it in her mouth. Not even if she tried. It would just be unintelligible noises.

I use my fingers to open Jill's lips, baring her tightly gritted teeth. I put a finger against those teeth in the center as if shushing her. Only then do I pinch her jaw again. This time her mouth eagerly spring open, leaving me to force it only the last tiny bit to its widest. As her teeth part, my finger holds the tongue depressor in place. It's exactly where I left it, lying along the length of her tongue and holding it down.

I take hold of it by its edges and inch it back out of Jill's mouth just as slowly. If she thinks I'm done now, she's going to be surprised. I keep her jaw pinched wide.

I have another, a fresh, tongue depressor. One that hasn't been soaking up her saliva. I use that one to lift the side of Jill's tongue. I lift it gently and slightly, lying the tongue depressor against her teeth and raising the thick pink muscle up just above her teeth.

The last thing I got from Jill's drawers is a pair of forceps. I take those in my hand and reach their clamping jaws into her gaping mouth as I open them wide. I slide the bottom of those jaws along the wood of the depressor. The tips of the bottom jaw quickly bump her tongue, knocking it up and slipping under it. Then I have the jaws around her tongue, on the side about ½" back from its rounded tip.

I start closing those jaws slowly. I like to go slow. It gives Jill the time to think about what's happening and about what she'll soon be feeling. Tongues have a lot of nerves in them. Enough that I see Jill's eyes snap wide with panic as she feels the jaws biting down onto the thick side of her tongue. I keep them closing, steadily pinching her tongue in the cold steel jaws tighter and tighter.

I stop only when I can see the jaws biting sharply into her tongue. I know then that Jill really feels their pinch. And the pain of it.

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Jill tries to cry out, something that might be a very strained "OW!" It's just noise. Trying to make noise does nothing for Jill. Instead, it pulls her tongue against the unyielding jaws, biting them even harder into her muscle. And I'm holding those forceps still, so they're holding her tongue still. It's not easy to make noise without moving your tongue. She quickly gives up on crying out, opting instead to spare herself the added bite of the clamp.

Instead Jill's eyes quickly wet. And she breathes panicked breaths, fast and hard, through her nose. I hold the pinch. I put a gloved finger into Jill's mouth and use the pad of my finger to stroke along the center of her tongue, from the back of her mouth to the tip of it. But not all the way to the root of it, just to about the line of the back of her teeth. It's deep enough to make her fight hard not to gag on it, but not quite down her throat yet.

"Yup, this is a very slutty mouth." I pronounce. "Wide, with a soft tongue that should feel so good on the underside of a hard manly cock. And clearly, this jaw can open wide enough for a good-sized man to make use of it without scraping on those worthless teeth!

"In a moment I'll pinch the other side of this tongue a little harder. That should nicely remind you that your tongue *is not* for talking. Your tongue is there for only two things. To caress a cock. And to be very humble and polite to your Queen when you are spoken to.

"And today, you've been humble and polite only when we've been alone, slut." I close the jaws just a hair more, biting the clamp a touch harder into the soft spongy muscle of her tongue. It gets a good hard wince from Jill as a tear rolls from her eye. "I expect full humility and politeness, slut. I don't care who hears you being polite. I don't care. In fact, I want your patients and staff to see you polite. To see you acting like a proper lady for once in your useless life.

"I swear that all you doctors think your poop doesn't stink! Which, as you just smelled, isn't the case! You're nothing, here or anywhere else. You're just another peasant bitch of a gutter slut. Remember your place, slut."

Dr. Slut's Office

I slowly release the clamp from Jill's tongue and take it out of her mouth. Then I take the depressor out of her mouth as well. I even release the corners of her jaw. "Are you ready to show me you can be a good slut? Are you ready for that biting pinch on the other side of your useless tongue, slut?"

Another tear rolls from Jill's eyes. When she finally answers, her voice is so much the naughty little girl's voice, full of shame and muted to near silence. "Yes, Ma'am. Will you please pinch the other side of my tongue now, Ma'am, harder than you did already? Please, Ma'am? Teach this slut to behave properly, Ma'am?"

"Open wide, slut." I tauntingly tell her. I wait as Jill opens her mouth wide. Then I order her to stretch her mouth even wider. I'm not going to pinch her jaw and force it open. I'm going to make her submissively sit there and welcome the pain.

"Lift your tongue, slut." Jill reluctantly lifts her tongue up and holds it up. I slip the tongue depressor underneath it. Then I have her lie her tongue on the wood. I slip the jaws of the clamp around her tongue and pause.

"Hold still, slut. Do not let those teeth touch my clamp, slut." I tell her firmly. Then I start closing the clamp very slowly. As it bites down into her nerves, Jill tense up. Another tear runs from her eyes. Her face scrunches up even more. She breathes through her mouth, her breaths taking on a squealing whine, but no real sound.

I pinch the clamp into her tongue harder this time, just as I promised I would. I tighten it until I can see it squeezing deeply into the soft muscle. And I can tell Jill is hurting. I hold it there.

"Now remember, slut... remember your place in life. Show your Queen proper deference." I count to ten very slowly. Then I ease the pressure off.

I never had Jill undress for this exam. A moment later I'm leading Jill, and her sore tongue, out of the room. She tries to gather herself and not look like I brought tears to her eyes in here. It's not easy to do

Chapter II: Oral Examination

without her hands. And she looks very unhappy that her breasts are still bound so tightly.

As her breasts throb, I lead her off for the next patient.



Chapter 12: Chest Pain, Part II

Dr. Slut's Office

Jill's next patient is a young girl with a cold. So nothing to get excited about, at least not for me. But I do see the faintest, and briefest, glimmer of hope slash over Jill's face as she listens to the girl's chest. She thinks, and hopes, that it means I will tease her chest now. And if I'm going there, hopefully, I'll have the mercy to unbind her breasts while I'm there.

She doesn't short-change her patient, but once she's done I hear the eagerness in her voice as she ushers her patient out. And I see the hope on her face as I lock the door. Now it's her break between patients as well, so we have a few extra minutes. I'm sure Jill has forgotten that this is also time for her next punishment. She's too eager to get those bands off her boobs.

I see the relief wash over her. Not just her face but her entire body as I tell her to undress to the waist. She moves quickly, or at least as quickly as she can while taking care not to brush against her sore breasts. Something I didn't tell her to do. I didn't tell her not to either. I just to her to get her shirts off.

As soon as Jill pulls the undershirt up I can see the deep and dark purple swollen mounds of her breasts. The bands have done their jobs rather well, binding tightly around the bases of her breast. Those mounds have to be aching her unbearably by now. So perfect. I know Jill has learned her lesson. And it won't leave a mark on her. In a minute or so those breasts will look perfectly normal.

I have Jill sit on the exam table. She gets up rather eagerly, having to slow herself down to keep her breasts from bouncing against her chest. She does not them to move at all. I watch her get up and sit with her hands behind her. Then I root through the drawers. But I take care not to let Jill see what I'm slipping into my pocket this time. It will be a surprise for her.

I return to stand in front of Jill. I glance again quickly at her breasts. "Have you learned your lesson, slut Jill?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Jill answers instantly and firmly, a trace of that eagerness in her voice. "I have learned to never, ever, lie about anything,

Chapter 12: Chest Pain, Part II

Ma'am! My slutty breasts really regret that I lied to you about them being so slutty and aching for a manly touch, Ma'am!"

"Why did you lie, slut?"

"I lied because I was so ashamed of myself, Ma'am. I knew how slutty I was being letting my breasts ache for a touch while I at work, Ma'am. I didn't want you to know how slutty I really am, Ma'am."

"And how do those breasts feel now, slut?"

"My breasts hurt a lot, Ma'am. Now my breasts are throbbing so badly from being tied up, Ma'am..." She lowers her voice, the shame in it now stronger as she adds "and my breasts are so slutty that now they want to be touched, even more, Ma'am."

"Is your slutty pussy aching, too?"

"Yes, Ma'am, my slutty pussy is aching me so badly that it's hard for me to think right now, Ma'am. I know my pussy is being way too slutty, but it really wants Mr. White's attention, Ma'am."

No surprise for me. I wouldn't be doing my job if I wasn't teasing Jill to the heights of arousal.

"You will sit perfectly still until told otherwise, slut."

"Yes, Ma'am," Jill answers with a trace of hope in her voice.

I reach my hand out and stroke along the swollen top of her breast. Now her mound is rounder, the band having squished the top of it as it swelled full with blood. Like a balloon being inflated. I stroke my fingers along the skin. It's just as soft as ever. But now it has a firmness to what's underneath. A firmness from the blood swelling it to hardness.

Jill sucks in a sharp gasp. She shivers hard, trying just as hard to hold still. Her eyes pop wide again.

"Ooh, that breast really wants to be touched, doesn't it, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am... I'm surprised how very good that tiny little touch

felt Ma'am. My breast is being way too slutty, too. It wants more of that touch, Ma'am."

I take the band off of her mound. I can't do it slowly. As soon as I pull the end from under it, it pops off. And as soon as the band is no longer bind her breast, the blood flows again.

Jill breathes a heavy sigh of relief. The darkness in her mound, from the blood, filling it, quickly begins to fade. But her mound still throbs, the soreness pounding through not just her breast, but now into her chest as well.

I wait for a moment. It gives her mound time enough to return to its normal, almost milky, hue. Then I put my hand flat under her mound and heft its couple of pounds of weight back up. I keep my hand flat, the underside of her mound lying still atop it. Jill barely reacts to that.

"Hmm..." I hum softly to myself, but loud enough for Jill to hear it. "Maybe these breasts are sluttier than even I thought. Maybe they *like* the aching, throbbing pain. I guess I'd better find out if those breasts prefer pain or pleasure."

I reach into my pocket and pull out a syringe. This one is in a little paper and plastic wrapper. It's much smaller than the one I stuck her with earlier, too. These don't hold much, and they have very short needles. About an inch long. Very fine needles as well. It's a 30-gauge. About all these are used for are TB tests and insulin. But any doctor has a good selection of needles in the office. One never can be sure which ones will be most appropriate.

I pull the wrapper off the syringe and pop the plastic cap off the needle. Then I hold it up for Jill to get a glance at it. As her brain, distracted by the powerful throbbing in her other breast, is processing the sight, I put the needle in front of her overly-stiff nipple. I don't let the needle touch her. I aim it first. I aim it straight into her stiff nipple, right at the center of the tip. As if it's going to stab through the length of her nub and into her mound beyond.

Jill's eyes see it at the same minute she recognized what I let see.

Chapter 12: Chest Pain, Part II

She obediently stares forward, but her eyes strain downward, trying to see if I'm really going to do this to her. As she sees the needle aimed into the most sensitive part of her breast, a hard, scared, tremble flows over her body.

"Now you remember to hold still, slut. I'd hate for you to have to learn another lesson!" I tell Jill in a teasingly sweet, but firm, voice.

I slowly inch the needle forward. It doesn't take but a second for the sharp tip of the needle to be pressing snugly against the center of the rounded tip of her nub. Pressing hard enough that Jill can feel its sharpness, but not quite stabbing into her flesh yet.

I inch the needle slowly forward. I'm not holding her breast. My hand is nothing more than a table for the mound to lie freely on. It leaves her breast free to move. And her free to move it.

As the needle beings to pierce her flesh, Jill cries out a sharp, pained yelp. She tenses up instantly. A shudder racks her. But she tries hard to keep herself still. At first, the needle more pushes her breast as it pushes against the tip of her nipple. But quickly it has pierced the tip of it and started sliding into the stiffness.

Jill has no choice but to force herself to stay still. To leave her breast, nothing holding it, nothing stopping it from moving away and sparing itself the pain of the needle, to lie on my hand. To lie there, so easily able to spare itself, and accept the sharp stab of the needle into one of the most sensitive places on her body. It's the feeling I wanted her to experience. The feeling of knowing that she's fully, and willingly, submitting to the very unwelcome and sharp pain.

The needle is short enough that it doesn't take me more than about a quarter of a minute to slide every bit of the needle into her nipple. Then, the needle extends the full length of her nub, right into and through its center, and into the mound behind. I hold the needle still, leaving it sticking into her nub.

I count off a few seconds. Her nipple stays just as hard as ever. I point it out. "It looks like I was right, slut Jill. These breasts are the

epitome of sluttiness. They seem to love being stabbed with these sharp needles." I smirk.

"Do you feel the needle, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Jill answers in a very strained and hushed voice. "I can really feel that needle stuck in my too-slutty breast, Ma'am. It hurts a lot, Ma'am."

"Does that breast still want to be touched, slut?"

Jill cries softly. Her voice hushes a bit more, to where I have to strain to hear her. "Yes, Ma'am. My slutty breast is begging to be touched now, Ma'am."

I reach my fingers up, using my thumb and one finger to steady the needle. I use my fingers to stroke along the top of her nipple. The side of the stiff nub, as it's rising off her faintly pink ring. The nub is slightly rough here, too. And it's as stiff as steel. I can also feel a light pulsing in it. It throbs in time with her heartbeat.

But what I notice is the way my touch instantly erupts goosebumps over the entirety of her mound. Hard, prominent bumps. They don't even race out from the nipple. They simultaneously erupt over the entirety. And a very erotic, and even more crisp, shiver racks her body hard. "MM!" Jill breathes out an erotic moan.

"And is that pussy of yours being just as slutty as your breast is, Jill?"

"Yes, Ma'am. My pussy is throbbing and burning me now, Ma'am. It's so unbearable I can't imagine how I am going to get through my day without Mr. White's attention to my pussy, Ma'am. I have never been this aroused before, Ma'am! It hurts, Ma'am!"

I leave the needle in her breast and gently lower her mound to let it hang back against her chest. I let it down slowly so the syringe on the needle doesn't bounce too much. I don't want it falling out of her nipple. I want it to stay there for a moment.

I do the very same thing to her other breast. The same way, too. I

Chapter 12: Chest Pain, Part II

make Jill ask me to put the needle in this breast. And thank me for doing it. I ask her the same questions, too, getting the same answers. Then I make her ask me to leave the needle in her breast a little longer.

Now that I have both breasts stuck, and lying back on her chest with the needles standing out of her hard nipples, with no part of me touching her body, I take just a second to let her feel them. Jill sits almost frozen-still. But her face stays scrunched up, showing how much she feels those needles.

I think about making her pull them out herself. I decide not to, but only because I'm sure that she'll do it quickly and I would prefer it wasn't that easy for her. Instead, I pick one, her left breast, and take hold of the syringe in my fingers. I lift it slightly, watching as first the nipple seems to rise, pulling the loose skin of her mound along with it. Then, once the skin is taut, I feel the weight of her breast pulling against me.

I don't lift her mound by the needle. The needle is too thin for that. There's a chance it would break, and that would be very bad. Instead, I give it the tiniest wiggle. Just barely enough for her to feel it. It gets a deep and pained sucking wince from Jill.

Now I start pulling the needle out very slowly. As I do, I watch Jill's chest closely. I still expect her to sit still. I can see the tension in her straining muscles, especially her stomach, and upper arms. I can hear her groaning "UM!" through clenched teeth. But I see only the faintest jiggle from her other breast.

The needle slips free. A tiny drop of blood wells up atop her nipple. Jill breathes out a deep sigh of relief, but one that's laced with the pain of the other needle. I pause for a second or two, then I take the second needle out. It comes much to Jill's relief.

I toss them in the trash as Jill is sliding off the table and onto her feet. I have Jill turn her back to me, mostly so that she won't be able to see what I'm doing. I'm not doing anything. I just waste a few moments to leave her wondering.

I move quickly to shove my hand, somewhat roughly, down the back of Jill's jeans. She obediently stays still, but she flinches fairly hard and gasps out with the surprise of it.

My hand quickly finds her bra, right where I left it low in the crack of her bottom. I yank it out, getting another flinch from Jill. I hold it up by the clasp, letting the rest of the bra dangle free. I have Jill turn around to face me.

I sniff the bra, exaggerating it, wrinkling my nose, and making some noise. I want her to know what I'm doing. "EW!" I squeal with a note of distaste in my voice, "Why does this bra smell like skanky wet pussy, slut Jill?" It does have a faint aroma of pussy to it. And it's only spent about fifteen or twenty minutes down her pants. I'd tried to push it well down, close to the small crotch of her panties. It smells like I got it close enough.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am..." Jill blushes as she says, "My pussy is unbearably hot, Miss Rodgers. I'm sorry for being so slutty that I let my pussy get so wet that my skank got onto my bra, Ma'am."

To me, that's just confirmation that I'm doing my job and getting Jill aroused. Albeit that it seems like I'm arousing her faster than I'd planned to. Oh well. She'll just have to suffer a little more.

"Open wide, Jill." I switch to a very taunting voice.

Jill opens her mouth, stretching it wide. Jill's always been fairly obedient, but now, in her office, where the absolute humiliation of being caught, and worse, the fear of knowing that the slightest misstep would destroy her professional life, Jill is trying very hard to please me. She's on her best slut behavior. Doing as she's told, and doing her best at it. I've stumbled onto what Jill really wanted. Danger.

I put the bra in her mouth, quickly ordering Jill to bite down. It has the bra dangling from her lips by the center of one of the cups. I walk her over to where her clothes are and tell her that she is to get dressed now. Then I watch as Jill quickly takes the bra from her mouth, and without even a glance at it, pulls it on. Her two shirts soon follow,

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leaving Jill fully dressed.

"Face that wall, slut." I snap firmly at Jill.

Jill turns to face the wall. It has her facing a bare wall just beside the door. I tell her to step forward, putting just the tips of her toes touching the wall. Her breasts are ample enough that they come very close to the wall, leaving less than a finger's width between her shirt and the wall. She keeps her hands in place behind her back.

"I hope you didn't forget that it's time for the next part of your punishment, slut." I use my sweetly teasing voice. "It's time for ten more spankings. How are those cheeks feeling now, slut?"

"My bottom is still sore from the last spanking, Ma'am... they sting, but lightly, Ma'am." Jill answers. I hear an edge of nervousness in her voice. It tells me that she's expecting this spanking to hurt a bit more than the last. And leave her bottom even sorer. I'll bet by now Jill is trying to guess how many breaks, and thus spankings, she's going to have to endure today. And how sore her bottom is going to be by quitting time.

"Stay, slut," I command Jill. I step up behind her and reach around her waist. It doesn't take me long to unfasten her jeans. Jill stands still for it. By now, she's getting used to me pulling her pants down for her.

This time I pull her jeans down all the way to her ankles, letting them lie loose atop her feet. Feet that are almost fully together as she stands, only an inch or two between the inside edges of her shoes. Then I pull her panties down with a sharp tug, pushing them down to her ankles as well. It leaves her lean legs bare as well.

And it leaves Jill standing straight up, not bent over as she has always been for a spanking before. Standing, her globes are slightly looser than they would be if she were bent. But her cheeks are firm enough that they hold their rounded shape. If anything, they seem to swell out a hair more this way. The real difference is under the skin. Her muscles won't be pulled taut. Everything will be looser with more freedom to jiggle.

I get another of the little plastic paddles. As I step up behind Jill, I remind her that she's being spanked for unauthorized masturbation and that she'll be getting another ten strokes now. "You will behave your naughty bottom like a good slut, Jill. Stand still, eyes open, and not a word. Take your spanking like a big slut, slut." I warn her.

Then I swat her left cheek with the paddle. I try to get this stroke just as hard, no lighter, even though I know that it will hurt a little more on her now-tender globes. By the sound of the crack, this swat lands with about the same power on her flesh.

Jill flinches hard from the swat. More than she would have if I had her bent over. She really has nothing to steady herself with. Only her feet are on the floor. The rest of her body is straight up, with nothing touching it. Her hands are behind her, leaving them useless. It deprives her of the support of my body, or anything, to steady herself as it lands. And that makes her reaction all the more noticeable.

I see her body twitch forward. I quickly warn her not to let her body touch that wall. I want her to stand there for this spanking. I see her hands quickly snap into fists as well, they relax just as quickly. I hear her yelp a pained "OW!" from the swat, too. Then I hear a couple of light, sniffing sobs as she pants fast breaths. Now I can see a somewhat brighter pink splotch on the center of that cheek as well.

"One, Ma'am," Jill counts this stroke. "I'm sorry for acting like a complete gutter slut and diddling my slutty skank pit of a pussy without permission, Ma'am. I know it was too slutty and wrong of me to pleasure myself just because I was horny instead of saving my pussy, in all its sloppy horniness, for whenever it would please Mr. White to use it, Ma'am. Thank you very much for spanking my naughty bottom, Miss Rodgers." to me it sounds like Jill is choosing to sacrifice her humility in the hope of pleasing me and sparing herself another spanking after this one. It won't work.

I spank her right globe and watch as Jill flinches so hard she might as well have jumped. But mostly I watch her chest, knowing that if she does touch the wall, it's likely to be those ample breasts that do. And if

Chapter 12: Chest Pain, Part II

she does, she's going to start her spanking over.

The ten swats to each cheek are enough to leave her cheeks a bright, and angry, shade of pink. They're enough to have her sniffing a light cry as well. And to have her eyes fully wet. But only a single tear runs down each of her cheeks.

I pull her panties up first. As I do, I carefully align the back strap, so that slips into her crack once again. And I use the tips of my fingers to position the crotch of her panties, adjusting it slightly so that it fully covers her flat, furry mound. As I do, I take the opportunity to let my finger brush lightly over the top of a lip, and slowly through her fur. It lets me feel just how soaking wet that fur has gotten.

When my finger comes away, it has a light coat of her honey on it. Honey that is thick and creamy, but also oily-slick and very slippery. Honey that has the faintest white tinge to it. And honey that has a fairly strong musky aroma to it. Just as I remember her honey being. And, according to my house-slave-whore Paige, honey that has a moderately sweet and very faintly salty, taste to it. Honey that's always hot on her tongue and clings to her mouth, its flavor lingering for Paige.

I pull Jill's Jeans back up and fasten them for her. I give her all of five seconds to fix herself, wiping the tear from her cheek and tucking her shirttail into her jeans before I have the door open. I have Jill fetch me another cup of coffee. And this time, I allow her to get herself one as well.



Chapter 13: Rectal Exam

Jill's next patient is a younger boy with a bad case of the runs. It's a fairly simple, and brief, exam before she gives his mom a couple of prescriptions and sends them along. I'm pretty sure that Jill is very glad it's a quick exam. As she's tending to her patient, I'm watching Jill. I can see the faint trace of strain on her face that tells me her bottom is getting rather sore from all the light spankings.

But what I notice most is a faint hint of breathiness as she breathes. And just as faint of a note of raspiness to her voice. That announces just how much Jill is feeling that arousal in her pussy. I doubt she notices it. She's not blushing. And if she did, if she had any clue that anyone could see signs of how horny and hot she is, Jill would be blushing like a beet.

As I lock the door, Jill turns to face me. Now I see the most questioning, and nervous, look on her face. As if she knows that she's in for something, and it will be difficult for her. Difficult as in pushing that burning arousal another notch hotter and leaving her to suffer it. And also that she doesn't have a clue what I might be thinking of doing to her. After all, this exam was rather perfunctory, not leaving me much in the way of material to work with.

I tell Jill to lie on the table, flat on her back. Jill fairly quickly does that, more hoping than believing that it means she's going to get an easy tease this time around. I have her lie with her feet almost together and her hands at her sides. I tell her to stay put while I listen to her bowel sounds "to make sure that she hasn't been so slutty that the skank-itis has made it beyond her pussy and into the rest of her." That, I remind her, is a case that would call for a much more intensive treatment.

I unfasten her jeans, pulling her zipper all the way down. I untuck the tail of her shirt as well. I don't have to worry about her undershirt, which ends just above the waistband of her jeans. Opening her jeans bares a small slice of her skin just above the top of her panties. I take a moment to feel that flesh, pressing gently on it as I saw her doing to her patient. Then I use the stethoscope to listen there, hearing nothing but

Chapter 13: Rectal Exam

a faint growling that signals lunchtime approaches.

I tell Jill to roll onto her side. Instead of pulling her pants down again, I listen to her body again just above the waistband of those jeans. This time, from the backside. It doesn't sound any different, but it shouldn't. Besides, Jill doesn't know that I would know if it did. She thinks I'm just playing around, copying her exams to tease her.

"Those bowels sound very slutty, slut Jill. Are you sure that you haven't been slutting with your dirty little bottom, too?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Jill answers quickly, in her hushed and squeaky voice. "I promise, Miss Rodgers, I have not been slutting with my bottom, Ma'am. No one has ever used my bottom unless you made me do it, Ma'am."

"I'll just find out for myself, slut." I say firmly as my hands are taking hold of Jill's jeans by the waist. I move quickly, almost yanking her jeans and panties as I tug them down as one. They move over her bottom reluctantly, still slightly snug on her bottom, but they slide down to bare her bottom. This time I move them down about halfway to her knees, baring the top of her thighs as well.

Now I nudge her knees up slightly. When I told Jill to roll, she put her knees at a right angle, fully bent, as I've told her to do until now. I move them up just a little, a couple of inches, taking her feet up with them. It pulls her bottom a little tauter. But mostly it allows the mound of her pussy to begin peeking out between her thighs.

Jill obediently lies still, staring ahead at a wall. And unable to see any of what I'm doing. I prefer her like that. It leaves her straining to hear, or smell, or whatever, for some tiny clue of what might be soon happening to her. It makes her resist her urge to turn and look, the one thing that would tell her what's coming.

I quietly pull on a pair of latex gloves, skipping the usual snap of them. The snap would be a dead give away for Jill. I'll let her imagination have a few more seconds to conjure up ideas of what's coming. Then I get a single-use packet of lubricating jelly from one of

her drawers. I squirt a little dollop of the jelly onto the tip of my finger.

I step up behind Jill's bottom and lift her top cheek. It pulls her crack wide, stretching her skin gently, and fully exposing the small pink ring of her asshole.

But now, with her waist bent past 90 degrees, it also fully bares the furry mound of her pussy. Her lips are long and moderately wide. They're covered with a thin coat of light-brown-blond fur that's well-trimmed. Even here her bush is trimmed, leaving fur on her lips, but no further. Not into the creases of her thighs, and certainly not onto her legs or bottom. Even the crack of her bottom is completely smooth.

At first Jill's lips meet fully, leaving a fine line of slit where they do. A line that's a light shade of pink. But as I pull her cheek higher, it pulls on her pussy a little, tightening up her skin as it does. That opens her lips just a little. And that bare the edges of her fine, loose, inner folds. I can't see much of them, but I can see the heavy coat of honey clinging to them. Honey that is definitely covering everything inside of her modestly plump lips. At the very back, atop her tunnel, those folds part a scant fraction of an inch. It leaves a clear line to her tunnel, and if they would part just a little more, opening the narrow gap, I would be able to see her tunnel. Now all I can see is the gooey honey filling the space.

I put the tip of my finger against the ring of her asshole. Jill wasn't expecting it. Maybe she feels the air on her mound, knows that I've exposed her pussy this time, and thought that's where I was going. As soon as my finger touches her with its film of icy gel, I feel the ring of muscle almost snap as it cinches to full tightness at warp speed. And I feel a light flinch sweep over Jill's body, almost racing outward from her hips.

I know Jill seriously hates having anything in her bottom. Her bottom hates it almost as much. But her pussy doesn't care one way or the other. Not until Jill is forced to demurely allow it to be put into her bottom. Then her pussy loves it. Really loves it.

I press lightly. It's not enough to push my finger into her asshole

Chapter 13: Rectal Exam

yet, but it is enough that Jill feels the pressure. Jill's been around enough to know that sooner, not later, she is going to be feeling that finger pushed into her tightly resisting asshole. "A very thorough rectal exam is called for. That will prove just how slutty this dirty little butt is, slut." I tell Jill in a very teasing voice.

I switch to my professional voice as if I'm just stating facts. "I know you just hate having anything shoved up your butt, slut. But I don't care. You are going to be a big slut and behave for your rectal exam. Now stop fighting it and relax that slutty bottom, slut."

Jill sobs a few very squealy "oh!s" and squirms for a second. I've taught her how to force her asshole to relax. It's a skill she needs to know to have anal sex without the entry being too uncomfortable for her. And I know that she can do it. I've seen it.

I feel Jill's asshole slowly easing off of its tension. An instant later I feel the still-firm ring of muscle push back against my fingertip. At first, it's like a hard disk pushing back. But it only takes a fraction of a second for me to feel the opening, that thin line at the center of her ring, starting to yield. I feel the rim of the opening. Then I feel the walls of her muscle starting to stretch. And my finger starting to ease forward into the space created as her ring no longer cinches against itself. In a second, no more, my finger has inched forward enough that I can feel the now-rubbery, and still firm, muscle of her ring squeezing gently around the sides of my finger.

"UHM!" Jill grunts hard at the instant that my finger finally presses fully into the center of her asshole. The instant where her muscle is stretched to the widest that it will be. I see the muscles of her legs tensing up, but not her bottom. Her bottom stays put.

Now her ring has opened wide enough to accommodate my slender finger. The lubricating gel does its job, easing the way and keeping the latex glove from dragging over the flesh squishing around it. My finger slips deeper into her bottom. In another second, the first knuckle disappears into her ring.

Jill's gloves, a pair of which I've stolen for this, are the common

white latex. I can see the light pinkness of her asshole contrasting against the whiteness as her ring squeezes lightly against my finger. Against the shaft that's now disappearing into her bottom. A finger that still sliding slowly, and steadily, into that asshole. And I can feel the tightness of her muscle, telling me that Jill has yet to fully relax it.

Jill grunts a couple of more times as my finger slides into her. I have small fingers. But I allow every bit of it to slide into her bottom, stopping only when I have no finger left. When the web between my fingers is flush against the pink ring of her asshole.

I have my hand turned with my thumb downward. With Jill lying on her left side, and me being right-handed, it has the pad of my finger facing toward Jill's front. Towards her pussy. But it also has the backs of my other fingers now lying flush against the furry lips of her pussy mound. And I know that every movement of my hand will necessarily move those fingers. So Jill will feel them casually caressing over those furry lips. Those lips are covered with very wet fur now.

Jill whines a few mute "Ooh!s" and fidgets uncomfortably as she lies there with my finger inside her bottom. I just wait. I'll wait until Jill does as she was told to. It's Jill that doesn't want me waiting. She doesn't have the time, and definitely doesn't want a nurse catching her lying here with a finger up her butt. And that's not counting how badly she wants that finger out of her butt anyway.

I wait. It takes about four or five seconds. Then Jill, realizing that she's going to be lying here until she obeys, relaxes her bottom. I feel it. First I feel the tension flowing out of her asshole, the muscle turning more and more rubbery until it's loose as if it's just lying against my finger and no longer squeezing around it.

Then, deep inside Jill's bottom, I feel the paper-thin walls of her rectum as those too begin to soften. That's smooth muscle, and thus not a strong muscle. But it's strong enough to do its job. As it relaxes, I feel it pushing back, as if trying to empty her rectum. That won't happen with my finger blocking her asshole. But it does two things. First, it widens her rectum, relieving any hint of pressure around my finger.

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Second, it pushes her waste back against my finger.

And that lets me feel that her rectum is decently full. Not over full. Not enough that Jill needs the toilet now, but I'm sure she's full enough to be feeling it and wanting that toilet. And I know that's urge she's been denying, waiting in the hopes that her teasing punishment will be over before she has no choice. Jill hates using the toilet in front of me. She really hates being supervised, knowing that the intimate details of it are being seen. And even more so when she has to move her bowels. The humiliation of doing that with close supervision almost kills her with shame.

Once Jill has fully relaxed her bottom, I use the tip of my finger to inspect her insides. I just wiggle it gently, stroking the pad of my finger over the inside of her rectum. It lets me feel the smoothness of her muscle. And it lets me feel the waste filling her rectum. I take half a minute or so to use that finger to explore as much of her rectum as my short finger can reach.

"Jill Suzanne!" I scold her in a voice I'd use to scold a toddler. "How do you expect me to check your rectum when it's so full? I know I've potty trained you, slut!"

"Yes, Ma'am, you've fully potty trained this slut, Ma'am..." Jill answers in that little girl's voice. A voice that pure shame. And now rings with the uncomfortable grunts that tell me how much she doesn't want the finger inside her bottom. "I'm sorry my rectum is too full for you to check the sluttiness of my bottom, Miss Rodgers."

"Don't you feel the urge to go poopy, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I want to go poopy, Ma'am."

"Yet you didn't ask when I took you potty."

"No, Ma'am... I'm sorry Miss Rodgers, I was too embarrassed to ask you to take me poopy, too. I can't stand it that I need you to supervise me while I go poopy, Ma'am... I want to be a big slut and go by myself, Ma'am, but I know I can't." It's the little girl's voice again, still laced with the strain that tells me she's very uncomfortable with my

finger in her. And more so talking to me about her bottom while it's there. While she can feel me feeling what we're talking about.

"Well, your rectum can't be this full. It interferes with a proper rectal exam. You had your chance to be a big slut and go poopy like a lady. Now we'll just have to get your rectum cleaned out for you, slut." I start slowly pulling my finger back out of her asshole.

I hear the little mewling grunts Jill makes. And I see the tension in the muscles that aren't in her bottom as she strains to keep her bottom relaxed for me. "A good enema should clean that rectum right out," I say teasingly, and firmly. As I do I feel Jill lose control of herself and tense for an instant as she realizes what I've just said.

Then I feel Jill's entire body start trembling. Enemas are not exactly quick. But that's not Jill's most urgent concern. She knows that she doesn't handle them well. She squirms. And she squeals very whiny cries throughout. She utterly hates them. To her, they are way too uncomfortable. I'm sure she's wondering just how she'll possibly manage to handle one here, where she has to stay composed. But as she starts trembling, I feel her asshole and rectum loosen up fully. More so than before. As if her body is subconsciously now trying to be perfectly behaved for me. As if that would spare her the enema.

As soon as my finger slips from Jill's asshole I see the ring squeeze tightly shut. I don't want to keep Jill in here too long, to where someone would come looking for her, so I move quickly to the cabinets. This might be a doctor's office, not a hospital, but I still find what I need. I find an IV bag of saline. It holds a full liter. There's a packet with six feet of clear tubing in the same cabinet. Jill likely keeps it for patients who are dehydrated. I quickly connect the tubing to the bag and find a pair of forceps to pinch the tube off about a foot from its open end.

I lay the bag on the table behind Jill's feet. I lift her cheek high again to expose her asshole. I tell Jill nothing, not even a hint. Nor do I bother with anymore lubricant. I don't need to. There's a thick enough film of it still clinging to the flesh of her asshole. I just hold the tubing in my hand, gripping it a few inches from its open end.

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I put the open end of the thin tubing against Jill's tight ring. I press gently. The tubing is a soft plastic, no thicker than a pencil. But its end is flat, not gently rounded. It leaves the rim of the tube to scrape slightly over her flesh as I push the free end of the tube into her asshole.

"OW!" Jill squeals, muting herself, but not muting the strain in her exaggerated cry. She tenses hard.

I press about eight inches of the length of tubing into Jill, watching as the clear tube slides through the light pinkness of her unwelcoming muscle. It's enough tubing for its end to find the back of her rectum. With just the flimsy tube through her asshole, I hold it in place and still with my left hand.

I release the forceps with my right hand. A few drops of the fluid flow through the tube, but very little. Most of it stays in the bag. Gravity wins. The bag is just slightly below the level of her rectum. Normally I'd just hang the bag high and let gravity take its time to pull the saline into her and fill her rectum.

But now I don't want to use too much time. I leave the bag on the table and put my hand on it. I press gently, but firmly, on the bag. Pressure trumps gravity. The fluid flows through the tube almost as if being pumped. It flows about twice as fast, and more powerfully than it would by gravity alone.

"OH!" Jill blurts out, forgetting to mute herself in her panic. "MM-EE!" I guess she feels the coolness of the room temperature saline against her 100-degree bowels. I see her shiver once.

"OH-OW!" Jill cries out again, finally remembering to try to mute her infantile squeals. She starts squirming rather energetically but holding her motions to small ones. I peek over her and watch her hands wringing together in front of her.

The fluid fills her bottom quickly. It has Jill's squirming and whining ramping up just as quickly. By the time she's taken about eight ounces of the fluid, I see the tears well up in her eye. I don't stop pushing on the bag. Soon that first tear is running out of her eye and

over the bridge of her nose.

I give Jill half of the bag. It's the amount that experience has taught me that will completely fill her rectum. But not so much that fluid will start flowing backward into her colon. That would just make Jill even more uncomfortable while doing nothing to aid in a bowel cleansing. And that's what this is, a bowel cleansing, not punishment. She's only going to be as uncomfortable as it takes for her bowel to be flushed out as efficiently as possible. Whether she can stand that or not.

When she has the half bag filling her rectum, I stop pushing on the bag and quickly put the forceps back on the tube. Otherwise, the pressure of her rectum will push the fluid back out. I don't want that.

I glance at Jill's asshole. It's at fully straining tightness now, squeezing hard around the clear tubing to hold the saline inside. With her muscle clenched so tight, the line of pinkness is very plain as it surrounds the clear plastic. The tubing itself looks clear, but I can see the blackness of the darkness inside her bottom through it.

I gently, and slowly, pull the tubing back out of her asshole. It takes several seconds for the length to slide from her body. As it does, a single large drop of saline seeps out through the opening as her asshole is snapping back to its fully-tightly-closed state.

Jill lies, fidgeting almost wildly without really moving and groaning very squeaky, very desperate, very strained "OW!s" Just as I release Jill's cheek, I can't resist a glance at her pussy mound. It's even more than I'd expected. Now I can see the honey, a liberal fresh line of it that has wept out of her slit in the twenty or so seconds it took me to fill her rectum.

I pull the clamp off the tubing and tie the tubing in a knot to stop it from leaking. I toss that in a decently full trash can where it isn't likely to be noticed. "Sit up, slut Jill." I firmly tell her.

I watch as Jill moves very slowly to roll over and swing her legs off the side of the table. Then to sit with her back straight. Her hands are the last to move as she pulls them behind her. Now, with her jeans still

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around the middles of her thighs, I can see her bush. And I can see the light ripples that flow over Jill's body just atop the line of her bush. I can see her teeth clenching tightly, the rest of her muscles straining hard. Especially her stomach muscles. It's the muscles of her pubes that are cramping lightly. Those are the ones rippling.

I glance around quickly to make sure there is no sign of what's happened here left for the nurses. I don't see anything. Just a very uncomfortable Jill sitting even more uncomfortably on the table.

"I suppose you'd like to ask me to take you potty now, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Jill very quickly says. Her voice is now almost pleading in its desperation. "Will you please take me potty now, Miss Rodgers, I really have to go poopy right now, Ma'am."

I sigh, then hesitate a couple of tense seconds. "No," I tell Jill firmly. "You have two more patients to see before your next potty break. I don't do special trips just because you were naughty. You'll just have to wait." I see a look of absolute horror flood over Jill's face. I've never seen her so afraid, so nervous, and so humiliated, before. "Maybe next time you'll remember to behave instead of worrying about your pride and modesty."

I giggle just slightly. "Don't you know, pride and modesty are for ladies! Gutter sluts have neither! Now be a good slut, get off that table, and fix your clothes. The more time you waste, the longer you'll have to wait for that potty break. Unless you waste too much time and don't have time left for a break."

Jill, still trembling, tries to hurry off the table. The sudden motion as her waist unbends sends a sharp cramp racing through her bowels, rippling the muscles atop her pubes again. She cries out a pleading "EE-OW!" and starts doubling over. Then she stops herself and straightens up. Only now she moves a little slower, keeping the cramping more bearable. She hurries to pull her pants back up. She fastens them quickly, but very reluctantly, knowing that her bottom is going to be trapped in those pants for more than the minute it would take to get to the toilet.



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Jill's next patient is the one I've been waiting for. Not really, I have no clue what's on her schedule for today, and I'm not going to bother to ask. I already know, and can see, that Jill doesn't have any more of a clue about it than I do. Maybe the nurses might have an idea. I'm sure Marcy the receptionist/office manager/girl Friday knows exactly, though.

The patient is a 13-year-old girl with her very first yeast infection. Yuck. I don't care much about the patient. But I do care what part of her body Jill is dealing with. It gives me the excuse I need to go there on Jill. And I was just starting to think I was going to have to invent an excuse. After all, Jill is a pediatrician, not a gynecologist. And right this instant, I'll bet Jill very glad of that fact, too.

But the patient is not what's amusing about the patient. I spend the exam holding the nervous girl's hand. And really watching Jill.

Jill, her bottom full, her asshole straining with all its might to hold the flood of the enema in, struggles hard for every second of it. She struggles not to let her discomfort show. And not to rush the exam, something she knows I'd never let her get away with.

Jill's face still shows it. It's scrunched up just a little more than usual. But mostly it's the very slow, very easy way she moves that gives her discomfort away. And the fact that she goes to great lengths to avoid sitting or leaning over, both positions that would make the enema feel more urgent inside her bottom.

No sooner is the patient gone and the door locked than Jill is standing beside her exam table staring at me with the most nervous and pleading eyes I've seen from her. As if she knows that's she up for some tease to her pussy now. And as if she knows she's not going to be able to stand it with her bottom still full. I've already told her that she has to wait until her next bathroom break to relieve herself, and that leaves her one more patient to go. She knows that once I pronounce a sentence, I will never change it, except to increase it for disobedience. So she will not be getting her relief.

She quivers lightly on her feet. "Now you be a good slut, Jill, and

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go over to the table. You need to take everything off from the waist down. It's time for your pelvic exam. Now we'll see just how dirty and slutty that skank pit is!" I sweetly tell Jill.

I'm sure it's what Jill was expecting. Or sort of. I'm sure she was more hoping than expecting that I might just pull her pants down for it. That would save her a lot of uncomfortable motion and speed it up. But now she knows she has no choice but to obey.

I watch as Jill starts to squat down to get those sneakers off her feet. She gets about halfway down before she groans out a tormented cry and grips her stomach for a second. She keeps going. A little slower than normal. Her shoes, and then her socks end up starting a pile on the little table. Her jeans follow Jill taking them off even slower. Then her neatly folded panties top the stack.

I didn't call her over to the table yet, so Jill stands facing me, her back to the door and her hands behind her back. Her blouse hangs loose and free in the front, but its tails are not quite long enough for her. They dangle just above the top line of her neat bush. Which leaves her curvy hips and flat pubes bare. Along with her lean thighs and legs.

Jill fidgets, more squirms uncomfortably, as she waits the few seconds I make her. Seconds I spend just eyeing her naked pubes, letting her know that I'm just wasting the time as she suffers. Then I call her over and tell her to lie on the exam table on her back. And to bend her knees fully, bringing her feet up close to her bottom. None of her tables have stirrups, so I'll just have to improvise. The same way Jill just did. Then again, I'm sure gynecology is a very small part of what her patients need.

Jill moves faster now, trying to hurry into place and speed her tease along, but also trying to move softly and spare herself the cramps of moving too fast with her bottom full.

I occupy myself hunting through the drawers again. And I find everything I need. Even the gynecological supplies, albeit in the smaller sizes only. I assume, if a patient needed these services and was on the mature side, Jill would just refer her to a gynecologist. Most doctors

would.

I set the supplies on the table just under Jill's feet. Then I pull on a pair of latex gloves. And this time I snap them. With Jill on her back, she's holding her head up enough to see, so she knows what I'm doing. Once I have the gloves on I take the second to push her head back down, laying it flat on the table and forcing Jill to stare at the ceiling. It stops her from seeing anything.

Now I slow down. Just a little, partly dragging it out and partly acting incompetently at the medical aspects of it. I start by examining Jill's furry lips. There's really not much to see. But it does give me a good chance to stroke my fingers through the fur and feel the soft plumpness of her flat lips. And to feel along the fine line of her slit. There, all I feel is the sopping wetness.

I have Jill spread her feet wider, as wide as she can. That opens her thighs fully and pulls the flat mound of her pussy taut. As it does, the very edges of her pink inner folds start to peek out at me again. I run my finger along those edges as well. They're loose, like little flaps of skin, and soft. But they're also fiery hot and drenched in a heavy layer of honey.

Now I use the fingers of one hand to push Jill's lips wide apart and expose the rest of those wrinkly folds. It lets me see that those are also long, and narrow. And loose as they stand up from her pinkness. Everything here is a rather light shade of pink as well. Only now her pinkness is flushed bright and covered in a very thick, sparkling layer of clingy honey. Her folds rise almost the full length of her lips, only flowing together and blending into a short, but firm, knotty ridge at the very top. Almost at the top of her slit, too. From the wrinkly knot, I can see the pea-wide tip of her slit as it pokes its head up from its tight nest. It's about the only thing that isn't the same shade of light pink. Her clit has a slight reddishness to it. And now it's throbbing hard, pulsing in time with her heartbeat.

I put the pad of a single finger atop Jill's clit. That's all it takes for Jill to breathe in a deep, sucking, and sensual breath that's half a moan

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as well. And for her hips to shudder lightly. "Oh, that slutty slit seems to want some attention, doesn't it, Jill?"

"Yes, Ma'am, my slutty clit is being very slutty right now, Ma'am. It would very much like some attention to relieve it's pounding ache, Ma'am." Jill answers. Now her voice has a throaty deepness to it.

I slowly move the pad of my finger over the top of Jill's nub. My touch is very light, so slight that I'm barely touching her at all. I move it slowly. I make a couple of tiny circles over the nub. As it does my finger glides over the top of her steely hard clit on the super-slippery coat of honey. More sliding over the honey than her clit.

I make three circles. Because that's all it takes for Jill to lose control of herself. She moans out a very deep, sultry, and moderately loud, "UH!" Her cry is long and drawn out. And it's pure bliss. Her hips shiver crisply through all three teasing circles.

I stop caressing Jill's nub. "Yep, it seems that your clitoris is being just as slutty as the rest of you!" I teasing say as if stating a fact that I long ago knew to be true. I put my fingers to the sides of her clit. Hers doesn't stand up too high, leaving my fingers along the tip of her slit and the nest of folds surrounding it. I start pinching very slowly and gently. It's enough for the folds of its nest to push downward slightly, baring even more of her stiff nub to be pinched by my fingers.

I'm barely pinching it at all when Jill cries out a short, loud, and urgent "AH!" as a hard, powerful shudder racks her hips. She immediately pants a few too-fast sucking breaths that are almost as noisy.

I pinch a little tighter. Jill cries out again, a lot more urgently. This time her sensual moan is more of a desperately begging plea than anything. And her hips shudder continuously, one sharp shudder sweeping over her before the last has begun to fade. And I see her toes curl down hard. They curl so hard against the table under her that they crinkle up the paper liner she's lying atop, holding it in their grip.

"Hmm..." I hum softly, still holding her nub in my pinch. And that

keeps Jill moaning and squirming. "Excessive clitoral sensitivity. That is one of the surest symptoms of skank-itis!" I giggle very softly as I release Jill's clit.

Jill pants a couple of very relieved breaths. Breaths that are just as frustrated as well. Judging by her squirms and moans, I'm sure both her relief and frustration are from not quite cumming. She's definitely ready to. And I'm very confident that she does not want to do it now, between patients in her busy office. That Jill doesn't want to as much as her pussy needs that climatic relief.

I pick up a clear plastic speculum. It's slightly smaller than the ones I have. Maybe it was made for teenagers or something. I don't see any reason to lubricate its curved prongs. Her pussy is already sloppy wet and her honey is as slick as the lubricant. Instead, I put the tips of the blades to the entrance of Jill's tunnel.

Jill gasps, but mutes herself, as she realizes what it is. And what that means. The blades are smooth and slip easily into Jill's moderately wide, and tautly firm, tunnel. As they slide into her, they stretch her walls only slightly. Once they're fully inside her, I gently squeeze the handle, spreading the blades apart.

It stretches Jill's tunnel open. I don't open her too wide, there's no reason to. Maybe until her tunnel is gaping about an inch wide, about as it would be stretched was it filled with a modest cock. It's enough to let me see inside her tunnel. To see the hotly flushed, pulpy walls of her pussy. To see how spongy soft those walls are over their layer of firmer muscle. I don't have to imagine how nicely those toned walls will snuggle the spongy softness around a hard cock. It's obvious.

It also lets me see that every bit of her bright walls is covered with even more honey. And it lets me see all the way back into the very depths of her pussy to her cervix. It lets me see every last nook and cranny of her pussy, pulling her walls just taut enough to smooth out any folds or wrinkles in them.

And now, in addition to the so-thick layer of honey, I can see the evidence of her sex last night. Not much, but enough to be clear. Her

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honey has the faintest white tinge to it. But I can see the much whiter, and thicker, man's cum. Just little drops of it. But enough of them. Mostly they're around the back of her tunnel, caught in the crease where her walls lie against the outside of her cervix.

"You really are a filthy slut, slut." I tell Jill with a good dose of disapproval in my voice. "The very least you could have done was clean the cum out of your skank pit."

I hold her pussy gaping. I inch my finger between the blades of the speculum, letting me slip it into her pussy without actually touching her. Once I have my finger close to the back of her pussy, I put the pad of my finger against the inside of her walls.

Jill cries out a very hot and needy moan. She shudders again, just as crisply as if I were teasing her clit. The slutty pelvic exam is new to her. So far Jill's only had pelvic exams that were performed by actual doctors. It's the feel of my finger, suddenly deeply inside her pussy, but there without ever having touched the rest of her pussy, that gets her. It's a surprise. And the way I'm using that finger to gently massage the inside of her walls... that's just a pure sweet tease.

"Hmm..." I hum as my finger tenderly massages the inside of her pussy walls. "This pussy is definitely running a fever. And it has such a skanky discharge to it! Two more symptoms of skank-itis! I suppose this pussy is overly sensitive as well?" I don't need to ask. I can see the light twitches in her walls as tremors sweep along its length.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jill answers in a voice that's even throatier and deeper. A voice that's nothing more than a deep erotic moan. "My pussy is being too slutty, Ma'am. It's burning hot, sopping wet, and so sensitive that I can barely stand for it to be touched, Ma'am."

"Oh, it must be screaming for Mr. White's cock, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, Ma'am! My pussy is begging so much for Mr. White's cock that I can't think about much else! If it wasn't for the gallon of enema up my butt, my pussy would be all I could think of, Ma'am!"

"Well, no man is going to want this skank pit, slut." I tell Jill in my

disapproving voice. "In case you don't know, guys don't like their cum dumpsters to be overflowing with cum *before* the dump their load. Only afterward."

I sigh out. "I guess we'll have to clean this skank pit out before we can see just how slutty it is."

From where I'm sitting I can reach the cabinet with the supplies I need in it. I take my finger out of her pussy so I can use the hand. But I keep her pussy stretched wide, holding her open with the speculum. It doesn't take me a couple of seconds to find a long, fat, syringe loaded with saline. The kind that doesn't have a needle attached to it. One they don't even make a needle for. This one is used for irrigating, and sometimes for suction.

It's all I need. As an afterthought, I grab a plastic jar, too. The kind of jar that's used to collect urine samples. I twist the cap off of it. Then I put the wide rim of it just under the bottom edge of Jill's lips, pressing it firmly against the narrow strip of skin between her pussy and her asshole. Her very tightly clenching and straining asshole, I notice.

I squirt the saline into Jill's pussy, aiming the fine jet so that it splashes the fluid against the very back of her tunnel and her cervix. Jill squeals a startled gasping cry. It's just surprise. This doesn't hurt at all. The saline flows along her cervix, then along her tunnel. As it does, it washes away his leftover cum. And a good bit of the honey clinging to everything. I wave the gentle spray around, making sure that I get some of it washing over every bit of her pussy.

The saline runs through her tunnel and flows out. It flows right over the bottom ends of her loose inner folds. And then it flows into the little jar. It collects there. It doesn't look much like clear saline. That looks like water. The saline filling the jar is heavily mixed with honey. And droplets of his cum that float on top of the saline. I empty the syringe, about four ounces of saline, using all of it to douce Jill's pussy as she lies there with it gaping open.

Once it's empty I release the blades of the speculum and slowly draw it back out of her pussy. Her firm walls quickly snug back up. I set

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the jar on the floor in front of me, a place where I know Jill won't be able to see it.

I tell Jill to sit up. She does not move fast. Not with her bottom still straining not to burst. She goes slow as she sits up, nude from the waist down, and dangles her knees over the edge of the table.

I pick up the jar. It holds about eight ounces, and that has it about half full with the dirty saline. It's clear, leaving a good view of just how much honey and man's cum is mixed in with the saline. I hold the jar close to Jill's face, almost in front of her eyes, forcing her to stare at the dirtiness of it.

Then I firmly scold Jill for being a "disgustingly filthy slut." I dwell on her pussy, pointing out how dirty it was, how full of leftover cum, and how sloppy wet it was. I remind her that a lady keeps her body cleaner than the average sewer, and while it appears to be a challenge to her, she should strive to keep hers at least half that clean.

I grab Jill's arm, firmly pulling it around in front of her. I put the jar of saline in Jill's hand. "I have just the reminder for you. To remind you that you need to keep your pussy less disgusting than the average landfill!" I laugh hard. "Drink it, slut Jill."

Jill's eyes go wide. Her nose wrinkles up. For a second a slight greenish pallor floods her face. That's quickly replaced by a bright pink blush as her nose crinkles up even more.

From a health perspective, there's no issue drinking it. Saline is nothing more than water with a touch of salt in it. Sterile water at that. The liberal swirls of honey threading through the saline aren't anything either. It's her own honey. And it's nothing that she wouldn't get in her mouth and stomach by having oral sex with a woman. The same applies to Hank's leftover cum. That's nothing she wouldn't swallow after a blow job anyway. But from a more general perspective, there's a definite icky-gross factor to chugging a cup of douche water fresh from a pussy. Even her own pussy.

Jill moves reluctantly, the greenish hue creeping back onto her

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face as she brings the jar up to her lips. As it touches her lips, Jill freezes for a second. I'm sure she's fully aware that it's safe to drink. But that doesn't help with disgust. She opens her mouth hesitantly. Then very tentatively starts tilting the cup.

She wretches slightly, enough that I can see the spasm at her stomach, as she gets a taste of her dirty pussy. She takes a small sip and swallows it very quickly. She sputters, almost choking it back up. She takes another sip. It puts a slightly sicker look on her face. Then another. It takes her close to a full minute to swallow every bit of the four, or so, ounces of douche water.

It has sitting with a disgusted look on her face. A look that says she's about to puke. A look that tells me, as I wanted, the taste of it is lingering in Jill's mouth.

I tell Jill to apologize.

"I'm sorry for being such a dirty slut, Ma'am. I promise that I will wash my skanky pussy from now on, Ma'am. Thank you for giving me such a good reminder to be clean, Ma'am. I swear, I will never forget how disgusting my pussy tasted, Ma'am."

I tell Jill to go get dressed, she has another patient to see.



Chapter 15: Rectal Exam, Part II

Chapter 15: Rectal Exam, Part II

Jill's next patient is a boy who came in to have a cast taken off his arm. That takes a couple of minutes. Minutes that Jill spent very uncomfortably. She tried to cover it, but I could see her fidgeting from the discomfort as she stood there cutting it off. Mostly it was just a very light squirm in her hips. And legs that couldn't quite stay still. Feet that wanted to shift around under her. I could see her clenching her teeth a bit, too. And I could hear her measuring her breathing as she tried to hold her composure. But all of it was light enough that I doubt anyone else noticed. I only saw it because I was looking for it.

As I'm locking the door behind Jill, I'm sure she's wondering what kind of tease I can come up with now. Cast removal doesn't exactly lend itself to a good slutty tease. But mostly I'm sure Jill is wondering what I am going to put her through before I allow her to relieve the enema. By now, her bowels have got to be aching her badly, swollen to the point she feels they're ready to explode.

I quickly step up close in front of Jill. "I suppose you're being a selfish little slut and only thinking about how badly you'd like to go potty now, aren't you, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am... I'm sorry, Ma'am, but my butt feels like it's ready to explode, Ma'am! My butt hole is straining so hard like I'm holding an ocean inside me! I'm having cramps, too, Ma'am. I'm sorry, but it's making me so uncomfortable I can't think of anything else, except for the throbbing in my pussy, Ma'am. And that's really killing me!" Jill pleadingly answers.

"Before I allow you to go potty, I think we should make sure that the enema has done its job. If not, there's no reason we can't wait until the next bathroom break." I tell Jill in my most taunting voice. "Would you like me to see if the enema has finished cleaning out your filthy rectum, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Jill answers quickly, and certainly, but also with a great deal of anxiousness in her voice that lets me know she's seriously worried about what "checking" might include. "Will you please check and see if the enema has my filthy rectum clean enough that I may go

potty now, Ma'am?" Jill knows that I expect her not just to agree, but also to humbly ask me to do it. As urgent as her need is, Jill isn't going to take a chance on giving me an excuse to make her wait longer.

"You don't mind helping me check your rectum, do you, slut?" I make my voice even more taunting. That should let Jill know that she's not going to like it. Her pussy probably will, but not her.

"No, Ma'am." Jill answers with a bit more uncertainty in her voice, "Will you please allow me to help you check and see if the enema has my filthy rectum fully cleaned now, Ma'am?"

I hold my hand up, spreading my fingers wide. "You will go fetch a glove for me. And a packet of lubricant." It's probably enough for Jill to guess at what I'm going to do. I'm sure she has. It shows. As she steps to the cabinets to get the glove, I see the quivering tremors flowing over her body. She's quickly back with it. I have Jill pull the glove on my hand for me and lubricate the tip of my first finger.

I tell Jill that I expect her to make this very easy for me. After all, she did just ask me to do it. I tell her to lower her pants and panties to her thighs and make sure that her entire bottom is fully bare for me. She does that.

I tell Jill to turn her back and wait as she does. Now she's moving a little reluctantly. I have her spread her feet. She can't get them more than about a foot apart with her jean snug around the middle of her thighs, but she opens them as far as she can, pulling her jeans taut. I tell Jill to lean over. She moves even more reluctantly. Then I have her reach around her sides and pull her cheeks wide apart to fully expose her asshole and offer me unhindered access to it.

She doesn't stretch those globes too wide. I know it's difficult for her to. The wider she spreads them, the tauter it pulls her asshole. Her asshole that's already straining hard to squeeze itself shut tight enough to resist the torrent that pushes against it, ready to burst out at the first instant her ring relaxes even the slightest.

I don't care. I sternly scold Jill to get those cheeks as wide as they

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will stretch. I remind her that it doesn't matter how much harder that is for her. Because she doesn't matter. What should matter to her is making it as easy as possible for me.

She stretches them more. It pulls the pink flesh around her asshole even tauter, stretching the faint wrinkles out. With the flesh taut and her muscle so tense, I can finally see the outlines of the ring of muscle. I can see how hard it's squeezing.

I put the greased tip of my finger flush against the tight ring of her asshole and hold it still, pressing only lightly on her. I give Jill a second to prepare herself. This is going to be rather uncomfortable for her. With her bowels filled so fully, Jill can't relax her asshole even the tiniest bit. If she does, she'll leak. But now her asshole is tensed far tighter than normal. And the tighter it is, the more uncomfortable it is to have something put into it.

I press firmly. "OOH!" Jill groans out in a voice that's pure nervousness. I feel her bottom wiggling slightly as harder tremors flow over her. I feel her ring, now almost as hard as steel, unyielding under my finger.

I press hard. Not gently. Not trying to enter her slowly. I press hard enough to overpower her resisting muscle. I feel her hard muscle fighting. Then, suddenly, I feel my finger pressed into the tightness. I feel her tensed muscle squeezing hard around my finger.

"OW!... OH, OW!" Jill cries out as her muscle is forced to stretch. It stays tight around my finger. Jill pants a chorus of loud, pleading, pained, and whiny, "OW!s" as I push my finger deeper into her bottom.

I feel her muscle squeezing powerfully around my finger, almost holding it still. The grease is just enough for my finger to inch into her bottom. Soon I feel the tip of my finger slip past the tightness of her asshole and emerge into nothingness. There I can feel only the warm, gooiness. My finger touches nothing else as it slips deeper into Jill's rectum.

I again slide all of my finger into her bottom, reaching as deeply

inside of her as I can with my short finger. I wiggle the tip of my finger very slightly. It still feels nothing but the gooiness that's filling her insides. But it does get a very pleading and urgent "UGH!" from Jill.

I arc my finger a little more. It finds the wall of her rectum. Now it's hard and taut. Even that paper-thin layer of muscle has been stretched to the point it has taken on a firmness to it. Then membrane of her rectum atop that feels like little more than plastic Saran wrap stretched out.

As I press against the wall of her bowel, Jill cries out a very strained and urgent, "UGH!... OH, HURRY!" She starts panting very fast and nervously.

I press down a little harder. "You would be speaking, would you slut?"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Jill squeals, her voice so urgent that her words all run together. "Please, forgive me, Ma'am! I just don't want to have an accident on you, Ma'am, and I can't hold myself any longer!"

I reach under her bottom with my free hand and take hold of the short hairs of her bush. I give those a firm yank. It pulls her hips back, driving her bottom against my finger. "I don't care how full your butt feels, slut!" I scold Jill in my harshest voice, keeping my firm pull on her bush as I do. "You will stand there and behave, slut."

"Yes, Ma'am." Jill squeaks out in a very muted version of her little girl's voice. A very nervous version, too. "I will try to behave my naughty butt, Ma'am."

I wiggle the tip of my finger. The finger that's still pressing against the wall of her bowel. Only now, the enema has those walls stretched out to their limit. That has them pressing against whatever is beyond them. Bodies have very limited space inside of them, and none of it is wasted. Where my finger is pressing, it's the spongy firm walls of her pussy just beyond. I can feel them through the hardness of her bowels.

Jill almost screams she cries out so loud. "AH!" Her entire body

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shudders powerfully. Hard enough that I feel her asshole slip along my finger just from the shudder. I see goosebumps spring up, instantly covering every bit of her globes. And every bit of her pussy lips under the fur. I feel the hairs of her bush almost pulling from my fingers. I see her knees buckling.

But what I notice most is her pussy. A hard twitching tremor racks it. I can feel it with my finger, the single tremor snapping those pussy walls hard. It's powerful enough that I see a faint quivering on her lips. And a good-sized dollop of her honey suddenly appears atop her slit, as if pumped out of her pussy.

Jill squeals a couple of more throaty and deep "AH!s" before she fades to panting overly-fast and shallow breaths with a squeaky note to them. My finger is now still. I gave her only the tiniest little wiggle. And only one at that. That lasted about a second. The next ten seconds were spent with her pussy calming from it.

"That pussy isn't being so skanky as to try and cum while I'm checking your rectum, is it, slut Jill?"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Jill cries out nervously, and very embarrassed. "I don't know why, but yes, Ma'am, my skanky pussy is trying to be a complete slut while you're checking my rectum, Ma'am!"

"And that slutty pussy wants to cum?"

"Yes, Ma'am, my slutty pussy really wants to cum, Ma'am. You have no idea how close it just came, Ma'am!" Jill answers in her embarrassed voice.

Now I go slowly as I begin to slip my finger back out of Jill's asshole. Her ring stays at its full tightness, squeezing hard around my finger as I pull from it. It squeezes hard enough that it almost holds my finger inside her. The drag against my finger pulls a small slice of her pink flesh out of her ring, baring a bit of flesh that rarely gets fresh air.

Jill grunts a long, strained "UHM!" as my finger begins pulling from her tightness. It's as if her bottom doesn't want to let go of it. But it's not me her bottom is desperately struggling to keep in. It's the

torrent of the enema that's constantly threatening to burst forth. That would not only be messy, but it would be something very difficult for Jill to hide from her staff. And thus, too humiliating for her.

Going slow is my way of dragging it out. I'm doing that just to make her feel it a second longer. My finger inches out of her asshole. It takes about ten seconds. Then, finally, my finger slips from her. Her ring snaps hard as it instantly cinches back to its full snugness. But even in that fraction of a second, a few drops of the enema weep from her ring before it's tight enough to hold back the torrent again. It's just enough to make her asshole look dirty, without making a mess.

I hold my hand up. Then I have Jill stand up and face me. I have her remove the glove from my finger and throw it away. She makes the effort to ensure the glove is covered up in the trash. I have her do all of that with her jeans still around her thighs.

I remind Jill that she's due for her punishment now. Then I ask her if she can feel how dirty her bottom is. She tells me that she can feel the warm, sticky wetness on her asshole. I giggle and tell her that's too bad, I don't care. I send her to fetch the plastic paddle.

Jill walks the few steps to get it rather reluctantly. And very entertainingly for me. I've told her that her jeans have to stay where they are. Around her mid-thighs, they reduce her to taking very small steps, almost as if shuffling her feet. She also squeezes her cheeks together hard as she stands and walks. Her cheeks are firm enough that they now look hard with their toned muscles tensed so fully. And even more rounded. The hardness gives her a faint dimple at the top of her crack, too.

Jill brings me the paddle, offering it to me atop her upturned palms, even though she knows it's about to be used on her still-stinging bottom. And that it will leave her bottom even sorer.

For her spanking, I come up with a new position for Jill. I have her stand facing the side of the exam table, a couple of feet back from it. I have her lean over, resting only her shoulders on the edge of the table. It's just low enough to get her back close to flat with the floor. I have

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her put her hands behind her back and keep them there. Then I have her close her legs, squeezing them together only enough to hold her jeans up. It has her head lying on its side, giving her a view of most of the room.

I stand on Jill's other side where she won't have a view of me and what's going on. I take hold of Jill's arms just above her wrists. As she stands, she gripping her hands tightly together, as if readying herself for the spanking. I move those hands, lying one hand flat on her back, palm up and the back of her hand on her body. Then I lie the other wrist crossed over the first. It puts her hands in opposite directions where they'll have nothing to grip, not even each other. I firmly remind Jill that I expect her to stay still for her spanking.

I swat her first cheek, landing the blow just as strongly as every other spanking. Only now, her fourth spanking of the day, her bottom is already glowing a medium-bright hue of pink. And that means they're stinging her. Not as badly as her bottom is straining, but enough that she's definitely not going to be eager to sit down anytime soon.

The spank lands with a good crack as it sears a light red splotch onto her cheek. That splotch is definitely going to be hurting her. It's now up to the point where it will be stinging like bees and burning as if her bottom were on fire, too. But only for that little spot. The rest of her bottom, the pink parts, is only going to be stinging now.

Jill yelps out a pained cry that she manages to half mute. She flinches hard, but with her body already tensed up. It makes her flinch into more of a jump. Too bad her cheeks are so tight. It keeps them from jiggling. But those hard muscles are going to feel the spanking a little worse than they would relaxed. Oops. For Jill.

This time the ten spankings on each cheek leave those cheeks glowing a nice, bright, but fairly light shade of red. It's just what I wanted. I want them to slowly get sorer and sorer as the day goes on.

They also bring tears to her eyes. Little ones, and only a few, but enough. And they have her sniffing crying growing into a very light bawling cry now. Not yet like an angry baby, but more of a crying that a

sniffling sob. Enough that it says her cheeks are starting to really feel the spankings. That she's realizing that the lighter strokes with the easy paddle aren't going to mean the end result won't hurt as badly as my whip would. That this is more punishment than playful.

With Jill leaning over, I have a decent view of her pussy mound as well. Her thighs only slightly hide it, leaving her slit and more of her furry lips poking out for my eyes. I don't watch her pussy as I'm spanking her. I'm too busy watching her body to make sure she doesn't move. But afterward, I steal a glance at her mound. Her fur is now so wet that I'm half surprised she hasn't dripped.

Jill stands, leaning forward and sobbing. I put the tip of my finger to her slit. Jill squeals a very sensual, needy, and surprised, "OOH!" that's louder than I'd like it to be. I'm sure it's the surprise of it that makes her squeal so loudly. The fiery tingles shoot through her pussy without warning, and they come so unexpectedly that she doesn't have time to think to mute her squeal.

It also gets goosebumps to erupt on her lips and into the creases of her thighs. And a hard, crisp shudder from her hips. A shudder hard enough that she rises off her heels onto her toes for a second. Then she stands and pants a few fast breaths as she tries, unsuccessfully, to calm herself.

I leave that finger on her slit. Still and unmoving. The gentle touch is enough to keep hot electric chills flowing through her pussy. Chills that aren't as intense as the unexpected first ones, but are still erotic enough to keep Jill breathing squealy breaths that are mostly moans. And to keep her hips shuddering lightly.

"Oh, slut..." I coo teasingly. "Is this pussy being a total gutter slut while you were spanked?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Jill answers in her very embarrassed little girl's voice, only now that infantile voice takes on a throatiness. It's an odd combination, and one I've yet to hear from her. Idly I wonder if Hank has ever heard. Or anyone. So far the little girl's voice has come when Jill was humiliated. The throatiness when she was getting close to

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cumming. But I've never heard both come out in her at the same time. As if it's the humiliation alone that's pushing her to cum. Whatever, it's certainly not anything I'm doing to her pussy. I'm not doing anything to it. Or to any other part of her.

"My pussy is being a complete gutter slut, Ma'am. It almost did cum while you were spanking me and I was struggling not to potty myself, Ma'am."

"Too bad you've been such a stingy slut, slut! Now you'll have to-" I quickly draw my finger down her slit, towards her pubes. It sends a very crisp shudder racing over Jill's entire body as she squeals another loud, and equally needy, "OOH!" "Wait," I say the last word as my finger is gliding along her sopping wet slit.

Jill takes a second to calm herself, panting fast and mousy breaths before she answers very humbly. When she does, her little girl's voice is at its full childishness, and her throatiness is just as powerfully laced through her voice. "Yes, Ma'am. This skanky gutter slut will wait until she is told to cum, Ma'am, no matter how badly her pussy aches for attention."

I have Jill stand up and turn to face me. Instead of telling her to pull her pants back up now that her torment is over, I allow her to ask me to take her potty.

She quickly, and eagerly, asks me to take her potty, telling me that she really has to go both "pee-pee" and "poopy" in that still-throaty little girl's voice. It's the most humbly she's ever asked, and that tells me just how badly she wants to go.

Just to tease her a hair more, I take her by the hand. It's about five steps over to the door, maybe seven with the jeans shortening her stride. I hold her hand firmly and start walking. "If I were you, I'd hurry up and pull your pants up – unless you want to walk to the potty with your red bottom hanging out like a real slut!"

Jill scrambles with her one free hand to pull those jeans up. She doesn't even bother to pull her panties up first, instead leaving the jeans

to crudely pull them along. She barely gets them up and buttoned before I'm leading her into the hall. They're not zipped and her shirt isn't fully tucked in. That more just caught in the waistband, bunched up slightly. Jill keeps her eyes downcast as she's led to the bathroom.

Mercifully we don't pass anyone. I hadn't expected to. Instead, I get Jill quickly to the bathroom.

Then I take my time telling her to undress. Just like last time, Jill is required to strip fully naked to use the toilet. And to sit on it with her back up straight, her hands behind her, and her legs splayed wide to offer a full view of her pussy.

She's also required to ask again, once she's sitting on it, to be told what to do on it. I tell her to pee first, knowing that as she sits, her legs spread, her asshole all but hanging out in the open, she's straining harder than ever to hold the enema in. She quickly pees.

When she's done, I make her stand up and bend over again, displaying her pussy as she wipes it clean.

Only then do I allow her to sit back on the toilet and relieve the enema. It explodes from her bottom, a powerful torrent of icky brownness that splashes into the bowl. A torrent that flows powerfully for almost two minutes.

Jill obediently spends those two minutes sitting very still. She keeps her eyes open and forward, making her see me watching her, and see me watching under her pussy to see the torrent.

With her bowels so full there's no way Jill was able to empty her bladder fully. Probably about only halfway. As the torrent finally begins to ebb, I can see on Jill's face that she feels the need to finish emptying her bladder. She doesn't dare mention it. She knows better. I told her to pee first, and she did. She should have emptied herself then. Asking to go again would be admitting her disobedience. She's not going to do that.

Instead, she fidgets slightly on the toilet, the weakening torrent still gushing from her bottom. It takes another half of a minute for the

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torrent to fade off to nothing. She sits, still fidgeting slightly as her bladder reminds her to attend to it again.

I tell Jill to stand up. She obediently does. I have her bend over and spread her cheeks wide to display her asshole while she wipes that clean, too. It's not that I want to watch. I want Jill to feel the embarrassment of being watched, and monitored, closely as she does it.

And then I tell her to stand up and flush. Her potty break is over. She sucks in a very faint gasp. I know she realizes that she won't be given the opportunity she wants unless she begs for it. I just wonder if she knows that I am aware of what she wants and just ignoring it for now.

I give her a very light pat on her bush. It's also directly atop her straining bladder. I tell her that it's time for her to get dressed now. She squeezes her thighs together as she steps over to her clothes.



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Next on Jill's agenda is lunch. Today the nurses have ordered delivery from Subway. Sweetly, they asked if I wanted in. Subway is not one of my favorites. Their meats, their entire restaurants, aren't kosher. And the last time I asked if they could make a kosher sandwich... I'll just say I didn't feel especially welcome, nor did the sandwich-ista agree to so much as get fresh utensils. Typical fast food. But I do enjoy being sociable, so long as I don't have to offend G-d to do so. I ordered a vegan sandwich with everything, especially the hot peppers, doused in oil and vinegar. Without meat or cheese on it, it's as close to fully kosher as you get in fast food.

Jill got a tuna salad sandwich. I choose it for her. But the nurses don't know that. I just brought our two orders out together as if I'd gotten Jill's and was pacing it along.

The menu is irrelevant. Lunch is still a very uncomfortable, and demeaning, twenty minutes for Jill. That's because of me. As we're walking to the reception area for the food, I remind Jill that she's to behave. She blushes faintly as she hears it, knowing that she's going to be eating with her staff. And behaving as she does.

But I'm out to humiliate Jill, not destroy her career. Thus, the best humiliations are those that only Jill sees. At lunch A simple glance from me was enough to remind Jill to sit up properly, crossing her legs and folding her hands in her lap. I might have made her serve me, but Hannah was handing out the sandwiches and robbed me of the chance. She had to open each to see what, and whose, it was. They were already opened when she set them in front of us. And we all ordered sour cream and onion chips, so she just passed out the bags. She handed out the drinks as well. Sweet tea for me, and diet soda for everyone else. It left me nothing to make Jill do to serve my lunch.

On her best sub behavior, Jill knew that she was expected to wait to be told that she was allowed to eat the food in front of her. I left her sitting for about twenty seconds, not long enough to raise any eyebrows. Then I just nodded slightly to her, giving her permission silently. And I watched the relief flood over Jill's face. Her nurses

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wouldn't hear her needing permission to eat.

Jill also knows my rule about meals for subs. The sub is to eat everything given to her. Appetite is irrelevant. She obediently finished her sandwich and chips, although it looked to me as if she'd have left about 1/3 of it if she could. And I didn't even put hot peppers on hers! Just the typical toppings.

While we're eating, we chat among ourselves. Jill is rather quiet. Very quiet. She knows, if she speaks, she's expected to be polite, and that would be unusual for her. So she eats as quietly as she can. The nurses don't notice anything. Once everyone is finished, I feign eagerness to see the next patient, giving Jill an excuse to get back to work.

The first patient is a young boy who came in to have some stitches removed from his arm. Apparently, the stitches are a souvenir of a playground accident. Boys. They just have to be boys.

It doesn't lend itself toward anything that might be teasing for Jill. And I know she's wondering, as I'm locking the door, what I might do to her now. Or if just maybe I'll let the morning's tease be enough. There's not a chance of that.

I lock the door. Jill stays where she is, near the cabinets, and waits. She watches me, too. I try not to show anything. I just meander over to the exam table and call Jill over for her exam. Without telling her what kind of exam it will be. I have her sit up on the table, but that's a fairly common beginning. It really doesn't off her much of a clue what I'm thinking.

I tell Jill to lie down on her side. That should be a clue. Especially when I have her bend her knees. It should tell her that I'm going for her bottom again.

I reach around to Jill's waist and unfasten her jeans. This time I slip them down very slowly, taking her panties with the jeans as one. Just as the waistband of her jeans is beginning to bare the tops of her cheeks, I tell her "I guess it's time that we finish your rectal exam. Now

that it's so nicely cleaned out, I should be able to see exactly how slutty that bottom of yours has been, slut Jill."

I feel a little resignation sweep over Jill. Then a little nervousness finds its way onto her. As if she's wondering what more I could possibly do to her bottom. As if she's thinking that I've torment that particular part of her more than enough already. She starts fidgeting as her jeans bare the still-red centers of her globes. I bring them down almost all the way to her knees, baring her entire bottom, the mound of her pussy, and most of her thighs.

She's fidgeting only lightly as she lies there, more resigned to another very uncomfortable, but not so painful, invasion of her bottom. I let her lie there, staring at the wall and demurely awaiting her fate as I hunt through the drawers.

I come back with a few things, quietly slipping a pair of gloves on my hands. Then I open a packet of the lubricating gel and squirt it on the tips of the blades of a speculum. It's identical to the one I just used in Jill's pussy a tease or two back.

I lift Jill's cheek high, opening her crack wide and baring her asshole fully. Then I put the rounded tips of those blades to her asshole. Or rather kind of on, and kind of beside, her asshole. The blades are about $\frac{3}{4}$ " wide and 2" long. They're made of clear, hard plastic. Her asshole isn't nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ " - maybe half of that, but no more. The blades press gently against the pink flesh, the line at the center of her ring between them. They press against the ring of muscle, but also beyond.

Jill blurts out a very nervous and fearful "UH!" as she feels the wide blades pressing their rounded tips against her asshole. And asshole smaller than the blades pressed against it. I'm not sure if she can tell what it is or not, but she can definitely feel that it's considerably bigger than the hole it's about to enter. She flinches sharply, her bottom pulling forward a bit. Away from the blades. I expected her to jump, and I was ready for it. I keep the blades pressed against her body. Jill trembles and pants sniffing breaths.

"You are going to be a good slut, Jill," I tell her in a rather stern

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voice, leaving no doubt that I am going to insist on her behaving. "You are going to fully relax that slutty butt of yours and let me examine it in depth. Now, slut."

Jill snuffles a couple of panicked sobs. It takes her several long seconds to really process what I'm telling her to do. For those seconds, it's just the nervousness of knowing something big is going into her bottom that's tormenting her.

It's a skill I've taught Jill, how to fully relax her asshole for anal sex. Knowing that, even if she doesn't relax herself as I've told her to, I will put it into her bottom, and that it will hurt badly if I do, Jill tries hard to do as I told her. She sucks in the loudest, sucking, noisy deep breath and holds it. She pushes back as if straining to move her bowels.

The best part about the clear speculums is that allows me to see everything. It's why those are the ones I've bought for my playroom. I like to see. As Jill starts pushing back, I see her asshole start to pucker out and push against the unyielding blades. I can see the pink flesh moving slightly under the blades. Then I can see the line at the center of her ring start to grow darker, and a little wider, as her ring starts to soften and widen.

Jill keeps pushing hard. I see her muscles tense up as she pushes with all she can. I see the pink ring of her asshole puckering out even more. But the blades down yield to it. Instead, they hold it from coming back. And that forces it to widen even more. In a second or so, I can see the line of darkness widen even more as her asshole begins opening.

Jill keeps pushing. After another second or two, her asshole is finally turned to loose rubber and opened almost as wide as the blades. It's as far as it's going to open on its own. It's also wide enough. It has the dark line opened now to a ring about the size of a dime. That has the blades pressing against the rim of her ring.

It also has her muscle so soft that then blades are easily able to push the muscle aside, stretching it further open, and start slipping into the opening. Their curved tips slide in, and as they arc outward, they stretch her muscle even more.

A second later Jill cries out a panicked "OW!-EE!" as the blades slip into her asshole. I can see the thick ring of her asshole, now pulled tinner as it's stretched, snuggling its pink flesh around the outside of the clear blades.

I keep the pressure against Jill's asshole, watching. Now that the blades have her asshole stretched wide enough, they slide almost easily, and quickly, into the depths of Jill's bowels. At least for about two seconds, which is how long it takes for their full 2" length to be inside Jill's bottom.

Jill pants very nervous, squealing, sobbing lightning-fast breaths. She trembles as she lies there, on her side.

I start squeezing the handles slowly. Her asshole is far tighter than her pussy, especially now as it's stretching. It makes me squeeze harder than I did with her pussy to move the blades. But not that hard. Her muscle is still relaxed enough that, as the blades start moving, they are able to stretch it even wider.

Jill squeals ever more desperately as I keep slowly stretching her asshole wider. I open it until the thin blades have her ring gaping about an inch wide. It's about as wide as her ring would have to open to accommodate a modest cock. It's nothing Jill hasn't felt before. She's had a dildo that was larger than this in her bottom.

The speculum does what it was designed to do. It holds her opening wide and allows me an unobstructed view, and access, into her body.

Jill squeals an unending chorus of "OW!s" as she lies fidgeting and trembling, her cheek held up high, her asshole held wide open. It has her asshole stretched enough that it looks to be pushing up to the backside of her pussy mound. A mound that's rather wet as it lies untouched beside her bottom.

Looking through the plastic blades lets me see the inside of her rectum. And now, with her rectum fully cleaned out, I can see it all. I can see the loose membrane of it, flushed red with blood, as it hangs

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rubbery and loose, tapering in to touch against itself beyond the blades. I can see the folds of the membrane. I can see about three inches into her bottom. Beyond that, her rectum lies loosely closed up and blocks my view.

I use a narrow plastic probe with a foam head on it, slipping it between the blades of the speculum, and using its soft head to gently ease the loose membrane aside. I slip it steadily deeper into Jill's bottom until it has pushed the membrane aside enough for me to see the very back of her rectum.

Jill's whiny "OW!s" take on a more strained, squealing note as I explore deeper inside her depths. She squirms a little more, and trembles even harder. Not much of Jill, other than her bottom, is that still. Especially not her feet and calves.

There's one thing a college girl like me is never beyond reach of. Her phone. I slip mine out of the pocket of my scrub pants. Like everyone else, I'm an expert at using mine one-handed. And one hand is all I need to hold the probe in place, lifting the rubbery loose wall of her rectum for a clear sightline.

"Ooh..." I coo tauntingly sweetly. "Now I can see all the way to the very back of your rectum! You have no idea how hot and slutty it looks!" It looks like every other rectum out there, only a bit cleaner. I'd bet Jill knows it, too. Although I'd bet just as heavily her so-uncomfortable brain isn't letting her think that.

I hold my phone up close behind Jill's gaping asshole. I snap a quick picture. My iPhone makes that shutter sound and the flash flashes brightly. The picture on my screen freezes, showing me the image I just captured. It's sharp, in focus, and with the flash, it shows all the way to the back of her bowels. It even shows the white plastic probe as it extends up her rectum and holds her walls up to open the sightline. I grin at the picture.

Jill almost jumps off the table as she hears the shutter. She must recognize it and know what I've done. I'm sure she's wondering just what use I have for a picture of the inside of her butt.

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I push the foam head of the probe a little further into her bottom, putting it very gently against the back of her rectum. That's a place with plenty of nerves. A place she's going to feel it. Even now, with only the slightest of pressure.

"Let's start with something simple. Let's see just how deep this slut hole of yours is," I tell Jill in a detached, professional voice. I let the side of the probe lie against the side of her rectum, and against the side of her asshole between the blades of the speculum. That way she can feel it. I press on it, pushing it's tip a little more firmly against the back of her rectum. I push just hard enough for the pressure to send a weak cramp through her. Then I use a pen to draw a little line on the probe, letting Jill feel the pen as it strokes over the outside of her asshole, marking the plastic.

Jill grunts a very hard "UGH!" as she feels the probe pushing against the back of her insides. I see her knees snap, pulling up another inch or so towards her breasts as the cramp makes her tense up. I take my time, carefully marking the probe at the outside edge of her ring. Jill grunts away and fidgets harder.

I pull the probe out of Jill's bottom and lie it on the table behind her feet.

I thread my gloved finger between the wide jaws of the speculum taking care not to touch Jill's body. By the time I touch her, the tip of my finger reaching back the three inches to where her rubbery walls are hanging together, my first touch is already deep inside her bottom. The surprise of it gets a little squeal from Jill.

I press my finger against the walls of her inside, now feeling how loose and soft they are. Now there's nothing in my way. There's nothing in her bowels. The enema just washed it all out. It lets me feel the rubberiness of those walls. Even the paper-thin layer of muscle lining the outside of the walls is soft and relaxed now.

I press a little harder, the pad of my finger pushing against her insides just beyond the blade of the speculum. I have my hand turned so that the pad of my finger is pushing towards Jill's bush. I can so easily,

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and fully, feel the walls of her pussy just beyond the thinness of her rectum. They'd be hard to miss. They're hot. They're both soft and firm, like a hard but wet sponge. But mostly it's the twitches. Like hundreds of little snaps as icy-hot sparks erupt throughout her walls, each one teasing a nerve and getting the muscles to spasm at the pinpoint where it's teasing her.

I glance off to the side, eyeing Jill's pussy mound. I can't see the honey flowing, but I can see how her slit is sopping wet. And as the seconds tick off, I can see her fur getting wetter and wetter with each one. I can see the goosebumps, hard and prominent as they stand up, covering her lips under her fur as well.

I wiggle the pad of my finger. Jill screeches a very needy, and erotic, "OOH!" as a crisp tremor flows over her body, racking her with a shudder from head to toe. I keep my finger caressing her insides, moving very slowly and softly over her walls. Jill screeches a couple more "OOH!s" each one sounds needier than the last. Jill's knees snap, pulling them up as far as they'll rise until they're almost touching her breasts.

I scold Jill very harshly for that. I tell her that it's just too slutty for even a whore to be pulling those knees up to offer her bottom up for a rectal exam. It's not like it's sex. I scold Jill until she moves her quivering legs back into place as if she's sitting. Then I sternly remind her to stop acting like a whore and behave for her rectal exam.

I kept my finger stroking Jill's insides while I waited for her to get back into position. It, along with having to reposition herself the way I want her instead of the way her body wants to be, has gotten goosebumps to sprout up about everywhere. Now they cover her globes, the tops of her thighs, her pussy mound, and even her hips. I glance over Jill and see them on her stomach just above her pubes, too, until her shirt blocks my sight.

"Does this slutty butt of yours want a huge cock to fuck it, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Jill answers. I'm not quite sure how to describe her voice. It's so throaty it's barely more than a raspy breath. But it has the

strongest little girl tone to it. "My slutty butt would absolutely love for a huge cock to fuck it hard right now, Ma'am."

"Would it like a cock that stuffs it as full as it can be while it fucks that skanky butt?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers, my slutty butt would love the biggest cock that will fit in it to stuff it full and pound it good, Ma'am."

"Does that slutty butt want to cum, too, slut?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Rodgers! My slutty butt would do about anything to cum right now, Ma'am! I am so close that I can stand it, Ma'am. I can even feel my pussy twitching hard and burning like fire, Ma'am!"

"Then I guess we should find out just how much cock it will take to stuff that butt fully. Would you like me to stretch your anus all the way to widest and see how much cock it will take slut?"

I don't hear any nervousness in Jill's voice. Just a faint tinge of resignation over a very needy plea. "Yes, Ma'am, will you please stretch my anus as wide as it will possibly go so you'll know how much cock it will take to stuff me to my limit, Ma'am?"

I squeeze the handles of the speculum again, opening her asshole very slowly. AS the blades open again, I watch through the clear plastic. It lets me see the pink flesh of her asshole as the blades widen and pull it taut. By now all of the faint wrinkles have already been pulled out of her flesh. As the blades open, her ring thins slightly more. With just my finger through her asshole, the muscle is about as thick as my finger is wide. Now it's about ¼ of that thickness. As I see her flesh begin to strain from the tautness I stop opening the blades.

It has her asshole gaping wide. I take a little ruler and measure the gap between the outside edges of the blades. Since the blades are straight, the gap will be the same where they're passing through her asshole.

Jill lies there, squirming sharply, but lightly, and grunting strained "UM!s" as her asshole is held wider than it's ever been opened before. I

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can see the tension in her muscles, as well. Except for the muscles of her bottom. Those are so relaxed that the walls of her rectum sag down and slightly into the gap between the tips of the blades.

"How slutty is this bottom, slut? Just how wide of a cock do you think it wants, Jill?"

"I don't know, Ma'am!" Jill urgently blurts out in her throaty-squeaky voice. "I'd guess my bottom is really slutty, Ma'am, and wants a nice cock that's maybe... an inch thick, Ma'am?"

I laugh hard, and I take my time laughing at her. With the laugh still ringing in my voice, I tell Jill, "you so underestimate your sluttiness, Jill! You aren't a gutter slut, you are a disgusting skanky gutter slut! Your bottom wants a cock that's an inch and five-eighths thick, slut! Isn't that like so huge? Your butt is as open as a pussy should be for a cock!"

I leave the speculum holding her asshole wide for a second. I use the same narrow metal ruler to measure the probe, from its tip to the pen line on it. 8 ½". "I know your slut hole here wants that cock to go all the way to the very back of it. Care to tell me how much cock that will take, gutter slut?"

"I don't know, Ma'am..." Jill insists. "I'd guess around six or seven inches, Ma'am."

I'm sure Jill has just relied on her experience and guessed how deep her rectum is. "Oh, you're still trying to pretend you are the skankiest slut ever scraped out of that gutter, aren't you, slut?" I giggle. "Your bottom is so slutty that it wants eight and a half inches of cock up it. That would call for a real man, to have a cock big enough for your butt. See what happens when you get too slutty? You wear your body out so much that no ordinary man will want it!"

I slowly start relaxing the blades of the speculum, allowing Jill's asshole to close back up as they release. Then, once the blades are fully closed, I pull them out of her bottom. Her asshole gapes for a moment, slowly cinching back to it's tightly clenched closed.

Jill lies there, the trembling fading as she pants her relief, while

her asshole closes back up.

I leave her to lie there while I open an alcohol wipe. Once her asshole is tensed again, I wipe the lubricant off of her ring. Then I toss everything in the trash and tell Jill to sit up on the table. I don't tell her to fix her pants.

I leave her sitting there a minute. Then I have her thank me for giving her such a thorough rectal exam. I watch her cringe slightly, and blush brightly, as she does. I tell her to stand up.

Once Jill is on her feet, I move suddenly. I grab the hair of her bush and use that as a leash to spin Jill around so that she's facing the exam table. Then I shove her face forward. On the white paper lining the table, there's a decent, oval-shaped, wet spot right where she was sitting. I call it a pussy print. I mockingly scold Jill for her sluttiness, pointing out that she is "so slutty that she let her pussy skank all over the table that her next patient is about to have to lie on!" I scold her that she can't be skanking all over everything. It's far too slutty to leave pussy prints everywhere she sits.

It gets Jill blushing as deep red as a beet. Finally, I let her pull her pants back up, teasing her that now she's acting so slutty that by the end of the day her panties are going to be soaking wet.



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Jill's next patient is a 12-year-old boy who is slightly on the chubby side of chubby. Since he has a bag of chips in his hand, I suspect the cause. As does Jill. She lectures his mother on proper nutrition, a lecture that seems to go in one ear and out the other. That makes me want to whip some sense into the woman, rather literally. It's a technique that I think might be effective, or at least justified. But I don't. I stand there and don't say anything as I watch my slut.

Jill barely examined the boy. I doubt she needed to. His symptoms were fairly plain. In a year or two, he'll be diabetic. But she did order a urine sample, sending the boy off with a jar to fill and leave at the desk.

As I lock the door, I'm sure Jill is wondering what I'm going to do to her this tease. Her wary eyes tell me that she's conjuring up all kinds of horrors. More so since she doesn't see how her brief exam left me an opening. But I see it.

I tell Jill to take her jeans off and come sit on the table. Then I watch her closely as she undresses. She comes over and sits on the edge of the table. By now she's come to expect this much. I'm sure she can guess that I'm going to tease her somewhere that requires her panties to be off, but that's about all she's guessing. It's enough to have her fidgeting slightly.

With Jill sitting there, her shirts still on and her naked legs dangling off the edge of the table, I stand in front of her. "I guess it's time to get your urine sample, slut. I suppose that will be as filthy as the rest of you..." I watch as a faint tinge of relief sweeps onto Jill's face. She's thinking only of wanting to pee and seeing it as a relief. Peeing into a cup is better than holding it. Either way, she knows, she's going to be closely watched.

I leave Jill sitting there as I go hunting through her cabinets. But I do remind her to sit still. And that keeps her facing forward, staring across the room. The cabinets are at the foot of the table. It has them slightly behind her back. And out of her sight. She can't see what I'm getting. I put everything into a bedpan that I find, hiding it from her for

a few extra seconds.

I turn, standing at the foot of the bed, to face Jill's side. I firmly tell Jill to lie on her back and lie properly. Then I watch as the questioning nervousness sweeps over Jill's face. She thought she was going to be peeing now. She expected to be left sitting for that. Or maybe told to stand. I'll bet in her surprise she's wondering why I'm having her lie down.

Jill pulls her legs up onto the table. As she moves them, I can see the nervous fidgeting already beginning. I'm sure she's figured out that she isn't going to like whatever I have in mind. So far, she's hated everything. Especially the in-depth rectal exam. Only her pussy has liked any of it. And that's the part of her I care about liking it.

As she moves hesitantly I firmly snap for her to hurry up. It jolts her into moving faster, but it also ramps up that nervousness. I keep snapping stern commands for her to hurry along and lie on her back. Then to bend her knees, putting her feet on the table, and opening her legs wide to "show me her filthy pussy." I don't give Jill much time to think about why I'm telling her to do these things. I snap the commands to speed up quickly.

Now that Jill is in place I quickly snap a pair of gloves on my hands. I don't think that's much of a surprise to her. If pee is going to be involved, she knows my hands will be gloved. I'm not getting that on me.

Maybe she recognizes the sound of the paper packet being pulled open. But even if she does, so much stuff comes in these packets that it's no clue what I'm opening. The first packet is just another of the alcohol wipes. The second is just a touch of lubricating gel.

The last packet I pull open is a catheter. I tend to prefer the thicker ones. Subs feel the fatter tubes so much better. But Jill seems only to have the narrower ones in her office. I've settled on the widest one she has, a #20-French. As I'm opening it, I hold it down where Jill won't see it. I try to watch her, making sure her eyes stay on the ceiling where she won't see anything. But I am not naive. I know that Jill trying to angle her eyes in their sockets and sneak a peek in. She always does.

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She hates not knowing!

And that's why I don't tell her this time. Instead, I just use my gloved fingers to efficiently spread her lips wide open and bare all of her inner pinkness. Now I use the alcohol wipe to clean her pinkness, wiping away all of the honey there.

Jill shrieks as the icy wipe touches her hot pinkness. She jumps, her bottom scooting back an inch or so on the table, wrinkling up the paper underneath her as she drags it along. She tries to cover her sharp cringe, quickly pulling her feet up. She pants more of those almost raspy nervous breaths as she lies. She fidgets those hips hard as the cold wipe cleans off the thick layer of honey clinging to everything.

I berate Jill, telling her that it hasn't been very long since her pussy was wiped clean, and already her extreme sluttiness has it so fully skanked up. Like a trashy gutter whore. As if her brain can think of getting a cock in that pussy.

It's obvious that Jill doesn't notice the way I'm spreading her long, loose, inner folds wide. To her, it's as if I'm just wiping away more of the honey and being thorough about it. Spreading those folds exposes the entrance of her tunnel, letting me see just how wet that is. It also bares the narrow hole that's the opening of her urethra. That hole is harder to find, the looseness of her pink flesh around the entrance of her tunnel allowing the flesh to gently wrinkle up enough to cover it. I wipe that fully, covering my actions by doing it as I wipe around the entrance of her pussy.

I leave my fingers holding her inner folds spread their widest. It has the flesh around her pussy stretched fairly taut, enough to pull out the folds and reveal the hole, but not so taut as to take the looseness out of it. I doubt Jill has figured anything out yet. She lies, fidgeting and mewling soft whines.

I squirt a tiny dollop of the lubricant on the tip of the catheter. I'm using the standard, regular lubricant. The stuff that can be bought at Wal-Mart in tubes. Not the lidocaine infused version of it that is usually used for this. That prescription-only gel dulls the pain. But only

a nurse would know that, and I'm still hiding my knowledge. Besides, I'd prefer Jill to feel this fully.

I'm using an ordinary Foley catheter. It's a latex tube about 18" long with a Y at one end. At the other end, the end I just lubricated, there's a stiffness to the first couple of inches of the tube. And a rounded tip at its point. There's also a narrow band of latex around the outside, like a balloon, that can be inflated through a smaller tube running inside the wider one. At the Y-end there are two ports to connect things to the tubes, a smaller one for the inner channel and a larger one for the main channel. This one also has a little plastic clamp pinching off the tube.

I move quickly before Jill can start thinking of what's happening. Inserting one isn't hard. It's a simple matter of putting the rounded tip of it to the opening of Jill's urethra and pushing. The catheter is wider than Jill's opening, maybe double its width. But a urethra is a very rubbery tube and will easily stretch to accommodate the catheter.

"AH!" Jill screeches in a pure panic as she feels the stiff tip and cold gel pressing against her opening. She instantly tenses up, her muscles almost as hard as steel. Beside her, I see her hands grip the edges of the table, already squeezing as hard as they possibly can.

I push. The tip slips easily into Jill's body, her urethra offering little resistance or drag as it stretches around the latex.

Jill feels it. It's not pleasant. She screeches a fairly loud "UGH-OW!" as it starts sliding into her body. Her bottom flinches back a little more, but that does nothing for her. She takes the tube right along with her.

It only takes a second or so for it to slip the few inches through her urethra and bump against the bottom of her bladder. I can feel that. It's like hitting a stiff rubber wall. It just takes more pressure. I feel the tube "pop" through and the slip almost as easily into her bladder. I slide it maybe an inch into that, then stop, holding it still.

Jill pants a very heavy sigh of relief. Now that it's into her body,

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she won't feel it. All she has to suffer is a quickly fading soreness in her tube from the catheter sliding through it.

As Jill calms herself, I attach a small syringe to the smaller port. It's filled with sterile water. I push the plunger, sending the sterile water through the inner channel to inflate the balloon band of latex. Once I have it fully inflated, I twist the syringe off that port. And I give a light tug on the catheter. It moves a small fraction of an inch, then stops. The inflated balloon will ensure it stays where I put it until I remove it.

I drape the free end of the catheter, the wider main channel of the Y, over the rim of the kidney-shaped bedpan. Then I release the clamp on it. Instantly a moderately dark stream of golden pee begins to flow through the tube and into the pan.

Jill lies there, mostly still, cringing slightly, and panting soft, but especially whiny, "MM!s" She can't feel herself peeing. Not exactly, anyway. Instead, she can only feel the lessening pressure inside her bladder. The fading of her strong urge to empty.

I pinch the clamp, closing it about halfway to slow the flow through it. "Let me just make sure that tube is where it should be..." I teasingly coo. Then I slip a finger into Jill's pussy.

I have my finger turned with its pad up, facing her bush. I lie my other hand flat atop her bush. Then I press upward slightly with my finger. At first, I just feel the firm sponginess of her soft pussy walls. The fiery heat in them. And even the sharp twitches of the sparks erupting throughout them. As I press just a bit more, I can feel the stiffness of the tube that her tube stretched and stuffed.

I suspect Jill can feel that. I hear her breathing growing quickly measured as if she's fighting not to show something. I stroke the pad of my finger lightly along the length of the stiff tube, massaging the slice of pussy I have trapped between my finger and it.

A very deep and throaty "OOH!" suddenly comes from Jill's now-gaping-wide mouth. She shivers crisply, drawing out her moan.

I give the wall of her pussy, and its hungry nerves, a second stroke

of my gentle finger, watching a Jill shivers even more crisply. Then I slowly pull my finger out of her pussy, keeping it softly snug against the stiffness all the way. It keeps Jill shivering hard and purring her raspy moan.

I only have to wait a couple of more seconds until the flow ebbs to nothing, Jill's bladder now fully drained. "Hmm..." I hum as if I'm pondering something grave. "almost 300 milliliters. It seems like some slut was a naughty bitch and didn't empty her bladder when I told her to pee. You wouldn't know which slut that was, would you, slut?"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Jill blurts out quickly, every bit of the little girl back in her voice. "I thought I had peed all of it out, Ma'am... but then after I went poopy I had to pee again, Ma'am, and I knew you'd be disappointed in me for not peeing properly the first time, so I didn't tell you I had to pee again, Ma'am."

"You know you should have told me you had to go pee-pee again, don't you, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jill confesses in the voice of a girl caught with her hand in a cookie jar.

"Well, now I have to teach you a lesson, slut. You know you have to a big slut and behave." I don't tell her what those consequences are going to be. But I watch Jill cringing hard anyway. She knows it's going to be very bad.

I get a large irrigation syringe that's filled with 450 ml of saline. It's one and a half times what I just drained out. I twist that syringe onto the wide port of the main channel of the catheter. And I start slowly pushing the plunger. Very slowly. That's the thing about catheters. They're just tubes. Stuff can flow both ways through them.

At first, Jill doesn't feel anything. During those few seconds, I put the pad of my finger snugly atop Jill's straining-hard clit and press softly on it. That gets a very urgent and erotic squeal from Jill. The squeal gets me to scold Jill to lie still lie. She tries to still, her hips trembling only slightly, as she purrs urgent little "OOH!s" from just the unmoving

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pressure against her nervy little nub.

As her bladder slowly fills, Jill begins to feel it. Not the filling itself, but the returning urge to pee. An urge that slowly builds back up. That's when she realizes what I'm doing to her. I'm filling her bladder. I'm making her need to pee again. The same uncomfortable urge I just relieved.

I keep the light pressure against Jill's clit, taking care not to let my finger move as I press softly. It takes a few more seconds. But eventually, Jill's bladder gets about half full. And that's just uncomfortable enough to get a very light squirming fidget in her hips. A squirm that her clit grinding lightly against my unmoving finger. Even that tiny motion is enough to send powerful bolts of tingly arousal shooting from her clit, racing through her pussy, and up her spine. Chills that do only one thing, and that's to get her squirming a little more.

Her bladder continues filling, now growing slightly unpleasant for Jill. That too adds to the squirming. And thus to the hot sparks teasing out of her clit. And gets her squirming harder.

Steadily Jill's moaning "OOH's" morph into very throaty-deep, and desperately urgent, "UH's" cried out loudly, Jill having forgotten where she is. Her sharp, deep grunting moans could have come from the soundtrack of any porno movie. As if she were getting a good fucking.

I hold my finger there, watching the goosebumps erupt on her lips and pubes. And then my syringe runs dry. It's enough to have her bladder filled almost to its capacity. To the point where it is straining hard and urging her to pee with all of its strength. And almost burning her lightly as it strains.

I take my finger from Jill's clit. She pants a few needy breaths as I clamp the catheter off and twist the syringe off of it. I reconnect the smaller syringe and quickly deflate the balloon band, something Jill won't feel happening.

"EE-OW!" Jill screeches out as I yank the catheter from her with a single, fast, hard tug. Jill has no warning that the light pain is coming.

One second she grunting little whines of “UGH!” over her too-full bladder, and the next instant she’s feeling the light slicing pain of the catheter pulling fast through her urethra again.

Jill pants a few fast breaths as soon as it slips from her body. They’re laced with relief, but they’re also laced hard with the unpleasantness of the strain in her bladder. I toss the catheter into the trash.

I tell Jill that she is to sit up now. She does, groaning out loudly with the discomfort of her too-intense urge to pee. It slows her a little, taking her a few extra seconds to get up.

I tell Jill that her full bladder will make an excellent reminder that she needs to ask when her bladder needs to be relieved, not try to cover it up and pretend she behaved when actually she's been naughty. She assures me that the over-fullness is unpleasant enough that she will not forget this lesson.

I tell her to get on her feet. Then she gets the task of emptying her bedpan. And she doesn’t get gloves. Once it’s empty I tell her to go get dressed. She only has one more patient until it’s time for her potty break. Then, I’ll decide if she’s learned her lesson, or if another round of patients will teach it to her better.



Chapter 18: Strip Search

Chapter 18: Strip Search

I stay with Jill for the entire day. Until she's seen her last patient at 4:00. By then her bottom has suffered 90 strokes of the light plastic brush-like paddle. Those have her bottom glowing a very bright red, even after they're finished. Of course, she got them 10 at a time over the entire day. There's no question that her bottom is stinging her powerfully as if she were sitting on a hive of bees.

As Marcy is getting ready to leave, the last of the three employees, I tell her that I want to ask Jill a few more questions. Then I turn to Jill and sweetly ask her "you don't mind just a few more questions, do you?" I lace just enough tease in my voice that Jill knows better than to object. She very politely says "I'd be glad to... Miss P. Rodgers" using the name embroidered on my scrubs with a wide, teasing grin on her face. I'm sure that's just her way of covering up the required politeness of her answer. But now that it's quitting time, Marcy is more interested in getting home than whatever Jill has to say. She's quickly gone.

It leaves Jill and me alone in the office. The waiting room is already dark, too. But the staff has left the lights on in the back, where the exam rooms and Jill's office is located.

I wait quietly as Marcy slips out the door, locking it behind her now that the office is closed. Then I grab Jill's hand and hold it snugly. "Come along, slut," I tell her firmly, offering her no hint of where we're going or why. I lead her back to the closest exam room.

This time I don't even bother to shut the door. We're alone in the office so there's no reason to. I tell Jill to stand in the center of the room. It's not the biggest room, but it is big enough that with her in its center, everything is just beyond her reach.

"And now, we are going to deal with that way-too-slutty skank pit of yours, slut. I think the sloppy skankiness we've been seeing all day is proof enough that you've been thinking of little besides your pussy. It's high time that you learned how to behave like a proper peasant slut that your Queen so kindly scraped from her gutter and tried to teach to act like an actual person.

"Your extreme sluttiness makes clear that you need a refresher lesson in minding your manners. And your pussy. That pussy exists only to serve me and pleasure whomever I deign to share that sloppy thing with. It does not exist for your slutty pleasure. I'll just have to remind you to ignore your obscene excessive horniness and use your body instead for the pleasure of others, whatever that might mean for that slutty thing.

"Now get undressed from the feet up, slutty Jill," I tell her firmly. I keep my eyes fully on Jill, letting her know that I'm going to be watching her very closely as she takes her clothes off. Unlike the other times I've told her to undress today, this time there's nowhere for her to put her clothes. And unlike the other times, now I have her undressing from the bottom up instead of the head down.

She starts with her shoes, tucking those laces in. With nowhere to put her things, the choice is obvious. She holds her shoes out atop her upturned palms, her flat hands even with and six inches out from her nipples. "Here are my shoes, Ma'am," Jill offers them to me. I take them from her hands after waiting just a second. I set them atop a little table just beyond Jill's reach and wait for her socks.

Now Jill takes off her watch and hands that over. Then it's her jeans, neatly folded, that she's offering me for the pile. Followed by her panties. That leaves her naked from the waist down, her shirts still on. It leaves her bare bush standing out fully from her pubes for my eyes. And I do so enjoy the sight of a neat bush, especially one with a light fur. She takes off her blouse, folds it, and offers it to me. Then her snug undershirt. Finally, her bra joins the pile.

"Miss Rodgers, this slut is now completely naked for you, Ma'am," Jill humbly tells me.

"Since you've been such a naughty gutter slut today, I have a hard time believing that, slut." I tell her with a trace of disapproval in my firm voice. I grab a pair of latex gloves off of her counter and slowly pull them on my small hands. I snap each one loudly once it's on. "I think I'll just see for myself just how naked that skanky body is, slut Jill."

Chapter 18: Strip Search

I sometimes, but not that often, search a sub before a play session. It's not that I ever need to. When I do, it's only to humiliate the sub that much more. Like now. There's nothing like a good strip, and cavity, search to show a sub that it's not trustworthy. That she's not even trusted to strip when she's told to.

I start at the top. This is going to be the most thorough strip search of Jill's life. I figure, since all these medical implements are so readily available, there's no reason for me not to make full use of them. I start at the top of Jill's head, casually running my fingers through her hair, letting the silky, bushy strands flow between my fingers as the tips of my fingers stroke over her scalp. Next, I get a small light and lift her eyelids to peek under those. Then a small scope with its own light to peek in her ears and up her nose. I have her open her mouth, looking into it, as I use a tongue depressor to lift her tongue up and poke her cheeks out. I leave no nook, not even the tiniest, of her unseen.

I lift one arm, checking her underarm first. Then I spread her fingers and check between them as well as under her fingernails. The other arm is next. And now it's time to check her breasts. Who knows what skank might lurk in the creases as they lie along her chest? Her nipples are stiff and standing up hard. I pinch one firmly, getting a light wince from Jill, and holding her breast by the nipple I pull it up as far as it will go until I've stretched its tip up and pulled the flesh of its underside taut. I make a show of looking there, then move onto her other breast.

As I move down her body, I take a moment to peek into her navel. Then I'm running my fingers through the short hairs of her bush, the tips of my fingers running over her pubes. I circle around Jill to pull the cheeks of her bottom wide apart and fully expose her crack to my eyes. While I'm behind Jill, I have her lift one foot. I grip that firmly for a few seconds, lifting it just enough up and back to have Jill slightly unbalanced, as I check the sole of her foot and between her toes. I release it and she gives me the other foot. This time, as she lowers it back to the floor, I have her stand with her feet wide apart.

Dr. Slut's Office

I tell Jill to lean forward and brace her hands on her knees. Then I start with Jill's pussy. First I spread her lips to see her inner folds. Then I spread those to see her pinkness and the entrance of her tunnel. I slip a gloved finger into her pussy, reaching as deeply into her as I can, and use my finger to stroke over all of the spongy walls of her pussy. I slide my finger back out, then shine the light into her pussy to see it.

It leaves me only one place left to check. I don't bother with any lubricant. My finger already has a very heavy coat of Jill's slick honey on it. I just put the tip of my finger to Jill's tensed asshole. I don't tell her to relax. She knows to. I don't give her much time either. Not enough for her to relax. But my finger is slender. I push it quickly into her bottom, getting me a good grunt from Jill as my finger forces her asshole to stretch. I explore every bit of Jill's rectum that I can reach, doing it slightly roughly so that Jill will feel me exploring her insides. Then I pull my finger out and tell Jill to stand up.

Even before Jill has fully risen to standing, I take her hand and lead her out of the exam room quickly, leaving all of her clothes behind. I march her down the hall, to the last exam room, and into that one.

I put her in the center of this room as well. Then I get one of the gowns. I get her the biggest one she has, which isn't saying much. Pediatricians tend to have everything in smaller sizes. Like all of her gowns, this one is decorated with Sponge Bob. It's rather colorful and cheerful. And juvenile. I toss it at Jill telling her to put her gown on now. It's just a hair snug on her lean body. Slightly snugger in the front where her ample breasts pressed against it. I make her tie it in the back.

The gown hangs down with its bottom hem about even with the flat mound of Jill's pussy. It covers her pubes, but barely. It leaves the wisps of the fur lining her lips peeking its ends out under it. And like all gowns, this one has the slit at the back. That hideous slit that leaves her bottom poking out with even the tiniest movement.

I also find a matching pair of booties for her. They're cheap, with cardboard soles, but I can't imagine many patients get them. They're really nothing more than soles with Sponge Bob fabric and some elastic

Chapter 18: Strip Search

to hold them around her feet. But they'll keep her feet off the floor. I'd guess they're reserved for patients that have to be on their feet and in the gown. No one else would want them.

I get one of the elastic latex bands, the same ones used for drawing blood. I use that to bind Jill's hands behind her back. I do that by lying her wrists together, the backs of her hands toward her body, and binding her wrists in an X-shape. It leaves her hands and fingers gripping nothing. That gets her fingers wiggling as they fidget.

Since I want to use only what I can find in Jill's office, I really have to improvise now. I find a blood pressure cuff, one of the old-fashioned kind. I wrap it around Jill's slender neck, securing it with the Velcro. Then I watch Jill's eyes pop wide as the nervousness overtakes her with only the first squeeze of the little rubber ball to start inflating it. But I'm not trying to strangle Jill. I give it only two squeezes, just enough to have it lightly snugged around her neck. The tube and ball serve as a leash.

And that's what it's going to be. I use that leash to lead Jill out of the room and around the bend to her office. Instead of taking Jill into her office, I stand her facing the wall opposite the door with her toes against it. I leave the tube-leash dangling down at her front. I leave the door of her office open as I slip into the office and get my purse. While I'm there, I root through Jill's purse and get her keys, her driver's license, and her phone out of it. I slip all three into my purse. Staring at the wall two inches from her eyes, Jill doesn't know I've done any of that.

I close the door behind me. I take hold of the leash and use it to walk Jill back through the office to the waiting room. Then out to the parking lot, locking the door behind me. Her parking lot is off to the side, not in direct view of the street, and empty now. I walk her over to my car and tell her to get into the seat. I reach in and buckle the seatbelt over her. Then I take the leash off her neck and toss that behind my seat.

A minute later we're driving away for the hour-plus trip to my house.



Chapter 19: The Slut's Lesson

As soon as we enter my apartment, Sophie is waiting. She immediately takes one look at Jill in the comically humiliating gown and giggles. It's a long and hard giggle. I probably should spank her for it, but I don't. I've been fighting the urge to giggle as well. Jill looks so stupid in that gown that it would best any clown's suit.

I stand Jill along the wall and free her hands. Then I take a picture of her in that gown. One from the front, and especially one from the back showing her bottom peeking out from the slit. I just can't resist. I send the picture of her from the front, and the picture I took earlier of the inside of Jill's bottom, to Jill's phone. Only then do I allow Jill the mercy of stripping and handing her gown and booties over to Sophie. I am so going to save this gown. I can think of a few others who would look so cute in it.

With Jill fully nude, I take her across the living room to my desk and have her sit on the stool beside it. It's an Amish-built stool of plain wood. It's small, it's top a mere 12" across. Other than the round top it has nothing but four legs and cross pieces to brace them. It's also a bit too low for comfortable sitting. It forces Jill to bend her knees more than a full right angle as she crosses her legs.

She sits with her hands obediently behind her back. I take the comfy chair behind the desk and ignore Jill for a minute as I use her phone to send her husband the pictures. I send the one of her in her gown first with the caption "Miss Rodgers came to discipline me for being too slutty and diddling my skanky pussy last night, Sir." Then I send the picture of her rectum. That's a part of Jill that I'm certain Hank has never seen before. Whoever looks into their lover's bottom? No one. It's not a sight most want to see. But now, with Jill's rectum fully cleaned out for the picture, at least the disgusting element of it is gone. To that picture, I add the caption "Miss Rodgers investigated the depths of my sluttiness very thoroughly, Sir. See how fully she check this filthy slut body of mine, Sir?"

I wait about a minute, long enough that I'm confident Hank has gotten the pictures. Then I dial his number and put the call on speaker

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as it's still ringing. I tell Jill what to say. But I don't tell her that I've sent those pictures to Hank. He answers and Jill immediately tells him that I came to punish her for her sluttiness today, only when I got there I found her pussy to be obscenely sloppy and horny, something only the trashiest of gutter sluts would allow her pussy to be. As instructed, Jill apologizes profusely to him for being such a cheap and worthless slut, undeserving of an actual human man such as him.

She very humbly, and politely, begs him to bring her some clothes, telling him that since she is so clearly not worthy of clothes, and was trying to pretend she had some actual modesty and pride today, I left all of her clothes at her office. She obediently tells him that I "stripped" her naked, then fully searched her body, including its cavities, to ensure she had absolutely nothing before bringing her over here. Thus, if he doesn't bring her some, she'll be returning home as naked as the day she was born. He agrees to bring her some clothes. She tells him to select something attractive, something that he will enjoy seeing "this disgustingly slutty body in" for her to wear. If it's not attractive enough, that I will not allow her to wear it. He says he can do that.

Then Jill tells him that she still has to be taught her lesson about acting like a cheap whore. She doesn't know what the lesson I have for her will consist of. But "Miss Rodgers wishes to invite you to a show, Sir. The show will display for the world the full extent of my inappropriate sluttiness." He says he'll watch the show.

As I hang the phone up, I know that I have about ninety minutes before Hank arrives. It will take him most of that to drive from their condo. And a few minutes to select something for Jill to wear home. I wonder if he knows that she hasn't stopped at the hospital yet, and thus will need to. If she's smart she'll stop by her office and collect her clothes, too, lest the staff find them in the morning and wonder why she left the office nude.

I immediately tell Jill to get up and follow me. I leave her phone on the desk as I lead her back to the playroom. It's where she's going to learn that lesson. As soon as we enter, I point Jill to the massage table

in the center of the room and tell her to lie on it on her back. I watch as Jill moves more hesitantly than she's ever moved as she walks over to the table.

Once she's lying on it, I summon Sophie and have her fetch me some lengths of rope. I start with Jill's ankles, winding three loops of rope around each ankle before tying it off. I pick her foot up and put it on the table, bending her knee fully so that her foot is almost touching the top of her thigh. Then I tie the dangling end of the rope to the table. After binding her other foot the same way, I use two more lengths of rope, tying one end of each around the top of each thigh. I thread the free ends around the support bar that frames the table and pull it tight, drawing the loop into the crease of Jill's thigh. I tie those off as well, binding her hips flush against the table.

I get a decent-sized dildo from the collection along my wall. It's fairly short, only about six inches long, but it's fairly wide. About an inch and a half. I take that with me as I step up to Jill's head. Without a word to Jill, I pinch the corners of her jaw, forcing her mouth to stretch open to its widest. I put the head of the dildo into her mouth. Then I press very slowly on the base end, pushing the thick shaft deeper into her mouth. I push about four inches of the dildo into her mouth until the tip of it has reached the back of her mouth and started the short trek to her throat. I release her jaw, allowing her tautly-stretched muscles to pull her jaw closed. Her lips close as well, lying flush against the black sides of the dildo.

"Now you be a slutty slut!" I teasingly tell Jill with a giggle in my voice. "That should come naturally to you. Keep my dildo right where I put it." About two inches of the hard black shaft now stand up from her head, jutting out from between her closed, light pink lips as they nestle around it. It is plenty thick enough to have her mouth stuffed full. And that forces her to breathe through her nose.

In the corner of the playroom, there's a five-foot-tall screen that blocks off the corner from the floor up. I step behind that. Jill, having been here enough to know what's behind the screen, watches me with

Chapter 19: The Slut's Lesson

those wary eyes. Behind the screen are two dog kennels. Including the one I keep my slave-whore, Paige, in when I'm not using her for something. I let Paige out of her kennel. Paige's pubes are fully shaven, so I pinch one of her nipples in my fingers and use her pert breast as a leash to walk her over to where I have Jill bound.

I point to Jill's pussy. "Tease all of this slutty thing, skanky," I tell Paige.

"Yes, my beloved Queen," Paige answers very sweetly. She immediately steps up to the table and uses her hands to push Jill's knees wide apart. Now Jill's widely-splayed legs fully bare her pussy, almost as if offering it up to Paige.

Paige leans over, stretching her mouth wide open and poking out the rounded tip of her fine tongue. She moves her hands to spread Jill's long furry lips wide as she lowers her tongue. Paige lies the tip of her tongue alongside the hard, throbbing nub of Jill's clit. Then she moves only her tongue. And she moves it very slowly. Paige uses her delicate, feminine tongue to caress a single circle around Jill's hardness, keeping her soft tongue in contact with Jill's overly-sensitive and hungry nub the entire time.

Jill tenses up the instant she feels the so-soft caress of Paige's tongue on her clit. The clit that has deprived of the touch it has been begging for the entire day. She tries to squirm. The ropes hold her hips and legs still, and with that her pussy still for Paige's tongue. Jill screeches a loud, and very impassioned, needy moan. But the dildo effectively gags her, muting the moan to a level where it won't be annoying. Her shoulders snap hard as they squirm, but it does nothing to move her pussy away from the tongue that teases it.

Now that Paige has finished circling her tongue around Jill's clit, she closes her lips, trapping just one of the long, loose, pink inner folds of Jill's pussy between her lips. Paige sucks, drawling the fold deeper into her mouth as she lies her tongue along the underside of it. Then Paige moves her mouth slowly, inching her way along the soft fold, caressing it with her flicking tongue as she goes.

It's a less-intense tease for Jill. One that still feels very good, but also allows her a second for the arousal Paige just built up to ebb, Jill falling back from the edge of orgasm. But it's still enough of a tease to get a hungry moan from Jill, albeit one that's only slightly tamer than the last. And it has her shuddering.

Paige's mouth finds the end of that fold where it flows alongside Jill's pussy. Paige opens her mouth again but now keeps her lips flush against Jill's pinkness. She inches her mouth over, opening it further as she goes until her fine lips surround Jill's steaming-hot pussy. Paige puts the tip of her tongue to the rim of Jill's tunnel. She draws her tongue along the rim, circling it slowly around the edge of the entrance of Jill's pussy, caressing the rim with her tender tongue as she goes. She makes a single, but full, circuit that brings her tongue back to its starting point at the bottom of Jill's tunnel.

That's a second, and intense, tease for Jill. It gets another extremely desperately urgent moan from Jill, cried out at full volume and muted by the dildo in her mouth. And it sharpens those shudders of Jill's hips up to powerful thrashes that test my ropes. The ropes hold her pussy still for Paige. But by now, Jill's entire mound as well as her pubes and the tops of her thighs, are covered with the sharpest of goosebumps.

With that tease finished, Paige lifts only her lips from Jill's pinkness. She leaves her tongue in place along the rim of Jill's pussy. Now she traces a light line with the tip of her tongue, down along the narrow band of skin between Jill's pussy and asshole. Her mouth held a hair above Jill's body, follows her tongue down. The lightness of the caress allows Jill another second's break between teases.

Paige's tongue traces its line all the way down until it finds the fine line at the center of Jill's asshole. Quickly and very tenderly, Paige puts her wide-open lips to Jill. Those silky lips surround the center of Jill's asshole, laying softly atop the ring of muscle under the pink flesh. Paige uses the very tip of her tongue to caress a slow circle, drawing her tongue around the edge of the line that's the opening of Jill's asshole.

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There it finds some rather sensitive nerves that are very unaccustomed to sweet touches, and it teases those nerves mercilessly. Paige's tongue traces a full circuit along Jill's tightly clenched asshole, just as it has done everywhere else.

The instant Paige's hot, soft tongue touches her asshole, Jill screams. It's a needy and hot cry. But the dildo gags that, despite its higher pitch, just as effectively. With this caress, Jill's body snaps with all of her strength, her muscles tensing to steel as they thrash against the thick ropes with all their might. As her body thrashes, it shivers. Jill's head lifts off the table for an instant, before it slams back against the padded table hard.

As Paige's tongue returns to its starting point atop Jill's asshole, she lifts her soft lips from Jill. Her tongue traces a line back up the narrow band of flesh to the bottom of Jill's pussy. Paige's lips return to Jill's pinkness, surrounding her tunnel fully. This time Paige sucks lightly, drawing the rim of Jill's pussy to pucker outward slightly into Paige's mouth. As Jill's pussy tries to slip into Paige's mouth, Paige's tongue slips into Jill's pussy. Paige doesn't have the longest of tongues, but she can slip it close to half of an inch into Jill's snug pussy. Once Paige has her tongue inside Jill's pussy, she swirls it around slowly. That way, Paige's tongue can caress the insides of Jill's pussy, stroking tenderly over the spongy firm walls and teasing Jill.

Jill screams another desperately hungry cry and thrashes against the ropes. She shivers. A very fine and faint film of sweat forms on her body as her skin begins to flush to a very light pink.

After teasing a single lap around the inside of Jill's pussy, Paige moves her mouth over to the opposite inner fold and sucks that into her mouth. Paige slowly draws her mouth up, flicking the tip of her tongue over the underside of Jill's soft fold as she goes. Paige's mouth slowly makes its way up to the top of the fold. Then over to the hard knot of folds that surround Jill's pulsing clit. And finally, her tongue returns to the point along Jill's clit where it first began.

Now Paige begins a second "lap." I've told Paige to tease Jill this

way. Paige will do it endlessly. She won't stop, or let off for even a second until she's told to. And Paige only listens to me and Sophie. But Sophie won't tell Paige to do anything I haven't told her to.

I watch as Paige works her way through another of the slow circuits. I watch as Jill suddenly fights the ropes with every inch of her thrashing strength, then just as suddenly falls limp and shivering. Over and over again.

I put my hand to Jill's firm, toned stomach and pat it lightly. Then I slip my hand slowly up to a breast, squishing the soft mound gently in my hand. Holding Jill's mound in my hand, I lightly stroke the pad of my thumb over the tip of Jill's nipple.

"That's a good slut!" I say in my most-fake-sweet and taunting voice. "Now you just lie there and think about how agonizing true horniness can get while we wait for Mr. White to get here. I'm sure he'll enjoy watching my petite young whore eat that sloppy skank pit! And just maybe, if you're very good for Mr. White, he might allow you a chance to cum... sometime."

I giggle as I step away, leaving Jill at the mercy of Paige's tongue.



Chapter 20: A Contest Of Slutiness

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When Hank arrives, Sophie answers the door. She always does. It's her place as my slave to do as much of the chores as she can. She greets him politely and shows him to a seat on my sofa. He takes the offered seat with only the slightest of hesitation. And I'm sure that his hesitation is only at the delay. He can certainly hear Jill's muted moans coming from the next room. And after 11 years together, I'm sure he can recognize them as her erotic moans.

I don't keep him waiting. I take a seat on the second sofa, across the coffee table from Hank. "Don't worry, her nurses don't suspect a thing," I tell him. I know that he's always shared Jill's fear that her private desires would become known and destroy her reputation. I know, as Jill does, he's always wanted me to avoid seeing Jill at her office. Or in public. Anywhere someone might see her.

"Obviously Jill has been learning a hard lesson for the past... 90 minutes, about delaying her satisfaction until her partner is fully satisfied. That's just such an important skill for whores, and the cheapest of sluts, to master." Hank has always come across as rather supportive of Jill. He's never cared for hearing her verbally humiliated or talked about as if she were nothing. I notice the slight cringe as I refer to his wife as a cheap slut. But Jill needs that humiliation, and he knows it. He just doesn't care to hear it.

"There's only one thing left for Jill to do tonight. She needs a firm reminder of her place. She needs to be allowed to *earn* a chance for the relief she's dying for. And she will have to earn it, a task that won't be easy for her. Your job is simple. If Jill earns her relief, she'll get it. But if she doesn't, you're to keep her from masturbating until she's naked and in bed. Then, if you wish her body, use it. Only once you're done should Jill be allowed exactly one minute to relieve herself, and that minute needs to be carefully timed. Count the seconds aloud for her. Trust me, she won't need even half of it. Just as you'll have to trust me that this is the ending she needs for the day-long teasing she's just endured. OK?"

"Yeah, I can do that, but Jill can be sneaky about masturbating when she really wants to. I'll have to keep an eye on her constantly."

Hank accepts the task. I know that he will do it. He's good about keeping his word to me, especially if Jill wants it. He likes watching her masturbate, too, and the hornier Jill is when she does, the more graphic the show is.

"Great," I smile at Hank. "Now one more question and we'll go see the Jill show. I think you've seen my whore, skanky? I have skanky teasing Jill's pussy with her tongue. As you can probably hear, it's driving Jill insane. Actually, Jill went insane long ago. Skanky is very skilled at both teasing and eating pussy, and she's been told not to make Jill cum. Jill's just waiting on the very edge of that orgasm now.

"I know you've never wanted to participate, so I'm asking if you'd agree to participate in a little game. The game will be Jill's opportunity to earn her relief. All she has to do is win it, and she gets to cum. She wins it by proving that she's accepted her place as a complete gutter slut and performing especially slutily. That means without any modesty or anything else, focusing only on giving pleasure to the best of her ability. You would be the recipient of that pleasure.

"When I taught Jill to perform orally like a slut, I taught her a trick that she won't be able to put to use at your place. Would you like to volunteer your cock for a little demonstration of the epitome of Jill's oral sluttiness? I warn you, it is a trick that you probably have never imagine is something Jill would willingly do, and very slutty."

He ponders it for a couple of seconds. Then he asks me if I am going to record it. I am, the cameras are always on in my house, but I tell him I won't. I mean that I won't make a special recording, just the one from my "anti-false claim" security cameras. He accepts but adds that he would prefer not to be a show. I promise him that I'll only be supervising Jill, not paying attention to him.

I lead him back to the playroom. By now Jill is a screeching, sweaty mess. Her body has flushed bright pink under a heavy layer of sweat. Her pussy has wept honey that now covers almost all of Paige's face, and a nice spot on my table. Jill still thrashes with all her might, squirming hard against the topes that have now left red lines on her

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legs.

He looks. And he gets a close look at Paige's face where her mouth touches Jill's pussy. A long look.

He's seen Paige before. Nude. It's the only way Paige ever is seen in the apartment. She's not allowed clothes inside. Instead, she wears only her collar and leg irons to remind her of her place as my slave and whore. But that doesn't stop him from glancing over and eyeing Paige's pert, slightly point, B-cup breasts with their hard, wide nipples. Or glancing down to see her firm, rounded bottom again, either. Paige is 19, and slim. And pretty.

He watches for only a couple of minutes. It seems to be the limit of how long he can stand to see Jill withering, even in ecstasy. Albeit now an agonizing ecstasy. Then he nods to me, quietly asking if Jill has suffered long enough.

With a giggle, I tell him "I guess the trashy gutter whore has her lesson..." I sigh out. I release the ropes from the table and as soon as her legs can move, her thighs slam hard shut, clamping Paige's head in place on Jill's pussy. I giggle, "Ooh, it seems the slut wants to be slutty, and let us watch her cum all over this skanky whore."

I snap my finger and order Paige down to her knees. It makes Paige bring her mouth away from Jill. As Paige is dropping to her knees, I very sternly order Jill to get to her knees beside Paige. Jill moves slowly, but not reluctantly. Now her limbs have turned to rubber, and their unsteadiness is what slows her.

Both women kneel the same way. With their knees and feet spread wide, their bare bottoms hanging in the space between their heels. Backs up straight. Hands behind those backs. Eyes forward but downcast submissively.

I nudge Hank to stand close in front of the kneeling women. I'm sure, after my talk, Hank was expecting a blow job. At least once he saw Jill get on her knees. The lustful look on Jill's eyes tells me that she's expecting it as well. And that her mind isn't clear enough to realize that

so far, Hank has never participated.

"Jill, would you like to earn the chance to cum?"

"Yes, my Queen, would you please be so kind to this slut as to allow me the chance to earn my orgasm, Ma'am?" Jill asks in a voice that's so throaty and breathy that it's hard to make her words out.

"Then here's your *only* chance to ear that orgasm, slut. You can show us all there are just no boundaries to your absolute sluttiness. None at all.

"This will be a contest. Whichever of you sluts and whore gets the prize, gets to cum. The other gets to make her cum. Two whore blow job." I say it firmly, but sweetly. I see a very surprised look on Hank's face. I harden my voice into unmistakable sternness. "Now, slut."

Jill doesn't hesitate. She moves as fast as her tired arms will go. She just reaches up to Hank's pants, some Khaki slacks, and starts unbuttoning and unzipping them. In about five seconds, his slacks are around his ankles, showing off a pair of Crimson Tide silk boxer shorts. Mentally I give him three points for his football knowledge while subtracting one for wearing boxers. Those take Jill even less time to have down at his ankles.

Hank looks even more surprised. Almost shocked that Jill would so readily pull his pants down like this. Especially with Paige a scant couple of inches from his waist.

What I'm seeing is Hank's cock. It's not the greatest one I've seen. I'd guess it's a hair over five inches long, which makes it right about average. I'd guess it's just a hair over an inch across, which also makes it average. I don't do average. But at least it is circumcised, showing off its pink-purple head. It's also fully stiff, standing out straight from the carpet of thick black curls on his pubes. And I can see a decent-sized pair of balls hanging down freely in their loose sack.

I barely have a few seconds to see Hank's cock before Jill puts her lips to the very tip of it's swollen bulbous head. Immediately Paige takes second place, quickly putting her lips to the side of that soft cock head,

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gently flush against the corner of Jill's lips.

Jill stretches her mouth wide open, leaving her lips to lie softly around his cock head. She moves slowly, inching the cock into her mouth. As she does, her tongue lies along the underside of his cock, caressing the nerves there as she takes it in.

Paige, in the second position, allows her lips to softly glide along the side of his cock head, keeping them in their place with the corners of her lips flush with the corners of Jill's lips. Paige has her mouth stretched wide as well, and as the cock inches along through her lips, her lips slip around until they're on the top and bottom of the shaft, not its side. Paige quickly flicks the tip of her tongue, softly stroking it over the flesh of the side of his shaft that she has trapped between her lips.

Jill keeps going, forcing herself to keep her hands behind her back and to resist her impulse to go fast and hurry him along. As she takes the full head of the cock into her mouth, she's already sucking gently on it. She keeps going, sliding the cock deeper into her mouth.

Jill keeps going. The soft head of his cock finds the back of her mouth, the limit of what most women will take. Jill keeps going, stretching her neck slightly to straighten out some of the bend as the cock eases toward her throat. Then the tip of Hank's cock is pressing firmly against the tight entrance of Jill's throat, gagging her slightly. Jill resist the reflex to gag.

As Jill takes more and more of the cock, Paige's lips stay with Jill's, sucking his cock from the side and caressing it with her tongue just ahead of where Jill's lips are swallowing it. With Jill's lips nearing the base of his cock, Paige starts running out of shaft for her lips. She skillfully shifts her lips along the root of his cock and onto his balls. She takes all of his balls into her mouth, closing only her lips around the top of his sack and keeping her lips flush against the underside of his cock as she does. With Hank's balls dangling inside Paige's mouth, Paige uses her tongue to caress around the entire furry sack.

As Paige is tending to Hank's balls, Jill's lips reach the very root of his cock, pressing flush against his pubes and Paige's lip. It has every bit

of his length inside Jill's hot mouth, the tip of his cock pressed hard against the tiny entrance of Jill's throat. The cock is just short of the point where it would press into the tightness of Jill's throat. But it's enough to gag her, forcing her to suppress the reflex.

Hank purr a deep, manly moan of sweetness as Jill reverses her stroke. He looks almost straight down, watching Jill swallow his cock. And watching Paige tease along the side. I'll bet he's wondering how this is going to be a contest, too.

As Jill slowly inches the cock back out of her mouth, Paige releases Hank's balls and shifts her lips back to his cock. Paige keeps her lips flush against Jill's as Jill works her way back up the cock. And as Paige teases the side of his rock-hard shaft with her tongue.

Jill goes all the way back up with her stroke until her lips close at the very tip of its soft head. As Jill works to that point, Paige keeps her lips flush against Jill's, closing her own mouth in time with Jill. It has Paige's lips closed, planting a soft kiss on the side of his fat cock head.

Jill shifts her lips to the side in a slow, steady, motion that's unbroken from her outward stroke. As Jill's lips are shifting to the side, Paige's lips are coming around to the front to take the place of Jill's lips.

Now Hank gawks with wide eyes as he sees Paige moving into position as if she's going to swallow his cock.

Paige starts taking his length into her mouth with the same stroke Jill just did. As Paige does, Jill's lips are now on the side of his shaft, kissing and tonguing it the same as Paige did on its other side.

Hank's eyes bulge, seemingly popping out of his head. I guess he didn't expect Paige to swallow his cock as well. I'm certain he didn't expect Jill to so easily and willing, allow it. More so, Jill isn't just allowing Paige to suck her husband's cock, Jill's eyes are seeing every bit of the action. Jill's eyes are no more than an inch from the point where Hank's cock vanishes into Paige's lips.

Paige has had a lot more practice than Jill. Then again, Paige is my whore, and it seems that all cocks always want to be swallowed.

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Sometimes I even allow the cock to have its way. Like now. Paige sucks a little harder and teases the underside of his shaft a touch more energetically as she swallows the length. Plus Paige is a few inches shorter than Jill, giving her a slightly shorter neck. It's just enough that as Paige's lips finally come flush against Hank's pubes, the soft tip of his cock presses into the tightness of Paige's throat. Paige holds her gag reflex back fully, not showing a thing as the cock stretches the top of her throat wide and stuff the taut tube full.

Jill can't see that, but she can see Paige's lips against his pubes. As Paige takes the last of Hank's cock, Jill smoothly shifts her lips down to take Hank's balls into her mouth and caress them with her tongue.

Paige reverses her stroke, letting the cock slip from her lips as Jill's lips stay flush against hers, teasing the side of Hank's shaft.

As Paige's lips fully close at the tip of his cock, the girls again trade roles. Now it's Jill swallowing Hank's cock. They'll keep trading roles every stroke. Jill swallowing him once, then smoothly shifting to allow Paige to take a single stroke and swallow the cock as well.

Hank can't help but to watch the girls so willing sharing his cock. For him, it's as if one woman is servicing him, except that each stroke is just slightly different owing to each girl's different level of skill and experience. I'm sure that Hank considers it rather slutty for Jill to eagerly share her husband's cock with Paige. And I'm sure he doesn't mind having his cock sucked by a petite, lanky-slender 19-year-old with perky breasts, either.

Now I'll bet Hank is wishing that he had asked for no pictures. I'm sure he'd love a picture of these two naked ladies sucking his cock together, almost as if they were one.

It goes on for about a minute, each girl getting about nine or ten strokes of the cock. I can see a faint tremor running through Hank's pubes. It looks like Paige senses it as well. She ups her game. Paige knows, without my having to tell her, that I will be disappointed in her if she loses this contest to a virtual newbie.

Paige tenses her neck muscles fully. The strain has her head vibrating rapidly with the tiniest of motions. Vibrations that don't affect her stroke the least. But ones that Hank has got to feel. They'll have her tongue almost flying as it caresses along the underside of his shaft. It's enough extra that I now see Hank gritting his teeth and tensing up. Those are sure signs that he's about to cum. Paige adds one more tease to her stroke. With every bit of his cock into her mouth, its tip clamped snugly in her throat, Paige slips the tip of her tongue past her lips. She uses it to softly lick a line across Jill's lips at the point where Hank's balls disappear between those lips. Hank feels it, and he shows it. It's not so much the feeling of the second tongue on his balls, as the knowledge that not only has Paige swallowed every bit of his length, she's licking his balls with it in her throat. Then Paige reverses her stroke to allow Jill her turn.

Only now, as Paige has only the head of his cock in her mouth, Paige eagerly swirls her tongue around the soft head. And she keeps swirling it around the cock head, always unseen inside her closed lips, as she releases it. Jill hasn't learned the advanced tricks yet. I never said it would be a fair contest!

Jill takes her stroke. Paige begins another, upping the eagerness she swallows him with. This time her tongue, still unseen inside her lips and unknown to Jill, around the head of his cock as she takes it in. It gets Hank too close to cumming.

Hank never asked how I decide the winner of this contest, but I'm sure he can guess. The winner is the slut with the dirty mouth afterward. I see Hank tensing up hard as he tries to hold his climax back and give his cum to Jill. He purrs a very tense "MM!" as the girls are tending to his balls. His purr continues, growing more urgent, as Paige reverses her stroke.

Paige gets almost all the way up. But once she's swirling her tongue around the so-sensitive head of his cock it proves too much for Hank. I see his cock twitch sharply as it spurts the first of his cum into Paige's soft, wet mouth.

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Paige instantly reverses her stroke, now quickly slipping the cock all the way into her mouth and the top of her throat. Paige moves her head with fast strokes now. Very shallow strokes. She ignores the fact that she can't breathe with his cock filling her throat. She keeps those strokes going, short and lightning-fast as if Hank were pounding his cock into a pussy. Only the top of Paige's throat is going to feel tighter around his cock than any pussy would.

Hank cries out a loud "ARGH!" as Paige keeps his cock cumming. His cream spurts hard. With the tip of his cock inside Paige's throat, his cream goes right down her throat. Paige keeps the fast strokes up until she feels the twitches ebbing.

Paige finally starts releasing his cock. By the time she lets it out of her lips, Hank has finished. Paige turns her head up and opens her mouth wide, proving to me that she won the contest. I nod to her. Paige closes her lips and licks them slowly. "Thank you, Sir, for allowing me to taste your delicious cum, Sir!" Paige sweetly thanks him.

I tap Jill on the top of her head. This is the first time she's done a two-whore blow job with an actual cock instead of a dildo. She tilts her head, looking up at Hank with glassy, needy eyes. "Thank you, Sir, for allowing this slut to pleasure you better by sharing your wonderful cock with this skanky whore, Sir."

Jill turns her head to Paige. "Thank you, skanky, for helping me give my husband such a good blow job. It seems that he likes your mouth better than mine, so thank you for sucking his cock better than I can."

Paige reaches her arms out and wraps them around Jill. "Thank you for sharing that delicious cock with me, slut. Share his tasty cum with me?" Paige doesn't wait for an answer. She puts her lips to Jill's and gives Jill a very hungry and passionate kiss. Jill's burning need in her pussy stops her from thinking. Jill returns the kiss as passionately as she would if it were Hank she was kissing. As Jill's tongue explores Paige's mouth, Jill gets a good taste of Hank's cum inside Paige's mouth.

Paige finally breaks the kiss and grins wide.

"Go on, skanky. You won so go lie on the table and offer that skanky thing up."

Paige almost flies she moves so fast. Paige very rarely gets the privilege of cumming at the hands of another instead of by supervised masturbation. She lies on the table, pulling her feet up to her bottom, and splaying her legs to fully display the puffy mound of her silky smooth pussy.

I grab Jill by her hair. "Come along, loser. Time for you to give the winner her reward." Jill scrambles to her feet, not wanting me to have an excuse to pull some of that hair out. I turn Jill around, then push her head down to Paige's waiting, and sloppy wet, pussy.

Jill obediently puts her lips to Paige's pussy. She puts her lips surrounding Paige's hard clit. Jill puts her tongue against the side of Paige's nub. Then she starts slowly swirling her tongue around Paige's aching nub.

Hank openly gawks. It takes about two seconds for Paige to be purring out very deep and throaty, and even more hungry, moans as she squirms. Untied, Paige's legs quickly close to clamp Jill's head to her pussy.

"How did you get Jill to do that..." Hank asks in a soft voice full of amazement. "She's always been so disgusted by the idea of being with a woman."

I giggle. "Because I don't care if it's disgusting. I own Jill, and I want her to eat that skanky whore's pussy. Jill *needs* to please me. So she eats it. And it looks like she's doing it so eagerly, doesn't it?"

Paige's hips thrash hard, snapping up from the table and taking Jill's head along for the ride. "Yes, she looks rather into it." Hank answers. With Paige's thrashing, there really isn't another answer.

I let the show go on for a few minutes. Every second of which Paige spends in erotic agony as she denies herself the orgasm that's straining to overtake her. "Whenever you're ready to see skanky cum, just tell her to. Unlike that slut, skanky is well behaved. She only cums

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when she's told to."

Hank stares at Paige's violently-thrashing form for a few seconds as if processing what I just told him. "Uh... go ahead and cum, skanky." He finally says, unsure of it.

"Yes, Sir." Paige answers. Then it takes less than a second. Paige screams out loud in her throaty, sultry, whiskey voice a long, unending cry of "AH!" Paige's hips snap into warp speed, snapping crisp and violent thrashes up and down as if bucking against a cock. Paige's hands thrash around, her fists beating hard against the table beside her. Paige's orgasm goes on for over two minutes, endless powerful waves flowing over her body and keeping her thrashing as wildly as the first.

Finally, Paige falls limp, but still moaning eagerly for the few seconds until I stop Jill from eating Paige's pussy. Paige lies there for several seconds. I turn Jill around so that Hank can see the heavy glaze of Paige's glistening honey covering the lower half of Jill's face.

I snap my fingers, telling Paige to stop baking in her bliss. Paige immediately gets up to her rubbery legs. She turns to me and thanks me for allowing her such a great treat. Then she turns to Hank and thanks him just as humbly for granting her such an incredible orgasm "at the tongue of your slutty wife." Finally, Paige turns to Jill and thanks her for "eating my pussy like the cheapest of slut and giving me such an intensely good reward for giving your husband a good blow job for you."

I push Jill back onto her knees in front of Hank and tell her to fix his pants for him.



Chapter 21: A Slut's Exit

Dr. Slut's Office

Now that I'm done teasing Jill, it's time to send her on her way. Especially since Jill still needs to check in on her patients at the hospital tonight. More so because Sophie has my supper ready.

Jill is still a mess. She's flushed, hot, and sweaty. She's still panting lightly. Her face still it's half-glaze of drying Paige-cum on it.

I grab hold of Jill's bush, feeling that even in front those hairs are soaking wet. I use her bush as a leash to walk Jill back up to the living room. There I stand her against the empty place on the wall.

I turn to Hank and ask if he brought some clothes for "his slut" to wear home, or if it would more amuse him to take her home naked. He says that would be amusing, but like get her arrested. He hands me a plastic grocery bag with some clothes in it.

I don't take the bag. I ask Hank to help out and give Jill the first piece of clothing. He hands her a small, sexy, t-back pair of black panties. Jill holds them out atop her upturned palms and asks me, very politely, in her still throaty and over-needy voice. "Miss Rodgers, Ma'am, would it please you for me to put these panties that Mr. White has given me on, Ma'am?"

I snatch the panties right off Jill's hands. "Don't be silly, slut. As sloppy as your skank pit is, you'll just get the soaking wet and ruin them." I toss them back to Hank.

He hands her a bra. Jill asks for permission to put that on as well. I refuse it, tossing the bra back to Hank. Then he hands her a black, lace-fringed garter belt. That I allow her to put on. Then it's a pair of black stockings. I let her have those, too.

Now Hank hands Jill a black dress. Jill holds it up and asks to put it on. I allow it. The dress is more like date-wear than professional. Then again, Hank was told to bring something he enjoyed seeing her in. It hangs to just above her knees. It's mostly backless. And it has slightly narrow strips that rise to cover her breasts and then clip together behind her neck. The last item he's brought for Jill is some black spike-heeled shoes. I let her have those, too.

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I walk over to Jill. I look her straight in her eyes. As I do I slip my hand under her dress, lifting the front of it up, and put my finger to her slit. I press lightly, my finger finding the rock-hard nub of her clit. That I can feel pounding like a hammer as it throbs against my finger.

I start very slowly rubbing my finger tenderly over Jill's unbearably needy and aching clit. Instantly Jill purrs out a long, throaty deep, "OOH!" and shudders.

"You will be on your best behavior for the rest of the night. Is that clear, slut?" Jill knows what I'm telling her to do. I'm telling her that she's to be as humble and polite to her husband as she would be to me. And that she's to obey him without question.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jill answers, and now that squeaky little girl is back in her throaty voice.

"Good slut. You will not touch this pussy unless Mr. White tells you to."

"Yes, Ma'am..."

"You do not want to disappoint me, slut, or I swear you will wish you hadn't. I will tease that slutty butt of yours beyond what you can bear, and then tease it some more. And that's after a very public paddling over my knees."

"Yes, Ma'am... I swear I'll be a good slut for Mr. White, Ma'am!" Jill tries to reassure me.

I take my finger from Jill's pussy. Jill breathes out the deepest sigh of frustration. I quickly spin her around. Jill puts her hands behind her back as she should. I lift the back of her dress, exposing her still-red cheeks, or at least the half of them that's not covered by the garter belt. I put her dress in her hands, making Jill hold it up to display her naked and red behind.

I step over to Hank, who's still gawking at Jill, and whisper to ask him where he parked. He tells me that he's on the street across from the building. I tell him "as the elevator doors open downstairs." I see the

questioning look on his face.

I raise my voice back up to normal. "Slut, you will keep that dress up and leave your naked behind bare for the world to see. Mr. White will tell you when he wants you to cover that naughty thing."

"Yes, Ma'am," Jill answers with a bit of unease creeping into her voice. Facing the wall, she doesn't know that I've given Hank instructions. And she doesn't know how well I know the rhythm of this building.

I tell Hank that he may take his worthless slut now. He takes Jill and walks her out of the apartment with her bottom still bare.