



Teasing The Backdoor

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Every few weeks I get together with a small group of ladies that my BFFs call my "kinky friends." There are six of us. Me, My mom Diane, Andrea, Janelle, Olive, and Colette. All six of us are dominants. All six of us like to play around, keeping our toy boxes well stocked with "toys" for our amusement. We always swap stories of whatever we've done lately and with whom. Sometimes we offer a "toy" we've run across to another, at least when whoever runs across the toy isn't interested in keeping it herself. I've gotten a few referrals from these ladies. Usually, toys they felt would be better subjugated by a younger lady.

This afternoon we've picked a little coffee shop in Foley to meet at. And like most times I bring Sophie along. With only counter service here, my live-in slave girl Sophie comes in handy as a waitress for us. And she loves being so useful.

I tell them the story of a 32-year-old man I played with last week. How I had him tied completely immobile while I tickled inside his butt with a feather. He suffered a full half-hour of it. It took him maybe five minutes to cum from it, even though nothing but the air was touching his cock. He came five times. The last time he didn't even have any cream left to spurt. But he did squirm powerfully against the ropes holding him. He moaned and groaned loudly, eventually crying from it as well. Afterward, he emailed me telling me how utterly ashamed of himself he was during, that I could make him climax without touching his cock. He begged me never to make him do that again. I posted a video of it, his face cropped out, and told him to stop whining. He'll suffer whatever I feel like watching him suffer. But since he wanted to whine about it, now his humiliation can be public. Even though it's impossible for someone who knows him well to recognize him, I know he's certain that every single person he knows has not only seen that video but recognized him.

I can tell I have their interest. So I have Sophie take a seat. Like a good slave, she sits up with her legs crossed and her hands folded. I have her tell them about the following Friday night. She doesn't blush or hesitate to describe it. I did the same thing to her. Except she suffered an entire hour of it. She tells them that she lost track of her orgasms. And

Teasing The Backdoor

kind of lost track of everything. She describes lying there, feeling a billion billion icy little tingly sparks constantly dancing around inside her bottom. A zillion times as many shooting powerfully through her pussy. How her entire body felt cold, even though she was drenched in sweat when it was over. How she couldn't feel anything but those "unbearable tingles!" that drove her beyond crazy. Didn't even know what I was doing to her. But when it ended and I let her go, her entire body felt like her pussy just after she'd came. Utter bliss. Her legs didn't even work for fifteen minutes or so, which she had to spend lying on the floor. At my insistence, she describes what she felt in vivid detail.

When Janelle doubts her, I swear to her that I never touched Sophie's pussy. Just the inside of her bottom. Janelle asks Sophie if she's looking forward to my using her like that again. Sophie says that she is, but she's looking forward to my using her period! She says that she has mixed feelings about it. It's far too much work for me to do for her. And it's just too good for her stand. But it's just too good, too. She tells Janelle that her biggest fear is that if I do it to her again, she won't be able to bear it and "completely lose it and go monkey wild bananas!" Then again, she says, if I want her to bear it, I'll make her. And if I want her monkey wild bananas, I'll make her do that, too.

At the end of our little gab-fest, Janelle asks me directly if I would mind "proving how crazy it drives a woman." Proving it by driving her that crazy.

I ponder the idea for a minute. While I have no interest in her, the idea of doing it doesn't bother me. I've tickled a few butts before. And I'm pretty sure Janelle doesn't know what she's getting herself into; she's going to unwillingly amuse me with her ferocious squirming. The fact that she's a domme doesn't bother me either. Nor does the certainty that she'll never be a toy, much less my toy. The only concern I can think up is that she's as assertive and dominant as I am. And I won't fight her for the power. "You know if you come to Miss Rodgers' neighborhood for that, you're getting the full treatment. Exactly as any other toy would toy get.

Teasing The Backdoor

And I *will* make you behave."

"Yeah." Janelle laughs, "I kinda figured you'd insist on that." She grins wide. "I would. There's only one Queen in the Empire of Janelle."

"And only one Empress in the Queendom of Pepper!" I add with my own grin. "And she's a very bitchy queen!"

"I'll behave."

"No, you won't," I smirk back. "You'll belong to me from the first knock on my door until it slams shut on your butt after. And be warned, Bitchy Goddess Pepper will *make* you behave like a good humble little peasant girl in her realm. Or your stay in Her dungeon will be far longer and more unpleasant than you're anticipating."

This time she makes a slightly nervous little laugh. "Deal."

"With the understanding that immediately after you leave I'm sending the video to Mom, Olive, Andrea, and Colette. Not you. You don't get it until one of them takes pity on you and sends it to you."

"Fine. Agreed." She turns immediately to Olive, her closest friend in the group. "You'll send it to me, right?"

"Nope!" Olive laughs heartily. "At least not until we've all burned ourselves out on it!"

"Bitch!" Janelle teases, "and here I thought we were friends!"

"We are! But this amusement!"

"2:00 Saturday," I say firmly. "Don't be late. You stay until I'm done with you. Thirty minutes of torture. Unless you're a bad serf." I don't wait for her to answer. I leave, taking Sophie with me. I have no doubt Janelle will show up. She's far too eager to experience it. I just don't know why. Usually, she's like me, the kind of girl who would much rather inflict that suffering on another and get my jollies watching the show.

She appears exactly at 2:00 Saturday. I have Sophie answer the

Teasing The Backdoor

door. As Sophie allows Janelle in, I'm lazing on the sofa with my crop across my lap. "Slave, strip that bitch." I sigh out.

"Yes, my wonderful and beautiful Mistress!" Sophie answers, taking the chance to squeeze a few compliments into the allowed response. She likes to do that, at least when she thinks I'll let her get away with it.

I watch, sipping my coffee, while Sophie almost pushes Janelle back to stand up against the empty place on the wall. "Undress, bitch," Sophie says firmly. "Give me everything you have." She holds her hand out and impatiently taps her foot. Just as I've told her I wanted her to. She's the picture of impatience.

Janelle had to know this was coming. None of us would allow a toy to have clothes for a play session. She knows the commands as well. All of us use the same commands with our subs. That way, on the occasions, when we do favors for each other, the subs know what to do when they're told to do something. She undresses correctly, handing her clothes to Sophie. Once Janelle is standing there naked, hands behind her, Sophie goes to lock Janelle's clothes in the file cabinet.

She returns and hands me a few things. I walk over to Janelle and order her to turn her back to me. Then I strap her hands together at the small of her back with a tie strap. I give her a light tap on her bare bottom, feeling those firm globes. "This bottom is going to have a very rough afternoon." I turn her to face me. Then I lock a pastel pink collar around her neck and clip a leash to it.

"Come, bitch." I snap as I start leading her back to the playroom. "Welcome to Miss Rodgers' Queendom's royal dungeon, bitch," I say with a tease to my voice. "Queen Mistress hereby condemns you to thirty minutes of bottom tickling. Plus five more minutes because she didn't like those ugly panties you dared to wear to into her realm!" I keep her walking over to the massage table. I've put a little step beside it so she can get up on it without being able to use her hands. I order her up and she

Teasing The Backdoor

gets up. Then she lies on her left side when I tell her to, pulling her knees up so she's positioned just like she were sitting, except lying.

While she lies there, I tie a blindfold around her eyes. Then I get out an enema kit now that she can't see what I'm doing. I figure she's expecting me to lift her toned, rounded butt cheek. After all, I have to get to her bottom to tickle it. She doesn't flinch as I do. But instead of tickling her bottom, which I never fully described how I did it, I touch the tip of the enema nozzle to her asshole. "You'll be cleaned out first. We don't tickle filthy bottoms here." The nozzle starts slipping into her asshole. "You will be on your best behavior, bitch. Lie still. Be quiet. Enjoy your nice big warm enema!" I release the clamp and let the fluid, a mixture of water, disinfectant, and laxative, flow into her. Usually, I give about half the bag. One bag is one liter, which is about the most a bottom can handle without real pain or an accident. Half will ensure the maximum effect. More than half just makes it more uncomfortable. And half is more than uncomfortable enough for most.

I don't know if Janelle anticipated this or not. I doubt it. But she's a smart girl, so maybe. Long before she has $\frac{1}{4}$ of the bag I can see that she's getting uncomfortable lying there. Maybe a little more so that most subs would be. Then again, she's not used to being on the receiving end. A little past $\frac{1}{4}$ bag she moans. I crack her taut cheek with my crop searing a bright wet on its center. "I said quiet, bitch!" I scold her. "Add five minutes. That's 40 minutes of hard butt tickling." She lasts another minute or so before I see her head move. Not much, but enough that I can see it. I crack her bottom again, searing a matching welt on her other cheek. "I said still, bitch. I saw that head move. Now you're up to 45 minutes."

I make her go just a little past $\frac{1}{2}$. I can see that she's really uncomfortable lying there. She's managing to stay still and quiet, though she's breathing hard. And sweating. I stop the flow when I see the tiny ripple of a weak cramp wash across her stomach. I leave her to lie there for five minutes, not saying anything to her, not even letting her know I'm there. But watching closely, crop ready in case she tries to move. Then I

Teasing The Backdoor

slide the nozzle out, take her blindfold off, and tell Sophie to take her to the potty.

Sophie takes her and makes her sit up with her legs splayed wide while she uses it. It's how I do any sub. It's how Janelle would do her subs. Does her subs. Make them do this on full display. And Sophie is extremely attentive to watching my subs. I wait about fifteen minutes before I poke my head in the bathroom, make a comment about how bad it smells, and tell Sophie that once "that skanky bitch" is cleaned out, to clean her up and bring her back to the dungeon to begin the torture she's been sentenced to.

It's several minutes before Sophie leads Janelle in by the leash. Janelle looks decidedly unhappy about her visit here so far. Can't blame her. If I were leashed, I'd choke the bitch with her leash. I'll bet Janelle wants to choke me, too.

I take the leash for Sophie. Without any explanation to her, I lead her over to a large wooden frame I had a couple of frat boys build for me. I paid them with Shelby, a rather cute 35-year-old redhead in my toy box whom they thoroughly enjoyed as payment. Despite feeling like a total slut, I know Shelby enjoyed it just as much.

First Janelle's ankles are spread wide apart and held to the brace with thick and wide leather cuffs. Using the leash I pull her forward, leaning her over a crossbar at her hips until she's bent almost all the way over. A clip on the floor, which is really just a piece of laminate-covered plywood that serves as a base for this frame, snaps onto the end of her leash. Now the leash holds her from standing up. I cut the strap on her wrists, move them up over her head where another cross brace has a thick steel tube sticking down, two more sturdy straps waiting for her wrists. I strap them, which leaves them hanging in the air with nothing to grab hold of. I have two more straps, one around the top of each thigh. About half as wide, those straps both pull her thighs outward and pin them to the crossbar. I set another cross piece, this one a 2" diameter steel pipe,

Teasing The Backdoor

across under her shoulders, pinning it in place with a couple of steel dowels. I don't tie her to it. It's only there to keep her from leaning forward.

I move in behind her and sit on the floor directly behind her bottom. Sophie stands behind me and when I tell her to, she pulls Janelle's cheeks as wide apart as she can stretch them. It bares her medium pink-purple asshole, now stretched taut enough to smooth out most of the wrinkles around her small hole. I can tell immediately that this butt hasn't had much if any, inbound traffic.

I pull on a latex glove and get a good dollop of lubricating jelly on the tip of my finger. I touch the tip of my finger to the stretched skin of her tight little hole. She clenches tight for a second, then starts to relax herself. I slowly work my finger around her hole, inching a hair deeper into her ring with every lap around as I spread a thick coat of the lubricant over her muscle. Janelle stands still while I do, but she starts breathing a little deeper.

Once I have her asshole as heavily greased as it can get, I get out the anal dilator I found online just for this. It's not fat. It's downright obese. It's 4 centimeters across, which is slightly larger than a decently thick cock would be. Definitely larger than an average cock. Not large enough to tear the skin on even the tiniest of assholes, but close. The tube is short, only 5 centimeters long. A second tube sits inside it, that one with a bullet-shaped tip, as wide as the outer tube, that sticks out beyond the outer tube. I lubricate the tip.

I touch the tip of that bullet to Janelle's asshole. I watch as she reflexively cinches tight, but quickly relaxes herself. It's deceptive, at least to Janelle. She can only feel the tip of it, which is no wider than a finger and hasn't a clue that it's about to stretch her muscle more like three fingers wide. I push firmly, but not too hard and the tip starts to ease into her butt. It gets her stretched about halfway before I hear her gasping out as she feels herself being really stretched. She squeals "You'll rip me!" about three-quarters of the way. I stop there just long enough to crack her

Teasing The Backdoor

bottom firmly with my hand and scold her to shut up. And add another five minutes to her torture. No talking. I resume pushing it into her. It makes it all the way in without tearing her, but it does stretch her almost to her limit.

The tube is clear hard plastic. It has a little tab that sticks up over her tail bone, which I tape to her skin to hold the tube in. then I slide the inner tube, and the tip, out of the tube. It leaves me a view of her dark ring squeezing tight around the clear tube, and her blood-red rectum beyond the end of that short tube. There's a second tube, also just a hair smaller than the one holding her muscle gaping wide, but about 7" long. This one is made like two little rings, one at each end, connected with four stiff clear plastic slats. I slip that one through the tube. At first, Janelle can't feel it at all. But once it clears the outer tube, she gasps hard as she feels the first ring sliding deeply into her and stretching her bowels out fully. It has a little clip to snap it to the outer tube and hold it there. By the time it's snapped into place her rectum is stretched taut all the way to it's very back. And held like that.

Looking in the tube I can see her rectum. It looks like a blood-red membrane as thin as a sausage casing. I can even make out some of her inner parts, like her bladder and womb, or rather the shapes of them, through its thin film. And I can make out the backside of her thick, spongy pussy walls just beyond her straining asshole. And I can see the thick veins that line it. I'll bet now Janelle knows why I washed her butt out.

Sophie sets out three little cups of oil for me. One atop a bed of ice, one at room temperature, and one atop a little candle-powered warmer. Those are atop a tray with a wide assortment of feathers that only have one thing in common: they're all at least 8" long. I pick one. It's neither the softest nor the stiffest in the array. More in the middle. I'm not sure what kind of bird it came from, but it's long and thin with a stiff shaft and medium-stiff hairs. I skip the oil for this first tease.

Teasing The Backdoor

Janelle's bottom is stretched three centimeters wide. I carefully ease the feather through that wide gap taking care never to let it touch her. She doesn't know it's there until suddenly it touches her at the very depths of her bowels. I start slowly drawing it down, tracing along a line of nerves. The instant it touches her insides, Janelle screams out desperately. I hear a loud crack overhead, like wood splitting, as her body instant tests the frame. Just as immediately she's struggling hard against the straps. They win, holding her hips almost immovable while I ignore her frantic squirming struggles and concentrate on teasing her bottom. I keep going teasing her insides with that feather, stroking it right along her previously unused nerves.

Janelle squirms as hard as she ever has in her life. She fights the straps with everything she has. And loses. They are thick for a reason. They hold her in place and steady, allowing her to do nothing but stand there and suffer the stimulating tease of that feather. I give her about a minute with that feather, which Janelle screams bloody murder through.

I have Sophie take over for me and I step off to make sure the cameras are recording this. I can already tell it's going to be too good not to get on video. We are going to be laughing over this for years. Well, five of us will be. Janelle won't be laughing. I have one camera directly above her. I have another under her, right where the leash clips to the base, which shows her entire body from mid-shin up including her agonized face. I have another that shows her full body from the side. The last is under her pussy, pointed up to show her pussy and asshole.

Sophie keeps teasing her bottom.

Janelle keeps struggling, her struggles quickly growing so powerful that the straps are already chafing her skin. She screams desperately and wildly, like a woman who has lost all control. I stand there grinning.

Janelle doesn't shave her pussy. I keep an eye on her lips through the moderately-dense tangle of wild hairs that cover them. But don't cover them enough to block my (or the camera's) view of her slit. I watch that line, where the tips of her purplish inner folds try to poke out from

Teasing The Backdoor

between her flat, wide lips. In a couple of seconds, I can see the first of her wetness soaking that fur. In under a minute there's no mistaking that her fur is thoroughly soaked.

I walk around to her front and nudge her head up. She keeps screaming in my face. "to cum or not to cum..." I lament. "You know you have to as badly as you've ever had to. But if you do, then what? I'm not stopping. Think about how much stronger the need will be. You won't last. I'm waiting for that agony." I step back.

A minute later Janelle loses her battle not to climax. I know it when I see her pussy lips twitching crisply. But other than that, there's really no way for her to show it. She can't scream any more than she already is. Nor can she squirm and harder against her bonds. All she can do is stay where she is, held firmly still, and suffer the teases.

I get my phone and start recording. Then I move it into place taking a video up the tube in her bottom. This picture shows her insides, and very clearly shows the feather drawing around lightly over the taut membrane. It shows the fat clear tube holding her asshole gaping wide, and even the dark ring of her muscle clamped vise tight around it. It even shows the pert goosebumps that line the insides of her cheeks, which is all of her cheeks in the picture. I get several minutes of that recording. I'm sure we'll enjoy seeing that, with its soundtrack of Janelle screaming wildly.

She doesn't make it ten minutes. By then I think she's climaxed four times, although I'm not really counting. What I do know is that her fur is literally dripping wet. So says the quarter-sized puddle under it. She starts shivering uncontrollably and violently while still struggling against those ¼" thick leather straps with every ounce of her strength. And her bladder lets go. Her bottom would as well. I can see her asshole turn to rubber around the clear tube. At another moment it looks like she's in convulsions. Just ones that are more violent than any seen in a hospital. And she's still screaming.

Teasing The Backdoor

I go back around to her front and raise my voice to almost my loudest, hoping she'll hear me over her own screeches. Which is still far from certain. "Oh, you want to pee on the floor of your Queen's dungeon? We'll just double your original sentence. That's one hour, plus the 15 minutes of add on punishment your naughtiness has already earned you, bitch! 75 minutes. I'll set a new record if you survive it!"

Sophie, not having been told any different, continues doing her best to tease Janelle her most teasingly best. Sophie always does her best to please me.

Which leaves Janelle tied over the frame screaming and convulsing as she fights an impossible fight to free herself from those bonds.

Sophie makes good use of the oils, too. Alternating between the icy one and the heated one, adding a little more, and a very different, but equally arousing sensation to the teases. She mixes up the feathers as well, going through all of them from the very softest to the more bristly soft ones. All of which keeps the feeling changing, albeit equally stimulating, so Janelle can't get used to it. It's always different. It's moving all over inside her. And tickling every nerve she never knew she had.

Janelle sweats profusely, dripping that down to the base as well. Her skin flushes pink, growing steadily brighter. She even weeps tears from her eyes. I'm sure she'd beg me to stop. I'm just as sure she'd insist that I stop, that it's far more intense than she imagined it would be. Not my fault she's incapable of forming words. Just of screaming insanely. And suffering a torment far more agonizing than she expected. Oops. I warned her.

I warned her that she would be at my mercy, too. And she knows me well enough to know mercy for subs, at least from the sweet agonies, isn't something I'm known for. More known for not have a shred of.

I doubt she has a clue how much time is going by. I doubt she's thinking of anything but the erotic tingles that have overtaken every nerve

Teasing The Backdoor

in her body. Which is how Sophie described how it felt to her. I'd bet that she's not even aware that she's tied anymore. Just that she's in an agony worse than the fires of Hell, but even sweeter than it is intense.

As time goes by her bladder dribbles a few more times, letting out much smaller streams of pee. Her pussy twitches sharper and sharper until as the end approaches, it looks like her lips are jumping. And her fur looks like it has more honey than hair to it, soaked with every drop it can hold of her creamy, clear wetness. Even her butt is in the act, her asshole squeezing hard against the tube with sharp contractions and the weak muscles of her bowels trying hard to push that tube out. None of which does anything.

At the start of Janelle's session, I let the camera at her side get a good image of the time on my watch. Now that every last second of her 75 minutes is up, I let it get another image to show that Janelle really has suffered the full time. As a bonus, it shows the date and time of her torment, too.

Then I step back and tell Sophie "this bitch is done with her punishment. Stop." And Sophie quickly pulls the feather from Janelle's bottom.

Janelle immediately collapses, falling limp onto the braces. She no longer struggles. She doesn't even shiver. She just lies there, looking dead. Except her panting for breath says she's not dead.

I leave her to lie there, even though it can't be comfortable for her, while I remove the dilator from her bottom. That's a bit of a procedure. First I have to break the clip that holds the inner tube in place, then slowly ease that out of her and the outer tube. Then I have to reinsert the inner tube with its bullet tip. And pull the tape off her back that holds the outer tube in place. Finally, I can slowly ease the outer tube back until it's out of her. Once it's out, her asshole hangs there, gaping wide. It'll take a couple of minutes for it slowly cinch back tight.

I spread her pussy lips just to see what it looks like inside.

Teasing The Backdoor

Thankfully I have Sophie recording it. It's a mistake. As soon as I open her lips a huge dollop of her honey falls from her pussy. Her pinkness is flushed to a bright red. Her clit, while no longer stiff, still throbs hard, pulsing along with her heartbeat enough that it can't be missed. But it's the wetness that I notice most. So wet It's beyond what I'd call sloppy or flooded. So much honey clings to everything that it continues dripping off her folds. And her pussy, still twitching lightly, but crisply. I hold her lips open for a bit letting Sophie get a good video of it. Then I let them go and wonder if Janelle will remember me opening them. She never showed it if she felt it.

I unstrap her thighs first. Then her ankles. Last her wrists, bringing those behind her back and strapping them there. As I open each strap I can see the bright red and raw skin under it where Janelle is going to be sore for a few days. And she's going to have fun explaining those strap marks on her wrists and ankles at work, too. Only once she's fully untied do I unclip the leash from the base.

I decide to "tease" Janelle a little more. Just one more thing to remind her that I own her for now. I have Sophie draw her a warm bath. Then the two of us carry her into the bathroom and put her in the nice warm tube. She doesn't react to it. I have Sophie wash her, something Janelle truly needs. After her session, she smells like musk and sweat, and it's strong enough that anyone within several feet of her will smell it. Like you'd expect after running a marathon.

Sophie bathes her quickly and efficiently, just as I told her to. Janelle lies dead through it. Not that she could do anything if she weren't. I have Sophie drain the tub with her in it to dry her off. Then the two of us carry Janelle back to the playroom and lie her on the floor.

It's maybe half an hour before she opens her eyes. She tries to move. It's like her nerves are still overloaded. Her legs move, but not the way she wants them to. More randomly, as if her nerves are misfiring. While Janelle is lying there I use my laptop to quickly edit together a video. It starts with a side view showing just how she's tied. Then a

Teasing The Backdoor

minute-long clip from my phone showing exactly how Sophie is teasing her insides. Then it shows it from the beginning of her 75-minute torture to the end from the front, which shows her face, with the image from the camera showing her pussy inset beside her head. That way they can all see that nothing touched even her lips, let alone her pussy proper.

Once her legs start moving coherently, I snap a stern order. "On your slutty knees, bitch!"

It takes Janelle three full minutes to pull herself up to her knees, sitting back on her heels with her knees spread wide. I use my phone to make a video of her kneeling. I tell her to humbly introduce the video, and politely ask her friends to watch it by name.

Janelle cringes a little, enough that shows. I guess she didn't expect me to make her do that. Then she sucks it up, and with a breathy, dreamy voice begins. "Hello everyone, it's Janelle. As you know, I stupidly agreed to be Miss Rodgers' bitch this afternoon when I mistakenly asked her to tickle the inside of my bottom. She sentenced me to 30 minutes of it, but I was a naughty bitch for her and ended up earning myself 75 minutes of abject agony. Honestly, I never imagined it could be so intense. See for yourselves. She recorded every, just as she promised us she would. This is the video of my bottom torture. Andrea, Colette, Diane, Olive, you are my best friends. You know me in ways my other friends can't understand. Will you ladies please watch this video of my torture. Please. Diane, you taught Miss Rodgers far too well. I honestly don't remember any of it. I all I remember was this feeling like I was burning in the fires of hell, except instead of pain I was feeling a pleasure so intense it was pain! Please don't let me ever do anything this stupid again! Thank you for watching my agonizing torment."

I leave her on her knees for the minute it takes me to add that to the beginning of the video. And save the file.

I tell Sophie to "kick this worthless bitch to the curb." She gets the keys to Janelle's collar from me, gets her clothes, and takes Janelle out to

Teasing The Backdoor

the living room to dress in the same place she undressed. Except Sophie looks down on the wobbly woman and decides to make her knee walk up there. On her leash. I don't object. Janelle deserves a little tease for underestimating me.

As soon as Janelle is out of the room I make a quick video. Then I head for the living room as Janelle is trying to dress, her legs still just a hair unsteady. I watch that show, too. Once Janelle is dressed, Sophie takes her purse, opens the front door, and tosses Janelle's purse into the hall. Then she gives Janelle a firm shove on her butt out the door "goodbye, bitch!" Sophie taunts. She slams the door behind her.

I quickly send the video to the others. I send the second video I made to Janelle. I'd bet anything she thinks I messed up and sent her the video, too. But I didn't. When she watches it she'll just see me laughing at her as I tell her "I told you, you don't get to see it unless and until someone else takes pity on you and sends it to you! Until then, you'll just have to wonder what I did to your butt!"

In a couple of minutes, I have texts from the others. All are some version of "OMG! I'm glad that's Janelle, not me!" Maybe ten minutes later I get another round of texts, all some version of "OMG, she peed herself! You're killing her!" then, minutes more into it, I get texts asking where I found those dilators and what kind of feathers those are. Mom adds that she has a few subs that could use a good lesson like that.

And I get five texts from Janelle, each one asking me for the video in increasingly begging terms. I respond to each with a single word: no. I'd bet the others are getting those texts from Janelle as well. I wonder how long it's going to be before someone gives it to her.

I get my answer that evening when I get a text from Janelle: *I HATE YOU! I can't believe you made me do that! I look like such a gutter skank! I have never peed all over like that before. You have no idea how humiliated I am to know that everyone has seen it! Every last one of them watched all of that video! Diane just couldn't resist pointing out to me that I peed not once, but five times! And did you really have to include a close up of my*

Teasing The Backdoor

pussy like that! I was so gross slutty! I won't mention the clip that shows everything up my behind! Then I'd have to think about everyone knowing what it looks like up my behind! And that would top the humiliation charts! I HATE YOU!

An hour later I get a second text from her. *I still HATE you! You could have at least been nice and made me suffer that damn enema beforehand!*

I taunt her back: *I warned you that you were going to be my bitch if you came into my realm. But since you enjoyed your enema so much, here's a video of that, too. I'm sending it to everyone. And I do, I send it to everyone. Then kick back and laugh as the comments come in. My favorite is from Andrea: Ooh, you bitch! I can't believe you made Janelle SUBMIT like that! I am never coming to your realm!*

At least until Janelle texts me: *YOU BITCH! Did you really have to put the toilet part on there, too? Now everyone knows you really made me your bitch! God, I have never been so utterly humiliated in my life!*

I text back and ask her how her pussy is feeling. She answers, "Oh so good. But I still hate you!"