



An Early Morning Quickie

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Pamela isn't exactly a toy in my toy box. I'm confident I could put her there without much effort at all. I just don't have the desire to, at least not right now. She owns one of the little cafes along Dauphin Street. Not directly under my apartment building, but on this block. It's a breakfast kind of cafe. I don't eat out too often, but when I do, I've eaten there enough. Her food is good, the atmosphere quaint, and the service good. She's friendly, and once she discovered I live on this block, she made an extra effort to get to know me.

I guess Sophie wearing her collar to breakfast was enough to let Pamela know what my lifestyle is. She hinted, never outright saying anything, but always hinting just enough that I knew she was interested in learning a few lessons.

Over a few months I "flirted" with her, eventually teasing out that she's married, her husband rather vanilla and unimaginative. Which apparently isn't her fantasy lover. She's a little older than the subs I typically play with, I'd guess close to 50. Usually, I like my toys between 30 and 42, 45 at the most. She doesn't quite look her age, but she does look like she's well into her 40s. However, she has a rather shapely body.

One day her husband was there, and she introduced him to me. I talked to him for a few minutes until he finally just said: "so you're the dominatrix Pam's been telling me about." I grin. "I didn't know Pam was talking about me! What does she have to say???" I bat my eyelashes when I ask him that.

He tells me a lot. Including that Pamela has always had an "adventurous streak" that he doesn't share. But they're completely in love and happy together despite their sex life, which he finds fully satisfying but thinks she doesn't, at least not as fully as he does. HE tells me how she likes to read little stories online before bed at night, but when she does, she's always "hungry" when she gets in bed.

It's enough for me to know the mere thoughts are arousing her, and wonder what would happen if she actually found herself in the place of

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one of the girls in those stories she likes.

Without really thinking about it, I tell him, "if you want to find out what really excites her, bring her to my apartment at 4:00 Saturday." I refused to say another word about it. He brought her. That was about three months ago.

Since then I've seen her about once a month, always for a very quick session to tease her arousal up. I'm sure he took care of her arousal later. I don't have any real use for her or interest in her. Who knows, someday I might have a perfect use for her, but not now. I think I keep her mostly because she's part of the neighborhood and I love to keep good relations with my neighbors. Plus, since that first session, she's flatly refused to allow me to pay for breakfast. And I've tried. Really tried to pay my bill. Once she even took my card only to fake running it through!

She opens at seven on Sunday mornings, arriving around six to get everything ready before the breakfast and brunch crowds start slowly filing in. I'm usually up early, no later than five. This morning it's closer to 4:30 when I open my eyes. Guessing I have enough time - I know they live out by the airport with is naturally as far from downtown as it could get put - I send him a short text. *I sense Pamela has been having naughty thoughts again. Bring her to me at 5:30 and we'll find out.* It's several minutes before I get a text back from him telling me they'll be here.

He knocks right on time. He was late once, and I kept her late for it. Late enough that she really had to hustle and work to get open on time, but a few seconds short of so late that she wouldn't be ready when they opened. Sophie answers the door and greets him. Pamela isn't allowed to speak. I made that clear to her the first time she came. He's bringing her as if her guardian and she's nobody. Sophie shows them in.

She points Ted to the sofa and suggests he has a seat. Then Sophie takes Pamela's hand and walks her across the living room to my desk, where I'm sitting waiting for her. I let Sophie work, sipping a fresh cup of morning coffee Sophie just brewed me.

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Beside my desk, I've placed a little round wooden stool. It's elegant and looks to be a fancy antique. I found it online, genuine Amish built in Ashland, Ohio, and ordered it. It matches my desk perfectly. Sophie points Pamela to the small round seat. She sits, already knowing that I will demand that she sits like a "proper little lady-bitch." Meaning sits up very straight, her head and eyes forward, her legs fully crossed right over left, and her hands demurely laying in her lap alongside her pubes, her hands open and palms up, one atop the other. I leave her to sit a brief moment while I get another sip of coffee.

This morning Pamela is wearing a light cotton blouse with short sleeves and a cute floral print over loose-fitting denim shorts. Her blouse is mostly white, and she has a white leather belt on her shorts to accent it. Then sneakers and ankle socks on her feet, a clear concession to the hours she's about to spend on those feet. While the shorts are decently modest, they do let me see enough of her shapely legs.

I don't have much time with her, but that's intentional. I don't want to invest the time in a full session with her. I save that for my toys. I just want to keep her dangling interested. And mostly to tease her arousal up to an unbearable level for Ted. Thus the short meetings.

And apparently, Ted loves seeing them, although he's told me he would prefer not to actually do anything. I get it. I got it the instant Pamela squirmed and squealed the first time, and saw how excited he was getting watching her be aroused. So I've taken to leaving him to sit on the sofa and watch, although I don't ignore him while he's there. If I was going to ignore him, there'd be no reason for him to bring her. I could send him a video!

"I won't even ask, Pamela..." I sigh out feigning exasperation. "I just know you've been having very naughty, very slutty thoughts. And I'm confident they're about that little bottom of yours. You just can't get your mind out of your bottom, can you? I guess there's no reason to waste any time this morning. I'll just see for myself how slutty you're

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being!"

I grin my evil sly grin. It's enough for Pamela to sense that I have something new, and something torturous in store for her this morning. I'm sure she's wondering what it might be. Already she's fidgeting around on that stool nervously.

But that's Pamela. She's always very nervous when she comes here. And she's always very shy and hesitant. And beyond whiny-squealy whenever something is done to her. Enough so that I would wonder if it was really uncomfortable for her, was I not to also see how quickly and intensely it was arousing her. But it's just her. She likes to whine like a little baby whenever anything is done to her that she thinks she should be uncomfortable, no matter how much she actually likes it.

I reach into one of the drawers of my desk and get out the toy I have in mind for her. It's new to her, but I've owned it a while. It's a camera. It doesn't really look like one. More like a black tube with a rounded tip about 10" long. It has a little USB connector at the flat end, which I now connect to a cable and to my laptop. But I don't let the image show on the screen yet. I just plug it in, getting it ready.

"On your feet, Pamela," I say it firmly while I'm setting a packet of lubricating jelly on the desk beside the camera. That's enough for Pamela to start fidgeting harder, almost trembling. As she's reluctantly getting to her feet I add a box of latex gloves to the desk. With her standing there, I make her watch me pull a pair on my hands. And I grin the entire time.

I tell her to turn around and take a step back. Then another step when she takes a baby step the first time. I have her lean all the way over to rest her forearms on the stool and part her feet a little way, about even with her shoulders. The stool is low enough that it has her back sloping slightly downward towards her head. And it so fully pull her bottom taut and rounded for me. That's obvious even with her shorts on.

I grab her long, curly blond hair and tug her head up so she's looking forward, not straight down at the floor as she's trying to do. She

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always tries hard not to look at anyone while I'm doing anything to her. I never let her. Like now, I usually have her looking right at her sitting husband so she can see how interested he looks watching this.

I reach around under her waist and unfasten the button and zipper on her shorts. I unbuckle her belt while I'm at it. She flinches hard before she can still herself as I slip her shorts down to her thighs and bare her panties. A pair of cute, and very comfortable, light pink cotton panties. They're fairly modest, more something comfortable she'd wear to work. Meaning she didn't have time to get prepared to come to see me. Which I didn't want her to have.

She starts trembling as I slip her panties down, baring a pair of firm cheeks with milky white skin now pulled tautly. I ease her panties down slowly until they're around her mid-thighs, leaving all of her bottom and the lightly furred lips over her pussy bared.

Pamela has short, moderately wide pussy lips that are thin and make a mostly flat mound with just a little puffy curve to it. They're covered with a thin layer of dense dark brown curls that she keeps neatly trimmed out of the creases of her thighs. I use one hand to part those lips and bare her hotly-flushed pinkness and the hard nub of clit swollen up from her wrinkled folds. All of which is coated with a nice layer of her syrupy honey.

"Ew!" I groan, "this is about the skankiest pussy I've seen in a long time!" It's not. It's definitely horny, but the one I saw just the other night was wetter. I'm confident that Sophie would be even wetter yet by the time I got her lips open anyway! She always gets hot when I touch her! And she loves showing herself to me. But it is a definite display that Pamela is good and hot right now. I let go of her lips.

I use one hand to push her cheeks even wider apart to fully expose her asshole. Hers is tiny and tight, as small as a dime, like a deep purple funnel of little wrinkles that disappear into a pinpoint. As I spread her cheeks, I see it clench even tighter. I stretch it as far as I can with only one

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hand.

"Oh, this little bottom looks totally neglected!" I squeal. "Let me check it out in-depth." I see her ring try to squeeze even tighter. "You'll love this new little toy! It will let me check so much more of that slutty bottom. All the way up inside it to the very depths!" It's enough to get Pamela trembling and panting little "mmms" over and over again as she thinks about something sliding inside her bottom.

I put a little drop of the lubricant on the tip of my finger and take my time, drawing it out, as I spread a very thin film of the slippery grease over her muscle. Pamela whines more "mm-ooohs" as I gently lubricate her bottom. She fidgets hard, her bottom already squirming hard.

I turn the camera on, it's image appearing on the screen of my laptop and now being recorded. I move slowly, letting the camera get a very good image as its lens nears Pamela's asshole. Then as it touches her tightly resisting ring. The tube has it's own light, set just behind and around the lens, so it lights up the wrinkled purple flesh the lens is pressing against.

I push it gently, steadily, and very slowly increasing the pressure against her muscle. It takes a few seconds for the pressure to creep up enough that her ring starts stretching wider. On the screen, it almost looks like it's in slow motion. I'm inching it into her that slowly. Pamela squeals a desperate and scared shriek.

The tip of the camera inches a little more, and the screen shows her thick asshole stretching wider as the tube slips in. then it shows her dark flesh squeezing around the tip of that tube, and the tube slipping deeper into her bottom. Pamela squeals another nervous, begging, shriek. Her bottom squirms around. That does nothing to help her. It just takes the toy right along with it. "Oh-OW!" she cries out.

I keep the camera inching into her bottom. It passes through her asshole, its lens emerging into her bowels. It's not a pretty picture. Then again, it's also exactly what you should expect to see up inside someone's

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butt. I don't care. I don't even want to see. There's nothing for me to see. This is all about Pamela feeling it and knowing that I'm seeing just everything!

I do, see everything, from the veiny blood-red membrane of her rectum to the waste inside it. If I had more time, and more interest in this woman, I would have given her a nice warm enema first so her bottom would be freshly washed out for inspection. But I don't care. I just want her to know I'm looking up there.

I take at least a minute to inch the camera all the way to the narrow back of her rectum, making sure that it gets a good picture of every little vein and fleck along the way. Pamela squeals more desperately, more nervously, and more unhappily, with every centimeter, it creeps into her.

She mumbles little "oohs," "ums," and "ows" over and over again. As it gets deeper into her bottom, I hear her start chanting "get it out of me" over and over again under her breath. I stop it when it's fully up inside her.

"Ted, this bottom seems to be very neglected. I know you don't use it, but it's obvious that she's been fantasizing about something up inside this very sensitive, very tight virgin little hole of hers!" I say it for Pamela to hear, not for him, even though I'm speaking to him.

I slip my finger into her pussy, getting a purr over her whiny moans. I push the pad of my finger very lightly upwards and start massaging the spongy walls of her pussy as slowly as I can. She purrs hard, urgently needy. Those whiny groans steadily disappear from her voice.

I ease the tube back, most of the way until maybe $\frac{1}{4}$ of its length is left inside Pamela's bottom. Then I aim it, tilting it downwards a little. Pamela grunts a very whiny, very uncomfortable, and very not-real, squeal as it moves around inside her. This angle lets me see her bowel moving as my finger massages the meaty pussy walls just beyond.

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"See the problem, Ted? Her pussy is directly connected to her butt! Look, you can see it. My finger is rubbing around inside her pussy, but look, you can see it moving her bottom! They're connected! That's a very slutty pussy and butt. A behind this skanky-slutty just has to have to some attention!"

I ease my finger from her pussy. Then I ease the camera out of her bottom as slowly as I can. She grunts hard with the relief as it slips from her bottom. I set it atop a blank sheet of paper on my desk. It can wait there for Sophie to scrub and disinfect it after where it's been.

I reach in another drawer of my desk and get out a couple of little toys. They're both vibrators. The smaller of the two is the size of a tampon. I take that one first and put it's tip to Pamela's asshole. She squeals loudly, and I think hear her whine "not again!" under her breath. I push it completely inside her bottom, letting my finger follow it into her a little way to make sure it's fully past her ring of muscle. I slip my finger back out of her, and that leaves the toy completely inside her with only a thin cord hanging out of her asshole, and down about 4".

The second toy is the same length, only thicker. This one is a full inch across. And unlike the other one, this one has a coating of rubber over it. I open Pamela's lips to expose her pussy and press this toy fully into her tunnel, pushing it gently all the way to the back, until I feel it touching against her cervix. I ease my finger back out. This one stays hidden inside her pussy as well, leaving only it's cord hanging out. I let her lips close, the thick string running between them to hang down.

Pamela flinches hard now as I pull her panties back up. I pull my gloves off and get a black Sharpie marker. I write, in big letters across the butt of her panties "I have a vibrator in my pussy and up my butt. They feel so good!" I snap a quick picture of her panty-clad bottom showing the message written across her butt.

I pull her shorts back up. Instead of fastening them for her, I tell her to fix them as she takes her seat on the stool. She fixes them but sits

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gingerly. Which so unnecessary! Those toys are completely inside her. She won't feel a thing sitting down!

"Pamela, you *will* leave those toys right where I put them. They will not interfere with you peeing. You won't need to do anything more than that. Once you close and have everything completely cleaned up, your husband may bring your slutty butt back up here and I will remove them. If you try to remove them, I will know it. They're tamper-proof. You'll just have to live with them teasing you all day long."

The cords hanging out of her body have little antenna wires in them. One push of a button and they turn on, and they'll run until their batteries die in about 12 hours, or until I turn them off. I push the button.

Pamela sucks in a crisp, startled breath and stiffens up hard as she feels them start vibrating. The one in her pussy is fat enough to fill her pussy and slightly stretch her walls. Which means it's trapping part of her walls between it and the vibrating cylinder in her bottom. That nerve-filled flesh is getting teased from both sides.

Pamela starts breathing very deeply, her exhales more sweet moans than breaths. I'm sure she's already thinking about how she could possibly make it through a day like this. She fidgets around on the stool, but excitedly, not uncomfortably. I'd bet her panties are already getting damp! Her face certainly looks it.

I tell Ted that he should take "his slut wife" to work now, and not to bring her back until everything is done, and done right, at the cafe. Not to let her cheat on anything.

Sophie shows them out and fetches me another cup of coffee.

She serves it on her knees, as she knows I love, with a big grin on her face. "I guess we're going out for brunch today, slave."

Sophie giggles hard. She already knows where we're eating, and who I am going to insist on serving us.



Pamela gets to her cafe at six, and her doors open at seven. It's close to ten when I lead Sophie in. There are only a few tables empty. I pick one for four and take a seat.

What makes Pamela's cafe popular is the "chef." He's not really a chef, just a cook in a chef's hat. But he's good with breakfast, the simplest meal to get right. Unlike most of the cafes downtown, here they make your food from scratch when you order it. And make it behind glass where you can see the chef making it. Plus it has a cozy atmosphere.

We're not seated two minutes before Pamela spots us. She scurries over to very enthusiastically wait on us. I pretend this morning didn't happen like I haven't seen Pamela since my last brunch here.

Pamela can't. She tries, but she can't help fidgeting a little from those toys tormenting her. And I know they're killing her by now. If I didn't, the slight dampness at the crotch of her shorts tells me her panties are soaked. And I can hear a slight raspiness to her breath, and a breathy note in her voice as she asks if we'd like coffee.

I take coffee, telling her to come back in ten for our order. I'm not in a hurry today, so I intend to stretch this out. I love making toys uneasy, and while Pamela isn't exactly a toy, she's exceeding uneasy right now. She brings the coffee.

I make a show of sniffing the air. "slave, do you smell skanky pussy?"

"Oh, Yes, Mistress!" Sophie answers immediately, giggling as hard as any teenage girl ever has.

Pamela blushes beet red, imagining that we're smelling her pussy. Which I'm not. She doesn't have much muskiness at all to her aroma. But I can see the dampness. And I know her pussy has going to be aching

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unbearably right now for a little attention.

Brunch takes over an hour. Pamela spends the time serving our table far more attentively than the others. As she hustles around waiting her tables, I can't help but notice the slight fidget in every move she makes, and the tense, barely visible, wiggles in her hips. I doubt anyone else notices it, but I know to look, and what I'm looking for.

When she brings our food, I have the picture of her panty-clad bottom up on my phone. "Here, Pam, take a look at my new pet!" I say for the benefit of anyone else nearby. I show her the picture and see her blush anew. "Isn't that just too adorable!" She reluctantly agrees, which tells me that she'd yet to figure out what was written on her bottom.

She refuses to even bring us the check for our brunch.

She closes at three and is usually gone at four. At 3:45 I call Ted, and he tells me he's almost there to pick her up, they should be there by four. He's talked to her three times today. All three times she begged him to ask me to end her torment early, that she couldn't stand this. She won't call me herself; I've made it clear that she's not allowed to speak to me except to wait on me in her cafe. For her brief visits, only Ted may speak for her. And she told him about my coming in for brunch. She called him the second time while I was there to beg him to call and ask me to take her to the bathroom and get the toys out of her before she climbed a wall she was going so sweetly crazy. He knew what my answer would be, so he said no. Good boy, I tell him.

I tell him not to bring her here, that Pamela deserves a little treat after suffering all day. He's not to tell her anything. He's to drive her straight home. When she gets there, sit her down in a chair and tell her to wait for him to return for her. Then have her watch the entire video I'm sending him. It's nine minutes long. Once she's watched it all, and I mean every frame of it, he is to tell her to stand, and take off everything but her panties. She's not allowed to touch her panties or anything under them. He may then take her panties off of her.

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And then, he may remove the vibrator from her pussy for her. Just pull on the string, ignore the little purring moan she'll make, and it'll slide right out of her. Leave the one in her bottom. Have his way with her, which she'll definitely enjoy. Only then may the toy come out of her bottom. It'll come out easily just by pulling its cord. He can do that, or since he hates butts, he can allow her to do it.

The toys are the tip from brunch, she may keep them if she likes them. But after he has her, he's to email me and let me know "how much they liked it this way." He agrees to that, saying none of that makes him uncomfortable, as long as she can take the toy from her own butt.

Three hours later I get an email from him. He says "Wow, she was an absolute wild Amazonian woman!" He tells me how she thrashed hard the entire time, more fucking him than he was fucking her, even though he was on top. And he heard her scream out through three orgasms in the "few" minutes it took him to finish. He tells me that he could feel the vibrator on his cock. Not the toy itself, but the constant twitches those vibrations sent flooding into her pussy, which made her "more stimulating" for him.

I tell him to keep the toys, and where to get the weird sized batteries they use. I tell him that I'll drop the remote, the on switch for them, off with Pamela tomorrow, and if she doesn't bring it straight to him, then "I'll spank her mischievous bottom until she coughs it up."

When I pop in Monday morning to drop the remote, in an unmarked little box, with Pamela, she fawns over us and insists we both take a box of her freshest baked muffins with us. Those are strawberry-banana oat bran muffins that come out of the oven as we're stepping in. I send a box with Sophie for her first class, which I know she'll share with her friends there. I guess Pamela really liked that tease yesterday.