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Chapter I: XX

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. 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" that 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 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.

Chapter I: XX

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

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

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



It's a Saturday evening and I've decided to test out a new frame. This frame, like most of the braces I have to bind my toys to, was built by a couple of accommodating frat boys to my design. It's for men.

Its main part is a heavy wooden square 12-by-12 inches. That's affixed to two heavy steel square tubes that rise up from the front of a base that about five feet wide and three feet long. Two more of the heavy tubes extend downward at an angle from the bottom of the square to the corners of the base. Then two more run from the top corners of the square backward, angling down to the base. The wood square has only one real feature, a two-inch diameter hole in it.

To test my toy out, I've summoned Mark and Callie, a couple who have been my toys for some time now. As is always the case, as soon as they arrived here Sophie, my 19-year-old live-in slave-girl promptly had them strip naked and locked their clothes away in the file cabinet I keep just for that. Then she brought them to me in the playroom.

Callie is 20 years old. She's a slightly tallish woman at 5'9" but curvy at 132 pounds. She has light blond hair that's straight and hangs to her shoulders. She has a pretty, somewhat rounded, face with brilliant blue eyes, a slightly wide nose, and a wide mouth framed with full medium-pink lips. She also has a set of full and firm 36-B breasts topped with light pink nipples like pencil erasers. She has a full bush of dense blond curls, trimmed into a neat triangle with straight lines inside the creases of her thighs, and bottom that curves into a very rounded point just above a very pump pussy mound with long, wide, lips. Callie is on her knees with her face in the corner, waiting until I summon her.

Mark is 22-years-old. He's around 6" tall and has a lean build that's definitely muscular. Then again, he does work at the shipyards where hard work is the norm. He has scruffy, but short, medium blond hair and blue eyes. His chest is almost hairless, his thighs covered with a blond fur, but on his pubes, there's a dense mat of medium-brown curls around his cock. And a pair of large balls hanging behind that cock.

As soon as Sophie brought Mark in, I took hold of him and moved him to stand on the platform, his hips against the wooden square of the frame. I had him spread his feet wide, all the way to the corners where the angled bars meet the edges of the platform.

I tied him. Starting with an ankle, I used a long piece of hemp rope, wrapping three coils snugly around his ankle and tying it off. Then I wrapped loop after loop around both his leg and the brace, winding coils all the way to the edge of the square. I tied the rope off. With the loops lying one against the next, it leaves his leg visible only from the ankle down and about two inches before the crease of his thigh. I did the same with his other leg.

Then I used thumb-wide leather straps to secure his hips. One looped through holes in the square and pulled tight at the crease of each thigh. A wider strap, like a belt, through two more holes, and across his hips just above the top of his butt crack. And finally a narrower, finger-thick strap through two more holes and pulled tight across his sack. Just above his hanging balls where it holds his scrotum firmly against the square.

His cock sticks out straight and hard through the hole in the center of the square. His hands are cuffed behind his neck; to make sure they stay there, I've looped the chain of the cuff under a baby-blue training collar on his neck. He can move them enough to squirm, but they're not coming away from his neck. So they're not reaching anything.

His cock is definitely not as manly as the rest of him. Still, it's not a bad one. I've measured it. It's 5.3" long and 1.4" thick, which puts it just barely over the average mark. It's not circumcised, which means little on a toy.

I take the tip of a feather and lightly tease it over the tip of his cock, swirling it slowly around the bit of the cock's head that's bare above that useless foreskin. It gets a hard twitching shudder from Mark. The bonds do their job, holding his hips virtually immobile against the square. The

square isn't moving, either. So his cock stays put, too. As his hips jerk against the bonds, Mark realizes that it's going to be a very long and even more teasing night for him. He lets out a long groan.

I grin wide. "That's right, my little boy toy. That tiny cock isn't going anywhere! And it will be waiting until some whim to see it cum all over the place strikes me!" I tease the tip of it again. Mark groans again. I swat one of his hard cheeks with the tip of my crop. Mark sucks a crisp breath in as he feels the sting. I giggle, "Yup, your bottom is just so bare, too! That way I can spank it when you're a naughty boy!"

I don't touch his cock. He likes the feel of my hand on it way too much for that. I just let the brace keep him perfectly still and in place, his cock jutting straight out in empty air, for me. And I tease its tip with the feather. Each tease gets a crisp jerking twitch from his cock. It makes his hips shudder hard against the brace. And makes him groan, at least between purring moans. His hands thrash a bit, the cuffs keeping them at the back of his neck and away from what they want to touch.

I've only been at a few minutes, less than ten when I hear my phone ringing. It's the ring tone reserved for my actual friends. The people whose calls I don't want to miss. I just wave my hand towards the ringing and Sophie takes that as her cue to hurry over and answer it for me. My true friends, the only ones with that number, know me well. All of them have seen enough of Sophie. None would be the least surprised by Sophie playing secretary (or anything else) for me. In fact, they're far more likely to be surprised if she isn't playing a secretary.

I don't pay any attention to Sophie or the call she's answering. I focus on teasing Mark. I have to reach up under the square to get to his balls, but I can do that easily. I can't resist the urge to tease those as well. I caress the edge of the feather over his balls, below the strap. The strap holds his sack snug against the brace, letting his balls dangle free while lying against it. Mark jerks his hips hard at the tease. His balls don't move a bit. He groans loudly as he shivers. I tease them again.

Then Sophie comes and kneels down beside me. Seeing the phone in her hand, I assume this call is one I want to take. I give her permission to speak and she tells me that it's my friend Ms. Von Grubener on the phone, who wishes to speak to me if possible.

Diane Von Grubener is a 45-year-old Dutch woman. I met her through my friend Nikolai. Like Nikolai, she's a strong Domme. Like me, too. We get along rather well, even though Diane is more interested in the "SM" part of "BDSM," while I'm more interested in the "BD" part of it.

I take the call. I'm sure Sophie would have told her that I have a toy here now, so if Diane wants Sophie to interrupt that, she clearly has something up her sleeve. I can't think of why else she'd want Sophie to interrupt me. By Domme-etiquette that would be so rude.

She begins with an apology for interrupting my "amusement." Then she asks if I'll still be occupied in about 90 minutes, or if I might have time to do her a favor this evening. She outlines what she has in mind. I think about her idea, which sounds very amusing. Then I think about Mark and Callie. 90 minutes is plenty to test out my new frame, which was my purpose tonight. I'm certain that 90 minutes like this would seem like an eternity for poor Mark. But I can be "evil." I decide they could be useful, and I decide that Mark won't mind suffering even more of this than I'd planned. I'm sure they won't mind if I use them. They wouldn't be here if they didn't enjoy being used. So I tell her I'm up for it.

With 90 minutes I have plenty of time to get things ready. I summon Callie out of her corner and put her on her knees in front of Mark. I tell her to give his cock a single stroke with her mouth. I've taught Callie to give a very good blow job. The kind Mark spends his days boasting to other guys about.

As I stand over her, Callie stretches her mouth wide and puts it to the tip of his cock. She lets the very tip of lie atop her tongue. Then she moves her head forward slowly. As she moves his cock slides along her tongue towards the back of her mouth. Then it slips down further to her

throat. And then it slips into her throat, stretching her taut as her throat muscles snuggle hard against his shaft. She keeps going until her lips touch his pubes. Never once, not even for a fraction of a second, does she break her smooth rhythm. Not even as this thickness forces its way into her tight throat. Nor does she gag on it. Mark purrs a very sweet moan as she takes him into her hot mouth.

Then she backs off just as slowly, reversing with the same smoothness. She backs off just as slowly and steadily, holding her mouth wide open. It glides along her tongue, slipping from her mouth until only it's very tip is left. Then that too slips off of her tongue. Callie closes her mouth and kneels, awaiting instructions.

I give her the feather. I tell her to tease the full length of his shaft with it, never stopping. I tell her to keep the feather moving over his cock, slowly and steadily. And that no matter how much twitching and jumping around his shaft does, The feather isn't to leave it. She starts at its base, slowly drawing the feather up his length. His cock jump. The feather stays along it. It keeps stroking its soft bristles over the sensitive flesh. His cock keeps jumping. Callie keeps the feather on it. Mark groans deeply with abject frustration through his erotic moans.

I have Sophie start getting ready for what Diane asked me to do for her.

Callie strokes the feather along Mark's cock, keeping it jumping around. After two minutes I tell her to stop stroking his shaft just long enough to give it another single suck. Then it's back to feather teasing. I repeat that rhythm, having Callie suck him once about every two minutes.

Ninety minutes later, when my doorbell rings, Mark is still standing there with his hard cock sticking out through the hole while Callie teases and sucks on it. He's all but crying, squirming and struggling hard against the bonds that hold his hips still. His hands rattle the chain of his cuffs loudly as they try to get to his cock. His unbound chest and shoulders thrash all over the place. He moans urgently and

groans even louder. But there's nothing he can do other than stand there and suffer the teases.

I send Sophie to answer the door. Once she's out of the room, I send Callie back to her corner. I leave Mark bound where he is. He cries out, his groan a mixture of frustration and relief as Callie's torment comes to an end. For now.



I don't do many favors for Diane. It's not that I'm not on her "Alist," it's just that what she's into doesn't often lend itself to needing a favor like this. So I've never met Michelle, the woman she's sending to me tonight. I haven't a clue what to expect. I didn't even ask. Diane isn't my closest Domme friend, but she knows me well enough to know what my interests and standards are. And I trust her not to even ask if she knows the toy doesn't meet at least my standards.

While I prefer my play toys in the 30-42 age range, my standards are looser. I'll consider anyone over 18. I don't really have a hard top-end age limit, but I don't take toys that look to be much over about 45, regardless of how old they actually are. I wouldn't care if a toy was 60 if it looked like it was 40 and could handle what a 40-year-old could handle. Otherwise, my standards only limit toys to being "healthy." Or should I say excluding the fat, the slobbish, those with any illness that would affect their ability to endure, or those with mental issues.

Sophie isn't out of the playroom for even a minute before she comes running back in and hurries to kneel before me. She's giggling, but trying to hold it back. Whatever it is, it looks to be urgent, at least to her. I tell her to speak. She begs me to come to the door.

Sophie has answered my door for over a year now. It would take a computer just to count how many times she's let a toy in and taken its clothes. Never once has she come to get me. I motion her to go ahead of me and wonder what could be so far outside the instructions I've given her that she wants me.

When I get to the living room I see what it is. The UPS delivery guy is standing there. At least he's a guy in a UPS uniform. He has a dolly beside him. On it is a huge cardboard box. By huge I mean at least three feet tall and two-by-two feet wide. Idly I wonder just how big of a box UPS will ship. This box has got to be at the limit.

I ask what it is. "Got me." He says, "but it's awfully heavy." Even as he speaks to me, his eyes are on Sophie. I'm sure that's because Sophie

is wearing one of the all-lace stretchy dresses I bought her. Dresses that bare reach from her breasts to an inch below her bottom, their lace not really covering much of anything. Sophie's an attractive honey-blond, too. Since I'm wearing a designer business skirt-suit, I don't have to wonder why he's so much more interested in Sophie. He's busy trying to see through the little spaces in the lace and see her breasts and pussy. I'm sure he's succeeding, too.

He hands me the clipboard to sign for the box. Before I can think about reaching for it, Sophie takes it from him. I wouldn't have taken it anyway, and Sophie knows that. She tells me it's from Diane. She signs "Ms. Rodgers' slave-girl" in place of her signature and hands the board back to the driver. He glances at it but doesn't notice what she signed. So typical. She could have signed "Minnie Mouse" and no one would notice until someone complained about a missing package.

He politely offers to bring it in for me, since it's so heavy. I gladly accept, and he dollies the box in. I give Sophie a wink. She points him to the empty place along the wall that I leave empty for undressing toys. As he sets the box there and slips his dolly free of it, Sophie stands close to him, letting her body, and twice her breasts, covered only with the thin lace, brush against him. She bats her eyelashes as she thanks him politely.

As soon as the door is shut behind him I start laughing. I never would have thought of this! I wonder how Diane made it happen. She did say "I'll have Michelle delivered to you at 8:30." I just assumed that meant she'd have someone drive the woman over here. But it's 8:30, and here's a huge box. That was really delivered! I have Sophie fetch a box cutter and slit the heavy tape that seals the box up.

Inside is a wooden army footlocker standing up on its end. There's no lock on it, just a slide bolt. I slide it and pull the door open. A bunch of styrofoam packing peanuts fall out. Sophie sweeps them aside with her hands, revealing the "package" Diane sent me.

Inside the footlocker is what I think is a naked woman. It's hard to

tell. It's heavily wrapped in bubble wrap. But it looks like it's on its knees, sitting back, hands behind it. Sophie and I can't help ourselves. We giggle like the girls we are.

Then I tell Sophie to "unwrap my present." Sophie carefully slits the tape holding the bubble wrap in place and starts pulling it away. It takes her a few minutes to unwrap it, but I was right. It's woman, securely bound with plastic tie straps, and fully naked except for a black bag over her head.

It doesn't look like there's any chance of her crawling out. So I have Sophie drag her out. Sophie pulls her out a foot or so in front of the crate. I leave the woman there while Sophie picks up the packing material and stuffs it back int the box. With the box now on its side, Sophie slides it out of the way.

I can't see that much of the woman. She's very securely bound. I can see a thick tie strap around her ankles, holding them together under her bare bottom. Another around the tops of her thighs. A third around her knees. Then a couple daisy-chained together around the center of her thighs and calves. Another holds her wrists together behind her back. Another pulls her elbows together behind her as well. Then another daisy chain of straps wraps around her just beneath her breasts holding her arms snug against her back.

But I can see her breasts. They look to be 36-C cups, which is ample, but they also look to be soft, hanging down against her chest. Those are topped with a pair of extra-wide nipples, swollen up like half marbles as hard as rocks. Nipples that are a light shade of purple-pink, surrounded by equally wide rings of color the same tone, only a bit lighter. I can see light, milky white skin. I can see a stomach that's flat, but not toned, covered with skin that's lost its youthful tautness but not yet gone loose. And I can see a pair of wide dark brown freckles on her pale stomach, above and to the left (my left) of her navel. I can't see any bush on her, but I can't see more than half of her pubes either. I doubt I'll

find one. Diane prefers her female toys shaven.

I decide to leave the bag over her head. I don't know what's under it. Maybe nothing. Maybe a blindfold. Maybe a gag. Maybe even earplugs to keep her from hearing anything. I'm sure by now, at the very least, she's felt herself being unpacked. That she can feel the fresh cool air on her bare skin. But she also can't see anything. I doubt she has a clue where she is. Or who has her. Only that her mistress packed her in a box and shipped her off somewhere. Nor do I know what she was told. Diane only told me that she'd know she was my property while she was here. Knowing Diane, she told her something like "maybe someone will unpack your worthless butt. If so, you belong to whoever opens you."

Sophie fetches me a pair of scissors and I have Sophie cut the straps on Michelle's legs. At least I assume this is Michelle. Diane told me she was sending a toy named "Michelle." "Ah..." I sigh as Sophie cuts the straps, "bitch-in-a-box." Sophie giggles hard.

Once Michelle's legs are unbound, I grab hold of both of her breasts. "Up, bitch." I snap firmly and pull up. Michelle hurries up to her feet. I have Sophie cut the straps at her elbows, leaving only the one around her wrists. I tell her to spread her feet and instantly they move wide apart.

Now I can see her pussy. The narrow, fairly short lips of a flat, and fully shaven, silky smooth mound. Lips that don't even pretend to meet, leaving about half of her light pink-purple inner folds between them. Enough of her folds that even her clit is visible like this. Folds that seem to blossom outward. Naturally, her clit is swollen up like a hard little ball, it's tip peeking out from its nest at the top of those folds. She looks to be decently wet as well.

I can see she has a small bottom, with cheeks that are full and rounded, if also a touch soft. They don't hang loose at all, instead having a well-defined curve at their bottom. Cheeks that are full enough to swell together into a narrow crack that bares nothing. It's definitely a cute, and

very spankable, bottom.

I can see a few stray strands of light blond hair with a brown tinge to it poking out from under the black hood on her head. I lightly run my hand over the back of her head, over the hood. It's enough for me to feel the straps of both a blindfold and a gag tied around her head under the hood. I pull her hood off.

Now I can see that she has a slightly bush full head of that blond-brown hair, all of it curling once just above her shoulders. But I can't see anything else, except for a slightly wide and short nose, on her face. A heavy black fabric blindfold covers all of her eyes. I can't even tell what kind of gag she's wearing. I can a leather strap on it, fastened tight around her head. But it also has a heavy leather oval atop it that covers her lips completely. Whatever it is, I can tell from the angle of her jaw that her mouth is being held wide open. By the utter lack of sounds she's made, she's either the most obedient bitch, or else her mouth is stuffed with the gag. I'd bet on the second. The so-slight quiver to her entire body tells me she's fairly edgy nervous right now.

From what I can see of her body, I'd guess she's in her mid-30's. I don't see any looseness to her skin or even the first wrinkle at her hips or navel that would lead me to think she was closer to her 40s. But her breasts to have a touch of sag to them, which I hope is from age and gravity. Plus I don't quite see the tautness to her skin that would make me think she was in her 20s. It's just a guess, a guess that might change a decade either way once I saw more of her face. Like the corners of her eyes. But it also doesn't matter. Her body is well within my standards.

She's not a big woman. I'd guess she's about 5'4" and around 130 to 140 pounds. Heavy enough to have almost straightened out her sides without adding any flabbiness anywhere, but also not quite enough to have straightened the curve out of her sides. And not quite enough that her hips don't still have a curve to them. Yep, well within my standards.

Now that I can see she doesn't have earplugs, I know she can hear

me. Even if she can't answer me. I don't see any reason to take off either the blindfold or the gag. At least not now. So I pinch the closer of her nipples in my fingers. Her nipples are some of the harder ones I've felt. I hear her sucking a sharp breath through her nose, so I guess they're as sensitive as they are hard. "Come, bitch," I snap. Leading her by her breast again, I walk her back to the playroom.

I already have the brace I want for Michelle set up. It's one of my favorites so I keep it ready. It's the one that's little more than a pair of wooden sawhorses. Michelle can't see it as I pull her toward it. All she knows is when she can feel its long wooden beam against her hips. I pull her until it's firmly against her. Then I swat her bare bottom with my hand. "Stay," I command. I feel her cheeks, too; they're spongy soft, yet just firm enough to hold their almost perfect bubbly rounded shape. I am so going to enjoy these cheeks.

Mark gawks at her from the instant I bring her in. Although they're not actually married yet, he and Callie are together and have been for a while now. I imagine he only gets to see another woman naked here, on the rare occasion I allow him to. And Michelle is worth looking at, at least her body is. I can't see enough of her face to know if it's pretty or not.

With a hand firmly against her cheek to keep her against the beam, I use a foot to kick her feet apart. I spread them wide until her feet are against the legs of the sawhorse. Already her legs are stretched wide enough that I can see the tendons in the creases of her thighs. They won't spread much further without it getting uncomfortable for her. I settle for chaining her ankles to the legs using the handcuff that's bolted to each. It won't hold her still like a good roping would, but it won't let her get up, either. It will make her stay there while I amuse myself.

I push her shoulders forward, bending her over the beam while holding her butt firmly against it. I walk around to stand in front of her, still holding her down. Again I use my foot, this time to nudge the second sawhorse into place with its beam directly under the tops of her

shoulders. I wave for Sophie and she brings me a length of rope. Then I pull Michelle's hand up along her back, making her bend her elbows outward and bowing her arms away from her chest.

I have Sophie hold Michelle's hand up, pinned against her back. I drape the center of the rope over Michelle's shoulders with its ends hanging down in her armpits. I pull both ends tight, then loop them around the beam and over her shoulders. I cross the ends over her back, keeping the rope tight. I make another loop around her shoulder and the beam, again crossing the free ends atop her shoulders. And then I make a third loop, leaving three snug coils of rope around the top of each shoulder as well as three runs across her shoulders, over her back, pulling her shoulders tightly against the beam. I tie the ends together.

I have Sophie fetch me two shorter lengths of rope. I tie one rope to each of her wrists. I finally cut the last plastic tie strap that holds her wrists together, immediately using the ropes to stretch her arms taut towards the ends of the beam at her hips. I tie them as well, holding her arms stretched back as well as out away from her body.

I use one last length of rope, draping it across her back just above the rounded globes of her bottom, I tie it off the same way, pulling it tight over her hips, looping it down to circle around the beam and the top of her thigh, then crossing its ends over her back. I make three circuits here as well, keeping the rope tight to bind her hips snugly in place against the beam.

Now I'm satisfied with her bindings. It will hold her hips and shoulders nearly immobile where I've put them. But it leaves her arms and legs free to squirm a little. Her head, too.

Diane didn't tell me much about Michelle, and less about her husband. But I don't really need to know much. I do know that her husband is a Baptist preacher somewhere. I only know Michelle is his wife. I don't much more about her. I know that he is Diane's toy, his wife mostly not participating. And I know that anything gay is a big taboo to

them both. I know that neither of them has a clue where Michelle is or what's going to be done with her. Diane told me this was part of her session for him. His wife is to be "punished" until eventually he "earns" her release from Diane. I haven't a clue what it'll take for him to earn Michelle's release from Diane, but I do know it's going to be unbearably agonizing and sweet for him.

I set up a couple of cameras on little stands. One aims at Michelle from the side, showing her entire body as it's bound over the beam. The second aims directly up at her from the floor, where it too shows all of her body, even her face. The third is in front of her head, pointed at her. For now, it shows mostly the top of her head. I set the fourth and last on one the floor as well, pointed up, and zoomed in to show only her pussy. I decide to start with the "wide-angle" view, showing Michelle from the side. I click that camera up and start streaming its video to an encrypted server.

Michelle doesn't know who has her, or where she is. Diane assured me she wouldn't. And I'm sure the UPS delivery guy didn't knock on the box and tell the box where he was delivering it. I still wonder if that guy is really UPS. Surely they have rules, and probably laws, against shipping people in boxes. Then again, Diane lives three counties way, which puts her in Santa Rosa County, Florida. From there, at least 75 of those minutes were driving time, even on I-10. But if she shipped Michelle economy ground freight, the UPS equivalent of putting a stamp on her, it might actually be cheaper than bus fare! Not as comfortable as a bus, but hey, it is economy! Talk about riding coach!

I haven't decided if I'm going to let Michelle see me or not. So for now Sophie and I both put on full-length black robes and executioner's hoods before we step into the frame. And I step in with a whip in my hand.

Diane told me to do whatever I wanted to do with Michelle. Anything at all. Diane doesn't care one bit. If Michelle cared she

wouldn't have been in that box, would she? Diane wants only one thing. She wants Michelle to suffer, and to suffer very noisily, the entire time. Pleasure or pain. Too-good or too-bad. Diane doesn't care. As long as Michelle is making desperate, pleading, screaming noise the entire time.

I don't have to guess why. The video link tells me that. I didn't even ask Diane. I know that Michelle's husband is going to be watching Michelle live. I'm sure Diane already has the image up on a big screen TV for him. He's going to be watching her suffering so intensely while he endeavors to earn her release from Diane. As he serves her, does whatever for her, he's going to be watching his wife suffering, wondering when Diane will finally decide he's been a good enough slave/toy for her that his wife's agony can end. And until then, he'll be knowing that he's truly powerless to stop her suffering. Even if he left, he wouldn't know where to come to find her. He'll know her misery will end only when Diane wishes it to, and the only thing he can do for Michelle is to behave for Diane and pray she ends it a little sooner.

I have a tablet set up where no one can see it except for Sophie and I. It's too far off and too even with Michelle's butt for her to be able to see it. And Mark is facing the wrong way. I have it logged into the same server. It's just like YouTube, except it's private and everything is encrypted so you have to have the key to watch a stream on it. In a couple of minutes, at 9:00 on the dot – the time Diane and I agreed on – the image of a man in his early 40's comes up. He's nude, wearing only a black leather collar around his neck. He's on his knees. I can see his hard cock sticking out. And I can see the thin cord tied around his balls, running up to Diane's hand without a hair of slack in it.

His cock isn't the biggest. It's hard to tell exactly on a TV, but I'd guess it's around 6" long and 1" thick. Or an inch thin, depending on perspective. But it's circumcised, which lets me see its purple head swollen up nicely. His balls look a little blood-flushed, a little pained as if Diane is pulling on that cord and using it to squish them. She probably is. He's got that pained look on his face.

I stand there, Sophie at my side, and listen as Diane scolds him harshly for his sin of being reluctant when She told him to bring Michelle with him tonight to "see for herself what a sissy he is." Obviously, Diane won the argument. She tells him that this is his punishment for not being humble enough. "As you can see on the screen, I've given your fat ugly bitch to my friend, Lady Executioner." I think I hear a bit of a laugh to her heavily-accented voice as she names me the executioner; she doesn't even know I have these robes and hoods, let alone that I'd be wearing them. "She will torture that skank until I'm satisfied that you've learned your lesson. I am not to be questioned. I despise whiners. You will obey." She turns toward the camera, to me, and winks. "Lady Executioner, please begin torturing that cum dumpster."

I nod. No reason for him to hear my voice. He'd like it. My voice is a touch girly with a bit of Southern accent to it. I crack the whip across Michelle's cheeks.

Michelle flinches hard, her entire body tensing up as it tries to snap forward. She would have screeched, but the gag mutes it to mere squealing breath. Still, the pain in it is plain. Michelle's bottom tries to wiggle. It doesn't move. Her hands and feet squirm wildly, trying to get free, or get a hold of anything, or just do something!

I motion for Sophie to bring to Callie over. I swat Michelle's bottom again, and again rapidly. It keeps her screeching muted cries, and it keeps her body struggling hard to get free of the bonds holding her bottom in place for me to whip. Her bottom stays there. By the time Callie is over to me, Michelle has gotten five good strokes of the leather whip on her bare bottom. Now those pale globes are bright pink. Oh, I bet that stings!

No matter what a man's morals are, no matter how conservative they pretend to be, I've yet to meet a man who doesn't find it erotic to actually see two girls together. Especially pretty ones. And Callie is pretty. Judging by his age and my guess, I'd also bet she's 15 years or so

younger than his wife, with the harder more youthful body to prove it. And definitely with some very full and perky breasts. It's hard not to like her naked.

But given what Diane told me how both are "repulsed" by the idea of mono-gender sex, I can't help but to speak now. "I think I'll start by having this old bitch's pussy tongue-teased by this useless college-girl slut of mine. Bitch, you don't mind if my girl eats your skanky pussy, do you?"

Michelle vigorously, desperately, shakes her head. She screams an equally desperate "NO!" that her gag about half mutes. She suddenly struggles hard, trying to squirm her bottom free of the ropes.

Her husband, I still don't know his name, stares at the screen. The look on his face says he's going to be sick. Diane smiles. I figure she told me that, knowing I already had a toy of each gender in the house, hoping that I might use it to torment Michelle. After a second he quietly starts begging Diane not to do "that" to Michelle.

I snap my fingers. "Tease pussy, slut."

Callie doesn't hesitate to put her lips to Michelle's pussy. With Michelle's narrow lips and so much of her pinkness visible between them, Callie's tongue easily finds the nerve-laden hard nub where her purple-pink folds join together. She swirls her tongue slowly around the marble-sized nub once. Then she sucks one of those purple folds into her mouth. Holding the fold in her lips, she moves slowly down its length, her tongue licking along it's inside as she moves. Callie sucks every bit of that fold, all the way to the very bottom of it. Then her tongue slides up a hair, diving between those folds where they blossom outward atop the entrance of her pussy. Callie's tongue finds the blood-red/pinkness of Michelle's tunnel and slowly makes a single lap around it, Callie's tongue slipping as far into Michelle's tunnel as she can reach. Then Callie sucks her way back up Michelle's other lip and once she reaches Michelle's clit, Callie starts over. And over.

For the first couple of strokes, Michelle squirms furiously as she tries to get away from Callie. Then slowly, as her squirms continue just as vigorously, her breaths start taking on a light moaning note. It takes about a minute, but after that Michelle is moaning loudly into the gag. And I can see little goosebumps sprouting up on her lips and bottom.

I can see her husband watching. He looks like it's the worst thing he's ever seen. But his cock is standing up at full stiffness, so I guess he secretly likes it. He is a man.

Quickly Michelle gets into it. After a mere two minutes of Callie's tongue teasing, Michelle is moaning loudly, and eagerly. And squirming just as avidly. I'm sure it's exactly what Diane had in mind. It's what I would have in mind. Michelle looks, and sounds, as if she's suffering greatly. Sweetly, but agonizingly so. And Michelle is really showing it.

I leave Michelle there, suffering Callie's tender teases. I've taught Callie this technique, as I teach it to all of my toys. For Michelle, it feels just like a good pussy eating. Only like this, the arousal comes and goes. After Callie's tongue pushes her closer to the orgasm her body craves, it moves to Michelle's less-sensitive lips, which gives her a second to ebb back from the edge, before Callie's tongue finds her pussy and shoves her right back up to that edge. It holds her not quite at the point of orgasm. At the point where she's fully feeling the sensual arousal and every skilled stroke of Callie's tongue. But never getting where her body demands to go. And bound, there's nothing she can do to help things along. Only lie there and feel whatever I tell Callie to do to her.

I'd bet it's even more erotic for Michelle being blindfolded. Now she hasn't a clue who is controlling her. She hasn't a clue who, or even how many, people are watching her. And no clue at all who is tongue her. She only knows it's a female because I told her so. I'm sure later she'll ask her husband who he saw with her. He'll only be able to describe Callie. Not me or Sophie. I suspect his description of the attractive young Callie will be flattering.

On-screen, I can see Diane making him tongue-polish the soles on her boots. As he does, she keeps hold of his ball-leash, holding it taut. And she has her crop in hand, frequently swatting his bottom and scolding him for some made-up infraction. And scolding him for trying to watch his wife suffering instead of behaving and paying full attention to her. By the time Diane is done, I'm sure the soles of those boots are shinier than they were when she bought them.

While I keep my eyes on Callie, making sure she teases Michelle perfectly, I have Sophie go untie Mark.



Twenty minutes later Diane has him polishing the spiked heels of her boots. Well, more like giving those heels a blow job. Too bad Michelle can't see that!

I decide to move along. Michelle is definitely enjoying this too much. Sure, she's squirming and screeching through her gag, which is what Diane is after, but that doesn't mean I can't have fun!

With Michelle leaning over, her ample breasts hang down in empty air with a few inches between them and anything. Like this, they do look a touch on the saggy side, but they're also full and plump, the tops holding their roundness as they dangle. With Michelle constantly squirming ferociously, they jiggle wildly even though her chest is almost perfectly still. Her nipples move a good two inches in every direction, but I'd bet her chest isn't moving more than 1/8th of an inch. Such energy!

I lean over a bit and cup the closer breast in my hand. I'm sure she can feel the smallness, the delicateness of my hand. I'm sure it's feminine enough that she can be confident a woman is touching her. I don't know if she's thinking that much, not with all the screeching she's doing.

I give her mound a gentle squeeze. It's just as I thought it would be. Soft. To me, it's like a soft, wet, sponge with a thin layer of "water balloon" over it. Like once I squeeze on the water balloon, I quickly feel the firmer sponginess underneath. I stroke a fingertip over her nipple, feeling it's rocky hardness and watching as just that little caress erupts goosebumps over her entire breast.

One thing I hate is hypocrites. And by now it's so obvious to me that Michelle is a big one. According to Diane, since the very first minute, Michelle has done nothing if not swear that she's "disgusted" by the very thought of mono-gender sexual acts. The mere hint of being touched by another woman "makes her puke." And now, forced to allow it to happen, her body seems to be fully enjoying it. Her body reacts very eagerly to the softer, more tender, delicate feminine touch of a woman. Like Callie's tongue all over her pussy. If there ever was any doubt that Michelle's

pussy loved it, the sticky glaze of honey around Callie's mouth, a very thick coating that cover's Michelle's lips and the creases of her thighs, too, is proof enough that it's arousing her.

"Oh, you lying bitch!" I scold Michelle coldly. With a flick of my wrist, I snap the crop against the tender underside of Michelle's breast. It lands with a light crack, leaving a bright pink crop print that will fade in a few minutes. It's hard enough that her mound swings forward.

Michelle stiffens hard, her body almost jerking as it tries to move her breast away from the crop. She screams into her gag for a couple of seconds, her screech taking a heavy note of pain to it. Two seconds later she's screeching slightly louder sweet-but-urgent moans again.

I see her husband's eyes try to see what's happening to Michelle. I also see Diane give the ball-leash a sharp tug and snap at him to pay attention to Diane. She matters. Michelle doesn't. I have the volume turned down so Michelle doesn't hear it, but I can see on his face that Diane's jerk on his leash gives his balls a really good squeezing.

"That's for telling me your flabby tits don't like women!" I swat the underside of her breast again, a little hard, and land my blow a little lower, just above her nipple. She screams again, her breast jumping forward. "That's for thinking I'm stupid, bitch!" I snap the crop again, landing another stroke just above her nipple, only this time more towards the outside of her breast; that way it's not directly atop the glowing pink splotch the last stroke left. She screams again, her breast jumping forward and also inwards a bit. "That's for liking it when I play with your nipple, bitch. I didn't give your slutty butt permission to like it!" I swat her breast again, this time landing my stroke above her nipple and to the inside of her breast. The three strokes combined now have a bright pink line above 2/3rds of the way around her mound, just above her nipple. "That one is for thinking you can hide what a complete slut you are from me!"

I snap my crop up hard, landing a slightly firmer blow directly on

her fully-stiff nipple. The most sensitive part of her breast. It gets a truly pained scream from Michelle that lasts a second longer. After she pants a pair of very strained, crisp breaths before her loudly urgent moans resume. "That's because I felt like it, you *slutty bitch!*" I scold her harshly and coldly. Then I laugh for a second.

Despite the stinging pain her breast has to be enduring, Michelle's nipple is still rock hard. It actually looks to be a little harder, the colored flesh around it has tightened up, even more, making little ripples on her flesh. The goosebumps are still there, too. "You just love having those tits whipped, don't you bitch!"

I move around to Michelle's other side. I give that breast a little squeeze. It feels the same. I give its nipple a little caress. More goosebumps erupt instantly covering all of this mound. I swat this breast the same way as I did her other one, leaving an almost identical pink upside-down "T" on her pale flesh. Now they're a matched pair again!

I know Michelle likes it. Or at least that it's exciting her a lot, which is the same thing in my book. It's why I never listen to a sub. They always lie. I'd bet that even after watching a video of this, Michelle will refuse to admit that she was turned way on by having her breasts whipped by a girl, while another girl licked her pussy. I'll bet an arm that she'll refuse to admit that she's done anything with a woman, much less allowed one to use her. And much much less that it aroused her. Luckily for Michelle, I don't care what she says or what she wants.

I grab hold of Callie's head, letting her long straight hair slip between my fingers as I get a big handful of it. "Get that slutty tongue over here, slut!" I snap sweetly as I pull Callie around to Michelle's side by her hair. Callie stays on her knees, quickly shuffling them to move as fast as I'm pulling her head. I put the kneeling 20-year-old right in front of Michelle's dangling breast, to its side.

With Callie's tongue off her pussy, Michelle's moans fade into fast sucking pants. Her squirms ease, but don't come close to stopping.

I have Sophie hand me a hemostat. It's a surgical clamp that looks like a pair of scissors with little jaws that lock in any position at the top. It's designed to pinch off arteries. But it's also great for pinching anything, and locking in place as it squeezes. Anything, like Michelle's steely nipple, which is exactly what I clamp it around. I clamp it at the base of her nipple, where it joins her mound. The clamp is fairly narrow, leaving about ¼ inch of nipple bare beneath its jaws. I close those jaws tight on her nipple. Tight enough that her nipple darkens a little as it fills with blood. Tight enough that Michelle gasps a strained yelp. Tight enough that it will have her nipple throbbing. But not so tight as to cut the blood off or anything.

I hold the clamp still. It holds her nipple just as still. "Lick, slut," I command. Obediently Callie sticks her tongue out and lies it against the exposed part of Michelle's nipple. She starts swirling her tongue very slowly around the bare tip of it.

Michelle shrieks out a very erotic, very sweet, and very loud cry through her gag. Michelle shudders hard. She starts thrashing against the bonds that hold her. Her arms flail around, the ropes holding them well away from her body. Her free breast jiggles just as wildly. Her other breast, with its captive nipple, just jiggles slightly. Its nipple doesn't move a hair. Michelle shivers hard, her shivers turning to trembles. I've hit on something that drives Michelle crazy.

Callie's tongue doesn't move from its circuit around Michelle's nipple. She keeps swirling it, unaffected by Michelle's squeals and shudders. I have Callie take the handle of the clamp and hold it. To hold Michelle's nipple perfectly still for Callie's unyielding delicate tongue.

I move back around to the first breast and have Sophie get me a second hemostat. With a snap of my fingers, a point at the floor, Mark hurries over to kneel beside Michelle's dancing breast. I clamp its nipple the same as the other. Michelle's screeches take on a bit of a yelp for a second as the clamp pinches down hard around the very nervy nipple.

Then I tell Mark "Lick, dildo."

Mark has licked plenty of nipple is in time with me, although usually, it's Callie's nipple. He lies his tongue along Michelle's stilled nipple and swirls it almost exactly as Callie is doing across from him.

Michelle shudders hard, testing the bonds more. Her hands fight against the ropes. I'm sure those would go right to her pussy if they could get within two feet of it. Which they can't now. I hand Mark the clamp and leave the two of them to lick Michelle's nipples.

I don't know if Michelle can tell she has a guy on one nipple or not. I could; girls are more delicate in their licks, and no amount of whipping can get a boy to do quite the same. But as avidly as she thrashing and screeching moans, I'm not sure if she's thinking enough to notice that. The goosebumps stiffen up, pulling the flesh of Michelle's mounds tighter.

I wait a minute as I walk around behind Michelle. Her narrow lips have at least half of her purple inner folds hanging out, and those blossom outward over her pussy enough that between them I can see the entrance of her tunnel hanging open a bit. And I can see her clear honey, like thin syrup, almost flowing from her tunnel. As the minute flies by, I can see the honey weep from her wide gash and creep down her thighs. No doubt Michelle is loving the double licking she's getting.

I get my whip. Not a bullwhip, I'm not that big of a fan of those. It's a cat-of-nine-tails, and it's fairly short. Its handle is maybe a foot long, it's stands of leather maybe the same. I snap it crisply, using only a flick of my tiny wrist, snapping the whip across Michelle's bare cheeks.

The strokes land with a clear crack as Michelle is mid-way through moaning out a deep, urgent, plea. She shrieks a pained yelp while still moaning. Her bottom tries to wiggle but goes nowhere. "That's for being a total whore, bitch! I know you can feel how slutty your pussy is being. You have to feel your skank running down your legs!"

I swat Michelle's bottom, again and again, raining the whip down

on those bare globes and their taut muscles as fast as I can. I don't even try to count the strokes. But I make them light strokes, slowly turning her bottom from milky white, to light pink, to a bright pink, and finally to s deeper but equally angry medium pinkness.

Michelle amuses me. She moans out a single, drawn-out, pleadingly deep and urgent erotic breath while also grunting little yelps of pain with each blow. Her bottom wiggles against the ropes holding it still on the beam. She must be using everything she has to squirm her hips, too. It's not enough to move her butt away from the blows, but it does get those cheeks jiggling a hair as they're held in place for the whip.

I go on a full minute before I'm satisfied with the pinkness of her cheeks. With Michelle's chest held firmly still, the whipping doesn't affect Callie and Mark. Michelle's breasts hang in place for them to lick her captive nipples.

When I stop, I can immediately see undeniable proof that Michelle's pussy loved it. Her honey has flowed so liberally that it's reached down halfway to her knees. And it has made her gash look very sloppy wet.

I haven't been paying much attention to Michelle's husband on the screen. He's not mine, he's not here, I don't even know his name. I don't care about him. Michelle is mine for the night. My attention is on her. Now I glance up at him. He's on his knees. Diane stands in front of him with a strap-on dildo that looks to be about 8" long and 1.5" thick. It sounds like she's told him to suck her cock. He's begging Diane to give Michelle a break. He's crying! He's begging that he's the one who misbehaved, to please let him pay for it, not Michelle. That "Lady Executioner" is killing Michelle. He's assuring her that he'll suck it like the cheapest of fairy street whores if she'll just allow Michelle a little easier time. And I can hear Diane laugh hard as she gives his ball-leash a hard tug that makes him screech. I can hear her scold him that "Lady Executioner is an executioner, and executioners exist to 'kill' people." I

hear her tell him that Michelle is going to endure whatever Lady Executioner deigns to inflict on the "fat bitch's useless flabby ass" until he's made up for his impertinence.

I give Michelle another, somewhat firmer, stroke of the whip. As I wanted it to do, it makes her yelp out over her long pleading moan. I give her another. Then another, until her cheeks brighten up a little. I don't ease off on Michelle's bottom until the bawling man has Diane's "cock" halfway down his throat.

Callie has been licking Michelle's nipple a little longer than Mark has been, but only because she started first. I have Sophie hand me a third hemostat. I don't have to separate Michelle's lips. Her gash is so wide that her lips don't even touch her clit, and only barely touch the nest of folds around it. I open the jaws of the clamp, the slowly press them down around Michelle's hard nub, pushing her folds back and fully baring the entirety of the rounded nub. I squeeze the clamp, closing its jaws around the pulsing, very slippery, very hard, nub until they have it locked in place and held still. I squeeze them a hair more until they're tight enough that as her nub flushes with blood, it throbs hard, like a little heart. Michelle gasps out a yelp that's half pain and half plea to stop.

I summon Callie back to Michelle's pussy. I have her hold the clamp, holding Michelle's clit exactingly still by its base and put her tongue to the exposed, offered, tip of it. I tell her to swirl her tongue lightly, very slowly, and warn her not to disappoint me by allowing this bitch to cum all over her face. Callie starts licking, her tongue moving so slowly I can barely see the motion.

Michelle screams. And I mean she screams her lungs out into the gag. It's a scream of pure agony, but one of the sweetest agony. Her body snaps taut, freezes there for a second, then starts thrashing hard. Michelle keeps on screaming her sultry hot cry.

I move up to the breast Callie freed. I release the clamp from its nipple. I have Sophie get me a small strap. It's only about 10" long and

1/4" wide, made of thin stiff rubber, and half of its length is a wooden handle.

I snap the rubber strap against Michelle's now free-dangling breast, landing my stroke along the underside where her breast meets her chest. Michelle jerks forward reflexively as she squeals a hint of pain into her long erotic scream. I swat her breast again. And again. Slowly, as I land quick, but light, strokes on her tender mound, I move the strap around it. Maybe twenty strokes later, I don't count, her entire mound is a light pink and I'm sure it's stinging her like it's covered with angry bees.

Her nipple stands up as hard as ever. She thrashes away, the bonds holding the relative parts of her immobile while the irrelevant parts of her, hands and feet, flail away. And she screams the same long, hot, sultry, and very desperate, moan. Callie swirls her tongue away around Michelle's clit. Mark still licks her other nipple just as sweetly as ever.

Once Michelle's breast is whipped to a good sting, I have Sophie hand me a narrow leather cord. I wrap three loops of it around Michelle's pink breast at the base, the first coil against Michelle's chest. I pull the loops tight around her mound, holding it there for a minute. As I see Michelle's breast start turning a light shade of deep blue I tie the strap off. I wait another minute, letting the tight strap make her mound start to throb with the ache of having its blood flow limited. I'm sure the deep aching mixes so nicely with the sharp stinging from the whipping.

I crack a hard stroke atop Michelle's nipple, hearing the sharp yelp of pain overtake the sweetness of her agonized moan for an instant. But her nipple strains to full hardness, even as the throbbing hard nub stings anew from the stroke. I replace the clamp around the nipple.

I summon Callie back. Once Callie's tongue is gone from Michelle's clit, her screams ebb in their intensity, but go on in their hunger. I have Callie resume licking Michelle's nipple. Michelle resume screeching out her tormented hot moan.

I return to Michelle's bottom. Her globes have faded from the

angry medium pinkness to a very light pink. Her pussy looks as wet as it can possibly be. The honey has literally flowed to her knees, leaving glistening rivulets along the insides of her thighs, from the crease on down. Michelle's lips, the creases of her thighs, and the edges of her cheeks are all covered with taut goosebumps, too.

I get the whip from Sophie, my toy caddy. I start swatting more light blows on Michelle's globes, one after the other in an endless stream. Swats that land so close to each other that it seems as if one begins before the previous ends. Blows that keep the note of pain in Michelle's desperate erotic cry.

I stop only when her bottom has returned to its previous shade of angry pink. A single glance up at the tablet and I can see Diane's bottom. She's moved so that she's about 45 degrees to the TV showing Michelle. I can only half-see Michelle's husband. But I can see enough to know that he's on his knees, trying to give the dildo a very good blow job. And that his eyes are fixed on the screen where he's watching Michelle suffer. I can see little tears rolling down his cheek.

I summon Mark back to Michelle's bottom. I have him stand there for a few seconds, which lets Michelle's husband get a good look at Mark's lean, muscular, young, and manly body. And just as good of a look at Mark's stiff cock jutting out from his pubes. A cock that looks to me to be a little longer, and a little thicker, and a little more textured with thick veins than Michelle's husband appears to be. Then I have Mark kneel down. I tell him to swirl his tongue around Michelle's still clamped clit, watching as he does so eagerly.

Michelle resumes her desperately urgent, desperately sultry, and fully agonized moaning screams. Whatever little bit her squirm had ebbed, they're instantly back at full-thrashing.

I turn my face to the camera, leaning into it so my hood mostly blocks the image of the screeching Michelle. Softly, just enough for him to hear me, I say "naughty little boy! You'd better hurry up and make it up

to your Mistress before I decide to let this fat bitch feel that cock up her butt. After a big manly cock gives her a good fucking, she'll never want that little needle of yours again." I laugh hard as I see the desperation flood his face.

I move to Michelle's breast, the one Mark just freed up. It hasn't been whipped yet. So I give it the same treatment I'd give her "Callie" breast a few minutes ago. Only when it's suffered exactly the same, for just as long, do I summon Mark back to lick it's nipple again.



I take hold of Callie with a full handful of her hair. I sweetly snap for her to get to her feet. Hanging onto her hair, I use that to drag her around to Michelle's head. I take a big handful of Michelle's hair in my other hand and sharply jerk her head up so that her eyes are looking forward. Or would be if they weren't covered.

I release Callie and order her to turn her bottom to Michelle's face. Then I have her spread her feet wide and lean over. On command Callie backs up a couple of inches, putting her pussy about ¼" from Michelle's nose. I have Callie stand there for a moment, giving the still-screeching Michelle a good whiff of Callie's girly muskiness. I can see that Callie's pussy is flooded-wet, her honey coating her smooth lips liberally, so I'm certain Michelle is getting a good whiff of pussy.

I have Callie kneel down. The I have Callie cup her hands up underneath her breasts and lift them a hair, pushing her stiff nipples out towards Michelle's face. I have Callie slowly stroke just the tips of her rock-hard nipples over Michelle's cheeks, letting her feel them.

Michelle tries hard to shirk back from the touch of Callie's nipples. I hold her head, giving her nowhere to go. Held there, Michelle can only feel Callie's rocky nubs caressing her face tenderly. Which is what I want. I want there to be no doubt. I want to leave Michelle no way to tell herself Callie is anything but a woman. If Michelle wasn't gagged, I'd put Callie's breasts in her mouth and make her suck them. But she is. I think about ungagging her, but decide I don't want to do that.

Then I pull Callie up to her feet and walk her around to the end of the beam at Michelle's hips. Right to where Michelle's flailing hand is. I grip Michelle's wrist firmly, turning her hand palm up as I hold her hand still. I push Michelle's fingers together. Then, with a hand to Callie's firm bottom, I nudge Callie up. I bring Michelle's hand up between Callie's spread thighs, putting her fingertips lightly against Callie's silky smooth lips. I rub Michelle's fingers gently over Callie's mound until Callie starts purring a light moan.

Now confident that Michelle has felt Callie's sopping wet pussy lips, and just as confident that Michelle knows that pussy got wet from licking Michelle's pussy, I move Michelle's hand. I run Michelle's fingertips through Callie's bush, letting Michelle feel Callie's silky soft fur. I put Michelle's hand to Callie's bottom for a second, too, letting Michelle feel Callie's firm globes and their taut skin.

Now that Michelle has felt Callie's girly body, I have Callie kneel down behind Michelle. I have Callie start licking Michelle's lips, both her narrow outer ones and her wrinkly inner ones. Obediently Callie takes care to allow only her tongue to touch Michelle. Not even Callie's lips touch Michelle.

Now I get Mark. I drag him around to Michelle's head, and again Jerk Michelle's head up by her hair. I take hold of Mark by the base of his cock. I touch his cock to Michelle's cheek. Immediately, even with Michelle moaning loudly through the gag, I see her forehead wrinkle up as if her eyes have gone wide. I'm sure they just did as she realized that not only do I have a woman to use on her, but I have a man touching her as well. A man not her husband. A man with a very nice cock. I spend a moment stroking her cheek with his length, making sure Michelle gets a good feel of his cock.

I take Mark around to Michelle's hand. Her hands flail around involuntarily, but as I take a firm hold of her wrist, only her reflexes fight me as they try to thrash her hand around. I put her hand to Mark's thigh, letting her feel his hard muscles. Then to his bottom, letting her feel the hard muscles there as well. I use Michelle's hand to tenderly caress Mark's tight muscles.

I can see Callie's eyes watching everything. Watching me stroke her boyfriend, her pseudo-husband with this other woman's hand. I'm sure Michelle's pussy is telling Callie that Michelle is liking what she's feeling. And I'm letting Michelle's husband see Michelle feeling this much younger, much better-built, more manly man's body.

I put Michelle's hand under Mark's balls, stroking her hand over the bottom of his sack. Michelle has to feel his slightly stiff fur over his big and probably aching, balls.

And then I put her hand to his cock, lying Mark's very stiff shaft along Michelle's open palm. Michelle's hand instantly squeeze shut, gripping the steely-stiff cock. Almost as quickly I crack the strap across the back of Michelle's hand. "Bad bitch!" I scold in a cold, harsh, unforgivingly stern tone. Michelle screams over her moan. The strike is enough to make her hand open again.

I grip the tips of her fingers, holding her hand open with her palm up. I move it a couple of inches so Mark's cock is gone from it. Then I give her three hard swats with the strap across her open palm as I scold her "Don't be such a whore, bitch! I didn't say to play with my cock!" The strokes are hard, but the strap a light one. They're enough to get a pained yelp from her and sear light pink stripes across her open palm, but that's all they do.

I return my grip to Michelle's wrist. I tap her fingers very lightly with strap "now don't be a gutter whore!" I warn her. Then I put her unwhipped fingers under Mark's raging hard-on. This time she doesn't grab the cock, although I see her fingers flinch as if they're going to for an instant before Michelle catches herself and stops. I stroke the underside of his hardness with Michelle's fingers. It only takes one stroke for Mark to start purring deep manly groans. I give him a few more strokes, knowing then that Michelle knows how hard, how long, and how fat his shaft is. And that she knows it's a more manly cock than her husband has. I'm just as sure by now she's figured out that Mark is a more macho man than her husband. The kind of man a married woman would pick for a one-time fling.

I bring him back and have him kneel down beside Callie. I have them both start kissing Michelle's inner thighs with soft, loving, tender kisses. Each kiss, Callie's or Mark's, gets a crisp shiver from Michelle.,

and it keeps Michelle moaning loudly and sensually, like a porn star, through that gag.

But it also frees Michelle's pussy for me. Which is what I was truly after. I send Sophie to fetch me a fat dilator tube. I have them in a bunch of sizes, ranging from a mere $\frac{1}{2}$ " all the way up to a full, and uncomfortable, 2".

Sophie brings it quickly. The tubes are made of a hard, thin, clear plastic. They're all the same length, about 1 ½" long. They don't have a base at all, just two little plastic tabs at the end of it to keep it from slipping all the way in. Inside the tube, there's a second tube that fits snugly against the inside of the outer tube. It's the same length, except that it has a rounded, solid, tip like a half ball that extends out. The tip is covered with a thin film of lubricating jelly.

I put the rounded tip of the tubes to Michelle's pussy. She gasps as she feels the wideness of it pressing between her wrinkly folds and against the entrance of her pussy. I press gently. The rounded tip easily stretches her tunnel wide and the tube slips forward, stretching her pussy taut and wide as it slides into her. Michelle moans a deep, sultry, breathy sweet groan as it stuffs her pussy full. I slip it's entire length into her until the little tabs are flush against Michelle's narrow outer lips. Sophie tears off a couple of strips of medical-grade adhesive tape for me, and I use those to tape the tabs to Michelle's lips. Now it's going to stay where I put it.

I hold the outer tube still, twist the inner one a little until it turns off the locks that hold the tubes together, then I pull the inner tube out, leaving the outer one inside Michelle's pussy. It holds her gaping-wide open. But it's length is only enough to reach about halfway to the back of her pussy. In front of its now open end, Michelle's spongy walls gape free, pulling in and narrowing as they span back to her cervix. Michelle's pussy, its walls, are spongy and elastic, but not elastic enough that they can close over the short inches they're free. Even at the very back,

Michelle's pussy gapes around half as wide as the tube holds the front of her tunnel.

Michelle's pussy is a light shade of pink, flushed bright, and covered with a very thick layer of her clinging honey. Enough honey that she looks half-flooded inside. And now that I have a very good view inside her, I can see the light twitches randomly sprouting for an instant on those walls as hot erotic sparks hit them. Twitches of arousal.

Sophie hands me the feather I ask for, one with slightly stiff, but also soft, bristles. One that's several inches longer than the four-five inches Michelle's pussy is deep. One that's a bit thinner than the tube stretching Michelle wide.

I snap my fingers and command Callie and Mark to go up beside Michelle's breasts. Once they're kneeling there, I instruct them to caress Michelle's body, using both their hands and lips. And in Callie's case, her nipples. Neither hesitates to caress Michelle as affectionately as any lover could.

I glance up to the tablet where I see that Diane is now gripping Michelle's husband's ears, holding them firmly as she pulls his head hard, ramming her dildo down his throat. He looks to be uncomfortable, but his eyes are still fixed on the screen where he's watching Michelle. I know he'd love to be staring at Callie's naked body. Which is why I have Mark on the side facing the camera. So he has a good view of Mark's young manly backside and where he'll get only fleeting glimpses of Callie's college-girl body. Fleeting glimpses are far more erotically enticing.

I take the feather and carefully ease it through the tube. I put its tip against Michelle's honey-covered walls about halfway between the end of the tube and the back of Michelle's tunnel. I start slowly drawing the feather along the insides of Michelle's hungry walls.

Michelle stiffens instantly, her body locking fully tensed up and as hard as steel. She stays stiff, which also keeps her even more still, and she screams out the most passionate and tormented scream. The gag half

mutes it but does nothing to mask the anguish, the erotic torment, of its tone. She keeps screaming until her lungs run out of air. She screams silently for a second, then she sucks in the fastest breath before screaming another endless cry. And she keeps on screaming just as desperately as I keep right on teasing her walls with my feather.

I can see a trace of a grin on Callie's wide mouth. A grin that tells me Callie knows what I'm doing to Michelle. I've done it to Callie, too. Callie describes the feeling as "beyond unbearable;" She described it as a billion zillion chills, colder than dry ice, in her pussy, then instantly covering all of her body, that are so cold they almost sting. But also with fiery hot electric sparks racing through the chills. She described a sensation like her entire body became her pussy, being held right at the cusp of her orgasm, unable to go over, and unable to go back, and unable to make it stop.

And I am not stopping. I make Michelle go right on screaming desperately, unable to do anything more, knowing that Diane is making her husband watch Michelle's suffering.

It only takes a few seconds for her honey to start flowing, first running into the fat tube holding her pussy wide open for me, then running out the tube's base and slowly, but steadily, dripping to the floor. And I can see those twitches steadily racking more and more random places along those nerve-laden walls. As if her entire pussy is begging for an orgasm.

Michelle lasts less than half a minute before true desperation sets in. I hear her scream change, but not the pleading, tortured tone of it. She screams out "FUCK ME!" at full volume. "I CAN'T TAKE IT, FUCK ME!" The gag mutes her screams, but not so much that everyone can't make out what she's screaming. "PLEASE! IT'S KILLING ME! I CAN'T TAKE IT! FUCK ME NOW! PLEASE! FUCK! ME! I HAVE TO CUM!"

I ignore her and keep right on teasing her pussy walls with my feather. Michelle goes on screaming, her words turning to a shameless

begging. It's maybe forty-five seconds of that before she screams out "Derek, please! Do whatever Mistress wants! I hate you! I can't do this! MAKE IT STOP! MAKE IT STOP! SOMEBODY FUCK ME!"

I ignore her and keep teasing her. On the tablet's little screen I can see the river of tears flowing down her husband's cheek as Diane ignores Michelle and rams her dildo down his throat. Michelle's screams take on a heavy sobbing tone as she continues to scream out her begging pleas for a mercy she's not getting. Her tone, however, doesn't yield from the slutty, uber-erotic, and equally tortured tone.

I keep on teasing Michelle. After maybe five minutes of it, without letting up, I have Sophie take over for me. Then I get a second dilator tube, this one only about 3/4" wide. Like all of my tubes, it's the same length.

Every muscle in Michelle's body is as tense as it can get. Her bottom is no exception. I spread her cheeks, hard muscles and all, stretching her crack wide open. I expose the small, deep-pink ring of Michelle's asshole and the light purple-brown splotch of little wrinkles around it. Her hole is clenched as tight as it can possibly get, straining hard with the tension that fills every one of her muscles. She's clenched up so tight that it puckers her little ring slightly outwards and back at me.

I touch the rounded, lubricated, tip of the second tube to her hard ring. I press firmly, stopping just short of enough pressure to force the tube through her fully-resisting muscle. I lean over Michelle's back, crack open a capsule of smelling salts and wave it in the direction of Michelle's nose. It instantly makes her cough hard. Coughing, for a split second, reflexively forces her asshole to go limp. That split fraction of a second is all it takes. With me holding the firm pressure against it, the instant it loosens, the rounded tip takes over and stretches her little muscle wide. The tube starts slipping into Michelle's butt. Her asshole clenches back down just as quickly, but by then the rounded tip has passed through, leaving her ring to tighten around the shaft. I pause for a second, her

bright-pink ring stretched taut around the clear shaft. Then I press just a little, and even with her asshole tight, the tube easily glides into Michelle's bottom. I stop again only when the little tabs are against her asshole. I tape the tabs to the inside edges of Michelle's hard globes, then slip the inner tube out.

The tube isn't near as fat as the one I have in Michelle's pussy. But it's enough. It holds her asshole, a ring of muscles about ¾" deep (on Michelle), stretched tautly around it. And I can see the skin, stretched wrinkle-free, through the clear shaft. Looking down the tube, I can see the blood-red membrane of Michelle's bowels, line with deep blue thick veins and narrow red arteries. I can also see that her bowels aren't full, although clearly it's been a while since she's seen a ladies' room. After the open end of the tube, I have about 1½ inches to play with before it gets messy, and I don't do messy.

I get a narrow feather and carefully ease it through the tube. The tube is solid hard plastic, so Michelle doesn't feel anything until suddenly it's there. As if it just appears, it's soft bristles touching the insides of her bowels, its silky soft bristles slowly gliding across the membrane tracing a line beside one of those thick yeins.

Michelle feels it. Her body starts trembling hard, her muscles straining so much that it looks like she's being electrocuted or something. She screams, this one no louder, but with such agony in it that it curdles my blood. Her screams change from the long drawn out ones to very fast ones, with a mere fraction of a second between them as she sucks some air into her lungs. As if she's both screaming her lungs out and hyperventilating at once.

I have Sophie take that feather as well. Sophie has two hands. She can handle two feathers.

I glance up at the screen of the tablet and I see that now Diane has turned Michelle's husband over her knees. With one hand she's holding his head up, making him watch Michelle suffering, while the paddle is in

her other hand. He grunts with pain about every three seconds as a light stroke lands on his cheeks. He might be crying as he watches Michelle, but I can see it on his face that he know her suffering is a sweet suffering. I can't really hear Diane, Michelle is shrieking too loudly for that, but I think she's scolding him for not sucking like cheap enough of a whore. Men. They're so touchy about sucking cocks! Even fake ones! They sure don't mind asking us girls to do it, though.

I watch the show. I make Michelle endure five minutes of this double teasing. Five minutes that must seem like an eon to Michelle. While Michelle is suffering it, I take out my phone and turns its camera on. I hold it where it can see right up the tube in Michelle's butt, where it gets an image not just of the tube, but also of the feather stroking deep inside Michelle's bowels. And a good image of the deep-red membrane almost convulsing as the feather glides over it. With a couple of taps, I make that image replace the one on Diane's tv for about 15 seconds. It's long enough that I'm certain Michelle's husband got a very good look at what's being done to Michelle. I click him back to the side camera.

When I'm satisfied that Michelle's butt has been teased enough, I take that feather back from Sophie. I pull it out. Even though it's gone, Michelle goes on just as if it was teasing her. I press the inner tube back into the outer one, twist it to lock it back in place, and after pulling the strips of tape off, ease the tube back out Michelle's butt. The very instant the tube no longer holds Michelle's asshole stretched wide, it snaps back fully shut, clenching with all its might.

"Aw..." I coo to Michelle, "does this little bitch want to get fucked like a gutter whore?"

Michelle goes on trembling crisply, sweating, and screaming her urgent short cries. But she very enthusiastically nods her head.

"I turn my hooded face to the camera. "Too bad I only have men here, not little boys with needle dicks," I say to Michelle's husband.

I send Callie to Michelle's side, telling her to lean across Michelle's

back and stroke Michelle's back with the tips of her nipples. I tell Callie not to be lazy, too. There's no reason her hands can't caress Michelle, especially her aching, bound, throbbing-sore, and over-sensitive breasts.

Once Callie is teasing Michelle I summon Mark. I have him stand up behind Michelle's bottom, behind Sophie's head. Naturally, his cock stands straight out at full attention, straining to get even stiffer than the steely-stiff it already is. I cuff his hands behind his back. I wouldn't want him to get overeager. Boys so tend to listen to their peckers!

I tell Sophie to stop and take the feather with her. Told to vanish, Sophie darts under Michelle, freeing up the space behind Michelle's butt for Mark. I tell Sophie since she still has the feather, there's no reason to waste it. Sophie starts teasing a nipple with the honey-drenched hot tip of the feather. Michelle screams on, trembling.

I nudge Mark forward taking hold of the base of his cock. I guide the tip of his cock into the tube stretching Michelle's pussy wide. I've purposely selected a tube a bit wider than Mark's cock just so it would fit inside. "Fuck it, dildo," I command as I swat Mark hard bottom with my hand.

This Mark hasn't done before. Neither has Callie for that matter. He moves quickly, but I can see it on his face that he's hesitant, unsure what's happening. But his cock starts steadily, slowly, slipping through the tube just as if it was a pussy. It takes a couple of seconds, but even with the leisurely pace, Mark's cock passes through the tube. Then he feels her walls, fiery hot and sopping wet, twitching against his cock. He keeps going. As he reaches the very depths of her pussy, the tip of his cock touching her cervix, those walls gently squeeze the head of his cock, but little more. It's almost as if he's fucking the loosest pussy on earth. Her walls touching him, but not tight enough to snuggle his cock. And the tube keeping them from touching any more than just the head of the shaft.

I'm sure Michelle feels it. Her screamed cries deepen into a more

guttural tone. I can only imagine what she's feeling. She has to know there's a manly cock in her pussy. Yet she can only feel it as if it were a teeny cock. Yet she can feel herself stretched so wide. It's got to be the worst torment yet for Michelle. A desperately needing fucking that's not a fucking at all. Just enough of one to keep her screaming agonized sweet moans.

And I'm sure it's just as unsatisfying for Mark. Men so love to have all of their cock snuggled while they're inside a pussy. Instead, only the tip of his is even being touched by her pussy. And its squeeze is so unsatisfying light. Beyond that, it's a fleeting touch of pussy, barely felt beyond wetness and heat, then just the cold hardness of the tube.

I don't make them do that for very long. Maybe a minute. Just enough for Mark's cock to get a good thick coat of Michelle's slippery honey clinging to it. I grab hold of Mark's balls from behind, hanging snugly onto them without crushing them, as I pull him back until his cock slips out of the tube. It sticks out straight, so eagerly aiming right back at the tube.

I release his balls. Reaching around his hip from behind, I get a grip around the base of his thick shaft. It twitches lightly, expectantly, at just my chaste touch. Men! I lift it up as I nudge him forward, putting the slick tip of his shaft to Michelle's tightly clenched asshole. I get it directly atop Michelle's ring, even though without her cheeks spread I can see more of a dark patch than an actual asshole.

I nudge Mark forward until I feel the pressure his cock is putting against Michelle's asshole is just short of forcing it into her. Michelle starts shaking her head more vigorously than ever. I think she trying to say no, but her voice is gone. Her screams are too loud, too desperate, and mostly too fast for any real words. I turn my hooded head towards the camera. "Since you've been naughty instead of nice for your Mistress, I'm going to teach your fat ugly whore here just what a complete skank she is. You can watch her take it up the ass like only the most desperate of

crack-house whores would do."

Michelle keeps shaking her head no. I nod. Sophie cracks another capsule of smelling salts and waves it in front of Michelle. She coughs hard. Mark almost jumps forward about an inch as Michelle's asshole suddenly relaxes and his cock flies right into her backside.

Michelle can't really do much. She's already doing all her body will do. All I see is her head snap back, bringing her eyes up, as she feels the cock stretching her ring wide. Close to twice as wide as the tube had her. A swat of my hand on Mark's bottom keeps him moving slowly and steadily, pressing his cock into her butt. By the surprised, strained look on Mark's face, I can tell Michelle's asshole has clamped down around his cock far tighter than he's used to feeling. As if it's so tight it's making it hard for him to push into her. Which it is.

Mark keeps going, using more effort than before to compensate for the squishing resistance, until every bit of his cock is inside Michelle's bottom, stuffing her very full back there. He reverses his stroke. When he gets tot he point of reversing again, I quickly pull the tube from Michelle's pussy, letting that close back up. Mark ignores what I'm doing and keeps going.

He fucks her bottom with a leisurely pace, taking long, full strokes that start with just the tip of his cock in her tight ring and end with her asshole snugly against his pubes and balls.

Michelle spends the first stroke shaking her head as if begging me to get it out of her. Neither her screams nor the trembling tension in her body, ease up even a hair. After a half dozen strokes her head hangs down loosely, more thrashing wildly than shaking "no" anymore. Her pussy keeps on dripping honey, about half of which hits my floor and half of which soaks the fur of Mark's balls.

Michelle screams a long, drawn-out, desperate plea. She's hard to understand. It sounds like "FOO-OO-K EEEEEE!" to me. Before she adds anything, she's back hyperventilating short screams that hurt my

ears.

I crack the whip over Michelle's bottom hard, searing a light red line across her barely-pink cheeks. "Bad Bitch!" I scold her firmly, "if you're going to beg, at least stop being such a fake prude and beg the like the disgusting skanky whore you are!" I have to wait for a second for Mark to again reach the shallowest part of his stroke, but once he does I crack another red stripe across Michelle's bottom.

She screams on, her trembling seeming to grow just a little stronger. Mark obediently goes on leisurely fucking Michelle's butt. Callie goes on erotically teasing Michelle. Sophie has moved to Michelle's other nipple and caresses that with the cum-covered feather. It takes Michelle about half a minute. But finally, she screams out again, her words as gaggarbled as ever, barely understandable. But I recognize her words, "you win. Fuck me. Fuck me up my ass. Give me that cock. Make me cum before I die!"

I leave Mark going slowly and steadily. But I summon Callie and tell her "get up under this cum dumpster here." As soon as Callie is in position, her head just under Michelle's pussy, honey slowly dripping onto Callie's lips, I very coldly and sternly scold Michelle "you gutter whore! Are you that shameless as to beg for a complete stranger to ram his cock up your filthy fat ass? Can you possibly be any skankier??? I'll teach you a lesson you'll never forget. Do not be such a disgusting gutter whore!"

I sigh. "Slut, eat pussy."

Callie's lips fly to Michelle's clit. Her lips surround the nub. Her teeth close gently around it, just enough to hold it steady. Her tongue lies against the pulsing nub. Callie swirls her tongue endlessly, steadily and slowly, around Michelle's too-sensitive clit.

Michelle lasts about ten seconds. She cums hard. But it barely shows. She goes on trembling just as violently, screaming just as loudly. I only know Michelle has climaxed because I see her pussy spasming hard

enough to squirt dollops of honey onto Callie's face.

I have zero mercy. I don't do anything. Thus Mark goes on fucking Michelle's bottom. And Callie goes right on eating Michelle's pussy as if she didn't know Michelle just came.

I glance up at the tablet screen to see what Michelle's husband is doing. He's still over Diane's knees. He's still staring at the screen. With a look on his face that says he's very uncomfortable. Then again I can see Diane has followed my lead. She's using a dildo on his butt. I like it. Not only can he watch his wife get a real cock up her butt, but he can feel it himself! I wonder if he can tell Michelle is cumming a second time already, a mere thirty seconds after her first climax.

I don't have an iota of mercy for Michelle. I leave Mark and Callie pleasuring both sides of her pussy. I leave her tied over those beams, trembling violently, screams her lungs out, and cumming while Sophie teases her throbbing, still-bound breasts with the feather.

After a few minutes, maybe five, I tell Mark to cum. Immediately I see the muscles of his pubes rippling and hear the deep grunt of satisfaction as he lets go and spurts his hot cum into Michelle's bottom.

But I'm a merciless bitch, at least according to others. I don't tell him to stop. And he knows if he stops before I tell him to, he'll wish he hadn't before I'm done. So he goes on. He grunts hard, the uncomfortableness of using his now over-sensitive cock plain for a minute. Then he moans sweetly as he starts building it back towards a second orgasm.

Michelle doesn't show it all. I turn my hooded face tot he camera. "This manly cock just came up this gutter whore's flabby ass, in case you were too busy to notice. As you can see, the skank is quite happy to have a butt full of cum. Too bad you haven't learned to obey your Mistress yet, needle dick. Fatso here doesn't get any mercy from me. Executioners aren't exactly known for mercy!" I laugh. "She'll just keep getting used like the dirtiest cum dumpster until your Mistress feels you've learned

your lesson."

I see Diane flash me a signal, asking if I want to make Mark go a full second time. I nod. She flashes me a thumbs up. I take that to mean let her know when I'm ready and she'll ask me to stop.

I am not known for mercy. This time I leave Mark fucking Michelle's bottom for almost fifteen minutes, which is easily ten minutes past the time I know he's ready to cum again. In the twenty minutes of anal use Michelle gets, I lose count of how many orgasms she has at five. And I might have missed a couple. She never shows them, except for her pussy. Then again, her body is already as active as it can get, so there's really no way for her to show them.

Finally, I tell Mark to go ahead and "dump another load of filth is that fat cum dumpster." Mark immediately grunts an even deeper and more satisfied moan. I see those twitches in the muscles of his pubes, too, so I know he's cumming. I wait until he's fully finished, which takes a minute and a half or so. I just glance at Diane.

After a few seconds, Diane asks me, a heavy note of reluctance I know to be faked in her voice, "Lady Executioner, You may take pity upon the whore-wife of this sissy boy whenever you wish. I believe this boy has learned his lesson." Diane giggles hard, "and learned plenty about being a girl."

I sigh out. Then I tell Mark to get his cock out of that skanky butt. He does. I tell Callie to stop as I grab hold of her by one of her pert breasts. I snap for Callie to come, pulling her by her breast, and putting her on her knees before Mark. "Suck this whore's filth off that cock, slut."

Callie's eyes bug out of her head, and a look as if she'll puke sweeps over her face. She knows very well where her man's cock just came from. But she obediently takes it into her mouth, swallowing all os his mostly-hard length, and sucks it clean. It takes her five strokes before she decides to deem it clean. When it slips from her mouth, I quickly pinch the very tip of it, stretching it's half-soft length out and looking it

over. I agree it's clean. The look on Callie's face doesn't say she's nauseated. It says "please don't forget to let me cum, too!"

I send Callie back to her corner to wait. I send Mark back to the brace where he was before Diane called, telling Sophie to get some plastic tie straps and quickly secure the little boy before he misbehaved.

Michelle falls fully spent, limp, doing nothing but panting for her breath. Otherwise, she could be dead. She just hangs over those beams. She doesn't show anything. Not even as I untie her. Even fully untied she doesn't move a hair. She just lies there.



Michelle is done. Even after a few minutes she just lies fully spent over the beams. I decide to save my back. Since I have a strong young man here to use, I use him. I have Sophie free him and make him lift Michelle off the beams.

I have Mark carry Michelle out to the living room and set her on the floor beside the crate. Sophie fetches some plastic tie straps, and in about ten minutes we have Michelle trussed up just as she was when she came. I even put the bag back over her head. Then I have Mark put her back in the crate. I let Sophie have the fun of pouring the foam peanuts on her and closing the box back up. A few minutes after she finishes, the same UPS driver arrives to pick up "my package." I know then that while he might work for UPS, and might well be using their truck, he's not doing this job for UPS. UPS doesn't pick anything up after midnight. Period. At least not around here.

I return to the playroom. I still have Callie to deal with. I'd never send her away without allowing her a very sweet orgasm. She'll just have to earn it. She does, although it takes her an hour. An hour she spends flat on her back atop the massage table while Mark eats her pussy. To earn her climax, Callie has to "prove she cares more about Mark than herself" by lying still for ten full minutes while Mark eats her pussy.

Nine times I catch her squirming those slutty hips of hers. For that, I have her roll onto her stomach and while she lies still, she gets three swats on her bottom with my crop. Then she gets to roll back over and the clock starts anew.

When she finally makes it through ten minutes, she's naughtily given Mark a fresh hard-on. Poor boy. I "punish" Callie for that sluttiness by making her stay on her hands and knees, not cumming and not moving, while Mark fucks her from behind. I wait ten minutes, about five more than I need to wait before I give Mark permission to cum. Once he's fully satisfied I tell Callie that she may climax, and she explodes. Her orgasm is violent as she threshes all over the table while screeching out

girly moans.

I dismiss those two. I'd really only brought them over so Mark, one of the stronger boys in my toybox, could test out the new brace, and I'd gotten that tested before Michelle arrived. The rest was just a bonus.

They're not gone more than 20 minutes when the screen of the tablet comes alive again. I watch as Diane has Michelle's husband unbox Michelle.

Immediately Diane snaps harshly for Michelle to quit being so lazy and get to her feet. Then she has Michelle bend over and show Diane her asshole. Diane quickly pronounces it "skanky with boy mess." She solves that problem by making Michelle's husband lick Mark's cum out of Michelle's butt. Michelle screeches loud and hot moans as he does. Next Diane has Michelle dress.

Then she puts Michelle's husband on his knees. She stands over him with her crop in her hand and the pointy toe of her boot squishing his hard cock down against the floor. She makes him tell Michelle everything that he had to do to "earn" her freedom from Lady Executioner. I don't have to hear it. I saw it all.

Only then does Diane have Michelle spread an old and very stained towel out in front of him. She allows him one minute of slow masturbation with both Diane and Michelle watching him. He may cum during that minute, but that's it.

He cums in about fifteen seconds. And he cums with a huge spurt. Unfortunately for him, he's still cumming when his minute runs out. Diane handles that by stomping her foot down on the base of his cock. And keeping it there, squishing his cock so hard against the floor that it pinches his cock off and blocks him from cumming any more. He groans very uncomfortably, his face scrunched up as well for the whole time Diane is stomping on his shaft. When she finally lifts her foot, his cock is mostly soft. It doesn't cum anymore either. But it's head glistens with a stick coat of his cum that clings to it. She doesn't let him clean himself up.

She makes him dress as she scolds him for being such a horny boy. And she keeps scolding him right out the door.

The next day I get a copy of the full video from Diane. A copy that shows both Michelle and her husband in side-by-side images.

A day later I get a copy of an email they sent Diane. Michelle claims she doesn't remember much after Callie started torturing her pussy with teasing licks. She says her husband tried to describe the couple that "had Lady Executioner's way" with her, but his description wasn't that specific as to Mark. A little more as to Callie. He definitely noticed her breasts and bottom.

IN it Michelle asks if Diane could tell her anything. It's driving her crazy not knowing who she had sex with. And she so prolifically begs Diane never to send her back to Lady Executioner. She says she now has a whole new understanding of the phrase "hurt so good."

Diane adds that she's pleased, and both Michelle and her husband are very happy. I don't doubt that. An unhappy sub wouldn't beg not to be sent back. Subs do that when they really want to go back. If Michelle really didn't want to come back, she'd tell Diane off and stop emailing her. Diane adds that should I ever wish to borrow Michelle again, she's perfectly willing to share. And she adds a full-frontal nude picture of Michelle.

That lets me see the toy I spent a few hours tormenting. I decide 35 or 36 was a good guess, even now that I can see her face. She's not the prettiest woman, but she's cute enough for the toybox.

I email Diane back that I had fun and would be glad to help out again if she needs me. I tell her I'll think about Michelle and let her know. Michelle's husband isn't exactly my type. He has a bit of a beer belly to go with a cock that's average at best. And he's very whiny.