

# Introducing Shawna

Nadia Saran



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## Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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Introducing Shawna

## Prologue:

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

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

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

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

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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 18<sup>th</sup> 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

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put on a show on their account.

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

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



# Chapter 01: Spying On Mom

## Chapter 01: Spying On Mom

Her name is Natalie. She's been my toy for several months now. She's one of my needier toys. One of the ones who needs frequent attention. I might not have kept her in the toybox too long, I prefer toys that don't take up too much of my energy when I'm not playing with them. But two things keep her in the toy box.

First, she came to me through my friend Colette. Colette is a housewife and soccer mom. Natalie is a kindergarten teacher. Last year, when Natalie first came to me, Colette's youngest son was in Natalie's class. It's why Colette didn't want to personally play with her. That and Colette's time to play is fairly limited.

Second, Natalie is useful to me. She's a licensed foster parent, although she's rather picky which kids she'll take from the State. To me, that's a plus. She's licensed to have up to four kids in her house. Usually, there's at least one vacancy. A vacancy that I've been known to fill for her. Several times I've sent her the child of a toy and told her to take care of the child until I was done playing with my toy. It's the only "payment" I get from her. Unless you count the amusement she provides. But having a safe place to park a child is valuable to me. It allows me to take my time enjoying my toy and not have to worry about the toy's child being cared for. No matter how long I keep my toy.

I usually play with Natalie about once every two to three weeks. As with all of my toys, I have Natalie email me daily and tell me what's going on with her. It lets me see when she's getting too needy and it's time for her to come play. Toys, especially ones like Natalie, will tell me when they're hungry for a session. Often by violating some little rule, subconsciously intentionally, that's certain to bring them some light punishment. A punishment they will come here to get.

I seldom respond to those emails. It would take up too much of my time. But I always read them. Just as I read the one Natalie sent me an hour ago. The one where she told me how she was "unbearably horny." It's Natalie's way of begging me for some attention.

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It works, too. But not often the way Natalie really wants it to. There's no question what Natalie wants. She wants me to summon her for a very long, very strict, session. She wants me to make her really earn her relief through sweet suffering. Suffering that will definitely entertain me.

Of course, I can't let her have her way, either. That would be allowing her some modicum of control. I never allow a toy any control, over anything, in my realm. They come only for my amusement.

Tonight I "compromise" by instructing Natalie to video call me at nine pm. I've done it enough with her before that Natalie knows what to expect. At least somewhat. She'll get her chance to beg me for permission to masturbate, something that would bring her a very harsh punishment for doing without my permission. But she'll earn the chance to beg. And no matter how prolific her begging is, there's no guarantee that I'll allow it. She might just as well end up far hornier than she was, and still with no release in sight.

Natalie knows to make sure she's alone when she makes that video call. She knows there's no predicting what I may tell her to do. I could literally come with anything. All she knows is that her phone has to be propped up on something so that, without her having even a finger on it, it shows me a full view of her body as she sits in front of it.

When Natalie's call comes, I answer it on my laptop. The larger screen gives me a much better view than I'd get on my phone. Thankfully, Natalie has a good phone, even if it is an Android, with a good camera on it to feed that video to me. Plus, I have a "geek's dream" of a laptop, or so the computer science geeks assured me when they set it up for me. It runs the latest build of Linux. But most importantly, the video chat app they set up for me allows me to bypass the laptop's camera and feed a still image back to Natalie. Whatever image I want to send her. An image I can change whenever I want, even mid-call. When I answer her call I show her an image of her bare bottom, my crop searing a

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nice red welt across both of her cheeks. Along the top, I've superimposed the words "Bad Girl."

Natalie is sitting "properly" when the image of her appears live on my screen. I can see that she's in her bedroom, the one place she has some privacy. She keeps a small wicker chair in there, and that's what she's sitting upon. She sits with her legs fully crossed and her hands folded neatly in her lap. She keeps her back up straight and her eyes forward. She sits still and silent, waiting for me to tell her what to do now.

Natalie looks like she's wearing the same things she wore to work today. Loose-fitting jeans, sneakers, and a long-sleeved blouse. That fits loosely, too. And the material is thick enough that her bra doesn't show. It's modest, but she does teach kindergarten. It's cute though.

"There's my naughty little bitch!" I greet her with as much teasing sweetness as scorn in my voice. "I hear that skanky pussy between those legs is just so horny tonight!"

"Yes, my Queen," Natalie answers with a trace of eagerness in her voice.

"I suppose you want to be a complete gutter slut and diddle that sloppy thing, don't you, bitch?"

"Yes, my Queen, I'd do anything for permission to diddle my skanky pussy, Ma'am."

"And just what got that skank pit so horny, bitch? We're you having slutty dreams again?"

"Yes, my Queen... I'm sorry, Ma'am..."

I sigh loudly and heavy to make sure she hears it. "Tell me all about your slutty dream, bitch."

"Yes, my Queen." Natalie answer, her voice now lowering a bit and betraying a heavy note of shyness. "I was remembering Sunday when you allowed me to visit you, my Queen... The moment, just before

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you sent me away when you were scolding me and telling me that if I didn't learn to control my filthy mind, you'd do it for me by 'getting all of the filth out of me.' When you told me how you'd start that by giving me a very big, and bad, enema. And I burst into tears, really crying like a baby, and begging you not to do that to me.

"In my dream last night, I was a bad girl and had a very filthy dream. So you made me have that enema. It hurt so much! But you made me lie there and suffer it. And you kept telling me that it was my own fault. If I'd been a good girl and only had clean thoughts, thoughts girls should be having, then I wouldn't have to have an enema to get the filth out of me."

I remember well. The instant I mentioned an enema, Natalie was bawling like a baby and trembling. Just the concept of it made her as nervous as she's ever been. But she's a huge sissy about her bottom, or rather about anything going into it. She cries, albeit lightly if even a finger enters her. It gets her very hot, but that doesn't mean every bit of her beside her pussy, hates it. Right then, as she tearfully begged me not to do that to her, and promised me that she'll be a good girl forever, I decided that Natalie would very soon be getting that enema.

A few clicks are all it takes for me to change the image Natalie is seeing. I have a nice selection of images. One for every occasion. The image I switch to shows a white, and near-comically large, enema nozzle. One that's about 10" long, the clear tubing attached to it. It sits atop a black background.

It only takes about two seconds for me to hear the sharp intake of breath from Natalie. And to see that overly nervous look back on her face. "I'm sorry, my Queen!" Natalie blurts out anxiously. "I'm sorry! I promise I'll never have another dirty thought, Ma'am! I'm sorry!"

I'll bet Natalie doesn't have a clue how sensitive the mic on her phone is. In the background, I can hear a faint thump. It's very faint. But a second later I hear a muted voice urgently whispering for someone to

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leave her alone. At the same time, I see Natalie's eyes get wide and dart to the door. A sudden, and very hard, quivering racks her body. Then her face scrunches up. The effect is a perfect cross of a deer-in-headlights and utter humiliation.

I can only imagine what the first noise was. Natalie has two foster children, a 13-year-old boy, and an 8-year-old daughter in her house at the moment. Plus there's Natalie's daughter, who is just barely 18-years-old. I could imagine any of them being snoop.

I change the image Natalie is seeing, this time having her phone display instructions. "Do not make a sound. Go jerk the door open. Bring whomever you find to me now. Go, bitch." Natalie's head droops forward as she reads the instructions. She rises, reluctantly and slowly, and goes to the door just as hesitantly. She has definitely allowed whoever was there plenty of time to escape. Before Natalie pulls the door open, while Natalie's back is to the camera, I switch to an image of a cartoon Jaguar. An image that gives nothing away. Appropriate for all audiences.

Natalie doesn't exactly jerk the door open, but she opens it quickly enough that she catches the girl trying to listen at it. "Shawna!" Natalie blurts out, a trace of irritation in her voice. "What are you doing?" She asks her daughter. The daughter that turned eighteen less than two weeks ago.

Shawna stutters, starting and stopping, as she tries to make up some legitimate reason for listening at her mother's door. She can't. There really isn't much of an excuse for snooping on mom, is there? Especially in mom's bedroom. It's a little bit of a surprise to me. I'd expect that from a younger girl. Not a newly-minted adult.

Natalie listens for a couple of short seconds. Then the quivering suddenly returns to her body as she realizes what she has to do. Now it's Natalie sputtering instead of Shawna. But eventually, after half a dozen false starts, Natalie manages to do what she has to do. In a very shamed

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and quiet voice, she tells Shawna “well, you’ve really done it now... I don’t have a choice... you have to come talk to Miss Rodgers right now... and please be very very polite to her, or we both... might wish you were...”

Shawna almost refuses. She has very light white skin. Light enough that I can see her blushing. That’s an interesting response. She sheepishly follows her mom over to the chair. Natalie points to the phone, where I’ve again changed the image. Now they’re seeing an image of an old-fashioned schoolhouse paddle against a white background. As soon as Shawna sees that she hesitates in her step.

“Good girl, Natalie. You caught the naughty little miscreant.” I saw in a voice that’s teasingly sweet.

“Yes, my Queen,” Natalie answers, lowering her voice as much as she's able as if trying to keep Shawna from hearing her, yet knowing she can't.

Shawna's head snaps to Natalie. Natalie's answer is totally unexpected, and a big shock to Shawna.

“You are Shawn, Natalie’s oldest daughter. You just turned eighteen, did you not?”

“Uh... Yes...” Shawna answers in a voice as hesitant as her final step was. She's quiet and reluctant. Her eyes keep darting nervously to Natalie, who offers her no help. Instead, she only sees Natalie shirking inward, a few small tears rolling down her cheek. And hanging her head in shame, unwilling to look at her daughter.

“Well, now that you are an adult, there’s no reason you can’t act like one, is there? Or take responsibility for your own actions, just as a real adult does.” I tell her in a very stern voice.

“Natalie, be a good bitch now. I don’t think you want to misbehave anymore tonight. Go get something to tie Shawna’s hands

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with. Now.”

Natalie jumps back a little. She cringes hard, but obediently says “Yes, my Queen.” It takes her over a minute, but she comes back with the sash off of a robe. Despite looking horrified, shocked, and nervous, Shawna has obediently stood beside the chair and waited. Even though she heard Natalie’s instructions and knows that her hands are about to be tied. I ignore her, only watching to ensure she waits.

When Natalie returns, I tell her to tie Shawna's hands snugly behind her back. And I warn her not to disappoint me by tying them too loosely. Shawna had better not be able to free her hands. Then I watch as Natalie has to take Shawna by her shoulders and turn her. And then Natalie has to bring Shawna's hands behind her. Although Shawna isn't cooperating, it doesn't look like she's offering too much resistance either. At least Natalie isn't straining to get Shawna's hands behind her. Natalie ties them, and she does a decent job of it. I'd bet Shawna could get out of it, but it would take her a while with nimble fingers to get that knot undone. I have Natalie nudge Shawna back around to face the camera.

“According to Google, it will take you eighteen minutes to drive to my building. I'll give you two to get to your car, and five to park and get to my door. That's 25 minutes.

“Natalie, you may not speak a word to Shawna. Not one. You will tell her only that you are bringing her to me where she can face proper consequences for her actions. Then take her by the arm, walk her to your car and bring her to me. Do not be late. You know how I disapprove of tardiness. Tell her now, leave the phone where it is, and get going. Your 25 minutes begins... now!” I add a touch of taunting giggle to the last word.

Natalie's instincts take over. She turns to Shawna. "You've really done it now, kiddo. Come on, I have to take you to Miss Rodgers right now. I'm sorry, but as she said, you're an adult now, so now I can't protect you. You'll just have to face the consequence of your actions like



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an adult.” Natalie grips Shawna’s upper arm and starts guiding her out of the bedroom.

Shawna tenses up hard. Not so much to resist, but more out of nervousness as she realizes that she’s scared. That she hasn’t a clue what’s going to happen to her. But it doesn’t sound too good. And worse, her mom is going to make her do it.

It takes Natalie some strength, but she gets the reluctant Shawna moving. I leave the chat open for several minutes to be sure they don't reenter the room and then minimize the window. I have to get ready.



# Chapter 02: Mommy's Spanking

## Chapter 02: Mommy's Spanking

Exactly twenty-four minutes later, a slightly harried looking Natalie is knocking on my door. She made it in the time I allowed her, but it looks like she didn't have a second to spare. I'd bet she bent a couple of speed limits, too. Not enough to get a ticket, but enough to make up a minute or two that she likely wasted trying to drag Shawna to the car or convince her older foster child to mind the younger for a little while.

Natalie stands about 5'6", which is about average for a woman. She's fairly lean, too. Maybe 140 pounds, tops. She has long, dishwater blond hair that hangs down to the bottoms of her shoulder blades. It frames a slightly long oval face. A face with brilliant green eyes. Her nose is slightly long, with marginally strong features. But the first thing I notice about it is that it's just ever-so-slightly upturned instead of straight along its bottom. And she has a decently wide, but straight and flat, mouth that's ringed with a pair of light pink lips. Those are fairly average looking, neither plump and full, nor fine.

Her clothes hide the shape of her body. But from experience I know it's a pretty nice shape. A shape that definitely shouldn't be hidden. There's nothing big about her body at all. Even her breasts aren't big, just moderate and proportional.

Beside her stands a slightly smaller girl. I know it's Shawna, and I know she's eighteen. She stands a couple of inches shorter, maybe about 5'3". She's not a thick girl, either. In fact, her body looks to be decidedly average. I'd guess she's around 125-130 pounds and no more.

Her hair is a light shade of brown. It's the same length as Natalie's, only somewhat "bushier" and with a very gentle wave to it. She too has an oval face with green eyes. And a very similar mouth: straight and wide with modest light-pink lips. But she has a smaller nose with more rounded features too. She has very light white skin, and at least on her face, it's dotted with just light of tan freckles.

I'd deem Natalie to be attractive. Shawna, however, is decidedly

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plain. I wouldn't say she's unattractive, but I wouldn't call her the prettiest girl in her class either. Just plain.

She's wearing denim shorts and a loose-fitting black t-shirt. It makes it hard to tell much about the shape of her body, too. The loose shirt covers her well enough to hide her curves and offer no hint about her breasts, other than not huge. But I can see most of her arms and legs. They're somewhere between what I'd call lean and average. So I'm pretty sure the rest of her body looks about the same.

Both of them look edgy. But Shawna is far more so. I'd planned for that. It's why I told Natalie not to talk to her. That way, Natalie couldn't answer any of Shawna's questions or offer her so much as a hint of what might be possibly in store for her. Not that Natalie has a clue herself. I can see on her face that she never dreamed I'd summon Shawna along with her. And the idea of Shawna being here is making Natalie very uncomfortable.

With a wave of my hand, I have Sophie bring them both to the sofa and have them sit across from me. Both cross the few steps rather hesitantly.

Natalie has been here several times before. She knows well that I have rules for everything. Even for how to sit. She sits the way I expect her to. With her back straight and her eyes forward, her legs fully crossed right over left, and her hands politely folded in her lap.

Shawna has never heard of me until she listened at that door, and that was only half of an hour ago. She hasn't a clue that she's expected to sit any particular way, let alone how. She leans back, her legs together, and relaxes on the sofa.

I see no reason not to set the tone for this evening immediately. I glance at Natalie and in my firm voice tell her "stay bitch." then, without allowing her to respond, I turn my attention to Shawna. "You might be a disgusting slob, but in my realm, you'll act like a proper bitch, little girl."

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I use a harsh, scolding voice with Shawna. But I don't raise my voice to her. Instead, I lightly swat her thighs, beneath the shorts, on her bare skin with the tip of my crop. The pair of swats aren't hard. They don't even leave a pink mark on her skin. Well, not one that will last more than a minute or two. It's just enough for her to feel the light sting suddenly shoot into her flesh. And it gets her attention. Her eyes pop wide. She stares at me with absolute shock on her face.

"Cross those legs! All the way, right over left." I tap her right thigh a second time, landing the crop just beside the first swat. It definitely has her attention. And it gets her moving. Her leg all but flies over her left.

I don't give her any time to think. Instead, I lightly swat her side with my crop and scold her to sit up straight. Her back almost snaps up it moves so fast. A tap, this one very light, to her cheek gets her eyes looking forward. Another tap to her hands gets them folded in her lap. And then, a pair of taps to her arms, on bare skin just beneath the fabric of her t-shirt, gets her arms positioned properly, her upper arms straight along her sides to the elbows, and only then bending into her lap.

"That's a good bitch," I finally tell her, my voice softening a little from its harshness. "Welcome to my realm. I'll just assume you have at least as much brains as the average goldfish. So I'm sure you can guess why I summoned you. While you are in my realm, you will behave your insolent little bottom as a proper bitch. Whether you want to or not.

"First, now that you know how to sit properly, you really don't want to sit any other way. Ever. And you will be still. Squirming around will not be tolerated. I don't care if you're comfortable or bored. I said sit, so you will sit and sit until I say otherwise.

"Second, you will speak only when spoken to. You can take comfort in the fact that absolutely no one here cares what you have to say. When you do speak, you will be very polite, respectful, and humble. You may address me as "Ma'am," "my Queen," or "Miss Rodgers." Nothing

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else. That is my slave-girl." I wave my hand in the direction of Sophie. "You will address her as Miss Slave.

"Third, you will do as you are told. Don't bother to object. Don't bother to ask any questions. No one cares what you want. Or what you want. Or what's uncomfortable for you. In fact, no one cares what you think about anything.

"Fourth, you will answer every single question you are asked fully and honestly. I don't care if you're embarrassed. I don't care if you think it's none of anyone's business. I don't care if you think it's private. You have no privacy here. None at all. You'll tell me whatever I ask. And if it's just the most embarrassing thing you've ever done - I don't care!

"You do not want to break those simple rules here. You will not be happy if you do. In fact, you will seriously wish you hadn't. I hope that's clear to your dull bitch brain. Do you understand my rules, little bitch?"

Shawna had been steadily shirking back as I recited the rules to her. Her bottom scooting back on the sofa the inch or so it had to move. As if that little space would do anything! Now, she looks to me with a very nervous look on her face. Her voice trembles slightly, it's tone muted, as she answers "yes, my Queen..." Her eyes look to me as if silently asking me if that answer is OK. I'm sure she chose to address me as her queen because that's the way she's heard her mother address me, and it worked for mom.

I don't say anything about it. I've already told her that was acceptable. I'm not here to coddle little bitches and reassure them every step of the way. Shawna will very quickly learn how life here is. Do as you are told, nothing more, nothing less. And she'll know if I'm displeased with her.

I stand directly in front of the seated Shawna. And I stand close, my knees no more than a couple of inches from hers. I don't lean over. I just look down upon the seated girl. I use a firm voice. "Were you

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listening at mommy's door while she was trying to have some privacy to talk to me?"

Shawna's face scrunches up and she blushes slightly. Her voice mutes another octave. Her eyes dart to the left, trying to look away from and her mom. "Yes, my Queen..." She answers, the embarrassment ringing in her voice.

"Why?"

Now that Shawna doesn't even have the comfort of answering only yes or no, she really cringes. And blushes. Finally, her voice muted to barely audible, she answers "I don't know, my Queen... I just wanted to know what she was hiding..." I can that she's having to work hard not to turn her head or hide her face as she answers, too.

"What did you think mommy was hiding from you?"

"I didn't know! My Queen..." I just glare at her with a stern look on my face. It takes a couple of seconds of tense silence. But Shawna gets the hint. "I thought maybe she met a guy or something... My Queen."

I sigh deeply. "Did that bitch ever tell you she was a bitch? Guys don't want bitches, they want ladies."

"No, my Queen... I had no idea my mom was into... this!"

I turn fast and unexpectedly. It startles both of them. I glare hard at Natalie. "You naughty bitch! Didn't I tell you that now that your little bitch was an adult you weren't to hide yourself from her?"

Natalie starts to squeak out a timid "yes, my Queen."

I ignore Natalie and go on scolding her as if she wasn't saying anything. "And now she's spying at the door because you're still hiding yourself from her like you're some sort of prissy lady. Or an actual person! You are nothing, bitch! You are just a cheap fuck toy in my toybox. I told you to stop hiding your true self from her. I warned you about that useless modesty."



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I reach out quickly, taking hold of Natalie's hair. I grip it tight, right atop her head, pulling the strands tight, but not pulling them out. Natalie jumps. Then she trembles. Now she looks back at me with a face scrunching up to cry, her eyes beginning to moisten. "You'll be spanked for that disobedience, bitch. Come."

I don't wait for Natalie. I pull her, by her hair, bringing the quivering woman up to her feet. I pull her, her body struggling to catch up, across to the sofa I'd been sitting on. I move Natalie smoothly, but she moves awkwardly, half stumbling, her feet never having caught up with me. And where I'm taking her body.

Across from us, separated mostly by the coffee table, Shawna watches. Her face is one of utter, absolute shock. And horror. It's as if she doesn't believe her ears just heard that her mom is going to be spanked like a little girl. As if she still doesn't believe her eyes as she sees her mom being led away for that spanking.

I put Natalie on her knees at my right side. I keep hold of her hair for the fraction of an instant it takes me to undo the button of her jeans. I do it fast enough that I doubt Shawna sees it at all. And I'm almost as confident that Natalie doesn't realize it. Then I pull her by her hair and turn her over my knees. I quickly shift my legs, opening my knees a bit, so that my right leg is snug in the bend of Natalie's waist and my left thigh is just as snugly against the underside of Natalie's breasts. It has Natalie's thighs hanging down straight, her knees a tiny fraction of an inch above the floor. And it leaves Natalie's hands flailing uncontrolled to brace against the floor.

I release her hair. I need my hand, so I have to. I move just as quickly, maybe even a little faster. I don't want Natalie to have much chance to think about anything as it's happening. So I put my hands to the waistband of her jeans, slipping my thumbs under her panties, and quickly shove them down.

It bares Natalie's taut bottom. I make sure that every bit of her

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gently rounded globes are bared, stopping her pants around her thighs, maybe an inch or so beneath the very bottoms of her cheeks.

Sophie obediently puts the handle of my paddle of choice in my hand. The paddle is about 18" long, and 4" wide. But it's thin. It's made of two sheets of soft rubber, like rubber bands, with a thin layer of spring steel between them. The steel gives it a rigid shape but also allows it to bend with enough pressure on it.

Across from us, I can see the look on Shawna's face. This was clearly far beyond anything she expected to be anywhere near the realm of possibility. And she's blushing a deep beet red, so clearly embarrassed to see her mom, a grown middle-aged woman, turned over the knees of a girl very close to Shawna's age. Turned over those knees just as if Natalie were a misbehaving toddler. I think Shawna is actually embarrassed for her mom!

I raise the paddle up high. It's at that moment that Natalie finally realizes something. I see her head snap to the side for a fraction of a second, just long enough for her to confirm that Shawna is sitting a few feet away. And that Shawna is about to see her get spanked like a little girl. Her head is quickly back down, staring at the floor. And Natalie blurts out a very desperate, pleading, "NO!"

She takes a fast breath and realizes her mistake. But that doesn't stop her. It just hushes her voice as she begs me "please, my Queen, don't spank me in front of my daughter!" She pants another fast breath. I wait, allowing her to finish begging. "I'll be a good bitch. I'll do anything! Please, my Queen, please just take me to the other room to spank me."

"Are you done, bitch?" I snap in a cold, stern voice. "You know better than to beg! You'll be spanked wherever I want to spank you, and in front of whomever, I wish to spank you in front. Oh, and for speaking without permission, your five strokes just became six, bitch.

"Now these are for being a disobedient bitch and shyly hiding your

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true skankiness from your little girl." I snap the paddle hard, putting my full strength into the swat.

The blade of the paddle lands squarely across Natalie's taut cheeks. And it lands with a loud crack, like lightning. Natalie cries out a very pained "AH!-OW!" and sobs lightly as she pants a couple of more breaths. Her cry is loud enough, and comes quickly enough, that it seems to cut off the end of the crack.

I feel Natalie's body tense the instant she feels the paddle strike her bottom. The instant those stinging needles of pain start to shoot into her tender flesh. She snaps to a steely stiffness as she cries out. Then, as she pants her sobbing breaths, her body slowly loosens.

"One, my Queen... this bitch is very sorry for being disobedient and hiding her true sluttness from her little girl just because it embarrasses her so much to think about her little girl knowing what a slut her mother is. I deserve five more strokes, my Queen, will you please spank my sore bottom again, Ma'am?" Natalie obediently counts off her first stroke.

Across from us, I saw Shawna flinch so hard as the stroke landed that she seemed to jump up from the sofa. Then she sat, wide-eyed and blushing deeply, as Natalie screeched and sobbed. As if she was not only so embarrassed for Natalie but also emphatic to the pain her mom must be enduring. But then, as Natalie humbly counted her stroke, I could see the look on Shawna's face. It was a look that told me she didn't understand what she was seeing and hearing. That this was beyond her imagination. Then, as Natalie asked for her next stroke, the look on Shawna's face turned to one of utter disbelief. As in how could anyone, much less mom, actually, ask for another stroke. Especially when it was so plain that the first was awful.

I swat Natalie's bottom again, the paddle landing just as hard atop the already pinkened flesh of those soft globes.

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Natalie screeches out an even more pained cry. It's strained enough that it leaves no doubt her pain is honest. She tenses as the blow lands, too. Suddenly enough that her back seems to jump as it arches up slightly. Her hands flail, looking for something to grip against. And her feet kick futilely against the floor. It takes Natalie a couple of seconds to loosen up this time. And it happens a little slower.

Shawna no longer gawks. She sees everything, but it's clear she's trying her hardest not to see anything. That she doesn't want to watch her mother get spanked. Or maybe that she's just too embarrassed to be seeing it. Or, hopefully, that she feels guilty for getting her mother spanked. It was Natalie's fault, for not baring her soul to Shawna, but I'm sure Shawna thinks that if she hadn't been caught spying, Natalie wouldn't be over my knees right now. She flinches as Natalie asks, in a very sobbing voice, for her third swat.

I swat Natalie again. This one lands just as powerfully atop the deepening pink stripe across her cheeks. And she cries out with even more pain in her voice. Her feet come up this time, leaving the floor and briefly kicking around in front of her squirming bottom as if to protect it. It takes Natalie around ten or fifteen seconds to get herself under control and return her feet to the floor. She spends those seconds panting fast, and strained, bawling "EE-OW!s" over and over again. Finally, she counts off her third stroke and asks for the fourth. Shawna just dumbly shakes her head in disbelief.

I swat Natalie again. And Natalie screeches out a loud "OW!" that quickly fades into a bawling "unhappy baby" crying. A cry that has tears running down her cheeks. She jumps, too, her body tensing so sharply that she nearly does rise off my thighs as the arch pulls her body. Both her hands and feet flail around wildly, her feet up in front of her bare, and now angry-red bottom. With her sobs, she pants out "EE-OW!" over and over again.

Natalie finally manages to stop squealing long enough to sob out

## Introducing Shawna

her count. Her voice breaks so badly it's starting to be hard to hear her words. And then she forces herself to relax enough to lie over my knees and get the fifth stroke that just asked for.

I swat Natalie's bare bottom again. And Natalie cries out as she cries. Across from her, I see the first little tear rolling down Shawna's cheeks, too. And I swear I can almost see the smoke coming out of her ears as she tries to understand what she's seeing. I'm sure, whenever she can without risking another stroke for Natalie, Shawna is going to pelt Natalie with questions. Questions that Natalie would rather do anything than answer. Number one is bound to be "what the hell were you thinking? What made you take that horrid spanking?" I doubt Natalie has thought about it yet. I doubt she's thinking of anything other than her bottom right now.

It takes close to half a minute of crying and squirming before Natalie manages to still and count off her fifth stroke. If she hadn't let that little bit of pride and shame show, it would have been her last, too. Maybe she realizes that much. If not, maybe she does as I pause, the paddle held high above her beet-red bottom. "This one is for speaking out of turn, bitch."

I swat her bottom yet again. Natalie cries out, her body snapping into overdrive as she squirms and tenses up at the same instant. She squirms her hips, grinding her waist against my thigh, hard enough to get a little jiggle in her cheeks.

Finally, she counts off the last stroke. "Six, my Queen. This bitch is incredibly sorry for speaking out of turn, my Queen. Thank you so much for spanking my naughty bottom and reminding me that my humiliation is no excuse to break your rules in your realm, my Queen."

I grab Natalie by her shoulder and lift her off my knees, setting her on her knees at my side. Shawna tries to both keep her eyes averted and give me a questioning glance as if to remind me that I've forgotten something. Namely to fix Natalie's pants. The waistband of her jeans is

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still snug around her mid-thighs, leaving her bottom fully exposed. But now that Natalie isn't over my knees, it also leaves her front exposed. And not just her curvy hips. It also shows off the dark-blond bush covering Natalie's pubes.

Natalie puts her hands at the small of her back as she knows she's expected to do. Then she kneels, crying hard, her face a mess, and waiting.

I set the paddle on the coffee table. At least that much comes as a relief to Shawna. Evidence that her mom's spanking is over. Then I rise up to my feet. I turn to face Natalie, looking down on the kneeling woman. "Now you will go to the corner. That will give you plenty of time to think about how that inappropriate shame got you spanked. Go now, bitch."

"Yes, my Queen." Natalie sobs out. She doesn't even glance at Shawna. I'm sure she's thinking about Shawna seeing her willingly accept yet another childish punishment, but the thought of doing anything but accepting her fate doesn't enter her mind.

Natalie rises to her feet, grimacing as she does. She doesn't touch her pants or panties. I haven't told her to. She just squeezes her thighs together snugly in a vain effort to protect some teensy shred of dignity. She walks, her feet shuffling as she tries to use her thighs to keep those pants up, right to the corner.

Natalie has been in the corner before. She positions herself with only her toes touching the baseboards. It has her shoulder's just a hair's width from the walls. Her face isn't that much further back. She keeps her hands at the small of her back. And she leaves her pants alone, even though they've worked their way down to her knees by now.

Natalie stands still, her deep-red bottom on full display. It's a display that Shawna tries very hard not to look at. It's just so obvious that Natalie's butt is "on fire." That it has to be stinging her almost unbearably.

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Yet Natalie isn't allowed to even try to do anything to ease it. She has to just stand there and suffer the full strength of that burning sting. To accept the pain.

I have Sophie fetch me a cup of water atop a saucer. I also have Sophie add a drop of red food coloring to dye the water and put a white tissue doily atop the saucer. She fills the cup almost fully to its rim, leaving about five millimeters between the water level and the rim of the cup.

I take Natalie's hands and move them for her. I don't tell Natalie what I'm doing. I just move her hands, turning them palms up and flat. I carefully set the saucer atop Natalie's palms. It has her holding it on her flat hands at the small of her back. Where she can't see it.

"Since you seem to have such a problem behaving in the corner, maybe that cup of water in your hands will encourage you to stay still like a good bitch. Spill one drop and you will wish you hadn't, bitch. Now, stay. I'll get you once you've spent your full 43 minutes here."

"Yes, my Queen..." Natalie sobs out. I can hear the shame in her voice. I can hear the reluctance, too. And the faint edge of nervousness as she thinks about how still she's going to have to be not to spill any water out of that cup.

I use the same rule for my corner as they teach in parenting classes. Sure, that rule is for little kids, not big bitches, but Natalie has just been punished like a little girl! She gets one minute in the corner for every year old she is.





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I return to the sofas and stand directly in front of Shawna. It takes her a moment to look up at me. And when she does, she does it reluctantly. With wary eyes upon me, too.

I can tell Shawna wants to say something. It's more than just obvious. As is the fact that she's too afraid to. "I know what you're thinking, baby bitch. See, I know how little girls' minds work. Right now you want to say that there is absolutely no way you'll ever allow anyone to spank you like that. You're a grow-up now, and that's a very little girl's spanking. And that doesn't matter because no one is going to spank you any other way, either. Right, baby bitch? Feel free to tell me I'm wrong, just *do not* lie to me."

Shawna puts a little confidence in her voice. "Yes, my Queen... you know what I'm thinking."

I laugh. I laugh hard and right at Shawna. "You seem to have one very wrong idea about your place in the world, baby bitch. So let me tell you what your lot in life is. As you so happily admit, you are no longer a child. You are a big, grown-up, bitch now!

"But you live in *my* bitch's house. I own that bitch over there. Which means I own everything she is, and everything she has. So you're really living in *my* house. I have one simple rule for bitches in my house. They are either kids, which you just so eagerly admitted to not being, or they belong to me.

"It seems you have some mistaken ideas. Like that you have a choice. You don't. You have no choice in anything. If you don't like it, then move out. Now. Go find someplace to live. Pay your own way in life instead of leeching off of mommy. Otherwise, I own you just as wholly as I own that bitch over there."

Not much of it is true. I might tell Shawna otherwise, but she's free to leave if she wishes. No one will stop her. And I really can't make her move out of her mother's house. I could push Natalie, and Natalie would.

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But Natalie wouldn't abandon her as I'm hinting will be the case. And if she did, I'd exile Natalie for abandoning her daughter. I'm not even sure if Shawna believes it. But I know, as would any teenager, it will make her nervous, instilling a teenager's worst and constant bane, in her: doubt.

Shawna sits. She fidgets hard in her seat. She definitely wants to say something. The look on her face tells me that bursting out in tears is a real possibility as well. So "typical teenager" of her.

"I'm disappointed in you. Surely you knew it was wrong to spy on mommy's private time, didn't you baby bitch?"

"Yes, my Queen," Shawna's voice is muted. It's an almost pure shame and nervousness. As if she's ashamed to admit what she's done and equally afraid that it is only a prelude to some hideous consequence she's about to suffer. After a couple of seconds, I see a gentle tremor flow over her body. I'll bet she's thinking about impending consequences and wondering if, and how well, she'll suffer them.

"Remember what that bitch just learned over my knees. I do not allow *any* privacy, modesty, shyness, or shame from my bitches. Any of that will get your naughty bottom over my knees just as fast as it got her over them. You *belong* to me. I have every right to see all of you, even your most intimate thoughts. Now tell me the truth. Why were you spying on your mommy?"

The tears slowly run down Shawna's cheek now. She sits quietly for a moment. She averts her eyes, unwilling to look at me. And she answers in a very shamefully muted voice. "I was curious, my Queen... I mean I know less than zero about boy-girl stuff... I was just hoping... for a little hint, or something... anything! Just so that when some boy finally does like me... I won't be totally lost! I want... him to think of me as a real woman, not some little girl..."

"Ah, the truth comes out!" I say with a trace of enthusiasm in my voice. "And you had no clue that mommy was just a bitch? That she was

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owned? Did you?"

"NO!" Shawna firmly blurts out, "I never imagined anything like this, my Queen!"

"It's just so kinky, isn't it?"

"Yes, my Queen." Now on safer ground, questions that don't require Shawna to bare her soul, her answers come faster and firmer, her voice returning to its normal volume.

"I'm sure you've guessed that there will be consequences for spying on mommy like you were two years old or something."

"Yes, my Queen..." Shawna's voice falls back to its muteness, now running wild with nervous stutters in it.

"You will write your mommy a very humble and polite apology letter. It will be handwritten. It will no less than 1000 words. It will be the most honest and heartfelt thing you've ever written. And it will not just say you are sorry, but also why you are sorry and why you spied on her. I strongly suggest you forget about your privacy and modesty and just write the unvarnished truth. Very humbly.

"You have exactly 24 hours from when you set the first toe out of my door to write it, deliver it to your mommy in person along with a verbal apology to her, for her to read it, and for her to send it to me. I will read it as well, and then I will decide if you are truly sorry or if you need to be taught a lesson too.

"I will also grade it. Just like your English teacher would. Penmanship counts. So do spelling, grammar, and vocabulary. You may not use any electronic device to write it. Not even to look up a word. A pen and paper, and that's it. If I see a single cross-out, write-over, or erasure, I will send it back to you unread. You must score an A on it, or you will be redoing it until you do. Unpleasantly redoing it. This is your atonement. You will atone and be properly respectful as you do.

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"Now, are the instructions clear, baby bitch?"

"Yes, my Queen..." Now Shawna's voice is a mix of too many emotions to count. Intense relief that she's not going to be spanked. Intense agony at the thought of the writing assignment. How it is such a "school girl" kind of punishment. And worse, how she's so obviously going to have to bare her soul to her mother. How nervous she is about her work not being acceptable to me, and earning her some punishment that she now firmly believe Natalie will not help her weasel out of.

"Good," I tell her firmly, but with a little sweetness in my voice. "Well, there's no reason to waste the next... 39 minutes while that bitch just stands in the corner, is there?" I don't wait for Shawna to answer me. "Stand up, baby bitch."

Shawna, having already heard her sentence pronounced, clearly wasn't expecting anything else. Maybe just to wait here until Natalie was out of the corner. Silly girl! Suddenly very nervously, she rises to her feet.

I pick up my crop. Tiny taps on her hands and a firm scolding get her hands flying up behind her back. And it doesn't take any taps of the crop for Shawna to straighten herself up. Maybe she's learning!

I have Shawna take off her shoes. I can see the puzzlement on her face at the instruction. But she doesn't dare defy it. I can see a little more puzzlement on her face, and a lot of exacerbation, as I tell her that just kicking them off isn't acceptable here. She has to squat down. She has to fully untie them and loosen the laces before slipping them off her feet. And then she has to tuck the laces inside and set them neatly under my coffee table. And then rise back up to stand properly. Facing me.

I tell Shawna to take her socks off now. She guesses that she can't kick those off with her toes. She stops her foot halfway and returns it to the floor. She lifts her foot up, crossing it across the front of her leg, so she can reach her sock. I stop her just before her hand reaches her sock. It

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gets me another wordless exasperated sigh from Shawna. But obediently she squats down and slips one sock off her foot, then the other. She follows my instructions, the ones I'm giving as she goes, and mates her socks together, folding the tops of them over neatly as if they were in her sock drawer. I hope. For all I know, Shawna's sock drawer is a jumble of lonely socks. She sets them neatly atop her shoes and stands, now barefoot, before me.

"Take off your shirt, baby bitch," I tell Shawna, my voice suddenly very strict and firm, but also soft and kind. I'm hoping it lets her know that this isn't a choice for her. That loose t-shirt is coming off. And I don't care if she's embarrassed to be seen in whatever bra she happens to have on.

I see Shawna start blushing brightly again, but not as deeply as she did earlier. I can see the question on her face as she wonders countless things. How far will make her undress? Surely not "all the way!" and will she be able to strip down however far I want her to, or will that shyness stop her from showing me whatever I'm looking to see? And more importantly, why do I, another girl, even want to see her body? Am I a lesbian? I do have a slave-girl! So that's a possibility! And then the big one: If I'm gay, am I interested in seeing her naked body?

She moves reluctantly as she lifts the bottom hem of the shirt, bringing it up and over her head. It bares a modest, and cute, white bra with lace trim. It's a simple cotton bra, like something that came from Wal-Mart. Which is might well have. It's not like kindergarten teachers make a lot of money. Its cups almost fully cover her smallish mounds, fringing them with lace.

More importantly, to me, it finally lets me get an idea of the shape of Shawna's body. She really should avoid baggy clothes, I decide. At the same time, I decide to do something about that. Her body is thin. There are maybe two extra pounds on it, one on each side right where her underarms give way to her chest at the very tops of her breasts. There's

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enough padding that her ribs don't show, always a good thing, but it doesn't look like an ounce more than needed. Her skin is smooth and taut. It's a light, but not pale, shade of white. More of those light tan freckles dot the very tops of her shoulders, too. And that is kind of adorably cute!

Shawna follows my instructions and smooths out her shirt before folding it very neatly and setting it atop her shoes. Then she returns to standing, her hands behind her, offering me a good view of her now-bare stomach. And of a very gentle, flowing, girly curve at her waist.

"Takeoff that bra now, baby bitch... show me those little breasts," I add the second line just to make Shawna uncomfortable. To make her think about showing me a very private part of her body. To think about how I will likely be checking them out as intently as a boy would!

Shawna trembles once. Then her hands start moving slowly and reluctantly. The blush fades from her face. Then she pales. Her eyes dart around the room nervously. It makes her even more embarrassed. It lets her see that not only am I watching her, but Sophie is as well. And that Natalie is standing demurely in the corner, offering Shawna not even a shred of encouragement. Much less the salvation Shawna is praying for.

Finally, I see the narrow straps of her bra fall to her sides. But not her breasts. She holds the bra up, its cups covering her mounds. It takes her a second to finally work up the nerve to slip the straps off her shoulders. And another to let the bra slip free of her chest and finally bare those mounds to me.

I can see that Shawna is fighting with herself. She wants to reach her arms up and cover her breasts. She really wants to put her clothes back on. But she knows that she has to fold her bra neatly and put it on the pile, atop her shirt. And she has to do that while leaving her breasts on display. Then stand up, her bare chest offered out to me, while I take my time leering at her breasts. It has a good scrunch to her face.

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Shawna shouldn't be shy about her breasts. They're not big. But they're very nicely shaped. Even with her standing, her chest at it's most relaxed. The little mounds swell off her chest like half oranges, not hanging down a bit, and leaving all of their underside visible as it rises from her. They're topped with fairly narrow nipples, a hair narrower than even a pencil eraser. But they're moderately long, too, with nicely rounded tips. Their narrowness makes her breasts look slightly pointy at their tops, which they're plainly not. Those mounds are sweetly rounded. And they have to be firm. Her nipples are a light shade of pink. They're surrounded by quarter-sized rings of the same shade. Neither is big, but nothing about her breasts is big. They are decently proportional, though.

"That's a good bitch!" I tell Shawna sweetly. "Now I can see those breasts! You're not embarrassed to be showing them off, are you?"

"Yes, my Queen!" Shawna answers in her muted, very embarrassed voice that still breaks slightly. "This is just so embarrassing, my Queen!" Her eyes keep darting down to her bra as if silently begging me to tell her that she can put it back on. That I've gawked at her nakedness long enough now.

"Take off those shorts now, baby bitch." The firmness returns to my voice, leaving Shawna no doubt that she doesn't have a choice now either. She's going to lose more of her clothes, bare more of her body before I'm done with her.

It slams the nervousness back into her at full force. It has her blushing again for an instant. And it has her hands trembling slightly as they reach for the waistband of her shorts. She fumbles with the button on her first try but gets it undone on the second.

Shawna turns her eyes, ostensibly staring at what she's doing while really trying to avoid seeing anyone. Trying to lie to herself and tell herself that she's being allowed to undress in private. She slips her shorts down her legs and steps out of them. As she has to, she stands up to fold her shorts but keeps her eyes on the shorts instead of us.



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It's enough for me to see that her legs are fairly lean as well. Just like her upper body, there might be two whole extra pounds on them, one each at the very top of her thighs. I can see only the faintest looseness right at the crease. I can see a pair of fairly knobby knees, too. I can even see the faint outlines of her hips bones. And some decently curvy hips.

But I can also see that her panties match her bra. Those too are simple cotton ones, fringed with a basic lace. They're neither sexy and skimpy, nor overly modest. But they do fully cover her pubes and her bottom. But otherwise, they have narrow sides to them. Sides cut only very slightly low. On her hips, but not all the way up to her hip bones. Around the edges of her panties, I can see a few stray hairs peeking out. Especially at the crease of her thighs. And I can see the puffiness at the front of her panties that tells me she's not shaven smooth.

I wait until Shawna has her shorts off, folded on the pile, and is standing back up. Then I wait a couple of more seconds, giving her time to think that I'm appraising her body every step of the way as she undresses. And giving her time to wonder if I'll be cruel or kind. If I'll make her bare the very last of herself.

"Take your panties off, too, baby bitch." I harden my voice a bit more. And I glare at her eyes.

Shawna's face blanches to a paleness as it scrunches up. Her eyes moisten, but she stops short of actually crying. She trembles, slightly, but enough for me to notice it. She has to take a deep breath and steel herself up. And then another. Only then do her hands come down to the lacy waistband of her panties. She moves very reluctantly as she starts pushing the waistband of them down. Then, after about an inch, she hesitates for a second. It's long enough to get a tap from my foot to remind her to on with it. Her panties start moving again, just a little slower than they were.

Until they've fully bared her pubes. Once her more intimate areas are visible, Shawna quickly slides the panties down her legs and steps out

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of them. She doesn't have anything left to hide with them. Instead, now she just wants to get this over with and get her clothes back on. She folds them very quickly, and not quite as neatly as everything else. They're just as quickly on the pile.

It leaves Shawna standing up, facing me, and fully naked. It also leaves just the slightest nervous quiver to her body. And it has her eyes trying hard to look at anything inanimate, like my wall, instead of the fully-dressed Sophie and me. It leaves her breathing a little fast, with a little stutter to her breaths, too. And it leaves her plain face scrunched up very tightly.

But it lets me see that she has a bush of sparse dark brown hairs. Hairs that are cut fairly short, making them look a little more sparse than they actually are. A bush that's neatly trimmed up with straight lines on all three sides of the triangle. And I'll bet she thinks I can't tell how amateurish the trimming is. She's gotten it very neat from the front. But she's left the hairs in the creases of her thighs. I know her fur will flow back and cover her lips, too. But at least I have to look well to notice that she hasn't shaven the creases of her thighs bare. Maybe she thought "why bother, it's not like anyone is going to be seeing it any time soon?"

I point to the wooden stool beside my desk. My desk is a rather ornate, genuine Amish-built antique. The stool is also Amish-built, but that's the only thing it has in common with the desk beside it. It's exceptionally plain. And it's simple. Just four little legs and a 12" diameter round top. But it is sealed and that gives it a slight shininess to it.

"Go sit on that stool. Sit properly. Sit with your side to the desk. Go now, baby bitch." I say it just firmly enough to remind Shawna that I'm not asking. I'm telling her what she's going to do.

Shawna walks over on hesitant feet. She keeps her hands behind her but manages to angle her body as she walks. It hides her nakedness from me for a quick moment. Partly. It also has her feet shuffling slightly

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sideways as she walks.

And then she sits. It's only a second before she realizes that's a mixed blessing for her. She gets to fold her hands in her lap, which mostly covers her bush. All but the top of it anyway. But she also has to keep her upper arms at her sides. Which leaves her breasts fully bared. And then, as I take my seat, it lets her see that her breasts are roughly at my eye level. Or close enough to it that I can easily see all of those little mounds perking out from her bare chest.

"Are you a virgin?" I ask her, my voice now firm, but utterly detached. Professional. As if I'm just collecting data. It's a firmer version of my nurses' voice. The voice I use with patients as I ask them whatever personal things I have to in order to fill out their chart. For patients, it's questions like "where does it hurt," not "are you a virgin."

Shawna cringes. And she blushes. In a very muted voice, she reluctantly tells me "yes, my Queen..."

"Have you ever kissed a boy?"

"Yes, my Queen... but only a couple of times and it was the same boy!"

"Has a boy ever touched your breasts or bottom?"

"Not really, my Queen... never, you know, like feeling me up."

"Why not? Those breasts might be small, but surely some boy would love to play with them!"

"I... uh... I don't get asked out too often, my Queen?"

"Why not? Aren't you nice to the boys?"

"Yes, my Queen!" Shawna urgently blurts out. "But... the boys... don't think I'm pretty, my Queen."

"Do you normally wear such awful baggy clothes to school?"

## Chapter 03: Exposing her Truth

“Yes, my Queen...”

I shake my head disapprovingly. Shawna doesn't have the prettiest face. But she does have a good body. A body she should be flaunting. It's enough to make up for her face. Those curves, and especially those perky breasts, are plenty to entice a boy. And a girl's teen years are all about popularity. She should be using what she has. And that's her body. Not necessarily giving that body away, but at least teasing with it.

“I know there are boys at school you like.” It's a safe bet. There are always boys that a girl likes. “I want the name of one who is not currently dating another girl. A name, baby bitch...”

“Uh...” Shawna lowers her voice and very shyly answers “Caleb Johns, my Queen... he's so nice and cute!”

“And Caleb isn't dating anyone?”

“No, my Queen. He was dating a girl in my chemistry class, but she dumped him for a guy on the basketball team.”

“Then Caleb will do,” I tell her with the biggest of a smirk on my face.

“When was the last time you masturbated?”

Shawna flinches so hard that it looks like she's going to jump backwards right off that stool. It only takes a fraction of a second for all of the redness to return to her cheeks as she blushes a deep, beet red. She trembles. And she stutters badly. Her voice is muted, hushed to near silence, and mousy. “Monday night, my Queen....”

“Did you think about Caleb while you were touching that skanky pussy?”

“Yes, my Queen...”

“What were you thinking. You will tell me, baby bitch.”

## Introducing Shawna

Shawna hesitates for a long couple of seconds. I'm sure she's debating between humiliating obedience and punishment. Eventually her mousy voice answers. "I was... dreaming that he wanted me... that it was him touching me, not me touching me, my Queen."

"Do you want someone to touch your pussy for you?"

"Yes, my Queen... I *really* want to know what it's like to be touched by a boy!"

"Then you are one lucky baby bitch." I tell Shawna in a teasingly sweet voice. "Now you don't have a body for those boys to touch! I do. And I'm not shy about using my bodies." I grin even wider. "And since that skanky bitch still has plenty of time to stand in her corner, I have time to get a very close look at that new pussy of *mine*."

Shawna shirks back, as she realizes I'm talking about her pussy. That it's her pussy I'm going to be so closely sizing up.



# Chapter 04: The Depths Of Shawna

## Chapter 04: The Depths Of Shawna

My desk is angled in the corner of my living room. I have Shawna stand up in front of the stool. It has her staring at a wall, my desk, and me mostly at her side. But it affords me a good view of Shawna, both from the front and side-on. The side-on angle lets me see just how nice and perky those breasts are. More than that, it leaves me absolutely no doubt that Shawna's little nipples are hard, standing up fully from the tops of her rounded mounds.

I understand exactly how Shawna is feeling. Any girl would be nervous the first time she allowed someone else to see her pussy, especially up close and in vivid detail. And showing it to a woman is far more uncomfortable. I will appraise it with a critical eye, comparing its appearance with all of the other pussies I've seen. I'm sure she imagines that number is in the billions. At least, was she letting a boy see it, he would merely be grateful for the chance. And hungry for it, no matter what it looked like. And Shawna hasn't a clue how I will see it. She doesn't have any idea what other girls pussies look like. Maybe hers is as "ugly" as she thinks the rest of her is.

Very tentatively Shawna turns around as I tell her to. Every tiny little motion is enough to ramp her light quivers up just a bit. Just as it ramps up her uneasiness. By the time her butt is facing the wall behind me, she's as uncomfortably nervous as she ever imagined herself capable of being.

And now, I have a perfect view of her little bottom. I can see a pair of shapely cheeks, nicely rounded as they stand out. There is no looseness to her cheeks. Instead, there are only full curves as taut flesh over toned muscles flows, rising gently but nicely, from her back to her thighs. They leave a short crack between them, one that's just barely closed, her cheeks touching against each other only the slightest.

Shawna obediently slides her feet apart, stretching her legs taut and wide. She moves very reluctantly, but also with a good bit of resignation to her. As if, just as Natalie did earlier, Shawna has resigned



## Introducing Shawna

herself to her fate. And accepted that she doesn't have a choice. She will be displaying her pussy shamelessly to me, so she might as well get on with it.

She takes a deep breath before she leans over. As instructed she rests her forearms on the stool and leaves her hands to hang over its edge. For a second her head hangs down, staring at the floor. And I can see her eyes, nervously flitting up and hoping to catch a glance of what I might be about to do to her body. Or better yet, a clue as to how she's sizing up. I quickly catch her and tell her to pick her head up and keep her eyes forward. That gives her a very unwelcome view. A view of Natalie's glowing-red bare bottom in the opposite corner. It's a powerful reminder to Shawna of the price of disobedience here. And just as powerful of a sign of how deeply she can be humiliated here.

I was right about one thing. Shawna hasn't done much to trim up that bush, other than from the front. With her leaning over, her legs wide, I can see the insides of her thighs all the way up, over their crease, and right along her fully exposed pussy. Her fur, light and sparse, but also easily noticeable, flows right through the crease of those thighs without so much as a single hair being trimmed. It flows on, covering about an inch of the inside tops of her thighs, too.

But the bush isn't what I'm after. Now there's nothing blocking my view of even the tiniest bit of her pussy. She has small lips, short and narrow, and almost triangle-shaped, tapering as they flow back towards her bottom. They don't come close to meeting each other, either. Between them, there are a pair of soft, gentle folds of light pink flesh that's as wrinkly as it is sensitive. The pinkness rises a sliver of an inch up above her flat lips. Those folds of flesh don't appear to meet either. Instead, they look to roll together, turning into a single very wrinkly ridge of flesh that completely fills the gap between her lips and folds. Except at the very back of her pussy. There the wrinkles suddenly part, leaving a full gap between the tender pink folds. The gap is no bigger than the tip of my pinkie. But it's enough. Through that little opening, I can see all the

## Chapter 04: The Depths Of Shawna

way in, right to her tunnel.

Shawna can't see anything. All she can do is feel my eyes upon her most intimate place. For a long moment that's all, she can do. Then she hears the little snaps of me pulling a pair of latex gloves on my hands. I see a crisp, shuddering, flinch run through her body with each light snap as Shawna realizes that I'm going to do far more than just look at her pussy. I'm going to touch it!

I put my gloved fingers to her lips, feeling that her fur is very soft. At least here where it's obviously not trimmed. Not even clipped to the shortness that her bush is. Shawna flinches hard, almost cringing away, as she feels my fingers on her body. She tenses and stays tensed up. I can hear her breath, too. Her breaths taking on a very nervous raspiness that's almost a little mewling whine.

I very gently spread her lips and folds wide open. I don't want Shawna's first touch to be painful for her. I keep myself professional and detached as I bare Shawna's most intimate pinkness for my eyes.

Her pinkness is light in color. But it's also flushed brightly. And it's glistening under a heavy coat of a clear honey slightly thicker than oil. A honey that's covering every tiny nook and cranny of that pinkness. I can see her tunnel, too. I can see her spongy walls, gently snuggling tight and together, their plumpness squeezing a little more of her slippery honey out. It's a narrow tunnel, but everything about this girl seems to be tiny. Above that, I can see the slight darkening in the center of her wrinkly ridge where those folds wrap together to nestle her clit. I don't even have to push those folds aside. Instead, her nub pokes it rounded and taut tip up above its nest. Her clit is swollen plump and hard, too, it's hue a slightly purple-tinged, but just as light as her pinkness. It has its own coating of slippery honey, too.

"You are going to behave, baby bitch." I tell her firmly, "while I see for myself just how aroused this pussy is. You will stay still. You will breathe slowly and deeply. This will not be uncomfortable for that

## Introducing Shawna

pussy.” I keep my voice stern, using my professional tone with her.

It does no good. Shawna flinches hard the instant she feels the tip of my finger touching the entrance of her snug little tunnel. I give her a second to still as the crispness of the shudder ebbs from her body. Then I start inching my finger into her tunnel.

“OOH!” Shawna squeals out, drawing it out. Her voice is now loud and anxious. It sounds rather squealy. But it also sounds very sultry-hot. Clearly, she wasn't expecting the sensations she's feeling as my finger slowly slides into her pussy.

I immediately feel the spongy softness of her walls as they cuddle my finger. I feel a fiery hot heat burning in those walls, too. And I feel just how slippery that honey is as it slickens the way for me. I can feel a fresh, and crisp, shudder racking her body, the powerful tremor shaking her hips with a sharp, but small, motion. I mostly ignore Shawna. I stop only when all of my finger is inside her pussy, her walls now snuggling around my entire length.

I hear Shawna breathing light and sweet little purrs from just this detached touch to her pussy. I ease my finger back just as slowly as I slipped it in. And Shawna breathes more little purrs for me.

I'm sure Natalie can hear Shawna's purrs from across the room. I'm sure Natalie, a decently experienced woman, knows what kind of little purrs they are, too. And I'm sure she's heard my instructions to Shawna so she has a pretty good idea of what I'm doing to Shawna. And there's no doubt that it's absolute agony for Natalie to have to stand submissively in the corner and serve her punishment while Shawna is doing this.

Once my finger is all the way out of Shawna's pussy, I hear her breath a deep and relieved breath. But I'm not done with her. I put two fingers gently to the swollen nub of Shawna's clit. I don't even pinch it. As soon as my fingers near it, just barely touching it if at all, Shawna

## Chapter 04: The Depths Of Shawna

screeches out a loud, hungry, and squeaky "OOH!" as her body shudders crisply. I keep my so-light pinch on her nub and just wait. After maybe ten seconds, Shawna's "OOH!" finally starts to fade. Instead, she starts panting fast breaths, each with its own less-screeching, but just as hungry, fast little "OOH!" the tremors stay. But those ease from hard shudders into sweet shivers.

I can't resist the chance to tease Shawna. "Do you feel me touching this pussy's clitoris, baby bitch?"

"Yes! My Queen!" Shawna's voice is a little loud and a lot squealy.

"Does it feel good?" I ask with a little giggle in my voice.

"Oh, G-d, YES! My Queen."

I take my fingers from Shawna's nub and leave her panting a few breaths that sound to be equal parts relief and frustration. I release Shawna's lips, silently letting her know that I'm done with her pussy.

Shawna stands there, her pussy still on display, but now knowing that I'm done with it she stands a little easier.

I turn my attention up. About two inches up, into the crack of her bottom. Her tight cheeks have parted plenty, spreading her crack as they did. It's far more than enough to bare not just her crack, but her tiny asshole to my eyes, too. Only Shawna is still looking ahead, as I've told her to do, and hasn't a clue what I'm doing. Only that I've stopped touching her.

Those firm globes have parted enough that the valley of her crack is more of a gentle curve. It lets me see the small swatch, an irregular little circle modestly larger than a quarter, of light purple-tinged flesh. And the countless gentle wrinkles that all seem to flow inward towards a tiny little point. But a point that's not quite round. It has just a bit of straightness to it, even as all of those wrinkles flow right into it and

## Introducing Shawna

vanish into the darkness. It lets me see that she hasn't trimmed her fur here either. I see a rapidly-lightening strip of fur that flows off her lips and into the valley of her crack. It parts, leaving a narrow band of bare skin as it flows around her asshole. Then it flows back into a single strip just beyond her ring before fully vanishing just past the tinged flesh.

But mostly what I notice is how tiny her asshole looks to be. And how it's tight, but not cinched up to resist anything. As if the idea that it's bared to me has completely escaped Shawna. And that the idea I might do anything there is completely alien to her.

I'd never pass up a chance to torment a toy by teasing it. And this is no exception. "I have one more part of my new body to check out. Can you guess where that is, baby bitch?"

Shawna hesitates for a long couple of seconds. Finally, she answers "No, my Queen... I mean you've seen absolutely everything I've got!" her voice slowly turns squealy, but it doesn't raise in volume. "And poked me everywhere, too! There's nothing left!"

I wish she could see the smirk on my face. "My new anus!" I can't help but let a tiny giggle into my voice. Shawna immediately cringes hard, her asshole visibly cinching up to a new tightness. She shudders hard and nervously. I give her a few seconds to bask in the thoughts that are running through her mind.

"Listen carefully, baby bitch. I am only going to tell you this, and everything else, once. The instant you feel my slippery finger pressing against my anus, you will take a very deep breath and hold it. Then you will push back as if you are really constipated and trying your very hardest to go poopy. No matter what you feel, you will keep pushing hard until I tell you otherwise. That will force that anus to relax and ease the way for my finger to just slip right up your butt! I don't care if this is comfortable for you or hideous. I've told you what to do. Now you will either accept me as your Queen and trust me or not. Obey me, and this will be as comfortable for you as it can be. Don't, and it will be

## Chapter 04: The Depths Of Shawna

uncomfortable for you. I don't care, because it won't feel any different for me!"

I don't give her anymore. No more advice and no time to think about it. I put the tip of my honey-slickened finger to the narrow little sliver of darkness at the center of her ring of muscle. I'm a tiny girl, even smaller than Shawna. My fingers are just as tiny. But even my tiny finger fully eclipses the darkness at the center of Shawna's ring.

Shawna feels the gentle pressure of my finger against the ring of her tensed muscle around her opening. She shudders again, nervous and hard, as she sucks in a very noisy deep breath. It's a breath that sounds like she's crying out a long "NO" even though she's inhaling. Realizing that she's never even considered the possibility of anyone touching her here, Shawna realizes that she's utterly lost. She hasn't a clue what to do. But she knows, to a certainty, that she doesn't want it to be any worse for her than it has to be.

Shawna mutters "I can't believe I'm doing this!" under her breath. Then she pushes, and she pushes hard. She decides to trust me. But it's not like she has much choice. She hasn't a clue what to do. And no other advice. She pushes hard, too.

I immediately feel it when she does. Pushing back forces the ring of muscle to both slightly poke back outward, and most to loosen and turn rubbery. As it softens, it's no longer enough to offer my finger any resistance. Not even a little token resistance. It just lies there, all rubbery, and easily allows my finger to stretch it a little bit. Which is all I need. With the resistance gone, my finger steadily begins slipping into Shawna's bottom, gliding smoothly on the thin film of honey that's as slippery as any lubricant. I quickly feel the rubberiness of her muscle squeezing snugly, and softly, around the tip of my finger.

"UH!" Shawna grunts more from panic than discomfort as she feels the tip of my finger start its trek into her forbidden depths. Her squeal very quickly turns to a loud and squealing "OH!" that lasts a second.

## Introducing Shawna

About the same time that the tip of my finger emerges through the thick ring of muscle, entering her rectum, Shawna's squeal turns to a truly panicked "OO-EE!" that she draws out endlessly.

I don't even slow up. I just leave my finger steadily slipping deeper and deeper into Shawna's bottom. I feel a few lightning-fast, but sharp, twitches in her muscle, as if her instincts want to cinch it tight, but the pushing blocks her brain from doing it. And I feel her body's warmth as I enter her.

I let all of my finger slip into Shawna's bottom, stopping only when the webbing between my fingers is flush against the wrinkles outside her ring. I keep my finger still for a second. "You can stop pushing now, baby bitch."

Shawna lets out a fast breath of air. Then she pants, her breaths taking an edgy little squealiness to them.

"That didn't hurt, did it, bitch?"

"No..." Shawna squeaks out, "my Queen." I can tell she wants to add "get it out of me!" but she doesn't. She stands there, my finger fully inside her bottom. And as she gets used to it, her confidence that I'm not going to hurt her rising, she starts to still a little. As she relaxes, her ring turns back to muscle, the rubberiness fading, and snuggles a little tighter around the base of my finger.

"Stop panting like a dog, baby bitch." I tell Shawna in a firm, but also a sweet, voice. "Just breathe slowly and deeply. Breathe normally! This doesn't hurt. It's just that you're nervous about my finger being up your bottom. Relax.

"You are going to feel me checking your insides. It will definitely not hurt at all, so there's nothing to be scared of. It will be best for you if you just stand there, relaxed, like you are now, and breathe steadily. Try not to pant."

## Chapter 04: The Depths Of Shawna

I slowly move the tip of my finger, leaving the rest of my finger still inside her. Despite the slight fullness of her bowels, it's less than a second before the pad of my slowly creeping finger comes to rest against the thin membrane that's the inside of Shawna's rectum. Through that filmy thinness, I can feel the paper-thin layer of soft muscle surrounding her bowels. And through that, I can feel the burning heat of her pussy just beyond her rectum.

I very slowly stroke the pad of my finger over the inside of Shawna's bowels, caressing her there and teasing nerves she never imagined she had. But my little movements also massage the backside of those spongy soft walls of Shawna's pussy. Her tender, sensitive, and hungry, walls feeling my massage every bit as powerfully as if my finger were in her pussy.

And Shawna likes it. She cries out a long, "OHMYGOD!" as she feels the sweetness of my tender caress. The nervous shudders vanish, instantly replaced by erotic little shivers sweeping over her body. Once she finally manages to get her initial cry of shock out she pants out three very squeaky "OH!s" in less than a second. And then she cries out again "OHMYGOD!" as the shivers grow crisper. It's been only a few seconds, certainly less than ten and maybe only half of that. But already I can feel the little twitches starting to explode randomly around those meaty-soft walls.

I lift my fingertip, taking the pressure off her pussy. She pants a couple of fast, deep, and squeaky breaths as she starts to still again. "There!" I taunt Shawna with my sweet voice, "you liked my finger playing around up your butt, didn't you, baby bitch?"

"Yes! My Queen!" Shawna answers, her voice still squeaky and now sounding sweetly urgent as well.

Time for a little teasing torment! "Yes, my Queen, what, baby bitch? Don't be shy! You see what modesty got that other bitch! Just tell me!"



## Introducing Shawna

"Yes, my Queen, I absolutely loved whatever you did up my butt!"

"Good bitch! See, that didn't kill you!" I giggle. "I'll bet you want to be a polite bitch and thank me for teasing you up your butt, don't you?"

"Yes, my Queen! Thank you so very much for shoving your finger up my butt and teasing me so, so, so sweetly, my Queen!" Her voice is as squeaky as ever, but it's also sincere.

"I'll even bet you'd like another tease in your tight little butt..."

"OH, PLEASE! My Queen. May I please have another of those delicious teases up my tight little butt, my Queen? PLEASE!" Shawna asks very urgently as for the first time in her life she thinks with her pussy instead of her brains.

I give it to her. I start massaging the backside of her pussy walls again, just as tenderly as before. Only this time I count backward from ten as I do. Shawna likely doesn't hear me. She's too busy screeching out "OHMYGOD," over and over again, each one sounding a little more hungry and urgent. When I get to zero, I count it as "all you get, baby bitch," and lift my finger.

Shawna pants again, her breaths now purely frustration. The agonizing frustration of not getting the release she now desperately wanted. She doesn't even object as I ease my finger back out of her bottom. It's as if she doesn't even notice it. Which, given the sharp little twitches I can still feel racking her pussy, she just might not.

Once I'm out of Shawna's bottom, I tell her to retake her seat on the stool. Now she moves a little faster, a little of the inhibiting shyness gone. She just sits quietly, a bit of dreaminess in her eyes, and waits. Waits and prays for another lesson in her sexual education. A lesson that's hopefully as arousing as the last one.

"Does that pussy want to cum now, baby bitch?"

## Chapter 04: The Depths Of Shawna

"Oh, G-d, yes, my Queen... I really do so want to cum now, Ma'am!"

"You'll cum if and when it pleases me for that pussy to cum, and not before. But you won't have to worry about it. I won't let it cum until I want it to. You won't have any choice there, either. All you'll be able to do is lie there and suffer the sweet arousing, and beg G-d to move me to let that pussy cum.

"Now, let's go to the playroom for your next lesson."



# Chapter 05: Tongue Before Fingers

## Introducing Shawna

I walked Shawna back to the playroom. There, the massage table was already ready. Still, it took me several minutes to get Shawna fully ready for her lesson.

First, once Shawna was lying on the table's soft top, I tied three coils of a strong hemp rope around the tops of her thighs, the first coil right in the crease of a thigh. I tied those off, then pulled the free end of the rope and tied it off to the table, stretching Shawna's thighs apart as well as pulling them snugly down. And then I buckled the leather straps of a spreader bar to Shawna's knees, holding them wide apart. Three more coils of a fresh rope went around each ankle. I pulled her ankles up almost flush against her thighs, and then tied them to the table, too.

That left me only Shawna's arms to worry about. I brought those up underneath the table, bending them at her elbows, and tying her wrists together. To make sure they stay put, I used three coils around each elbow, binding it in place at the edge of the table's top. The rest of Shawna I left free to squirm about.

I don't know what Shawna thought I had in mind. I'm pretty sure she expected me to do something to her. Something that she assumed she'd find as enticing as she found my finger in her butt.

Shawna jumps hard, her body snapping against the ropes, as the surprise hits her. It hits her the instant Sophie comes around the fabric screen that hides a corner of this room. Sophie brought out Paige, my house-slave and skanky whore. Paige is nude, as she always is in the house. She has leg irons fastened around her ankles and a collar on her neck. But that's it. Unless you count the leash Sophie has clipped to Paige's collar.

Sophie brings the eighteen-year-old Paige over to me. She kneels and politely holds the handle of Paige's leash atop her upturned palms as she offers Paige to me. "Here is your skanky whore, Mistress." I take Paige's leash.

## Chapter 05: Tongue Before Fingers

With barely a glance at Shawna, I point to Shawna's pussy. "Tease it, whore," is all I say. Paige quickly answers "as you wish, my Queen." then Paige leans over and puts her mouth to Shawna's pussy.

I send Sophie back to the living room with instructions to watch Natalie. And when Natalie's corner time is up, at 10:27 pm, to have Natalie strip and bring her back to me. Sophie assures me it will be done as I wish.

"Tease" is a specific command I've taught Paige. It tells her to lick Shawna's pussy, but to do so in a very specific way. It's a way that will intensely stimulate Shawna, but that won't quite push her over the edge to orgasm. A way that will leave Shawna suffering the sweetest of endless agony as she waits for, and craves, a release that she'll never get.

Paige uses her slender finger to nudge Shawna's lips apart and bare the full extent of her pinkness. Paige's mouth is fairly wide and framed by full pink lips. Lips that she now stretches wide open. She sticks her tongue out, putting its rounded tip to the hard nub of Shawna's clit.

The very instant Shawna feels the wet heat of Paige's soft tongue against her aching nub, she cries out the most erotic, and screeching, "OOH!" A hard, but sweet, shudder flows over her body as she's crying out. Her hips try to squirm, but they won't move. The ropes hold them fairly still. Or at least keep her pussy in place. Keep the shuddering tremor that's sweeping over her from thrashing her pussy away from Paige's tongue. The delicate tongue that's causing the shudder.

Shawna's head rolls from side to side as she continues crying out her urgent squeals. Her body squirms hard, energetically testing the ropes that hold her down. The ropes keeping her at Paige's mercy. Or really my mercy. Shawna suddenly discovers that there's absolutely nothing she can do except to lie there and suffer whatever erotic agony I have in store for her. That no amount of squirming, fighting, struggling, or shameless begging will do anything to get her what she wants.

## Introducing Shawna

Paige's tongue makes a very leisurely swirl around Shawna's hard, wide, nub. Then her delicate tongue slips casually down, along one of Shawna's wrinkly soft folds. As it does, Paige's lips close lightly around that fold, sucking the loose flesh into her mouth. It smooths out most of the wrinkles in that little lip, allowing Paige's tongue to caress even more of it.

As Paige is doing that, Shawna squeals a drawn-out "EE!" as she shivers hard. The cutest little goosebumps erupt all over Shawna's furry lips, too. The ropes hold her pussy still for Paige to tease. But there's enough slack in the way Shawna is tied that her shoulders are able to squirm. Those energetically test my rope work, arching up off the table and snapping from side to side.

Paige ignores Shawna. She utterly ignores the bound woman and instead focuses on her task. Her tongue finally makes it way down Shawna's fold. From there it slips over to the honey-drenched entrance of Shawna's tunnel. The very tip of Paige's tongue takes a leisurely lap around the rim of Shawna's tunnel, slowly caressing Shawna's fiery and spongy walls with its delicate, and feminine, softness.

It's too much for Shawna. She cries out a loud and very squealing "OHMYGOD!" as a hard and crisp shudder racks her body. The tenderness of Paige's tongue gliding along Shawna's nervy and too-hungry walls sends a zillion tiny, hot, electric sparks shooting through her walls, flying right along those walls to the very depths of her pussy. That's when Shawna feels the first twitches start in her walls. The hot sparks don't stop there. Once they've made their way through every bit of her pussy, they shoot like rockets along her nerves and up her spine. It makes Shawna thrash powerfully against her ropes.

And then Paige's tongue has finished its lap. It begins slowly moving back up, Paige's lips joining it as it inches along Shawna's other pink fold.

Shawna first pants a quick breath of relief as the intense

## Chapter 05: Tongue Before Fingers

stimulation ebbs to a light sweet touch. She purrs out a long, very sweet, and equally needy soft moan. Her body stills slightly as it returns to lie flat on the table.

It doesn't last. Just as Shawna's arousal begins to ebb, almost the very instant the tingles fade from her nerves, Paige finishes the trek up Shawna's lip.

Paige's tongue returns to Shawna's clit and caresses a second lap around it, the softness of Paige's tongue, barely touching Shawna, stroking around the side of the hard nub.

It snaps Shawna back to full-squirming arousal in an instant. Her back arches up again, poking her stomach up. Her hips try to thrash from side-to-side but go nowhere. The goosebumps flow out a little, creeping into the creases of Shawna's thighs. She screeches yet another "OHMYGOD!"

And then Shawna gets a fleeting break as Paige's tongue treks down a loose pink fold, making its way back to Shawna's pussy.

For Shawna, it's an endless cycle. First Paige's tender tongue teases her unbearable, pushing her to the edge of climax. Then there's a way-too-short respite as Paige teases her sweetly, Paige's tongue slipping down along tender flesh. It's just enough, a whole second or so, to let the sharpness of the edge of Shawna's orgasm dull. And then, Paige's tongue is at her pussy, pushing her right back to the very edge. But before Shawna can fall over that edge, Paige's is licking another fold, allowing Shawna to ease back just enough that, once Paige's tongue gets back to her clit, Shawna won't quite be able to cum in the second or so that Paige's tongue is caressing that overly-hungry bundle of nerves.

And it is an endless loop. Paige never tires. Nor does she show Shawna the tiniest of mercies. She just does as I told her. She teases on.

It doesn't even take half of a minute. That's all Shawna lasts before she's constantly thrashing against the ropes with all her strength, the little



## Introducing Shawna

respites no longer having much effect on her, and none at all that shows. Shawna constantly screeches squealing “OHMYGOD!s” over and over again. It makes no difference where Paige’s tongue happens to be.

It doesn’t take much longer, certainly not even a minute, for Shawna to scream out “you’re killing me! I have to cum!” then she returns to her screeching moans of “OHMYGOD!” And she thrashes hard against those ropes.

I just grin. I know this is Shawna’s first time ever being touched by another. And I know it’s nothing like she thought her first time would be. I’m sure, like most girls, Shawna imagined that it would “beautiful,” that some boy would just not be able to get enough of her and it would be so sweet. That it would make her cum.

She never dreamed that it would be a woman's tongue pushing her to that climax. And definitely not that another woman would have such absolute control over her body as to decide for her when she'd have a climax. She thought she'd cum when her body wanted to when it ready to. Not when someone else decided they wanted her.

Nor did Shawna ever imagine having to lie there and feel the intensity of a sweet arousal. The agony of not being able to get that final little nudge over the edge, no matter how hard she tried. Like most of the uninitiated, Shawna thought that orgasm naturally followed arousal on its own schedule.

I have no intention of allowing Shawna to climax soon. After all, it was her curiosity about her mom’s lifestyle that got her into this in the first place. She wanted to know all about sex. What better lesson is there for her? I’m leaving her there, feeling every tiny sensation of sex. Even as her nerves steadily grown more and more sensitive, allowing her to feel those sensations even more strongly. When I’m done, Shawna will really understand what sex is like!

And more so, she’ll understand what it’s like to surrender control

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of her body to another. She'll understand the feeling of being totally out of control. Of not being able to make her body do anything. Of not being able to stop her body from doing anything. Of being "detached" from her body. As she lies there and feels everything, but her body "responds" only to another.

As she lies there, about every half of a minute or so Shawna tries again to beg me for release. I ignore every last plea.

And as she lies there, I see the thin film of Shawna's honey slowly, but steadily, clinging to more and more of Paige's face.

It's about fifteen minutes later when Sophie returns. She's obediently stripped Natalie naked. And she's buckled one of the hot pink training collars around Natalie's neck, attaching a matching leather leash to it. It's by the leash that Sophie leads Natalie in.

Natalie's eyes immediately lock on Shawna. They quickly take in the obviously agonizing torment her daughter is enduring. But it's not a torment that's unfamiliar to Natalie. She too has been on this table and suffered under Paige's tongue. A light shiver runs through Natalie's body as that memory comes back to her, of the two long hours she suffered Paige's too-sweet tongue. As she imagines her virginal daughter lying there and enduring that same too-good, too-tender, stimulation now. As she imagines how much Shawna must be loving it despite the agony of not being able to cum.

I tell Natalie to watch Shawna "suffer as she learns what it means to submit herself." Natalie cringes at the sight, or more likely at the thought of it. A firm swat to Natalie's very sore bottom reminds her of the need for obedience. I pretty much have to force Natalie to watch Shawna's display. But Natalie does watch it. Fully.

I make Natalie watch a full five minutes of Shawna's sweet suffering. I'm sure it feels like hours to Natalie. To Shawna, it's more of an eternity or two. And I make Natalie look and see Shawna's sparkling

## Introducing Shawna

honey clinging to Paige's lips and beyond.

Finally, I ask Shawna "would my little baby bitch like to diddle her sloppy pussy now?"

"YES!" Shawna screeches out, her voice a pure plea, "May I please play with myself now, my Queen? Please, my Queen, please! I can't take this! You're killing me! Please allow me to play with myself!"

I laugh. Then, after I've had my laugh, I firmly tell Shawna "No." After a second I add: "I'm not ready to watch you diddle that sloppy thing yet. You can wait until I'm ready."

"NO!" Shawna cries out, "please, my Queen, please don't make me wait! Please let me play with myself!"

I slap Shawna's face. "Shut up, baby bitch. I don't care if that pussy is throbbing and aching. It's not aching me. You'll diddle that pussy when I wish to see you diddle it and not until then. Speak out of turn again, and it will be morning before I get around to spanking you and so much as think about letting you diddle it."

"I'm sorry, my Queen! I just can't stand this!"

I make Natalie watch another five minutes. Only this time I don't allow Natalie to just stand there and see it. I make her put her hands on Shawna's nude body, to feel the heat in her flushed skin, to feel the little twitches erupting wildly all over her body. I have Natalie softly caress Shawna's body. Primly, Natalie avoids letting her hands get near Shawna's pert little breasts, or anywhere below Shawna's waistline.

It makes it far worse for Shawna. Her sense of morality, along with most thoughts not originating in her pussy, have long since been pushed out of her mind. Now she's thinking only of the suffering, those sweet electric tingles sparking all through her pussy. Of the pounding ache in her clit. An ache that hurts as badly as it feels good, and that she knows the tiniest extra touch would release.

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Shawna squeals out a little more urgently as Natalie's hands tenderly caress along her shoulders, sides, and stomach. As she feels the sweetness in Natalie's touch. As Natalie's hands stroke her flesh so affectionately.

And then, after five minutes of that, I ask Shawna again if she'd like to masturbate now. Of course, she says yes, adding in a prolific amount of begging to her answer.

"Oh, but you weren't brought here to diddle your dirty little pussy!" I tell her in my most taunting, mean-girl, bully voice. "You were brought here for trying to spy and sneak in a peek of your mommy diddling her slutty pussy! I thought you wanted to watch mommy diddle her pussy! Did you forget about that, baby bitch?"

"Yes, my Queen! I've forgotten about her! I just want to play with myself, my Queen! It's the only thing I can think about, my Queen!"

"Well then, it's a good thing I haven't forgotten!" I taunt Shawna, "I wouldn't want to short change your lesson just because that dripping-wet skank hole wants to be diddled! Oh, no! Before I think about letting your skank pit cum, you're going to get what you really wanted. You're going to watch mommy diddle her skank pit. That way you can learn how to diddle a pussy like a big bitch! I can already tell that this bitch has been such a horrible mommy that she never taught you anything about that skank pit! She just left you to touch it however and figure things out on your own. No wonder you know so little about that pussy! Are you ready to watch mommy diddle her skank pit?"

"Yes, my Queen! Anything! I'm ready! I'll watch her! Anything!" Shawna screeches out as she begs.

I sigh heavily. I hand Natalie's leash back to Sophie and tell her to have Natalie stand in the center of the room, the biggest open space, ready to masturbate. With a sharp jerk on Natalie's leash, Sophie takes her the few short steps away.

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I reach up under the massage table and lock a pair of pink handcuffs on Shawna's wrists. I love the pastel pink ones! They actually sell them for breast cancer awareness, a worthy cause, to the police. I know of several officers that use them on-duty, and not just on female prisoners. I'm sure the guys just love getting dragged to jail in pink cuffs. My friend Janelle, a Baldwin County deputy, keeps promising me a picture of one of the funnier scenes.

Once I have Shawna cuffed under the table, I set about untying her hands and arms, trusting the regulation-police handcuffs to hold her. Or at least keep her hands away from her pussy. They do the job well. But now that her upper body is mostly free, Shawna thrashes more wildly on the table.

I untie her ankles next. It lets her feet move. Her legs, too, from the knees down. Her knees are still held still. As is her pussy. Her feet start kicking hard. They're everywhere, even hitting Paige several times. It does nothing to deter Paige or Paige's tongue. But it makes Shawna's energetic squirming more entertaining for me.

I unstrap the spreader bar from Shawna's knees, leaving only her upper thighs bound to the table. Her legs immediately slam shut, crashing against Paige's head and clamping it in place. It might hold Paige's head still, but it can't still Paige's tongue. That keeps on teasing Shawna mercilessly. And knowing Paige, and Paige's inner imp, it might well have Paige's tongue working a little more eagerly.

Finally, I untie Shawna's thighs. It leaves her free to thrash around the table as now only her hands keep her lying there. Immediately Shawna's hips fly around wildly, tossing every-which-way in an attempt to free her pussy from Paige's tongue. But with Shawna's thighs clamped onto Paige's head, Shawna's hips simply take Paige and her tongue right along for the ride. Her hips buck up and down, too.

Finally, I tell Paige "that's enough pussy for your greedy little whore tongue!"

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Paige quickly stops. A second or two later Shawna's thighs loosen their grip and she lifts her head up.

Shawn squirms for several long seconds, even after Paige stops. Then she slowly stills. She lies on the table, sweaty and flush, panting hard and moaning out her utter frustration.

With Sophie's help, I grab Shawna by the shoulders. I pull her along the table, sliding her up until I can sit her up while slipping her hands under the end of the table. It keeps her hands cuffed behind her, and useless to her, while freeing her from the table.

I don't give the panting girl even a moment to pull herself together. I snap harshly for her to quit wasting my time and get off the table. Then I have her kneel down. It's her first time kneeling, so I use my crop to nudge her into a proper pose.

With her hands cuffed behind her back, Shawna kneels with her knees spread their widest, and her feet the same distance apart. Then she sits back putting her bottom over her heels. The hardest part for Shawna is keeping her back up straight. Her body is tired and overly-aroused. She only wants to relax into a heap and masturbate, not to kneel like a good girl.

I have Shawna kneeling close in front of Natalie, too. Shawna's eyes are definitely glassy now, but not so unfocused that she doesn't notice that her eyes are even with, and less than a foot from, Natalie's bush. She did say she'd watch! I'm giving her a good view!

Now that Natalie is fully naked, the curvy figure of her body really shows. She might be in her 40s, but her body is in very good shape. There's a defined curve to her waist. And her hips are just as curvy, barely managing to hide her hip bones. Her stomach is flat. Her skin, lightly bronzed from the sun, still has youthful taut elasticity as well.

Natalie has a full bush of dark blond-light brown curls. Unlike Shawna's bush, Natalie's is only marginally trimmed. The lines aren't

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straight. But she's shaven the creases of her thighs, trimming that bush on to only her pubes. It's a bush of long, wavy, tangled hairs that looks dense and furry. And it flows down, between her thighs.

There it covers a pair of long, narrow, lips that almost fully meet. They leave a fine line of a slit between them, a little pinkness showing amid her blond curls. Natalie's mound is puffy as well, jutting down into a pronounced curve that makes her slit look longer, and look to turn upward into her pubes.

"See how wet that skank pit is?" I point at Natalie's pussy while speaking to Shawna. She won't be able to miss the wetness. It's long ago wept out through her slit. By now, most of the fur between Natalie's thighs is so wet it's about to drip. Plus there's Natalie's scent. It's not a strong scent, but it's pronounced enough that Shawna can whiff Natalie's muskiness. And she can see the glimmer of honey glistening in the light along Natalie's slit.

"Bitch, tell your little girl why that skank pit is so hot right now."

Natalie cringes hard. Her voice lowers a bit as she blushes with embarrassment. "My pussy got hot the instant Miss Rodgers pulled my pants down. It happens to me whenever Miss Rodgers ignores me and takes total control of me. But what really killed me, was standing in that corner those last hours, or so they seemed and listening to you moaning so eagerly. And wondering what Miss Rodgers was doing to you to make you moan that loudly. And knowing that I couldn't do anything but stand there like a useless bitch and listen to your sweet suffering. You don't know how badly I wanted to move, to run in there and make her end your agony. But I couldn't. I had to just stand there and serve my punishment. The corner doesn't bother me too much, but hearing you crying out for relief while I had to stand there... it was like life was going on around me and I was being excluded from it. But I knew that was my fault for being such a shy bitch and not telling you who I am now that you're old enough to understand.

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"You have no idea how much it killed me to just stand there. All I could think about was how it was my fault. And how Miss Rodgers was being so nice to us both. She took the time to correct me. And now, it sounded, she was teaching you the woman things I neglected to.

"It made me feel like she cared about me. Truly cared, both the way a lover does and the way a parent does. I know I'm nothing, I'm just a very naughty bitch, and there's really nothing that I have to offer Miss Rodgers... yet she cares enough about me to take care of me, even when it kills me to suffer my punishment...

"Do you understand? I hated that spanking. But I loved it that Miss Rodgers care enough to spank me. I know I needed to be spanked! If she didn't do it for me, then I'd just go right on being that shy bitch. I don't want to be. I want to teach you to be a woman. But I'm shy about these things. It's impossible for me to tell you this. Even when she told me I had to. The spanking just made me do what I should've already done... it really was for my own good. See? Now I'm swallowing my modesty and telling you what I should have!"

Shawna doesn't answer Natalie, she just kneels and listens. But that's all I expected her to do.

"Bitch, masturbate." I firmly tell Natalie, adding a final instruction. Then I hold my hand out and Sophie puts the handle of my crop in my hand.

"Shawna, please watch me while I masturbate. Please watch my pussy closely. I want you to see me do it properly. You have no idea how good it can be when it's done properly. Let me show you how to do it right." Natalie says to Shawna, her voice shamed and slightly muted.

Natalie obediently puts the pad of a single finger to her wet slit, pressing it into her slit just a tiny bit until it's atop her clit and barely touching the hard nub. Then Natalie starts moving her finger very slowly in a rhythmic little circle. Her touch is so light that her finger glides



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around the tip of her nub, caressing the throbbing hardness softly.

It doesn't take long for Natalie's legs to start vibrating, for lack of a better word for it. They're tensed, but so stiff that they can't be still. So they tremble blindingly fast, their motions tiny.

It earns Natalie a firm swat on her red bottom with my crop. "Slut!" I scold Natalie loudly, "stand still and stop acting like some gutter whore."

It lasts only a couple of seconds until Natalie's hips are squirming, bucking rhythmically forward and back. It earns Natalie another swat on her bottom for acting like a slut. She knows better. She knows that I insist that she stands still while she masturbates. And relatively quite. I allow her moan, but that's it. Anything else, like an actual word, gets her punished.

As the seconds tick by, it seems every one of them has Natalie showing her arousal a little more. Until I swat her sore bottom. Then she regains control of herself about as long as it takes me to scold her.

While Natalie is masturbating, I keep one hand on the top of Shawna's head to ensure she doesn't turn her eyes away. It's half unnecessary. The image of watching a pussy be masturbated is clearly captivating to Shawna. Only when she remembers that it's her mother masturbating her pussy does Shawna want to avert her eyes.

Even the sight of a few droplets of honey falling to the floor doesn't seem to bother Shawna. Instead, it seems to arouse her to see it. To see the so plain arousal Natalie is feeling.

It only takes Natalie about a minute, maybe two, and several swats to her bottom. Then she asks me, humbly and politely, in a voice that's pure moan, "my Queen, will you please tell this bitch when it may allow the dripping-wet skank pit between its legs to cum, my Queen?" It's the rote line I have a woman say to tell me that she's dying to climax now.

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And I ignore it, as I always do. I have a five-minute minimum. That's five minutes of proper masturbation before I'll consider allowing the toy to climax. Until then, she has to stand there, behave, and masturbate. And mostly to control her orgasm and keep herself from climaxing. It's about as bad as the suffering that Shawna just endured, only self-administered.

And I make sure Shawna sees it.

At the five-minute mark, Natalie is almost screaming out her hungry moans. Her body isn't that still either, the light shivering tremors seem to have all of her body vibrating. And I can see the tension in her muscles, every one of them as hard as a rock.

"Bitch, climax now."

"Yes, my Queen..." Natalie screams out in an especially sultry tone. I can tell from the look on Shawna's face that she's never heard her mom's voice sound like that. Sound like a gutter slut, so eager to cum that nothing else matters. Not even the long-forgotten fact that her daughter is watching so closely, Shawna's eyes about ten inches from the furry, dripping, mound of Natalie's pussy. "THANK YOU, MY QUEEN!"

Natalie stops holding her climax back. It hits her suddenly, immediately, and powerfully. She screams out the sluttiest of moans as her knees buckle. She drops to her knees. Her shoulders squirm. Her hips thrash forward and backward. Her pussy almost flows with honey. Natalie falls back onto her butt, knocking her fingers from her pussy. But that does nothing to ease the orgasm sweeping her.

Natalie ends up lying on her side on the floor. Not a single part of her body is still. Everything seems to jerk and twitch as each fresh wave of orgasm sweeps over her body, racking it anew. As her legs twitch, they rub together, smearing more and more of her honey around on her thighs. It makes her thighs sparkle under the lights in here. And Natalie pants fast moans.

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I nudge Shawna's head so she's looking down on Natalie's quivering, moaning, body as Natalie moves through her orgasm. I'm still holding her head, ensuring that Shawna is watching several minutes later. That's when Natalie's orgasm has finally ebbed off. It leaves Natalie lying loose and spent, her skin flushed lightly. And it leaves Natalie utterly lost in the afterglow of the orgasm. I doubt she's even aware of what's going on around her.

I turn Shawna to face me. Then I nudge the kneeling girl's head up so that her eyes are looking up at me. "Now, my baby bitch, do you think that bitch enjoyed climaxing so completely shamelessly?"

"Yes, my Queen," Shawna says with certainty in her voice. "It looked like it was very good for her, my Queen."

"Would you like to cum like that?"

"YES! My Queen, please!" Shawna now sounds nothing but eager.

"Would you like me to teach you to cum like that?"

"YES, my Queen, would you please teach me?"

I take the tip of my crop and put it ever-so-gently up against the flat mound of Shawna's pussy. I use the tip to slowly and lightly massage along Shawna's slit. It takes about a whole second before I see a little shiver run through Shawna. And I hear the faint purr of a sweet moan. Now I have her attention right where I want it.

"If I teach you, then you'll have to obey my rules. That means masturbating my way. It means not allowing that pussy to cum until I tell it to, no matter how badly it aches or throbs for you to allow it to. It means never touching that pussy without first getting my permission. And then, you'll only be allowed to masturbate with proper supervision. A little bitch like you needs to be supervised, otherwise, you'll just go and cum at the first pounding little ache like some gutter whore! Are you going to be a good baby bitch?"

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"Yes, my Queen," Shawna says with a little shame and embarrassment in her voice, but firmly.

"Do you promise to never touch that pussy without permission and supervision?"

"Yes, my Queen." Now she sounds a tiny bit reluctant, but still firm.

"You know, if you ever do, you will be strictly punished for your sluttiness?"

"Yes, my Queen." A touch of nervous edge to her voice, as if the idea of misbehaving, or that she soon will despite not wanting to, has dawned upon her.

"Promise me that you'll be a good girl and not climax until you are told to?"

"Yes, my Queen, I promised not to cum until you tell me to." She sounds firm, as if she's willing to do it, but also nervous as if she knows she's likely going to get herself in trouble for disobeying. Maybe she thinks by then she won't care if she's in trouble, not after a climax like that. After all, Natalie is still lying so peacefully spent in a heap on the floor.

"Breaking a promise is a very naughty thing to do, baby bitch. Just so you won't cry about later, I'll tell you now what the price of misbehaving will be. You will get five strokes of that paddle just like your mommy did. You will spend the night in my kennel. In the morning you will be given five more strokes of that paddle. I will take you to school and pick you up. After school, you will be given five more strokes. Then, tomorrow night, before your mommy is allowed to pick you up from here, you will be given five more strokes. Do you still want me to teach you to masturbate like a woman?"

"Please, my Queen," Shawna answers, her voice now a very nervous squeak.

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“You don’t mind if mommy watches you, do you? I want her to see how badly neglected your pussy has been.”

“No, my Queen,” Shawna blushes brightly, thinking of just how I made her watch Natalie masturbate, and thinking of her mom watching her the same way. She clearly doesn’t like the thought, but she’s horny enough that she’d agree to anything.

I have Shawna stand up with her feet wide apart. Then I slap Natalie drag herself up to her knees. I have Natalie kneel down in front of Shawna, her eyes no further from Shawna’s sparse bush that Shawna’s were from Natalie’s bush. The sparseness of Shawna’s fur allows Natalie a nearly unhindered view of the little ridge of pink folds between Shawna’s small lips. A ridge that’s not covered with a heavy layer of honey.

Natalie is still far from steady. Even on her knees instead of her feet. She’s just to well sated. Her eyes are still dreamy, too. But she obediently tries to focus on what I demand she watches. Her daughter’s pussy as her daughter masturbates it.

Now that Natalie is as focused on it as she can be, I take hold of Shawna’s hand before I unlock her cuffs. Keeping a tight grip on Shawna’s hand, I bring it around front. I put the pad of Shawna’s first finger to her wet slit, wiggling it into place atop the ridge of folds, it’s skin just barely touching the hard nub of Shawna’s clit.

Already Shawna gasps out a very hungry, and long, squealing moan. I start her finger moving in the same slow rhythmic circle. Instantly, Shawna’s muscles are fighting me with all of her strength as her impulses try to make her rub that little nub vigorously and rush it to relief.

I swat her bottom with the crop. It’s a light swat that leaves a pink mark that will fade before Shawna even gets home tonight. But it’s also Shawna’s first stroke. Ever. And the entire concept of stern discipline is

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new to her. She almost jumps. She flinches violently from the swat. And she cries out “YE-OW! OH, crap, that hurt!”

“Bad baby bitch!” I scold her immediately, “you know better than to speak.” then I swat her again, just as lightly, and bring little tears to her eyes.

Despite that, her hand still fights with me to masturbate herself vigorously. And I hold her, keeping her motions slow and steady.

It doesn’t take long for her to start acting just like Natalie did. Her body shuddering so quickly it seems to vibrate as she stands there. And she yelps, loudly, squealing, almost like a baby, as the crop strikes her bottom and I scold her for acting like a slut. She stills, but it doesn’t even last a second.

At the one minute mark, six swats into it, her pussy lips are twitching. And she is screaming out her squeaky cries. Only the “ohmygod’s” have given way to cries of “OH-OW-UH!” they’re squeaky, but they’re also agonizingly sweet. Her head lolls back, her mouth hanging wide open as she continues crying out.

“MY, QUEEN! PLEASE! WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHEN TO CUM, MY QUEEN! MAY I PLEASE CUM, MY QUEEN! I HAVE TO CUM RIGHT NOW!”

I swat her bottom, scolding her for begging for an orgasm like the most shameless of diseased gutter whores. I add that not even her mommy bitch is that shameless. She returns to screaming out needy moans. And to let her hips squirm to keep earning her bottom a swat.

There was only one reason I told Shawna what a horrible punishment was in store for her should she climax without permission. Because I knew that she’d want to far more than she’s ever imagined she could need it. I hoped the threat of the punishment would make her behave.

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So far it's working. Shawna might be suffering horribly as she denies herself the release that every cell of her body demands, but she's being obedient. Even as the goosebumps now cover as much of her body as I can see. Which is all of it.

By the time Shawna makes it to five minutes, I'm confident she won't last another. Her pussy is raining her oily honey down. Her lips are twitching powerfully, telling me that her pussy beyond those lips has got to be twitching almost as sharply as if it were climaxing. She's screaming, her cries now half moans, half anguished screams. And her hands fight me as hard as ever, wish is with every ounce of her strength.

"Baby bitch..." I coo very softly in my sweetest voice, my lips only a few inches from Shawna's ear. "Now ask mommy very humbly to watch your slutty pussy cum all over my floor... Unless you'd rather wait a little longer, that is."

"MOMMY, PLEASE!" Shawna doesn't think. Nor does she hesitate to beg. "WILL YOU PLEASE WATCH WATCH ME MAKE MY SLUTTY PUSSY CUM ALL OVER HER FLOOR LIKE A CHEAP WHORE? PLEASE, MOMMY, I NEED YOU TO WATCH MY PUSSY CUM! PLEASE!"

I tap Natalie on the shoulder and tell her to nicely answer her daughter.

Natalie cringes a little, but she knows exactly how torturous it is for Shawna to wait. She understands that now Shawna will do anything to cum. She answers, blushing slightly, her voice a little embarrassed, "of course, baby, I'll watch you make your slutty pussy cum all over the place."

"Baby bitch... Since mommy is watching your pussy, cum now." I say it firmly.

Shawna doesn't need any encouragement. She shudders hard and instantly. Her scream vanishes into absolute silence. The shudders are

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powerful. It's not like Natalie, where her knees just buckled. Shawna's body thrashes so hard from the shudders, that the weight of her shoulders snapping one way, her hips accidentally snapping along with them, throws her off her feet. It sends her crashing down to the floor.

Hitting the floor doesn't show any effect on Shawna. She goes right on rubbing her nub. She goes right on shuddering, only now the shudders have her body snapping to and jerking fro.

It's about forty-five seconds before Shawna finally gasps in a huge, panicked-fast, sucking breath. Then she exhales with a long, sultry cry.

After about a minute of it, now that Shawna's orgasm has begun ebbing enough that she's breathing again, I pull Shawna's hand from her pussy. I release her hand and leave her lying there. She goes right on moaning long, sweet, and truly satisfied cries, as her goosebump-covered body shudders. Slowly the shudders begin ebbing into crisp shivers.

Natalie kneels and slowly shakes her head. Despite the smile on her face.

It's twenty minutes before Shawna is mostly back with us. That's when I give them both one minute to pull on their clothes and shove them out into the hall. Both go out barefoot.





# Chapter 06: Epilogue

## Introducing Shawna

Natalie's email comes late in the evening, but on time by over two hours. I hadn't expected it to be too early. I figured, once those two got home, both were going to lie in bed and drift away in their sweetness. I doubted much would be said about anything on the ride, either.

Dear Queen;

As you instructed, I have attached Shawna's apology letter to me. Please allow to me apologize, again, for being so disobedient. Thank you for being kind to me and disciplining me for my naughtiness, my Queen. And thank you for teaching my daughter about her body, my Queen. I'm already looking forward to the next session, should it please you to allow me to return to your presence, my Queen.

Your humble bitch,

Natalie.

Dear mom;

I am so sorry for spying on you last night. I know it was kind of immature of me. And I know it was an invasion of your privacy. I never should have done it. I would have been furious if you had done that to me.

I know your sex life is your business, not mine. I'm sorry. I was just so curious. Not about your sex life so much, as about a sex life period. I'm sure you know (and are relieved to know) that I am still a virgin. I haven't done much of anything with a boy yet. And I really wish I had. But my point is that I don't know anything at all about boys.

I had thought or maybe hoped, that you might have found a boyfriend or something like that. I guess I was just thinking and hoping that I might hear a little of you talking to him. That I might get some idea of what boyfriends and girlfriends actually talk about. Privately, not like when others are around.

I honestly regret invading your privacy, mom. I just couldn't help

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myself! I was way too curious.

I was totally not prepared for what I heard. I couldn't imagine you calling some other woman "my queen." Nor could I imagine why you do it, much less want to. I knew that kind of thing existed, I'd have to be blind not to, but I didn't have a clue about it. I'm sorry, but hearing the way you were so polite and sweet to her made me even more curious. By then I couldn't stop if I tried.

I admit when you caught me, and Miss Rodgers told you to bring me over, I was scared to death. And I was totally lost. I mean, like why would she want me there? I figured there'd be some kind of punishment for snooping, but I thought you'd be the one to punish me, and you'd just ground me for a weekend or something. Then, as you dragged me over there, I wondered why. I wondered what might happen to me.

And when we got there, and she spanked you, I was like overwhelmed. I couldn't imagine why you'd let her do that to you. I so did not want to see you spanked! And it looked like it hurt so badly. Yet you just lied there and took it. I couldn't imagine what would make you do that.

But then, once you went to the corner, Miss Rodgers made me strip! I know you could hear what she was making me do. I was praying for you to come rescue me. I so did not want to take anything off for her! I only did it because I was so afraid that if I didn't she was going to spank me, which she probably would have. I'd rather be embarrassed than spanked!

Next, and I'm sure you heard it all, she made me show her my more private places. And she didn't just look, she poked them. I'll admit, when her finger was inside me, I liked it. I liked the feeling of her finger teasing me like that. But I still hated standing there on display like a piece of meat.

Then she poked my butt. I was scared to death to let her do that. I just knew it was going hurt! But I took her advice. I figured it wouldn't be any worse if I did. And it didn't hurt, it just felt like it didn't belong up me. Only then she teased me inside my bottom. I was awed. I felt it in my pussy, not my butt. I couldn't imagine how she could be up my butt and making it feel like

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she was in my pussy! It came on me hard too. suddenly it just felt like my pussy was going to cum.

And then she had that other girl tease me! That was so good and just as miserable. I couldn't think at all. All I knew was how badly my pussy was aching for me to cum. I tried everything I could think of to make myself cum! But I couldn't do a darn thing! Those ropes had me. All I could do was lie there and feel her teasing me!

It made me feel so low. Like I was nothing at all. Like I was just a pussy for her to tease, and no one cared how badly I was suffering. I hated the idea of not having any control over my body. And hated it more that she had such control over it that she could make it do the one thing it and I most wanted not to do – wait!

But then, when she finally allowed me to play with myself, it felt far beyond anything I had ever imagined! I only wonder if it will feel a tenth of that good when I'm finally with a boy! I couldn't believe how powerful my orgasm was. I barely remember it. I just remember the absolute pleasure filling every bit of my body.

I never could have done had Miss Rodgers not been there to help me and teach me. I would so have given in to my impulses long, long before she finally let me. And it wouldn't have been nearly as good for me.

So, while I hated the idea of surrendering absolute control to her, I loved the result of it. And I would so eagerly do it again. I think, maybe, I just need to accept for now that my body is better in her hands than mine. I guess that means living by her rules and allowing myself to be punished when I don't. But if I can have that feeling again, it will so be worth it. I would do literally anything to feel that again. And I wouldn't even care how humiliating it was. I'd let her whip me while I played with myself in the hall at school to cum like that again!

I don't understand what got me to cum so hard. maybe one day I will. But I need to again. so what I want to tell you, is now, after that time in her place, I understand everything. I get it. I get why you are so polite to her. I

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get why you let her do whatever to your body. Because it gets you to where you need to be to cum like I did, and that makes it so worth it!

Please don't be too mad at me, mom. I'm sorry, and I'll never spy on you again.

I'm sorry,  
Shawna.

The next morning I decide to surprise Shawna and Natalie. But I have to keep it fairly tame since Natalie has foster kids in her house. But even tame doesn't mean I can't have fun! So on my way over I stop at the 24-hour Target and pick up a package.

Natalie is definitely surprised to see me. With the foster kids in her house, I've never visited her there before. Shawna is even more shocked. She stutters when she sees me.

I pass right by Natalie, telling her to make sure her kids are ready for school. Then I go to Shawna and tell her "go to your room, shut the door, strip fully naked, wash that makeup off, sit on the foot of your bed and wait. Go now."

"Yes, my Queen," Shawna answers, lowering her voice to the point where I can barely hear her. It guarantees that none of the others can hear her.

I wait a couple of minutes, giving Shawna time to get on her bed and be waiting for me. Then I tell Natalie to bring the package I brought, and follow me to Shawna's room. She obediently does.

Shawna is waiting totally naked, but with a nervous eye on the clock, thinking of the bus she might miss if I don't really hurry this along.

I stand in front of Shawna, facing her. And I tell her what she's going to do today.

"I believe you mentioned a boy you like named Caleb, correct baby

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bitch?"

"Yes, my Queen..." the shyness is back in Shawna's voice.

I look right into her edgy eyes. "Then today, in school, this is what you are going to do. You will go right up to Caleb. You will look him in the eyes, just as I am looking you in the eyes now. You will say exactly this to him, nothing more, and nothing less. Say: 'Hey, Caleb, I want to ask you a huge favor. I can't decide if my breasts are cute or not. Would you mind giving me your opinion?'

"Caleb is a boy. He is going to tell you they are definitely cute. Trust me on that. Boys have one-track minds. If he doesn't say he likes them, then thank him and leave. But he will say he likes them. And when he does, this is what you are going to say to him. Exactly this: 'Would you mind giving me a more informed opinion? Come with me, and I'll show them to you and let you touch them. Then you can tell me what you really think of my breasts, OK?'

"Caleb is not going to believe you. But he is going to forget that he's in school and that classes exist. He's going to follow you. Take him to some quiet corner. Completely bare those breasts to him. Allow him one full minute. He may look at them. He may touch them. He may even lick and suck on them if that what he wants to do with them. Afterward, ask him, 'Now that you really know my breasts, please tell me exactly what you think of them.' Say that as you fix your top. Remember what he says, word for word.

"After school, you will write me and tell me what he said. Then tell me how you felt offering him your breasts, and allowing him to touch them. Got it, baby bitch?"

Shawna looks like she's about to cry. And she's blushing as deeply as she ever has. But she squeaks out a "yes, my Queen." Even though she shudders as she does.

"Good. Mommy is going to dress you for your first day as my



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baby bitch. She'll dress you properly, in a manner befitting a bitch."

I turn to Natalie and tell her that she's to dress Shawna in the clothes I brought for her, and nothing else. And I make it clear to Natalie, with Shawna listening, that Shawna isn't to do a thing. Natalie is to put every bit of the clothes on Shawna's body with any help at all. Just like Shawna was one year old again.

Shawna doesn't seem to like the idea, but she lies back and just dumbly lies there for Natalie to dress her.

I've started with a very sultry bra and panty set for Shawna. It's pastel green, my favorite color, and very lacy. Plus the bra has only half-cups, that leave a good part of her mounds exposed. The panties are lacy and sexy, too, low-cut on her hips, with little ribbons tying at the side.

Over that, I have a button-down shirt for her and a denim skirt. And high-heeled pumps for her feet. But no pantyhose. I have a white lace garter belt to hold up real stockings. I just hate pantyhose and would never allow a sub to wear them.

When Natalie has Shawna dressed, she looks rather sexy. I tell Natalie to take Shawna by the hand and walk her to the door so she can go catch her bus.

That evening, about ten minutes after Natalie gets home from work, I get the email with Shawna's letter in it.

Dear wonderful queen;

Thank you so much, my queen, for making me do that. I admit, when you told me what I had to today, I was horrified! And all through school I was so nervous I couldn't think about school! I knew I was going to do it, but I was still so scared!

But then I did it, saying exactly what you told me to say to Caleb. You were right, he told me that my breasts were cute! I think it helped that the shirt and bra you have me dressed in kind of flaunted them! And he did follow



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me to a nook. He was kind of looking around like he was wondering when the punch line would come, but he came!

I just unbuttoned my blouse and pushed my bra down under my boobs. I let him see all of them. He immediately told me that they were about the prettiest things he'd ever seen! Then he very nicely asked me if he could touch them! I told him he could do whatever he wanted with them. I wanted his real opinion of them.

He touched them! Right there! His hands were on my boobs! And he was so gentle when he squeezed them! And he touched my nipples with his fingers, too! I just stood there and let him, but I couldn't help but to purr just a little! His hands on my boobs felt so good! And he sucked my nipples for a couple of seconds, and OMG, that was incredible! He was gentle and sweet, and it made my pussy ache!

He told me that I have some of the prettiest breasts he's ever seen. That they are very perky and firm, and he absolutely loved the feel of me! He told me that he would gladly skip our last class and play them forever! And then, he asked me out! Me! I told him I'd have to ask, but I didn't tell him who I had to ask.

May I please be allowed to go out with Caleb, my queen? Please! I know he wants to play with my boobs some more, but I want him to!

Your baby bitch,  
Shawna