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https://mistressnadezhda.wixsite.com/website
MistressNadia@Yandex.ru

#### 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!

#### **Session Date:**

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### Prologue:

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

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

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

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

advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

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

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

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

put on a show on their account.

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

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

I knew I was in for trouble the minute Colette called me and asked if I had just a few minutes to do her a favor this afternoon. Colette is one of my Domme friends. She's a 42-year-old soccer mom with three kids at home. The youngest is only 6. The oldest is 16. And she's married. It doesn't leave her as much time to play as the rest of us seem to have.

Of the five ladies (besides me) in our little group, Colette is probably the one I've shared toys with the least. That's only because she doesn't have the toybox the rest of us do. She doesn't have the time between her kids and her vanilla husband. Still, she makes enough time to play about twice a week.

Apparently, today is one of those times. Like me, Colette craves variety. We both seem to get bored if we're always doing the same things, so we try to mix it up. It's the best part of our little twice-to-thrice monthly get-togethers for me. Coffee and a lot of gossip about who is doing what with which of their toys. There's always a new idea to be had. It helps that we're all into the same themes of humiliating our toys and teasing them mercilessly.

I've seen pictures of all of Colette's toys. We always pass around pictures when we're talking about a toy at any length. That way we all know just what we're talking about. I know her toys tend to be middleaged men, with the occasional couple thrown in for variety. Colette doesn't mind playing with a woman, but she never takes just a woman as her toy. There's always a man involved somewhere with Colette. Otherwise, she offers the toy to the rest of us. It's kind of opposite from my toybox which is about 65% female. I find that single male toys are always the most trouble. They tend to get ideas about wanting a relationship that goes beyond kneeling and serving my whims, and I'm not interested in that. Maybe it's Colette's obvious status as married that keeps the guys from fixating on her. I don't know. She's cute enough.

Maybe a month ago, maybe a little longer, at one of our gossipfests, I mentioned a toy of mine that just couldn't leave her pussy alone.

After a day, two at the longest, her mind would drift and she'd be unable to stop herself from thinking about her last session with me. Then her hand would automatically go to her pussy and before she realized it she'd be misbehaving. Masturbating without my permission! She'd confess. I'd summon her for some form of punishment. In a few days, she'd be confessing another sin.

So I came up with a very hideous punishment for her. Her pussy has long and wide, but thin, lips that fully meet in a neat slit that's nothing more than a little pink line. Those wide lips were just what I needed. I had a friend of mine make me a little thin plastic cup a hair smaller than her pussy with a single hole in it. I put that cup inside her lips, then I used surgical adhesive to secure her lips together over the toy. I'd put a catheter in so she could still pee. But before I did all of that, I used my live-in slave-whore, Paige, to tongue her pussy to the very edge of orgasm and hold it there for a long time. The cup did its job. For the next three days, she was unable to get to her pussy. Period. Not to masturbate. Not even by grinding herself against a chair or squishing her thighs together. That cup surrounded both her tunnel and her clit, and nothing she could do would get it to touch anything sensitive. To say it drove her insane would be a gross understatement. Her mind still drifted and conjured up those erotic memories. Only now she couldn't relieve her itch. She couldn't misbehave. She was so horny that she was in tears when I finally allowed her to come and get the "torture device" removed. Naturally, she had to prove to me that she'd learned her lesson by behaving for a while as she served me before I allowed her to masturbate to the most intense orgasm she's ever had.

Apparently, my story caught Colette's attention a little more than I thought it had. She tells me about Sharon, a toy of hers. Sharon, she tells me, is a 34-year-old married working mother of one daughter, age 7. Terrence, Sharon's husband is Colette's toy. Or should I say her main toy? She tells me that Sharon likes to be used to release her husband's long-awaited sweet suffering. Used as if she's a prop or a sex toy. As in Colette's hands on her body, moving Sharon's body through whatever motions Colette dreams up.

It puts Sharon squarely in the toybox right beside her husband. If they both don't know that, then my pet rock's IQ dwarfs theirs, and if I know Colette that's not the case.

Sharon's current streak of misbehavior began about two weeks ago. Then, as usual, Colette left them with some specific instructions as to what they were, and were not, to do until she decided to return. That night, before Colette left, Terrence had a particularly powerful orgasm. She instructed him to thank Sharon for allowing her body to be used to deliver that orgasm every night. A thank you that was very specific.

As soon as their daughter was soundly in bed for the night, he was to undress Sharon fully. Sharon wasn't to do a thing. He was to have some warmed oil handy. Sharon was to get a full body massage that lasted no less than one hour. He was to massage every last bit of her, except for her pussy. He wasn't allowed to touch that. Once her massage was over, he was to take her for a hot bubble bath that lasted until the water went cool. He was to fully wash her as well. Sharon wasn't to so much as touch her body. She was to soak and bask while he tenderly did all of the work for her. Even drying her and her hair for her. After her bath, Sharon wasn't allowed any clothes at all. Not until morning. Every Sunday and Wednesday night, when they went to bed, he was to tongue Sharon's pussy, nothing more, not even the littlest touch, until she'd had her fill. However long that might take.

The first time it took Sharon three orgasms. Then she started misbehaving by masturbating between tongue-ings. She told Colette that the massages and baths just got her too hot. She couldn't stand the long wait. So when she was alone, she solved her problem. Colette spanked her for it. A long and slow spanking that left her bottom a very angry red. The sting managed to make her behave for all of a day.

It was the only kind of sex they were allowed with each other. His only relief came every morning, maybe. Colette decreed that Sharon was to wake him up every morning. If his cock was hard, she was to immediately suck it until he climaxed in her mouth. She was to swallow every drop of it. If his cock wasn't hard before he stirred, he'd have to

wait until the next morning. Nothing else was allowed. Not even just touching each other. Colette went so far as to ban them from kissing unless both were fully dressed, the only exception allowed being a single (and mandatory) goodnight kiss before bed. Before they were in the bed, too. It was to be standing beside the bed. He behaved, but according to Colette, Sharon's mouth was rather busy. I just know Terrence didn't mind that one bit.

Now Sharon has masturbated for the third time without Colette's permission. And Colette is going to teach her a very hard lesson for it. I don't blame her. I'd do the same for one of my toys. A toy needs to learn that it's its place to mind its owner. Even when its pussy doesn't want it to.

I am a second-year nursing student. At the end of this, my sophomore year, I'll get my LPN. Then after one more year, I'll get my RN. After another year, I'll have a BSN and hopefully find a spot in a good medical school. Pepper Rodgers, MD sounds far better to me than Pepper Rodgers, RN. This year I, and my fellow students, get the task of manning the student health clinic. Students get free health care there. The price of it is they're also the practice dummies for the nursing students. Nothing is truly free in life! It means that by now I've had plenty of practice doing most everything a nurse does. Most of it without anyone, much less an actual nurse, standing over my shoulder. I've gotten rather good at it, too.

It's a skill Colette doesn't have. None of my Domme friends do. None of them are in the health care field at all. I know what Colette wants the minute she asks me if I remember that story I told. I do. And I know that my sub will never forget it!

It takes Colette less than a minute to ask me the first question. Does that cup to have to be custom made, or is there such a thing as generic? I tell her it's generic. I measured and used Sophie, my live-in slave-girl/handmaiden as the model for mine. Since pussies all have the same parts in the same places, it has worked on every woman I've tried it on. But, if the woman has a flat mound with short lips, it's a little snug in

there. Then Colette asks if I have a cup she can borrow. I tell her that I had my friend make me a dozen of them, she can have one if she wants it. She wants it.

Then she asks me what she really called to ask. She asks if I have the time to "play naughty nurse" for "just a few minutes." She wants me to put the catheter into Sharon for her. She's never done it. Even though anyone can buy one, and everything else needed, at any pharmacy with no questions asked, she's never even thought about doing it before, and wouldn't have a clue how it's done correctly. I tell her it's not hard. It's a simple matter of slipping it in, just like giving an enema, which she's done plenty of. Except, obviously, in a different place. Then I tell her that she's in luck. I'm still wearing my official USA scrubs. I even look like a nurse.

Colette tells me that she's there now. Sharon's daughter has some church-sponsored even right after school and won't be home until six. Terrence will be home at 5:30. Colette plans to leave about one minute before six. Anytime between now and then would do fine. It's around 3:30. I tell Colette I'll be there in about an hour. Then I gather up the supplies I'll need, including an extra of everything just in case I need it.

The address Colette gave me is in a decent middle-middle class neighborhood. I'm sure most of Sharon's neighbors are just like her. Two-income families trying to get by, doing decently, but won't ever get rich unless they win the lottery. If Alabama ever gets a lottery. It needs to. It would save me driving to Mississippi to buy my tickets! When I ring the doorbell it's Colette who answers the door. She grins and giggles as she tells me "the homeowner is all tied up right now." I have no doubt she means with ropes. Colette has a thing for ropes.

Colette shows me in and takes me to the living room. My first sight of Sharon is from the back. The first thing that I notice is her glowing red, and obviously freshly spanked, bottom. At the same time, I notice that Sharon's bottom is rather shapely rounded. It's hard to miss. Sharon's naked.

Sharon's also tied to a chair. She's standing in front of that chair, facing it. Her legs are spread wide. Rough hemp ropes are wound around her calves from the knees down to her ankles, snugly binding them to the outsides of the chair's front legs. Sharon's wrists rest atop the backrest of the chair. More, short, lengths of rope bind her wrists there and leave her hands dangling behind the chair. But otherwise, Sharon is free to squirm. It has Sharon leaning slightly forward, but mostly she's standing up kind of straight. I've used this same position. I love it. It offers easy access to Sharon's pussy between her thighs and leaves her bottom free to squirm around as that pussy is teased.

"So, here's my naughty little slut!" Colette giggles as she points to Sharon. "This slut just can't seem to keep her hand off her skanky little pussy!"

"That explains the freshly spanked bottom," I say to Colette with amusement in my voice.

From here I can see that Sharon is about 5'7" tall. It puts her on the high side of average height for a woman. I can see that she's slender, too. I'd guess around 135 to 140 pounds at most. I can see that she has short, and obviously dyed blond hair. It's straight, but it's a close cut and barely comes down to her ears. But it's not a boyish cut. Just a short one. I can see that she has slim and long legs. But from the back, that's about all I can see of her.

Colette tells me that she's just been teasing Sharon. I see a vibrator sitting on the seat of that chair. And I see a video clip of Sharon having her pussy eaten by a man, whom I guess is her husband, paused on the TV. I'd say that qualifies as teasing. If there's any doubt, the honey glistening in the creases of Sharon's thighs dispels it. Sharon is definitely horny.

"Slut, this is Nurse Rodgers," Colette very firmly introduces me. No mention that I'm a fellow Domme. Just that I'm a nurse, which is half true. True enough for playtime anyway. "You will obey her."

"Yes, Ma'am," Sharon answers in a voice that's pure New York, but even over that accent, I can hear a faint hint of anxiousness in it.

Undoubtedly that's because this is all new to Sharon. I don't know if Colette has ever shared Sharon before. I can guess that Colette has never brought a "nurse" to see Sharon before. I'm the only nurse she knows, and I haven't been here. I'm sure Sharon is wondering why Colette brought me and what I'm going to do to her. Nurses do kind of have a reputation for doing things people don't exactly like, such as needle sticks.

Colette asks how I want to "do this." Do I want Sharon bound in any special way? Would I like to just tie her myself? Or do I want her unrestrained?

It's hard to say what I want. I don't know Sharon. I haven't a clue how she's going to react. It might not bother her at all. Or she could try to run. Or something in between. I don't know anything about Sharon. Just that she apparently likes to masturbate after tender massages. Which tells me nothing.

I quietly ask Colette if Sharon is going to give me trouble. Colette assures me that she won't. Sharon will behave. She'll do as she's told. So I have Colette untie Sharon, taking care to make sure that Sharon's hands don't get close to her pussy. I don't think I needed to tell Colette that part. Then, as Colette unties Sharon, I start laying stuff out on the counter a few feet away from their kitchen table.

Their table looks sturdy to me. And it looks plenty big enough. Plus its wood so it's going to be slightly uncomfortable and hard to lie on. Thus, in my book, perfect.

Colette brings Sharon over, walking her around so that Sharon won't see what I'm laying out on the counter.

I turn to get my first decent look at Sharon. From the front, I can see that her face is more rounded than oval with soft features. And some deep green eyes. A mouth that's just barely on the wide side, framed with a pair of plump and full deep pink lips. I'll bet Terrence has been loving those lips as they wrapped around his cock. Any man would. They look as soft as they do plump.

I can see that her body is just as lean from the front, too. Her stomach is flat. Her skin is taut and elastic. There's a nice little feminine curve to her waist. Not a stretch mark anywhere to be seen on that toned stomach. I can see lean hips with a gentle, but soft, curve to them. I can see a small black bush, trimmed well inside the creases of her thighs, on her pubes.

And I can see a pair of nice breasts. They're not too big, but they are full and well-rounded. They're shaped like half grapefruit, only a hair larger. They lie back against her chest just barely enough to have a little crease where they meet it. They look to be fairly firm with just a little squishable sponginess to them. And they're topped with a pair of light-pink wide nipples. Nipples with gently rounded tips that are standing out decently from the tips of her mounds, but not so much as to look like they have sides to the nubs. Nipples surrounded by equally wide rings out the same light pinkness. Definitely nice breasts. I guess that Sharon wears a 34-B bra. I'm seldom wrong, at least not about bra sizes when I can see the breasts. Her mounds also sit slightly off to her sides, the very outsides of her mounds rounding out past the sides of her chest. But still, her nipples point straight ahead, albeit very slightly upwards as well.

"Lie on that table, on your back," I tell Sharon in my all-business nurse's voice. The same one I use when telling an actual patient to roll up his sleeve. Then I just stand there and glare at Sharon. Colette glares even hard than I am. It doesn't take Sharon more than a fraction of a second to get the hint. She starts climbing up to lie on her kitchen table.

Sharon gets on her back, but she lies with her arms at her sides and her feet together. As if she's subconsciously trying to protect her pussy. She lies with her head turned enough to see me, and her eyes stay locked on me. Me, not Colette. Smart woman, she's already figured out that whatever I'm here for, it's now my show for a minute.

I just love the way those wary eyes stay fixed on me, searching for any hint of what might be about to happen to her. I let her watch me pull on a pair of latex gloves. Mine are pastel green. It's my favorite

color, unlike those whitish ones we get at school. Those are just so boring! But once I have my gloves on, I decide that Sharon will enjoy this a little more if she's not watching so closely. Or at least I will when it makes her squirm that much more.

I just reach out and take hold of Sharon's head. I turn it so that she's staring up at the ceiling. "Stay, slut," I tell her firmly, but still in my all-business voice. "Behave. Look up, not all over the room like some nervous little girl."

Sharon gets the message. She lies there, staring up. And she fidgets a little more. I take hold of her ankles and move them for her. I bend her knees as I bring her feet up and spread them wide. Then I set her feet back on the table. Now I have her pussy fully exposed.

I don't need to ask Colette if she minds if I toy with her toy a little. I already know she doesn't. I know she won't mind whatever I do with Sharon.

Now I can see that Sharon's pussy has long, but slightly narrow lips. Lips covered with a dense black fur of long, curly, and tangled hairs. Lips that don't meet, leaving a slit between them wide enough for the edges of her light purple inner folds to peek their wrinkly heads up into, but not beyond. I can tell those lips are plump and puffy, too.

I use the fingers of one hand to gently ease Sharon's furry lips wide apart. It bares her inner pinkness. It's a light pinkness that's now flushed brightly. It's also a pinkness that glistens, almost sparkles, with the coating of thin, oily, clear honey that's clinging to everything. It also lets me see the prominent knot where her folds join together. Hers seems to be firm as well as wider and longer than most. But the little flap of pink flesh that hides her clit looks to be so thin.

I can't resist. I put my fingers right to that swollen knot, along its sides, and very gently push the folds back. I've barely started pushing them back when Sharon's clit pops out from its nest. It's fairly good-sized. Like the tip of my pinkie finger. I'd guess it's poking its head up a good 1/4" above those wrinkly folds now. A head that's so hard its skin, at the top, is pulled so taut it's turning white. Best of all, now I can see that

hard nub pulsing with Sharon's heartbeat. Oh, how that has to be aching her!

"Here what's wrong," I casually remark to Colette. We both completely ignore Sharon even though it's her pussy we're talking about. "Look at how engorged this clitoris is... no wonder this body is such a slut! I don't know how this clitoris isn't aching and driving that body insane."

I put the gloved pad of a finger on the tip of her hardness, a tiny film of lubricating jelly on my finger to make sure it glides ever-so-smoothly. It's unneeded. Her honey covers the nub, and as soon as I touch the oily honey I can feel how slippery it is. And as soon as I touch that nub I can feel a crisp, shivering shudder race through Sharon's body.

"AH!" Sharon purrs out with pure honey in her voice. Her hands tighten their grip on her neck. I can see it in her arms. The shudder is crisp enough to have those fairly-firm breasts jiggling on her chest for a brief second. It makes her stiff nipples seem to dance.

I stroke my finger over the top of her hard nub very slowly, my touch so light I'm barely in contact with Sharon's body.

"OH!" Sharon purrs out loudly, drawing it out with her breath, as her body shudders anew. She keeps her eyes open as she stares up, but that's something I know Colette demands of her toys. Eyes open. I have the same rule. Her breathing quickly picks up pace as her purrs deep into very sensual and needy moans.

"See what I mean?" I say to Colette. "Look how overly sensitive this clitoris is." By now Sharon is purring deep and urgent moans. I sigh out, heavily, and take my finger from her nub. Sharon groans out loudly in abject frustration. "Oh, well..." I say, "I'm not here to treat this pussy for acute clitoral hypersensitivity." I grin at Colette.

Colette smirks back at me. I guess she understood what I was saying. Sharon's clit is just so eager right now! But it should be. Colette has worked it up. She wants it to be,

I ask Colette to hand me a small little tube of lubricating gel. It's

like a tube of superglue, complete with the point nozzle at its end. I pull the cap off of it and put the tip right to the little hole that's the opening of Sharon's urethra. That tiny hole happens to be just above, and rather close to, the top of her pussy tunnel. Unfortunately for Sharon, it's close enough that she just assumes I'm putting the cold gel on the top of her tunnel for some reason.

Sharon gasps as she feels the coldness of it, but otherwise, she lies still. That tells me that she assumes I'm going to do something with her pussy.

I have Colette rip open the paper envelope that the catheter comes in. I've brought a fairly large diameter Foley catheter. It's a 22F, which makes it 7.3 mm in diameter. That's about ¼". I picked it not for Sharon's comfort, the larger the tube, the more uncomfortable inserting it is likely to be, but because I like the purple color band around its base end that denotes the size. I might even tell Sharon I why I picked this one. Because the purple band is so much more me than the plain black and white bands on the small ones. Especially when It's not me who's getting it.

A Foley catheter is a fairly simple device. It's a silicone tube, like rubber. At its tip, it has been stiffened up, but not too much so it remains flexible. A little way down there's a balloon around the shaft. It's deflated now and almost invisible. It's more like a band of silicone that can be inflated. Then at the base end, there's a Y. One channel is the full width. The other channel is tiny and runs through the much wider one. That's the one that's only there to inflate the balloon. It has a check valve on it so that once the balloon is inflated it will stay inflated until it's intentionally deflated. The larger channel doesn't have anything except little threads in it to attach a tube or syringe to it. I slip the tip end of it through the hole in the plastic "chastity cup" and leave the cup to dangle from the base end of it. The big Y isn't going to fit through it.

I put its tip against the opening of that tiny hole. I immediately hear Sharon suck in a sharp, and very nervous, breath as she feels that

it's not her pussy I'm going to toy with. She starts fidgeting a little more energetically. A little more nervously.

Sharon doesn't have much time to fidget. Or to think about what's happening to her. I'm not rough, but I don't go out of my way to be gentle either. It's about what she'd get at most hospitals. I just push the stiff tube right into her, letting it push the lubricant along with it to grease its way.

Her tube is rubbery. It easily stretches wide to accommodate the stiff tube barging into it. But it's not comfortable for Sharon. She cries out a loud, and rather surprisingly squealy, yelp of "EE-OW!" as it starts pressing into her. Her hips reflexively scoot forward just a hair before she gets control of herself and tries to lie there. She tenses up stiff.

I keep pushing and the catheter keeps sliding into her body. It's about a second before I feel the light resistance as it reaches her bladder. I push a little harder and slides right through the muscle closing her bladder off. Instantly the wider channel of the tube turns golden as it quickly fills. I knew it would. I have a little plastic clamp pinching off the line just before the valve at its end.

It tells me that the tip is completely inside her bladder now. I push just a little more so I know that the balloon is inside as well. Then I stop, much to Sharon's relief. Now that the catheter is still she won't even feel it inside her.

I hold it steady with two fingers. With my other hand, I have Colette pass me a big syringe filled with sterile water. It screws right into the smaller port. I push, slowly, and the water fills the balloon swelling it up inside her bladder. Once the syringe is empty, I unscrew it from the catheter. I let go of the soft silicone tube. It starts to slip out of her, moves about  $\frac{1}{4}$ " and stops. The balloon is now seated against the inside of her bladder. It's not coming out. Not until someone deflates that balloon and gives it a little tug.

I have Colette hand me a clear bag, like an IV bag, with a clear tube already attached to it. I screw the end of the tubing into the wide channel of Sharon's catheter. Then I release the clamp. The bag begins

to fill. It's so much easier, not to mention far less gross, to work with an empty tube instead of a full one. Sharon doesn't really feel anything. She just feels that her urge to pee is quickly vanishing. I'm sure she can guess why. It doesn't take more than a minute for her bladder to go completely empty. Just to be safe, I clamp the tube off again.

I put a second clamp on the clear tube just before it connects to the port. Then I unscrew the bag and its tube from the catheter. I'm about to just set it aside when I have a better idea. I hold the bag over Sharon's eyes for a few seconds to let her see what we've already seen. Then I set the bag right next to Sharon's head. She can't see it, but she definitely knows it's there.

I just casually brush the back of a finger over that firm knot of Sharon's inner folds, just once. Sharon screeches a very urgent "OOH!" her shuddering body twitches hard on the table, so hard it almost comes up off the table. I turn to Colette and wink. Colette smirks back at me. We're both thinking the same thing. Despite her squealing, Sharon didn't mind it at all. So far.

I slide the cup down the catheter until it's flush against Sharon's pussy lips. Now Colette is watching me closely. Maybe next time she'll do it herself. She's welcome to come over and practice inserting catheters on my slave-whore, Paige. I won't feel a thing.

I take one of Sharon's furry lips in my hand. I stretch just that single lip wide open. It sends a nervous tremor through Sharon's body as she wonders what I'm doing to her pussy now. With the catheter still in place. I pull that lip taut, then I pull it up over the white plastic chastity cup. Then I repeat with Sharon's other lip. It takes me a little bit of pulling them taut to get them to completely meet, but I could see that her lips had enough puffiness to them that they would meet easily.

I hold those lips in place, pressing them against the cup, but mostly, at the top, against each other. I use my thumb to open a tiny tube of surgical adhesive. It's really nothing but sterile super glue. I put a tiny, the tiniest that I can squeeze out, drop of the glue on the edge of Sharon's lip. I hold her lips together, pressing them firmly for the half-

minute or so it takes for the glue to take hold.

Now that the first drop is stuck, I let the glue hold her lips close together. I run a very fine line of the glue down the edge of Sharon's lip. And I push her other lip firmly against it and hold it in place. The only place I don't glue the edges of her lips together is right around the catheter. Otherwise, I have them stuck together for as long as they run.

It just leaves me that last place to seal up. Before I can I use a single drop of the glue to hold the catheter in place as it passes through the cup. Then I seal her lips together and to the catheter.

It leaves Sharon's pussy a bit puffier-looking than it was. Her mound had been fairly flat. Now it's fairly puffy. That's the cup inside those lips, bowled outward over the top of everything sensitive. It looks like a furry, and small, little hill. I can just barely make out the "slit" where her lips meet if I look hard. Otherwise, it's just a furry little mound with a yellowish silicone tube sticking out of it.

There's only one thing left to do. I have to make some provision for Sharon to pee. I do that by simply screwing a plastic check valve into the port on the wide channel. It's made with a little ball and spring to push the ball against its seat. That closes off the line. It opens when the pressure against the ball exceeds the pressure of the spring. Or when the little tabs on the side of it are squeezed. The spring isn't very strong. It's hard to say how full Sharon will get before her pee opens the valve for her, but it's strong enough that she'll be fairly full. Full enough that she'll have known she needs to pee for long enough that she should have by then.

I show Colette how the valve works. I'm going to leave it to Colette to explain everything to Sharon. And whatever other instructions Colette has for Sharon.

"Call me when you want that back out, and sooner or later I'll have the time for this slut." I wink. It's my signal to Colette that I'll take it out whenever Colette wants me to. But Sharon doesn't have to know that.

Then I step back and listen as Colette breaks the news to Sharon.

"Since you can't manage to behave and stop playing with your pussy like some cheap whore, I've had the nurse here seal your pussy up. Now I don't have to worry about you playing with it. You can't get to it! Go on, slut, try, and rub yourself. You can cum right now if you can make yourself."

Sharon's hand goes right to her pussy. I'm sure by now Colette has seen her masturbate enough that Sharon's gotten over that bit of modesty. She tries to get her fingers into her slit. Very quickly she realizes that her slit isn't going to open. She's not getting into it. She tries rubbing herself through her lips. About a hundred different ways, each one a little more desperately than the last.

Finally, Sharon cries out a very frustrated "UGH!" and starts sobbing. She keeps trying to rub herself, even though by now she's discovered that it's useless. I just grin from ear to ear.

"Do I have your attention now, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Sharon blurts out desperately, with that faint tinge of hopefulness in her voice. As if maybe if I behave now she'll have this nurse unseal my pussy.

"You are going to behave for the full week I told you to. Only now, for obvious reasons, you won't be getting any tongue service every few days to relieve your suffering. Nothing has changed. One full week of tender massages and bubble baths. And every morning, if Terrence wakes up with a hard cock, you will service it with your mouth like a good slut.

"You are not going to make any effort to hide that tube hanging out of your pussy. Just let it dangle down when you're naked. Let Terrence see it dangling. Let him see how high the price of disobedience can be. When you go to work, or wherever, just tuck it in your panties. It won't leak. Unless you don't go pee when you need to. Then that valve opens and you wet your panties. You will have no control over that. Once it opens, it stays open until it closes on its own. You can't close it. So before you get too full, I'd use the ladies' room. Just pinch those little tabs on it and it will open right up for you.

"You will call me at eight am every day. If I were you, I wouldn't displease me by being tardy. I might just add a few days to your punishment." I see a look of absolute horror sweep over Sharon's face at just the thought of it.

"Once I think you've learned your lesson, I'll think about unsealing that pussy. Until then... it is your punishment, suffer it, slut."

Sharon starts crying. Her hand still tries to rub her pussy, too. It's not going to happen. The cup is too wide and her pussy too small. There's nowhere for the cup to go. And her hungry parts are too well centered in it. That clit I'd seen, so swollen up and aching, is just going to hang in empty air. And throb its ache.

I leave. Colette stays behind to finish with Sharon. I'm sure Colette will make her show Terrence what's been done to her pussy, too.



# Chapter O2: Fun With Breasts

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Three days later Colette calls me again. This time we start with a good laugh. A long laugh. She tells me how Sharon has been obediently calling her every day. In tears. She's done little except beg Colette for relief. And she has begged shamelessly. According to Sharon, the chastity cup is just too horrible of a punishment. She can't stand being so horny for even another second.

Colette is quite pleased. It's exactly the punishment she was hoping for. I already know that this story is going to be making the rounds at our next gossip-fest. Colette is going to tell everyone about it. And I suspect I'll have a few more friends asking me how exactly it's done. I know Olive has a toy she'd love to punish this way.

Colette asks if I'm up for a little fun with Sharon. Duh, of course, I am! We both agree it's too soon for the chastity cup to come off though. Sharon needs to serve her entire sentence of one week. Without touching herself. Without that cup, touching herself is going to be the first thing she does. We both know that. Sharon certainly does, too.

But, to quote Colette, that's no reason not to add a little extra impromptu tease for Sharon. I ask two questions. First, how soon does she expect Sharon to start her period? That would necessitate the removal of the chastity cup. Colette tells me that Sharon had just finished hers a couple of days before I put the cup in, so we have weeks. That's one problem I don't have to worry about.

Then I ask Colette about Sharon's schedule. I know she has time commitments. She has a daughter who will need attention. Things like transportation to school. Plus she has a job, albeit according to Colette a fairly crappy one. She tells me that Sharon is off work today, so she's available whenever I want her.

I suggest that we have her husband bring her here to have the chastity cup and catheter "checked." There's really nothing to check. The catheter is good to stay in for 28 days. The cup should be fine until she starts her period. It's really just sitting there inside her lips. But a "check" will give me a pretext to poke and prod Sharon. And that should get her even hornier than she already is.

Colette tells me she'll make the arrangements. She immediately calls Sharon back and tells her to have her husband bring her to me for her check just as soon as their daughter gets on the school bus. A few minutes later Colette calls me back to let me know that Sharon is leaving now to take her daughter to the bus, and I should expect her shortly after that. Terrence is due at work at 8:30 but has already made arrangements to be a little late.

They arrive a few minutes before nine. I send Sophie, my live-in slave-girl, and handmaiden to answer the door. I always do that. I'm Queen of this particular castle, and it's just not befitting a Queen to be answering her own door. Unfortunately, Sophie has classes today so I have her dressed for school, not in her usual sexy slave dresses. Now she looks like a very young college girl, which is what she is. She's 19. She's also petite and curvy with long, wavy, honey-blond hair. And pert breasts.

Neither of them have seen Sophie, or even I know I own her. Neither really knows that I'm Domme. I'm just the nurse who put that hideous punishment device on Sharon. I'm all but certain Colette hasn't told them any more than that. And likely won't. But I am certain that they were told to obey me while they were here.

Sophie greets them at the door and lets them in. I'm lounging on the sofa, ignoring them. But I am wearing my scrubs. It's considered appropriate dress for nursing classes, which are the ones I have today. And it makes me look like a real nurse. I'm pretty sure Sharon has just assumed I am a real nurse. I see no reason to dispel that notion. It's not like I lied to her.

I get up once Sophie has them in and waiting just inside the door. I go to Terrence. "Hello, dildo." "Dildo" is the name Colette has given him. I guess it pretty clearly reminds him of what he is to her. "I am Miss Rodgers. This is Miss Slave." I point a thumb at a smirking Sophie. "My rules are the same as you Mistress'. You will both behave while you are in my realm.

"Since this slut has been crying how horny it is, your Mistress

#### Chapter O2: Fun With Breasts

wanted me to check on her chastity cup to make sure everything is properly placed." I turn to Sharon and look her straight in her eyes. "I do hope you haven't been whining to your Mistress just because that skank pit of hers is aching you so much. Don't bother to answer. I'll look and see for myself. Give all of your things to my slave."

Sophie just holds her hand out.

Sharon has been around Colette long enough to know what she's expected to do. It's no surprise to her. I can't check her chastity cup if I can't see her pussy. And those clothes are in the way of that.

Sharon didn't have any time to change today. She's still wearing the clothes she put on for her day off. A light pink cotton blouse and cargo shorts over sneakers. It doesn't take her long to get it off. I didn't tell her to take it off any specific way, just to get it off and give everything to Sophie.

Sharon obediently hands everything over to Sophie. Her purse. Her jewelry. All the way down to her panties. It leaves Sharon with nothing at all. Once Sophie has it all, she takes it and disappears into the playroom with it. There she'll lock it all in a drawer of a file cabinet I have in there for just that. I have the only key to it, so Sharon won't be getting her clothes back until I decide to return them.

I turn to Terrence. He's a pretty good-looking man. He's tall, I'd guess around 6'2", a touch athletically lean, maybe 180 pounds or so. He has short, sandy brown hair and brown eyes. But that's about all I can see. He's wearing a business suit with a long-sleeved shirt today. It's not an especially expensive suit, but it is better than discount-store grade. Maybe mall-grade. I can see why Colette has him in her toybox. He looks like he could be amusing.

Like now. He's with Sharon, but his eyes are locked on me. And it's not because this is my house. It's because of the aura of power I tend to project. Reinforced by Sophie's overt subservience.

Colette told me that she mostly plays with Terrence and that Sharon watches, usually, until the end when Colette takes control of her

and uses her to release the tension she's built up in Terrence. But the fact that Sharon has gone along with this punishment gave me an idea. The idea that despite her prolific protestations otherwise, she secretly wants to be someone's toy, too. Probably that her fantasy is to be on her knees alongside Terrence. And that she is never going to tell anyone that. Especially Terrence. And more especially Colette who would likely whip her right down onto those knees. I'd bet Colette knows it, too. I'm almost certain this little punishment is her test to see if she's right. To see how readily Sharon will allow herself to be subjugated.

I've decided to try a little role reversal today. "Dildo, it should just take a few minutes to check this slut's pussy. Would you care to watch?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I'd love to watch, if I'm allowed, Miss Rodgers," Terrence answers rather eagerly. And also rather humbly. Colette must have him very well trained.

"You may. However, I don't allow free-roaming pets in my playroom." I casually slip a pair of handcuffs out of my back pocket. "If you come, you'll have to be restrained just to ensure you don't get too excited by this naked slut. Turn around. I'll cuff you now."

"Yes, Ma'am," Terrence answers quickly. And turns just as quickly. He clasps his hands together behind his back and holds them up a little to make it easy for me to lock the cuffs around his wrists.

I cuff him. Then I tell Sophie to bring him, that I will take care of the slut. I wink at Sophie when I tell her. It's her cue to be very sweet and slutty to him. I take hold of Sharon with one hand on the small of her back, just above where she's holding her hands, and my other hand on her shoulder. I start steering Sharon back to the playroom.

Sophie wraps one arm softly around Terrence's waist. Then she very casually allows her other hand to wander from his hip right to his crotch. She very gently gets a hand full of his cock, through his pants, in her hand. "Ooh... that is such a nice cock! Too bad it's not in my tight little pussy right now... it could feel how hot and wet my pussy is just thinking about it filling me up!" She keeps her hand there, not gripping his cock, but more just stroking softly over it and teasing it. She cuddles

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her body close to his as she nudges him along to the playroom. When they get there, Sophie takes him to the chair I have ready for him. It's sitting alongside the massage table, facing it. And it's a slightly high chair that will give him a good view of Sharon. Sophie guides him to sit in the chair.

There's also a little chain locked around a support that runs across the two back legs of the chair. Terrence never notices it. He's far too distracted by Sophie's sluttiness. Even once he's seated he doesn't notice it. Sophie just kneels beside him, brings the chain up, and locks it to the chain of his cuffs. It leaves him a tiny bit of slack, but nowhere near what he'd need to stand up or get off that chair. He's going to be staying in that chair until he's let up. Only once he's locked does he realize that. It doesn't look like he minds it.

I walk Sharon over to the padded massage table. As she walks, the base end of the catheter dangles between her thighs, its end hanging about ¾ of the way down to her knees. I glance down at the dangling tube. Sharon immediately blushes. I guess she's still so shy about it!

I don't have Sharon get up on the table yet. I stand her with the table at her side and face her. "Those nipples are hard, too. Have then been staying hard?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Sharon shyly confesses in a very hushed voice. As if it's not obvious to me that they have been. They're the first thing to get hard when a woman gets aroused.

"I guess we should check those, too, then. You will lean over and rest your elbows on the front edge of that table. Step back until your back is flat and level with the floor. Head up, look forward. Do that now, slut."

"Yes, Ma'am..." Sharon answers. She turns to face the table and takes one step back. She leans forward, resting her elbows at the edge of the table and letting her forearms just lie on it with her hands clasped together. It has a pretty prominent arch to her back. She starts scooting her feet back until she can get her back flat. It takes her chest back, too,

making her stretch her upper arms forward to keep them where they are.

It positions her perfectly for me. Her chest is as flat and level as her back is. Her arms are forward, angling up past her head, and well out of the way. Her smallish breasts, only slightly spongy soft, now hang down and dangle as freely as the tube between her thighs. The slight crease at their undersides is gone now. But they hold their rounded shape as they hang down. And her light pink nipples stand out as stiff as ever. Sharon looks forward, which has her staring at her husband.

I roll a little stool over and sit down at Sharon's side. There's nothing to block my side-on view of her mounds. Nothing even close. It's why I wanted her arms stretched upward. Almost even with my eyes, her breasts almost swell straight down.

I reach out to the closer of her mounds, putting both of my hands to it very tenderly. My hands surround it, one on what would be its topside and one on its underside. I don't really squeeze it. I more just hold it loosely for a moment, giving it time for the shiver to run through Sharon's body and for the mound to still. I use the hand on its underside to cradle it with the gentlest of squeezes. Then I stroke my other hand along its top.

Instantly goosebumps sprout up hard and cover the entire mound. Another shiver racks Sharon's body, sweeping over her with blinding speed. I don't quite finish my first caress of her mound before I hear the first light purr escape from Sharon's lips.

I use one finger to lightly stroke a little circle around the edge of Sharon's nipple. It lets me feel the very slight roughness of the tightly shriveled skin atop a very stiff nub. And it makes Sharon shiver again while purring a little louder, sweeter, "Ooh..."

I use two fingers to very softly pinch her nipple. It lets me feel that it's so hard that it has virtually no give at all in it. Like steel. Even with the faintest of pressure Sharon shudders crisply and purrs out a hungry "UM!" I glance up and see that Sharon's jaw is hanging open as she purrs.

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I decide to pinch just a little harder. It gets me an even hungrier purr from Sharon. I pinch a little harder. Sharon purrs a little more urgently. I pinch a little harder. By now I'm pinching that nipple rather firmly. Not as hard as most clamps would, but hard enough that some women would be objecting to it. Not Sharon. She purrs a little more urgently. And now her hips are starting to wiggle just a little. Naturally with her thighs squeezed hard together. Her reflex to massage that aching pussy still won't accept that she can't.

I wheel my chair around to Sharon's other side. As I roll up I hear her breath out a slightly frustrated sigh. As if she wants to say, "Oh no, please don't make me endure another hot tease like that." I'm sure that's exactly what she's thinking, too. She reacts just the same, only a little faster and a little hungrier this time.

I tell Sharon to stand up now and to be careful not to touch her breasts. She does. I tell Sophie to fetch me a "breast test kit." There's obviously no such thing. Sharon doesn't know that. Sophie knows that I mean the little tray I'd laid out just a few minutes before Sharon arrived and told Sophie to bring me if I asked for anything "breast related." Sophie fetches it.

I have Sharon stand with her hands behind her neck. She keeps her head facing me, but her eyes are everywhere, darting around and trying to see what I've sent Sophie for. Sophie doesn't let Sharon get a glimpse of it. Not until Sophie brings it to me and holds it for me. Then there's no blocking Sharon's eyes. I watch those eyes, and as soon as Sharon catches sight of what's on the tray, I'm treated to the sight of those eyes going nervously wide.

The first thing on the tray, at least the first thing I reach for, is a hemostat. It's a surgical clamp used to pinch of arteries and such. It looks like a long pair of scissors that are almost all handle. It lets you pinch the little clamp tips rather tightly together. It also locks in place. But you don't have to clamp it all the way down. It will lock wherever I stop it once it has some pressure on it.

Sharon stands still, her eyes anxiously watching my hands as the

evil-looking implement nears her nipple. I can see the nervousness ramping up on her face, too. I'm going to have to get Colette a few of these. They'll make a wonderful birthday present for her.

I open it's short jaws wide and lie them flush against the light pink ring atop her mound, her nipple standing up between them. I squeeze the clamp just as slowly as I can make it move. Sharon stands there, trying hard to watch the jaws closing against the edges of her overly-hard nipple. It doesn't take long for her to feel those jaws start to pinch the edges of the nub. A few more seconds and they're pinching it firmly, squishing the nipple hard enough that its tip starts to rise up between the jaws. I pinch it a little more until I hear Sharon suck in a sharp breath and start to wince slightly. It tells me that she's really feeling the pinch of it.

I can plainly see that Sharon is feeling the mild discomfort of the snug pinch. It's on her face. But there's a sweetness in her breaths that tells me she doesn't mind it at all, despite what she's showing.

I pick up a feather in one hand. My other hand still holds the clamp. That I hold firmly to keep her captive nipple very still. I lightly stroke the very tip of the feather over the very tip of her trapped nipple.

Sharon immediately shudders crisply and hard. She gasps out a startled, but very sensual and slightly squeaky, "AH!" As her body shudders from the erotic sensations shooting through it, the clamp keeps the tip of her nipple perfectly still. The sharpness of the shudders has her mound squirming against the clamp. But on the other side of the clamp, the tip of that nipple is unaffected by her body. It stays fully immobile. Captive. All it can do is feel the erotic sensations of the feather's so-light caress. It's a very sweet, and equally intense, torment for Sharon. Her nipple is forced to stay still and suffer that pleasurable caress.

I give her three strokes. When I take the feather away, Sharon pants heavy sighs of relief. And just as much frustration.

I trade the feather for the other thing on the little tray Sophie brought me. A fine, 30-gauge needle. It's the thinnest needle they

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make for medical use, anyway. I keep a firm hold on the clamp, keeping Sharon's nipple precisely where it is. And perfectly still.

I put the tip of the needle almost to the very tip of Sharon's nipple, leaving a space maybe the thickness of s sheet of paper between its sharp point and her flesh. Sharon's eyes, now very edgy, are locked on my hand. I'm good at this. I snap my wrist just slightly, but also very quickly. By the time Sharon even sees it move, the needle has stabbed into that very-tender tip of her nipple and is already back out.

"AH!-OW!" Sharon squeals out. Her reflexes make her shoulder flinch to pull her breast back from the sharp stick. It stretches her mound a little, but the clamp ensures that none of the stretching makes it to her nub. That just aches from the clamp and now stings lightly from the stick. Now that it's over, Sharon pants a few fast, deep breaths laced with relief.

I stick it again, this time stabbing the sharp tip of the needle into the tip of her nipple just a little lower than the first time. Sharon reacts just the same to it. I stick her nipple again, this time moving the sharpness up above the first stick. Sharon reacts the same, squealing her shock and flinching from it. None of the sticks were deep at all. None draw blood, at least not that I can see. But I know that nipple felt all three of them.

I put the pad of my finger to the tip of her nipple. My touch is as light as the feather's was.

Sharon cries out a very sultry "UM!" as the crispest shudder yet racks her body. I start moving my finger, caressing the tip of that achingly pinched nub softly. Sharon moans the deepest, and squeakiest, yet. In about one second her moans speed up to sound like very needy pants.

It tells me that the needle did its job. It tenderized even more of her nerves, which are now enjoying my little tease.

I stop teasing her nipple. Sharon rewards me with a very strained groan of utter frustration. She clearly wants that nipple teased. And her

nerves don't seem to care if it's teased sweetly or painfully.

Luckily for me, I still have the needle in my hand. Unluckily for Sharon, my sweet caress seems to have made her forget that. I flick my wrist again. This time I send the tip of the needle stabbing straight into the very tip of her nipple. This time it's a deeper stick, piercing around half an inch into her breast. That's certainly clear through her hard nipple and into the mound behind it, but just barely. And this time I don't pull it right back out.

Sharon yelps. She tries to pull her breast away again, too, but that still doesn't happen. It takes her a second to still. She mews soft "OW!s" as she pants her breaths.

I take my hand off the needle, leaving it sticking into her nipple. Or mostly sticking out of it. I just glance up at Sharon's scrunched up face. She definitely feels it.

I use the feather to so gently stroke right alongside the shaft of the needle, caressing the tenderized flesh of her bound nipple with the feather's silky fur.

Sharon screams the hottest, most erotic, "OOH!" the goosebumps covering her breast shoot out from it, sweeping over her chest. She shudders crisp and powerfully. She cries out another desperately hot moan. Then another as I keep drawing the feather slowly over her nipple alongside the needle.

By the third caress, Sharon is moaning so deeply and so urgently that it sounds like she's having sex. And about to cum. Her jaw hangs wide open. She fidgets on her feet even as she still shivers sharply.

I decide to leave the needle where it is for a moment. The clamp, too. So I have Sophie fetch me another tray to "check" Sharon's other breast. That one reacts just the same, only a little more strongly. I attribute the extra reaction to the needle still sticking into her other, now neglected, breast. I might not be toying with that one, but Sharon is definitely feeling the firm pinch of the clamp and the sharp sticking of the needle.

# Chapter O3: A Dirty Bottom

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Now that I've taken the needles from Sharon's breasts and released her nipples from the clamps, I'd swear that her nipples are straining to find a level of hardness. The goosebumps are still there, too. She so did not mind those little pricks.

"Lie on the table, on your side, facing your husband," I tell her plainly. I don't tell her why, but I'm sure Sharon can guess that now I'm going to "check" on the catheter. She still shows a slight hesitancy, as if she's considering that I might have other ideas, but she gets up on the table. I tell her to bend her waist and knees, pulling her knees up as if she's sitting, only on her side.

Sharon pulls her legs up. I reach over and adjust their position just slightly. It's easier than trying to talk her through it. It has her pussy poking out from between the tops of her thighs. And it has the globes of her bottom pulled nicely taut, too. I've decided hers are some shapely globes that I would so love to have over my knees.

I tell Sharon to fold her hands under her head and use them for a pillow. I tell her to just look at her husband, relax and lie still, too. I've found that telling a patient, or a sub, to "just relax" inevitably makes them anxious. As if they know something unpleasant is coming.

I let Sharon hear me snap on a pair of latex gloves. I see the faintest little flinch run through her body with each snap. Then I put my fingers to the mound of Sharon's pussy. I lightly stroke my fingers over her lips, running them through her fur. It lets me feel the slit where her lips are stuck together. It lets me feel the hardness of the chastity cup under her lips, too. Which is exactly where I left it. There's nowhere for it to go. I run a fingertip around the catheter, too. It's fine, still stuck where I put it, her lips glued flush around it. I'm sure that's Sharon's problem. The cup is doing its job and doing it well. She can't get to that pussy.

She doesn't notice when I put a little dollop of lubricating gel on the tip of my first finger. I use my other hand to lift her top cheek up, pulling it high.

It bares her dime-sized asshole to my eyes. That light purplish

ring of gentle wrinkles flowing inward, then all diving straight down into a very narrow little funnel of darkness. Hers looks to be flush with the skin around it. It's cinched snugly shut, too. If any fur does come that far back, she's shaven it away. The fur I can see ends with the back edge of her lips. It leaves a narrow strip of skin between her pussy and asshole.

I put the tip of my finger against the tight ring. Reflexively it tenses to its full tightness, ready to resist the entry. I give her a second to relax. She doesn't. She stays tensed up tightly. It tells me that Colette hasn't taught her to relax her bottom and ease the way for something to slip into it. Not that it matters to me. But it does tell me that Colette hasn't invested too much training in Sharon. I didn't think she would, not with Sharon mostly watching.

I up the pressure just a little. Now I can feel her muscle. At first, it just pushes in slightly. Then it has nowhere else to go. So as I push against it her muscle steadily turns to rubber and allows my finger to stretch it as it slips into her hole. Soon I feel that tense ring of muscle clamping around my finger. And my finger slipping through the tightness rather easily on its film of grease.

"UH!" Sharon grunts uncomfortably as my finger stretches her muscle. I feel her body tense sharply with a sudden flinching. But it's not enough to make her move. Enough for me to feel, though. Just as I can feel her ring tight against my finger.

I press all of my finger into her bottom. It's the way Sharon breathes that tells me she's uncomfortable with it. Those slightly sucking, fast, deep breaths. As if she's trying to control herself and not let me see that she's uncomfortable. It's a giant red flag for me. A bright red flag. It says "mess with this toy's bottom even more." Not that I want to make her uncomfortable. That's just a bonus. I want her to realizes that she's lying there and allowing me to make her uncomfortable. Willingly allowing it.

I leave my finger still inside her bottom for a few seconds just to let her really feel its presence. She doesn't relax any. Her ring stays

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cinched tight around my finger. "Your bottom is just so full this morning, slut. It's hard to feel what I need to feel in here." I tell her. I doubt she knows me well enough to catch the taunting hint in my voice. But Sophie does. I see her smirk wide and glance down and the obviously uncomfortable woman. Sophie knows what I'm going to do. I haven't told her, but after so long as my slave, she can guess.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," Sharon replies in a very strained, and muted voice. "I didn't think you were going to poke me in my butt, Ma'am!"

"Oh, don't worry about it, slut. I'll get you a nice enema to clean it out for you!" I tell her in a very taunting voice. This time she can't miss the teasing sweetness in it. I don't give her a chance to say anything. Instead, I quickly tell Sophie to fetch me a bag-type enema with a long nozzle.

"Please, Ma'am!" Sharon balks nervously, "Please! I don't need an enema! I'll go to the bathroom! Please, Miss Rodgers, please don't make me have an enema!" Her voice raises to a newfound squeakiness, too.

"Bad slut!" I snap firmly. "You know better than to complain! You will lie there and get your enema like a big slut. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Sharon squeaks out in a very hushed voice. Her eyes avert from looking at her husband. HE obediently keeps his eyes straight ahead, which has them on Sharon's front as she lies there. I put him there so he could see Sharon as I "check" her. Not what I'm doing, but her reactions to it. I am confident it will get him very hot. "but PLEASE! Ma'am, Please! Will you please at least give me a very small one? Please, Ma'am? Please, don't make me have a big one, Ma'am. PLEASE!"

"I warned you, slut," I tell her in my firmest voice. "You just added two ounces of pure discomfort to your enema. And you can add two more every time you speak. You will behave that filthy butt of your, slut. You will lie there still and take your enema like a big slut. You will not whine about it. It's for your own good, slut. You shouldn't be walking around with such a disgusting bottom. You should be glad I'm cleaning it out for you. Now, shut up."

Sharon starts trembling. She doesn't dare speak again. She lies there, trembling, and doing everything she can to avoid looking at her husband. Interesting. She doesn't want him to see this. How vain.

I slip my finger out of Sharon's bottom. She breathes out a deep sigh of relief. It's going to be short-lived, though. Sophie is already putting the enema nozzle in my hand. It's the long one, the one I asked for. It's narrow, no thicker than a pencil, but it's about 10" long. Like the tip of her catheter, it's stiff but flexible enough to easily bend if needed to adjust to the angles of her bowels.

It's a pre-lubricated tip. I just pop a little cap off its end and put it's slick tip against Sharon's very tightly cinched ring of wrinkles. Sharon quivers and groans a muted, squeaky, "OH!" I press. The tip is too narrow for her asshole to really resist it. It just slips right through her ring and starts sliding into her bottom.

Sophie hangs the bag from a hook. It's a clear bag that holds a full liter of a yellowish fluid. The color is just food coloring. It's there to tell me what's in the bag. The yellow tells me it's mineral oil. Arguably, that's the most embarrassing one. It won't affect what's already in her bowels. That will stay just as it is now. It will just fill her up and force her to go.

I push all of the thin nozzle into Sharon's bottom. That puts the tip of it almost all the way at the very back of her rectum. With the oilbased enema, it does make a slight difference since the oil won't soften her stool up. Filling her from the back will push everything else toward the inside of her asshole. Filling her from the front, with a short nozzle, would push it all to the back. My way, it will make her waste come out before too much of the fluid. It ensures she will empty herself fully.

Sharon lies there groaning her muted whines as I slip it into her bottom. By then Sophie has the bag hung up. I can see Terrance's eyes widen a little when he sees how big the bag is. I just flip the little plastic clamp and the yellow begins to flow. I even have one of those spinning wheel flow meters on the tube, just under the bag, so that Terrence can see that it's really flowing!

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"EEE!" Sharon squeals loudly, "It's so cold!" It's not really cold. It's room temperature, so around 75 degrees. It just feels cold against her 100-degree body heat. But it also ramps up her quivering just a little. And her whines start to quickly grow more strained.

She's barely taken four or five ounces. It's about what the small disposable enemas they sell in drug stores have. Already Sharon is whining "OH... OW..." under her breath. She's not moving. But she's far from still.

It only takes another ounce or so for Sharon to blurt out "Please, stop! I'm full! I'm so full! Please, stop! Please, let go to the bathroom!"

I put a hand to the bare cheek of her bottom and give it a light caressing stroke. "Bad slut," I scold her firmly. "I told you to lie there. I will tell you when you're full. Now, add two more ounces to your enema and shut up."

Sharon sobs lightly. She kind of shuts up. Now she whines under her breath instead of loudly. But nothing on her is still. Every part of her body is fidgeting and squirming around.

I decide to be nice and give her some advice. Advice that I know she's never going to take. I tell Sharon to lie still and relax. That the tenser she is, the more uncomfortable she's going to be. If she relaxes it won't be as unpleasant for her. I even remind her that I'm not feeling anything. She looks like she tries to still and relax, but she doesn't come close.

I stoke my hand along her back and thighs. It lets me feel the tension in her muscles. It's not a constant tension, but a fast-moving, trembling, tension. She is so resisting the enema. And resistance truly is futile. She squirms and whines.

I stand there, keeping an eye on her as her bottom slowly fills up with the oily fluid.

She gets to about twelve ounces before she cries out. This time she doesn't actually say anything. She just shrieks a squealing "OW!" as her hands move down to hug her stomach. The first light cramps must

be hitting her now. They won't be in her stomach, but lower, behind her bushy pubes. They won't be sharp, either. Not yet anyway. I'm not planning to give her that much. Unless she makes me.

Sharon pants very fast, deep, and stressed breaths as she lies there. Each breath is laced with an "OW" that sounds more squealy than the last. Her fidgeting grows stronger, too. It's as if her knees are trying to pull up to her chest, and she's constantly stopping them. As if her feet are trying to dance or something. Her toes curling up. Her hands balled into fists against her hips, her forearms crossed over the bottom of her stomach. Even her head fidgets and rolls, it's motions small but energetic. Every part of her. Enough so that I can see her breasts jiggling slightly from it, too.

Sharon whines. Her cries of "OW!" not getting any louder for fear of two more ounces, but coming faster and with a sharper note in her voice. She takes it badly. Vividly and graphically uncomfortable. I give her 16 ounces, the same amount as a bottle of water holds. It's what she was going to get. I don't give her any extra for her two sins. But Sharon doesn't know that. I have no doubt that she's utterly convinced that she's gotten every drop of those "punishment ounces."

I just squeeze the little clamp and it pinches off the line. The wheel stops turning now that the fluid is no longer flowing. Sharon doesn't seem to notice. She fidgets away and whines. But she does notice the nozzle as it begins slipping backward and out of her bottom. It doesn't hurt. She probably barely feels it. Nothing more than the sliding of the plastic over her flesh. And despite the tightness of her muscle, the tube slides so easily on its film of grease. As soon as it's tip slips from Sharon's bottom, her asshole snaps to full-clenching tightness.

Sharon lies there, fidgeting, and panting somewhat muted whines of "MM!" over and over again. I can see her face is scrunched up tightly, too. And I can see that Terrence isn't averting his eyes. Despite Sharon's appearance of distress. I know she's uncomfortable, it would be impossible not to be, but I wonder if she's not just as aroused by it. It's so hard to tell with her pussy sealed up so tightly!

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"You are going to lie there for two full minutes. You are going to lie still, not squirming around like some eager worm. When you finally behave, I'll think about letting you relieve that blossoming pressure in your bottom." I tell her in my taunting voice. This one I mean. At least mostly. Sharon is going to lie there for a while. Eventually, she'll behave. Or eventually, I'll decide she won't ever. It wouldn't do me any good to leave her there forever.

Sharon tries to still. Her fidgeting quickly ebbs. But it doesn't stop.

I put a hand to Sharon's feet, stroking my fingers over the tops of her toes. "Bad toes. They must like that swelling pressure in your bottom. Good toes wouldn't curl up and wiggle." I use my hand to straighten out her toes. Her muscles are tensed, taking me some pressure to move them. But once I have them straight, she keeps them from curling up again.

I put my hand to her calf and stroke that softly. I scold her calf for wiggling, too. Then I hold it still for a moment. When I release it, it stays still.

I still her shoulders the same way. As soon as those stop moving, Sharon starts panting deeper, more stress in her voice, but not faster. I doubt she could pant any faster.

Then I move to her hands. I scold them for not being where I told them to be. I feel a sharp twitch from her arms as I do, Sharon trying to pull her arms up. I hold her wrists still. Then I start slowly raising her hands back up to her head. I put them where I wanted them. She doesn't fight me.

I put my hand to Sharon's stomach very lightly. All the way down, to where my fingers are slipping through the long, fine hairs of her bush. I don't press on her. I just stroke her stomach softly with my hand. And I tell her that now she's being a good slut. My tender caresses quiet the fussing woman a little.

She lasts a minute, maybe almost two. Then I feel the muscles in

her stomach suddenly stiffen up to steel. As they do, they pull her hips up a little, bending her waist a little more. And she cries out a very loud "UH!" in her squeakiest voice yet. She immediately begins panting very strained "MM-OW!s" over and over again.

"Bad slut!" I scold her firmly. "I told you you are going to lie still. I'll restart your clock for you." I add tauntingly. I move her legs back to their place, both her knees and waist perfectly bent. Then I start rubbing her stomach for her again.

Now it's time to make her think about what she's doing. To remind of her obedient submission. That she's willingly lying here despite her discomfort. "You really want to go potty, don't you slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Sharon cries out very hopefully. "OH, please, Miss Rodgers, Please! I'm going to explode if I don't! I'm too full!"

I keep rubbing her waistline as I put my other hand to her top cheek and start caressing that, too. What can I say, her cheeks are firm and soft. Great cheeks. They deserve to be caressed. "No. You are going to wait until you've behaved."

I take my hands from Sharon's body, but quickly put them to her shoulders. "You need to relax and stop trying to fight it." I start gently kneading her shoulders, very softly, very tenderly, and very deftly.

Sharon doesn't last two seconds. She screams out "OH!!!" It's a long, ear-splittingly loud, and very sultry cry. I keep massaging her shoulders. It forces her to relax. She screams out "OH!" again, only this time it turns into a drawn-out "OOH!" that is overly-sweet. That gives way to pants as fast as if she were hyperventilating. Too fast for any words. Just very stressed "OW!s" that are laced with a sultriness.

"There, now you're relaxed." I take my hand off her bottom shoulder and use it to caress up and down her spine. "Doesn't that feel better? Or at least not so bad?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Sharon blurts out in a breathy, deep voice that's still squeaky. And loud. "I'm not cramping anymore, Miss Rodgers, but PLEASE! I'm too full! I've never had to go so badly in my life! Please,

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Miss Rodgers, please, don't make me lie here and explode all over myself! Please! OhmyG-d, my bottom is too full! I can't..."

I put my hand back to Sharon's waistline. Again I start teasing her with tender little caresses. This time, after a few seconds, for Sharon to get used to my hand touching her, I let my fingers wander a little lower into her bush with every few strokes. It doesn't take long until my fingers are fully in her dense fur.

I don't have to press. Even though all that flesh, I can feel the sharp tremors shooting through her pussy. They're so crisp! Each one racks her pussy hard. It's like someone is defibrillating her pussy. It's snapping that powerfully. And that has got to be aching her! I pretend I don't notice it. I let Sharon believe that I can't feel it through her flesh.

"See, slut?" I taunting say. "You can behave! You've made it two minutes. Would you like my slave to take you potty now?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Sharon blurts out so eagerly I doubt she's even heard what I said. She only heard that relief might actually be coming.

"If I allow you to go, you have to go properly so that you fully empty your bottom and I don't have to give you another enema. Are you going to mind my slave if I have her take you potty?"

"Yes, Ma'am! I'll go however you want me to! Please, May I please go now?"

"No. You will stand up straight and properly. You will stand still. You will wait until my slave is ready to take you and supervise you on the potty. When you move, the pressure in your bottom will quickly get stronger for a few seconds. You will not let the pressure slow you down or stop you. You will keep going. Show me that you're willing to behave if my slave takes you potty." Get up now, slut."

"Yes, Ma'am..." Sharon answers in a voice that breaks it's so nervous. She starts to move. She doesn't even start to sit up when she screams out "EE-OW!" I see her muscles stiffen reflexively, and that makes her scream again. A little louder this time, too. She slows just a little. I knew she would, so I pretend that I don't notice it. She clearly

has to make herself keep moving. But she gets up. She gets her hands behind her back. She stands there. She faces her husband. Other than the scrunched up look of agony on her face, there isn't a clue that her bottom is full.

I wait for just a few seconds. "Slave, take this slut potty."

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie answer in her sweetest voice. The voice she reserves for me. She steps over and stands facing Sharon. She has to look up slightly to stare into Sharon's eyes. "Listen to me, slut. You will do as I say, and nothing else. Misbehave, and I swear, I will beg my Mistress to allow me to whip your bottom bloody before she gives you a much larger enema!" Sophie reaches behind Sharon's back and takes hold of one of Sharon's hands. She holds it softly and affectionately. She brings it around front. "Now come with slut."

"Yes, Ma'am, thank you, Miss Slave, thank you!" Sharon rambles on. She allows Sophie to lead her across the hall to the bathroom. Sharon walks behind Sophie, shuffling her feet fast to keep pace with the slave-girl while taking tiny baby steps.

I just watch as Sophie handles the dirty job for me.

Sophie walks Sharon to the toilet. She tells her to sit on it, but not to use it just yet. She tells Sharon to spread her knees as wide as they'll go, then to put her feet the same distance apart. She has Sharon sit up straight. Eyes locked forward. She has Sharon rest her left hand atop the center of her thigh. Sophie doesn't let go of Sharon's right hand.

"If you're ready to poo-poo, you may *ask* permission to go. Humbly and politely, of course."

"Miss Slave, please, Ma'am, please, may I please have permission to goo poo-poo now, Ma'am? Please, Ma'am, I'll behave if you'll let me! I swear, I'll do it however you say to! Please, Miss Slave, please, Ma'am, may I please be allowed to potty now?"

Sophie kneels in front of Sharon, still holding Sharon's hand. She stares at Sharon, making sure that Sharon has to see Sophie watching her. Then she tells Sharon to "push very hard and keep pushing" so that

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she gets "all the filth" out of her bottom.

Sharon pushes. Her bottom explodes as it lets out a powerful torrent. Sophie has a close and full view of everything. "That's a good girl, slut!" Sophie says in her "talking to a two-year-old" voice. "Look at all that mess! Keep pushing, slut!"



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When Sophie finally brings Sharon back, I immediately tell Sharon to get back up onto the table. This time on her hands and knees. With her thighs straight up and down, her waist bent ninety degrees, and her knees spread wide. Then with her hands forward along the edges of the table to get her back straight. Her head up, too. It leaves Terrence with a side-on view of her, but that's fine now. It also leaves the tube of the catheter dangling down from the mound of her pussy, and nothing blocking the sight of it.

I'm not making Sharon hold her head up just to strain her neck muscles. It keeps her eyes forward. It keeps them from seeing anything behind her, like me, and what I'm doing. It limits her vision to the wall in front of her, which offers her no hints. She won't have a clue what's happening until she feels something happening to her.

I'm pretty sure she's expecting it when she feels the tip of my gloved and greased finger touch against the outside of her asshole again. After all, her "dirty" bottom "interfered" with my "checking" of it. It should be so obvious that I'm going to have to repeat the checking without the interference.

She grunts again, a very uncomfortable "UH!" as my finger pushes so easily through her tensed ring. A ring that I suspect is just a tiny bit tender now after that torrent exploded through it. I just casually press my finger, feeling her muscle give and turn to rubber as I begin slipping into her tightness. Again her muscle snuggles firmly around my finger, squeezing it, but not slowing its progress. It doesn't even add any drag. I slip all of my finger into Sharon's bottom.

"Slut, you need to be relaxed for me to properly probe your rectum. Relax."

"I'm trying, Ma'am! I swear, I'm trying! Please, it's just so... I hate it up my butt, Ma'am! I'm trying!" Sharon nervously answers. Actually, it comes across as more begging than answering.

"Okay, slut... just calm down. Take a deep breath and hold it in. Then push hard. As hard as you can. Just like you're trying to go potty and can't. Push. You'll feel your bottom relax. Keep pushing and keep

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yourself relaxed, and make it easy for me to probe your rectum very thoroughly."

"Yes, Ma'am..." Now Sharon sounds edgy again. A little hushed, too. It takes her several seconds before I hear her suck in a very noisy breath. Then a couple of more seconds before I finally feel her pushing. Mostly I feel it at her asshole. Her ring pushes back against the webbing of my fingers. With nowhere to go, it turns soft and rubbery as it begins to loosen up and expand a little. Now her ring isn't squeezing my finger anymore. It just lightly lies against it.

I start to move my finger, curving it slightly to press the pad of my finger down against the filmy-thin membrane that's Sharon's rectum. It will let me feel the paper-thin wall of smooth muscle beyond. And beyond that, the spongy walls of her pussy.

I've barely even started to move my finger when I hear Sharon squeal a very loud "OOH!" Her hips snap as they shudder. And her asshole tightens around my finger again, squeezing it hard as if trying to still it. I scold her "bad girl, slut! Relax your bottom, now!"

I have to give her a few seconds for her hips to still from that crisp shudder. Then a few more for her to suck in another noisy breath. And a few more before I feel her ring start softening around my finger again. I wait a few more seconds to give Sharon a chance to settle into the push.

Then I start to curve my finger down again. Sharon instantly squeals a slightly louder "OOH!" that's pure sensual urgency. And her hips shudder a little crisper as her asshole snaps back to full tension around my finger.

Two are all the tries I'm going to give Sharon. It's one more than I'd give a sub. At least one I knew had played before. But I'm still not quite sure how far Colette has taken Sharon. I'm doubting Colette has done much, if anything, with Sharon's bottom. At least Sharon acts like she's a virgin back here. As if she's experiencing all of this for the first time. I slowly ease my finger back out of Sharon's bottom.

As soon as the last of my finger slips from Sharon's tensed ring, Sharon breathes out a noisy sigh of relief. Otherwise, she stays put.

I tell Sophie to fetch me an anal speculum. Sophie giggles as she says she will and hurries off to get it. Sharon shudders hard, and very anxiously, as she just hears me ask for it. I wonder if she even knows what it is. Then again, it is exactly what it sounds like. "Since you want to be a bad girl and refuse to relax your bottom while I check every last bit of your rectum, I'm going to dilate your anus so you won't have to worry about relaxing it for it, slut." Telling her gets a slight, but noticeable, nervous quiver running through her body. Just what I wanted to do!

Sophie brings me the requested implement. It looks like it could be out of a horror movie. But it's a real, and oft-used, medical implement. It looks a lot like the larger (and commonly plastic) speculums every gynecologist would use to examine a pussy in depth. This one is made of surgical steel. It's smaller. With its opposing blades closed, they form a generally tube shape no bigger than my thumb. It has a handle to hold it, but it uses a little thumbscrew to spread those blades slowly. They'll stretch plenty wide enough, though.

I quickly smear a little bit of the lubricating jelly on the tips of the two blades. The thin edges of those blades, even fully closed, are a hair wider than the funnel of her asshole. It leaves them snug against the ring of her muscle once I put them to her bottom. Sharon groans out a very nervous "OH!" muting it as much as she can once she feels the cold steel pressing around her opening, not into it. It tells her this is going to be wider, and thus less comfortable, than anything I've put in her bottom so far.

It makes me wiggle the spreader, rocking it gently from side to side for a few seconds. As I do it doesn't take but a rock or two for the edge of one blade to slide into Sharon's funnel. Then as I rock it to the other side, that one stays inside her ring, pushing against her muscle and opening it just slightly. It's enough for the other blade to slide into Sharon's ring as well.

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Closed, the blades angle slightly inward until their tips almost fully touch. They probably would if they weren't rounded. I press the spreader. The blades start slipping steadily forward. As they do, they stretch Sharon's ring slightly. Sharon squeals out a few more "AH!s" as I press the entire length of it, about two inches, into her bottom.

I hold it by the handle, which points downward. And that has my hand brushing against the outsides of her sealed and furry lips. I start turning the thumbscrew slowly, steadily. As I do, it opens the blades. The blades that are now fully through Sharon's asshole, their sides pressing against her unhappy muscle. The blades that force her muscle to stretch, no matter how hard Sharon tries to resist it.

Sharon quickly feels the smooth blades as they begin to stretch her taut muscle. She quivers as she kneels. I've barely begun to spread her asshole when she starts squealing whiny "MM!s" over and over again very quickly. They're fairly muted. They don't so much get louder as they get whinier, more squealy, with each fraction of a turn on that thumbscrew.

This isn't exactly a punishment for Sharon. It's more of a consequence. Sharon was told to relax and allow her bottom to be poked. She didn't. Now I'm taking it out of her hands. Yet I do want this to be less comfortable for her than simply relaxing would have been. She's got to learn to obey! So I intend to open her asshole a bit wider than my finger would have stretched it. Then again, given how petite my fingers are, that's not saying a lot.

I keep steadily turning it. The blades steadily creep apart, stretching her asshole and pulling its muscle tauter as they go. At first, Sharon's asshole stays rounded as it opens. Even when it's opened wide enough for my finger to slip between those blades. But then, as I keep opening her ring, it starts to take on a slightly oval shape, rounded on the sides where her muscle is flush against the steel, then a bit flatter on the top and bottom where that muscle is spanning the distance between the blades.

Now Sharon's groans start to take on a strained note. A note that

tells me she's feeling the light burning in that muscle as it's stretched wider and pulled tauter than it's used to. I take another turn or two until I hear a real uncomfortable strain in Sharon's voice. One I know she's not faking. Or exaggerating.

It leaves her asshole gaping wide, maybe an inch across or even a little more. I know she feels herself stretched open. And I know it doesn't really hurt, but it is far from comfortable for her.

It affords me a view through the blades and into her rectum. It's pinkish-red, lined with thick cord-like veins. It's soft, even stretched open this far. It sags and bulges in places, it's pinkness hanging gown or swelling up a bit. Eventually, about halfway back, a couple of inches past the edges of the blades, it closes back together, the membrane lying against itself. It's also spotlessly clean inside. The enema did its job. And the oil in it left a very thin film on Sharon's insides that make them glisten.

I can easily put my finger through the spreader. There's nothing but a metal ring against the outside of her asshole to hold the blades. The blades extending to the sides, leaving the bottom of her rectum unhindered. And that's the part of it that lies against the spongy soft walls of her pussy tunnel. The part I want to tease.

I put my finger through the spreader. It enters her rectum without touching her body at all, my finger in the space where her insides gape. When I move my finger to put its pad against her insides, the first she feels is when I touch her. That's the first she knows that I'm even inside her bottom.

Sharon squeals a loud, "EE!" yelp that pure shock. As if saying "what's that? Where did it come from? Why didn't I feel anything?!?" She shivers, and her hips wiggle just a little.

Until she feels the pressure of my finger against the backside of those pussy walls. Then Sharon moans out a very deep, sensual, and squeaky, moan. It's long. It's hot. Her hips wiggle hard. But that only draws her insides over the pad of my finger. Which does every bit as good of a job of teasing those walls as I could do by massaging them.

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I can feel the heat of her pussy this way. It has got to feel blow torch hot to Sharon. It feels that hot to me. I can feel the tremors too. Tremors that start as little snapping sparks erupting through those soft walls. Then they shoot, like lightning, along her nerve lines, tingling their way along. The tingles are plenty to make the muscles of her wall tense up as the fiery charge shoots through. That instantaneous tensing and relaxing create the twitching tremors. Tremors that are steadily growing stronger. Soon they're going to turn into all-out squeezing hard contractions of those muscles. Snapping contractions that are a sure sign she's cumming. I'll bet she would be so shocked and embarrassed if I made her cum this way. If she wasn't being punished by Colette with orgasmic denial, I probably would. But I'm a firm believer that a slut needs to serve her punishment in full.

"Stay still, slut!" I snap firmly, but without raising my voice to her. Just enough of a snap to let Sharon know I expect obedience.

"I'm sorry, Miss Rodgers..." Sharon answers, her voice breaking, nervous, and slightly sobbing despite its hushed shyness. She definitely does not want Terrence to know anything now.

I wiggle my finger again. Sharon squeals another, deeper and needier, moan. She squirms again, too. She's just not going to behave for this. Because it's arousing her too much.

I tell Sophie to bring me a pair of huge syringes. Both of them 16 ounce-sized. But one of them (I already have them set out for Sophie in the cabinet) is filled with sterile water. The other is empty. Sophie fetches them, staying behind Sharon where Sharon can't see what Sophie is getting. Or what I'm doing. All Sharon knows is that, at least for the moment, she's not feeling my finger teasing her pussy anymore.

I doubt she feels me take the base end of the catheter in my hand. The tube is hanging loose and free down from her mound, touching nothing. The only place it does touch her is on the edges of her lips, and it's glued to those. I use a plastic clamp to pinch off the tube so there won't be a mess. Then I unthread the spring-loaded valve and thread the empty syringe onto it. I release the clamp. But with the syringe there,

nothing happens.

Then I start to draw the plunger back. It sucks the pee from her bladder. Immediately the syringe starts to fill with the golden color of it. A deep golden color, but not unusually deep. More like it's been a while since she's peed kind of deep hue. I keep drawing the syringe back, pulling all of the pee out of her until she's fully drained. I get about seven ounces, which isn't a lot.

Sharon has to feel that. Or rather she has to feel that her bladder is draining. That's all she'll feel. She won't feel herself peeing. She won't feel the suction. Only that her bladder is steadily getting emptier. I'm sure she'll guess that I'm draining her.

Once Sharon's fully drained, I switch the syringes. Now the syringe attached to her catheter is the one full of water. I start very slowly pushing the plunger. This, I can imagine, is definitely going to be a very weird and unimagined sensation for Sharon.

"OOH!" Sharon squeals very anxiously as soon as she feels it. She feels her bladder suddenly starting to fill far quicker than it ever has before. It's because I'm pushing all that water through the catheter and into her bladder.

She gets about half of it before she starts to really feel it. I mean to feel the urge to pee starting to bloom. Once she feels that, she starts panting a little fast, her breaths taking on a whiny, squealy, and very edgy note. I wonder what she's thinking. Because now she's about as full as she had been. If I'd had any other way of knowing how full she was I might not have bothered to drain her. But I don't want to overfill her.

By the time Sharon has about three-quarters of it, her anxious squeals have turned to strained "MM!s" And I start to see her body tensing up. Even her breathing starts to grow raspy and ragged. I can see her face scrunching up, too.

The syringe holds 16 ounces. It's enough to rather completely fill her bladder, without overtaxing it. I mean fill. To somewhere around

#### Chapter 04: The Tease

triple the point of where Sharon felt the desire to go pee. Close, but not to, its limit. And well beyond what's going to be comfortable for Sharon.

I keep pushing the plunger, slowing just a little.

Sharon's groans become louder. "AH!... OH, AH!... OW!" She's not still, either. She fidgets with increasing energy. Energy that increases in time with the squeakiness of her whines.

By the time the plunger bottoms out, Sharon's eyes are wet. The tears haven't rolled down her cheeks yet, but her eyes are wet enough for it. Her sobs are pitiful squeals. "PLEASE!" Sharon blurts out in a very urgent plea, "It hurts! I have to pee! I have to pee so bad it hurts! Please, Miss Rodgers, will you please let just a little of it OUT OF ME!"

I have the perfect punishment for her un-submissive plea. I set the empty syringe, still attached to the catheter, and blocking Sharon from peeing, on the table. I take my time walking around to the head of the table and lowering face a little so I'm looking Sharon straight in the eyes. My face is only a few inches from hers.

"Oh, do you want to pee, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am, please, I have to pee so bad it hurts too much!"

"So pee."

"I CAN'T!!! I've tried! I can't pee! Please, Ma'am, please!"

I giggle. "That's because I want your bladder full now. So it's full. When I want it empty, I will drain it. You will pee when I want you to pee. It doesn't matter to me if you are comfortable or not. You might want to pee worse than ever before in your useless life, but it's not going to injure you to have a completely full, hard, bladder. So you will be a good slut and wait until I decide you will pee. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Now the first tear runs down Sharon's cheek as she very quietly accepts her fate. And the full bladder that comes with it.

"If you really want to pee, you will stay very still while I check that

catheter. Otherwise, I'll just keep starting over until you do. You definitely won't be peeing until I'm done. Got it, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Sharon answers in the same reluctantly subserviently-muted voice.

I take my time returning to the far side of the table where I have complete access to her catheter and her bottom. The bottom with her asshole still gaping wide.

I again slip my finger into Sharon's rectum without touching her so she won't know that my finger is there. Then I lie the pad of my finger along the bottom of her rectum. I feel a very crisp and powerful tremor snap under my finger the instant I touch her.

A bladder swells up as it fills. As it does, it takes up space and displaces other organs. In this case, it's pushing snugly against the other side of those pussy walls. As I put the slightest pressure against her rectum and her pussy walls beyond, those spongy walls are trapped and squished between my finger and her hard bladder. It leaves them nowhere to go. And squeezes all of the give out of them. It leaves those walls with nothing to do except to feel the full force of my tender little strokes over them.

Sharon doesn't even last a fraction of a stroke. She screams a very loud, and throaty deep moaning "UH!" She draws it out until her lungs run out of air. And there isn't a hint of squeakiness to it. Just pure sultriness. Her hips snap, bucking violently upward and slamming back as if trying to impale her bottom on my slender finger. A shudder just as crisp sweeps over her body as it moves.

I ignore it. For now. I finish the first teasing stroke across those walls. Sharon snaps a second wild bucking with her hips as I do. Then, as I lift some of the pressure off her walls, Sharon pants very hungry and fast breaths.

"You slut!" I scold her in my mean-girl bully voice. "I told you to behave and be still. We'll just try again."

"Yes, Ma'am..." Sharon's voice mutes a few more decibels.

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"Please, Ma'am, please! I'll never hold still for that, Ma'am! I just can't! It's too good! Please don't make stay like this forever, Ma'am! Please!"

"Hold still, slut." I tease her bottom again. She snaps so hard that her back arches up and her knees briefly rise off the table. She lands with a slight thud on it.

I scold her and tease her a few more times. She doesn't hold still. I know she's never going to. But that's not what I'm waiting for. I'm waiting for what I feel right now. The very edge of an orgasm. The sharp twitches beginning in her pussy, ready to snap into full orgasm with the lightest tease. The absolute most aroused she can get. I don't want to imagine how badly her pussy has to be throbbing its ache right now.

I just take my finger out without a word to Sharon and start drawing the plunger of the syringe back. I pull it as slowly as I can. And it allows the pee to flow out of her bladder just as slowly. It must take me a couple of torturous minutes to fully drain Sharon's bladder.

I make it take almost as long to release the spreader holding her asshole stretched wide and slip that out. It takes a few seconds for her gaping ring to cinch back to its fully closed tightness.



# Chapter 05: I'm Sorry, Husband

Now that I'm done with Sharon's tease, only because she can't stand much more of a teasing, I have her stand up beside the table. I tell her to face me which has her side to her husband. But we're now right in front of him, maybe two feet from his knees, but maybe less than that. I spend a couple of minutes harshly scolding Sharon for being such a naughty slut. She knew there was nothing wrong with her catheter. Her only problem is that she's just a horny slut. She's wasted everyone's time. And I'm sure her Mistress will be discussing that with her. Or more likely, her Mistress' whip will be discussing it with her bare bottom.

Sharon apologizes and tried to explain that she's never been this horny before in her life. She can't imagine that she could even be this horny. Her pussy aches far too badly. She's going crazy. And she's sure the world can see just how aroused she is. She can't even sit still.

I tell her she'd better have a better excuse for Colette if she expects to have any skin left on her bottom once Colette sees her. Then I tell her that she needs to apologize to her husband for wasting his time, too.

She turns to him and starts to open her mouth.

I slap her face, stunning her. She did not expect to be slapped. I scold her to get on her knees like "an utterly worthless slut," which she is. She quickly kneels before her husband. And she gives him a very sweet and prolific apology that takes her almost two minutes.

"Now you can make it up to him for wasting his admittedly worthless time. Stand up."

Sharon gets to her feet.

"Now make it up to him like the cheap gutter slut you are, slut." I tell her. She doesn't know what I mean for her to do. This is new to her. I know that. So after a half of a second's pause, I tell her to spread her feet about halfway to their widest. That's how far apart I want them. She obeys.

I tell her to put her hands on the edges of the seat he's sitting on, gripping the edge at his hips. I watch as Sharon leans over to do it. And

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see the puzzlement on both of their faces as they wonder what I am going to make them do now.

I tell Sharon that her hands are not to move, no matter what. She promises me they won't, but the anxiousness in her voice tells me she's far from sure they won't. I have her scoot her feet back a bit until her back is flat again. It has her head a foot or so above Terrence's thighs.

I put my hands to Sharon's head and turn it so she's looking straight down. It has her glaring at his crotch. I'm sure she can see the bulge in it. I can. "Stay, slut." I tell Sharon firmly.

"Slave, show me what this little boy has to offer." I use my teasingly sweet voice.

"Oh, YES, Mistress! Gladly, Mistress!" Sophie answers. She is into guys. And she loves the rare occasions I treat her by allowing her to touch a real cock. But that's about all I'll allow her to do. Sophie's pussy has never known a man, and it's going to stay that way. It's mine, and I hate sharing. Sophie can live with masturbating it when I deign to allow her relief from her aches. And she gladly accepts that as her fate in life. But it doesn't make her any less eager to toy with a cock when I'll allow her to.

With Terrence's hands bound behind him, there's nothing he can do except for sitting there and just letting whatever happen. So that's what he does. He sits there.

Sophie very softly unbuttons and unzips his pants. She opens them to expose a pair of boring white briefs. Men. They have no taste in underwear! Sophie pushes the waistband of his briefs down very slowly. And even more gently. It's not long before I see the top of his dark and curly bush. And far less than another inch before his stiff cock pops out of the waistband and stands up for Sophie. She ignores it, moving his briefs the rest of the way down until they're out of the way, a little space between them and his shaft.

It's not the greatest cock I've seen. Not even the greatest this week. It looks to be about average. In other words, just as boring as the

underwear it lives in! I'd guess it's five inches long, maybe a small fraction more. And it's maybe an inch across. But it is circumcised. That's a plus. It lets the bulbous purple head of his cock stand out full atop that steely hard shaft.

Sophie puts her fingers to his cock very tenderly. Her skin is exceptionally delicate and thus very feminine. She cradles his cock loosely in her hand. She takes a single stroke, masturbating it just that tiny bit. It's enough for his cock to twitch in her hand. A twitch that gets a sweet giggle from Sophie. She keeps it in her hand, opening her finger just a little to bare its underside. Then she so lightly strokes the tips of her fingers along its length. That gets her a couple of twitches from it. She teases the fat head of it by swirling her finger lightly around the sides of it. It twitches hard, almost jumping. It might well have jumped if Sophie wasn't steadying it.

"Quit playing with that toy!" I teasingly scold Sophie. She knows I'm teasing her, too, that I'm not the least displeased with her. "It's not like it's big enough to be an actual cock!"

Sophie just slips her hand, inching it slowly, down to the base of his shaft. She lets her fingers slip around a little until they find his balls. She uses her hand to steady his cock, aiming its tip right up at Sharon's face.

Sharon has obediently stood mute and watched as the very pretty, and much younger, Sophie played with her husband's cock. She didn't hear a single objection from Terrence, either. But few men would object to a sweet little tease from Sophie. There's just something so overtly erotic in the touch of her so-delicate skin.

I move Sharon's head for her, pushing it down until her lips are touching the tip of Terrence's cock. I hold it there. I'm sure Sharon can guess what she's expected to do now. But this is a rather unusual position for her to do it in. Almost any woman would get on her knees for it, not stand on her feet to do.

I don't bother giving Sharon instructions. I use one hand to grip the back of her head, my other hand gripping her underneath her jaw.

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That way I can just pinch the corners of her jaw and force it to stretch wide open. Once her jaw is gaping its widest, I start her head moving down.

She doesn't resist me. She lets me steadily push her head down. As it lowers, Terrence's cock first rests against her soft tongue. Then it slides along that tongue, inching its way into her mouth.

He doesn't have that much cock. Sharon easily takes about twothirds of it into her mouth before I feel the tip of his shaft touching the back of her mouth. That's when I feel her reflexively begin to tense up as she nears gagging on the hard shaft.

I don't stop her, even though I know it's the point where she'd stop if she could. I make her keep lowering her head. She quickly gags. And I make her keep going. Sharon gags a little harder. Now I feel the tension in her muscles as instinct begins to resist. I make her keep going the last little bit. She gags, but there's not quite enough cock to choke her. Nor is it long enough to press against the narrow tube of her throat. Close, but not there. Just to go deeper into her mouth than she's used to. Or comfortable with. I don't stop her head until her lips are flush against his pubes.

I reverse her stroke. As I do I ease the pressure on her jaw just a little and let it close enough that her lips are lightly gliding along his hardness. I keep Sharon's head moving until she's let almost all of his cock out of her mouth. Only the bulbous head of it remains in her mouth. Then I reverse her stroke again and force her to go all the way back down, taking every bit of his shaft into her mouth.

Terrence purrs very eagerly and sweetly. I guess that's his way of letting Sharon know that he's liking what's happening. Then again, he's male, and what man wouldn't like a blow job where she swallowed all of his length?

Sharon isn't nearly so comfortable as Terrence is. That's my doing. It's not just that she's unused to taking all of a cock, which forces her to ignore her gag reflex, either. It's the way she's standing. She has to bend her elbows to lower her head. And she has to lean forward, past

the point where her back is even with the floor. I making her do it all by bending at her waist, keeping her back fairly rigid as she moves. It's definitely unusual for her. But it also has his cock slipping into a fairly straightly-aligned mouth which eases it for Sharon.

I keep her moving, guiding her through about a dozen strokes. By then she's no longer gagging. Now it's decision time. I know Sharon really enjoys having her body taken and used, like an inanimate sex toy, to pleasure Terrence. But I want her to learn to really suck a cock, too. I decide that she's not my toy, so if Colette wants to build on this tidbit of knowledge, Colette can do it. I'll use Sharon like a fuck toy. It will arouse her. And she deserves to be aroused. And to suffer the denial of waiting.

I keep hold of her head, using my arms to move to it. Even when Sharon tries to take over and do it herself, I won't let her. I hold her head and make her feel me fucking his cock with her mouth. Feel me doing everything for her.

It doesn't take long at all for that to have the effect everyone knew it would. I see Sharon's hips starting to squirm as if she's trying to squish her pussy with her thighs and rub herself. I ignore it, knowing that I have her feet too far apart for that to succeed even if the chastity cup wasn't there to block it. I call it double protection. Like using a second condom! Only this protection is against Sharon cumming.

Terrence squirms hard in his seat. I hear a light rattle from the chains of his cuffs as his hands want to come up. They can't. He squirms a little more. He sits there and watches as I use Sharon's mouth on his cock. He must like her being used this way as much as she does.

It doesn't take but a couple of minutes until I see Terrence start stiffening up. Then, a moment later, I hear the loud, satisfied grunt from him. At the same time, I see that sharp twitches racking his cock, or at least the part of it that's visible beneath Sharon's lips.

At the same time, I feel a hard jerking from Sharon's neck. As the first spurt of his cream hits the back of her mouth, she tries to lift her head away. What a worthless slut!

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I don't let her. I hold her head tightly and force it to keep moving as if Terrence wasn't cumming, let alone shooting that cum into her mouth. She struggles against it, but not so hard that her hands come off the seat. I can overpower her easily like this, and I do. I keep her going.

Terrence starts groaning very loud, very sweetly-strained moans that tells me he's not used to Sharon going on past the first spurt. I keep Sharon going, making her suck him as if he hadn't cum. I make her keep going, never missing a beat of the rhythm, until his cock is completely done spurting cum into her mouth.

Long before that, little rivulets of cum run from the corners of Sharon's mouth and down the length of his cock. Or start running down it. They run slowly enough that Sharon's mouth always catches up to them, making her take the drops back into her mouth.

When I'm satisfied that Terrence is satisfied and done, I end his blow job. I use my hand under Sharon's jaw to keep her lips snug against his cock, closing her lips as the head tapers. As soon as the tip of his cock is free of her lips, I push her jaw shut and hold it. I use her head as a handle to stand her up. And then I pinch her nose and hold that until I see her swallow with a big gulp that moves down her throat. Now I let go of her head.

Sharon gags, but slightly. She sputters a little, but there's no cum left in her mouth for her to spit out. She blushes as she concedes that she's swallowed it all. Her hips still squirm around trying to get to her pussy, too.

Now that Terrence has been treated, it's time to send him to work. Since he brought Sharon here, I have to send her away, too. But I'm done with her. She's been teased to agony.



# Chapter O6: Relief!!!

It's four days later when Colette finally calls me to remove the catheter from Sharon and open her pussy back up. I can only imagine how badly Sharon has suffered from that throbbing ache of an unsatisfied pussy over those days. She tells me she's planning to pop over to Sharon's at 8:30, the time their daughter goes to bed.

She's planning to supervise Terrence as he gives Sharon her massage and bath. If I know Colette, she's planning to make them very sensual for Sharon. She tells me that she figures that will take at least ninety minutes. Then she'll want the catheter out. But I'm welcome to come whenever I want and watch the show.

I have plans. So I decide to show right at ten. When Colette lets me in, a very naked Terrence, with a very stiff little cock, is still drying Sharon's nude body off. Colette, a fairly petite and definitely lean woman, is standing close over Terrence with a cat-of-nine-tails in her hand. I'm sure that's keeping Terrence focused on obeying his Mistress! The red stripes across his moderately hairy cheeks tell me that his mind has wandered a few times. Bad boy!

I start setting my things out on the counter, just as I did last time I was here. It's not long before Colette has Terrence bring Sharon over, his hands on her bottom playing with it as they walk. Not that Sharon needs any encouragement. She's more than eager to get that tube out of her.

She almost hurries to lie on the table when I tell her. And she lies with her knees bent up to offer me easy access to her pussy. I ask Colette if I can borrow Terrence as well, and she eagerly loans him to me. I tell him to get up on the table and straddle Sharon's face. I want him facing her feet. Then I have Sharon open her mouth wide. As she holds it open I guide Terrence to sit back, lowering his balls into her waiting mouth. It puts his asshole snugly against Sharon's nose. She obediently closes her lips softly around his sack when I tell her to.

In a few seconds, Terrence is squirming slightly and purring very softly. It tells me that Sharon is teasing his balls with her tongue just as I told her to. That should keep her mouth busy for a while. And

#### Chapter O6: Relief!!!

hopefully, keep her from speaking while I do this. It's pretty obvious that Terrence doesn't mind his balls being used as a gag for Sharon.

I have to remove the surgical adhesive holding Sharon's lips together before I can do anything else. That's going to take a little time. I guess about fifteen minutes. I don't want to pull any skin of those so-sensitive lips of hers.

Removing the glue is easy. Just slow. I use a needle-less syringe as a dropper to dribble tiny drops of remover along Sharon's slit, letting the watery liquid flow down her slit before dripping off to a towel under her pussy. It's really just a waiting game. The remover works well, just slowly. It dissolves the glue. Once I see that the glue is giving way, I use a thin plastic scraper, one that's not sharp, to gently nudge her lips to part.

Fifteen minutes later, her lips have separated fully and exposed the plastic cup. I don't bother to unstick the catheter from the cup. That would just take too long. Instead, I connect a huge syringe to the port at the end, after removing the check valve again, and suction out the 150 ml or so of pee that's in Sharon's bladder. I disconnect the syringe, leaving the port open. There's nothing to flow out of her now. A second, and smaller, syringe on the smaller port draws the water out of the catheter's balloon.

Now I just pull. The catheter slides right out of Sharon's urethra, bringing the cup with it. Sharon grunts as it pulls uncomfortably through her tube, but keeps Terrence's balls in her mouth and teases them. It effectively mutes her grunt of light pain.

I hold the chastity cup up for Colette to see. Its bowl is... obscene. It's about half full of Sharon's honey. A fresh wet honey. But every bit of it is covered with a thick layer of dried honey, too. This cup has been holding back an ocean-sized flood. At it looks that way. Poor Sharon... Suffering that ache!

And that's it. My part is done. I set the used catheter and cup on the counter and tell Colette that she can just soak that in fingernail polish remover, the good stuff with acetone in it, and the cath will come

right out of the cup. I am so not washing that cup. Colette laughs and says she isn't either. Sharon can scrub it and Lysol it. After all, it's Sharon's "slut skank" dirtying up Colette's chastity cup, so it's only fair that Sharon is the one to clean it. I can't argue that point.

Now that Sharon is free, Colette takes back over. With my blessing, these are, after all, Colette's toys. Colette quickly, and sternly, scold Sharon to stop thinking about her "slut pit" and get up on her feet. With her hands held out straight in front of her so Colette can see that she's not "diddling that filthy thing."

I can see it on Sharon's face that she was thinking of doing just that. Instead, Colette has her sit backward on one of their kitchen chairs and folds her arms atop the backrest. That will keep them in sight. And off Sharon's pussy.

Colette stands in front of Sharon. She has Terrence stand well off to the side for a moment. Colette begins harshly dressing Sharon down for her "obscene sluttiness." She makes it a point to tell Sharon how she was being so nice to Sharon by having Terrence sweetly thank her, and all she could do was sneak off and diddle her pussy like some cheap whore.

It takes about twenty seconds of the scolding before I notice Sharon's hips moving just slightly to grind her pussy down against the seat of her chair. If I'm noticing, I know Colette is, too. Colette pretends she doesn't see it. So I do too. But Colette winks my way, letting me know she's onto Sharon.

Colette, a 39-year-old woman with short hair, full of body, black but with prominent blond highlights and black oval-framed glasses, keeps right on scolding Sharon. She calls Sharon every trashy name in the book. She tells Sharon, repeatedly, what a cheap slut she's been acting like. Sharon is still nude. Colette is wearing one of her business suits. It gives her a rather professional, and slightly bitchy, look. I just have my scrubs on again. Sophie has jeans and a blouse on.

Colette doesn't even pause as she goes on scolding Sharon. I'm sure it seems like forever to Sharon, but it's about three or four minutes

#### Chapter O6: Relief!!!

tops.

Colette doesn't have to stop.

Sharon suddenly stiffens hard and screams out a deep, sultry, and desperate moan at the top of her lungs. As Sharon is still screaming, her hips snap into warp speed to grind her pussy against the seat. Her entire body shudders crisply a few times, then it snaps wildly, thrashing every which way for a few more seconds. Then the thrashes get so powerful that her bucking shoulders send her so crisply to the side that Sharon and the chair go over.

Sharon somehow gets lucky and doesn't end up under the chair. She ends up on the floor, flopping around like a fish out of water and screaming out a fresh moan. Then another. And another.

It takes a couple of minutes for Sharon's orgasm to begins to ebb. By the Sharon is a sweaty, honey-drenched, sloppy mess of twitching flesh. She lies there, quivering and panting, with her eyes closed as she drifts through her bliss.

It's amazing what a good sex partner a chair can be after a week of denial and teasing. I smirk. So does Colette.

As I'm getting ready to leave Colette tells me that the extra, the eighth day, of Sharon's "punishment by denial," was the price of "nagging me to check her catheter when the only thing wrong was that Sharon is just such a slut!" I laugh. But I know Sharon didn't when she heard what the price of that little trip to my house was going to be.