



# Part I: Rob

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I know I'm in trouble the minute my phone rings. It's my sorta-friend Diane. Maybe a new friend might be a better description. I haven't known her that long. Her calling isn't that unusual, we talk a few times a week. But her starting the conversation by asking what I have planned for this Tuesday is. That little voice in my head is already telling me that she wants something.

And I'm right, as soon as I say not much, I just have "an interview" later with a potential toy, she comes right out and asks. At least she's upfront, I can appreciate that. Diane is a 40-something Domme I met a few months ago at a party my friend Nikolai (who lives in Pensacola) hosted. Diane is a long time friend of his. With only three Dommies in the group of Doms he invited, we naturally got to know each other a little.

She tells me about a play toy that was referred to her through one of her associates. She doesn't offer more, and I don't ask. She's been talking to this toy for a few weeks now, mostly email, but she has some pictures and they've videoed once. I do the same things when someone refers a toy to me that I haven't met. And I already know that nothing online is close to the real thing. Subs can be a lot bolder online. Subs can lie online. Subs can pretend online. None of which they can do when they're on their knees while I have my crop.

He has been begging to come to visit her and her dungeon for a little fun. Again, nothing unusual about that. Especially with guys. Guys so often think with their little brain and don't consider what they might be getting themselves into by coming to play in a Mistress' dungeon. Which can make for some ugly scenes! Luckily I've avoided that myself so far, but I'm sure my streak won't hold forever. It simply can't.

This toy lives in Pascagoula, Mississippi. That's just over the state line from Mobile. Maybe 20 minutes away on I-10. 30 minutes tops. But it's well over an hour from Pensacola. I'd bet by the time he got off the highway and to Diane's door, it would be closer to two hours. If he doesn't stop, that is, not even for gas.

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Diane asks if I would be willing to interview the toy for her. I ask what she wants. We've talked a lot about our D/s games, but I haven't a clue how she "interviews" her playmates. She tells me she doesn't care. All she wants to know is that this guy is a real sub who wants to play. I could figure that out in five minutes I tell her! But that wouldn't be any fun! She laughs, and says "it would take you five whole minutes?" then she says to have all the fun I want. She doesn't even care if I scare him away. But if he's real, and still interested after his interview, she'll take him. While she has no use for him, she tells me that she does have several ideas of how he might amuse her, and of things he could do for her pleasure. I don't ask, but I bet none of them are what he really wants to do with Diane.

I tell her to send him at 10:00, as long as he understands that he's stepping into Miss Rodgers' Neighborhood, and in my realm, I am the one and only Queen among the serfs. With a hearty laugh, she says she'll make it very clear to him. I don't doubt that. Diane is rather stern with her pets. A little more so than I am.

I have Sophie in her yellow slut/slave dress today. It's an all-lace stretchy dress that bare goes from her boobs down to maybe an inch past her cheeks. It's fringed with frilly white lace. And lace does nothing to really hide what's under it, namely a naked Sophie. She gets matching fingerless gloves. There's a matching plush horseshoe clip to hold her long, flowing hair back from her face. And there are matching boots: those are also made of stiff lace, not leather, come up to her knees, and have four-inch spiky heels. That's the entirety of Sophie's outfit. N panties, not even a bra.

He arrives a few minutes early. Most do on their first time here. None do after that. I insist on punctuality, and they only get one warning. I stay at my desk, finishing an update to my web site's blog. I send Sophie to get the door. She answers it with a soft "May I help you?" It's impolite for her, but I told her not to be polite, this is a toy coming and he doesn't get humility, not even from a slave. Sophie is far more valuable than any

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toy! I suspect far more pleasing as well.

I hear him tell her "Uh... I'm here to see Miss Rodgers..."

"And you are?" Sophie asks. She can guess who this is, but she'd never take a chance on letting the wrong person in! Anyone I haven't told her to let in requires my permission before Sophie allows them inside. Anyone. Especially with two young girls living here alone. Despite my security. Which consists of an alarm, with panic buttons, plus two Tasers stashed around the house, a pistol beside the bed, and another pistol in my desk. Hey, it's the south. Everyone here is armed. A girl can't be too careful!

"My name is Rob..." He tells her.

"Oh, you're *him*," Sophie says. With an emphasis on the "him" that says he's not important. She tells him to come in and stand along the wall. She'll tell her Mistress that he is here. And she tells him that I'll deal with him at my leisure.

Then Sophie comes over to the desk. It's in the corner of the room, where I can see him far better than he can see me. Sophie kneels beside my desk and waits for me to give her permission to speak. Then she tells me "Your 10:00 interview is here *early*, Mistress." I'm sure he can hear her, he's not that far away. And I'm sure Sophie's voice let him know that early isn't approved of here. "Good girl, slave. Fetch me a coffee now."

Sophie hurries off to get me a fresh and hot cup of coffee. I ignore him. Yes, I know I'm being a bitch. Just as I know he's watching everything. His eyes haven't left the sluttily-dressed Sophie since he laid eyes upon her. In a minute she's back, on her knees, offering me the coffee atop her upturned palms. I take it. I leave Sophie on her knees as I take the first sip. She waits quite happily, a smile on her face. "Go get that boy's things and bring him over when he's ready for his interview."

Sophie smiles wide. "Gladly, yes, Mistress!" Sophie always loves it when I let her do anything to help with my toys. Or with a guy. Or

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anything else. But it's been a few days, maybe a week, since she's gotten up close and personal with a guy. And she gets so excited by their cocks.

Sophie hops to her feet and returns to Rob. There isn't a doubt that he heard me tell her what to do. Hopefully, he has enough brains to know that means Sophie is acting on my instructions. Disobedience will not be welcome or tolerated. "Rob. Take your clothes off and give me everything you have. And my Mistress means everything!" Sophie holds her hand out for his clothes.

I don't know if Rob expected to get naked for an interview or not. I am rather particular about the guys I play with, so my interviews tend to be very thorough. I don't know about Diane. But I make a mental note to discuss it with her, especially if she's going to be asking me to help with her interviews. Rob flinches as Sophie tells him to get naked. I just can't tell if that's because he wasn't prepared to get naked, if it's because he expected to undress some other way, or if it's just from the directness of being told bluntly to get naked by my slave before he even gets to meet me.

He takes his clothes off. Not that slowly, but he definitely doesn't hurry. And he saves his boxer-briefs for the very last, just as a shy woman would do.

He's a big guy. I'd guess around 6'2" or 6'3" and 230-240 pounds. But he's also very well built. I don't see any fat or flab on him, just nice muscles. Like a hard-working man. And a hairy body, covered with black curls. Thankfully not too densely. It's kind of manly. I see very short, like buzzed short, gray-brown hair around a bald scalp. Brown eyes. A flat stomach. Some defined muscles on his chest, not like a young athlete, but still nice looking. Especially for a man of 50, which is how old Diane told me he is. He could pass for 40 if it wasn't for the gray hair on his head. A decent... maybe very decent to almost nice, cock stands straight out. And it's circumcised, which is a must for me. Not that it would matter since he isn't mine and I doubt he ever will be.

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Once he's nude, Sophie makes him twirl around slowly and shows her that he's naked. No way Sophie would bring him over if he had anything at all left! She'd never disappoint me like that. The look on my face alone would have her crying like a baby. She hates disappointing me! It also lets me see that his back isn't hairy, thankfully. To me, there's nothing grosser than a hairy back. It makes a man look like an ape! And it lets me see that his butt is nicely toned as the rest of him. I can already guess what Diane might have in mind for him. For a man of 50, this guy is a catch. In fact, looking at him from the shoulders down, I'd buy he was closer to 35 even!

Sophie takes him by the hand and walks him across the living room to my desk. She points to the little stool I keep beside my desk. It's chair height, but with a small round top. It's dark wood, and elegant. And it's genuine Amish-built so it's sturdy. "Sit there," Sophie tells him firmly. "Spread your knees as wide as you can... back up straight... hands on the center of your thighs, palms upward... like that! Now sit still and be quiet, my Mistress will be with you whenever she deigns to be." Sophie leaves him there, goes around to the other side of the desk and keels. She waits patiently. I tell her to refresh my coffee, and she hurries to get it done for me. I ignore Rob until Sophie is back with my coffee freshened up.

I turn my eyes to Rob, for the first time giving him a good look at my face. I can he's surprised. Pleasantly surprised. I guess he expected some hag. I can see he definitely did not expect a pretty young woman with a pretty young slave girl. Then again, whatever he expected was purely a figment of his imagination anyway. Diane wouldn't have told anything except that he was to "present himself to Ms. Rodgers at 10:00 for an interview," and the address. Diane's rather attractive herself, so I don't know why he'd expect her friends not to be! I guess he just didn't think I'd be so young. Diane's got me by around 20 years. But I can see on his face that he loves what he's seeing.

I look him over for a long moment. I decide to set the tone now. "Is

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there some reason that tiny dick of yours is so hard? Did I give you permission to have a hard cock? No! Are you having some disgusting thoughts about me or my slave??? You'd better not be, *little boy*, or I'll whip them right you! Now, stop being such a pervert! No hard dicks!" I glare at him.

Rob shirks back a bit at my firm scolding. Enough that I can see he didn't expect it. And I'm wearing one of my power suits! It's an Armani skirt-suit in charcoal with an ivory blouse. And like any fine suit, it's moderately modest. But being a guy, I doubt he notices the class of it. It could be Wal-Mart for all he knows. Men, in general, aren't known for their fashion sense, and Rob doesn't look like the kind of guy who knows more than jeans. I'd bet the slacks and button-down shirt he worn to my door is his Sunday best.

Rob sits there. I'm sure he's trying. As the minute ticks off, I can see the concentration on his face. But it's useless. That cock stands straight up, begging for some girly attention. I leave him to sit another minute. It's a waste of a minute. "Just how long has it been since anyone touched that needle dick?"

"Several months... Ma'am?" He answers. His voice tells me he's unsure of how to answer me. And I know Diane would have already taught him some humility if he didn't have any to start with.

"It has been several months since anyone has touched my needle dick, Miss Rodgers," I tell him, my voice scolding stern.

"Yes, Ma'am!" He snaps quickly, then repeats a proper answer. I guess Diane has taught him a few things.

"And when is the last time you masturbated?"

"I masturbated three nights ago, Miss Rodgers." Now he shows a little embarrassment in his voice.

"Well, clearly you can't take care of that thing yourself, or it wouldn't be so stiff right now, would it? Unless something has it so



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excited... does something have your dick excited now?" He says yes. I ask what, and he tells me he's been hard since 9:15 this morning. That's when Diane called him and told him to be here. I'll bet he would have masturbated right then if it wouldn't have made him late. Smart Diane, not giving him time to do it.

"Let's just see how you measure up," I say tauntingly. Then I call for Sophie to bring the measure. A minute later, with Rob told to sit very still, Sophie is on her knees in front of him, her bare hands taking hold of his stiff shaft. She measures it. Very precisely. Sophie announces "169 millimeters long... 34 millimeters thick, Mistress." I write it down. That's over 6" long, less than 1 ½ inches across. Definitely decent. Not exactly Mr. Ed, but it would do in a pinch. "That's it?" I balk as if Sophie has just announced that it's smaller than my little finger. Sophie says "I'm sorry Mistress! That's all this boy has!" She loves to play along, and she's a pretty good little actress. Rob blushes, and Sophie has to fight herself not to giggle. Which makes him blush more as he thinks Sophie wants to laugh at the minuscule length of his manhood.

"I certainly hope you don't have any plans, my little-dicked boy. I don't interview boys while they're sitting there with stiff dicks having perverted thoughts! Luckily I have plenty of time today. And since you obviously can't masturbate it very well, we'll take care of it for you. On your feet."

Rob eagerly gets on his feet. I'll bet he's thinking he's going to get Sophie or me. Men always think like that: hopeful and out of their league. I walk him back to the playroom, where I have him stand against a wall, facing it, while Sophie gets things ready for this unplanned little bit of amusement. I really just don't want him to see what Sophie is doing, but I tell him he can stare at the wall for a minute and maybe, just maybe, manage to behave and make that cock limp like a good boy.

He doesn't. When I finally have him turn around, his cock is just as hard as ever. Sticking straight out for me. He doesn't notice the little prop

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Sophie has put on the massage table. I put a hand on his bottom, feeling a hard toned cheek, and nudge him over to the table. I tell him to get up and help him into the position I want him in.

I have him face down. Under his hips is the prop Sophie got out. I call it a milking stand. It's 10" tall, with a thick layer of foam over it. Its back side, the side facing his feet, is open. At the top, there's a round tube, ½" long and 2 ½" wide, that his stiff cock is sticking down through. That leaves it hanging in the open emptiness of the stand. I spread his feet, binding his ankles to edges of the table with his feet hanging off the end. Then I pull his hands up to the top of the table and bind his wrists to the edges, splaying him out upside down.

The stand under his is rounded, but not like a log. More like half a wide ellipse. Enough that it has his thighs lying snug against it as well, not just hanging off. Another pair of straps go across the tops of his thighs, right at the creases, and pull his legs snug against the stand. A wider strap goes across his whips and pulls them just as snugly down. It has the added benefit of so nicely displaying that bottom for me, while somewhat stretching his cheeks apart.

And now, tied on his stomach, he can't see what Sophie is doing. She brings me the milking machine. I saw this thing online and fell in love with it. It is the perfect cock torturer! There's a metal base that clips right into the stand and secures it directly under his shaft. It has a variety of tubes that go with it, and Sophie has already selected the proper one: 7" long and 1 ½" across it's inside. These are just stiff plastic pipes, like a plumber would use, except on the inside they have a layer of thick latex that's only attached at the very top and bottom. And a little port on the side. Sophie has the inside of the tube lightly coated with lubricating jelly for me already, so all I have to do is work it over his stiff cock.

Now for the fun part. In the center of that base, there's a locking ring for the tube to clip into. In the center of that, there's a clear plastic funnel, about a centimeter across at it's widest, it's pointy end sticking

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down through the machine's base. That's mounted on a strong spring that pushes it firmly upward. I put his cock on top of the funnel's mouth, making sure the hole at the tip of his shaft is centered in the funnel. I have to raise the funnel a hair for it to press hard against his stiffness. The little port on the side of the tube is for me to fill the space between the hard pipe and the inner latex layer with a very thick grease, like lard. I screw a fat syringe of grease into the port and push the grease in until I feel the resistance from the space being full. That will push the latex firmly against his cock while leaving a spongy layer of grease surrounding him on the other side of the latex. Now it's time to lock the pipe into the machine, which means I have to pull the tube down an inch.

Rob groans a sweet little purr as I pull that pipe down and the spongy-soft latex/grease strokes along his cock as it moves. I slide a little clear plastic dish under the pointy end of the funnel. Then I turn it on. Its motor starts the pipe moving up and down, its strokes are only an inch long and fairly slow. About a full second to go up until the pipe is fully against his pubes, then another full second to go back down and expose an inch of the cock's base. His balls are out of the way, lying atop the stand between his thighs.

Rob feels it. He purrs another groan, and then he tries to fidget just a bit. The straps hold him snugly on the stand. The machine does all the work he was praying Sophie or I would be doing. It strokes his cock steadily, rhythmically, and mercilessly. While snuggling it in a soft, but firm, grip that feels a lot, kind of, like a woman, or so many of the boys I've used this on have said. I wouldn't know.

Rob definitely likes it. In a minute he's purring steady soft moans. I give him a few light swats on his bare bottom. "That's a good boy. Now you just lie there and we'll get all that filthy mess out of your cock so it will behave!" I give him a few more light swats on his other cheek.

He purrs with an increasing hunger, and deepness, to his moans as the seconds tick off. He tries squirming a little more energetically and

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finds the straps have him held very tightly in place. So firmly in place that nothing he can do will get anything for his cock that the machine doesn't give it. No relief. No way out of it. And no way to hurry along to the orgasm he needs. All he can do is lie there while my machine slowly milks the cums from his cock like a cow's udder.

He lies there four, maybe five minutes. Then I hear him grunt out a loud and sweetly-strained grunting cry. He starts panting hard, a deep satisfaction in his voice. Under the stand where I'm watching, I see his whitish creamy cum squirting down the funnel and into the little plastic dish where it steadily fills it.

The machine hasn't a clue he's climaxed. It just keeps right on going, like a fake-pussy rhythmically fucking him. After around twenty seconds, I see the last drops of his cream slide down the funnel's pointy end and into the little dish. A few seconds later I have Sophie get me another dish. I swap them, giving Sophie the now half-full dish. She looks at it with a grin on her face, a grin like a teenage girl seeing something taboo for the first time. She carefully checks the little dish, exactly measuring the height of the almost milk-white cream in it. "4.6 milliliters, Mistress," Sophie announces loudly. Not exactly a record either way. In fact, I'd put it somewhere around average for the men I've milked. Average for a first orgasm, that is, after a few days without one.

Rob starts squirming hard. He groans loudly and uncomfortably for a few seconds as the machine strokes away on his now over-sensitive cock. He gives up. "Uh... Miss Rodgers... Ma'am..." He says hesitantly. Before he can say anymore I crack a belt down across his exposed, bare, and immobilized cheeks, landing it with a loud sharp crack that sears a bright angry-pink line across his cheeks. He yelps out loudly, and definitely not manly.

"Shut up!" I scold in my sternest voice. "Do I look stupid to you? You were going to tell me you've cum. Do you think I can see that for myself? I just don't care if you've cum. You'll lie there and get milked

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until I decide you won't." I crack the belt down again. Rob cries out another pained "OW!" as the stroke lands on his cheeks. But he doesn't speak again. He just lies there squirming almost desperately hard and groaning like... a big baby!

It takes him longer the second time. Maybe eleven or twelve minutes. Most of which he spends squirming very uncomfortably. Until the last few. Those he spends squirming very enthusiastically. He cums with a much louder, deeper, and more satisfied grunt this time.

I watch the second load of his cum squirting down through the funnel and filling this little dish. This orgasm I get only 3.1 milliliters of cum from him. About half what I got the first orgasm. As Sophie measures it, Rob lies there panting an even deeper satisfaction, but already his hips are wiggling hard against those straps.

I decide that's enough for now. I want his cock soft, not completely useless. I turn it off and Rob sighs with relief as he realizes I won't make him go again. I unstrap him, leaving his wrists for last. I have him get up. His cock slips fairly easily from the tube as Rob rises up to his hands and knees, and starts getting soft the moment it's free. I have him stand beside the table.

I cuff his hands behind his back. "That's so you don't play with that dirty little cock!" I tell him teasingly, sounding more like a "mean-girl" bully. Which is what I want. "You can wait in the bitches waiting room while that needle dick takes a little rest. *Then* I'll think about interviewing you if that dick can behave long enough." I take hold of Rob by his hips and guide him around to a corner of the room. He hesitates when he sees the huge dog kennel sitting in the corner of the room. It's about 3' cube. Big enough for Lilly, the pit bull I sometimes dog sit for a neighbor of mine. Big enough for a bipedal bitch as well. And big enough for Rob. A couple of firm swats on his sore bottom are all it takes to urge him into his cage like a good doggy. He sits cross-legged. I lock the door. Then I drape a dark sheet over the cage. A sheet Rob can't see through.

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We leave him there for the time being.



# Part II: Shannon



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Shannon is my interview for the day. She's the one I had planned. Like most of the toys in my toy box, Shannon came to me through word of mouth, a referral from someone-who-knows-someone. A toy of mine, Mark - whose wife Callie also plays with me - told me his friend Jared had asked for my email, but not for himself, for a friend of his. Apparently, Mark's constant boasting about Callie's newfound skills, and his allusion to the way she acquired them, was enough for Jared to think Mark might know someone. Which he does: me. With my permission, he gave Jared my email.

I got back a longish email from Keith telling me that he wanted it for his mom, but that she can't know it came from him. He tells me that she's very lonely, and has been trying to meet someone online, where she can meet and chat with others anonymously. The few in-person meetings that have resulted have been complete disasters. He says "they were all pathetic losers pretending to be... whatever the proper term for a male dominatrix is!" He asks nicely if I consider "older" women, and if I don't if I might know of someone "real" who does. I point him to my public website, where there's just enough of a tease to let the world know who I am and what I'm about, but it's not quite to the level of adults-only. It has a contact page, where anyone can email me anything. I get plenty of them, and I ignore most of them. There are a lot of desperate losers and weirdos out there! I suggest that he steer her there, and if she's interested, she might contact me. I ask her name, which he sends back with his thanks so that I will pay attention to whatever she writes to me.

It takes five days for her to write, but I finally see her email. I suspect most of those days were spent by Keith trying to figure out how to steer her there without her knowing it. Only later did I learn, from Keith, that he did it by rigging her browser to load a fake search engine page when she went Googling for Dommies. A page with me right at the top, one place my site has never been! It doesn't get near the traffic to get up top.

It takes her several messages to work up to asking if I might want to meet her. I say "no," and tell her that I don't meet just anyone. If she

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wants to meet me, she'll have to prove herself first. We swap a few more emails as I ask her more and more private things about herself, always demanding that she answer extremely politely. That she can handle.

By her first email alone I figure out that she craves humiliation. That plus a little strictness. And I can see that she's going to be a little more work than most toys. But fun. I really love to humiliate middle-aged women.

I tell her that she may come here for an "interview," during which I will treat her as if she's my toy while I determine if she has a little tinge of worth to her, or if she's just another worthless gutter tramp I should kick to the curb. While here, she will obey me. I may do whatever I wish to "assess her skankiness completely." She will submit to whatever I fancy. And she will submit to my discipline for any misbehavior while she's here. Her interview will be over when I say so, and not before, no matter how much she wants it to be, or how sore she is. I ask if she'd care to prove herself now and earn that interview.

She readily, almost hungrily, accepts, and promises me that she'll do whatever I ask to prove herself. Anything, just tell her and she'll do it. I tell her. I send her an anonymous, bland email address and tell her that she's to find someone, anyone who doesn't live with her and never dated her, to write me an email and describe her personality to me. She is not to see their email, and not to suggest what they write. It must be in my inbox in 24 hours, and if I reply to it, the writer had better be real and answer my questions, all of which will be about her.

She cries when I tell her what she has to do. She begs me, by chat, to allow her to prove herself some other way, that there's no one she could possibly ask. That it would kill her with shame to have to ask anyone. Even without them knowing why she's asking. She begs on, via chat. I tell her "23:55 remaining, bitch." and close the chat. She tries to send me several more messages, all begging with less shame than the previous to at least talk to her about it. I ignore them all, never reopening a chat with

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her. She'll either do it or not, and if not, then she'll be too much trouble for me anyway. I'll send Keith a few emails for others I know.

It takes 20 hours. It's 6:00 that evening when I get an email from a guy who tells me he works with Shannon but in a different department. He doesn't seem to know her well, not outside of work anyway. He describes her as a bitch. Then again, she's in HR, so the bitch is probably second nature to her. He tells me that she has a sharp tongue, which I've noticed and she is so going to lose here. He calls her prissy, prim, proper, demanding, and generally not the kind of girl he'd ask out. Or want to spend much time around. He asks why she needed an "unbiased" character reference from someone. I politely thank him for his honesty and assure him that Shannon will never have a clue what he wrote. He thanks me for that. I delete the email account after saving a copy of the email just in case it might come in handy later. Then I send Shannon her summons for today at noon, telling her it's non-negotiable and there's no need to reply. Just appear at exactly noon or go away.

Shannon appears exactly on time. I send Sophie to let her in. And yes, Rob is still waiting in the "waiting room." I'm sure, if I take Shannon in there, he'll hear everything but see nothing. That might drive his little boy brain crazy!

Shannon comes in wearing a power suit, just not one as high-end as mine. Which is why I picked one today, I want her to feel like I'm better than her in more ways than just one. Sophie points her to the wall and tells her to stand in the empty place while she comes over and kneels to tell me that "my 12:00 bitch is here for its interview, Mistress." I ignore Shannon for a few minutes, letting her stand against the wall and fidget with growing tension.

I leave Shannon waiting around five minutes until it looks to me like she can't stand another second of it. Then I send Sophie to get her things and watch as Sophie so happily walks over to the 46-year-old woman and tells her to have over her clothes, even her panties, now.

Shannon glances my way. I see it out of the corner of my eye as I

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make a show of not paying any attention to her at all. In fact, I look like I'm doing something on my laptop, which I'm not really. Shannon, seeing no hint from me, straightens up and tries to act like it doesn't bother her at all as she starts taking her clothes off. But she blushes a light red in her cheeks, so I know it does bother her. I really know it when she gets down to her bra and panties and can't help but turn her back to Sophie. Which Sophie lets her get away with for a minute. But once Shannon says she's done, Sophie has her twirl around slowly to show Sophie that's naked. Sophie stops her with Shannon facing her and tells Shannon that she has to hand over her necklace and glasses as well. Those come off reluctantly, but Sophie gets them.

Sophie takes the naked woman by her hand and walks her over to the stool beside my desk. Sophie has her sit there with her back up straight, her legs fully crossed right over left, and her hands atop the center of her thighs, palms upwards, and arms at her sides, not in front of her breasts. Sophie tells her to sit still and quietly, and wait until I feel like starting her interview. Impatience, Sophie offers, will only make me take longer.

Shannon is a very pretty woman. She's a little on the petite side at 5'4" and 120 pounds. She has short, blond hair that hangs to her shoulders, and green eyes. Plus a wide mouth with full, red lips. Her body is thin with a moderate feminine curve at her waist and a flat stomach. She has some very pretty firm and rounded breasts topped with long, dark-pink nipples that have a slight purple-brown tinge to them, and are wide. Those are surrounded by average-sized rings of the same deep color. Her hips sport a full, untrimmed, bush of moderately dense curls, that thickens to a dense fur on her lips. Black curls, not blond ones. And then a pair of lean, shapely legs. I saw a firm bottom with cheeks that are slightly flattened at the apex of otherwise rounded mounds. Nice.

I leave her to sit there, slowly squirming as I type out a quick text. A minute later I get a yes in reply. Only then do I turn my attention to Shannon. "You would be the skanky bitch Shannon Alice," I say, stating a

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fact. "At least you managed to get here on time, even if that pussy looks like it hasn't been trimmed since Nixon was president. I know you're skanky, but still, you need to take care of your butt, bitch."

I sigh, then I ask her questions for the next twenty minutes. Questions that start off fairly tame, like when was the last time she had sex. But quickly they take a gentle turn to the more intimate. I start by asking her what's the one thing that she's done in her life, that she most desperate for no one to ever know she did. Shannon shirks back. She fidgets on the stool. Little tears even run from the corners of her eyes. She begs me to "please, please, pretty please, Ma'am, please don't make me tell you that, Ma'am, please, anything else, please!" I let beg. Then when her begging starts to sound redundant, I slap her face hard, stinging a bright handprint on her cheek as her head snaps to the side. I scold her firmly to stop "whining like a baby" and be a good bitch. Answer my question. She tells me in a very muted and shaky voice. I make her tell me all about it.

She tells me about one night in college when her then-boyfriend wanted to try anal sex. He didn't give her much of a choice about it. They were having sex, and then an instant later, before she knew what he going to do, his cock was pushing hard into her butt. She cried, loud and hard. He stopped. I don't accept that little and make her tell me even more about it. She says she didn't feel it enough to know "how much it hurt," when I ask if she liked it. She says she was crying because she absolutely did not want to that. It's "disgusting" to her, and there's no way she's ever going to do. If he'd asked, she never would have allowed it. But he didn't. And she felt like a cheap whore and cried about it.

I ask her who knows about it. She says only him and her, and now me. I mentally add Sophie, whom I know is listening to every word of this. She tells me that only the trashiest of whores would do that, so if anyone ever knew that she's done it, they'll think she's that skanky.

Of course, no one knows about me or her interest in D/s either, and I'm sure anyone finding out about that would be just as humiliating for

## Part II: Shannon

her.

I ask how she's been satisfying her needs, and she tells me about her online chats. I push, and she very tearfully confesses that she's been masturbating whenever she's so aroused that she can't stand it any longer. Just as shamefully she answers me and tells me that she does it alone, in her bed, with the lights out and even with the covers over her. She hates doing, not some much because of it, but because her son still lives at home and she'd "die" if anyone ever walked in on her doing that.

I ask if her pussy is being slutty right now. If it's aroused while she's sitting here talking about how skanky she is. She stutters. I already know the answer, her nipples are sticking out like little missiles and as hard as any cock I've ever seen. That kind of says it all. She stutters more.

"Fine, bitch." I snap. "On your feet and I'll find out for myself." She cringes. "on your feet, bitch!" I snap with a little harsh sternness in my voice.

Shannon slowly gets up to her feet. A copy of little taps with my crop urges her to turn around a little fast. A couple more gets her feet spread very widely. I keep scolding her for acting like a "prissy little bitch" instead of the "gutter whore she's just admitted to being," while a few more crop swats, none of them very hard, get her to bend all the way over until her back is flat. I tell her to reach around her thighs and pull her lips wide open to "show me that slutty skank pit." It takes a few firmer crop swats, but she opens her lips very wide for me.

And shows me a sopping wet pussy. Every bit of her pinkness is flushed bright and coated with a thin layer of her thin, almost watery, honey. From between the wrinkle of her deep-pink folds, a very eager little clit pokes it's honey-glistening head up.

I hold my hand up, fingers spread wide, and summon Sophie. Sophie pulls a latex glove on my hand for me. She bats her eyes at me. I nod. She takes a very close look at Shannon's displayed pussy, putting her head so close that Shannon has to feel Sophie's breath. Sophie stands

## Part II: Shannon

up, shaking her head, and says "you were right, as you *always* are, Mistress. This is one skanky little whore, Mistress!" She giggles as she steps aside.

I touch the tip of my gloved finger to Shannon's clit. It has to be so eager that it's aching her. I can feel her pulse throbbing in it. Shannon squeals with my touch then start weeping lightly. I ease my finger up to her pussy. I let my finger inch slowly into her pussy, feeling the fiery heat in her walls as I touch them. And I discover that her thin honey is very slippery. Her walls are very nervy and eager as well. I can feel little twitches, like tingly little sparks, jolting those walls as my finger glides gently, and slowly, along them. Shannon cries. She tries hard not to, but she manages to purr some squeaky-and-sensual moans while sobbing. I can't say as I've heard that before!

I slide my finger all the way inside her pussy. "Do you feel my finger inside your little skank pit, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

I wiggle my finger. Shannon shudders, gasps out a very hungry erotic moan, then sobs when my finger stills for a minute. "now let me ask you one more time, is this slutty little skank pit all hot, wet, and horny now, bitch?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers." Shannon squeaks out in a muted mousy voice. I guess she's smart enough to know there's no sense in lying about it now, not with my finger inside it. I already know the truth.

I start wiggling the tip of my finger again, and Shannon starts purring. She tries to hide it but doesn't come close. She sobs louder as if she's trying to cover her breathy moans with sobs. Which she might well be trying to do. I wiggle my finger for a few seconds, letting her feel the stimulation. Quicker than I thought I would, I feel those hungry twitches growing stronger in her walls. "Remember this, bitch." I say firmly, "you can't hide anything from me. You want to be all shy and not answer me, I'll just look for myself! I'm sure this far more embarrassing for you than

## Part II: Shannon

simply telling me that skank pit was being slutty! Now I can just how eagerly it's being such a total slut!"

"Yes, Ma'am," Shannon says in that mousy shy squeaky voice, only now it's laced with deep breathy purrs. "I'm sorry for being shy, Ma'am..."

I ease my finger out of her pussy. Shannon seems as relieved as she does reluctant to see it go. I take an instant to flick my finger over her clit a single time, which gets a very excited squeaky squeal from Shannon. "I won't even bother to ask about that butt. You'll just get shy again and try to lie. I'll find out for myself how slutty it's being, too. Show me that butt, bitch."

"PLEASE!" Shannon cries out desperately.

I swat her cheek firm and hard with the crop, making her flinch from the strike and leaving a hot red print on her cheek. "shut up and show me that butt, bitch! Now!" I give her another crop swat, she cries out again.

Shannon sobs with renewed vigor as she reaches up and pulls her cheeks wide apart to bare her deep pink-purple asshole to my eyes. I can it's squeezed as tightly shut as it can clench, pulling its wrinkles in. I hold my gloved hand up, and Sophie hurries to squirt a tiny dollop of lubricant on the tip of my first finger. I put the tip of the finger against her tightly resisting little ring and wiggle it to make sure she feels it there.

Shannon squirms hard and cries. I steadily increase my pressure slowly, taking my time to make her feel and think about the idea of finger sliding into her butt. It takes several seconds for my pressure to overcome her asshole's resistance. But then my narrow finger starts slipping easily into her rubbery tight muscle. Shannon gasps out a loud squeaking-squeal of a mousy cry that's as hot as is it strained. I doubt she's really feeling much discomfort. I have small fingers, and a finger in there isn't bad anyway. I'm sure it's more the thought of it for her. The thought on finger exploring the one place she never wants anyone to know her.



## Part II: Shannon

I slide my finger slowly, the slick jelly making it glide right along through her clenched muscle. I press it all the way into her bottom until the web of my finger is against the outside of her ring. I press downward with a light pressure, pushing the pad of my finger against the backside of her pussy walls with only the very thin membrane of her bowels between them. I easily feel the heat of her pussy, and it's tiny twitches. I massage it gently, just firm enough that she'll feel it, with the pad of my finger.

One wiggle. That's all it takes. Shannon's hips shudder hard. She cries, almost screeches, out the squeakiest and longest moan yet. Goosebumps erupt over her cheeks and lips. Her hips keep shuddering. I feel the heat in her pussy explode seemingly a few hundred degrees in an instant. Her moans, ramp up in volume just as quickly but hang onto every bit of their squeakiness.

It's maybe ten seconds before she's moaning as energetically as a porn star. "I knew it. This butt is being even sluttier than your skank pit, bitch! No wonder you didn't want me to check it! You want everyone to think you a nice proper little lady when you're just another gutter whore! Albeit a gutter whore with the trashiest bottom, I've ever seen! I'll bet you were so glad when that buy stopped fucking you here *before* you came all over him! Then you wouldn't have been able to deny what a whore you are!"

I stop and slowly pull my finger back from her bottom. She sighs out deeply as I slip from her, then shivers for a moment. I tell her she may stand up now.

Shannon straightens up quickly. Very glad to get her privates off full-immodest display. When she turns around, she refuses to look at me, keeping her head up obediently, but her eyes downcast as far as possible. She obediently keeps her hands behind her back as she stands. I take a minute, then move behind her before I pull the handcuffs out of my pocket. I quickly lock them around her wrists.

I take hold of her by the hairs of her bush. It's my favorite choice for an impromptu leash. I know she feels the tug on those hairs! It has the

## Part II: Shannon

desired effect, she quickly follows me without resistance. I'm just not sure if it's obedience or a desire not to have those hairs pulled out from her tender lips. Whatever, she follows.

I walk her into the playroom. It's already set up for her. It was even before Rob came in. Speaking of whom, he's still sitting in his cage over there, unable to see through the sheet, but I'll bet he can hear! I pull Shannon over to the "pony." It's a real leather saddle atop the seat of a chair without a back. And mounted in the center of the saddle, there's a nice dildo sticking straight up. That's about 7" long and a very snug 1 ½" wide, molded from latex to look exactly like a nice cock. Complete with veins and a fat purple head.

As Shannon sees it, I feel her hesitate. After all, there isn't much doubt what it's for, is there. I point her to it, telling her "go on, ride my little pony like a filthy slut." And I swat her bottom to urge her on. She still hesitates, so I swat her again, then take her hips and more shove than guide her to straddle it.

It takes a minute, but I get her to "sit" on the saddle backward. With the dildo in her pussy. And her feet spread a little, her knees bent a little. Her cuffed hands bracing herself on the saddle horn. I don't bother to tell her to ride it. She'll just beg me not to make her. I take hold of her hips and pull them along through a few strokes, bringing her leisurely up until only the head of that shaft is left inside her, then all the way back down until her bottom is on the saddle. After about five of those strokes, she's moaning very urgent squeaking moans, even as tears run from her eyes. Five more strokes and her moans are loud and hungry. I let go of her hips, and firmly tell her to keep going. I probably didn't have to. She's riding it as eagerly as unhappily. And she's only unhappy about having anyone know she's doing it, not about the sweetness of that shaft fucking her pussy.

"slave, bring my camera. This slut is playing jockey."

A second later there's a giggling Sophie running in eagerly with my

## Part II: Shannon

phone. I unlock it for her, and Sophie takes a video of Shannon pumping her hips up and down on the saddle. She keeps recording, waiting for the finish. It's not long before Shannon's head falls back, her mouth hanging wide open as she screeches her mousy moans. And her entire body trembles. I don't have to crop her or urge her to keep going. I'm sure her eyes are shut and she's pretending to herself that no one will ever know about this. But she's moaning and wiggling like a porn star.

She only lasts about two minutes on the pony ride. She cums with a loud scream, the only screech I've heard from her that isn't annoyingly mousy. More deep and primal. She shudders, she cums, she screeches. Then after about a minute, she falls spent, sitting down still in the saddle and panting lightly.

I pull her up off the pony. I snap for her to open her eyes, and when she does I can see the dreamy glassiness in them that says she's well sated for the minute. I take hold of her bush again and have her follow me back to my desk, where I return her to her stool. Then I leave her waiting a minute while Sophie fetches me a cup of coffee.

I sip for a couple of minutes, leaving Shannon to stew in her thoughts. She can't see what I'm doing on the laptop. I'm getting my latest video ready. I think I'll call it... "Shannon in the Saddle." It only takes me a moment to trim the video, cutting off and cropping out anything that doesn't need to be there so I'm left with a frame full of Shannon riding the "pony."

I click it over to the TV. I just love my Roku - it's so easy to cast anything to the big screen with it! IN a few seconds, the image of Shannon is up on the screen. I've picked one of the sluttier parts, too. A time in the video when Shannon's head was hanging back, she was moaning so urgently, and riding it hard. In other words, when she really looked like a porn star. Or does now as her porn clip appears on the screen.

I make her watch the clip. She blushes redder than I've ever seen her blush, and sobs lightly through the video. When it's over, she begs

## Part II: Shannon

desperately for me to delete it. I let her beg for a minute. I always love a shameless begging. When I tire of hers, I slap her face again, silencing her. "No," I say it simply and very firmly. "I'll do whatever I wish with it. Just as I'll do whatever I wish with you, bitch. I don't care how humiliated you end up when the world sees it. I'm sure it would be very popular at your work. Just imagine everyone there huddled up in little groups around a phone watching you act like the cheapest crack-whore begging for a trick in some ghetto gutter."

I give her a few minutes to shirk in on herself and cry quietly as she imagines just that. I would never do it. But she doesn't know that! Imagining it, whatever it might be, is always far worse than it turns to be.

"Obviously I can't let a skanky whore like you walk free in my building. God only knows what slutty things that bottom of your might get up to. What would my neighbors think of me!" I sigh deeply.

"There's only one solution, bitch. You'll need an escort in this building. Is there someone you know whom you may call to come and fetch your slutty little bottom?"

"No, Ma'am!!!" Shannon blurts desperate.

"Well, you're not going anywhere until you find an escort, bitch. I suggest you think very hard. An appropriate escort must be someone you live with or date, and over 18. Is there anyone like that in your worthless life, bitch?"

"No, Ma'am! Just... my oldest son, Keith... he's 19, Ma'am... but there's no way I can call him!"

"Why can't you call him, bitch?"

"Because, Ma'am! Please! He'd... know!" She bursts out bawling as her face blushes an even brighter shade of red.

Actually, Keith already knows. He told me he figured it out years ago. He's also expecting her call. That was the text I sent when she got

## Part II: Shannon

here. I asked Keith if he was comfortable coming to fetch Shannon and warned him that she'd be whining about it. But she'd love it. I think she wants him to know, to understand her better, but is just too afraid of what he'd think about her if he knew.

"Should I care if he knows? Should I care if you die of humiliation? I hope not. *Because I don't!*

"You *will* call him. You will very politely tell him you are at my apartment interviewing to be my little fuck-toy bitch. You will tell him that you are too slutty to walk the halls of my building. You will *beg* him to come and fetch your skanky little bottom. You will convince him to fetch you. You will *not* be miss modesty or shy. Just tell him what a filthy little gutter whore you really are and beg him to come fetch you." She shirks back even more. I pick up my phone. "What's the number, bitch?"

"PLEASE, Miss Rodgers, please don't make me do this--" Shannon squeals out desperately. I snap my crop, landing its tip square atop the closer of her rock hard nipples. Shannon screams, her chest wiggling furiously for a second. She starts panting strained "OW, that hurts!" over and over again, her whines slowly ebbing as the sharp sting fades. But her nipple stays as hard as ever.

I get up, leaving Shannon sitting there. I walk away, taking the phone with me.

I disappear, moving to where she can't see me. Leaving her to feel alone and abandoned as her bare bottom sits on that hard stool. It's twenty minutes before I return, my phone in one hand, my crop in the other. "Are you ready to be a good bitch and call your little boy to come fetch your slutty bottom?"

"PLEASE!---" Shannon blurts another desperate, pleading squeal.

I swat her other nipple with the crop, getting another scream from Shannon. Before she's done with that screech, the crop lands again on the other nipple, getting them both stinging her hard. "Bad bitch!" I scold her over her panting yelps. Then I walk away again, leaving there

## Part II: Shannon

suffering the pain in those still-over-hard nipples. Nipples that seem to like the pain as much as she likes to cry about it.

Her nipples are still stiff as I return to her, this time a full thirty minutes later. She still sobbing lightly, hanging her head. But her nipples don't show any marks. Not a trace of that medium-hard swat left on them. I'll bet she can still feel a slight sting in them, though. I hold out my phone in one hand, my crop in the other. I hope my message is clear to her less-sentient bitch brain. I ask if she's ready to be a good bitch and call now.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Shannon sobs in a voice so quiet I can barely hear her. I make her repeat it in a louder voice. Then I scold her that she'd better use a proper voice on the voice so that Keith can hear her. "And you'd better tell him exactly what I told you to. I want him to know what a gutter whore you are, bitch. You do *not* want to disappoint me." I ask, and she gives me the number. I dial.

Keith answers, asking immediately who it is. He's never had my phone number, not any of them. The one I called from is one of the disposable burn numbers I keep for toys; the number can disappear when the toy does, or if the toy should give it out. I have to tap the side of Shannon's breast with the crop to get her to answer him.

Shannon sobs. In a breaking voice, one full of her shame, she tells him that she's at my house. And why. Then tells him that she needs someone to come get her, or she doesn't know what. She asks, very politely, "please. Will you please come to pick me up, Sir. Please!" Keith acts like it's an imposition, like he doesn't want to, but agrees to come and fetch her.

Shannon is far from stupid. I can see that. She has to know that I can't keep her here forever. Very quickly she'd be noticed missing, reported, and the cops would quickly be at my door looking for her. At least on TV, they always go wherever her phone is or last was, and that would be here. But she made the call anyway, even knowing that I

## Part II: Shannon

couldn't really force her to stay until someone came and got her. Maybe until morning, but that would be about it. That tells me that she secretly wants Keith to know the truth. She just needed a little nudge to make her tell him. And wanted that nudge. Or she wouldn't have balked when I told her to. She would have run. I'd figured all that out before she ever set foot in my apartment. And I'd figured out that Keith already knew most of it, but wanted the respect of being told. And wants to help her find whatever makes her truly happy. Or he wouldn't have agreed to come fetch her when I text him. He would have balked.

I leave Shannon sitting there. I sit at my desk, Sophie catering to me, with my crop in hand to keep her sitting up prim and straight. It takes Keith around half an hour to get here, but I'd expected that in afternoon traffic. It would take me that long to get to his house. When he knocks, Sophie heads for the door, now with instructions to be polite; as she always is unless it's a toy expected at the door and she's been told not to be.

Shannon cringes, as hard as I've seen her cringe, inward. A quick and light tap from my crop gets her attention. She straightens back up as I scold her to. "And don't you dare misbehave while Mr. Tomas is in my home. I'd hate to have to spank your slutty bottom beet red in front of *my* guest. You will sit up straight, bitch. You will be polite, like a humble bitch. You will only speak when asked a question or given permission. Just sit there." I tap her breast again, lightly, just to let her know I'm serious. She sits up straight, trying to ignore the little tears rolling down her cheeks.

Sophie brings Keith in. He follows her with a very appreciative eye on her rounded, lace-clad bottom. Boys! He's actually kind of cute. Cute enough, that if he had the proper equipment and wasn't otherwise in my life, he might have a chance if I bumped into him somewhere. Sophie shows him to the sofa, offering him a seat on the end. It's the seat that affords him the best view of Shannon, sitting demurely still and very naked. A full-frontal view of her. I doubt he really wants to see it despite her rather pretty body. Few would want to see mom naked. But I know

## Part II: Shannon

Shannon wants him to see it even less. And I'm trying to degrade Shannon as much as humanly possible in this little meeting. Sophie offers Keith a refreshment, he accepts a tea sweetened with peach juice, and Sophie quickly serves it to him as a humble slave. That Keith looks to really enjoy.

My desk is in the corner of the room, and where I'm seated, I mostly face Keith, but I'm also behind Shannon where she can't see me much. But I can see her decently, my view about 1/3 from the side and 2/3 from the back. It's enough of an angle that I can easily crop her breasts, or anything else on her front or left, that I wish.

"Hiya." I smile wide to him. "I'm Miss Rodgers. As this bitch told you, I'm a Domme. She's been chatting with me for a few weeks now. Most of that time she's been begging to come and serve me like the slut she truly is. I allowed her to come here today and show me a complete slut she is at heart. I will only say that she's proven herself to be as slutty as the cheapest of whores. You know, that crack-head dope whore turning trick next to a dumpster beside a crack house in a neighborhood regular people won't set foot in. that kind of a whore. The only difference is that whore is just doing it to get high. This skank is doing it because she just loves it! Since you have to live with it, I thought you should know first hand what complete tramp it is."

I use the tip of my crop to lightly tease one of her very hard nipples. Shannon breathes just a bit deeper at the caressing touch. "bitch, tell him very politely how slutty your pussy really is. How aroused is that skank pit right this instant." I quickly let her glimpse a latex glove dangling in my hand, hoping that will remind her that if she doesn't tell him, I will show him. I'm confident, with that choice, she'd much rather tell him. At least he won't see the extent of her sloppy wetness himself.

"I am a complete slut, Sir." Shannon sobs out, her voice quieting more than one octave. "My slutty pussy is very very aroused right now, Sir."



## Part II: Shannon

"I suppose your pussy wants to be diddled right now, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Shannon tries to answer very quietly, hoping Keith won't hear. I make her tell him, and she raises her voice barely a bit, her tone squeaking and sobbing as she tells him "my slutty pussy is begging to be diddled right now, Sir."

"You see why I can't just let this slut wander the halls here? Who knows what that pussy might convince her to get up to! I have neighbors! They're nice. The last thing I'd want is for them to see her true nature take hold for a moment. You know, if that happened, she might end up in the alley behind this building bent over a garbage can for some homeless guy or something!" Never happen, not with miss prissy here. But she's very likely to hurry to her car and when no one is watching, her hand will slide into the pants of her suit for a little quick relief. She'd never get caught around here, not if she parked somewhere out of the way, and there are lots of little nooks like that. Or lots no one uses.

"I see what you mean." Keith plays along. "Don't worry about her, I'll take her straight home."

"Thank you for that," I tell him. "However I still have to deal with that very slutty, and now very aroused pussy between those thighs." Shannon shudders hard, flinching so obviously, as she hears me. I'm sure she's thinking I'm going to make her masturbate in front of him. I'm not. Not now. Maybe in a few sessions when she's ready for that humiliation and if he's willing to see it, which is a big if.

"Unfortunately that pussy has been very neglected for quite a long time now. A simple diddling, or even a cock, won't sate it for very long. It needs a little more to satisfy it after such neglect. That will take a little time. Would you mind supervising her tonight for me? That way she won't have to keep coming back here, or just stay here, whichever you'd prefer."

"I guess I could watch her, what do I have to do?" He sounds reluctant, but I told him about this, too, and asked him to. So when he

## Part II: Shannon

accepted, he knew this was going to happen. I don't want him to be surprised by anything.

"I don't really care how you do it. That pussy needs to be fully masturbated. Three times, evenly spaced out tonight." I glance at my watch and see it's coming up on 3:00. "Say 4:00, 7:00 and 10:00, on the nose. It doesn't matter how it's masturbated, as long as she's fully naked, not lying down, not covered up, and not in her bedroom. That's how she's been improperly masturbating that pussy, lying in her bed, under the covers. The only other thing that matters is that she's properly supervised tonight until she's done with all three.

"Fully supervised means that she *never* leaves your sight. You keep eyes on her constantly, no matter what, until that pussy has been taken care of. You may invent some way to afford her a shred of privacy while diddles it if you want, but you also need to ensure that you can know she's diddled it and that it has climaxed. However, you do that is fine with me. As long as she's supervised and releases the tension in that pussy. Is that a problem for you?"

He sounds unhappy when agrees to do it "for her." I grin at him, my way of letting him know he's playing his role well.

"Good. Thank you for sparing me the work of minding this bitch. Naturally, she'll be very humble and polite to you tonight, since you're doing such a disgusting and huge favor for her. From now on, this bitch may not contact me. If it wishes to tell me anything, it may ask you politely to contact me for it. It can give you the email. If ever I wish to skank my apartment up with this bitch, I'll email you back and let you know when and where to deliver it. Is that okay with you?"

He again accepts, but reluctantly-sounding. "Last thing. Tonight, after her pussy is taken care of, she's to handwrite a letter to me tell me how her pussy feels then. IN very explicit detail. Since she's not allowed to contact me, she may give that to you, and you may send it on to me for this bitch. Just ensure that it's long, detail, complete and she leaves that

## Part II: Shannon

so-fake prissy modesty out of it. I'd hate to have to summon her in the morning just to spank her!

"You may dress and take this bitch now. My slave girl will assist you." I turn to the smirking Sophie and tell her to fetch Shannon's things.

Sophie returns with Shannon's clothes and purse. I give Sophie a key to the cuffs and ask Keith to get Shannon and go with Sophie. A moment later Shannon's hands are unlocked and she's standing naked along the wall, facing Keith and Sophie. Sophie holds the pile of Shannon's things and hands one piece to Keith. It's the necklace that came off last. She tells Keith what to do and say, and Keith gives Shannon her instructions. A few items later she's asking the most humiliating question to Keith: "Sir, may this bitch please have permission to put those panties on my slutty bottom, Sir?" as Keith holds her panties up. He hands them over, and Shannon hurries to get them on.

A few minutes later, He's taking her by the hand and walking her down to his car. He's told her that she can leave her car here, since they can't drive both without her being out of his sight, and he'll drop her at it in the morning. She doesn't look happy about that but doesn't dare challenge him.



# Part III: Rob

### Part III: Rob

By the time Shannon leaves, Rob has been waiting in that Cage for four hours. Which is exactly how long I wanted him to wait in there. It just worked out that it perfectly timed with Shannon's application. That's plenty long for his cock to have a good rest after it's milking, and now be ready for more action. I'd wager that listening to Shannon's very erotic mousy cries as she rode the pony kind of... helped that cock along its way back to readiness.

When I pull the sheet off the cage I see him sitting close to the way I left him. He's moved a little, surely trying to keep his legs from cramping up. The cage hasn't given him the room to do much more besides sit there. I'd bet he didn't expect to wait so long. I'll bet he didn't expect to hear Shannon moaning away either. I immediately look down at his cock. It's about 1/3 hard. And here it's been well over an hour since I took Shannon out of the playroom.

I unlock the cage and wait while she squirms out on his butt. With his hands still locked behind him, he can't even crawl out any other way. I'm definitely not taking him out, either. He looks heavy. He scoots, and once he's out of the cage, I snap for him to quit wasting my time and get on his knees. It doesn't take him long to kneel. A few moments more for me to scold him to kneel properly, with his knees and feet spread, and his hands on his mid-thighs, palms up. Which leaves his floppy cock hanging down loose, its tip just above the floor.

I step very close to him, putting the ball of my foot on the tender head of his cock and shifting a little of my weight onto the foot to squish his cock down against the hard tile floor. I'm very close to him. And sitting back on his heels, as he is, has his face about the height of my hips. Close enough anyway that I'm certain he can smell the perfume I have on the front of my panties. It's a sweet lilac scent. I don't know if he can smell me. My muskiness is light, but I'm also kind of aroused after watching Shannon so totally humiliated just a few minutes ago. Aroused enough that I know I'll be masturbating tonight with my favorite sex toy: Sophie! Unlike most sex toys, her batteries never die at the worst possible moment. Better than Bunny Batteries, her tongue never runs down!

### Part III: Rob

"Now are you ready to be a good little boy for your interview and *not* have any more pervert thoughts that get your little pecker hard while you're trying to prove that you're well behaved enough that someone like Mistress might not be totally ashamed to waste Her valuable time allowing you to skank up Her dungeon?"

"Yes, Ma'am." He answers with a touch of strain in his voice.

I put a little more pressure on his cock with my shoe. "This the last time I'll bother trying to interview you before I toss your creepy butt to the curb. Literally." I grin. "You will behave. That needle dick of yours will *not* get stiff. It should be easy if you keep those perverted thoughts out of your head and behave." I step down hard, making him wince and grimace for a second. Then I take my foot away and tell him to stand back up. He does. I grab hold of the hair on the bottom of his sack, not wanting to touch his cock; I just know it will jump to attention if I touch it. But those short hairs make for an excellent leash as well. He very quickly follows me back to the stool, and when told to sit.

I don't even have to remind him to sit like a good bitch. Now, with his cock more soft than hard, it lies down along the wooden seat between his splayed thighs. I start asking him the question I ask all men. First about their sexual experience. Then about their secret fantasies. Then about their secrets, those things they don't want anyone to know about them. It takes about 30 minutes for me to get through all of them.

A little more of that time is spent on the questions about his desires to serve Mistress Diane. It seems every time I make him describe one of his little thoughts about what she might deign to use his little dick for, it starts getting stiff. I don't let it. I swat it hard with my crop, right on its sensitive fat head. He screeches, more like a girl than a man, with each of the four strokes he earns. None of which are very hard. All of which makes that cock immediately return to full limpness.

As soon as the intimate questions are over, an unseen camera making a recording of him sitting there naked answering them for

### Part III: Rob

Mistress Diane, I tell him to stand. It's time for his examination. After all, Mistress wouldn't want to waste her time on a cock that's defective as well perverted, would she? And he's already proven his cock is very perverted. I use the hair of his balls as a leash to walk him back to the playroom.

I tell him to get up on the massage table, on all fours again. I wait until he gets up, and gets his knees and feet spread wide with his hands up and out to get his back flat. Just like id' have a woman on all fours. Then I wheel a little cart around in front of him, where he's obediently holding his head up and staring at the wall. Now he can see what I have arranged on the table.

First is a pair of my pastel green latex gloves. I pull a pair on my hands slowly, making him watch me do it. "Time to see if that prostate can hold its end up," I say it slyly, with a very evil grin on my face. Then I pick up the prostate massager from the table and hold it right in front of his eyes.

I watch his eyes about pop out of his head. And he fidgets while staying on all fours. The massager I've selected is long, around 10" and fat. Maybe like the tube in a roll of toilet tissue fat. It's steel but covered in a layer of thick latex. It does have a rounded tip, like half a ball, at its top. I take a very long time to put a thin film of lubricating jelly around the tip first, then most of the way down the shaft. And I make sure Rob watches every second of it.

"Now don't be a little baby girl for me, Rob. Try to pretend you're a man. You know where this going. You *will* hold still for me." I finally take it out from in front of his eyes and walk around to the bottom of the table where I stand between his feet. I summon Sophie from all of three feet away. Happily, Sophie pulls his cheeks wide apart stretching his tight and very dark brown, asshole wide. Wide enough to start smoothing out the wrinkles of flesh around his muscle.

I put the fat tip up against his asshole. It's wide enough to completely eclipse his ring, and then some. He flinches again as it touches



### Part III: Rob

him. I hear him panting lightly, but nervously, as he feels that wide shaft against his narrow entrance. "I know it can be a little emasculating to take it in the butt for a male..." I say tauntingly, holding the rounded tip pressed against his asshole. "but... well, you're not really much of a man to start with, so it shouldn't bother you."

I press, steadily pressing hard until finally, I feel his muscle losing it's battle and starting to stretch. The rounded tip stretches it fast, and the thick shaft ensures it stretches far. Rob does about the worst thing he possibly could, he tenses up. That alone would tell me he's a newbie. But he's already told me that much as well. I'll bet this is the first time he's taken anything in his butt. And it's a biggie!

Rob cries out a strained grunt at the instance the toy stretches his asshole fully and starts slipping into him. He groans and keeps groaning, as I slowly side it deeper and deeper into his butt. I'm sure he can feel it stuffing his bottom and stretching his inside a bit. It's big enough, slightly wider than most cocks would be. Personally, I think it's only fair. Rob has always wanted to try anal sex with a woman, and now he is! It's fair that it's his bottom getting stuffed full, isn't it? Shouldn't a man know what he's asking a girl to do for him? Now, Rob certainly knows.

I push it most of the way into his bottom. About halfway up the shaft, there's a little finger that will pop out with the press of a lever on the base. I press the lever. Rob grunts hard as the finger pushes out of the tube, stretching the latex covering. I slip another, fatter, finger over the base end, sliding it up until it's pressing firmly against the skin between his sack and his asshole, and taking up almost all of that little space. I pull the tub back a little until the finger inside is pressing firmly against him as well. And it's directly opposite the other finger, trapping a little piece of him between those fingers. The fatter one, outside him, locks into place. And with the flip of a switch, it starts vibrating.

Rob kneels stunned for a second, almost frozen. Then he starts panting light moaning breaths as the vibrations flow into his gland. Just

### Part III: Rob

as quickly I see his cock spring to full stiffness, sticking straight down between his wide-open thighs. It doesn't take too long, maybe a few more seconds, for those pants to start sounding more like moans.

I giggle. "Look, slave!" I squeal with a little girly eagerness in my voice. "This little boy bitch just loves it up his butt! See how happy and excited his tiny pecker is getting?"

Sophie giggles hard, and she's got a very teenage-girly giggle to her. "Yes, Mistress, that baby dick does look just so excited to have that nice big shaft stuffed up his butt, Mistress!"

I take a picture of his bottom, one that shows both the fat shaft in his bottom and his very stiff cock. I walk around and show him the picture, teasing him about the hardness of his cock while I know he's cringing as he sees that wide shaft entering his bottom.

By the time I'm back around to his bottom, he's moaning very nicely. Eagerly, with some urgency building into his moans. And his voice is rising an octave or two, taking on a very faint girly note.

It's not long after that when I see his cock start twitching. I spank his bare bottom firmly. "Stop thinking about messing up my table with your disgusting boy cum! Don't you dare, bitch!" I spank his other cheek. Rob grunts a light yelp, more of a surprise than anything else, with each slap. Then he starts squirming, his squirms steadily getting more and more urgent. I'm treated to the sight of him clenching his teeth hard.

I know he's very eager to climax. And having a very hard time holding it in. Most guys do, at least compared to girls. If I had more time, I might well time him down and see how long I could tease him without his cumming. I'm pretty good at that. I'll bet he could last over an hour.

Instead, I have Sophie put an old rag on the table under his cock. It's one of a few we keep in here for just this. Boy mess. While he kneels and grunts tense-but-too-sweet moans, I caress his bottom as I warn him not to mess my table. Yeah, I know, my caressing his bottom isn't helping my stated goal.

### Part III: Rob

Rob cums. I see his cock twitching crisply as it spurts his cream. He grunts hard, sighing out with deep satisfaction as he does.

Sophie announces "eight minutes, twelve seconds, Mistress! That boy bitch must *really* love getting it up his butt like a girl."

I turn the vibrator off, release the inner finger, and slowly ease it out of his bottom. Rob sighs again, deeply, and with heavy relief as it slips from his tight ring.

I give him a few short seconds to compose himself before I have him get back up to his feet. This time I don't hesitate to use his now limp cock for a leash. And like any man, he very readily follows his dick!

I walk him back to the living room and stand him against the wall. I get a pair of light pink panties, size XXL, from the stock of spare slut clothes I keep around. I write "I just had a huge shaft deep up this butt – and I loved it!" across the butt of the panties. Then I send Sophie to fetch his clothes and bring them to me. I have him put the panties on. They're low cut, the kind of love to see girls in, and rather skimpy in the front. Even limp and shriveled up, his cock makes a very noticeable bulge in the front of those panties. I take a picture. Then I have him turn around and take a picture. I show him the picture of his backside. It's a good enough picture that it's so clear what I've written across his butt.

Only then do I allow Sophie to dress him and toss him out.

Once he's gone, I email Diane with the more amusing video clips and the pictures. I tell her "I hope that's enough of an interview for you!"

I quickly get back a two word IM for Diane: "how big?" I answer with a picture of the prostate stimulator. She IMs back "Ooh! If he comes here, he is so coming in those panties!"

I can't resist. "You sure, he's probably cumming in them now!"

And she answers: "LOL. So true."