



A Shared Lesson

Nadezhda Sarankhova

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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big 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 20-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest. Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

Paige is my 19-year-old house-slave and slave-whore. It's a role she definitely loves. She lives with me, too. In a kennel, in the playroom. Like Sophie, she came to me during her final year of high school, just after her 18th birthday. Paige does most of the chores around the house, which leaves Sophie free to cater more closely to me. Paige is also my

whore. Whenever I need a female body to torment one of my toys, it's Paige's body I use. And Paige definitely doesn't mind it.

Paige is rather lean girl. She stands about 5'6" tall, but weighs only 112 pounds. It gives her a slightly stickish figure, with only the gentlest of feminine curves to her waist and hips. But she does have a pair of rather perky, and slightly pointy, 34-B breasts with wide nipples. She has honey brown hair that's long and curly with green eyes.

I believe in taking good care of my slaves. Including their education. Sophie is now a sophomore at Bishop State College where she's studying to become a vet technician. Paige, a year behind her in school, is beginning her freshman year at Bishop. Before they became mine, both girls were mediocre students, and neither had the grades to get into a four-year university. Now they're straight-A students. I wouldn't accept anything less. Both should easily be able to transfer to USA for their last two years of college and earn degrees that would allow them to actually get a decent job. They might not need to work while they're mine, but I want them to have their education and options down the line.

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

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

Most of my stories are from the months I spend in Mobile. I very seldom publish any of the few stories from my time in Russia. That's because Putin's Russia isn't as enlightened as America. Homosexuality is a crime there. And the courts there would deem anything between two women to qualify. However, it's a crime that's not so often prosecuted. Usually no one really cares if it's kept discrete. So while I have been known to play there as well, I've very care who I'll play with. Only those toys that come to me with the most trusted of referrals are considered. And I keep the stories private. I'm definitely not going to advertise what I've done there.

I have dual citizenship. That's a benefit the Russian government bestowed upon me because my father was a junior diplomat at the time. Sophie goes with me to Russia. She, obviously, is an American citizen. She only speaks about five words of Russian, too. But she never leaves my side. And she does wear her collar, much to the dismay of the TSA screeners. That shiny padlock holding it around her neck is not a friend to their scanners. Paige, however, doesn't get to take the trips. I usually leave her with my mom, who enjoys the free house maid she uses Paige as. And, as a Domme, my mom is well versed in the proper care that Paige might need.



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When I play with more than one toy, I like to mix up the ages of the toys. To put a young woman with a middle-aged man, or a young man with a middle-aged woman. Or a young woman with a middle-aged woman, a young man with an older man. It's a partner they never would have imagined choosing for themselves. It keeps the toys a little bit off balance.

I've been lucky in finding toys. It seems that there are any number of middle-aged toys, of both genders, who find it enticing to play with a much younger Domme. Younger toys seem to be more interested in serving someone their own age, someone who might understand them better in their minds.

So far, I've kept one 18-year-old high school senior in my toy box. Last year it was Paige. This year it's Joey. I don't have a rule, or a limit, of one. It's just worked out that way.

But every year I get a number of other high school students asking me if I'd consider playing with them as well. I guess it's from sending my toys to school with their collars on. That nicely advertises their status as my slave. I also require my slaves, the ones privileged to wear my collar, to always answer every question they're asked honestly, although there are some exceptional questions they're allowed to respond by saying they won't answer. It has my slave telling everyone that she's my slave. There's no way schoolgirls won't ask a million questions when a classmate shows up wearing a collar!

They come to me in different ways. Some find one of my email addresses somewhere and just message me. Most find a mutual friend of my slave to introduce them and then quietly send me a message through my slave. A few others some other way, such as through one of my other friends. No matter how they come to me, the first thing I do is check to make sure the person is over 18. I never take their word for it, either. And if I can't independently verify their age, I don't respond to them. That's one of my firm, never bending rules.

When I do answer them, I usually give them one chance to catch my interest, and that's not so easy to do. But if they manage, I usually tell them that their parents have to contact me, and when they do,

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they'd better know what's going on. I'm sure it makes for an uncomfortable conversation. What teenager wants to tell her parents anything about her sex life? More so when there's some kink to it. It nicely weeds out most of the ones who are more playing around than serious.

That's how Gretchen came to me. She doesn't go to the same high school Joey does, but they both have a mutual friend. Gretchen finagled an introduction to Joey, then dropped enough hints until Joey finally, and with my permission, gave her my email. Gretchen said all the right things. And she's pretty enough, meaning most guys would gladly be seen in public with her. None of which sets her out from the herd, albeit a fairly small herd.

When I told Gretchen that, since she lived in her mother's house, her mother would have to contact me, it was a couple of days before she did. a couple of days during which I utterly ignored Gretchen, not even acknowledging that I'd gotten the emails she sent me. Finally, Tracy, Gretchen's mother emailed me. That one I answered.

It didn't take me long to get a good picture of both of them. Gretchen sounded slightly insecure and slightly shy. But her interest sounded honest. As if she wanted to serve someone, not just play around and earn herself a reputation as a fun girl. Tracy came across as a rather average middle-aged single mom. By day she's a receptionist at a health club. Not the best paying of jobs, but enough for her to keep Gretchen eating. She seems to have an average social life, dating, but not especially serious with her boyfriend.

For Gretchen's first session I required Tracy to "deliver" Gretchen to my apartment. I didn't exactly tell Tracy what that would involve lest she slips up and warns Gretchen. Tracy was only slightly reluctant when she agreed. And more reluctant when she got here and found out what "deliver" meant to me. It meant that as soon as they arrived, Tracy was asked to remove Gretchen's clothes for her, not to allow Gretchen to do it herself. Once Gretchen was nude, Tracy had to bind Gretchen's hands behind her, then walk her across the room to me. And then Tracy was sent away, taking Gretchen's clothes with her.

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A few hours later, after Gretchen had learned her lesson of the day, Tracy was allowed to come fetch her. When Tracy returned, Gretchen served us both coffee while I told Tracy the very basics of what Gretchen had learned. I did that to humiliate Gretchen. What teenager wants to kneel and serve coffee while her sexuality and body are openly discussed, and she's excluded from the conversation? Then Tracy was allowed to dress Gretchen in fresh clothes she'd been told to bring, and take Gretchen home.

The second time Tracy delivered Gretchen, I arranged it so that Tracy would arrive just before Gretchen finished her lesson. When Tracy arrived, Gretchen was finishing up with a nice, and rather graphically enjoyable supervised masturbation. Tracy, by my design, walked in on it. She got to see Gretchen standing up, masturbating, while I stood over Gretchen with a crop to ensure Gretchen masturbated my way. Such as by standing still as she did it. Any infraction, no matter how minor, was met with a swat of my crop. It also allowed Tracy to see the intense orgasm Gretchen had. And that nicely humiliated Gretchen.

After that session, I got a few emails from Tracy that I'm sure Gretchen still doesn't know about. At first, Tracy just asked a few questions about the supervised masturbation. They were mostly about the rules Gretchen had to obey, and the techniques she was required to use. Then Tracy started asking more interesting questions, such as if the supervised masturbation usually produced such a powerful orgasm.

After a few days of those emails, I decided to send Tracy a summons of her own. I told her that she was to be at my apartment at 4:30, a half-hour after she got off work, and "all her questions would be fully answered." When Tracy arrived, I met her at the door and told her in a rather firm voice, that it was time for her to learn the joys of supervised masturbation. She wasn't to say a single word, or she'd find herself over my knees with a sore bottom before she could even blink. She was to give her clothes to my slave.

I wasn't sure what Tracy would do. I'm not sure Tracy was, either. It took her a few long seconds to decide. But she stripped. And then, she masturbated, with full supervision. But that's all I asked her to do.

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Once she came, and it was a strong climax, I had Sophie return her clothes and sent her on her way. Gretchen never knew it happened.

After that, Tracy kept emailing me, begging me to never let her boyfriend, Jeff, find out about it. Or anything else. Jeff doesn't even know that Gretchen is serving me, and Tracy definitely wanted it to stay that way. She was afraid of how Jeff would react.

When Tracy delivered Gretchen for the next session, I didn't let on that Tracy had been here without Gretchen. I kept that our little secret. I just kept Gretchen for a long session. And taught her a few tricks between using her for my amusement.

Tracy still thinks Jeff is ignorant of me. He's not. I decided to track him down. It was easy. Tracy had told me enough about him that all I had to do was show up at the car dealership he worked for and introduce myself. At first, Jeff was shocked. That didn't last long. Then he was slightly interested and amused. I'm sure he has some nice images in his mind of Tracy doing some very kinky things - with him.

I asked Jeff, directly, if he wanted me to leave Tracy alone. I didn't get a straight answer from him. So I ask him if he'd care to have some participation, not necessarily playing himself. Maybe just seeing something. Maybe joining in, such as providing a cock for one of Tracy's lessons. He said he'd be open to that. And he said he'd keep this meeting a secret between us. I believed him.

Today is supposed to be Gretchen's fourth session with me. By now she's learned all of the basics that a good slave should know. Now I can start with the more intense teases. The ones that will be more amusing to me.

It's a Saturday evening. I'm Jewish and fairly observant, so I do keep the Sabbath. It ends at sundown Saturday, so I always schedule my Saturday sessions for after sundown. That's not too late this time of year. As always, it's Tracy knocking on the door, Gretchen waiting demurely at her side. I send Sophie, my live-in slave-girl, to answer the door and show them both in.

By now, Tracy has come to expect being told to undress Gretchen and bind her daughter's hands for the session. Whatever the session

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might have in store for Gretchen. Tracy will hand her nude and bound daughter over to me to use, without having a clue how Gretchen will be used.

Gretchen has come to expect it as well. And to accept it. But she still doesn't like standing there still and silent as her mother takes the clothes off of her. It does nicely remind Gretchen that her body isn't hers to hide. It's mine to flaunt, when, where, and how, I wish. That I will decide when, and how, Gretchen's clothes come off. And that Gretchen has no say in it. Nor do I care how she would prefer it done. Her place is to accept whatever I say.

Gretchen is a fairly petite woman. She's 5'2" tall and 112 pounds. I know. I've fully measured her body, just as I do with any toy that going to be hanging around in my toybox.

Gretchen is also a rather plain girl. She's pretty enough, in that girl-next-door way. To me, she looks like a typical girl, not a cheerleader or beauty queen. But she does have a certain sultriness to the way she looks. It's kind of a "librarian" look. Not really nerdy, though. More... bookish and reserved.

She has dark blond hair that's mostly straight as it hangs down to the middle of her shoulder blades. Her hair has just a touch of body to it. Mostly it's fine, almost silky, with a very slight wave to it. It frames a face that I wouldn't call either rounded or ovalish, but somewhere in between the two. Its face with defined features, but also with soft, gently rounding, lines to it. She has pretty green eyes, behind "frameless" glasses with long, oval-shaped lenses that have straight edges to them with rounded tops and bottoms. She has a slightly long and wide nose with soft lines and no crisp angles to it. And she has a mouth that's moderately wide, framed with a pair of light pink lips. Lips that are full, plump, and delicately soft.

For today, Gretchen has dressed casually, as if she were going to school. It's an outfit I'm sure she's worn to school countless times before. She has on a pink button-down sweater with long sleeves. she has on relaxed-fitting faded jeans. She has on sneakers. I'll presume she has socks, a bra, and panties on underneath.

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Tracy kneels down and starts by taking Gretchen's shoes and socks off. She always does, leaving Gretchen as much modesty as she can for as long as she can. I think most mothers would. It leaves Gretchen's small feet bare. Sophie gives Tracy a brown paper grocery bag to put Gretchen's clothes in. Tracy doesn't bother folding them up neatly. By now she's learned that these clothes will be going straight into the wash anyway. When Tracy returns, she'll have to bring fresh clothes for Gretchen. Even fresh shoes. If Tracy tries to bring anything that Gretchen has on now, I'll take it and Gretchen won't get it back. It will go to the shelter for abused women, a favorite charity of mine, and one that can always use donations of nice things.

Gretchen didn't bother wearing any jewelry or accessories today. She's learned it just means more than Tracy will have to take off of her. And it seems that Gretchen would prefer the undressing to be over as quickly as possible. As if she'd prefer standing naked to being undressed.

It sends Tracy up to unbutton Gretchen's sweater. It comes off easily. It doesn't show me anything I haven't seen before. It lets me see Gretchen's slightly bony-looking shoulders with their pronounced lines of her collar bones. It lets me see Gretchen's flat stomach and the gentle feminine curve to her waist. It's a fairly shallow curve, but that's typical on smaller girls. They just don't have the weight to be too curvy.

It lets me see the modest white satin bra she's wearing, too. It has full cups. Ones that fully cover her ample mounds, leaving only the tiniest slice of cleavage bare at the center. It has narrow, ribbon-like straps over her shoulders. And it has a medium-wide band around her back. Even with the bra covering her breasts, it's obvious that Gretchen has ample ones.

Tracy kneels down again to unbutton Gretchen's jeans. Tracy doesn't hesitate to slip them down. She lifts one of Gretchen's feet at a time, slipping it out of the jeans before releasing it. Gretchen forces herself to stand demure, not doing anything to help Tracy, though she clearly wants to hurry it along.

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It reveals a pair of full, shapely, and slim legs. legs that don't have a blemish on them. Legs with taut, soft skin, just as I can see on her stomach and chest. And it lets me see Gretchen's gently curving hips. Her hips really aren't much wider than the rest of her. It's not as if they curve outward, but more as if they're sweetly rounded as they rise up and flow into the gentle curve of her waist. Her hips are just full enough to hide their bones, but no more so.

And it reveals a pair of decently modest white panties. I'm sure Gretchen chose this set over some of her sexier and thus better-liked, panties only because she thought Tracy would be taking them off of her body for her. Her panties are cotton. they have a decent-sized triangle in front that fully covers her pubes. They don't have any lace. They have a good-sized back to them, almost fully covering her bottom. But they have narrow straps around the sides of her hips. They're slightly high cut, their waistband running along Gretchen's waistline. But they have a straight top edge to them, not a sexier curving one that dips down.

Tracy stands back up to get to Gretchen's bra. Tracy stands off to Gretchen's side as she reaches up behind Gretchen's back and releases the clip. Then Tracy puts her hands to Gretchen's shoulders and uses the narrow straps there to pull the bra away from Gretchen's body. It keeps Tracy's hands from going anywhere near Gretchen's breasts.

As the bra falls from her chest, it bares a pair of very shapely, and ample, mounds. I already know that Gretchen wears a 34-C bra. Her breasts almost look enhanced, but I know they're not. they don't have the feel of falsies. And there are no scars from surgery. Her mounds are natural. They're also fully rounded and especially pert. Her mounds swell from her flat chest like half grapefruits, only larger. Both at the bottom and at the top. they don't lie back against her chest at all, so there's no crease to their underside. just silky soft breast curving outward and rising.

Gretchen's breasts sit slightly high on her chest. Or at least look as if they do. they also sit close to her sides, angling slightly outward. it leaves a wide, and deep, V of cleavage between them. It's an asset most girls would be maximizing and flaunting. But Gretchen doesn't.

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Her mounds are topped with a pair of fairly wide rings. they're light pink, matching her lips. Center in each ring is a slightly narrow nipple about as wide as a pencil eraser. Her nipples are already hard, rising almost ¼" off her mounds. They have cute rounded tips.

Tracy doesn't kneel down to take Gretchen's panties off. I think that's because it would put her face too close to Gretchen's pubes. She just leans over and puts her hands to the sides of the panties. Tracy takes care to keep her hands on Gretchen's sides as she pushes the panties down and slips them off Gretchen's feet.



It reveals Gretchen's full dark bush. Its fur is long and dark brown, not black nor blond. But it is neatly trimmed, with sharp lines at its top, and just inside the creases of Gretchen's thighs. I demand those lines. I do not allow bushes that are wild and untamed. Gretchen's fur is fairly dense, her hairs long and twined together as they rise off her flat pubes.

Unlike most of my subs, I allow Gretchen to keep a full bush. One that flows down onto her lips. Usually, I require a sub to shave her lips. The hairs get in the way of my access to her pussy. But I had a reason to allow Gretchen to leave that fur. It's for something I have planned. Her fur is even denser on her mound, almost fully hiding it from my sight. I'm sure Gretchen appreciates that it also hides her mound from Tracy's sight.

I can still make out that Gretchen has a narrow slit. really just a fine dark line where the edges of her lips fully meet. At least as seen from the front. I can see that Gretchen has a deeply puffy mound as well, one that swells nicely down between the tops of her slim thighs and leaves it looking as if her slit rises up her front a bit.

Sophie hands Tracy a pair of police-issue handcuffs. They're not fancy. But they are rather effective at binding Gretchen's wrists behind her. It's what I usually give Tracy to bind Gretchen's hands. They won't be staying on too long. And they're easy to use. Just push them closed

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around Gretchen's narrow wrists. The only thing Gretchen doesn't get is the key to them. Once they're on, they're on until I take them off.

Tracy locks Gretchen's hands behind the girl's back. It ensures that Gretchen's full nakedness will be on display to everyone. It also ensures that Gretchen won't be using her hands for anything. Tracy puts one hand to Gretchen's shoulder, a chaste place to touch the woman, and walks her over to me.

I'm not so shy about touching Gretchen. Nor is Gretchen so reluctant to be touched by me. I reach my hand down to Gretchen's bush. I let my fingers slip into Gretchen's fur, her hairs lacing between my fingers. I get a decent grip on Gretchen by her fur, pulling just hard enough for her to feel the light tugging on those hairs. To let her know that I have her by the pussy.

Tracy steps over by the door, picking up the bag of Gretchen's clothes as she goes.

I walk Gretchen over to the wall, the same place where she just stood for Tracy to undress her. It's not where I have taken her the other times she's been here, but after only three visits, I think Gretchen has learned not to expect anything. There's no telling what I might do. I guide her back until she's lightly touching the wall. I leave her there.

I turn to Tracy. I know that Tracy expects me to release her now. To let her know that I'm satisfied with the nude Gretchen she's leaving me to amuse myself with.

I hold up a single finger and wiggle it, gesturing "no" to Tracy. "And just where do you think you're going, Tracy?"

Tracy stops. She looks at me with a completely puzzled look on her face, as if she's trying to figure out some reason why I'm not sending her away now. After all, it's time for me to play with Gretchen...

"Today's lesson is in immodesty and patience. Both are lessons you need to learn as well, especially the way you've been so modestly hiding yourself from your boyfriend. You will be joining Gretchen for the lesson." I smirk wide as I look upon Tracy.

Tracy stares back at me, her eyes now wide, and a rather nervous look on her face. A very shocked look as well, one that tells me the idea

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of my telling her to stay with Gretchen never so much as entered her mind. I promised Tracy I'd keep the secret of her single supervised masturbation session. And I am. I haven't even hinted that she's been here before. I never said I would flaunt her submissive streak as I guided her to explore it further.

Aren't I evil? "Unless you would prefer to start with a spanking, I suggest you put that bag down and take your place along the wall, right beside Gretchen," I add, my voice now firm, but not raised. Just strong enough to convey to Tracy that I am not asking her to take her place. I am telling her she's going to take that place.

The bag falls from Tracy's surprised hands. Tracy hesitates for a second. "Please..." Tracy mutters softly, her voice breaking with nervousness. "not in front of Gretchen..."

It's all I allow her to say. A moderately hard slap to Tracy's face cuts her off. It leaves a light pink handprint on Tracy's cheek. It tosses her head slightly to the side. It gets her attention.

And it puts a wide grin on Gretchen's face. Gretchen learned long ago that I don't tolerate backtalk of any kind. It ensures swift, and unwanted, consequences. Like a harsh slap to the face. Apparently, Gretchen didn't mind seeing her mom learn that lesson the same way Gretchen did. The hard way. My favorite way. The hard-learned lessons are always the ones best remembered.

Tracy looks even more shocked as she glares back at me. She should have known back-talking me, questioning me, would have brought consequences for her. It did when she was here alone. Why would it be any different now?

Tracy starts moving rather slowly. She hesitantly takes her place along the wall, standing exactly where I always have Gretchen standing. She stands with her arms at her sides. She's not trembling nervous, but she's slightly fidgety. as if she's anxious about what I might command next. I think Tracy is smart enough to know there are few if any, limits to what I might do.

I hadn't been certain that Tracy would accept her place along the wall. It's hard to with the limited contact I've had with her. But I thought

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she would. She definitely enjoyed her supervised masturbation. And that's a very subservient way to cum. She never objected to the strict discipline involved, either. I think she wants to experiment, to play. I'm confident she's interested in learning about it. My question was if she'd submit with Gretchen around to see it. Now I know.

What's good for the goose, is good for the gander. I quickly slip over to Gretchen and unlock Gretchen's hands. Gretchen obediently doesn't even think of moving her hands. She knows they're to be behind her back at all times when not in use. She stands there, demure and silent, but also clearly wondering why I'm freeing her hands.

"Tracy, you will stand there and do nothing. Gretchen, be a good little bitch for your Queen. Unwrap my present. Undress this old bitch just as she undresses you for me. Now."

Gretchen smirks a little as she answers "Yes, Ma'am." She also cringes a little as she thinks about the "yuck" factor of seeing her mother nude. And of touching her body close to some very private places. It's definitely not something Gretchen is anxious to do. But she also seems to appreciate the irony of the roles suddenly reversing. That it's now Tracy who is going to have to make herself stand still and submissively allow herself to be undressed like a child. But Gretchen also knows better than to object.

Tracy is slightly taller than Gretchen, around 5'4" by the look of things. I haven't had the opportunity to measure and weigh Tracy yet. But I'm very good at guessing. I'd guess Tracy weight around 140 pounds, maybe a few pounds less. She definitely does not heavy, not even close to it. it's just enough weight to give her a full curvy figure.

Tracy is slightly prettier than Gretchen is. Tracy's face is more ovalish, but not so ovalish as to start looking narrow. It still has soft and rounded lines to it, even at her jawline. Tracy has the same color hair, but hers is slightly finer and silkier. It's also shorter. She has her hair pulled back into a knot behind her head, making it hard to guess exactly how long it is, but I'd say it hangs to about the tops of her shoulder blades. Tracy also has bright green eyes. And the same long, wide nose. Only Tracy's nose has more angular lines to it. Her face barely shows her

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age. I can make out only a few faint wrinkle lines in her eyes. Not bad at all for a 43-year-old woman.

Today Tracy came dressed casually. It's the kind of outfit a woman would wear to tinker around the house doing chores or whatever. Comfy, but not especially sexy. But still cute, just in case her boyfriend dropped by or something.

She has on a sleeveless, and snug, blue to decorate with tiny little white dots. It doesn't even have shoulders to it, just spaghetti straps over her shoulders. And it hugs her chest enough to show off that she enough breast to be flaunting it. It shows off that she has a pronounced feminine curve to her waist, too. Below that, Tracy has on a pair of cargo shorts and sandals. those are loose-fitting, not flaunting the shape of her bottom. But they do show about half of her legs, letting me see her lean calves. And enough of her thigh to know those are going to be slim as well.

It's also an outfit that isn't going to be hard for Gretchen to get off of her. Gretchen starts with Tracy's top. She puts her small hands to the bottom hem of Tracy's top and lifts it up over Tracy's head. Then Gretchen brings the top back down, pulling it along and off Tracy's arms. It's an easy item to take off. One that doesn't urge Tracy to move much. One that Gretchen doesn't have to move much of Tracy's body to get off, too.

Tracy's shoulders aren't quite as lean as Gretchen's are. But they're still lean enough for me to make out the lines of her collar bones. It lets me see her flat stomach as well, her skin almost as elastic and taut as her daughter's. And it shows off the deep curve of her waist.

I wonder what Gretchen will take off next. I haven't taught Gretchen any of the undressing commands, the ways I tell a woman to take her clothes off for me, yet. There hasn't been a reason to. Not with the way Gretchen cringes every time I make Tracy undress her. I don't want to miss that!

Gretchen opts for the fast approach. The one that will get Tracy naked as quickly as it can be done. She puts her hands to Tracy's shorts. She unbuttons those quickly and lets them fall to Tracy's ankles.

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Gretchen squats down to lift Tracy's feet. She slips each shoe off first, then slips Tracy's foot out of the shorts. She adds those to the pile of Tracy's clothes on the floor beside her.

It leaves Tracy standing there in a matching bra and panties set. Interesting. Tracy knows that I require my toys to be wearing matching sets, not mismatched underwear. The one time Tracy came over before, maybe guessing that I'd be telling her to undress, she was wearing a matching set. But in Tracy's mind, there should have been no reason for her to suspect she'd be undressing today. It leaves me wondering if Tracy always wears matching sets, which is unlikely for a woman of her modest means, or if she was just being cautious. In case I might have her undress. Or maybe hoping that I might have some interest in her and just wanting to be prepared.

Tracy's underwear is simple and girly. She has on cotton panties. They're white, trimmed in hot pink, and decorated with hot pink butterflies. They're also cotton. And they don't have any sexy lace on them. They're fairly modest, too. They fully cover her pubes. And they have inch-wide strips around her hips. But they are slightly low cut.

They show off her figure nicely. Her hips have a prominent curve to them as well. They're full, not showing even a hint of their bones. Only at her waistline can I see the slightest looseness on her body. Surely that's a souvenir of her pregnancy.

Her bra is almost identical. It has cups that are almost full cups, leaving only a slightly noticeable slice of her deep cleavage bared. It doesn't matter, not with her top. It shows that Tracy's breasts are going to be ample as well. It has narrow hot pink straps over her shoulders and a moderately wide band around her back. It's cotton, too, without the wire under her mounds.

Gretchen goes for Tracy's bra next. She stands well away from Tracy's body, her arms almost fully extended, as she reaches behind Tracy's back and unclips it. As it hangs from Tracy's shoulders, Gretchen takes hold of the ends of the band. She quickly pulls it forward, pulling it off of Tracy's breasts. It falls down Tracy's arms. Gretchen pulls it away and adds it to the pile.

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Now I have a good view of Tracy's breasts. They're similar to Gretchen's but differ in many small ways. Tracy's breasts sit high on her chest, and off to her sides. Tracy's body looks a little wider than Gretchen's, leading me to guess that Tracy's bra is a 36-C. Tracy's mounds are well-rounded. But the years have given Tracy's breasts a bit of softness to them. Just enough for them to have a light crease as they lie against her chest. But they also rise off Tracy's chest with that same plump roundness. And they have the same deep and wide V of cleavage between them.

Tracy's mounds are topped with rings that are just as wide as Gretchen's. But Tracy's appear just a hair darker, with the faintest of purple tinge to them. Tracy's nipples are a hair wider than those pencil erasers. And they're standing up a good ¼" from the tips of Tracy's mounds. Her nipples have a slightly less rounded tip to them. But with them standing up so nicely, they have noticeable sides to them as well.

It leaves Gretchen nothing but Tracy's panties to remove. Gretchen doesn't hesitate to pull them down. But she does keep her hands well on Tracy's sides. And she averts her eyes. Just her eyes, not turning her head and thinking she's snuck that in without me noticing. Not.



It fully reveals Tracy's bare pubes. I can already see that Tracy's pubes are shaven silky smooth. Freshly shaven, as if she's trying to look her best. That's a sure sign that woman thinks or at least hopes, she'll be seen. But it still doesn't tell me if she was hoping I would see her body again, or if she was hoping Jeff would pop over to see her.

From the front, Tracy has flat pubes. They don't show any sign of that long ago pregnancy. And Tracy has a slightly narrow-looking pussy mound. But it's a mound that just as puffy, standing nicely down between Tracy's shapely thighs. She'll have long, but slightly narrow lips. Lips that don't quite

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fully meet, leaving her a slit that's a narrow gash. More like a thick, wide line. But even as narrow as her gash is, it's enough for me to see the very edges of her inner folds, their light pink tips rising into her slit. They look like a pink line between her white lips, not rising enough to stand out above her lips, but filling the gap between them.

I hand Gretchen the handcuffs. I don't have to tell Gretchen what to do. She just assumes that I want her to do the same thing that I always have had Tracy do to her. She quickly, casually, pulls Tracy's hands to the small of her back and locks them there.

Sophie brings out a second pair of cuffs. She relocks Gretchen's wrists behind the girl's back. With a nod from me, Sophie nudges Gretchen back into place, standing along the wall, the backs of her heels touching the wall. Then Sophie nudges Tracy into place at Gretchen's side. In the same position. She stands Tracy so close to Gretchen that their shoulders, half of their arms, their hips, legs, and feet are touching each other's.

I stand in front of them. "I see I've been gifted with two slutty bitches for presents today..."

I turn to Tracy. "I will tell you things only once. You want to behave. You will not speak unless spoken to. You will obey. Now, both of you come along, it's time you learn what patience is."



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I start by walking both women into the playroom. Gretchen expects it. By now she should. It's always been where I've taken her. I guess Tracy has heard something about it, I see a little more nervousness on her face as she sees where I'm taking them. Gretchen must have told her about it. Told her that it's where all the "fun" stuff takes place.

I already have the stand I want for this lesson set up. It's made from two sawhorse-like traffic barricades. I haven't a clue where a pair of my friendly frat guys found them, but they say "City of Prichard Police Department" on them. I've decided I'm better off not asking them where they "found" them. They're too perfect for this stand. They're about six feet long. I have them facing each other, which leaves a gap of about three or four feet between them. Then there's a short length of 2x4 on the sides, turning the top into more of a box shape. That gives it a bit of rigidity, keeping everything in place.

I lead both women over to the brace and stand them in front of it. I leave them side-by-side, so close they're almost touching each other's nude body. I'm sure both find that slightly awkward. I certainly hope they do.

I have Sophie fetch me a couple of short lengths of rope, and one longer one. I start with the longer one. I pull Gretchen's leg over until it's flush against Tracy's. Then I wrap a single coil of the rope around Gretchen's ankle and knot it. Now I start winding it around both of their calves, keeping the coils snug. I wind it fully around their calves, one coil flush against the previous. I wind it all the way up to their knees. Or rather Gretchen's knee. Being a couple of inches shorter than Tracy, I get to Gretchen's knee first. Then I wind one more coil around Tracy's calf, just below her knee, and tie it off. It will hold those calves flush and snugly against each other.

I move on to Gretchen's other ankle. I use one of the shorter sections of rope for it. I wind three coils of the rope around Gretchen's slender ankle and tie it off. I thread the other end of the rope through a screw eye in one of the legs of the sawhorse. I pull the rope tight, taking all of the slack out of it. I keep pull it. It pulls Gretchen's ankle over to

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the leg, forcing her to stretch her legs decently wide apart. Then I tie it off before doing the same thing to Tracy's ankle.

I leave both women standing up, facing the frame. It gives them no choice but to stay flush against each other at the center of the frame. And it holds their feet around a meter apart. That's plenty of spread for me. Already I can see their pussy mounds swelling down between their open thighs. Even from the backside, just below those two pairs of firm globes.

As the women stand there, Gretchen is on the right. From behind. So I unlock her wrists first. I have Sophie fetch me another piece of the rough hemp rope that I prefer for tying subs. I wrap three snug soils of it around Gretchen's left wrist and knot it. I bring Gretchen's left arm across Tracy's back, all the way to Tracy's left side. Then I get Tracy's right wrist and bring Tracy's right arm across Gretchen's back to Gretchen's right side. It crosses their arms over each other's back. I bring the rope around, along their waistlines, bringing the free end of it to Tracy's wrist. I wrap my three coils and tie it off.

It leaves both women with one free wrist, the "outside" arm. The one furthest from the other woman. I bring both of them, Tracy's left wrist and Gretchen's right, together at the center, right where their bodies are flush against each other. I put their wrists together and wrap three coils of a short rope around them before knotting it. I wind the rope around both of their forearms, all the way up to Gretchen's elbow, and knot it off. It's less than an inch below Tracy's elbow. Not only will that bind their wrists, but holding their arms together will keep their bodies close.

Now I have Sophie bring me a short rope that I've already tied both ends into nooses. I slip one noose over each woman's neck. I pull them, cinching the nooses snug around their necks, but not very tight. I'm not trying to choke them. Sophie hands me a longer piece of rope. I tie it around the center of the noose rope.

I push both women to lean over together. All the way over, until their heads are even with the brace on the far side. It has the tops of their heads almost touching that brace. I take the rope, the one tied to

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the nooses, and wrap it around the brace, pulling it snug and tying it off. It won't be long before the women realize how I've tied them. If either tries to rise back up, both of the nooses will tighten. I've made sure those nooses were tied loose enough that the instant the woman leans back over, they will loosen back up around their necks. I call it an encouragement to stay where I put them.

I stand behind the bound women. Mother and daughter, side by side. Their bare bottoms, snugly beside each other's. Each pair of globes pulled taut as the women lean over. Both pussies poked out at me from between their thighs. Both cracks starting to stretch apart. It took some work for me to bind them like this, but it was worth it. I love seeing those bare bottoms and pussies so close together. And knowing that both are slightly squeamish about being bound so snugly with the other.

Gretchen has the smaller bottom, but not by much. Her bottom is firm and small, but she's a small girl. Her cheeks are nicely rounded, both across and vertically. With her bending over, her crack looks like an upside-down funnel. A wide V at the bottom, quickly tapering in, forming a crack that's fully closed at the top. The smallness of her bottom, and the tautness of her globes, has her cheeks seeming to swell from the tops of her thighs without a defined bottom curve to them. Except where they part. There, I can see the bottom curve. And I can see the dense jungle of her long fur peeking out from that V. I can see the puffy mound of her fur-lined pussy in that wide V as well. Only from this angle, I can see that her lips don't fully meet, leaving a slight gash for the edges of her pink inner folds to rise into.

On the other hand, Tracy's bottom is a little larger. And a little less well-rounded. With her leaning over, her globes have a slight taut flatness to them. As if her thighs simply rise up into the bend. But they also round out fully to the sides. They're firm, though, even if they do have a touch of flatness to them. Tracy's crack is almost fully opened as she bends forward. It's enough for me to see the dark, purple-tinged, pink ring of her asshole in the valley of her crack. Her cheeks widen into a much narrower V, but it's still wide enough for me to see every bit of

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her bare pussy mound poking her soft lips back at me. Long, but narrow lips. I can even see the tips of her wrinkly inner folds in the gash between her loose lips. I can see Tracy's mound and asshole far better than I can see Gretchen's. That fur hides too much of Gretchen's "goodies."

"slave, fetch me something skanky," I tell Sophie. She knows I mean for her to get skanky, short for skanky whore, the nickname I've bestowed upon Paige, my live-in house-slave and whore. Paige is in her cage, where she's always at when I'm not using her for something. The cage is in the corner of this room. But there's a screen to block it off from sight. Gretchen knows that Paige is behind the screen, even though she's never seen what's behind it. She's seen Paige brought out before. But Tracy doesn't have a clue that Paige is back there. Not unless Gretchen has told her more than I think she has.

Sophie hurries behind the screen. In less than a minute she's leading Paige out from behind it by a leash. Paige is a slightly tall girl at 5'7", but she's also extremely lean at a mere 118 pounds. It gives her a "stickish" figure. A figure with only the gentlest of feminine curves to it. But one that's attractive. It gives her lithe legs. And a flat, toned stomach. She's 19. But she has a slightly ordinary face. It's a face that looks young, allowing Paige to easily pass for 16 if she wants to. But she carries it well, making herself attractive. She has longish, curly, honey-brown hair and green eyes with a wide mouth.

Paige is also fully nude now. She always is. No matter what's going on, or who is here, I don't allow Paige to wear clothes in the house. Ever. She wears only the hot pink dog collar I've locked around her neck and a pair of police-issue leg irons to remind her of her place as the lowest of slaves in my Queendom. It keeps Paige's best assets on full, and fully immodest, display. Her very pert, slightly point B-cup breasts with their wide pink nipples. Her well-rounded and firm bottom. Her silky smooth bare pubes and the puffy mound of her pussy.

Paige is also well behaved. She comes along without hesitation. She asks no questions as Sophie leads her over to me. She doesn't even

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react to the sight of the two nude, bound women. They merit only the briefest of glances from her.

"Find that bitch's clit," I tell Paige. I'm pointing to Tracy's bottom.

"Yes, my Queen," Paige says sweetly, a touch of sultriness in her voice. Paige quickly drops to her knees behind Tracy. Paige stretches her mouth wide open. Then she puts her delicate lips to Tracy's mound, almost fully taking in Tracy's gash.

Paige puts the tip of her tongue to Tracy's gash. She starts drawing it up, lightly pressing it into the gap between the edges of Tracy's thick lips. And slowly drawing it along the edges of Tracy's wrinkly folds. It doesn't take Paige's tongue long to find the rock-hard nub of Tracy's clit. It might be nestled in that ridge of folds between Tracy's lips, but there's no hiding its hardness.

"UHM!" Tracy blurts out as she feels the tender caress of Paige's tongue. Tracy shudders. Maybe it's the surprise that gets to her. Tracy starts to rise up. The nooses choke her. They choke Gretchen as well. They don't allow either woman to lift her shoulders more than an inch or so. Tracy gags hard as she lowers her shoulders again. A split second later Gretchen gags as well. Tracy's head snaps over to look at Gretchen, at first wondering why Gretchen is coughing as well. Then she realizes that she did it to Gretchen. By rising up she pulls both nooses tight, not just her own.

It's all Tracy has time to do. Paige's tongue works around Tracy's nub, slowly caressing it as well as the folds around it. Tracy cries out another sultry moan.

Paige puts her fingers to Tracy's mound. She lifts her mouth off of Tracy's pussy. Paige uses her fingers to gently ease Tracy's plump lips apart, stretching them open, and baring Tracy's inner pinkness. Now I can see all of Tracy's inner folds. And it can see the tip of Tracy's pea-sized clit poking above its nest.

Paige puts the tip of her tongue to the displayed nub. She flicks her tongue over the nub.

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"OOH!" Tracy blurts out, shuddering hard. This time she manages not to lift her shoulders up. Instead, she forces herself to stand there, bending over, and endure the erotic sweetness of Paige's tongue.

Paige only gives Tracy a few seconds of it. Just enough to ensure that Tracy's clit is at its full hardness. It already was. Long before Paige ever found it. Paige puts two fingers to Tracy's clit. She presses softly, allowing the stony nub to push into the space between her fingers, and keeping those fingers flush against its sides. She presses her finger slightly firmly, pushing Tracy's folds down and away from Tracy's clit. It has the little nub fully bared and standing up. "Here is this bitch's slutty clit, my Queen, it looks so eager, my Queen," Paige adds a little more sultriness into her whiskey voice.

"Now find this little bitch's clit, skanky," I tell Paige.

"Yes, my Queen," Paige answers. She scoots over so that she's kneeling behind Gretchen. Paige does the exact same thing to Gretchen, easily finding Gretchen's more prominent, and wider, clit. It's just as eager as Tracy's when Paige displays it for me.

I tell Paige to show me both of their clits. Paige puts one hand to each mound. She uses her fingers to ease their lips apart. Then she uses them to push their folds out of the way and show me both of their rock-hard clits.

"These bitches need to learn patience. Encourage them."

Paige giggles. "Oh, yes, my Queen!" Paige shifts her fingers, now using the first and third fingers of each hand to expose those clits. She puts the pad of her second finger to the tip of each nub. She holds her fingers still, lightly trapping the nubs between her fingers. Except for her second finger. She uses that finger to slowly caress the tip of each nub.

Paige teases both nubs with the same motion. A slow, tiny little circle over the tip of it. With a very light pressure. So light that her finger doesn't move the clit, but merely glides over the tip of it on the film of honey that's already covering both of them.

Tracy tenses up, blurting out a slightly mousy "UMM!" as she shudders.

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Gretchen's voice instantly deepens. She moans out a very throaty, and sultry, "UH! And she shudders crisply.

Paige ignores both of them. Neither bottom is going anywhere. Not the way I have the women bound. Both of those clits are going to stay put and endure Paige's very affectionate teasing. She keeps right on going. She won't stop until I tell her to. The other thing Paige won't do is allow either of them to cum. If they get too close, she'll ease up a little a bit to ensure they can't. Paige knows that I'll tell her when I want one, or both, of them to climax. If either does before then, she'll pay dearly for it. As will Paige for making her misbehave.

In two minutes both Gretchen and Tracy look to be ready for that climax.

Gretchen, her voice throaty and deep now, grunts out her moans. It's fast, sucking deep breaths, followed by hard "UH!s" as her body shudders with growing crispness. Her shoulders constantly want to rise up, forcing Gretchen to fight to keep herself leaning over so she and Tracy don't choke. Gretchen's hips try to thrash, but the ropes won't let them. Her head does thrash, almost wildly, every which way. It has Gretchen's free hair tossing about. The ends of the strands long enough to brush over Tracy's face.

Tracy's voice hasn't changed much. It's only taken on a slight mousiness, a little bit of a girly-high squeak to it. She cries out long "OOH!s" over and over again. She doesn't shudder as much as she shivers and squirms. But she puts a lot of energy into that squirming, her body shivering hard as she squirms about. Her head thrashes, too, but her shorter hair isn't quite long enough to hit Gretchen as it flies around. She struggles hard to keep her trembling shoulders down and not choke them. Her hips squirm as wildly as the rest of her. They just don't do anything more than pull against the ropes.

The amusing part comes from their bodies being bound together. Not just side by side. There's their bound legs, leaving the women as if they're in a three-legged race. Only now that leg is free to move, as long as the other woman's leg moves with it. Neither woman is thinking clearly enough to coordinate their shuddering thrashes if such a thing

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were even possible. Instead, Gretchen's leg snaps hard, her knee bending and rising up. The sharpness of it snaps Tracy's leg up with it. Only their legs move, the brace fully supporting their waists. Then it's Tracy's leg that snaps, pulling Gretchen's leg around. Another snap has their feet stomping hard back to the floor. Tracy's legs try to close, pulling Gretchen's legs a foot or so wider, straining the tendons at the creases of her thighs, until Gretchen's legs won't open any wider. That stops Tracy from closing her legs. Then Gretchen's legs try to close, to ease the strain. It pulls Tracy's leg sharply over with it. Their knees bend, one of them kicking her foot, bringing just their feet up. Their feet soon kick back down on the floor. Then it's another of them snapping as a crisp shudder sweeps her body, their joined legs flying in some direction. And on it goes.

But their bodies are joined as well. It's why I stretched their arms across each other's back and tied them with the rope around their waists. First, their arms want to squirm and thrash. They can't really move, but they can tense up. Then pulls their bodies tightly together. Their joined arms, in the center of them, can't move nearly as much. Mostly it can just rise up a few inches. The women have laced their fingers together, holding each other's hands. Their hands pound up and down. But uncontrolled. They have no clue whose back their hands are going to crash against this time.

With their arms pulling their bodies snugly against each other, Tracy feels the crisp shudders sweeping over Gretchen's body. And Gretchen feels the shivers flowing over Tracy's body. Gretchen feels Tracy's powerful squirming too. It would be impossible for her not to. Her body is tugged and pulled with every one of those thrashes. Tracy's hard-fighting hips bump against Gretchen's shuddering ones. Gretchen's shuddering shoulders snap against Tracy's.

It's a very intimate experience. It has both women feeling the erotic shudders sweeping over the other. It lets them feel how powerfully, and how intensely, the other is being stimulated by Paige's tender teases.

I send Sophie to fetch me a cup of coffee while I watch their show.

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"OH, MY FUCKING G-D!" Tracy makes it about four minutes before she screeches out. Sophie is just dropping to her knees with my coffee. "I HAVE TO CUM SO FUCKING BADLY, MA'AM! OH, FUCK, LET ME CUM!"

I pick up my crop. "I said silence, bitch," I sternly scold Tracy. "Now you will pay for your disobedience. Two strokes..." I let a very impish note seep into my voice. "One for each of you slutty things."

I flick my wrist, sending the tip of my crop sailing through the air. It snaps down with about half of the power I could put into it. It lands with a loud crack. It's not exactly ear-splitting, but it's loud enough that both of them will hear it. It finds the very center of the white globe, searing a medium pink crop print onto the tip of the rounded mound.

"OW!" Gretchen shrieks. A very crisp shudder races through her body as she cries out with pain in her voice. Gretchen pants a couple of deep breaths, lightning-fast, laced with muttered "OW!s" under her breath. "Thank you for letting me have one of my mother's whippings, Ma'am. I'm sorry she was a bad bitch, Ma'am," Gretchen says. It sounds like her voice has a touch more sultriness in it now.

"OW! FUCK, OW! THAT HURTS!" Tracy screeches out as the crop lands on her cheek. I swatted both of the outside cheeks, the ones that aren't essentially touching each other. Tracy squirms more energetically. Especially her hips as she tries to shake off the sting lancing into her bottom. "OH, FUCK THAT HURT!" She whines again.

Gretchen knows not to speak. If she does, she'll just earn them another swat. But she also knows Tracy needs to apologize. Gretchen snaps her head, turning it to face Tracy. She uses her hand, the one bound at Tracy's side, to slap Tracy and get her attention. Tracy turns and sees the hard glare from Gretchen. It doesn't last long. Gretchen's mouth falls wide as she grunts another "UH!"

Tracy gets the message. "Thank you for whipping me, Ma'am. I'm sorry for being a bad bitch, Ma'am." Her voice says she doesn't really mean it. That she's just saying what she thinks will save her bottom. That she doesn't know what to say. That she's just trying to copy Gretchen's words. I let her get away with it. For now.

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I take a seat and get my coffee from Sophie's hands. Sophie stays in place, on her knees at my side, her hands held out in front of her breasts, her palms upturned to make a little table for my cup. I use her hands for a coffee table. It beats holding my cup myself!

And I enjoy my slutty show. It seems like every second that passes the duo squirms a little more desperately. And moans out with a little more neediness in her voice. I have a great view of everything. Especially their sloppy wet pussies. I relax as they thrash against each other as much as the ropes.

I wait an hour. A full hour. Actually, a little more, since I only count the time after the whipping. That's part of the consequences of naughtiness. Their time started over. Then I go to the file cabinet and get Tracy's phone out of her purse. Tracy can't see what I'm doing. As far as they can tell, I'm still sitting behind them watching their agonized thrashing. I slip it into my back pocket.

Then I walk around so I'm in front of their heads. I reach one hand out to each girl's head, getting a handful of her hair right at the top of her forehead. I use that to pull their heads up so they're looking at me instead of the floor.

"Tracy, do you want to cum now?"

"YES! OH, FUCK YES! I HAVE TO CUM SO BADLY, MA'AM!" Tracy screeches her answer.

I turn to look at Gretchen. "I suppose your slutty little butt wants to cum, too?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I have to cum really badly, Ma'am!" Gretchen breathes out in her throatiness. I'll bet it's the first time either woman has heard the other's "sexy" voice. The voice she gets when she's so fully aroused. Like when she's having sex.

I turn back to Tracy. "How badly do you want to cum, bitch?"

"I HAVE TO CUM, NOW, MA'AM! PLEASE, FINISH ME, MA'AM! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT ME TO, JUST FINISH ME OFF, MA'AM!"

"You don't sound very patient, bitch..." I teasingly scold Tracy. "A patient bitch waits for her Queen to tell her to cum. Only a completely

slutty bitch begs to cum.” I turn to Gretchen again. “Are you patient, bitch?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” Gretchen moans out, “I will wait until you want me to cum, Ma’am!” I hear the agony of frustration in her voice.

I turn back to Tracy. “Does your boyfriend know what a skanky gutter slut you are, bitch?”

“NO, MA’AM! PLEASE DON’T TELL HIM, MA’AM, PLEASE! I’LL WAIT! I’LL SUFFER THIS TORTURE HOWEVER LONG YOU WANT ME TO! JUST PLEASE DON’T TELL HIM!” Tracy cries out, her voice sultry, and pleading with a bit of nervousness in it.

“Ooh.. let’s see...” I take Tracy’s phone out of my pocket and start scrolling through her contacts. It doesn’t take me long to find one called “Honey Bunch.” I sure hope that’s Jeff. I show her what I have up on the screen.

Tracy tries to protest. It’s lost as a crisp shiver flows over her body and she cries out another “OOH!” I open the video call app.

“You don’t want to stay right where you are until tomorrow, do you, bitch?”

“NO!” Tracy blurts out with unbridled panic in her voice. “Please, Ma’am, I couldn’t handle it. I don’t know how I’m going to handle the next minute, Ma’am!”

“Then you have a serious problem, bitch,” I laugh. “You know my rules! No bitch can leave here alone. This little bitch can’t take you out, since you’re taking her out. That wouldn’t be fair! I really hope you have someone willing to come bail you both out of my dungeon, or you’ll both be stuck here a very long time... is there anyone who might come bail your slutty butts out of here? Or will you be staying until tomorrow?”

Tracy sobs once. Another of her desperately hungry moans cuts that off. Then she sobs again, for a second. She screeches a very needy moan. “I’ll call Jeff, Ma’am... He’ll HATE me... but I can’t make Gretchen suffer like this!”

I know Jeff isn’t going to hate her. That’s why I talked to him. He did tell me he “might kind of like” seeing a little. And joining in, as long as nothing unpleasant was done to him, and Tracy liked whatever was

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done to her. Clearly, this counts as Tracy liking it. She might be screeching like a banshee, but they're erotic hot screeches, and there's no mistaking that. Too bad Tracy wasn't open with Jeff. Then she'd know he won't hate her!

I dial Jeff's number. I hold the phone up, its screen to Tracy. It lets Tracy see the image that Jeff is going to see when he answers it. It shows her face, her jaw gaping wide, that sultry "mid-fuck" look on her face. And it shows a nice little slice down under her chest, to her hanging breasts as they jiggle slightly. If Jeff looks very closely, and I doubt he will, there's a tiny slice of Gretchen's side visible along Tracy's side. But nothing that would let him know it's Gretchen's side he's seeing. "I'd beg him shamelessly, bitch. He'll have to go get clothes for both of you, then come and pay your bail if he wants to take you for the night. I'd convince him. Actually, I'd prefer you stayed right where you were! The way you two squirm together is so amusing for me!"

Jeff answers, his eyes quickly going wide as he sees the image of Tracy, clearly naked, her breasts jiggling. He smiles, too. "Hey, sweets, you look kind of... busy... or are you just calling to tease me with those breasts?"

"OOH!" Tracy can't manage to hold her moan in, and it comes out right on cue as if she wanted it to. But I know she wanted anything but. "I've sort of gotten myself into a bit of a spot, honey..." Tracy begins. Then she cries out another moan, this one the most sensual yet. "I haven't told you that Gretchen has been... visiting a dominatrix... I took her over there this morning... and I don't know what happened! One second I was leaving her there...OOH... the next second I was naked as well!"

"Now... I'm tied up with Gretch. We're both stuck here, getting... played with! Oh! OOH! I have to cum so badly right now that I'm going to explode and die! And I can't! I'm trying so hard, but I CAN'T!..." Tracy pauses just long enough to moan a very long "OOH!"

"Please help me, honey! Please! We can't leave here until someone brings us both some clothes. Just get anything from my

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house, I don't care! We both need everything, even shoes! Please... Come and get us, please!"

"Where are you?" Tracy misses the amused, and interested, hint in Jeff's voice. I don't.

"I'M TIED UP! Miss Rodgers is going to leave us like this until you get here! Please, Hurry!" Tracy cries out.

I take the camera and move it back just a little, letting Jeff see most of Tracy, but almost nothing of Gretchen. It lets him see the side of Paige's head, too. And Paige's hand reaching to Tracy's pussy.

He asks for the address. She rattles it off. He promises her he's on his way, but it might take him an hour to get here. He does have to stop by her house and find clothes. "And Gretch won't if I go through her drawers and get her clothes?"

"NO! Trust me, Gretch wants you to come bail us out of this as much as I do! She's right beside me! I can see this is killing her as much as it's killing me!"



Chapter 03: Bail For The Sluts

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I know Jeff won't be offended by seeing Gretchen nude. Since it could be a little awkward for him to see his girlfriend's daughter naked, more so with his girlfriend seeing everything, I asked him if it would be a problem for him. He said no, as long as it wasn't for Tracy and Gretchen. It will be a problem for them. Gretchen will deeply embarrassed to have her nude body flaunted to her mother's boyfriend. Tracy will feel those pangs of jealousy as Jeff looks upon Gretchen. But that's what I want them to feel.

What I don't know is how far Jeff is willing to go. I did only have one chat with him, and it wasn't that long of a chat. I know he considers Gretchen "pretty enough," but he also sees her as very young. More as if he should be her father, not her date. As if he shouldn't even be looking at her body. He is old enough to be her father. He's 45, two years older than Tracy.

When Jeff comes to the door, I leave Sophie to supervise the screeching sluts. I wouldn't want them to do anything naughty, like trying to speak, while I was out of the room. That would be especially naughty, trying to be sneaky about it. But I know Sophie won't let them. I rather loudly gave her instructions to watch them, and whip them both if either is naughty while I was gone.

I greet Jeff, inviting him in. He has a plastic shopping bag with some clothes in it. I guess he, or Tracy, must shop at Piggly Wiggly. They do have some good bargains on occasion. I take the bag and set it on my desk, which is off in the corner of the room, for now. Then I show Jeff to a seat on the sofa.

It's time to give Jeff the bad news. I ask him if heard Tracy when she said they needed to be "bailed out" of their Queen's dungeon. He tells me that he did, but really just thought it was some kind of "S&M slang," that he didn't understand. And didn't matter to him.

I tell him that it's decently late now. The "theme" of this session is a lesson in patience. To learn patience, the girls aren't being allowed to cum, no matter how desperately they try to. My whore is too skilled at edging them. At holding them there, on the cusp of climax, and not

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letting them go over it. Plus they're bound, so there's nothing they can do to "finish" it themselves.

"That explains the frantic moaning, then," Jeff says with a smile on his face.

"If you bail them out of my dungeon, then *you* are responsible for supervising them until you return them here tomorrow evening. Only then will they be allowed to cum, and I assure you it will be epic. You are invited to watch *both* of them climax. But, and here's the risky part for you, if either cheats and climaxes while in your care, there are harsh consequences for it. The cheater gets paddled ten strokes. So do you. The other girl does not get to cum. Both of them spend tomorrow night here suffering more training, as they are now. How you supervise them, and how much you trust them, is entirely up to you. But I will notice if one of those pussies has cum. Are you willing to accept that risk?"

Jeff looks slightly uncomfortable. He tells me that's fine with Tracy, he doesn't mind staying close to her to make sure she behaves. But he thinks Gretchen will hate it. She'll balk if he so much as mentions it to her. And he has no idea how "active" Gretchen is. But, going by her throaty deep cries, she sounds very eager to cum now. I tell him that the bitches are a package deal. He either agrees to supervise them both, or neither. He agrees to take them both, but I can tell by the look on his face that Gretchen isn't going to be monitored very closely at all.

I tell Jeff that since my bitches are learning patience, their bondsman should have some patience of his own if he's going to supervise them. I tell him their "bail" is one hour each.

Jeff immediately, in a very wary voice, asks me what I mean by that.

I tell him. I tell him that my slave is right now setting a chair in front of those two sluts. To "pay" their bail, Jeff must sit in the chair for one hour. While he does my whore, the same whore who is now teasing those sluts, will tease him. If he gets up, or if he cums, then he "hasn't paid the bail." But if he sits there for one hour for each slut, that's their bail. He may then get up and cum as he wishes.

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"Tracy would kill me for allowing your whore to touch me." Jeff answers.

"How can she? She's allowing the very same whore to touch her! Fair is fair, right?"

Jeff reluctantly agrees that it would be fair. And he agrees when I add that Tracy has no room to be objecting to anything, not when she hid her "kinky side" from him. He agrees that it's definitely time for her to share her submissive side with him. So he accepts the conditions of their bail.

I ask him to come back to the playroom with me. Jeff is a decent-looking man for a guy in his 40's. He's decently tall, close to six feet. He's slightly lean, maybe around 170. Today he's wearing chino slacks and a pullover shirt. It hides a good part of his body. But it lets me see



that he has well-styled, short black hair that's graying at the edges. He has a decently oval face, with moderately sharp features to it. And a strong jawline. He has brown eyes, behind stylish wire-rimmed glasses. He has a slightly big nose, paired with slightly prominent ears that are fully visible with his short hair. He has a slightly narrow, and straight, mouth with pink lips. I can see a bit of hair on his arms, but I don't see any around the neckline of his shirt. His arms look slightly strong, but their skin is slightly loose, having lost some of its elasticity. A sure sign of his age. In general, he looks decent. I wouldn't mind having his bottom over my knees, where it just might end up if he isn't

diligent.

Jeff hesitates when he steps into the playroom. It's the sight he's treated to. Tracy and Gretchen bound together and over the brace. Both women are naked. Both are flushed to a light pinkness, which shows a hair more on Gretchen's milkier skin. Both are sweaty, but by now they've been there about two hours, suffering the sweet agony of

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Paige's tender touches. Both are screeching the most pleadingly hungry moans. Both are thrashing like wild women, their bodies shivering and shuddering as they do.

The way I have the brace set out, it puts their bottoms to the door. Which means that's the first thing Jeff gets a good view of. Of their naked butts, offered up as they lean over the frame. It's enough of a view that he can see the pinkness of both pussies, even Gretchen's furry one. And he can see Paige's long, slender fingers teasing their most sensitive places. I'm sure that's a part of Gretchen Jeff never expected to see. And now, his first sight of it, Gretchen's pussy is so sloppy wet that her honey not only has her fur drenched, but has wept down through the creases of her slim thighs, and onto the tops of them. It gives her flesh a good sparkle to it. And Tracy is just as sloppy wet now.

But what I suspect stuns Jeff isn't so much the unexpectedly immodest displays. It's the closeness. The way they're holding each other and sharing such an intimate act. It's not something he ever thought they'd be interested in doing. He thought both wanted their sex lives to be very separate. Which this definitely isn't.

He recovers quickly and allows me to walk him around to the chair. I have him sit in it. By now both of them have noticed him. Both are looking up at him as he takes his seat. Both have very hopeful looks on their faces. Looks that are virtually hidden behind the masks of erotic agony.

I tell the girls the conditions of their bail. That, in order for them to be allowed to stop their lesson and go with Jeff, Jeff has to demonstrate his patience by enduring an hour of teasing, by skanky, for each girl he wishes to bail out of here. If he doesn't endure the full hour for a girl, he doesn't get to take her. And she stays where she is, enduring the full 24-hour long lesson here. And I tell them that, if Jeff should bail them out, they are required to obey him while they're in his charge. They may not climax. They must allow him to supervise them as he sees fit to ensure they don't cheat. He will return them here tomorrow night for their orgasms.

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I ask Tracy if she agrees to those conditions. She cries out a desperate "yes, Ma'am."

I ask Gretchen if she agrees to it, adding that it might mean Jeff wants to keep tabs on her pussy. Gretchen moans out a very needy "yes, Ma'am."

I ask Tracy if she'd like Jeff to bail her out of my dungeon, that doing so means he has to endure skanky's sweet teases. "Yes, Ma'am... PLEASE, HONEY, Please! Bail me out of the dungeon!" Tracy answers.

I ask Gretchen the same question. "Yes, Ma'am... Please bail me out of the dungeon, Sir," Gretchen answers more politely. But I've taught Gretchen proper manners. Tracy hasn't learned her manners yet. "I promise to be a very good bitch for you, Sir. I won't object to you watching me like a hawk, Sir. Please bail me out, too, Sir." Gretchen's deep voice is pure sultriness.

I ask Jeff if he still wants to "post the bail for these gutter sluts." He smirks and says he will.

I tell Sophie to take Paige's place.

Sophie moves over to kneel just at Paige's side. She puts her fingers to the women's pussies, trading off with Paige without missing a beat. It only takes about half of a second. Both women suddenly start crying out even more hungry moans. It's Sophie's touch. Her skin is the most delicate, and decisively feminine, that I've ever felt. The softness of it is beyond erotic. And on their throbbing clits, it's beyond unbearable. They thrash even harder. They hug each other tighter. Tracy grips Gretchen's hip so hard that her fingers start to look white. All 20 of their toes curl up, too.

I wave Paige to come forward. "Tease this cock, skanky," I tell Paige.

Paige looks to Jeff with a rather satisfied, and eager, look on her face. "Yes, my Queen, it will be my pleasure to demonstrate just how skanky of a whore I am, my Queen." Paige bats her eyes at Jeff. If he knows anything about girls, he should know then that he's in for a very slutty teasing.

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Paige puts her hands to his pants. She expertly unbuttons and unzips them. She pushes the fly of his pants open, revealing a pair of white briefs underneath. Paige purrs softly when she sees the bulge in those briefs. She puts her hands to the fly of them and quickly brings his stiff cock. It stands up nicely, the white cotton of his briefs stretched around his white shaft.

Immediately I decide that Jeff doesn't have a bad cock at all. It's not the longest shaft, but it is better than average. I'd say around six inches long. It's fairly thick for its size, too. Maybe 1 ¼" across. It's perfectly straight, and now it's perfectly stiff. As stiff as steel. It has a nice, light purple, head on it, too. And it's circumcised to show every bit of it as the fat, bulbous head swells atop his shaft.

Paige puts her lips to the very tip of his cock. She plants the softest kiss on it.

I click a stopwatch on, letting Jeff see it start counting up from zero. It's on a long lanyard. I drape the lanyard over Gretchen's head. That way, every time Jeff wants to see how long he's lasted, he'll have to look at her. And see her naked breasts behind the time.

Paige stretches her mouth wide open. She very slowly starts taking his rigid shaft into her mouth. She goes down as slowly as she can manage to move her head. It lets Jeff feel the underside of his cock gliding over Paige's wet tongue. It lets him feel the spongy head of his cock as it finds the very back of her mouth and presses lightly against it. Then it lets him feel her head shifting slightly, and his cock slipping right past her mouth into the rapidly narrow space before Paige's throat.

Jeff purrs a very happy moan as he feels that. I'm sure it's the deepest his cock has ever gone into a mouth. It's the point where an inexperienced woman would be gagging on his cock.

Paige keeps going, letting him feel her body start to snuggle around the fat head of his cock. It lets him feel something he never imagined he would. The head of his cock flattening slightly as the steely shaft squishes it against the rubbery wall that's the top of Paige's throat.

Jeff purrs loudly, a good bit of satisfaction in his voice, as he feels Paige's throat give. The rubberiness no longer tries to block his cock

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from slipping into her throat. It snuggles tightly around the tip of his cock as his shaft starts to push into the tightness of her throat. It squeezes around his cock gently, comfortably, but tighter than any pussy. Jeff keeps on purring eagerly as Paige keeps right on going, not even skipping a beat.

Paige takes all of his cock into her mouth, stopping only when her delicate lips are flush with his underwear. If Paige could get to them, she'd go down until her lips were on his balls. They almost are now. Only his briefs separate the two.

Paige reverses her stroke, going just as slowly. She goes all the way back up, until his cock essentially slips from her mouth, leaving her softly kissing its very tip again.

Now Paige starts going down again. Only this time she's not swallowing his cock. She stretches her mouth wide and shifts it to the side of his cock, almost as if she's chewing on it. But her teeth are nowhere near his shaft. Just her lips. And her eager tongue as it caresses along the length. Paige keeps her tongue moving rhythmically, teasing his shaft as she works her way down its length. She goes all the way down again until she runs out of cock to tease. Then Paige starts back up again.

This time, when Paige gets to the very top of his cock, she plants another fleeting kiss there. She stretches her mouth wide open. She goes down very quickly, taking only the head of his cock into her mouth. Paige swirls her tongue around that captive sponginess, her tongue sweetly caressing his most sensitive place.

Jeff almost screeches like the girls as Paige's tongue does its thing. But it's over quickly. Paige only allows him a single swirl with her tongue. Then she releases his cock from her lips just as quickly. Paige begins another teasing stroke down the side of his shaft. Only this time the opposite side of his shaft. She leans her head over his cock to do it, and that has her tongue teasing the top of his shaft this time, instead of the bottom as it did last time.

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And that's a cock tease. Paige starts again, swallowing his entire length. Paige will keep doing this until I tell her to stop, too. It won't even matter if Jeff cums. Paige will ignore the cum and just keep going.

It's only about three teases before Jeff asks me, a note of disbelief in his voice, "You expect me to sit here for two hours, and *NOT* cum? While she does *this* to me?"

I giggle. I see Paige smirk as she works. "Patience, patience, patience... at least you get to cum afterward. These bitches don't."

Jeff groans loudly. Already his hands are gripping the edges of the seat he's sitting on. And he's breathing hard, his breaths taking on a definite moaning note. But he's also smiling wide. And there's no doubt that Jeff is very happily enjoying Paige's mouth.

He tries to look down, to check out Paige's body as she works on him. She's shifting around just enough that she's flashing her pert little breasts to him every few seconds. And almost always offering him a good view of her firm, fully-rounded little bottom. But mostly all he can see are her honeyed curls as they brush over his thighs with her head moving around.

After a moment, Jeff looks up. It gives him a good view of the erotically tormented women just in front of him. And of their hanging breasts, Tracy's jiggling a bit, Gretchen's firm enough that they're mostly still. It's a sight that arouses him as much as peeking down at Paige does. And it leaves him nowhere to look that doesn't offer a hot view.

By the fifteen-minute mark, I notice the first sticky droplets of cum atop Jeff's cock. It tells me that he's just as on edge as the girls are. It doesn't last long. Paige so sweetly licks up for him, purring "yum" as she does. But that doesn't last long either, a fresh droplet leaks. Paige keeps licking them up for him. He keeps offering more.

As the first hour goes on, Paige very slowly adds a little more sluttiness to her performance. Just little things, like swirling her tongue a little more around the so-sensitive head of his cock. Anything to push him a little closer to the edge.

Jeff lets it show. As Paige picks up her sluttiness, Jeff steadily moans louder, and with more urgency. He squirms in his seat more, too.

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I doubt either of the women notice it. It doesn't look as if they're paying much attention to him at all. It looks as if both are far too busy screeching their own moans as Sophie teases them mercilessly. And with Sophie teasing them, I have even more confidence that she won't allow them to cum. She's very skilled and has plenty of practice.

Jeff lasts 58 minutes. That's very good, considering just how slutty Paige's cock teasing is getting. Paige isn't allowed to give him a blow job. But I did tell her to give him her best tease, to make her best effort to make Jeff cum.

Jeff's hip thrust upward as Paige's tongue is swirling around the head of his cock. He grunts out a loud "UHM!". I see his thick shaft start twitching crisply.

Then Paige finishes her swirl and keeps right on going as if Jeff wasn't cumming. As his cock slips from her mouth, his second spurt of cream lands on Paige's face. Cum clings to her nose and left cheek, running down to her jaw. Paige ignores it and starts licking her way down his cock from the side. It lets his third spurt shoot into her hair. By the time he's spurting again, Paige's lips are back at the tip of his cock, ready to swallow it. She manages to get the rest of his cum in her mouth.

I wait until Jeff is done cumming. When he sighs out deeply with relief and falls still in his seat. Paige keeps going. I stop her. Paige rises up to her knees in front of Jeff. She seductively licks her lips, purring a sweet "yum" as she licks his cum from her lips. Paige swallows. "Thank you, Sir, for allowing this skanky whore to tease your huge cock and swallow your delicious cum." Paige smiles. She waits for her next instruction.

I tell Paige to tuck his cock back in. Paige licks every last drop of cum off of his mostly-hard cock, and tucks it in for him. She fixes his pants, too.

"Uh, oh..." I coo teasingly, "It seems like we have a problem. You didn't even last *one* full hour!" I sigh out deeply. "I guess 58 minutes is pretty close to an hour... I'll count it..."

A Shared Lesson

Jeff never stood a chance. I told Paige that I would be very disappointed with her if he managed to last. Paige hates disappointing me, and not just because it ensures her a strict punishment. But she loves a challenge.

And I didn't want Jeff to last. It would mean that he could take both of these bitches home for the night. That would deprive me of the rest of the fun I've been planning!



Chapter 04: Slut Competition

Chapter 04: Slut Competition

I want to give Jeff, or rather Jeff's cock, a little rest. He did tell me that he wouldn't mind volunteering his cock for one of Tracy's sessions. I'm pretty sure he didn't imagine that would mean Paige teasing it instead of Tracy. But he clearly enjoyed her little tease. But men always like a rest after cumming.

I can only untie the girls one at a time. Mostly. They are still tied together. But I decide to start with Gretchen. I tell Paige to relieve Sophie teasing the women. Then I wait for a moment, letting Paige get into her rhythm. And letting the girls get fully into what Paige is doing to them.

With a snap of my fingers, I tell Paige to tease Tracy's pussy. It's a specific command for Paige. It tells her exactly what I want her to do with Tracy's pussy.

Paige doesn't even acknowledge the command. She just scoots over a little, stretches her mouth wide open, takes her hand from Tracy's sloppy wet pussy, and puts her lips to Tracy's mound. Paige immediately puts the tip of her tongue to Tracy's aching clit, lying the underside of her tongue along the top of the nub. Then Paige slowly circles her tongue around the pulsing nub. Just once. But a full, and very leisurely, swirl. As soon as Paige finishes that swirl, she moves her mouth over and sucks one of Tracy's loose inner folds into her mouth. She uses her lips to steady the wrinkly flesh. The suction pulls most of the wrinkles out of the fold. Paige puts her tongue along the underside of it. Paige moves her mouth down the loose fold, teasing it with her tongue. When Paige reaches the end of the fold, Paige opens her mouth again. She opens her lips wide enough to encircle the entrance of Tracy's tunnel. Paige sucks lightly, pulling the spongy soft walls of Tracy's pussy into her mouth. The suction gets Paige a mouthful of Tracy's hot, creamy honey, too. Paige puts the tip of her tongue to the inside edge of the rim of Tracy's tunnel. Paige slowly swirls the tip of her tongue over the rim, caressing the spongy walls of Tracy's pussy with her tongue. Paige swirls her tongue a single time around. Then she sucks her way back up the other fold of Tracy's pussy. All the way back up to Tracy's throbbing clit. Now Paige starts over.

A Shared Lesson

Tracy screeches even louder, with a bit more desperate urgency in her voice. "OOH!" Tracy shudders hard and trashes against the bonds still holding her. Tracy stiffens up rigidly. Then Paige's tongue finishes its lap around Tracy's clit. As Paige slowly sucks her way down Tracy's fold, it gives Tracy just enough time for the tension to ebb from her body. "OOH!... OH!" Tracy screams out when Paige's tongue teases its way around Tracy's pussy. She tenses right back up again, goosebumps covering her bottom and her mound. Then Paige sucks her way up Tracy's other fold, giving Tracy that second to ebb back into frustration.

Like anything else, Paige will keep going until I tell her to stop. I haven't told Paige to stop anything. So Paige has obediently kept her hand on Gretchen's pussy, teasing it. She only took her hand from Tracy's pussy because I told her to tease it, and she can't do that with her finger covering Tracy's clit. And that keeps Gretchen moaning her throaty cries.

I am so tempted to use a knife to free these girls. Untying them is going to take some time. Before I start, I have them both look up so I can see their faces. Then I take a quick picture of them holding each other as they moan away. Both blush slightly as I take it. I'm sure both wonder what I'm going to do with it. I doubt either really cares so much now.

I untie Gretchen's leg first, the ankle not bound to Tracy. That way, as Tracy eagerly thrashes away, Gretchen's leg is still pulled along with it. It takes about half of a second for Gretchen to try and close her free leg, and that pulls her off balance. As Tracy squirms, Gretchen's legs come out from under her, leaving Gretchen hanging from the brace.

Now I untie the arms that are tied together, leaving the ones in place that are hugging each other. I don't have to worry about those hands. Tracy is holding Gretchen's hand so tightly that they're not separating. Their hands continue flailing as one.

I take the noose off Gretchen's neck. I use one hand to hold Gretchen down as that first impulse has her starting to stand up. Then I untie Gretchen's other wrist. I immediately pull both of Gretchen's hands to the small of her back and lock them in place with handcuffs.

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Tracy refuses to let go of Gretchen's hand, leaving her hand to be pulled over to Gretchen's back as well. Then I do the same with Tracy, locking her now free hands as well.

It leaves me only the rope binding their legs together to release. It takes a couple of minutes. Their legs are squirming enough that it's hard to hang onto them long enough to get the rope off.

Now that Gretchen is free from the brace, I grab her hair and pull her to stand up by it. I immediately push her down to her knees in front of the still seated Jeff. Then I finish freeing Tracy and do the same with her.

Now both of the bitches are on their knees in front of Jeff. Both demurely have their hands behind their backs, and their knees spread widely. It allows Jeff a clear view of their bodies. Of their ample breasts. Of Tracy's silky bare and sloppy-wet pussy. Of Gretchen's furry pussy, and her dripping wet bush.

It allows him a view of their faces, too. Both look rather exhausted from the long teasing they just finished. Both look rather frustrated, as well. Both have that "fuck me now" look on their faces, that mask of desire and need. Neither is especially still. Both fidget a bit. Both obediently keep their eyes on Jeff but say nothing to him.

"Now we have a problem," I tell Jeff in a teasingly sweet voice. "Even if I count that as a full hour, you've only bailed out one of these slutty bitches. One of them is going to have to stay here and learn her lesson. How are we ever going to decide *which* of these bitches gets bailed out, and which stays here to suffer in my dungeon? I would have let you pick, but, since you didn't even last the full hour, I think there have to be some consequences! You won't get to pick. So how to decide..."

I pause for a second, seeing a bit of a nervous tinge come over Jeff's face. It fades quickly and turns to a look of almost relief. I can't blame him for that one! I'm sure it's a relief to him not to have to choose one of them. Or should I say not to have to condemn one of them to the dungeon for around 18 hours of erotic misery?

A Shared Lesson

"I don't want you to be lonely tonight... you would like a very slutty girlfriend at your side for the night and tomorrow, wouldn't you?" I ask Jeff.

"Yeah, that would be better than watching TV alone, tonight," Jeff tells me.

"Goodie!" I squeal, my voice teasingly excited. Maybe then Jeff realizes that he's made a mistake, even though he doesn't know what it was. "Then it's settled! Whichever of these slutty gutter bitches you bail out will be your girlfriend for the night!"

I turn away from Jeff, to the women, catching the look of surprise blooming on Jeff's face as I turn away. "I expect you to be a very good girlfriend for this handsome man who's willing to risk his bottom and bail your worthless butts out of my dungeon.

"Just so there's no misunderstanding, A good girlfriend takes very sweet care of her man. You will be especially affectionate. You will cook his meals. You will cater to all of his whims. You will tease him. You will ensure that nice cock of his doesn't get lonely. You will be his. He may use your body however it pleases him. When he returns you, I want to hear that you were a cross between Martha Stewart and the Whore of Babylon."

I turn to Tracy and lean down, putting my eyes close to hers. "Do you have a problem being a very hot girlfriend for this kind man, bitch?"

"No, Ma'am," Tracy answers, her voice rather sweet and eager, but also showing the strain of the last few hours.

I turn to Gretchen and bring my eyes just as close to hers. "How about you, bitch, do you have a problem being the sluttiest, sweetest girlfriend for this cute man?"

"No, Ma'am," Gretchen answers. Her voice is just as sweet. But it's also filled with a note of uncertainty. As if she wonders whether her mother wanted her to say no to it. And she sounds just as exhausted as Tracy does.

Jeff looks utterly shocked. As if he never imagined that the modest Gretchen would be willing to do anything like this. Or Tracy. Or

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that Tracy isn't jumping up and objecting as I ask Gretchen if she'll be slutty with her mother's boyfriend.

"I've decided to be nice to this man. After all, he's being so good to the two of you useless gutter sluts! I've decided that he will get to take the sluttier of you two. Thus, we'll need a slut contest to see which of you is the trashiest bitch. He seemed to enjoy skanky's little tease. I'll bet he likes blow jobs." I turn to Tracy. "Does he like it when you suck his thick cock, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Tracy answers. I hear a touch of confidence in her voice as if she thinks Jeff likes the way she does it for him.

"Then a blow job contest it will be. And in case one of you repulsive little bitches is thinking of throwing the contest and allowing the other the pleasure of being his girlfriend for the night if I think either of you so much as thought about cheating me like that, not only will I flog both of you for it, but neither of you will be bailed out! You can both spend your night here, suffering in my dungeon until you've really learned patience, and skanky can be his girlfriend for the night. I might even send a friend with her, so he can have two girlfriends for the night. And I promise you, after a night with skanky for a girlfriend, neither of you baby bitches will measure up in his eyes ever again. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am," both of them answer in unison. Neither sounds especially thrilled. But both sound eager.

"I expect your very sluttiest." With a snap of my fingers and a wave of my hand, Sophie hurries over to Jeff. She drops to her knees and very politely asks "May this slave please be allowed to get your handsome, thick cock ready for the contest, Sir?"

Jeff, still stunned by the idea, dumbly nods. Sophie very tenderly opens his pants again and brings his cock out. It's no more than half-hard when she brings it out. She strokes it with her hand, her delicate skin caressing so lightly over its length, and that sensitive head of it. After a single stroke, his cock is standing up at its full steely hardness again, now ready for round two.

A Shared Lesson

I tell Tracy to rise to her feet. I have her turn around slowly and show Jeff her body. While her back is to him, I have her bend over and open her feet to display her pussy and asshole to him. "This is contestant number one, the slutty bitch... 'fuck hole.'" I have her take her place on her knees in front of Jeff and a little off to the side. Close to his right knee.

I have Gretchen rise to her feet and display her body just as immodestly to Jeff. "This is contestant number two, the slutty bitch 'cum dumpster.'" She takes a place beside Tracy, in front of Jeff's left knee. I have them kneeling close beside each other, their hips and thighs touching each other.

"Fuck hole, you will go first. You get one minute to suck that manly cock. If he cums in your mouth, you win. You will, of course, prove that you've won by showing me the cum in your mouth before you swallow it. If he doesn't cum, cum dumpster get one minute to satisfy him. If she doesn't, it's your turn again. Sooner or later, likely a lot later, one of you will finally manage to make this real man cum and win. Is that clean, fuck hole?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Tracy answers. Her voice full of resignation, but also with some confidence and excitement.

"Yes, Ma'am," Gretchen answers, her voice laced with reluctance, but also with some amused excitement.

I tell them to begin the contest. Sophie will be the timekeeper. She gets the stopwatch. At the one-minute mark, Sophie will announce for the girls to trade places. And every minute thereafter. One will be sucking. One is to be closely watching the other suck Jeff's cock.

Tracy leans her head over. Both of the women still have their hands bound behind them, so she won't be using those for anything. It's why I had Sophie ready his cock. That takes hands, and these girls don't have use of theirs.

Tracy opens her mouth wide. She puts it to the tip of his cock. Tracy very quickly takes his cock into her mouth, closing her lips around his shaft just below the fat, bulbous head of it. She starts sucking it, her head bobbing up and down. Tracy's strokes are fast. They're moderately

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deep. Deep enough that I can see the strain on Tracy's face as she takes him into her mouth until she starts to gag on his shaft. It gives her about half of his length.

The slightly surprised look on Jeff's face, and the sweet little purr he makes, tells me that this isn't exactly Tracy's usual technique. I'm not surprised. She partly wants to win this contest. After all, Jeff is her boyfriend, and giving him to Gretchen for the night would be rather humiliating for her. I'm sure Tracy is taking his cock a little deeper than ever. Taking as much as she possibly can. Sucking it a little harder, a little faster. And not just because she doesn't want to lose. Her arousal is encouraging her just as much.

Jeff doesn't cum. I hope no one expected him to. I certainly didn't. It hasn't been too long since he came, maybe twenty or twenty-five minutes. And a minute would be a very fast blow job for almost any man.

"Switch whores," Sophie loudly announces in her very sweet, heavily Southern-accented voice.

Gretchen quickly lowers her head, even as Tracy is still releasing Jeff's cock. Gretchen doesn't waste any time. Unlike Tracy, Gretchen is very aware that I mean exactly what I say. I said I wanted their best performances. Gretchen knows she wants to give it. Disappointing me comes with stern consequences.

But there's also a little impish twinkle in Gretchen's eyes as she puts her lips to the head of his cock. A twinkle that says Gretchen wouldn't mind showing her mother up one bit.

Gretchen stretches her mouth wide. She puts her lips to the top of his cock. Unlike Tracy, Gretchen doesn't rush it. She goes casually, letting her soft lips caress their way down over his cock head, then down his shaft.

Gretchen keeps going. Jeff purrs a little more hotly as Gretchen's mouth moves steadily down his length. "HOLY COW!" Jeff purrs out in a very sensual, deep, and surprised voice as Gretchen keeps going down and his cock starts pushing its way into her very tight throat. Gretchen

A Shared Lesson

goes all the way down, just as Paige did until her lips are flush against his briefs. And all of his thick cock is into her throat.

Then Gretchen reverses her stroke, still not hurrying it along. She rises up until her lips are around his cock just beneath the rim of its head.

"Uh...OH!" Jeff cries out in a very hot voice. Gretchen, her lips sung around the very tip of his shaft, swirls her tongue leisurely around the head of his cock as she holds it in her warm mouth. She only has time for a single swirl as she reverses her stroke again.

Jeff is already squirming hard on his seat. He's gripping the edges of the seat, too. And purring the sweetest moans. Moans that come so fast that his mouth is hanging open. Deep, manly moans.

Gretchen ignores him and steadily sucks on his cock. But I can see that twinkle in her eye.

Tracy blushes. She watches Gretchen's blow job closely, but only because I am standing over her to make sure she does. Clearly, she thinks Jeff will consider Gretchen's performance superior to Tracy's. And Tracy's face tells me that's something Tracy never anticipated. She never dreamed that her daughter could do this better than she can. I guess Gretchen didn't tell Tracy about the blow job lessons I gave her. I do like my sex toys to be as skilled as they are slutty.

Sophie announces the next change. Tracy hesitantly takes her place, as if she thinks Jeff would prefer Gretchen to go on instead of Tracy taking her place.

Jeff stills as Tracy begins her turn. He keeps on moaning, but his moans aren't as urgent, or as hungry, as the ones Gretchen got from him. I see Tracy blush a little deeper as she goes on. She must realize it as well. Her blow job isn't close to as good as Gretchen's.

Sophie announces another switch, and Gretchen hurries to eagerly take her place. In about two seconds, Jeff is squirming hard and moaning the neediest of moans again. Tracy looks utterly humiliated as she's forced to watch the evidence of Gretchen's superior performance.

It goes on like that for some time. Sophie announcing the switches between Tracy's amateurish housewife-grade blow job, and

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Gretchen's inept, slutty, whore-grade blow job. Jeff clearly enjoying Gretchen's performance better. And not in a million years would he ever suspect it's her first. I used dildos to train her. But all of those were longer and thicker than his cock. Now that Gretchen has the real thing, it's a bit smaller and thus easier, than her practice cocks.

Jeff lasts just over twelve minutes. I figured he'd go a while, this second orgasm coming so closely behind the first. It puts him about ten seconds into Gretchen's turn.

There's no mistaking this orgasm. Jeff's hips snap hard upward, thrusting his cock into Gretchen's mouth. She takes it, allowing him to ram his cock down her throat, without choking on it. She doesn't hesitate. She allows him to push all the way into her throat, and as soon as her lips bump against his underwear-covered pubes, reverses her stroke. She keeps going as if he wasn't cumming.

Jeff's cock twitches crisply as it slips from Gretchen's mouth. She doesn't release it. She goes back up, his cock spurting his cream into the back of her mouth until only the head of it remains in her mouth. With a swirl of her tongue, she reverses again, swallowing his twitching cock as he continues cumming.

Jeff moans out the deepest purring sigh of satisfaction. He stills. He purrs a few moans of pure bliss.

Gretchen, with a nod from me, releases his cock. She turns to me and stretches her mouth wide open. "This bitch satisfied that wonderfully huge cock for you, my Queen, see?"

I nod to Gretchen and tell her to show Tracy. I don't want there to be any disputes as to which bitch won. Gretchen turns to Tracy. "see, mom, I took care of this really sweet guy for you."

Tracy blushes deep red. Her eyes fall downward. She kneels mute.

I tell Gretchen to thank Jeff. "Thank you so much, Sir, for allowing this skanky gutter slut to suck such a thick and wonderful, manly cock." Gretchen licks her lips, tasting the hot saltiness of his fresh, sticky cum. "Mmm... Your cum is as sweet as candy!" Gretchen says in a very tantalizing, honeyed voice. "I love candy..." Gretchen swallows his cum.

A Shared Lesson

"It's decided! You've bailed cum dumpster out to be your girlfriend for the night!" I announce in my sweetest voice, full of excitement. Like most "contests" here, this one was far from fair. I taught Gretchen how to suck a cock like a whore. Tracy was clueless, like a typical housewife. It's an advantage any cock would notice.

Gretchen grins. Tracy's face falls. She looks as if she's about to cry. Then, after several seconds, she starts looking nervous as it dawns on her that she's the one condemned to stay here for whatever "intensive training" I have in store for her.

I take the handcuffs off Gretchen, but leave them on Tracy.

Gretchen behaves. She doesn't try to touch her pussy, even though it's still sopping wet with fresh honey. I tell her to go to her boyfriend and start being his girlfriend.

Gretchen rises up. She quickly tucks his cock in for him, then fixes his pants. She turns around and just as quickly drops down to sit on his lap. Still fully nude, Gretchen drapes her arm around Jeff's shoulders. She leans close to his ear. "I am going to be the very best girlfriend ever, Sir. Thank you so much for bailing me out, Sir. I really hope that wonderful cock of yours isn't tired yet... I would for it to feel my tight pussy around it, Sir. And you don't have to worry about me, Sir, no matter how badly my pussy aches and throbs me, I won't misbehave. I'll be too busy trying to find more ways to show you how wonderful you are, Sir."

Gretchen snuggles close with Jeff, using her hand to softly caress his body through his shirt. She lies her head on his shoulder. "Ooh...such a strong man..." She purrs. I think she's overdoing it a bit, but Jeff doesn't seem to notice the shameless flattery she's heaping on him.

Jeff throws a few glances at the cringing Tracy.

I have Sophie bring me a collar. Not one of my usual hot pink training collars I keep for toys. A collar Gretchen has worn here before. I have Sophie fetch me the iron collar. Actually, I'm not sure if it's iron, but it's definitely metal and it's heavy. It has a hinge in the back, and at the front a tab and slot to secure it. It's about 2" wide and ¼" thick.

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I quickly put the collar around Tracy's neck, locking in on her with a big, shiny padlock. I lock a six-foot length of heavy log chain to the collar at the same time. Then I tell Tracy "say a polite goodbye, bitch, and don't forget to thank your daughter for looking after this kind man for you..."

"Goodbye, Sir. Goodbye, Gretch... Gretchen, thank you very much for taking care of my boyfriend for me. Please..." Tracy starts to sob very quietly. She tries to hide it as she goes on. "take very good care of him for me... Sir, I'm sorry that I'm not as good of a girlfriend as Gretch obvious is... thank you for coming and trying to bail me and Gretch out of the dungeon... I really hope Gretch is a better girlfriend for you tonight... you deserve a treat for coming to get us, Sir."

I take Tracy to the wall. I already have the chains on it, two of them dangling from screw eyes along the ceiling. Both chains have heavy iron wrist shackles on them. Shackles that match the one around her neck.

I lock Tracy's wrists in the shackles. It has Tracy's arms stretched up, and wide out, her elbows straight.

I have matching leg shackles attached to the baseboards with shorter chains. I have to stretch Tracy's legs wide to get her into them. And it leaves her slightly up onto her tiptoes. It has her stretched out wide, like a giant X.

"I believe you're here to learn some patience, bitch." I giggle. "You can hang around and be patient until I get back here to really teach you something." I giggle again. "skanky... tease."

Paige hurries over to Tracy. Paige drops down to her knees. She scoots up under Tracy's pussy and puts her fingers to it. She starts massaging Tracy's aching clit just as she was before.

Tracy screeches another desperate and very needy moan. She shivers hard, rattling the heavy chains as she does. She squirms, testing the chains. They rattle. They don't give. They hold Tracy in place, her legs spread wide to offer her pussy up for Paige.

"Cum dumpster, bring your boyfriend to the living room."

A Shared Lesson

"Yes, Ma'am," Gretchen answers in a honeyed voice with a little giggle in it. She gets off Jeff's lap, then takes his hand. Once he's on his feet, she's pressing her body against his again. And this time she makes it a point to rub one of her perky breasts against his side. He notices it.

But when he doesn't react to it, Gretchen takes his free hand, hanging at his side, and puts it to her bottom. He hesitates for an instant, the briefest fraction of a second, then he squishes Gretchen's firm globe. His hand stays there, holding her bottom.

I lead them both to the living room. I give Jeff the clothes he's brought, and tell him that bitches aren't allowed to dress in my apartment. If he wants his girlfriend dressed, he should dress her as he wishes to see her.

Jeff goes into the bag and gets out the clothes he picked for her. He blushes ever so slightly as he gets her panties. I see why. They're lacy, black, and slightly skimpy.

Gretchen sees what he's brought her and grins. She wiggles her bottom for him, an invitation to put them on her.

"Uh... I didn't want to really go through your things... most of what I saw was like this..." Jeff dumbly apologizes for picking sexy things for her. As if he thinks she expected him to pick something more father-acceptable. He quickly pulls them up onto her body.

His hands are at Gretchen's sides, and he's behind her as he puts them on her. Gretchen, as soon as he gets them up, backs her bottom up until it's lightly against his pubes. She gives it a little teasing wiggle.

He gets out a matching bra. He puts that on her. I have to tell him that her mounds are sitting quite right in the cups. Girls with bigger breasts often have that issue. It's simple to fix. I tell him to pull one cup away from her mound, then adjust her mound to fit squarely in it. He goes to do it, again hesitating for a fraction of a second when he realizes that he'll have his hand all over her breast as he does. Then his hand on her that silky, firm mound. Gretchen teases him with a sweet purr.

He's brought a loose-fitting blouse and jeans for her. Sneakers, too. He quickly gets that on her.

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I tell him to take his girlfriend home and return her at 8:00 pm tomorrow for her orgasm. He tries to lead her out. Gretchen snuggles close, her arm around him, as she follows him.



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A Shared Lesson

I never planned to leave Tracy chained to the wall all night. Not in those hard, cold, irons shackles. I'm afraid to leave her hanging like this too long. But I do leave her there close to another two hours.

Tracy spends every second of those hours screeching needy moans and shivering hard with the erotic chills sweeping over her body. She squirms as well. Paige's fingers tease Tracy without mercy. And without even a second of a break.

By the time I finally return, Tracy is utterly exhausted. She hangs slightly limp, the chains supporting more of her weight than her legs are. Her screeches have faded. Not in intensity, or in their utter neediness. Just in their volume. I guess her lungs are as tired as she looks.

Her pussy doesn't look too tired to me. It's still dripping tiny droplets of her creamy honey down to my floor. There's a small, but sticky, puddle of it underneath of her. Her mound glistens with a fresh coat of sparkly honey. Goosebumps still cover the thick lips of her mound, too.

I put my hand to one of Tracy's spongy breasts, stroking my fingers down the top of her mound all the way to her hard nipple. I lightly pinch her nipple between my thumb and a finger. "Ooh," I begin softly, "has my bitch learned what patience is yet?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Tracy answers in a slightly hushed, very breathy, and very begging, voice. "Please, Ma'am, please let me cum now! Please, you have no idea how badly my pussy aches for it! I can't stand it! It's throbbing and I'm on fire! Please, Ma'am, oh, please, let me cum now, Ma'am!"

"Well, obviously you haven't learned patience yet! You're still thinking about what that slutty fuck pit wants, not what your Queen wants. Maybe a night in a cage will teach to think of me instead of that slutty thing!" I use my excited voice as if I'd won the lottery when I tell Tracy she's going to be spending the night in a cage.

I already have my smaller cage out of the closet, set up, and ready behind the screen for Tracy. Usually, I have two of the largest dog kennels back there, one for Paige, and a spare just in case I decide to keep a toy overnight. I've swapped out that larger one for a slightly

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smaller one. One more for a mid-sized dog. Not that I'd ever put a dog in a kennel. I wouldn't.

I have Sophie take one of Tracy's hands and Paige take the other. I'm just not so confident that mere words will keep Tracy's hands off her pussy now. But those two will. While they hold her hands, I unlock Tracy.

I have them bring Tracy's hands up behind her back and cross her wrists. Then I use a thick plastic tie strap to snugly bind her wrists. It leaves her hands free to squirm and wiggle, but also keeps them useless. And it keeps up above her bottom.

I take hold of the chain still dangling from Tracy's heavy, hard collar. The collar I know is uncomfortable to wear. I use the chain as a leash and lead Tracy around behind the screen.

I have Tracy get down on her knees. I'd have her on all fours if her hands weren't bound. But I do have Sophie and Paige handy. So I have Tracy on her knees, leaning over as if she were on all fours, Sophie and Paige holding her shoulders up instead of her arms. While they support her upper body, I have Tracy crawl backward into the cage.

The cage is fairly tight for her, and she's not the biggest woman. I get her in it. But it has her bottom pressed lightly against the back wall, as well as the soles of her feet. It leaves about an inch of space between her hips and the wire mesh walls. It has her hands flush against the top of it. And there's less than an inch between the front of the cage and the top of Tracy's head as I shut the door. I lock the door with a huge padlock, one that looks like even bolt cutters won't get through it. One that clearly lets Tracy feel as if she's locked in.

I'm not quite done with Tracy. She fidgets around, trying to get comfortable. Now that the door is shut, my slaves can't support her shoulders. It leaves her leaning forward, her knees against her breasts as she's scrunched up into the cage.

I have one more thing in mind for Tracy. I get two more of the heavy tie straps. I thread one around each of Tracy's ankles, then through the wire mesh of the wall. I pull her ankles snug against the wall and it binds them in place. It doesn't really move her feet much.

A Shared Lesson

There just isn't much room between her and the walls of the kennel. But it does make her open her knees just a little.

I give Paige a very small vibrator. It's about as thick as a pencil, just wide enough to hold the AAA batteries. It's fairly long though, but that won't matter. It has a rubber coating on it, otherwise, it's just a rigid little shaft.

"Tease this bitch," I tell Paige.

Paige smirks wide as she says yes. She sits down on the floor behind Tracy's cage. Paige turns the vibrator on. She puts the tip of it through the wide mesh of the wall. There's almost no space between the wall and the puffy mound of Tracy's pussy. The tip of the vibrator almost immediately finds its target, Tracy's sopping wet slit.

"OOH!" Tracy squeals. She jumps or at least would have if she didn't immediately bang her head against the door and her back against the roof. It keeps her in place, the vibrator teasing its way slowly along her eager slit. "OH, OOH!!! Please, no more, Ma'am, please! My pussy aches too badly already!"

I laugh. "Enjoy your night, bitch. And be patient! In the morning I'll give you a nice enema and really teach you some patience!" I take Sophie and leave, turning the lights down on my way out. It leaves Tracy to know that she's going to spend her entire night like that. Suffering as Paige torments her with that vibrator.

"OOH-EE OH MY G-D!" I hear Tracy screech out as I'm shutting the door. I guess she didn't expect Paige to so gently press the shaft of that vibrator all the way into her pussy, to its very depths.

I allow Tracy six full hours of rest in her cage. I doubt she gets much rest. I leave Paige there the entire time, teasing Tracy, but never making her cum. I'm sure it keeps Tracy squealing desperately needy moans and shivering away. And it keeps her pussy weeping more of her honey.

When I return to the cage in the morning, Paige is hard at work teasing her. Tracy is more sobbing than screeching her moans. But those moans are just as pleadingly hungry as ever. Tracy isn't asleep and

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doesn't look to have slept at all. Not even rested much. More squirmed all night long, trying futilely to get her pussy away from the vibrator for a few seconds of rest. She's still squirming, only now her squirms have faded into a very tired squirming.

"Good morning, bitch," I greet Tracy. She can't turn enough to look up at me and see the grin on my face. But she can see my feet. And hear the excited tone of my voice. "It's time for your enema now!" I squat down and unlock the cage.

I grab the chain that I left attached to Tracy's collar. I use it as a leash to pull her from the cage. Tracy tries to come along, shuffling her knees as she tries to crawl out, her back scraping lightly against the roof of her cage. It makes it awkward for her to crawl out, especially with her knees so fully bent. And that keeps the chain taut and pressure on her neck, half dragging her along.

Tracy makes it out of the cage. Quickly she rises up, to kneel. That puts her pussy down, pointed at the floor, where for a few seconds it's beyond Paige's teasing. It makes it easier for her to follow me, too.

Tracy suddenly has a very nervous, and very unhappy look on her face. A look that screams "no, don't give me an enema." But also a look of resignation, as if she knows I'm not offering her a choice. Especially with her hands still bound behind her. There's not much she could do to resist it if she tried. Maybe by now, she's figure out she's better off submitting to the enema than objecting to it.

I want it to be as demeaning of an experience as possible for Tracy. Now that she has been "beaten" by her barely-adult, barely-experienced daughter in the sluttiness contest (although I did cheat on it and give Gretchen a strong advantage), I want to reinforce the feelings of inadequacy that I know Tracy is feeling. I want her to feel like she's nothing, just some piece of gutter filth.

I leave her on her knees and walk her into the bathroom. It's just across the hall from the playroom. It has a hard, cold, tiled floor. I'm sure Tracy's knees feel it.

I have Tracy lie down on the floor, on her left side. She brings her knees up just a little bit to steady herself as she lies there. It also puts

her face right in front of the toilet. I can't think of a worse place for her to lie.

I keep hold of the chain. I gently bring it down her body, along her chest and stomach. Then I push her feet up, shoving her knees up to her breasts again. I bring the chain down, along Tracy's pubes, between the tops of her thighs, all the way to her ankles. Holding the chain taut, I lie it against the insides of her ankles where they're against each other. Then I wrap it around her ankles, just once, bringing it back to where it started. I don't bother with a lock. There's no way Tracy could get her hands to it, so I just use a clip to fasten it. It has the chain binding her ankles together and keeping them pulled up.

Tracy tries to relax. Her body loosens a bit, but it doesn't really move. The chain keeps it in place. She lies there, her side on the cold tile, waiting. And growing a bit more anxious as she does.

I have Sophie bring me a bag-type enema. It's a clear one-liter IV-type bag with six feet of clear tubing attached to it. A small clamp pinches the tubing off, and stops any flow, just above the end of the tubing. I already have a disposable nozzle attached to the end of the tubing, covered with a hard plastic cap and pre-lubricated. The bag is filled with a slightly green-tinged fluid. It's mostly water, with a bit of laxative in it. The gree is just food coloring to let me know what's in the bag. This enema, more than the others I have ready and waiting, will best flush Tracy's bottom out.

The nozzle I'm chosen is a fairly thin one. It's not much thicker than a pencil. It won't be uncomfortable as I put it into Tracy's bottom. But it's a long one. It's about eight inches long. That's enough to reach almost to the depths of Tracy's bowels, which is what I want. But not enough to press into the back of her rectum. That would be rather unpleasant for Tracy. But it will fill her bottom from the back.

I hold the nozzle in my right hand and pop the cap off of it. Then I use my left hand to lift Tracy's right cheek, pulling it up high. It stretches Tracy's crack decently wide open and fully bares the light pink ring of her asshole. Tracy's ring is tight. It's also well defined. It doesn't pucker out, nor does it funnel inward. But it does have a defined ring of muscle

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that I can make out through the pink flesh. And it's ringed with countless gentle wrinkles, all flowing inward to that dark little point at the center of the tensed muscle.

And now, as I lift Tracy's cheek out of the way, her ring is cinched to its tightest.

I put the rounded tip of the nozzle against Tracy's clenched asshole, centering it over the little dark spot at the center of the muscle. As I start pressing, I feel the hard firmness of a muscle eagerly resisting. But resistance is truly futile. It doesn't even take a second. The nozzle is narrow enough that it easily pushes right into the center of her ring. It keeps on going, gliding deeper into Tracy's bottom on its thin film of grease.

"UM-OO!" Tracy groans out loudly and nervously as she feels it push right past her bottom's defenses. It keeps slipping into her bottom. The semi-flexible nozzle slides right along the inside of the walls of her rectum, letting her feel it slipping deeper into her, but not uncomfortably. Tracy's very uncomfortable, but it's with the idea of what's happening to her, not with the nozzle.

"MM!" Tracy whines anxiously as it keeps going. "Not so far!" She mutters under her breath, her words slightly squeak and pleading. She gets completely ignored as if she were just a plastic doll I was doing something with. And the nozzle slides deeper.

I push all of the nozzle into Tracy's bottom, stopping only when the slightly wider base is flush against the outside of her asshole. The pink flesh of her ring squeezes tightly against the stiff white tube. I flip the clamp off the tube and watch as the green-tinted liquid starts to flow through the clear tubing.

"OOH!" Tracy squeaks out. It's a very fast, almost panicked, whiny squeal. "OH, no..." She mutters. Tracy shivers hard as she feels the first cold drops, actually room temperature of about 75-degrees, land on the 100-degree walls of her rectum. "Ooh!"

It doesn't take long. Or much fluid. Maybe about two ounces. And Tracy is going to get sixteen ounces, half of the bag.

A Shared Lesson

Tracy starts trying to squirm. Her legs try to straighten, only the chain from her neck holds her feet up by her pubes. She can move her knees, but still, her feet will stay put. It only allows her to flex her waist. Her hands stay behind her back. There's not much she can move.

Tracy whines out a nervous "oh, OW! I'm FULL!"

I ignore her completely, turning my attention to Sophie and giving her instructions for breakfast. Usually, my house slave, Paige, gets kitchen duty, but I've decided to allow Paige a couple of hours rest in her cage. After all, Paige was up teasing Tracy all night! A whore needs her "skanky sleep!"

Tracy tries even harder to squirm as the fluid steadily flows into her bottom. It nicely rattles the chains, but that's all it does. She doesn't go anywhere. She just lies there with her chains rattling. And whining increasingly panicked increasingly strained "OW!s" with the occasional "It's too much!" None of which I pay any attention to.

I see Tracy peeking up at me a few times as if she's searching for some hint of what I'm doing. I make sure that it looks I'm doing something else, and have already forgotten that Tracy is there. But I do keep a very watchful eye on the enema bag so that Tracy doesn't get more than I want her to have.

Being ignore seems to make Tracy even more uncomfortable. It definitely has her squirming more urgently, rattling her chains that much more, and whining a bit louder. As if she's trying to make me see her suffering. Oh, that is so not going to work!

She gets to about ten or twelve ounces before she screeches out "STOP! I CAN'T HOLD IT!" Her voice is squealing, and very panicked.

It gets her some attention. I quickly reach down and give her a very hard swat on her bottom with my hand. It's hard enough to leave a pink handprint on her white globe. It's hard enough that Tracy yelps as its slap rings through the room. "Shut up, bitch, and don't even think about having an accident on my floor."

"I can't..." Tracy mutters in a sobbing voice as she lies there. She keeps on squirming, her squirms growing quickly panicked. She keeps on whining that it's too much. But she doesn't lose any of it.

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At sixteen ounces I clamp off the tube, stopping her from filling any further. Then, with a smooth, fast, motion I yank the nozzle from her overly-tightly clenched asshole. She squeals again.

I tell Sophie to clean up.

"You can just lie there and wait like a patient bitch. Sooner or later maybe my slave will take pity on you and let you use the potty." I leave Tracy in Sophie's care.

Sophie has specific instructions. She takes her time. She sits down on the toilet. Right in front of Tracy. She starts using it. Tracy tries not to watch. But she can't help hearing the sounds of Sophie using the toilet. "Ooh... OW!" Tracy whines loudly as Sophie takes her time, making Tracy think about using the toilet as she lies there unable to even get up. It's torture for Tracy. I'm sure she's impatiently learning her patience!

Finally, Sophie gets up. She moves casually as if she doesn't have a care in the world. She leans over Tracy. "Would you like to behave and use this potty now, you skanky slutty bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Tracy very politely answers Sophie.

"I'm a slave!" Sophie balks, "I'm not worthy of being addressed so highly!" I haven't taught Tracy much of anything yet. I've just teased her. Now is a good time for her to learn something. And this will be a lesson she won't forget.

Sophie quickly reaches for Tracy's pussy mound. Without any hesitation, Sophie presses one finger casually into Tracy's pussy. She's not gentle, but she doesn't go out of her way not to be gentle, either. It's more as if she just isn't concerned about Tracy even the tiniest bit.

"OOH!" Tracy squeals loudly, her voice already showing every bit of her urgent need. To cum. Tracy shivers crisply before Sophie gets her small finger into Tracy's pussy.

"Oh, this skank pit is just so hot! It's like it's on fire! And sloppy wet! And it's even twitching around my finger," Sophie says very sweetly. Sophie starts wiggling her finger. It's not a big motion, but it's plenty to so softly tease Tracy's pussy. Sophie giggles, "and now it's

A Shared Lesson

getting so cuddly tight on my finger! You are being such a skanky little whore!"

"I'm sorry!" Tracy squeals pleadingly, but also eagerly. Her voice is already sultry deep breaths laced with faint squeak I've heard when she was aroused.

Sophie keeps teasing with her finger deep inside Tracy's pussy. "Now you're just being such a rude little cunt! Can't you do anything right, bitch? I am a slave! You will address me as Miss Slave. I am Mistress's personal slave and sex toy. That's a much higher standing than a cheap whore my Mistress scraped out of the most disgusting gutter. Which is what you are!"

"Yes, Miss Slave. I'm sorry, Miss Slave!" Tracy pleads.

"Now, do you want to use that potty, or cum, you disgusting filthy whore?" Sophie uses her finger to press lightly on the inside of Tracy's pussy walls. Directly atop Tracy's hard swollen rectum. It ensures two things. First that Tracy will *really* feel what Sophie doing now that the walls of her pussy are firmly trapped between Sophie's finger and the unyielding firmness of her bowels. Second, it ensures Tracy will feel it in her bottom, too. She gets to feel the intense urge suddenly double, straining her asshole hard as it fights to hold the enema in. It forces Tracy to focus on holding her bowels, not on the sweet caress of Sophie's finger. Unfortunately Tracy's pussy doesn't want to cooperate. It urges her to pay attention to her pussy by throbbing that much harder.

"OOH!" Tracy purrs sweetly. "OW!... MY BUTT!" Tracy whines. "OOH-EE!" Tracy cries out, the sweetness back.

"May I do both, Miss Slave? Please, Miss Slave, I'll do anything if you'll let me do both! *ANYTHING*, Miss Slave!"

"Don't be silly, bitch! I'd never be that kind such a filthy piece of skank! Pick one and beg for it." Sophie puts a little more pressure on Tracy's bowels with her finger.

"OW!... Oh, OW!" Tracy blurts out. She sobs a few times. "Miss Slave, will you please let me use the potty. Please, Miss Slave, please, will you please let me use the potty... Oh, please, Miss Slave, may I please use the potty! I'll be a good whore! I'll behave! Anything, Miss

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Slave, please let me use the potty! OW!.. Pretty please with sugar on it! Please, Miss Slave!"

Sophie pulls her finger from Tracy's pussy. Now that Sophie's finger has a thick layer of Tracy's honey on it, she slips her finger up, into Tracy's crack. The tip of Sophie's finger comes to rest squarely atop Tracy's overly-tightly clenched asshole.

Tracy doesn't say anything. Maybe she senses it wouldn't be wise. She lies there, trembling as she thinks of even Sophie's slim finger being shoved into her now.

"Will you be a good sloppy cunt of a skank whore for me and follow my instructions, bitch?"

"YES, Miss Slave!" Tracy blurts out. "I'll be a good bitch, Miss Slave. I'll do whatever you say to, Miss Slave." Tracy very nervously pleads with Sophie. Tracy hasn't a clue what she's getting herself into.

"We'll see, bitch," Sophie says sweetly. She presses very lightly on Tracy's asshole, just enough for Tracy to feel the pressure, but not hard enough to push her finger into Tracy's bottom. Tracy reacts with a panicked squeal and a crisp tremble. Sophie takes her finger away.

Sophie takes her time reaching down to unclip the chain and free Tracy's ankles. Once she's done that, She snaps for Tracy to stand up on the seat of the toilet. Tracy has the most puzzled look on her face. She starts moving. The instant her waist starts flexing, Tracy cries out a pained "UH-OW!" and freezes.

Sophie doesn't let her. She snaps for Tracy to stop wasting her time and get her rotten feet up on the toilet like a good bitch. She spansks Tracy's bottom, once, with her hand. Sophie gives Tracy a hard slap. Harder than even I did. So hard that It leaves a bright handprint of Tracy's bottom. And hard enough that it gets a good wince from Sophie as the sting fills her hand.

It gets Tracy moving. She gets up on the toilet, crying out as she moves and feels those light cramps behind her pubes. The cramps of her now-hard bowel trying to flex with her waist, and not.

Sophie immediately tells Tracy to squat down, and not to waste any time. "I'm already changing my mind, cunt." Sophie warns her.

A Shared Lesson

Tracy almost falls off the toilet. It's not easy to squat down without the use of her hands. Or with the heavy chain dangling down from her neck, hanging between her spongy breasts. She catches herself, bracing her hands against the back of the toilet on her way down.

Sophie makes Tracy straighten up. Then she makes Tracy look her in the eyes.

"Miss Slave, please tell me when to let my bottom go..." Tracy asks in a strained voice, following her instructions.

Sophie now has a perfect view of Tracy's fully taut cheeks. If she looks between Tracy's feet. And she can see Tracy's crack pulled mostly open. She can see Tracy's tight asshole in the valley of Tracy's crack, too. "My Mistress wishes your bottom absolutely empty. I will be checking. I suggest you go poopy like a big bitch. You may go now."

"Thank you, Miss Slave," Tracy says. The instant the words are out of her mouth, her bottom explodes with a powerful geyser.

"Yuck!" Sophie mutters to herself, "such filth!" She just keeps watching Tracy's bottom as Tracy relieves herself. It's another humiliation for Tracy. It should show her that absolutely nothing is private here. Anything is subject to being made into a show. And not for Tracy's amusement. Or comfort.

It takes Tracy several long minutes to finish. "My bottom is fully empty now, Miss Slave," Tracy bashfully tells Sophie. "I'm ready for you to check my butt and see that it's clean enough for Mistress. Will you please check my butt now, Miss Slave?"

Sophie has Tracy step off the toilet. But she doesn't allow Tracy to wipe her bottom first. She makes her get up while still messy. As Tracy's getting up, Sophie is pulling on a pair of latex gloves. And wrinkling her nose.

Sophie has Tracy bend over with her legs spread wide and her hands on her knees. She has Tracy reach around the outside of her hips and use her hands to pull her cheeks wide apart, fully exposing her asshole for Sophie.

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"Here is my filthy anus, Miss Slave, I'm sorry it's so messy for you," Tracy tells Sophie. Sophie's giving Tracy firm, exacting, step-by-step instructions for everything.

Sophie doesn't give Tracy the kindness of the lubricating gel. Not that it would matter much, not with Tracy's bottom being such a wet mess. She puts the tip of her finger to Tracy's tight asshole. Sophie waits.

"Miss Slave, will you please shove your finger up my butt and make sure my butt is fully cleaned for Mistress? Please?" Tracy obediently asks in a very humiliated voice.

Sophie presses. She doesn't shove. She just pushes her slim finger into Tracy's bottom. She ignores the pained yelp Tracy makes as her asshole is stretched around Sophie's finger.

"Thank you, Miss Slave," Tracy shamefully goes on. "For shoving your finger up my butt. Will you please poke around inside my butt now, Miss Slave? Please be very thorough and make certain Mistress will be satisfied with my butt, Miss Slave."

Sophie takes her time. She pokes everywhere, touching every bit of rectum that her little finger will reach. She does not push softly. She pushes firmly, making sure that Tracy feels her poking around the depths of her bottom. Then Sophie pulls her finger out.

"Thank you for checking my butt, Miss Slave. Is my butt clean enough for Mistress, Miss Slave, or will I be spanked?"

Sophie decides Tracy's bottom is clean enough for me. She tells Tracy to get up and get in the shower. Since Tracy's hands are bound, and Sophie wasn't told to release them, Sophie tells Tracy that she will give Tracy her morning washing. And she does, washing every speck of Tracy's body. Especially her asshole. And her pussy, which gets washed very teasingly.



Chapter 06: The Other Side Of A Teasing

A Shared Lesson

After her bath, it's time for breakfast. Sophie has made a nice breakfast of eggs, fried potatoes, fruit, and a muffin for us. Except for Tracy. Tracy is in the dungeon, and I don't feed nice breakfasts to whores serving time in the dungeon. What Queen would? I serve gruel to those in the dungeon. Actually, it's the same breakfast, just put through the blender and turned into a rather gross-looking paste. It looks fit for a whore in the dungeon!

Unfortunately for Tracy, her hands are still bound. I'm not going to free them, either. As she kneels beside the table I can see the squirm to her thighs and hips. It's light as if she's trying to hide it. It looks to me as if she's trying to massage her puffy pussy mound with her thighs. As wet as her mound is, I'd be surprised if she wasn't trying to relieve that pounding ache. Not that she will.

But it's Sunday now. Sunday is the day Elisha comes over here to learn her lesson. Elisha is an 18-year-old virgin from Georgia who came to Mobile to attend USA. Her father is a friend of a friend of mine. He asked me to "look after" the very subservient girl. I have been since the semester started. I've been keeping her on task. I've been keeping her away from the frat boys and party scene. And I've been teaching her to be a proper slave. She'll make a great slave wife for someone, someday.

Elisha is a slightly plain-looking girl. She's not unattractive, just more common, like the "girl next door." She's decently tall at 5'7". She's not lean, or especially slender as Paige is. But she's not heavy either. She's around 140 pounds. It gives her a full, and curvy, figure, that doesn't look even slightly thick.

Elisha has a slightly oval-shaped face with soft, rounded features. Especially her jawline. That's rounded well enough to mostly cover the angles of it. She has long, medium-brown hair. It's straight and fine as it hangs along her head, but then it develops a good amount of body and gets frizzy as it hangs down past the bottoms of her shoulder blades, about halfway to her bottom. She has bright green eyes. She has a nose that looks to be a hair short, with full, rounded, and, soft features that make it appear a hair wide. And then she has a slightly long mouth that

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looks wide on her slightly narrow face. That's framed by a pair of plump, full, plush, light-pink lips that look as if they'll be silky soft.

She has a pair of decently ample breasts. They're not the biggest, but they are large in proportion to her body. They're also very firm and full. They have about equal amounts of roundness and straightness to their tops and bottoms as they rise from her chest. It gives them a slightly triangular look and a look that's somewhat pointy. But it also makes her mounds look like breasts. Breasts that are full and pert. Their lines are by no means straight. As they rise in those lines, they have a gentle curve to them. What they don't have is any kind of crease at their underside.

Her mounds have a slightly wide, and definitely deep, cleavage between them that really shows the rounding curve at the inside of her mounds. Her breasts are topped with a pair of wide rings of light pink, not too much darker than the milky white flesh of the mound itself. Centered in each ring is a medium-dark pink nipple about as wide as a marble. Her nipples aren't long, rising off the tips of her mounds with a well-rounded curve, but also rising up enough to look like they're not close to flat.

Elisha's pubes are flat. Her pubes, and her mound, are shaven silky smooth. I require that of all virgins. It lets me see the mound of her pussy standing down prominently between her thighs. It lets me see that her lips are rather long, and wide. They seem to fully meet, leaving a fine line of a slit that shows no pinkness to it at all. But it's a slit that looks to rise an inch or more up the front of her pubes. It doesn't, that's just the puffiness of her mound.

Elisha has the same rules as Paige does, while in my apartment. She's not allowed any clothes whatsoever. Just one of the hot pink training collars locked around her neck. And a pair of police-issue leg irons locked around her ankles. She's been mine for a few months now, which is plenty of time for her to have learned my rules. Not that it took her any time at all. She learned them quickly, and eagerly. She thrives with strict rules and discipline. She knows it, too. And she likes it.

A Shared Lesson

Lately, I've been making more and more use of Elisha while she's here. I'll respect her father's request that Elisha remains a virgin. I won't use more than her mouth with a man. But Elisha doesn't seem to mind being used with a woman, either. And I have to get something out of watching over her!

Now that Paige is getting some rest in her kennel, I've decided to use Elisha as my slave-whore. Elisha will get to be the one teasing Tracy. Elisha is going to love it. She starts by feeding Tracy her gruel. Not like Tracy can eat it herself with her hands bound behind her.

Then I take Tracy to the playroom. Tracy has no idea who Elisha is. There's no way she could. Even Gretchen hasn't seen Elisha yet. And I'm only referring to Elisha by the name I've given her "Newbie slut bitch" or "Newbie" for short. It's to remind her of her inexperience with lovers.

Tracy's face is a mask of mixed emotions as I tell her to lie on the massage table. On her stomach. Relief as she suspects that I'm not interested in her pussy so much now. Relief that her unbearably aching pussy might get a rest from the teasing and stop throbbing so badly. And nervousness as she thinks about what parts of her body I might be intending to tease now. I am putting her bottom up.

I decide to tie Tracy's legs, but only her legs. I definitely could bind her immobile, even with her hands tied behind her back. Ropes around her shoulders and hips would do that nicely. But I've decided to let her wiggle. It will make it more difficult for Elisha, and she can use the practice.

I don't do anything complex to bind Tracy's legs. I use three coils of my rough hemp ropes around each ankle. I pull her ankles to the bottom corners of the table and tie the ropes off to the steel tube frame just under the mattress. It holds her ankles to the corners with her feet dangling over the bottom edge. It holds her legs modestly open. But open wide enough that her pussy is fully exposed and Elisha will have easy access to Tracy's mound.

As soon as Tracy's ankles are bound, she starts to fidget nervously on the table. Her shoulders squirm lightly. Her feet wiggle. Her hands, bound at the small of her back, fidget, opening and closing her fists.

Chapter 06: The Other Side Of A Teasing

I hand Elisha the vibrator that Paige had last night. Sophie's already changed the batteries in it. I just hate when the batteries die at the worst possible moment! "Kiss this bitch's butt, newbie," I softly tell Elisha.

"As you wish, my Queen," Elisha answers in her slightly girly, Southern-accented voice. Elisha doesn't hesitate to put her hands to Tracy's bottom and push her globes gently, but fully, apart to bare Tracy's tightly clenched, and freshly enema-cleaned asshole. Elisha stretches her fine lips wide as she lowers her mouth. Her lips surround Tracy's tiny ring.

A second later Tracy screeches out a very surprised, and very desperately needy "OOH!... OH, MY FUCKING G-D! OOH!" Tracy's legs snap hard against the ropes. Her hips squirm just as hard, grinding her pubes against the soft padding of the table. Her head snaps from side to side. Her hands pound against the small of her back, her fists clenched as her toes curl up.

Elisha's tongue has found the ring of Tracy's asshole. Elisha should be pushing the rounded tip of her tongue firmly against the dark center of that tight ring, enough so that her tongue is pushing into it. It leaves Tracy's asshole squeezing hard around Elisha's tongue. Elisha should be swirling her tongue slowly, but rhythmically, around the inside of Tracy's ring. Clenched tight, as Tracy's is, an asshole is decently deep. Maybe ¼". And there are plenty of nerves there, just nerves that are unaccustomed to tender teases and really don't know how to process the sensations they're feeling.

Tracy's squealing screech tells me that Elisha is behaving. Her tongue is doing exactly what it should be doing. It's teasing that virgin flesh just inside the rim of Tracy's asshole. I'm sure Tracy's asshole is clamping with all its strength around Elisha's tongue, squishing it and trying to hold it still. But it seems like that's futile resistance. Tracy keeps squealing those needy "OOHs" which means Elisha's tongue is still teasing those inexperienced nerves.

A Shared Lesson

I leave Tracy to endure around a minute of that. I don't want her to start getting used to it! Then I tell Elisha to stop. Elisha's lips rise quickly from Tracy's asshole. Tracy pants very fast, and relieved breaths.

"Tease this bitch fully, newbie," I tell Elisha.

Elisha stretches her mouth wide again. She holds her mouth wide as she leans back down. She puts the tip of her delicate tongue to the rim of Tracy's asshole and slowly licks a single circle around the very rim, where the pink flesh dives into Tracy's bottom.

Tracy immediately screeches another needy cry. She shivers, thrashing about on the table. Elisha manages to keep her tongue in place. And now she does it with her lips not quite touching Tracy's bottom so that I can see her tongue swirling around the defined rim of the pink little ring.

It only takes about a quarter of the swirl before Tracy's hips snap upward, thrusting her bottom against Elisha's tongue. That doesn't do anything for Tracy either. Elisha goes right on with her tease.

As Elisha finishes the swirl, she lifts her mouth away from Tracy's bottom. It leaves Tracy panting more of those fast breaths laced with relief and urgency. And a lot of frustration. It has Tracy's pussy weeping a fresh stream of her creamy, gooey, hot honey, too.

Elisha puts the tip of the vibrator to Tracy's asshole. The vibrator isn't any wider than an average finger. Tracy's asshole instantly clenches to its full straining tightness, ready to resist the invasion. Elisha giggles as she sees the pink ring snap tighter. I nod permission to Elisha. "Relax, bitch, it will be easier on your butt!" Elisha softly tells Tracy in a rather sugary-sweet voice.

Tracy doesn't take the advice. Elisha isn't deterred. She gently presses the vibrator firmly against Tracy's resisting ring. The toy pushes Tracy's ring inward, funneling it slightly. Its tip fits nicely into the funnel, pressing against the muscle there. It allows the toy to push inward while also pushing Tracy's muscle to stretch open. The toy wins, and it slips right through Tracy's unhappy asshole. "UGH!" Tracy grunts uncomfortably as her unwelcoming ring is stretched open. She squirms lightly.

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Elisha pushes the toy carefully forward, aiming its tip down, toward Tracy's pubes, not forward along Tracy's rectum towards her navel. She pushes about two inches of it into Tracy's bottom. That's about right. It's about the point where Elisha should be feeling the light rubbery resistance of the tip pressing against the inside of Tracy's clean rectum.

Elisha turns the vibrator on.

"OOH!-EE!.. Oh, OHH!" Tracy squeals out. The instant the vibrator comes on, Tracy's body is almost thrashing wildly. And now she can move. And she does. Her bottom especially, but her shoulders and head as well. Her hands pound, which is all they can do. Her feet wiggle. After a second her back arches up, lifting her head and shoulders up. That still her bottom as her pubes grind into the soft table. She screeches a little more urgently.

Elisha has the toy pressing gently against the walls of Tracy's rectum. Those walls are very thin, no more than a membrane, like a sausage casing, surrounded by a paper-thin layer of smooth muscle. But just beyond those walls, at least where the tip of that toy is, are the spongy, nervy, walls of Tracy's pussy. The vibrations flow easily right through the walls of Tracy's rectum and race into her pussy from the backside. It's a way those nerves have never been teased before. And Tracy definitely feels it so sweetly.

After a few seconds, Tracy takes the tip of that vibrator and starts moving it. She uses the tip to make small circles with a slow motion. Now not only are the vibrations flowing into Tracy's very eager pussy, but the tip of the toy is also softly massaging those walls. Elisha uses just enough pressure that the toy is pushing one wall lightly against the other.

Elisha goes on for about half of a minute like that. Then she pulls the toy from Tracy's bottom. She slips it out softly. And this time Tracy unconsciously relaxes her asshole as her body loosens up with the end of the tease. That lets the toy slide out easily, almost unfelt by Tracy.

It doesn't last long. Elisha immediately moves the vibrating tip of the toy down, crossing the narrow slice of skin between Tracy's asshole

A Shared Lesson

and her mound. Elisha lets the tip slip into Tracy's wide slit, gliding along a line between the edges of Tracy's loose folds.

That's a short trip as well. As soon as Elisha feels the bottom vanish, as the tip glides over the entrance of Tracy's tunnel, Elisha stops. She starts pressing the toy gently forward. It starts inching its way into Tracy's snug, very wet, and twitching tunnel. Elisha can feel the slight snuggle as Tracy's walls squeeze around the toy. Elisha keeps it moving, slipping the vibrating toy all the way to the very depths of Tracy's pussy. Elisha stops only when she feels the hard resistance of the toy reaching Tracy's cervix.

Tracy immediately cries out another needy moan with that light squeaking girliness in it. She starts thrashing again, testing the ropes that hold her feet at the corners of the table. Her hands frantically pound against her body even as they strain hard to reach down to her bottom and grab that toy. Only the tips of Tracy's fingers even make it as far as the tops of her globes.

Elisha reverses the stroke, now slowly pulling the vibrating toy from Tracy's pussy. Tracy keeps moaning the entire time until the toy slips from her tunnel. Then Tracy falls loose for an instant, panting a single fast breath.

The instant Elisha feels the toy slip from Tracy's pussy, she starts it moving down against. The tip never slips from between Tracy's loose folds. It glides down, towards the front of Tracy's pussy, vibrating against those wrinkly folds as it goes.

It's only a second before Tracy is screeching another hot cry. The vibrating tip of Elisha's toy finds the throbbing hard nub of Tracy's clit. As the toy teases that most sensitive nub, Tracy snaps into wild shuddering thrashes. This time her hips try to jump forward, pulling away from the toy. Now the ropes hold her. Her hips shudder hard, grinding her pubes against the table.

Then Elisha moves along, finishing the toy's trek down the length of Tracy's gash. She lifts the toy away, turning it off as she does.

Elisha lowers her mouth, stretching her lips wide open as she does. She puts the tip of her tongue to the very bottom of Tracy's gash,

Chapter 06: The Other Side Of A Teasing

as close to the table as she can manage. Elisha starts drawing her tongue up, licking along Tracy's slit and the edges of her soft folds.

It's not long before Elisha's tongue is slowly inching its way over the hard knot of Tracy's aching clit. It sends Tracy into another round of screeching shudders. Then Elisha's tongue has made its way over the nub.

A second later, the tip of Elisha's tongue finds the entrance of Tracy's tunnel. Now Elisha sticks her tongue out a little more, stretching it. It's enough for the rounded tip to press into the narrow tunnel. Elisha swirls her tongue around the rim of Tracy's spongy soft pussy walls, caressing them tenderly with its delicateness. That starts another round of screeching thrashes from Tracy.

"OH, FUCK! YES! PLEASE, MA'AM, PLEASE LET HER EAT MY PUSSY!" Tracy screeches out loudly, her voice a pure desperate begging plea.

I giggle at Tracy.

Elisha ignores Tracy and goes right on. She finishes the swirl of her tongue. She resumes its trek up to the top of Tracy's slit, over the narrow strip of skin, and right back to Tracy's tight asshole.

Elisha stretches her lips wide, again surrounding Tracy's tight asshole. She starts pressing her tongue into Tracy's asshole again. This time, Tracy is slightly relaxed as Elisha begins, and that lets a little more of Elisha's tongue press into the ring before Tracy tenses up. It allows Tracy a little fuller of a caress with Elisha's soft tongue.

"OH, FUCK, NO!!!!" Tracy screeches out another plea, "NOT MY BUTT AGAIN! PLEASE, MA'AM, I CAN'T STAND THIS!" Tracy's honey-weeping pussy, its lips covered with sharp goosebumps, tells me that Tracy can't stand it in the sweetest way.

I'm sure she can't. It's completely new to her. It's different. It's very unexpected. Something she never imagined would be offered, much less tries, and even less liked. But now the gentle caress of Elisha's tongue is sending the hottest of chills into Tracy's asshole, and those are racing out along every nerve she has. Sweetly tingling their way through her body, and into her pussy.

A Shared Lesson

I've taught Elisha this tease. She knows what I expect of her. She's to keep teasing Tracy until I tell her otherwise. Whether it's two minutes or two days. I don't care if Elisha's tongue cramps. She's a slave, her place is to use that tongue as I wish it used.

Elisha begins another tease, bringing the tip of the vibrator back to Tracy's agonized asshole.

Elisha presses the toy back into Tracy's asshole. "NO!!!!" Tracy pleads, her voice as sobbing as it is begging. As if she's figured out her plea will be ignored, and she's going to be enduring this. "PLEASE, DON'T DO THIS TO ME! NO MORE!"

I use my hand to spank Tracy's bottom. Her globes are nicely poking up for it. And by luck, I happen to land the swat as her bottom is snapping up with a thrust. Her bottom slams against my hand as hard as my hand is swatting it.

"You naughty little bitch!" I scold Tracy with a pronounced giggle in my voice. "Begging like some shameless slut! You know better! Now you just lie there and practice your patience! You have all day to learn some!"

"NO!!!" Tracy cries out with a new desperation in her voice, "OH PLEASE, MA'AM, DON'T DON'T THIS TO ME! NOT ALL DAY! I'LL GO INSANE! PLEASE! I'M BEGGING YOU, MA'AM, HAVE MERCY! PLEASE DON'T DO THIS TO ME!"

I leave the room. "Newbie, I'll be back when this bitch is patient."



Chapter 07: The Good Girlfriend

Chapter 07: The Good Girlfriend

Jeff returns Gretchen precisely at 8:00 pm, just as I instructed him to. As soon as he brings her in, I can see the faint reminder of a wide smile on his face. I tell him that he's to undress Gretchen. He does, and this time his hands aren't shy about touching her body. I give him a pair of cuffs and tell him to lock her hands behind her back now. He does that. Gretchen helps, something she shouldn't have done, by putting her hands together at the small of her back and holding them out for him.

I have Jeff take a seat on the sofa. I put Gretchen on her knees in front of him. She looks good now, wearing only her glasses and the handcuffs. She looks clean, as if fresh from a shower. She doesn't look too worn out. But I can see that the fur between her thighs is soaking wet, and that tells me that her pussy is sopping wet. Untended wet. Gretchen has been a good bitch.

Tracy has had a rather intense day. I planned that for her. She spent several hours on her stomach with Elisha teasing her. Then she had another bowl of gruel for lunch, Elisha feeding it to her. After lunch, I chained her to the wall again. Paige started teasing Tracy's pussy with her tongue. After an hour it was Elisha's turn. Then Paige's turn. AND so on. It just worked out that it's Paige's turn now. Tracy hasn't come off that wall since I put her on it.

I go get Tracy. I cuff her hands behind her back as soon as she's off the wall. Unlike Gretchen, Tracy is a slutty mess. Her skin is flushed and sweaty. Honey covers her mound and most of her thighs, all of it fresh and stick-damp. She looks tired. Even her voice is tired from all the screeching moans.

She says nothing as I take the chain attached to her collar. Her head hangs limply as she follows the leash, letting me lead her out to the living room. She only mews soft sobs. I put her on her knees right beside Gretchen.

I have Paige and Elisha kneel beside them. Sophie kneels at my side. "fuck hole, tell me about your night as this sweet man's boyfriend."

"Yes, Ma'am," Gretchen answers with a grin on her face. Her voice is honeyed-sweet, too. She looks up and winks at Jeff.

A Shared Lesson

It was already late when Gretchen and Jeff got back to the house. The house Tracy shares with Gretchen, where Jeff occasionally is invited to spend a night with Tracy. But where very few of Jeff's things are, leaving the rooms to look girly.

It was late to do much. Jeff wanted to watch TV for a few minutes, to catch the news as he relaxed from the surprise of the night. Gretchen politely begged for permission to strip. Jeff allowed it. Gretchen stepped in front of Jeff and began moving her body to imaginary music. Gretchen is a good dancer, and her body flowed sinuously. She started by slipping off her blouse and tossing it aside. She kept dancing. Quickly her bra came off, showing Jeff her breasts. She tossed her bra, landing it on Jeff's shoulder. She leaned forward and wiggled her chest slowly, flaunting her bare breasts in front of him. "Watch me, Sir... Let me show you this dirty little slutty body..." Gretchen purred sweetly in his ear. And as she leaned forward to purr in his ear, she managed to brush her firm mounds along his face.

Elisha kicked her shoes away. Then she was slipping her jeans down, very slowly revealing her panty-clad bottom as she did. And she kept her bottom undulating in a rather sultry, and trashy, slow manner as she pulled them down. It slowly bared her soft white, firm globes to his eyes, now covered only with the small lacy black panties he'd put on her.

Gretchen too forever to slip those panties down. But she flashed her bush, and her bottom a few times. Then she inched their waistband down as far as she could, uncovering the top of her bush and crack, and took a moment to turn around and let him see her like that. Finally, she slipped them down. She dropped to her knees, taking her panties in her teeth. Holding them by their crotch, she dropped them on his lap.

Gretchen rose back up to her feet. She danced before him for a couple of more minutes. Jeff's eyes stayed on her smoothly flowing body, the TV long forgotten.

Gretchen stayed nude. What guy wouldn't like a nude woman around him? She offered him a beer, which he accepted. She went and fetched it. When she returned she dropped to her knees, her legs opened wide, and held the beer out to him atop upturned palms, as if an offering.

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Her hands, forming a little tray to hold the can, were in front of her nipples, but six inches out from them. That way, they don't block his sight of her breasts and their hard nipples.

She took him to bed. In Tracy's bed. She picked it because it's larger, and her smaller bed isn't big enough to be comfortable for two. Gretchen slowly undressed him, getting her first look at his body. She kept her hands on his skin, caressing him far more than undressing him. And she made every excuse to use her breasts to caress his body.

"Jeff has some hair on him, like a real man!" Gretchen tells me. She found it when she undressed him. She describes his chest as moderately hair. But not his back. His thighs and arms have some dark, slightly graying hair on them. And only a fine fur on the globes of his bottom. Gretchen tells me she loved it.

Gretchen knows that Tracy prefers her showers at night. She figured Jeff does as well, since the few times he's stayed over, she's noticed him disappearing into Tracy's room when Tracy goes for hers. Knowing that, Gretchen offered "to give him a very good shower." Jeff accepted.

Gretchen took him to the bathroom off Tracy's room. She started a warm shower. She got her hands rather soapy, and lathered him up slowly, using her hands. It gave her hands a good chance to fully explore his body. She even "washed" his cock, getting it nicely lathered up. It would only get semi-hard for her. Gretchen only took that to mean it had really enjoyed her blow job earlier.

Gretchen asked Jeff he "would clean her up for him." Jeff accepted. At first, his hands were shy, washing her, soaping her up, but not really exploring her body. Gretchen asked him to pay special attention to her breasts, the first intimate place he came to. She said those were "dirty," in a sultry voice that implied she meant dirty as in slutty, not in need of cleaning. As Jeff lathered her perky mounds up, Gretchen began purring very sweetly, with an urgent hunger in her voice. That encouraged Jeff. He played with her mounds as much as he washed them. He even complimented her, telling her that her "boobs were very firm and wonderful." He said he loved her stiff little nipples, too.

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She had him really wash her bush, and the mound of her pussy, telling him that it was very dirty, and wet, too. He should wash all of her skank out of it. He did, his fingers spending extra time with the fur atop her lips. And then even more time when that had Gretchen shivering and purring. She got him to wash her bottom, too.

"My pussy is very skanky dirty, Sir, will you wash that for me, too? I want it very clean for you to use, Sir," Gretchen teasingly, and sweetly, asked him. Jeff said that he's never washed a pussy before. Gretchen instructed him how to open her lips and wash them, as well as her inner folds and pinkness. He gladly washed that for her.

After the shower, and after Gretchen had brushed her teeth, she took Jeff to bed. They cuddled, kissing almost constantly. They were long and very hot kisses. Gretchen caressed his body, not paying extra attention to his cock, but not avoiding it either. She got him to play with her body, and before long his hands were eagerly exploring her body. Jeff told her that he found her body very firm, very feminine, and very enjoyable to play with. Gretchen thanked him and cuddled closer.

They began to drift off to sleep. Gretchen waited until he was more asleep than awake. Then she whispered in his ear, using her sugariest voice to ask "May I please have permission to be the kind of girlfriend I so want to be for you, Sir? I want to make sure you are so fully satisfied, Sir... I want to make sure that so wonderful dick is never neglected. May I be allowed to take care of it whenever it asks for attention, Sir? Please? Pretty please, Sir?" Jeff mumbled "sure..." for an answer. I doubt he truly realized what he just gave Gretchen permission for.

In the morning, Gretchen was awake before Jeff. She didn't move. She cuddled close to him, making sure her breasts were touching his chest. She teased his body with her fingertips. It wasn't long before his cock was standing up hard, even before Jeff woke up.

Gretchen moved slowly, and very delicately. She took great care not to wake Jeff. She slowly moved into place, straddling his hips and holding herself up above him. She very slowly lowered her hips down, easing his stiffness into her very hot, wet, and tight pussy. She took all of his length. She started riding his cock. She didn't make it through the first stroke

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before Jeff half-opened his eyes, purring out a very sweet, "Umm..." as he did. "I thought it was a dream!" He mumbled as his eyes finished opening to the sight of Gretchen's pert breasts dangling in front of them. "G-d, you're are so tight! What a way to wake up!" Jeff told her.

Gretchen giggled lightly. In her sultry voice, she told him "I just could stand the sight of that lonely dick! It was hard and it looked like it wanted some attention, Sir... You did say I could be a real girlfriend for you, Sir."

Gretchen went right on riding his cock. She rode leisurely, never speeding up. It left him to fully feel the spongy soft walls of her pussy stroking along the length of his shaft, snuggling it gently with her twitching heat, her sloppy wetness lubricating its way.

It had the effect she wanted on him. It quickly had him squirming under her. It quickly had him purring the most eager of moans. And it kept him building slowly to his release, letting him have a little extra time to enjoy her pussy.

Jeff came, and it was a full load. Gretchen let him finish cumming in her pussy. Then she rose off of his cock, and quickly slithered down. She swallowed his cock, sucking all of their mixed juices off of it and teasing it with her tongue as he cries out hotly.

He allowed her to dress him, which Gretchen did in the more sensual manner possible. She took him to her room and asked him to go through all of her undies, and pick the ones he would enjoy seeing her in today. He picked a little pink set, a bra with half cups, and a thong for panties. Gretchen asked him to put them on her body, and he did. He picked a little dress for her to wear. A slightly snug one that hugged her body enough to flaunt her shape.

Gretchen cooked him a huge breakfast, and it was good. She turned her phone off, telling him that she didn't want any distractions today. She had a boyfriend, and she wanted to devote herself to him. She didn't let him do anything for himself. Whatever he wanted, she fetched for him and served to him on her knees.

Gretchen invented every opportunity to flash her body to him. Her breasts, which Jeff seems to really like seeing. Her bottom. Her pubes.

A Shared Lesson

She invented reasons to kiss him, making every kiss as hot and passionate as she possibly could.

Several times during the day she told him that she'd been behaving. That she hadn't touched her throbbing pussy. She offered to show him her pussy so he could see for himself that it was still very hot and sloppy. What heterosexual man ever passed up a chance to see a pussy close up? He agreed to check on it for her. She quickly showed him her pussy, the way I taught her to. She turned her back to him. She pulled her jeans down to her thighs, baring all of her bottom and maybe an inch or so of thigh. She spread her feet as widely as the jeans would allow her to. She slipped her panties down off her bottom, rolling the pink silk over the top of her jeans. She bent forward, her back almost straight. She reached around the outside of her hips, her fingers going to the furry lips of her pussy. She pulled her lips wide apart to expose all of her pinkness to him. It showed him her wrinkly inner folds. It showed him her pulsing hard clit. It showed him the entrance of her tunnel, the edges of her spongy walls twitching lightly, and fully flushed red with blood. And it showed him her creamy, clear honey weeping slowly from her tunnel to coat everything. It even let him have a good whiff of her faint, sweet, muskiness. Jeff took long looks at her pussy.

The first two times, that all she showed him. He never asked for anything else. The third time, just before lunch, Gretchen took it upon herself to make sure Jeff understood just how fully she was giving herself to him. As soon as Jeff finally said he'd seen her pussy and it did indeed look very horny to him, Gretchen thanked him for "being so kind as to closely monitor her so he can know that she's a good little bitch."

Then Gretchen releases her lips. Instead of ending her display, she allowed her hands to flow smoothly up to her cheeks. She pulled those apart as well, stretching her slightly short, and rather deep, crack out. It let him see that the valley of her crack was shaven to the smoothness of a baby's bottom. Her fur ends abruptly just after lips.

It also revealed the small, deep pink ring of Gretchen's tight asshole. It let him see that her ring funnels sharply inward. It's no bigger than a dime. It's lined with countless little wrinkles, slightly pronounced, but

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generally faint and gentle. All of those flow inward along the little funnel, to a pinpoint of darkness where her hold clenches fully shut. With her asshole displayed to his eyes, Gretchen used the sweetest voice she could manage to tell him "I want you to have me here, too, Sir... I just love a huge in my backdoor. It drives me way so bananas, Sir!"

Jeff stuttered at her shameless offer of the one place most women are loathe to offer.

Gretchen made him a big lunch, too, cooking something fresh instead of serving him leftovers or a sandwich. He liked that, too.

After lunch, showing him her pussy did the trick. She showed him her bottom this time, too. Then, as he was getting an eyeful of the asshole that Gretchen was going to great lengths to keep spotlessly clean for his eyes, she leaned her head over enough to see the bulge forming in his pants.

Gretchen lowered her bottom to his crotch. She wiggled it as teasingly as any stripper could, stroking his cock, through his pants, with her bare cheeks. It let her feel that his cock was steely hard. She turned, dropping to her knees. She leaned over and freed his cock from his pants, leaving it to stand up eagerly. She planted a quick, but sweet kiss atop its head. She leaned forward, using her pert mounds to stroke along his length. As she did, she looks up into his eyes. "Oh, I'm so sorry for neglecting this wonderful dick, Sir! I'm going to make that up to you right now, Sir!"

Gretchen rose back to her feet, turned her back to him. She let her pants fall to her ankles, out of the way. She lowered her bottom again, this time using her bare cheeks to caress along his equally bare cock. She lifted her hips up a bit, bringing the tip of his cock directly under the furry lips of her pussy. He immediately felt the hot wetness dampening that fur. Gretchen slowly lowered her hips, letting his cock just as slowly plunge into the depths of her pussy. She took all of it. She rose back up, allowing the tip of his cock to slip from her tunnel, but keeping it between the loose folds of her pussy.

Gretchen put one hand to his cock to steady it. She lifted her shoulders, straightening her back up a bit. It shifted her hips, drawing the

tip of his cock back. She stopped once it is flush against her tight asshole. "I'm so sorry, Sir, for being such a filthy little slut bitch! I want this in my backdoor so badly, Sir!"

Gretchen didn't wait for him to answer. She doubted he would. She assumed, correctly, that like most men Jeff would be quite happy to have her bottom. And that he would be reluctant to ask her for it since most women prefer not to think about anal sex.

Gretchen followed the lessons I taught her. She pushed, forcing her asshole to relax as if she were using the toilet. It opened wide, the pinpoint expanding to take in the tip of his shaft. And it allowed her ring to turn to rubber. Gretchen slowly lowered her hips. As she did, his cock slowly pressed into her bottom. There was little resistance. Her ring simply stretched tightly around him, squeezing around his length, as it allowed his cock to slip into her bottom. Gretchen purred a deep, sultry, "MM..." As she felt it slipping into her. She felt Jeff relax a bit as he heard her sweet purr. Not the grunting cry of discomfort he'd expected.

Gretchen took all of his cock into her bottom, stopping only when her cheeks were snug against his hips. She relaxed. It allowed her bottom to tighten back up, snuggling his cock that much tighter. Gretchen started moving her hips, stroking his cock with her bottom. She used long strokes, rising up until she felt the ridge at the bottom of his cock head against the inside of her asshole, then going back down until she had as much cock as he had to give inside her. She kept her strokes leisurely, not hurrying it along, allowing him to fully enjoy the sensations of her bottom.

Jeff, his voice now throaty and deep, told her that her bottom was "incredibly tight." He told her that he was really enjoying it. And that he never dreamed she would be so interested in this.

Gretchen has her hands on his knees to steady herself. In short seconds, Gretchen was screeching loud cries of "UMM!" through clenched teeth. Jeff asked her if it was hurting her.

"NO!" Gretchen cries out, a definite sultriness to her voice, "HELL NO! I HAVE TO CUM SO FUCKING BADLY RIGHT NOW I'M GOING TO BURST! OH, SHIT, DO I HAVE TO CUM!" After that, Jeff didn't ask her again if he was hurting her. If he still wondered, even the slightest bit,

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Gretchen's pussy started steadily dripping honey onto his briefs. And her body shivered hard.

Luckily, for Gretchen, Jeff showed his appreciation by cumming fairly quickly. It spared Gretchen from suffering even more of the intense stimulation. Gretchen felt the first spurt of his hot cum into her bottom. It drove her wild. She tensed up, her bottom squeezing his cock harder. Her body shivered so hard it was more trembling. She cries out a long, and agonized "I WON'T CUM, MMM!" And she kept going, her tight bottom riding his cock until she felt the very last twitches of it ebb away, his orgasm complete. Then she rose off of his cock.

Gretchen quickly turned around and dropped to her knees. Her voice was strained hard, very husky, and very needy. "I'm so sorry for dirtying this dick up, Sir. Let me clean it for you, Sir!" Before Jeff answered, Gretchen had his cock, fresh out of her butt, in her mouth, and down her throat to suck it spotless. Jeff screeched as she did it, but it was a hot screech.

Gretchen kept him company all day. She never asked him for anything. Only what she could do for him. She cuddled close to him, encouraging him to touch her body as he wished. She waited on him. She showed him her pussy a few more times and her bottom. Only now Jeff demanded a longer look at her "very slutty bottom," which she happily gave him.

Before coming over, Gretchen offered to give Jeff another shower and clean him up for the trip over here. He accepted.

Gretchen tells the story. As she does I ask her questions, drawing more and more detail out of her. She doesn't mind telling it all.

But Tracy hates hearing it. I see a little tear run down her cheek as she hears the intimate details of her daughter pleasing her boy far more, and in more ways, than Tracy ever has. I'm sure Tracy is wondering if Jeff is even going to want her after the night he spent with Gretchen. Why would he? Gretchen has proven herself to be a much better girlfriend. And with a younger, firmer, body that she begs him to make full use of. Why would he want Tracy anymore? He's just been given better.

It's how I wanted Tracy to feel. Worthless.



Chapter 08: Four Whore Job

A Shared Lesson

I have thoroughly humiliated Tracy by making her hear how good of a girlfriend Gretchen was for Jeff, and how eager Gretchen was to be that slutty girlfriend. And by letting Tracy see how much Jeff enjoyed Gretchen for his girlfriend. Counting the blow job contest yesterday, Jeff has now had Gretchen every possible way. Including ways, Tracy has been unwilling to give herself. Worse for Tracy, she got to hear from both of them how much Gretchen liked giving herself that way. It leaves her no doubt that should Gretchen get an opportunity, she would very gladly give it again. Maybe even beg for it.

"I'm sure both of you slutty gutter bitches appreciate this nice man bailing cum dumpster out of the dungeon, and coming to fetch your worthless slutty butts tonight," I tell the women. "Don't you, fuck hole?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I'm very glad cum dumpster didn't have to suffer the unimaginable cruel and endless teasing I did in your dungeon, Ma'am." Tracy answers. Her voice is utter humiliation, but she's unable to hide the sensual needy tone in it.

"Good, then you probably want to be good bitches and give him a very special thank you for caring enough not to leave your useless behinds here, don't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am," both of them answer in unison. Gretchen's voice is almost pure excitement. Tracy's voice has a bit of reluctance to it as if she's already thinking that whatever I have in mind, is going to be humiliating for her. And almost certainly is going to have Gretchen doing something with Jeff. That, Tracy fears. The more of Gretchen he has, she is sure, the less of Tracy he will want.

"How about a nice 'four whore job?'" I ask Jeff. "Would you care to try that treat?"

Jeff's eyes scan over the line of women at warp speed. So far, it's been Gretchen that held the biggest part of his interest. It's been her nude body that Jeff's eyes were on. Tracy has been a not-so-close second. But he's mostly avoided the other two girls, Paige and Elisha. Now he very quickly checks out their bodies. Especially Elisha's ample, fully-rounded breasts with their lightly colored and wide nipples. I'm

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sure he's noticed that Gretchen is the only woman in line with hair on her pubes, too.

I have allowed Gretchen to keep that full bush for a reason. First I wanted her pussy to look very different from Tracy's. Second, I know Jeff likes a bush. I didn't ask if he liked furry lips, too, but I wanted her pussy as different as possible. And I wanted it alluring for Jeff.

It takes Jeff a few seconds to take in all four of the women. Three of them look very eager to offer that treat. Only Tracy looks reluctant, but it's not a reluctance to give it. It's the reluctance that Jeff will enjoy it way too much. "Sure... that sounds... interesting." His voice is excited, but also as if he's wondering what it is.

I turn to Tracy. "You lost the blow job contest. I wasn't surprised with that awful blow job you gave this wonderful man, either. I swear I've seen a girl do better her first time! It's going to be some time, and some lessons, before I allow those lips of yours anywhere near an actual man again, bitch. Now, since you obviously can't suck a cock worth poopy, ask cum dumpster to suck his cock for you."

Fresh tears of shame roll down Tracy's cheeks. With a sob in her very reluctant voice, she politely asks "cum dumpster, will you please suck his cock for me? Please, he deserves a good blow job and you're a lot better at it than I am."

Gretchen says she'll "Oh so gladly suck that amazing thick dick," if I will allow her to.

I tell Tracy that since she's obviously the worst lover in the crowd, she gets the simplest role. I tell her to go to Jeff, and have him stand up. Then I have Tracy very sweetly undress him from the waist down. It leaves the tail of his shirt hanging about almost to his stiff cock, but not quite. It does let me see those moderately hairy legs Gretchen told me about. The ones she claims to love. I doubt they're quite her thing, but she's going to tell Jeff they are. And convince him they are. Because I want her to.

I tell Gretchen to kneel squarely in front of Jeff's cock. She eagerly takes her place. Then I have Paige and Elisha kneel just beside her, angling their bodies so that they are facing his cock.

A Shared Lesson

I tell Gretchen that her role is to suck that cock. She very enthusiastically accepts her role. I don't bother giving Paige or Elisha instructions. They know what to do. I tell Gretchen to begin.

Gretchen puts her lips to the tip of Jeff's cock. She hesitates a second. "You have no idea how badly I've wanted to suck this again, Sir," She purrs softly in a very sensual voice. Then she opens her mouth wide and starts taking his cock into her mouth.

Immediately Paige and Elisha begin to do their part. They both put their lips to the side of his cock. They put their lips up, close to the head of his cock, the corners of their mouths flush against the corners of Gretchen's mouth. Both stretch their mouths wide. It lets them get their lips flush against each other. They put their tongues to his shaft, licking along it, their tongues occasionally brushing over each other as they work on his length. It's as if they're passionately kissing each other, only with Jeff's cock trapped in the middle of their kiss.

As Gretchen starts going down, swallowing his cock very slowly, but steadily, Paige and Elisha move their mouths along with Gretchen's.

I take Tracy and have her kneel behind Jeff. It's about the only place there's room for her. I tell her what her part in this is. After all, it is a "four whore job," thus all four whores should be doing their jobs. Tracy's role is to lick the backside of Jeff's balls while Gretchen is swallowing his cock.

It proves more challenging for Tracy than she imagined. With her hands still bound, she can't use them. But no one else is either. Gretchen's are bound. Elisha and Paige have theirs behind their backs as they know I demand of them. As Tracy first puts the tip of her tongue to Jeff's loosely hanging balls, it pushes them forward. It doesn't help that Jeff's hips are far from still, and that has his balls jiggling slightly anyway. As Tracy's tongue tries to tease them, they keep jiggling away from her tongue. Almost as if they don't want her attention. But they do. It shows in the goosebumps that erupt over his sack.

The others keep going down, Gretchen swallowing his cock while Elisha and Paige caress it with their tongues from both sides.

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Quickly, Paige and Elisha reach the very base of his cock. Gretchen still has a good inch and a half to swallow, but it's already well into her throat. And that has Jeff purring those eager moans of his again. As they reach the root of it, they keep going. Their mouths swiftly shift down to his balls. Now they're "kissing" each other with his balls trapped between their mouths. And their tongues are very tenderly caressing his sack and balls.

That leaves Tracy unable to get to his balls. She has two chins in her way. And his balls are fully inside their mouths. I have Tracy shift her mouth back as well. It moves her tongue up to Jeff's slightly hairy, dark asshole. Her face scrunches up, telling me that his isn't as clean as hers was for Elisha. Too bad. She still puts her tongue to it, determined to do her part in this reward for Jeff. And I'm sure hoping Jeff will notice how shameless she gave for him.

Tracy pushes her tongue against his asshole. She slowly swirls her tongue along the rim of his tightly clenched ring, teasing his virgin nerves there.

Jeff stiffens up and purrs out a long "UH!" His hips shudder as Tracy sweetly teases his asshole. I'll bet he's wondering if it felt anything like that for Gretchen when he used her bottom earlier.

Gretchen keeps going. Soon she has all of his cock into her throat. Her top lip is flush against his pubes. Her bottom lip is flush against Elisha and Paige's lips, directly atop his balls. I see the tendons at the corners of Gretchen's mouth strain as she forces her jaw to open a little more. As her lips brush his pubes for a fleeting instant, her stroke reversing, Gretchen pushes her tongue out between her teeth and his shaft. She gets just enough of its tip past her lips to push into the space between Paige and Elisha's lips. And to so lightly tickle over the front of Jeff's sack. It puts three tongues on his balls at once. Paige's on the underside. Elisha's on the top, off to his left. And Gretchen's squarely at the center.

It's almost too much of a tease for Jeff. He cries out a very eager, and hungry "OH!" and shudders crisply.

A Shared Lesson

And then Gretchen's tongue is gone. Her mouth already moving back up to release his cock on the reverse stroke. Not that it matters to Jeff. Gretchen is sucking firmly on it. Her tongue now lies along its underside, caressing it there as it slips from her throat into her mouth. Her lips are snug on his shaft, caressing it with their softness as they rise up its length.

Paige and Elisha follow Gretchen's lead. They make sure to keep the corners of their mouths flush against Gretchen's. Even during the awkward moments when they're shifting from his cock to his balls and back again. Their lips never leave Gretchen's. Not even when they're sucking on his balls. Nor do their tongues take a rest. They keep teasing so tenderly on his cock as it slips from Gretchen's lips.

Tracy obediently follows Paige and Elisha, shifting her mouth back to Jeff's balls the instant they move back to his cock. This way both his cock and balls are constantly being teased. Neither gets a second's break from the sweetness.

Gretchen rises up until the ridge at the base of his cock head bumps against her lips. That the point where I expect her to reverse her stroke and swallow it again. It's also the point for the second little tease. As she nears that point, Gretchen begins to slowly swirl her tongue around the head of his cock. She manages a single swirl in the brief instant while she's reversing. Then, as the cock starts inching deeper into her mouth, the tip of it goes too deep for her tongue to swirl.

Gretchen sets a very leisurely pace. The others have no choice in it. They have to follow her lead. And they do. All four of them teasing Jeff very eagerly. Paige and Elisha because I said to, and that's all the reason they need to put their sluttiest into it. Gretchen because she's having fun with this cock. Tracy because she needs for Jeff to notice her part and like it.

I let Jeff have about six slow strokes of that. It's enough to have Jeff fidgeting and squirming like a schoolboy getting his first blow job. And to have him purring out the neediest of moans. The most pleased of moans, too.

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"That's a "four whore job," I tell Jeff with a tiny giggle in my voice. "Do you like it?"

"Oh, HELL YEAH!" Jeff very eagerly blurts out, his voice already throaty deep, and urgent. "How did you ever think this up?" He means how did I figure out how to choreograph the movements of four women on a single cock, and teach it to these young girls. I don't bother to answer it. I leave Jeff to enjoy his reward.

He definitely enjoys it. After Gretchen's story, I know this will be his third orgasm of the day. His fifth in the last 24 hours. And all of them were given to him. HE didn't have to do any of "the work." Not even with Gretchen's bottom, she did it all for him, allowing him to just relax and enjoy the sex she was giving him.

Jeff doesn't even last five minutes. He cums with a crisp snapping thrust of his hips, though his hips barely move. There's nowhere for them to go. Gretchen has his entire length in her mouth. Tracy has her lips to his asshole. I'd bet it's the extra tingly sparks shooting from his asshole that push him over the edge sooner than he'd like.

All four keep on going. Gretchen definitely knows he's cumming. There's no way she could miss the crisp twitches of his cock in her throat. Paige and Elisha might have missed it while their mouths were on his balls. It's not like they could even see his cock with it fully inside Gretchen's mouth. But once their lips are back onto his shaft, they definitely know it as well. Tracy seems oblivious to it, though. She shouldn't be. The thrusting of his hip should give it away to her. She must not be paying much attention to anything her tongue isn't on.

Gretchen keeps going, steadily sucking his cock while he cums every last drop into her mouth.

On her final stroke, she sucks it clean, her lips wiping along his shaft and fully cleaning every bit of his cum off of his cock. She releases his cock. "Yum..." she purrs "I can't get enough of his sweet cum."

"Share?" Paige sweetly asks Gretchen. Paige asks with a sparkle in her eye. Gretchen eagerly agrees to share with her. Paige wraps her arms around Gretchen's shoulders and pulls Gretchen's lips to hers. It has them kissing each other, hotly, Paige's tongue diving into Gretchen's

mouth for a taste of the cum. It has them kissing with their heads right over Jeff's cock. And with Jeff staring down to watch the girls kiss.

"I want some, too!" Elisha eagerly blurts out the instant Paige finally releases her kiss with Gretchen. Gretchen turns to Elisha. This time it's Gretchen who takes the lead, grabbing Elisha and pull her close to kiss her very passionately. Jeff watches these two girls kissing with just as much interest.

After releasing Elisha's lips, Gretchen cranes her neck around the side of Jeff's hips to see Tracy kneeling behind him. Tracy's face is still slightly scrunched up from licking Jeff's asshole. "Taste this deliciously sweet cum, fuck hole?" Gretchen asks in a teasing, but sweet, voice.

Gretchen doesn't wait for an answer. She reaches her arms around Jeff's hips to grab hold of Tracy. She pulls her mother close and puts her lips to Tracy's. It has Gretchen's front side, and her breasts, pressing against Jeff's legs. It has Tracy's body, and Tracy's breasts, pressing against the back of Jeff's legs. Gretchen eagerly locks her lips to her mother's. Gretchen puts her tongue into Tracy's mouth, delivering familiar the salty warmth of Jeff's cum to Tracy's tongue. Gretchen enthusiastically wraps her tongue with Tracy's, making sure Tracy has a good taste of the cum.

Gretchen and her mother kissing like the hottest of lovers is a sight Jeff can't take his eyes from. Even if Tracy is reluctant to join in. I doubt he notices that. His mind is more conjuring up ideas that just maybe he can have both of these women. That he won't have to choose and stick with just Tracy. That he might get to enjoy more of Gretchen's sluttiness. Gretchen makes it a long kiss. "See fuck hole, it's so delicious! I can't get enough of it!" Gretchen says sweetly as she backs away from Tracy.

"Did you enjoy that?" I ask Jeff.

"Oh, yeah... that was about the best... blow job ever!"

I show him a picture I took on my phone. It very clearly shows all four of the nude girls sucking on his cock and balls. I show him a second picture, this one with his entire cock down Gretchen's throat and Tracy's lips in his crack. They show the girls from the top, slightly obscuring

Chapter 08: Four Whore Job

their faces, but showing their nude bodies and their pert breasts. Even so, it's enough to make out most of their faces. Gretchen and Tracy are both recognizable to anyone who knows them. I send both pictures to Jeff's phone, a souvenir of the treat that he very happily accepts.



Chapter 09: Sweet Relief

A Shared Lesson

After Tracy finishes redressing Jeff, I have her and Gretchen standing side by side and holding hands in front of the sofa where Jeff is sitting. "On a scale of one to ten, how well behaved with cum dumpster for you? Was she a very pleasing girlfriend for you?" I ask Jeff.

"Oh, yeah... Gretchen was a great girlfriend... I still haven't gotten over how... affectionate she is!" I'm quite sure he means how slutty and skilled at it she is. It sounds like she spent her time doing what I told her to, paying full attention to him. And keeping his cock soft by relieving it the instant it got hard. Every time it got hard. "She didn't even try to cheat. And she seemed to want me to monitor her very closely. I couldn't have asked for better. I'd have to give her a ten."

Gretchen grins wide. Tracy's face falls, hearing from Jeff what an incredible girlfriend her daughter was while replacing Tracy.

"Then, since this bitch behaved its worthless butt for you, I will let you decide how it will be rewarded. You may allow it to masturbate. You may tell one of these other slave bitches to masturbate it. Or you may tell one of them to eat its sloppy wet pussy. Either is fine, if you wish to watch that." I grin. I have no doubt Jeff will very happily watch a girl eat Gretchen's pussy.

It's kind of a tease for Jeff, too. I doubt he knows which of those choices Gretchen would prefer. Which would be the most satisfying for that throbbing ache she's been pushing aside to please him. Or if Gretchen has any interest in being with a woman. It might repulse her. Or excite her. I'm sure, after the day she gave him, Jeff wants to give her exactly what she wants. But he doesn't know her well enough to know what that might be.

Or which of my slaves Gretchen might like best if he picks one of them. Paige is slimmer. Elisha has a more average, and curvier, figure. I see Jeff looking over the pair of slaves. I'll bet he's trying to remember which one's tongue felt the most skilled on his cock. HE doesn't know that Paige has far more experience. But that won't matter. Elisha is very good at eating pussy.

He points to Paige. "Eat... cum dumpster's pussy for me."

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"Yes, Sir," Paige grins very widely, "It will be my absolute pleasure to eat that bitch's sopping wet pussy, Sir."

I tell Gretchen to spread her feet wide. She very quickly parts them.

Paige kneels down in front of Gretchen. She stretches her mouth wide open and puts her lisp right to Gretchen's furry mound. Paige's tongue presses into Gretchen's lips, parting them enough to find the hard knot of her folds the wide tip of her clit poking up from it. Paige closes her lisp to surround that nub. She sucks lightly on it. She lies her tongue against the throbbing nub and begins rhythmically, and leisurely, swirling her tongue around that aching nub.

"UH!" Gretchen moans hard as she sucks in a fast, deep breath. "Oh, UM!" She screeches out, drawing her cry out. Already Gretchen's hips are squirming. Her body is shivering hard and crisply. Her toes curl under as she stands on her feet. "UH!" She grunts out again. It's a very passionate, and hungry, grunting moan. She cries out again, "UHM!" and squirms even more desperately.

I wait, watching Gretchen squirm and cry out pleading moans. Gretchen knows my rules. She knows both of them will pay for it if she cums, no matter how good Paige's tongue is. I make her go a couple of minutes. I don't want to cheat Jeff out of the show he wanted to see.

Jeff watches very intently. So much so that I'm sure it's the first time he's seen girl-on-girl sex before. I guess none of his girlfriends were willing to have a third join them. It gives me a few ideas about these girls can treat him in future sessions.

Gretchen screeches cries that are hot, loud, and sultry. They're needy. And they're desperate pleas for release. She squirms wildly. At least the cuffs hold her hands still behind her back, or those would be all over the place. Her hips already are all over the place. But she obediently keeps her feet wide so Jeff can see the "action."

I offer Jeff the choice of taking a few pictures of it. I don't care if Paige is seen eating pussy. Everyone who knows Paige knows she's my slave, and I'm sure they suspect Paige will do it. She is, after all, a

woman owned as a sex slave by another woman. I'd bet half of her class thinks she's a lesbian.

Jeff has his phone out instantly. HE thanks me as he snaps the first picture. It clearly shows Gretchen standing there, her jaw gaping wide as she moans out. And it shows Paige's long curls brushing against Gretchen's bare thighs. It shows Paige's lips pushing on Gretchen's furry mound too. That leaves no doubt what Paige is doing to Gretchen.

Jeff takes plenty of pictures of it. From about every angle. Even a few from behind that show Gretchen's hands bound. And her firm, very fully-rounded, little bottom. He gets a few pictures of her bare breasts, too. From various angles.

I tell Jeff that Gretchen is a well-behaved fuck toy. She knows that she's not allowed to cum simply because "her skanky slut hole aches for it." She's to wait until she's told to cum, and then, she's required to climax immediately on penalty of flogging for violating the rules. And tonight, since they're sharing the session, if one of them gets whipped, both of them will suffer the strokes. I tell Jeff he may ask Gretchen anything he wishes, no matter how personal, and she must answer him. He gets to tell her when to cum, too.

"Uh... cum dumpster..." Jeff hesitantly begins, "Did I pick what you wanted?"

"I WANT TO PLEASE YOU, SIR!" Gretchen cries out her voice growing rather deep and breathy now. "I DON'T GIVE A FUCK HOW I CUM, SIR, AS LONG AS YOU ENJOY WATCHING ME CUM, SIR!" Gretchen's voice is loud, urgently blurted out, and rather pleading as she answers his question. "IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT TO SEE, SIR? I LOVE SKANKY EATING MY PUSSY FOR YOU, SIR!"

"Uh... are you ready to cum now?" He asks.

"YES, SIR!" Gretchen screeches out, "I'LL CUM WHENEVER IT PLEASES YOU TO WATCH THIS DISGUSTING GUTTER SLUT CUM, SIR." As she finishes a hard wave sweeps over Gretchen, shuddering her body wildly and making her tense up until her muscles are as hard as steel.

"You may cum," Jeff tells her.

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"Thank you for allowing me to cum for you, Sir," Gretchen politely says. She stands still for a couple of seconds, her tense body trembling harder and harder as the nanoseconds tick off.

It happens all at once. Gretchen screams out at the top of her lungs. Her cry isn't that loud, more throaty and deep, but it's all her lungs will do. Her body snaps with the sharpest of tremors, so powerful that her head flies forward doubling her over. Her legs turn to rubber and give out from under her. Gretchen drops straight down, bumping onto her knees and then falling forward onto her face. It pulls her body from Paige's tongue.

Gretchen does nothing. She lies there, crisp and powerful tremors flowing over her body. Her cry fades off to nothing. It's replaced by the sweetest, and softest, hushed purrs of "Ah!" Her body snaps as more and more tremors sweep over her. Her pussy weeps honey steadily. Her face loosens as she relaxes and drifts into the afterglow of her orgasm.

I turn my attention from Gretchen. I still have Tracy to release. I scold Tracy, reminding her how impatient she's been today. How shamelessly she begged me for an orgasm. I tell her that she doesn't deserve a treat so good as Gretchen earned herself. Tracy will be allowed to relieve herself. I remind her to wait for Jeff to tell her to cum. "It would a shame if you earned my cum dumpster a harsh whipping after such a good orgasm," I tell Tracy, reminding her that more than just her bottom is on the line. I hope that will be enough to make her behave.

I unlock Tracy's hands. I have to if I want her to masturbate. She'll have to use them! Tracy puts her hands on her hips, as I tell her to do, but I can see them twitching as they want to get to that pussy. I have her stand there, facing Jeff. I tell him that he's welcome to take pictures of this, too.

I tell Tracy that she will be properly supervised while she masturbates. She's not to enjoy "diddling her pussy like some filthy gutter skank." She's to masturbate, then cum whenever she's told to.

I tell Jeff that he may tell her when to cum.

A Shared Lesson

I have Tracy start masturbating. She already knows how to do that my way. She learned it the last time she was here. I don't mention that part. I just leave Jeff to assume that I taught it to her earlier, while she was here and he was with Gretchen.

It has Tracy putting a single finger to her pounding clit. She's to run it slowly, with small circles, and with a touch so light that her finger glides across the tip of her nub. She to keep going, never speeding up or slowing down. Not changing a thing. And certainly not stopping. She'll be told when Jeff wishes to watch her cum. After all, she's only cumming for his entertainment, not her pleasure.

Tracy starts masturbating. And blushing as she sees Jeff closely watching her do this private act. She has no choice but to see him watching her. I demand that she keep her eyes open and forward. It makes her see him looking upon her. And taking the occasional picture of her. Including a close-up of her finger on her pussy.

It's about one second before Tracy screeches out a shrill, and urgent, cry. Her hips shudder hard as she does.

It's definitely less than a second later when the loud, lightning-like crack rings out, that's my crop against the bare flesh of her globe. It's a decent stroke, one that sears a nice pink crop print onto her cheek. And one that gets a pained yelp from Tracy that's immediately lost in her erotic moans. I scold Tracy sternly for "wiggling around like a gutter whore."

She lasts about three more seconds before she earns herself another stroke of the crop for letting those hips snap against her finger. And then another for the same thing.

Tracy stands there, her entire body trembling hard, her muscles tensed to steel. She cries out squeaky, and very loud, pleading moans. Her body shudders so hard that both her breasts and bottom are jiggling lightly. Her mouth hangs wide open as she moans.

"She looks so... ready to cum..." Jeff says to me. It's only been about half of a minute and about four strokes of the crop on Tracy's bottom. That's enough to have her bottom stinging her sharply. The

Chapter 09: Sweet Relief

sting doesn't seem to deter her arousal and need one bit, though. If anything, she moaning out even more urgently.

"Oh, this filthy bitch has been ready since yesterday," I tell Jeff in a playful voice. "If she wouldn't have been so impatient during her patience lesson, she might not have had to wait so long."

Jeff decides to take mercy on her. I can't blame him. Tracy looks downright pitiful the way she's thrashing and screeching for relief, all of which keeps earning her painful strokes of my crop. "You may cum... fuck hole," Jeff says to her.

"Thank you, Sir!" Tracy stutters out in a squeaky, hushed voice.

Tracy stops fighting herself. She screeches out a long, drawn-out "OOH... YES!" as she finally gets to cum. Her legs don't buckle, but they do go very wobbly. Her body snaps into a wild thrashing as she barely stays on her feet. Honey dribbles from her pussy. As fresh waves of the climax crash over, her body snaps anew with a fresh, crisp shudder.

It goes for about two full minutes. Tracy spends them shuddering and panting "OOH!s" that grow increasingly mousy. Her pussy spends it dripping honey.

Finally, Tracy just stills. She stands there, her body loose and fully spent. She purrs out a loud, but quiet, breath. She pants softly. Her head hangs limply. Her arms fall loose at her sides. Her body wobbles, more just drifts around, as she stands there. She has a look of utter satisfaction on her face.

Now it's time to get rid of these women. I tell Jeff that he is to dress both of them. Then I walk Tracy over to stand along the wall. She stands and wobbles around. I go get Gretchen, and I can barely get her to get onto her feet. She sort of walks, sort of falls over to stand beside Tracy. Neither is steady on her feet. Both wobble. Both bump against the other and neither seems to notice or care. Both seem rather glad that Jeff gets to dress them, sparing them from having to do it. Neither looks capable of doing it.

Once they have clothes on, I have Jeff bind their hands behind them.

A Shared Lesson

I tell Jeff, in front of the women so that they can hear me, that from now on, these two "slutty bitches" will have joint sessions here. HE is to bring them both. If he doesn't agree to deliver them and fetch them afterward, neither will be allowed to come.

Jeff asks what that means. I explain it to him, suggesting a routine he might use. I suggest that he tells them to "present themselves to him, to be delivered to their Queen's castle," at a specific time. They are to come out and "report" to him, fully naked. Then he's to leave them standing in the living room, facing a wall, while he takes his time looking through their clothes and picking something for them to wear over here. Once he's chosen a nice outfit for both, he's to go back to them. He's to very carefully look over their entire bodies to ensure that both are absolutely naked, and then dress them in what he's chosen. He's to tie their hands behind their backs. Then walk them out to the car and bring them to me like that.

Fetching them is essentially the reverse of that. He'll dress and tie them here, as he just did. When he gets them home, he will undress them. He will have them kneel in front of him, side by side, naked, and answer any questions he might dream up to ask them about their session. When he's satisfied with both of their answers, he will dismiss them.

Once dismissed, they must resume their everyday roles. Tracy will be his girlfriend. Gretchen will be his "step-daughter." Nothing more. Nothing "inappropriate for those roles." Unless I say otherwise. I add that with a wink so that Jeff will know that I intend to let him have more of Gretchen.

And I have one additional rule for Tracy. She may not masturbate. She may not ask him for relief. Not even hint that she's horny. She's to get her relief only whenever it pleases him to use her "worthless, old body." Otherwise, she's to demonstrate the patience I've taught her. I'll tell him later to take good care of Tracy, and offer her frequent orgasms.

Jeff agrees to it.

I send him home with his girls, reminding him that he may question them when they get home if he wishes. I'm sure he has some

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questions about what Tracy suffered through here. I'm sure he's going to be very interested to hear how excited she got with that vibrator in her bottom, too. He won't be expecting to hear that.

I'm already thinking of their next lesson. There are just so many possibilities!

Author's Note:

Elisha appears first in "Georgia Girl," the story of her coming to me a few months before she appears in his story. That story isn't available on Literotica, or any of the other sites where I share some stories. But it is available.

the "USUAL SUSPECTS"



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

Age	Height	Weight
19	5'4"	121
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	26	34



Slave-whore ("Paige")

Age	Height	Weight
19	5'7"	118
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	29	34



Newbie Slut-Bitch (“Elisha”)

Age	Height	Weight
18	5'7"	141
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
36-C	31	38