

Intervention



Nadezhda sarankhova

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<https://mistressnadezhda.wixsite.com/website>

MistressNadia@Yandex.ru

Author's Note:

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

The complete archives of all my public-version stories are available on my website.

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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Intervention

Intervention

Introduction:

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

Intervention

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 to 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.

Intervention

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 a 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,

Intervention

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 (28), Janelle (36), Colette (40), Diane (44), and Olive (46). 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

Intervention

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 careful 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.



Chapter One - The Bimbo

Chapter One - The Bimbo

My friend and fellow Domme, Janelle, asked me about a week ago if I'd consider doing her a favor. She knew I would. I always do when I can. Besides, it would be far from the first time that Janelle and I have swapped or shared toys. But then I heard what she had in mind.

Rochelle isn't anyone's toy. She's never even tried to play before, at least not as far as anyone knows. She's a 22-year-old girl. Or a bimbo as Janelle describes her. She managed to make it through three years of college with a solid C- GPA before finally dropping out. From the sounds of it, her major should have been "party science." It sounds to me like her classes were a distant second on her priority list.

She's never left home. She lived with her mom while attending college. Once she dropped out, moving out wasn't an option. That takes money. Rochelle got a job. A fairly crappy one, but a job. She managed to hold it for a couple months before getting fired. That cycle repeated itself a few more times. She never held a job for more than a couple months.

Rochelle's last job was as a hostess at Ruby Tuesday's. That's not a well-paying job. It's not a very skilled or demanding job, either. Mostly she's expected to show up and smile, and not much more. It was the showing-up part she had trouble with.

Rochelle goes through boyfriends faster than I go through coffee, and I love coffee. Janelle doesn't know how many Rochelle has had lately, but she knows it's a fair number. She knows that Keith, her current boyfriend, has been dating her for about a month, which she tells me "sounds like it should be in her personal Guinness book."

He's the reason she lost her job. Not directly, though. She was supposed to work. He was invited to a rather "cool" party on campus. He was going, without a date since his girlfriend was working. Rochelle wasn't going to let that happen. Maybe she worried that he'd find his next girlfriend there. Who knows? She skipped work to go party with him. It was her third sick day in a month.

Intervention

Her boss decided he didn't need an employee who wasn't going to show up and fired her. Again.

On top of that, Rochelle seems to spend money faster than she can earn it. According to what Janelle has been told, she's always getting her boyfriends to buy her things. And she never contributes anything to the household. She probably has nothing more than pennies in her savings, too. The loss of a job doesn't seem to impair her spending habits. She just badgers mom for a few bucks. To me, it sounds like she begs mom daily, but without meeting her it's hard to say. I know she should be glad she's not my daughter.

Rochelle's mom, Renee, is a 51-year-old divorcee. From what Janelle tells me, she was divorced about five years ago, shortly after Rochelle turned 18. To me, it sounds like her parents stayed together until Rochelle turned 18, long after their marriage should have ended. Janelle tells me that Renee doesn't work. She got the house and a decent alimony settlement in the divorce. He got the bills, including Renee's ongoing utility bills and property taxes, leaving Renee's alimony to stretch much farther. It's enough to make me wonder what she has on him. Obviously, something or even a barely competent law student could have gotten Rochelle's father a better deal. But that's not really my business and I definitely don't care about Renee's finances. Or Rochelle's.

Renee, Janelle tells me, has tried about everything she can think of make Rochelle act like an adult. Nothing has worked. Rochelle mostly ignores her. And Rochelle fully goes on partying away and wasting her life. It sounds to me like Renee has pretty much given up on controlling Rochelle.

Rochelle suffered no real consequences for losing her job. Renee didn't punish her at all. Instead she just "talked to her about it." It shouldn't be hard for Rochelle to find another job. Jobs like that are readily available around here. At least it won't be hard once she actually applies for one of them. And I suspect that won't be until she can't

Chapter One - The Bimbo

get party money out of mom and needs the job. Unemployed, she's free to go everywhere with her boyfriend.

But then, the day after Rochelle lost her job, Renee's neighbor and friend, Bonnie, came over to visit. Bonnie belongs to Janelle. Bonnie doesn't make a secret of it, but she doesn't announce it, either. Renee knows that Bonnie and Bonnie's husband occasionally play with another woman, but Renee has never met Janelle. And she doesn't know the details, only that it's "kinky" BDSM. And that Bonnie needs it, and loves it.

This was a Friday afternoon. Janelle had visited Bonnie Wednesday evening. Renee didn't know that. At least not until Bonnie went to sit down at the table and have coffee with Renee. Renee immediately noticed that Bonnie sat differently, turning to the side and leaving her bottom hanging over the edge of the chair. It put Bonnie's weight on her thighs instead of her bottom.

I'd bet Renee had her suspicions about how Bonnie's bottom got to be sore. According to Janelle, it didn't take much for Renee to get the basics of the story out of Bonnie. Bonnie had broken one of Janelle's rules. It was her third time breaking the same rule. With Janelle, as with me, breaking rules has consequences.

For Bonnie, Wednesday evening, that meant standing up on her tiptoes. With a cucumber in her mouth as if she were performing oral sex on it. While Janelle pulled her pants and panties down to her thighs and placed a vibrator between the very tops of her thighs. And then while Janelle spanked her bottom rather sternly. And while her husband watched, which is what he enjoys doing. If any part of Bonnie's feet other than her toes touched the floor, if her hands came off the back of her neck, if she closed her eyes, if she failed to stand up straight and still, if the vibrator moved, or if she left any teeth marks on the cucumber, the entire spanking wouldn't count and Bonnie would have to repeat it until she behaved for it. Bonnie suffered through three full spankings before Janelle finally

pulled her pants back up and deemed her punishment complete. It left Bonnie's bottom burning with a fire hotter than Hell. It left Bonnie even hotter than her bottom.

I'm not sure how much of the story Renee got. Probably not the more intimate details. But certainly the basics of it. It was enough that Renee was cringing. And that Renee was certain that Bonnie's bottom was a bloody mess. Renee didn't believe Bonnie when Bonnie told her the truth. That evening, her bottom was glowing a very bright red. But by morning, there wasn't a mark on it. There isn't now. Despite it not showing anything though, her bottom was still a bit sore from the spanking. Not badly, but just enough that Bonnie would prefer not to sit on it, especially not on the wooden chairs. Bonnie was confident that by morning, her bottom wouldn't be sore anymore.

With Janelle, and more so with me, shyness quickly gets overcome. One way or another. So when Renee refused to believe that Bonnie's bottom wasn't bruised and bloody, Bonnie did the only thing that would convince Renee. She stood, turned her back, and lowered her pants far enough to expose about half of her bottom. Not her entire bottom, not even as much as a thong would bare, but enough that Renee got a good eyeful of Bonnie's milky white unblemished globes. It made Renee a believer.

I'm not sure how serious Renee was at first. Maybe it was just an off-hand comment. She said that Rochelle needed a spanking like that, and she wished someone would give Rochelle one. Maybe it would straighten Rochelle out. However it started, it quickly took hold. And the more Renee talked about it, the more serious Renee became. Until finally she outright asked Bonnie if she thought Janelle might be willing to spank Rochelle for her. Mostly because Renee was certain that if she tried to do it herself, there's no way she could manage not to bruise Rochelle's bottom. Eventually, Renee cajoled Bonnie into asking Janelle.

Chapter One - The Bimbo

Janelle wasn't about to do it. She has a firm rule about keeping her toys separated. She might play with them together, but she refuses to take two toys that know each other any other way. Or even who might run into each other in their vanilla lives. But Bonnie has known Renee for quite a while now, and she convinced Janelle that Renee was serious about wanting to arrange a spanking for Rochelle. Janelle made no promises but did say that she'd ask a few friends of hers if they would have the time to see Rochelle.

I'm pretty sure I'm the only one of our mutual Domme friends that she asked. That's probably because I like the variety of seeing new toys. But Rochelle isn't a toy and isn't asking to be. Spanking her isn't the kind of thing I do often. I've done something like it once or twice before, but that's all. And even then, the woman has to be willing to be spanked. Janelle probably thought I was the only one who might do it.

I didn't say yes or no. Instead, I told Janelle to send a message to Renee and tell Renee to get in touch with me directly. After speaking with Renee I'd decide if I was interested or not. Both Janelle and I knew that, if I wasn't, Janelle wasn't going to ask anyone else. Janelle texted Bonnie instructions and my email immediately.

I wasn't that surprised when I had a long email from Renee less than an hour later. It told me the entire story, in a fair amount of detail. It also included a long rambling about how frustrated Renee was that "nothing seemed to work" with Rochelle. And the expected musings that Renee was willing to do or try anything.

I wasn't as quick to answer Renee. But I did get back to her that same day. I told her that before I would consider her request, I wanted two things. First, it had to be agreed that I was in total charge of the entire household, both Rochelle and Renee as well as everything in the household, from the instant I walked through the door until Rochelle had completed her punishment, whatever punishment I might choose to dish out. It would

Intervention

be the same as it is between Janelle and Bonnie, I own them and their house, and they obey me. But only until Rochelle completed her punishment.

And second, that Rochelle was willing. I would never punish anyone that wasn't willing. I suggested that Renee simply inform Rochelle that I was now in charge of the house for a while. That I made the rules now. What I said went. Most importantly, that Renee did not have a say in anything now. Only I did.

And that I'd decided that Rochelle was done leeching off of her mommy while running around and acting like a brainless party bimbo. Rochelle is an adult. She has a choice to make. Move out and take care of herself, and she can do as she pleases. Or stay in Renee's house under my rules. And that meant accepting her punishment for "losing her job by running around acting like a bimbo slut when she should have been working." Her punishment would be whatever I said it would be. She'd get it whenever it was convenient for me to come give it to her.

There would be no rules. I could do absolutely anything I wished to punish her. She would have no say in it. While I did promise that Rochelle wouldn't be physically injured, I did not rule out pain. Not even lots of pain. But I also didn't promise that Rochelle's punishment would be, or include a single spank. Rochelle's punishment was up to me. I could do anything to her that I felt like doing. No matter how painful, humiliating, invasive, or unexpected it might be, Rochelle's only choice was to suffer it or move out.

It took Renee a little longer to answer this time. She apologized for that, telling me that she had to wait for Rochelle to "grace her with her presence" before she could give Rochelle the news. She told me that, as she expected, Rochelle balked at first, then she protested how "totally unfair" it was. Then she cried and begged. Finally, once Rochelle realized that Renee was serious and that there was no way she wanted to move out where she'd have to support herself, she relented and agreed.

Chapter One - The Bimbo

Janelle knew what my conditions would be. But I didn't know that she'd texted Bonnie a second time and had Bonnie warn Renee that Renee's choices were now limited to three, even though she didn't know that was coming. Renee could tell me "thanks, but I've changed my mind *before* speaking with Rochelle;" Renee could present Rochelle's choices to her my way, and stand firm on them; or Renee could suffer the consequences of disobedience, which Bonnie assured her would be far more unpleasant than Renee could imagine.

I didn't find out about that until Renee emailed me after speaking with Rochelle. But I approved of it. The more I read from Renee, the more confident I became that Renee needed the stern guidance, or she'd let Rochelle walk all over her. And I noticed that Renee didn't tell me "no thanks." Nor did Renee let Rochelle whine her way out of it. It told me a little more about Renee.

So I asked Janelle if I could borrow Bonnie to be my spy. Janelle told me that I could "borrow Slutty Soccer Mom," as she called Bonnie, "in general." It was Janelle's way of telling me that I was free to use Bonnie as I saw fit and that Bonnie wouldn't really mind it. If Bonnie, or her husband, wasn't up for my using her, Janelle wouldn't have freely loaned her to me. She texted Bonnie the news, and in about a minute I got a brief text from Bonnie telling me that her mistress was "loaning" her to me, would I mind texting her and telling her what she should be doing while she's "in my charge."

I texted Bonnie back and told her that she was to obey all of Janelle's rules. Janelle and I have the same general rules for our toys, so my rules would be the same. It makes sharing so much easier. I also told her that she was to say nothing, not a word about me to Renee. If Renee asked, she was to answer honestly that she had never met me, nor did she have any clue what I might do with Rochelle. However, Bonnie was to make it a point to check in with Renee daily, in person, and find out what

both Renee and Rochelle had planned. And report it all back to me.

Then I sent Renee a message telling her only that, since Rochelle had agreed, I would think about it. If I decided to punish Rochelle, sometime, someday, I would show up and tell them what the punishment was. Once I showed up, there wasn't an option. Punishment was coming. Since they're living in my household, I'll deal with the problem and straighten my household out. My way. I made a point of telling Renee that it might not be today or tomorrow. It might be next week or the week after, or whenever I found myself with nothing better to do. They could wait until it was convenient for me. I don't care what's convenient for them. I'm not the one in trouble. Nor did I care what they had planned, or what was going on in their lives. When I came over, it was time, and punishment would be dished out.

Renee quickly emailed me back that she accepted it. Although she would prefer that Rochelle was dealt with sooner rather than later. I emailed her back that I'd let her know when it was time.

And then I ignored Renee. She emailed me a couple more times, but I never answered any of them. I read them, though. They told me what "bimboish" things Rochelle had been up to. I'll admit, it gave me a much better picture of Rochelle. And it was part of the reason I waited almost a week to deem it punishment day. The rest of the reason was that next week started winter break for USA, where I'm a full-time student. That meant I had only my jobs to worry about. It opened a fair bit of my schedule.

It didn't take me long to figure out that appearances were about the most important thing to Rochelle. I'm pretty sure that she cares less about herself and more about what others think of her. And that told me that humiliation would be a far worse punishment for Rochelle than a mere spanking. So I knew that whatever Rochelle's punishment, I was going to make it very humiliating.

Chapter One - The Bimbo

Then Tuesday morning I got my usual text from Bonnie. It simply said that she was going to be going out for lunch with Renee and Renee's best friend, Ginger. The three of them were meeting at Renee's at 11:00. She told me that Rochelle would probably get up late, around nine or so, and that Rochelle's BFF, Paula almost always stopped by in the morning before Paula went to work at 14:00. Paula usually stopped over around 10. Rochelle was planning to spend the day with her boyfriend, so he would probably be over by 11:00. Undoubtedly hoping that Paula would leave when Renee did, giving him Rochelle and the empty house to himself.

What I read was that I'd have a large audience at 11:00. Renee, plus two of her friends, and Rochelle, plus probably her boyfriend and her BFF. That would be plenty of an audience to make the punishment especially degrading to Rochelle. Especially since neither Renee nor Rochelle knew that Bonnie was my spy. But that doesn't mean I let even a hint slip to Bonnie. I wanted her to be as surprised as everyone else.

Instead, I decided to just appear at 11:00. I figured if Ginger is any kind of a BFF to Renee, she already knows the basics. No way would Renee not have talked to her BFF about it. And everything else.



Chapter Two - The Bimbo's Fate

Intervention

It's 11:00 when I show up, unannounced and unexpectedly, at Renee's house. Even Bonnie, my spy, didn't know I was coming over. Let alone when I was going to come over. No one knew anything more than I'd told Renee, that I'd drop by at my convenience and deal with "my new household as I saw fit."

I don't have to be at work until 14:00, so I hope to have time to grab lunch on my way. It shouldn't take long to punish Rochelle. Maybe a little longer with what I have in mind for her. But I plan to be out of here by 12:00 or so. That way I can get to the hospital and relieve the previous shift on time. Nurses like to get out on time.

When I ring the bell, it's Renee that comes to answer the door. She's dressed about like I'd expect for a housewife's casual lunch with her friends. She's wearing snugly-fitting jeans with a black blouse and a gray knit sweater vest that's hanging open.

"Yes?" Renee greets me. I can see that she's about 5'5" tall, and decently lean. She also has a rather well-endowed chest straining the fabric of her blouse. It's the only place that blouse fits snugly, too. She has dark brown hair, although it's starting to gray. And she has black, plastic-framed glasses on. She has a fair bit of makeup on, too, but not too much.

I never told Renee anything about myself. She only knows me as "Miss Rodgers." She has no idea how old I am. Or how petite I am. Or anything else about me. She's never even heard my voice. So Renee has no clue that it's me standing here. It could be anyone. I'm wearing my work clothes, in this case, a pair of crimson red scrubs with "USA Health / Trauma Services" on them. For all Renee knows, I'm here to collect donations for the red cross or something.

"Hello, Renee," I start. "I'm Miss Rodgers." it's all I say to her at the door. Then I start moving forward. Renee's standing in her door, mostly blocking it with her body as most people would when answering it to an unknown. My stepping forward forces her to step aside

Chapter Two - The Bimbo's Fate

and let me pass. Otherwise, I'd run into her. And it's clear, in this little game of chicken, than I'm not going to be the one to flinch. She steps back and to the side, giving me the room to pass by her.

"Come along, Renee." I keep my voice casual, lacing it with just a touch of firmness to let her know that I expect her to follow me. But it's not a condescending voice. It's more conversational. Otherwise, I ignore Renee and keep walking.

I immediately catch sight of the living room just beyond the door. I see Rochelle sitting on the sofa, lying snugly against a man. Her hands are all over him. And she's smiling wide at him. His eyes are on her, too, but his are more lascivious than affectionate. It's enough that I know this relationship won't be lasting forever. Mostly what I notice about him is that he's a few years older than Rochelle. I know she's 22, so I'd guess he's around 26.

There's a smaller love seat to one side of the sofa. And to the other side, there's a recliner. In the recliner there's another young woman, probably very close to Rochelle's age, sitting there. She's far bigger than Rochelle. Wider, not taller. Not disgustingly fat, but far from lean. She has long, wavy bright, but very dark hair. I can guess that she's Paula, Rochelle's BFF. I can see a slightly wistful look in her eyes, too. A look that says she wishes the boys would look at her the same way they're looking at Rochelle.

Off to the side, and beyond the living room, I can mostly see into the kitchen. I recognize Bonnie sitting at the table. I haven't met her, and she won't know who I am by sight, but Janelle has sent me pictures of her. Nude pictures. That way I know what I'm borrowing. And can imagine some uses for it. Bonnie is a thin woman, like Renee. She's a few years younger though at 43. I know that she has two younger kids whom Rochelle used to babysit for years ago. I'm sure that's how she got the name "Slutty Soccer Mom." She probably is a soccer mom. Those are a dime a dozen in this neighborhood.

Intervention

Sitting beside Bonnie is another large woman. It must be Ginger, Renee's BFF. She looks to be close to Renee's age. Closer than Bonnie anyway. She also looks to have once been thin and fairly cute. But that was long ago. Now it looks as if her body has puffed up with the fat. I'd bet she's a bit over 300 pounds. Definitely not my type, but I'm not here for her. She has a rather indifferent look on her face as if she just assumes that I'm one of Rochelle's friends popping by. I gather that's a frequent occurrence.

Bonnie, however, has the faintest tinge of a questioning grin on her face. Enough of one that I suspect she's wondering if I'm me.

Rochelle had been chatting softly with her friends. But the instant she catches sight of me everything stops and she glares at me. She knows that I'm not one of her friends. And I don't look like anyone her mom would know. I'll bet she's suddenly wondering if her mom was really serious about her being punished, as if before she thought she'd somehow wiggle out of it.

I go straight to where Rochelle is sitting. I'm carrying a duffle bag, a good-sized one, which I set on the floor. I stare into Rochelle's green eyes, watching them dart around with growing nervousness. "Rochelle, I am Miss Rodgers. Do not say anything. It's time for your punishment."

I reach down and take hold of Rochelle's shoulder. She flinches hard, her shoulder trying to pull back and away from me. I grip it firmly. "Stand up," I tell her in a very firm and commanding voice. Rochelle doesn't move. If anything she tries to sidle up closer to her boyfriend as if he's going to protect her. I pull her forward. She resists, but not that hard. I pull her up to her feet.

Now Rochelle looks very nervous. I think that Rochelle never believed her mom was serious. That she never imagined her mom would allow someone else to be in charge of Rochelle's punishment. Or if mom did, that it would be someone like her mom. Someone she could

Chapter Two - The Bimbo's Fate

weasel her way out of her punishment with. That she was never going to truly suffer the promised punishment. Only now she's starting to think I might actually give it to her.

I feel the first faint tremors start sweeping over Rochelle's body. I know it's not going to be long before she does something. Before she tries to leave or balks at the idea of accepting her punishment. It tells me that I'd better put the brakes on that idea before it even takes hold with Rochelle.

I tighten my grip slightly on Rochelle's shoulder. And I put my other hand to Rochelle's hip. I spin Rochelle around so that she's facing the sofa. I bring her back another couple of steps, too. That way there's a bit of space between her and the others.

I let go of Rochelle. At the same instant her hands start to move, I grab her wrists. I firmly hold her hands at her sides. "No," I tell her firmly. "Hands stay at your sides. You are going to stand there and be quiet. You may speak *only* when I speak to you, and then you will be very polite. I am 'Ma'am' to you. The other option is that your punishment will get worse every time you break those rules." I use a rather firm voice, hoping to let Rochelle know that I'm serious.

I put my finger to Rochelle's lips, giving her another reminder that she's not allowed to speak now. Then I turn and slightly face her. As I turn, I point to the seat beside Rochelle's boyfriend. It's a full-sized sofa, so there's plenty of room there. "Renee, take your seat there," I tell her with only the faintest hint of that firmness left in my voice.

Renee looks slightly uncomfortable as she steps over and takes a seat on the sofa. She leaves as much space as possible, almost a full cushion, between her and Rochelle's boyfriend. But she sits where I've told her to. And she hasn't said anything, either.

"Stay." I snap to Rochelle as if commanding a dog. Then I take one step to the side so that I'm in full view of the kitchen. This way Bonnie and Ginger can see me. I switch to a very polite and casual voice. "Would you ladies

mind coming in here for a second, and I'll tell you what Renee has arranged?"

Bonnie grins. She knows. Well, she doesn't know anything, but she's figured out enough of it. I'm the one Janelle loaned her to, and it's time for Rochelle to learn what her punishment is. Ginger, however, looks rather confused. And just as tentative. But she does rise up and follow the unhesitant Bonnie into the room. Immediately Ginger's eyes find Renee. They look to go slightly wide as she notices that Renee is sitting demurely mute while I just take over everything. I point them to the empty love seat and "suggest" they take a seat there.

It gives me an audience sitting in a rough U. Bonnie and Ginger, the "moms" on my right. Paula on my left in that recliner. Renee and Keith, Rochelle's boyfriend, are on the sofa in front of me. And it has Rochelle facing her audience. All of whom are staring up curiously at me, wondering what's going on, and staring at Rochelle just as hard.

"I don't know who has told who what, so I'll tell you all the deal," I begin, addressing the audience, not Rochelle. I'm not even looking at Rochelle, just keeping her in the corner of my eye to make sure she stands there and hears this.

"In case you missed it, Rochelle managed to get herself fired for the fourth time this year by skipping work to go to a party with him. Rochelle is 22, which is far too old to be running around acting like a juvenile gutter slut instead of taking care of herself as a responsible adult. And so far, nothing Renee has tried has succeeded in teaching Rochelle to act like a big girl. So Renee has asked me to teach Rochelle a lesson. It's kind of my specialty - discipline. I'm a good friend of 'Slutty Soccer Mom's' owner." I point to Bonnie so the others will know who I'm talking about. I doubt Bonnie has shared that name with them. Certainly not with the younger ones.

"It's time for Rochelle's punishment. In my realm, since Rochelle wasn't shy about slutting around in front of

Chapter Two - The Bimbo's Fate

the world, there's no reason she shouldn't be punished in front of the world, too.

"I'm not going to make any of you stay. It's your choice, except for Renee, if you want to stay and see Rochelle finally suffer some very real consequences for her actions, or leave. I only ask that if you want to leave, please do so now, before I start. However, Rochelle would definitely be very grateful if you'll stay. She just doesn't know it yet. But if she did know some things, she'd probably be begging you to stay."

I can see Rochelle blushing deeply. And I can see the trembles starting to get a bit sharper as they flow over her body. I can see the others looking very uncomfortable, too. Well, Ginger is. She's squirming around in her seat. I'd bet anything that she's trying to think of an excuse to leave without it sounding like she's running away. Paula has more of a questioning look to her uncomfortable face, as if she's thinking about leaving, but doesn't want to abandon Rochelle - especially if, whatever I mean, Rochelle will regret her leaving. Keith has more of a curious look on his face as if he's more wondering what I'm going to do, and what Rochelle is going to go for. As if he's wondering if she might be more fun than he thought she was. Bonnie just sits demurely. She won't think of leaving. She hasn't been dismissed.

I don't wait long. Maybe about ten seconds at the most. No one has gotten up, despite a couple who clearly want to. That's all the time they get. I'm moving on. "Rochelle appreciates you all agreeing to stay and bear witness to her punishment," I tell them, hopefully letting them know that I expect them to stay now. Their chance to leave is gone.

I turn back to Rochelle. "Give me all your clothes, slut."

"WHAT?" Rochelle blurts out without thinking. Her eyes pop wide in disbelief. It was clearly not something she imagined possible.

Nor is she expecting the hard slap to her face. My hand is there, searing a bright red handprint onto her cheek even before the word is all the way out of her mouth. It's hard enough to knock her head to the side a bit. Rochelle blurts out a stunned gasp of horror.

"I said to be quiet. I warned you there would be consequences for breaking the rules." I tell Rochelle firmly as her eyes start to water up. "I believe my instructions were clear." I squat down and pull my favorite riding crop from my bag. It's the one my mom gave me for my 18th birthday. It's pastel green, made of a soft leather, and fringed with frilly white lace. It's as delicate and feminine looking as it is harsh. It instantly captures Rochelle's full attention. Her nervous eyes lock on the crop. She trembles.

She even whines a faint "mmm..." her voice breaking with a nervous edge. Even as I slowly move the crop in front of her, her eyes never leave it. I give her a few seconds of watching the crop, seeing its stinging tip slice slowly through the air. "Give me all your clothes, slut." I tell her just as firmly as the first time.

Rochelle's arms fly up to her chest, hugging herself tightly. She looks at me with pleading eyes. I've caught Rochelle without shoes or socks on. She can't use those to stall. I see a pair of high-heeled pumps, clear plastic bimbo shoes, sitting beside the sofa. I suspect she was planning to put those on at the last second. They don't look very comfortable.

It leaves Rochelle wearing only a gray short-sleeved shirt and black slacks. Plus whatever underwear she has on beneath it. It's not much of a choice where to start. Rochelle cringes hard, hugging herself, for several seconds. Maybe the look on my face tells her that she's tried my patience as far as it's safe to. Very slowly she reaches for the bottom hem of her shirt.

I can see her mouth moving slightly, even though not a sound comes out. I know she's silently begging, protesting, and whining. It takes several seconds for her

Chapter Two - The Bimbo's Fate

hands to get to the bottom. She starts lifting it even slower.

I snap my crop in the air, not striking her, but making an ear-splitting crack with it. Rochelle flinches so hard that she jumps up and back a little. "Stop wasting my time slut! Sluts should be good at getting naked. You're just stalling. Give me those clothes, slut." I scold her sternly.

It sort of has the desired effect. Rochelle is trembling twice as hard as she was. The audience all flinched, too. Now they're glaring at Rochelle through far edgier eyes. As if they've all just decided that Rochelle's punishment is going to be rather stern. Far stricter than anything Rochelle has ever imagined before at least. But it also has Rochelle's hands moving a bit faster as she lifts her shirt up.

It bares a pale blue bra with full lacy cups. It also lets me see her stomach and sides. It lets me see that her sides are soft and more straight than curvy. They're a hair loose, showing a few extra pounds. Probably from too many chips and not enough real food. Typical for a useless bimbo.

Rochelle thrusts her shirt out to me, gripping it tightly by the hem. It hangs loose and upside down. I scold Rochelle but don't punish her otherwise. I haven't told her this rule yet. I tell her that she's to neatly fold her things before handing them over to me. "Responsible adults take care of their things. They're expensive to replace." I add with some disgust in my voice. Rochelle takes her time folding the shirt up, getting it half neat at most before giving it to me again. This time I take it.

"Go on, slut, take *everything* off!" I urge her firmly.

Rochelle hesitates for a second or two, considering her options. Bra or pants. She opts for the pants, as most women would. It lets her keep her bra and panties on longer. Those cover her more intimate parts. As her rather snug-fitting slacks slip down, I can see that her bra covers her breasts far better than her panties cover her bottom. She's wearing a pair of tight pastel pink boy shorts with a

white trim to them. They cover about $\frac{3}{4}$ of her globes in the back. And they fully cover her pubes in the front. Even so, I can make out the slight puffing downward of her pussy mound through the fabric.

This time she remembers to fold them. And she folds them very slowly. Slow enough that it's obvious to everyone that she's stalling for time, delaying the inevitable baring of her body to everyone.

Bonnie still obediently sits demurely, her eyes on me. And thus on Rochelle who's standing beside me. Keith's eyes are all on Rochelle, watching almost happily as she exposes herself and he gets to see it. Paula looks as if it's a sight she's seen before, but still, one she'd prefer not to be seeing this way. Renee looks very uncomfortable as if she expected Rochelle's punishment to be private. Ginger is trying very hard not to look at Rochelle. Not to even look close to Rochelle.

Rochelle reaches behind her back to unhook her bra. As she does, I can see her shoulders rolling inward, as if she's trying to hide her body. It takes a couple seconds, but finally, I see the bra's straps fall to her sides. It leaves the bra hanging from her shoulders, its cups now loose, but covering her breasts.

Rochelle's trembling hands move slowly. And keep slowing down the closer they get to the bottom hem of the bra. They freeze in place just before they touch the fabric. Rochelle mouths a silent "no..." It would be a shameless plea if it had any sound to it.

I tap her hip with my crop. It's not a hard stroke. "OW!" Rochelle screeches loudly. She jumps again, too. The stroke lands with a decently loud crack, but it doesn't leave a mark on her body. Her skin, at the very top of her thigh just beneath the bottom of her panties, is just as milky white as it was. I can see Renee straining to see Rochelle's hip, looking to see if I marked her daughter up.

"Give me that bra, slut!" I snap quickly and firmly.

Rochelle's hands all but fly to pull the bra off her shoulders. She folds it quickly, no neater than anything

Chapter Two - The Bimbo's Fate

else, and thrusts it out to me with one hand. Her other hand flies to her chest, covering her breasts as she hugs her arm across them. "Here!" she screeches.

I don't take the bra. "First," I snap in a very disapproving scold, "you will not hide that body like a woman, slut." I snap my crop again, this time tapping her arm. The arm covering her petite mounds. It lands with a medium-loud crack in the center of her forearm. Rochelle yelps another "OW!" She also quickly lets her arm drop back to her side, fully revealing her smallish breasts to everyone's eyes.

"Second, 'here' is rather rude. I warned you that I am 'Ma'am' to you, slut. Since you want to offer me your clothes, you will do so properly." I tell her what to say, adding that now she's required to say it.

I get to watch the blushing on Rochelle's face deepen to a crimson red darker than my Alabama Crimson Tide sports. "Here is my bra, Ma'am" Rochelle squeaks out in a voice so low that I can barely hear it.

I take the bra. "Panties, too, slut. Let's show everyone what a gutter slut you really are!" I hold my hand out tapping my foot impatiently. "Don't make me wait."

Rochelle doesn't. She doesn't race, but she's finally done trying to stall, too. She slips her panties off, baring her shaven pubes. A few seconds later she has them folded. "Here are my panties, Ma'am," She squeaks out.

I take them and toss all of her clothes on a table off to the side a bit. "Hands behind your back, slut," I firmly tell Rochelle. Instead of giving her a chance to do it, even as I'm telling her, I'm grabbing hold of her wrists and putting them behind the small of her back. "Like that."

Then I use my foot to nudge Rochelle's feet apart. Not far, but far enough that insides of her loose, but still fairly thin, thighs aren't touching. That's enough to leave the modestly puffy mound of her pussy fully exposed to everyone. And it's where Keith's attention seems to be focused.

Intervention

I grab hold of Rochelle's long hair, close at the back of her scalp. I use it to pull her head up until her eyes are forward. She'd been staring down at the floor in front of her toes. That way she didn't have to see everyone staring at her. I warn her to keep her head up and her eyes open. She cringes hard but doesn't move.



Chapter Three - The Punishment Begins

Chapter Three - The Punishment Begins

Rochelle is blushed redder than any beet has ever been. She trembles nervously, too. But she's also standing there, facing her audience. Fully nude. I can see that she's fighting not to avert her eyes. And she's definitely telling herself that no one except Keith is staring at her. Ginger and Renee definitely aren't. It's less obvious with Paula and Bonnie. Neither seems to mind the sight of a nude Rochelle too much. It makes me wonder just what Paula has seen Rochelle do before. Rochelle impresses me as the kind of girl who can party hard.

"You must really think you're something special, slut," I begin in my most mocking tone of voice. Rochelle has a fairly pretty ovalish face framed with long, straight hair. It looks naturally a very dark brown, but at least today it's highlighted with some blond in it. She has well-teased eyebrows and eyelashes around brilliant green eyes. Beneath those she has a slightly long and narrow nose, her left nostril pierced close to her face and adorned with a fake-diamond stud. And then she has a fairly wide mouth framed with a pair of plump, very light pink lips that look to be silky soft. It makes her a pretty girl.

Rochelle has "soft" shoulders. They have just enough baby fat left on them that the outlines of her collar bones aren't obvious. But not enough to look plump. Her chest and sides are about the same. Soft looking, her sides straight and loose instead of curving, but without any paunch to her stomach. At least not yet. In 10 years that might not be the case. She has a deep-looking navel, adorned with a fairly prominent piercing.

Rochelle has a decent-sized pair of breasts. I'd guess that Rochelle is about 5'4" tall, and her mounds are probably C-cups. But they're also soft, lying back against her chest with a decent crease to their undersides. Each mound is topped with a light brownish-tinged pink ring maybe the size of a silver dollar. Centered in each is a decently wide nipple, maybe even as wide as the tip of my pinkie finger. Nipples that are hard right this minute, a fact

that I'm sure Rochelle is praying that no one notices. And nipples that are pierced with little gold barbell studs.

Rochelle has slightly wide and loose hips. As if the few extra pounds on her body have gone to her waist and hips. Not many extra pounds, I'd guess she weighs about 130. maybe 10 pounds more than ideal. But it is enough to obscure her hip bones. And to give her bottom a definite fullness to it. But also to leave her bottom with well-rounded, albeit loose, cheeks. Cheeks that, as she stands, have a prominent bottom edge to them, but don't hang down yet.

Her pubes have only the tiniest bit of puffiness to them. Below those, the mound of her pussy puffs down slightly. Just enough for me to easily see the tips of her thick lips. And the pinkness of her wide slit between them. And then, slightly plump thighs and average calves before almost smallish feet.

Rochelle also has a fair number of tattoos decorating her body. I can see a flower on her left arm. The name "Benton Lee" is on her chest above her left breast. A big one on her side. More on both legs, including a poem on her thigh. And a little "tramp stamp" at the small of her back. It's more than most girls would sport.

"You should be glad that your mommy cares enough about to you arrange this for you, slut," I scornfully tell Rochelle. "I know 50 girls just like you at USA - the big campus - the one you never made it to before you dropped out like a loser. You're nothing, slut."

"You're too stupid to finish school. That nicely condemns you to a life of meaningless minimum wage jobs and welfare. No money. No future. Your tits are already flabby and sagging."

While I'm insulting Rochelle, I still have my crop in hand. I very softly lie the tip of it against the side of Rochelle's breast. Rochelle flinches hard, a violent tremor sweeping over her body as she feels the soft leather touch her skin. She gasps a loud squeal, too. It's clearly a

Chapter Three - The Punishment Begins

squeal of surprise, not pain, but it still has everyone's attention instantly focused on Rochelle's breast.

I softly caress her hanging mound with the tip of my crop. "Oh, yes, these are like water balloons," I mockingly announce to the world. I make sure that the tip of my crop caresses, very gently, Rochelle's steely hard nipple, too.

Then I bring the tip of my crop down to the oft-neglected underside of Rochelle's mound. I caress there with a small circle, then stop it in place. I use my crop to lift Rochelle's breast up off of her chest. Her mound rises easily, barely flexing the shaft of my crop. The sides of her soft mound droop down slightly over the edges of my crop. That nicely shows off how soft her mound is. I lift her mound all the way, pulling out the crease where it meets her chest. I stop with her pert nipple pointing straight at the audience.

Suddenly I pull my crop away. Rochelle's breast drops. It falls back against her chest, bouncing once, and jiggling as it settles. It really shows off the lack of firmness to her mound. And it really makes Rochelle cringe. I laugh. "See, water balloons!" Rochelle sobs as I laugh.

"Your bottom is getting fat, just like your sides. In a few years, you'll be a full-fledged cow." Now the tip of my crop is caressing the ample, and fully rounded, globes of Rochelle's bottom. I use a bit of pressure. Enough that the tip of my crop pushes the flesh of her cheeks, jiggling the looseness slightly. That's all the jiggle those cheeks have. But it's enough for everyone to see it. At least with Rochelle standing up straight. If she'd bend over, it would pull those globes taut.

I move my crop to Rochelle's sides and draw it along them. "Girls have curves here. Pigs have flab. You have flab, piggy!" I make sure that my crop is pushing her sides enough to get a bit of a jiggle from them, too. It's not that easy to do. Her sides might be straight, and the flesh loose, but there's not that much body fat there. It's more just baby fat. Barely enough to straighten out those curves. But more than enough for Rochelle to be very self-

Intervention

conscious of it. And that's the reason I'm so wantonly flaunting it to everyone. I want to humiliate Rochelle.

"I've got news for you, the ability to party is worthless in life. You have exactly one thing to offer anyone - and that is the sloppy slut pit between your legs. And trust this, slut, that's nowhere near special enough for some guy to take care of you."

Now I move my crop down, drawing the very tip of it over Rochelle's pubes. I keep going down until the tip is barely touching the very top of Rochelle's slit. As I start to tell her that her pussy is the only asset she has, I push the tip of my crop forward, letting the soft leather of its head stroke lightly over the outside of Rochelle's meaty pussy lips. I stop it with the crop squarely atop the center of her mound. I wiggle the crop just a bit. Barely enough for Rochelle to feel it. But enough that I know she does.

Rochelle starts crying softly. It tells me that she knows everything I said about her is true, despite the cruel, harsh words I used. It's probably the root of her problems. She knows it all. She's too busy worrying about how everyone else sees her to worry about herself. That will make a public punishment so much worse for her - she'll have to think about how everyone knows every little detail of it. That will be worse for her than any spanking could be.

I let the tip of my crop fall away from Rochelle's pussy. For the first instant, Rochelle cringes especially hard. Then she realizes I'm not going to whip her there and relaxes a bit.

I turn to the audience for a moment. I point to Keith. "Pick a number between one and three." I sweetly ask him.

"Uh... two?" He picks one. It's not like I gave him a big list to choose from. One, two, or three is it. I point to Paula and ask her. She picks three. Then Renee picks one. Ginger picks one, too. Lastly, Bonnie goes with three.

I point to Keith again. "Two..." I point to Paula. "Plus three is five." I move on. Renee's one makes it six.

Chapter Three - The Punishment Begins

Ginger's one makes it seven. Bonnie's three makes it an even ten. And that was my target number anyway. I was hoping for something close to that, although I could have lived with any possible result. Be it five, fifteen, or anything in between.

I put the crop on the edge of the coffee table that Rochelle is standing next to. It leaves the crop a couple of inches from Rochelle's knees. Then I pull a paddle out of my bag. It's time for the punishment Renee has been expecting Rochelle to receive.

The paddle I've brought looks downright evil. It's about 18 inches long and about 5" across. It's fairly thin, though, just under ½" thick. At its center, unseen is a thin sheet of spring steel that ensures it holds its shape. It's fully covered by a thick coat of rubber, like rubber bands. The rubber has a soft feel to it, but the paddle itself has a feel that's as hard as steel. And ungiving. I hold the paddle up in front of Rochelle's eyes. That lets the audience see it as well.

"In my realm, worthless sluts are punished for every stupid or slutty thing they do. You have a long list of sins to atone for. I'll start with the first of your stupid choices, skipping work. My sluts go to work when they're supposed to. For *that*, you'll be spanked."

Rochelle's eyes pop wider open as she stares at the paddle, instantly realizing that she's going to be spanked with that evil-looking paddle. She trembles a bit more. She weeps a bit more, too. She doesn't say anything. But I see her head shaking a very fearful "no."

Now I turn so that I'm staring Rochelle straight in her eyes. She can't meet mine. Her eyes nervously dart everywhere. As if she's still studying the paddle, trying to imagine just how bad it's going to hurt, and trying to silently beg her mom at the same time to stop me. Or someone in the audience to object. And Keith to come to her rescue.

"Since this will be your first real spanking, it's only fair that I tell you how you are going to behave for it first.

Intervention

You may not speak. Period. Not a single word, no matter what. You may not do anything to cover, hide, or protect your bottom. Not even for an instant. You will leave your flabby bottom fully bared for me to spank. And you will stay put. Right where I put you. That's three little things you are going to do for the entire duration of your spanking.

"The group has voted for ten. You will be spanked ten strokes. I will tell you when you're done. Until then, you will behave that naughty bottom, slut. *Every time* that you misbehave, I *will* start your spanking over again until you behave for the full ten consecutive strokes. I don't care if you end up suffering 300 strokes before you finally decide to be a good little slut for your spanking."

Rochelle is trembling so hard that it looks as if she's going to fall on her bottom any second now. I see the first tears running from the corners of her eyes, too. I see her eyes darting around, studiously avoiding the sight of the paddle. Pleading for someone to save her. I see her shirking inward, too. But she's not running away, either. Maybe she thinks that she'll have to move out if she does. Maybe she believes that I'm the one thing her mother isn't: firm. But it's clear that right now, Rochelle would do about anything to avoid the spanking.

None of the audience looks as if they'd like to see it, either. I can see Ginger clearly looking away. I can see the shock on the faces of the others. Paula mouthing "sorry" to Rochelle, silently apologizing for picking three instead of one now that she knows what she was picking. Renee, however, looks to be almost as nervous as Rochelle.

I step back and grab a chair. To me, it looks to be mostly decorative. It's wooden, with a back and a wicker seat. It was in a corner of the room. It doesn't look as if it's been sat in for a long while. I put it in the center of the room just behind Rochelle, and a little to the side, facing the audience.

For a second, I can see that Rochelle thinks I'm going to make her bend over the chair. I've done that, although

Chapter Three - The Punishment Begins

obviously not to Rochelle. But I can think of a far more humiliating way to spank this miscreant slut. I casually walk around, keeping the paddle in my hand, and take a seat in the chair.

Now I'm not wasting even a second. I want to get started before Rochelle gets a chance to run. Rochelle is to my right. It's the side I prefer since I'm right-handed. I like to use my right hand for the paddle. I reach up with my left hand, grabbing hold of Rochelle's long hair. "On your knees, slut. You should be used to that position," I tell her very firmly, in a snide tone. I pull sharply downward on her hair at the same time as I lightly tap the backs of her knees with the edge of the paddle.

It has the desired effect. Rochelle almost falls onto her knees. Before she lands, her face is a mask of horror and revulsion. I ignore that. As her knees are hitting the floor, I yank her hair forward and downward. It pulls her shoulders forward, bending her over my lap. I spread my thighs a little as I pull her down. I pull her all the way down, lying her chest and stomach across my lap. It brings her knees a fraction of an inch off the floor, leaving only my legs to support her weight.

I have my right thigh in the bend of her waist. I have my left thigh under Rochelle's ribs with the undersides of Rochelle's breasts lying fully and flush against the outside of my thighs. The moment she's down, I release her hair and put my hands to the small of her back. A little pressure there and it pins Rochelle in place.

Rochelle fidgets nervously, squirming energetically over my thighs. She makes little noises, too. I softly touch the blade of the paddle to the center of her cheeks and hold it there a second. Bent over, Rochelle's cheeks are pulled fairly taut. It rounds them out fully, offering them up for me. It takes away any appearance of looseness, too.

I lift the paddle high. Then I snap it down with about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the strength that I could put into it. I picked this paddle for a reason: the rubber stings badly. It will hurt her a bit more than a plain wood paddle would. But it will also

Intervention

not bruise her bottom. Rubber doesn't bruise. I think that's why, in ancient days, police used to use rubber hoses to get confessions. They don't leave marks. Well, rubber does, but those marks fade in minutes, leaving not a trace behind, not in days. It leaves the sting behind, though.

The paddle lands with a loud, ear-splitting snapping crack that rings throughout the room. It's so crisp that everyone in the audience flinches hard. Renee almost comes off her seat. Eyes pop wide.

"YE-OWWWWW!" Rochelle screams out. Her body tenses to steel the instant the paddle touches her bottom. Even pulled tautly, there's still that thin layer of body fat on her globes. It's just enough to get her globes jiggling slightly as the paddle lands. Her knees snap forward, bashing her thighs against the seat of my chair. Her feet kick up and down against the floor. Her hands fly around wildly. Her head snaps up hard, tossing her hair about. "OW! FUCK THAT HURTS TOO MUCH! OH, OW, FUCK IT HURTS!!!! I WON'T HAVE ANY ASS LEFT AFTER TEN! PLEASE, DON'T MAKE ME DO THIS!"

Rochelle continues to thrash and squirm, screeching a loud "oh, OWWW!!!!" I give her several seconds to get over the initial sting of the swat. Then I lift my paddle again, revealing a glowing bright, light pink stripe across Rochelle's milky white globes to everyone. It leaves no doubt that Rochelle just got a real swat. One that really did hurt. One that left her bottom on fire.

I pause with the paddle up for the next stroke. "Since you want to complain, that's zero strokes. We'll just start your ten now, slut."

"NO! PLEASE, MISS RODGERS! I DIDN'T MEAN IT! IT JUST HURT SO MUCH! PLEASE, DON'T MAKE ME START OVER, TOO!"

I ignore Rochelle. There's really no reason to say anything. I've already told her the rules and the price of breaking them. And that she's going to pay that price. What more is there to say?

Chapter Three - The Punishment Begins

I just snap my paddle down again, landing it slightly off-center of the last stroke. I land it just as powerfully, ringing out another loud crack, and sending Rochelle into another, slightly wilder, thrashing, squirming, fit. I get another screamed "YE-OWWWWWW!" from Rochelle, too.

I lift my paddle, showing the audience the pink stripe across Rochelle's naked bottom. Letting them see that it's slightly wider, pinker, and glowing an even angrier shade of pink. "That's one, slut." I tell Rochelle firmly. It also lets her know that her plea to count the previous stroke fell on deaf ears. If she catches that. I think it's long past time for Rochelle to have some firmness in her life. To learn that she can't whine her way out of everything.

I just lift my paddle and snap it down again. Every stroke I give Rochelle is going to have the power behind it. I sentenced her to ten, and that's what she's going to get. All ten are going to be exactly the same. Each one will sting her a little more as it lands on a sorer bottom.

This stroke gets Rochelle squirming a bit harder, too. Now her hands fly around so wildly that it's almost comical. Her feet kick and jump around, too. But her hands finally start reflexively wanting to come back and cover her bottom. They fly around above it for a brief second, but I'm not sure if it's to cover her bottom or just the wild way they're flying everywhere. So I let that go.

"YE-OWWWWWW" Rochelle screams out loud enough that I'm sure Renee is wondering if the neighbors can hear her. And I'm sure Renee is wondering just what she's gotten Rochelle into. In one of my emails, I did warn Renee that once I started, there was no stopping. Not for Rochelle, and not for her. Rochelle would get the full punishment. I can see on her face that this looks and sounds far more intense than Renee imagined it would be.

"Three, slut," I very calmly and firmly tell Rochelle as the paddle is rising up for the next stroke. I'm delivering the swats fairly quickly, one right after the last. There's no reason to give Rochelle any time between. And plenty of reason not to. I'd rather she didn't get much chance to

squirm off my lap. I want her to get her full punishment. I don't care if it hurts her a little more this way. It's punishment. Punishments are supposed to be unpleasant.

Rochelle's back arches up high as she screams out again when the fourth stroke lands across her bottom. By now I can see tears running down Rochelle's cheeks. I can see the wetness at her nose. She'd be bawling hard, crying like a baby, if she wasn't still screeching a long "ow!" It also has Rochelle's bottom a solid shade of pink now. A pink that glows the angriest glow, too. Nice and bright. And deep enough that it's very clearly set off from the rest of her flesh.

To Rochelle, her bottom has to be burning as if I were holding a torch to it. And the sting shooting into, through, her fairly firm muscles will be just as bad. I'd bet the first stroke alone was the worst punishment Rochelle has ever suffered. I'll bet by now her bottom hurts worse than anything she's ever endured, too.

Rochelle screams just as loudly as the fifth stroke lands on her bottom. It's as loud as she can scream. She thrashes around, too. I doubt she even hears me count out the stroke for her.

As the paddle is rising up for the next stroke, I glance over to my audience. Renee looks fully horrified, and I can tell she's regretting asking for this. Paula and Ginger look nicely... repulsed by the show. Keith looks to be repulsed as well, but I can also see it on his face that he's wondering if he should try to rescue Rochelle or not. And that he's slightly... interested to watch. Only Bonnie doesn't seem to be showing much. She looks mostly relieved that it's not her bottom.

Rochelle screams her way through a fifth, and then the sixth stroke. This time her hands flail so much that they cover her bottom for a fraction of a second. But she also makes the mistake of touching her bottom. The instant she does her hands fly away and her body snaps enough to lift her bottom up a bit. She's still thinking, at least at some level. Realizing that she definitely doesn't

Chapter Three - The Punishment Begins

want to accidentally touch her bottom again, she manages to get her hands down in front of her. She grabs hold of the back leg of the chair and my ankle. I'm not so sure that she's even aware she's gripping my ankle. I ignore her.

I feel the pressure as her hand squeezes my ankle with the seventh stroke. As Rochelle screams out again. She grips me so tightly that it probably cuts off the blood to my foot for a moment.

Strokes eight and nine go the same way. But there's nothing more Rochelle can do. But what I've noticed is that despite the fiery sting, Rochelle hasn't said a word. She made that mistake once. And she hasn't made it again. Maybe she's just unfamiliar with firmness. Enforcing the rule quickly made Rochelle realize that I meant what I'd said. She can behave for ten, or suffer uncounted strokes until she behaves for ten. That's an easy choice for her.

The last stroke goes the same, leaving Rochelle screaming just as loudly as she thrashes and squirms on my lap. I doubt she's been listening to my count. I know she hasn't been counting. I wonder if she even knows it's over. I set the paddle on the floor beside Rochelle's thighs.

"Slut!" I snap firmly, "that's ten. You will stand up now, hands behind your back like a good slut, and face your friends. Head up, eyes open, just like before, too. Do that now, slut."

Rochelle all but jumps to her feet. It's clear that she's very happy to be off my knees. To know that it's finally over. But she's not smiling. Now that her scream has faded, she bawling loudly. Tears flow down her cheeks. Her red cheeks, with matching red and puffy eyes. I can even see a bit of snot wetting her nose. I can see that it's hard for her to keep her eyes open and see the awful looks on the faces staring back at her.

"Turn around slowly in a full circle. Move your feet only, not your hands. You'll show everyone your nice red

bottom so that they can see that you've been properly spanked for skipping work."

Rochelle doesn't argue. She just resigns herself to it. She starts rotating around. It gives everyone a full-on view of her bottom. Standing up straight, her cheeks look a bit loose now but still rounded. They're a moderately deep shade of angry red as they glow brightly. But it's a solid redness, not a bruising. A redness that will fade quickly. It looks bad, though. It leaves no doubt that her bottom has got to be stinging her worse than any of the others can imagine. It leaves less than no doubt that it will be a day or three before Rochelle dares to sit down again, too. And that Rochelle will be sleeping on her stomach for the next night or two.

She rotates slowly, taking about half a minute. Then she stands facing her audience again and crying hard. But also demurely waiting to be told what to do.

I'll bet anything that Rochelle thinks her punishment is over just because her spanking is over.

I give her a few seconds, letting everyone watch Rochelle cry. "That was for not going to work, slut," I firmly tell Rochelle. "Now, there's the small matter of your being a liar, slut. You lied to your boss when you told him you were sick. You weren't sick, or you wouldn't have been slutting around some party like a gutter tramp."

Rochelle's eyes are wide again, and I see the fear back on her face. This time she looks deathly afraid. As if she thinks she's going to get another spanking and knows that she won't be able to stand it. She barely managed to suffer through the one she just got. But another... Yet she obediently stays in place, standing trembling in front of the audience.

"You will stand in the corner for that," I tell Rochelle. Instantly relief washes over her face. Relief that, even though it will be demeaning, it won't hurt. I imagine her bottom is killing her now. It's probably the sorest it's ever been. Or that any part of her has ever been.

Chapter Three - The Punishment Begins

I don't waste any time. There's no reason to. I put my hand on Rochelle's shoulder and start turning her. "Come along, slut, it's corner time!" It's not far to the corner where I found the chair. Maybe five or six steps for me, on my short legs. It's about fifteen steps for Rochelle, but she's more reluctantly shuffling her feet with baby steps.

I turn her to face into the corner. It's not as empty as I'd like, but a fully empty corner here would take some moving. There's a small fern hanging from the ceiling, but it's high enough for Rochelle to stand several inches under it. Otherwise, it's empty. But there is furniture and some art on the wall a foot or two from Rochelle's place.

I nudge her all the way forward until the tips of her toes are touching the baseboards. Rochelle is just lean enough. Only her toes are touching anything. But there's less than an inch between her shoulders and the wall. A fraction of an inch less between her rather stiff nipples and the wall, too. I nudge her head up a little so that she's staring straight forward.

"Listen carefully, Rochelle. I will only tell you things *once*. You are to stand. You are not to do anything else. Do not move. Not even a little. Not even to scratch an itch. Just stand. You may not make a sound. Your toes may not come off the baseboards, and none of the rest of your flabby body may touch anything. You must keep your eyes fully open. You may not look away. You will stare forward at the empty wall.

"I know your red bottom hurts. Too bad, that's part of the punishment of a spanking. You can stand there while it stings.

"You are 22 years old. Therefore, you will be here for 22 minutes. Don't worry about the time. I will come to get you when you've served your sentence, slut. The same consequences apply to the corner that applies to a spanking. If you misbehave while you're in the corner, I will start the time over again. You will be here until you have stood here still and silent for 22 minutes."

Intervention

I very gently pat Rochelle on her back. “Your time starts now, slut.”

I turn back to the audience. Renee is staring horrified at Rochelle’s deep red glowing bottom. It has to be obvious how badly that bottom stings. What Renee doesn’t know is that by the time Rochelle gets out of the corner, her bottom will barely be pink. It will fade that quickly. That’s why I chose the rubber paddle.

None of the others are really looking at Rochelle’s butt. I’m pretty sure they’ve seen it. It’s impossible to miss, and human nature would have them at least glance at it. Rochelle’s body is a soft white, except for her globes now. They really stand out. As does the little fidgets in her fingers.

I turn back to the audience. I have 22 minutes, or maybe longer, to kill while Rochelle stands in the corner.



Chapter Four - While The Bimbo Is In The Corner

Chapter Four - While The Bimbo Is In The Corner

Throughout Rochelle's punishment, I was sitting facing the audience. It gave me plenty of opportunities to observe them and their reactions without looking as if I was. Some of their reactions were easily predicted. Such as Ginger, who looked absolutely horrified and about ready to run. Or Bonnie, who looked unfazed by it, as if it were nothing she hasn't seen before and didn't expect to see.

Paula also reacted close to what I'd expected. She definitely didn't want to watch Rochelle be spanked, or probably even watch me flaunt Rochelle's nude body, but she clearly wasn't going to leave. She wasn't going to leave Rochelle alone. They must be fairly good friends.

Keith looked confused. As if he thought he should be rescuing Rochelle, but knew he shouldn't. As if he didn't want to watch her screaming out through her spanking. But also as if he didn't mind seeing her nude. Or seeing her flaunted around. And as if a small part of him was wondering just how kinky of a side Rochelle might have been closely hiding.

Renee flinched hard with each stroke and scream. Almost as hard as Rochelle did. Renee's eyes were wide in shock and horror as she watched. Between strokes, Renee couldn't sit still. She fidgeted and squirmed hard. Her eyes stayed on Rochelle's bottom, too, seeing the fiery glow on Rochelle's globes deepen and brighten with every swat.

Renee was really the only one I was paying close attention to. For the first eight strokes, I thought that Renee's squirming was just from watching her daughter suffer. Rochelle put on quite a show. It was loud and messy.

Then I glanced up just as the eighth stroke landed. And I saw Renee squirming. For an instant, that very moment when the paddle landed and the splitting crack rang out, Renee's bottom snapped a quick, and short, thrust forward and back. That's something Renee would have felt in her pussy. It's also a sure sign that something more is going on with Renee. Maybe something she didn't

expect. Maybe something she doesn't even realize is happening to her.

I watch Renee closely with the next two swats. Both get the same little twitch from her. The twitch that grinds Renee's pussy against the sofa cushion under her.

I admit I'd wondered about Renee. It's not the average mother who thinks to ask a Domme to spank her daughter. Even, as is clearly the case here, Renee is unable to dish out a serious punishment to Rochelle. Then again, there could be other explanations for it. I wouldn't be surprised if Renee was only getting excited because, for the first time in her life, Rochelle was being seriously punished.

Now Rochelle stands in the corner. She looks to be trying to behave, which is really all I'll ask of her. I'll never tell her that, though. She'd test me to see what she could get away with. It's only been about a minute, but already I can see the boredom in her. Even from the side, I can see her eyelashes moving as if she wants to close her eyes. And everyone can see the light jiggle in her soft globes as she just can't manage to stand too still. Not with those cheeks burning and stinging so badly. Soon she'll discover that just standing still like that strains her leg muscles, too. It won't hurt, but she will so feel it. It will also make her fidget a hair more, and that will get a bit more of a jiggle to her bottom. She still mews faint whines, too, but she's trying to quiet herself. I'll bet that Rochelle is going to find standing there and doing nothing but enduring the sting to be as bad as the spanking itself.

Renee's eyes are on Rochelle. I'm sure everyone else thinks Renee's only concerned with the deep redness glowing on Rochelle's cheeks. I'm equally sure that is her primary concern. But Renee is a very busty woman. I'd guess she's at least a DDD-cup. Those breasts are big enough that, even with the tight-fitting bra she's obviously wearing, they're straining the fabric of her blouse. Not that Renee has a choice about it. Were she to wear a bigger

Chapter Four - While The Bimbo Is In The Corner

blouse that her chest wouldn't strain, it would look too baggy and loose on her.

Unfortunately for Renee, it also allows her wide nipples to strain the fabric as they stiffen and poke against it. Something they are definitely doing now, although I'm sure Renee isn't aware of it. I am. I can see those marble-wide nubs poking out. Even though I can't see her nipples, I can tell that they're going to be as long as they are wide. They're sticking out rather noticeably. The snug blouse tells me that it's not an issue Renee frequently has to deal with, too.

To me, it's just another sign that there's more to Renee than she's admitted. Maybe more than she's admitted to herself. But a slice that's obvious to me.

I point to the chair I was sitting in. "Renee, come sit here," I tell her. For the first time with Renee, I use my firm voice. The same stern, but not cold, tone that I used with Rochelle. My "this is how it is" tone.

The change is instantaneous. The look is just there on Renee's face. Absolute surprise. And quickly an equal dose of nervousness creeps into it. It takes Renee a second or two, but she slowly rises to her feet. As she closes the few steps to the chair, I can see her legs are unsteady. And the look of nervousness on her face steadily grows stronger. As does the shock.

It's so clear to me that Renee never thought that it was remotely possible I'd ask anything of her. But then an edgy quiver flows over her body. I'll bet that's the moment that she realizes what we've been saying. That I told her I would "own" the entire household until I was satisfied that Rochelle had learned her lesson. That Renee is part of this household. That Renee, without realizing it, put herself into the deal, too.

Renee takes the seat. She sits very self-consciously, crossing her legs and folding her hands over her chest. Maybe she's realized her stiff nipples are showing, but I doubt it. She hugs herself. It's more as if she utterly hates

being in the spotlight. As if she'd rather be anywhere except for where she is: front and center.

"No," I tell Renee sternly. "Sit properly, like a lady. Show that you have some manners." I purposely left the insults out of it, despite having heaped them on Rochelle. It should leave Renee to wonder why I have her up front, facing her friends and her daughter's friends.

"Sit up straight," I tell her firmly. Then I glare at Renee. It takes her another second to move, but she does straighten up. I tell her to put her arms on the armrests of the chair, her hands dangling freely off the ends of them. Again she moves slowly, but she obeys. Then comes the hard commands. I insist that Renee look straight ahead with her eyes fully open. That forces Renee to see the audience. To see Bonnie, Ginger, Paula, and Keith all staring back at her. It also has her hands away from her chest. That lets me, and everyone else, see that Renee's nipples are still as hard as rocks.

It makes Renee fidget even more as she sits. I know that she's dying to turn her head so that she can see Rochelle. To see how badly Rochelle is suffering. But she can't. All she can do is hear Rochelle's muffled, sobbing mews. It will make her imagine Rochelle suffering far more than Rochelle is. She'll probably imagine Rochelle's bottom being far redder than it is, too.

"I'll start with the basics, Renee. Is it a mommy's job to teach her little girl to be a responsible grown-up?"

"Uh... I... mm... yes," Renee sputters her voice soft and barely audible. I can hear her, but I doubt anyone else did. Rochelle certainly doesn't.

"No," I scold Renee firmly and watch as a crisp flinch racks her body. "You agreed, this is my realm for the time being. In my realm, the peasants are polite. You will answer very politely, and at a normal speaking volume. I will not tell you again. Now, what was that answer, peasant?" I can't help but to grin as I glare at Renee and wait for her answer.

Chapter Four - While The Bimbo Is In The Corner

"Yes... Ma'am," Renee answers, her voice fairly close to normal. It's loud enough for everyone, even Rochelle to have heard her. And despite all her fussing, I'm certain that Rochelle isn't missing a word of this.

Renee looks to be extremely uncomfortable as she answers. She fidgets hard. I doubt she notices it, but I see the way that her hips are trying to grind her pussy against the chair. But with her legs crossed it isn't nearly as effective. I see the light quivering over her entire body, too. I see the way her fingers wiggle as they dangle in the air with nothing to touch. It tells me that Renee is as nervous as she's ever been.

For a couple minutes, maybe a full three minutes, I go on asking Renee direct questions. Ones that call for nothing more than a yes or no answer. Questions that are as difficult to answer as the answers she has to give are simple. Questions like "does Rochelle get enough discipline in this household, before today?" To which Renee very reluctantly admits the answer is no.

There's only one possible ending to the questions. I just take my time bringing Renee around and finally making her admit it in a short series of directed questions. "Rochelle needs firm discipline to succeed in life?" Yes. "It's your place as her mommy to provide that discipline?" Yes. "You have not provided that discipline?" No. "Thus, you have failed Rochelle as her mommy?" Yes. I'm sure, if Renee could have answered more than yes or no, she would have tried to make an excuse, or explain herself. It's one reason I didn't allow her to. But I like simple, plain, clear answers from my peasants, too.

"Stand up, Renee," I snap a firm command, keeping the harshness out of it, but making sure it's stern enough that Renee has no doubt it's a command. A command as one would give to a dog to perform a trick.

Renee rises to her feet slowly, her legs now even more unsteady.

I pick my crop up. I don't really give Renee a chance to get into any kind of a pose. That would just be a waste

of time. She's far too fidgety to stand still. She'll just squirm. I tap her hands very gently with the crop, telling her that she should know how to stand. She'd just watched me teach Rochelle. I expect the same of her that I expect of her little girl. I remind her to get her hands behind her back. She does, standing almost properly.

I just use the tip of my crop, under Renee's jaw, to nudge her head up so that she's looking forward instead of looking down at the floor as she seems to prefer to do. She reluctantly allows me to move her head up. And shows everyone the bright blushing on her cheeks.

"You don't think you're any better than your little girl, do you, Renee?"

"No, Ma'am," Renee very hesitantly admits.

"So if she deserves to be punished fairly for her sins, you must deserve to pay for yours, too, right?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Renee very reluctantly agrees, her voice softening, her body quivering hard as she realizes where I'm going." Unfortunately for Renee, I didn't leave her a way out of it. Definitely not with the still-sobbing Rochelle listening. Had Renee given the other answer, I'm pretty sure Rochelle would be over here in a flash screeching in Renee's face. While that would be amusing, it's not what I'm after.

"In my realm, clothes are a privilege. Good peasants are allowed clothes. Naughty peasants are punished. Thus punishments are given to naked peasants. Give me your clothes, Renee. Do not stall or waste time. Give them to me now."

"NO!" Renee gasps out under her breath. She trembles so hard that I'm amazed she doesn't fall over on her wobbly legs. A tear runs from the corner of her eye. She blushes even more, the deep crimson seeming to cover her entire face. Then, without a real word, she just slips her vest off and folds it very neatly.

Renee will not look me in the eye. She stares forward, her eyes as blank as her face. She sees nothing. Especially not her friends staring at her in shocked

Chapter Four - While The Bimbo Is In The Corner

disbelief. I'm a little to the side. "Here is my sweater, Ma'am," Renee offers in a voice so muted that I can barely hear it.

But what I notice is that she recites the same polite line I'd made Rochelle start using halfway through Rochelle's undressing. A line I hadn't made Rochelle use until she tried to test me and break one of the rules. "Speak up, peasant. You do not want me to remind you again." I crack the whip in the air, making a noticeable snap. Hopefully, that's enough of a warning to Renee what the price of disobedience will be. Renee repeats the offer, this time her voice at normal volume. Maybe even a hair louder than it has been.

I take the vest and wait as Renee takes her shoes and socks off, straightens them up, and offers them to me. It should leave Renee with four things to take off: blouse, bra, jeans, and panties. Those are going to be the tougher things for Renee to take off, too. All of them will do something she's yet to do. Begin exposing her body to the audience.

Renee opts for her blouse. Most any woman would unless her blouse was long enough that it would cover her to mid-thigh. Renee cringes hard as she unbuttons it and lifts it over her head. It reveals a simple, but very supportive, plain gray bra with full cotton cups. I can easily see the nubs of Renee's nipples straining the light fabric of those cups, too. I'll bet everyone can.

Renee folds her blouse neatly and offers it to me. "My hands are full," I tell her in a rather sly tone of voice. "Go ask Mrs. Harris to hold that for you. Politely, peasant. Then come back here and *stand*." I tap my foot impatiently.

Renee cringes a little hard this time. Then, without a word, she walks over to Bonnie, her legs wobbling, and very politely asks Bonnie to hold the blouse. Bonnie says "sure," takes the blouse, and lies it on the arm of the sofa next to her. "Thank you, Mrs. Harris," Renee tells her, showing off her polite manners. Then Renee returns to

where I'm waiting and stands with her hands behind her back.

"Your nipples are showing," I tell Renee in a business-like voice. "No reason for that not to come off. Not like it's covering anything. Take that bra off."

"Yes, Ma'am," Renee answers. Her voice trembles and breaks hard, but she doesn't lower it. She stares straight ahead, undoubtedly tunneling her vision on a blank spot of wall, and reaches behind her back to open the clasp of her bra.

As she folds it, the faces staring back at her are utterly disbelieving. Even Keith's, which doesn't even try to hide how pleasant he finds the surprise sight of Renee's very ample bare breasts. The rest just don't believe Renee would do this.

Renee does have some fairly nice breasts. They're larger than I'd want. That ensures that they're soft. They lie back against her chest with a deep crease to the undersides. They also angle slightly outward. Their size has her nipples pointing slightly downward, too. But her mounds are full and rounded, not saggy. Just heavy. And I don't see any stretch marks or blemishes on the topsides of them. The size has her nipples halfway down to her navel.

As I could see, those mounds are topped with marble-wide nipples that stand up nicely around $\frac{1}{4}$ " above the fully rounded tips of her mounds. They look to be fully rounded nipples, like steely hard half-marbles. With a gentle rounding to their tips. They're a light shade of pink with a modest brownish tinge to them. They're surrounded by huge rings of the same color that fade slightly toward the edges. Rings wide enough that I can see the flesh gently wrinkling up on them, leaving little ridges of goosebumps, as her nipples stiffen hard.

Renee folds her bra. Before she can offer it to me, I point to Ginger and tell Renee to ask her to hold it. I don't know Ginger's last name so I just point. Renee seems a little more hesitant to go, but she goes and asks Ginger to

Chapter Four - While The Bimbo Is In The Corner

hold it. Ginger is clearly very unhappy about the request. But she agrees. Then reaches for it with two fingers, holding it out as if it were poisonous as she sets it on the other arm of the sofa. Renee thanks her and returns to stand in place.

I tell Renee to take her jeans off, this time pointing to Paula and tell her to ask Paula to hold them. Renee slips them down, revealing a fairly immodest pair of gray panties. Panties that are cut high on her hips, with mostly narrow sides to them. They have a full front, enough to cover her pubes entirely, but little more. They're only slightly snug on her body. But that's plenty for me to see the faint puffing at the front that tells me Renee's pubes are going to be "bushy," and the gentle puffing of her pussy mound between her thighs. Renee obediently folds her jeans and asks Paula, very politely, to hold them for her. I can hear a faint extra tremor in her voice as she does. I'm sure it's the role reversal. It's the first time Renee has ever addressed Paula as "Miss Wilson." And I'm just as sure that Renee feels the lowering of her status as she's suddenly showing the much younger friend of her daughter the strong deference.

Finally, Renee has returned to her place in front of the audience. There's only one choice left, so Renee can guess what's next. It doesn't stop her from hoping, from praying, that I'll stop here and give the next command. "take your panties, off, peasant! Clothes are for peasants who can behave."

Renee slips her panties down. Then she starts folding them. Obediently she tries hard not to be self-conscious of her now fully exposed pubes and pussy. The deepening blush tells me how much she'd like to cover herself. How embarrassing she finds it to be nude in front of these people.

It lets me see the last of Renee's body. It lets me see that her sides are not quite as straight as Rochelle's are. Renee still has a bit of a feminine curve to both her hips and waist. Her pubes are covered with a somewhat sparse

layer of fur. Fur that was clearly black once, but seems to have taken on a faint gray tinge to it now. It's an unruly fur, too. Her legs and underarms are smoothly shaven, but her pubes don't look to be trimmed much at all. It tells me that she never dreamed anyone would see her pubes today. Despite her age, her body is still mostly firm. I don't see much looseness to her hips. Or thighs. Both are fairly narrow, with just a faint touch of plumpness to round them.

As Renee finishes folding her panties, I point to the only audience member left. Keith. Luckily for me, he was sitting at one "end" of the line. So I started with Bonnie to leave him for last. Knowing what the last item of clothing would be. "Go *give* those skanky things to him," I add a bit more firmness to my voice and stress the word "give." Hopefully, that's enough for Renee to understand what I mean. A gift. That she does not get back.

Renee cringes harder than I've seen her cringe yet. Probably as hard as I've ever seen anyone cringe. But she goes. Her voice breaks so badly, taking on a mousy tone, that it's almost hard to make her words out. "Here are my panties, Mr. Parker, will you please accept them as a gift, Sir?"

Keith's eyes are on Renee's pubes, not the offered panties. It helps that he's sitting, lowering his eyes closer to waist level. I'm sure he's checking out her fur, and the slightly puffy mound of her pussy swelling down from them. Maybe he's trying to make out the line of her slit under the fur. But he accepts the panties and sets them on his lap. I'll bet he's wondering what he should do with them. And if Rochelle is going to be "so pissed" at him for this.

Renee returns to stand, now completely nude, in front of the audience. Unlike Rochelle, Renee's piercings are limited to her ears. That's usually the case with women over about 35. Nor does Renee have any tattoos decorating her body. Just a soft, almost milky white flesh

Chapter Four - While The Bimbo Is In The Corner

interrupted only by her lightly colored nipples and the modestly thick fur on her pubes.



Chapter Five - Mommy's Turn

Renee stands rather unsteadily. By now, there should be no doubt in her mind that she's "in trouble." I've left her no choice but to agree with me that she deserves to be punished, too. I'm sure she's wondering how bad it's going to be. If it will be unpleasant. If it will hurt as badly as Rochelle's appears to have. I'm pretty sure she's confident that whatever it is, the humiliation has just begun. After all, so far I've merely stripped her in front of her friends. That was just the beginning for Rochelle.

With Renee facing all of her friends, I put down my crop and pick up the paddle. The same paddle I used on Rochelle. I hold it up in front of Renee. Slowly, I roll the paddle in my hand, turning it so that the other side of the blade faces Renee, otherwise keeping it in place. "You've been a bad peasant, too, Renee. You failed to teach your little girl discipline."

I move very slowly, drawing it out. Renee's eyes follow the paddle as I lower it to Renee's waist. I move it around, bringing it up behind Renee. I very softly lie the blade of it against the outside of Renee's globes. I use it to gently caress the tips of her soft cheeks.

"Since you're no better than that slut, there's no reason your naughty peasant butt shouldn't be spanked, too, is there, peasant?" I tauntingly ask Renee.

"N- No, Ma'am," Renee's voice breaks badly. So badly that she stutters, her voice failing her, before finally answering.

"Do you remember what's expected of a naughty peasant while she's spanked?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Renee answers. Her voice still breaks badly and has that mousy tone to it. But she does manage to keep the volume up, the one thing I've scolded her for already.

"Then you will get four strokes. That's one for each of these people you're inconveniencing by making them watch you learn your lesson." I tell Renee firmly, but also softly.

Chapter Five - Mommy's Turn

Before Renee can think too much, I'm sitting on the edge of the chair again. I don't yank Renee down by her hair. I just point to the floor beside me. "On your knees, peasant," I command her in a soft, but steely, voice. I know that for Renee it would be easier if I did pull her over my knees. That why I'm making her lie herself over them. It has to be especially humiliating for Renee, a 51-year-old mother, to willingly put herself over my knees like a naughty toddler and allow herself to be spanked by a woman several months younger than her daughter.

I point to my lap. "Over my knees, you naughty peasant." Then I stare at Renee. She moves slowly. But she moves. She scoots forward until her waist is just barely touching my thigh. She takes a deep breath, steeling up her courage. Then even more slowly, Renee leans forward, lying her chest across my open legs. Once she's down, I spread my thighs a hair more, pushing my right thigh into the bend of her waist and my left thigh up against the underside of her breasts. Unlike Rochelle, Renee's ample mounds hang down far enough that the tips of them, and her nipples, are below my leg. I'm wearing my Tuesday work clothes, a pair of crimson scrubs. Renee's breasts are a pale, milky white that stands out fully against the deep color of my scrubs. Renee lets her head fall forward. She grips the legs of the chair with her hands.

Renee is an inch or two taller than Rochelle. It's just enough that Renee's knees reach the floor, but barely. They can't have much, if any, of her weight on them. It still leaves her thighs hanging straight down. And it has her bottom pulled tautly, her milky soft globes poking up for me.

I lie the paddle lightly against the tips of Renee's globes. Then I lift it high. I put the same power into Renee's strokes as I did Rochelle's. About $\frac{3}{4}$ of what I could put into them. And just like with Rochelle, the paddle lands squarely across the rounded soft tips of Renee's cheeks. It lands hard, driving slightly into her tender flesh.

Intervention

A loud splitting crack rings out, leaving no one any doubt that Renee's spanking is going to be as real as Rochelle's was.

"AHHHH-OW!!!" Renee shrieks loudly, her voice ringing with as much surprise as pain. And that's a lot of surprise. Her body stiffens hard, her back arching up as her bottom reflexively snaps against my thigh. Her knees jump forward. Her hands grip the chair with enough strength that I can see the muscles in her arms straining. Renee's head snaps back, too. "MM... MM... MM... OWWWW!" Renee sobs as she lowers her head back down. "Oh... Uhm... Uhm... OWWWW!!!"

Renee pants fast, nervous breaths as she slowly starts to loosen back up. She's relaxing her tense body as I lift the paddle for her next stroke. "That's one, naughty peasant."

Renee instantly tenses up, anticipating the next swat. She's stiff a good half-second before it lands. "UGH!" Renee's breath explodes through her gritted teeth. She stiffens up even more, and more suddenly. It's enough that it looks as if the crisp snap of her body, arching her back up, is going to have her jumping off my lap. Renee pants a few sucking, sobbing, lightning-fast breaths. "Ow! Ow! Oh, OW!!!" Renee cries softly.

"That's two, you naughty peasant," I tell her as the paddle rises for the next stroke. As the paddle rises, everyone gets to see Renee's bottom glowing a bright shade of pink. Almost a neon pink it's so bright.

"AHHHHHHH-OWWWWWWWWWWW!" Renee shrieks out like a banshee as the third stroke lands on her bottom. She stiffens, and her muscles keep going. Her feet kick wildly, coming up, her knees bending so far that her heels almost touch her stinging bottom. Her hips thrash from side to side as if trying to shake off the sting. All that does is get her globes jiggling and flaunting the bright red glow on them. Not one bit of her body is still. Her shriek fades into a bawling chorus of "OW! OW! OW!"

Chapter Five - Mommy's Turn

"That's three, you naughty peasant," I tell Renee, my voice unchanged. I don't show any concern for her obvious display of pain. It's as if I don't even notice it. I'm sure the audience does. Renee is thrashing and crying quite a show.

CRACK the fourth stroke lands across Renee's cheeks. Renee shrieks out again, every bit of her body thrashing away. Her feet kicking so fast it's hard to see them as more than a blur of motion. I give Renee several long seconds, waiting until her shriek fades into a bawling sob.

"That's four. Stand up and face your friends now, Renee."

If Renee says anything, it's lost in her sobs. She moves gingerly and slowly, taking care that nothing gets anywhere near her bottom as she rises to her feet, turns, and brings her hands behind her.

She faces the group. She holds her head up, letting them see the mess her face is. How red and puffy her eyes are. The tears flowing down her cheeks. The little bit of wetness at the base of her nose as she sniffles. The "OWs" that she sobs over and over again, her voice pure strain.

Renee is not still. She squirms and fidgets on her feet. But I can see that her nipples are still harder than rocks, too. I set the paddle down, giving Renee another few seconds to try and compose herself. It's a waste.

I make Renee turn around in a slow circle to show everyone her fiery bottom, too. Hers isn't nearly as red as Rochelle's was. But it is still very red, glowing brightly as it stings. I see a few wide eyes in the audience, especially Ginger, as they see just how red Renee's bottom is.

I stand in front of Renee, and slightly off to the side, staring directly into her blue eyes. "It well past time for you to learn a good lesson in discipline and obedience. You simply can't help teach your little girl a lesson you haven't fully learned. You are not going to like your lesson. I don't care. You need to learn it.

Intervention

"You *will* do as you are told. So that there's no misunderstanding, that means when I say to do something, you will say 'yes, ma'am' then you will immediately do as you were told. You will do it at a normal, everyday pace. You will take care to do it as you were told to. You will not say anything else. You will not show any reluctance to obey. And you will not do anything you haven't been given permission to do.

"I am not going to threaten you. You are going to obey. There's no question about that. If you don't, I will make you. You do not want me to make you.

"I suggest that you forget about silly things like shyness and pride. Modesty and privacy, too. Those are all things for peasants who can behave and people. Naughty peasants don't deserve any of that. I'm sure it will be demeaning to see your friends watching you learn what strict discipline and obedience really are. Try to behave."

My aim is to humiliate Renee. I want her to feel as if she is truly nothing. "Are you ready for your lesson, peasant?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Renee answers in her breaking, squeaky voice, but at a normal volume. If it's possible, I think the blush on her cheeks deepens just a little, too.

"Ask me to teach you a lesson then," I tell her with an added touch of firmness. I do that because I know it will be humiliating for her to have to ask politely for this lesson.

"Yes, Ma'am," Renee answers. "Miss Rodgers, will you please teach me a good lesson in discipline and obedience, Ma'am?" I can hear the uncertainty in Renee's voice. I know she's wondering just what she's asking for. What I'm going to do to her. How degrading and awful it's going to be.

I can't help but smirk for an instant. Because I know that, not in a million years, would Renee imagine what I have in mind for her. This lesson is going to be as degrading as it is unexpected for her. And uncomfortable.

Chapter Five - Mommy's Turn

I use my foot to nudge the chair around so that it's in front of Renee and facing her. Then I tell Renee to lean forward and rest her forearms on the seat of the chair. With her palms up, hands open, not clenched into fists. I have Renee hold her head up, looking straight ahead. It leaves her a view of the wall, but also of the audience out of the corner of her eye. Enough for her to see that they're all watching with equal parts interest and revulsion. And far more amazement that Renee would submit to this.

It gives me the first real view I've gotten of Renee's pussy. Now I know that her slit is narrow at the front, but slightly wider at the back where it allows the tips of her reddish inner folds to peek into it. I can see that her lips are fully furred, too. That her bush is just as unruly here as it is in the front. Leaning forward pulls her bottom tautly enough that her crack opens slightly. It lets me see the pink-tinged purple ring of her asshole. I have enough of a view to see that its color is medium-light and that it's lined with prominent folds of wrinkles. I can see several stray hairs of her bush creeping back into her crack, too. But the one thing that I notice most is the heavy layer of whitish, creamy honey that's covering every bit of her slit.

I leave Renee ignored for several long seconds as I reach down to my bag. I know the suspense, the knowing something is going to be done to her, but being clueless about what has Renee's mind conjuring up thousands of unpleasant possibilities. I know she's anxious. And that she's dying to turn her head. With her eyes forward, she can't see anywhere near where I am behind her. Not even the most fleeting glimpse to give her some clue what to prepare herself for. It has to make the wait even worse.

I pull a large 12-ounce enema syringe out of my bag. This one is already filled with my favored yellow enema solution. The yellow is just food coloring that I add to it to remind me what's in the solution. Yellow is the color code for mineral oil. The syringe has a nozzle attached to the tip of it. The nozzle is six inches long but narrow. About as fat

as a pencil. It's stiff but flexible. And it's lubricated with a fine film of gel. I pop the cap off of it.

"Renee, stay. Do not move. Just stand as you are until you are told to do something different." I tell her in a firm voice, keeping it soft, but letting some of the gentleness give way to the sternness.

Then I take careful aim, pointing the tip of the nozzle directly at Renee's asshole, but also keeping it far enough back that nothing is touching Renee yet. That way, Renee doesn't have a clue what or where. I hear a couple of startled gasps from the audience.

I start moving the tip. Almost immediately the slippery rounded tip touches the inside edges of her globes as it pushes its way between them. I hear Renee suck in a squeaking, raspy, fast breath of shock. And then I feel the rubbery resistance as the tip pushes against the tightly cinched ring of her asshole.

Renee's asshole isn't big. It's no bigger than a dime, and that's the entire ring. The darkness at the center isn't close to that wide. Not quite a pinprick, but not much bigger. The tip of the nozzle fully eclipses the darkness. And then her muscle yields to the pressure of the nozzle, and it begins to slip into her.

"OOHHH!!!" Renee can't help but shriek in shock. It's not a pained cry, but one of pure surprise. I watch as Renee's ring of muscle cinches hard, straining tightly, around the slick white shaft of the nozzle. And I watch as the nozzle steadily vanishes into the purple ring of Renee's bottom. Renee squeals the entire time as I push the full length of the nozzle into her bottom.

I stop just before the base of the syringe touches Renee's cheeks. Now I see huge goosebumps covering those glowing red cheeks. And I see the quivering tremors flowing over Renee's body. I can see the faintest little quivering to the tips of Renee's inner folds, even with them squished between the edges of her thick furry lips. It seems that Renee's pussy is twitching just as much as her body is trembling.

Chapter Five - Mommy's Turn

I hold the nozzle still for a second. Or several. Renee can't see the syringe, and so far the only thing that she can feel is the tube of the nozzle inside her bottom. She knows something is there, but she has no idea what I've put up her butt. The note of shame ringing out in her little mewling sobs tells me that Renee realizes that her friends, and her daughter's friends, are watching. Seeing her allow something to be "shoved up her butt." And that she's fully humiliated by the knowledge that they will have that image with them forever now.

And then I start pushing the plunger. The syringe is the size of a soda can. It looks huge. I don't hurry, but I'm not taking it slowly either. More casually, as if, since I don't feel it, I don't care how quickly she's filled.

"EEEEEEEE!" Renee shrieks out in utterly shocked horror as those first icy cold drops land on her fiery hot insides. That's the instant she realizes what's being done to her. Feeling the 75-degree room temperature fluid splash against her 100-degree bowels leaves her no doubt. At least no doubt that I'm giving her an enema. And that her friends are seeing it.

I keep the pressure on the plunger. The fluid keeps steadily flowing into Renee's bowels, filling them up. And then it keeps flowing, starting to stretch her rectum to make room for the fluid rushing into her bottom. That's when the first pangs of discomfort hit her. That's when she feels the near-unbearable urge to run for the toilet and empty her bottom.

"OH! UH!" Renee shrieks out, this time the discomfort clear in her cry. "UH!" a sharp, violent tremor racks Renee's body. It's powerful enough to get her dangling breasts jiggling hard. "UHHHHH!!!!!" she keeps on shrieking out.

In a few more seconds, about when she has four ounces inside her, I hear Renee start panting strained, sucking, loud breaths over her squealed "UH!s" I notice that the sharp tremors are growing even stronger as well as hitting her more frequently, too. It has her pendulous

breasts swinging and jiggling hard. Steadily. It seems as if the goosebumps on her globes stand up a bit higher, too.

“OWWWWW!” Renee shrieks out after another ounce or so. It must be the point where her rectum is straining as it stretches. But it can stretch far more. It just can’t do so comfortably for Renee. By now Renee must feel as if her bottom is going to explode any second now. I can see her asshole straining hard as it grips even tighter around the shaft.

I keep going. I know that any woman, including Renee, can handle twelve ounces. Just as I know it’s going far beyond merely uncomfortable for her. But bearable.

To my surprise, for the first time, Ginger is watching closely. Her eyes are locked on the syringe, watching the yellow fluid steadily disappear from it. Her face is a hideous mask of utter disgust. But her eyes show a tinge of salacious curiosity. As if she’s watching a train wreck happen. Who can take their eyes off that sight? What’s clear is that no one, except maybe Bonnie, imagined seeing this. And that Ginger never would have imagined that Renee would consent to it.

I keep going, pushing more and more of the yellow fluid into Renee’s bottom. Filling it more and more. Stretching her rectum further and further. Making Renee feel the explosive urge even more strongly.

Renee cries out louder, and more strained “UH!-OWWWWW!s” over and over again. I’d bet it’s taking every ounce of her willpower to stand there and not, at the least, beg for me to show her the mercy of not giving her so much. I’ll bet Renee thinks that it couldn’t possibly get any more humiliating than this, too.

I finish. Or rather the enema finishes. I push every drop of the fluid into Renee’s bottom. I don’t tell the shrieking woman that she’s taken all of it now. I don’t even warn her that I’m going to pull the nozzle out. I just start casually drawing it back. She’ll feel it. She’ll feel the slick tube as it pulls along the flesh of her tightly cinched asshole. She gasps as she does. And then, after a couple

Chapter Five - Mommy's Turn

of seconds, the tube slips from her asshole and her ring snaps tightly shut, straining hard to hold back the torrent trying to burst from her bottom.

I put the cap back on the nozzle to cover the nozzle. I know where that's been! Then I put the syringe back in my bag where there's no chance of Renee seeing it.

I don't raise my voice. But I do steel it up, taking every bit of the softness out of it. "Renee, stand up now and face your friends," I firmly command her.

"OWWW!" Renee screams out in a wobbling voice as she starts to stand. Moving changes the internal geometry of her bowels. That, for a moment, makes them strain even harder. Hard enough to send a cramp shooting through her bowels, just behind her furry pubes.

As she cries out, she starts to slow. I grab her hair and yank hard, snapping her head back and jerking her shoulders up. The violent maneuver makes Renee scream out again. It also brings her, rather unpleasantly, up to her feet. I release her hair.

Renee pulls her hands up behind her back and turns to face the group. It lets them all see the tension in her body. It shows them her face, scrunched up seemingly in agony as she blushes more than ever, and cries like a baby at the same time. But she has her eyes open, as she knows I'll demand. I want her to see the stunned, horrified faces looking back at her.

"Apologize to your friends, Renee. None of them wanted to watch you get an enema today! Be very humble and polite. You don't want to disappoint me."

"Yes, Ma'am," Renee answers, her voice suddenly deepened to a primal note that is as much of a grunt as it is words. The strain she's feeling is plain in her voice. She starts with Bonnie. "Mrs. Harris," she names the others as well, "I am so sorry that you had to watch Miss Rodgers give me a gigantic enema and that I acted like a little baby for it. Thank you all for watching me learn the lesson I need in discipline and obedience. I'm sorry that the sight has to be so ugly for you." Renee offers a nice apology.



Chapter Six - Discipline And Obedience

Chapter Six - Discipline And Obedience

I leave Renee standing for the second it takes me to pick my crop back up. I snap my finger, surprising Renee with the suddenness of it. "Sit." I point to the chair, nudging it back into place facing the audience.

Renee cringes in horror. I know her bottom is still stinging her so badly. I know that sitting on it is the very last thing she'd like to do. And even worse, it lets her know that the toilet, and the relief she needs, aren't coming now.

Renee shrieks out again as she sits. She moves a touch slower as she hesitantly crosses her legs. She cries out as she straightens her back up. Then she puts her arms on the armrests, sitting just as I had her sitting earlier.

Only now her body is a mess. Her face is scrunched up hard as she bawls. Her cheeks are blushed deep red. Her eyes are red and puffy as well as wet. She fidgets hard. She grunts out pained cries. She curls her toes. She balls her fists up. She grits her teeth hard. But she does keep her eyes open. And her nipples are rock hard. I know that her pussy is twitching and sloppy wet, too. I saw that as I pulled the nozzle from her bottom.

I don't hesitate. I've found that the harsher lessons learned are always the lessons best learned. Renee cries out a loud "OW!" Twice. Once as I snap my crop against each of her balled-up fists. Renee has her palms turned up, which leaves the backside of her fingers exposed. That's what my crop lands on, searing a faint pink crop print onto each.

"You know better!" I scold Renee harshly. "I told you once, hands loose and relaxed." I tap my foot impatiently. I get to one. Then I lift my crop to swat her hands again.

Renee gets the message. She forces her hands to open. I can still see a bit of tension in her fingers, but at least her hands are open. I'll get back to that in a moment.

I snap my crop against the tops of Renee's feet. "Why are those toes curled up, peasant?" I strictly scold her.

"Ummmm!" Renee groans as she forces her toes to uncurl. Her feet, however, still show every bit of the tension.

I snap my crop against her blushing cheeks, leaving a light pink crop print on each. Renee screeches a loud "OW!" with each swat, probably wondering why I'm swatting her face. The strokes aren't hard, but plenty to get her attention. "Why is that face scrunched up like a troll, peasant? Do you really think anyone cares if you're comfortable? Look normal!" I scold her sternly.

It's not nearly as easy as it sounds to relax her face. I start by scolding her to unclench her teeth. Then to unwrinkle her face. To keep her eyes open. To close her mouth without gritting her teeth, not to let it hang open. To breathe through her nose. It takes me a good minute to get Renee to look normal.

With her mouth closed, her cries are muted to "Uhhmm!s" that sound miserable. She breathes fast, unsteady breaths through her nose. Noisy breaths. I scold her for that, tapping her nose with the crop as I tell her that she must breathe normally, not pant like "mangy mutt."

That takes me some work, too. I have to help Renee get the pace of her breaths right. I have to breathe with her, telling her to inhale and exhale. And reminding her that breaths are smooth, not ragged, gasping, or panting. It takes her maybe another minute, and another crop swat to her nose, before Renee steadies her breaths.

Renee instantly discovers that regulating her breaths has one more effect. It makes it nearly impossible for her to screech. Her breaths can merely take on an agonized, but well-muted, "Umm!" as she breathes.

Then I turn my attention to the tension left in her body. I give her several rather light swats of my crop to both of her arms as I'm scolding her to get the tension out of them. Keeping the tension out of her face prevents her from showing much of anything on her face. But I can see it. Relaxing her arms is rather difficult for her to do. By

Chapter Six - Discipline And Obedience

the time she finally does, there are four little pink splotches on each arm. I can see the tension doesn't fade as much as it moves to her stomach muscles.

I move to her legs, swatting those until Renee finally relaxes them as well.

And then I move to her stomach, demanding that she relax those muscles as well. She gets almost ten little swats to sting her stomach before she finally loosens them up.

I spend a few seconds looking her body over for any signs of tension. I don't see it. And I know that it's killing her. Tensing up is a natural reflex to the discomfort of the enema that she's enduring. It makes it easier for her to bear it. Relaxing is difficult. It takes away almost every coping mechanism her body has, forcing Renee to endure the full discomfort of the enema.

Finally, Renee's huge breasts are still. But also, her wide nipples are straining to a new height of stiffness. That tells me a lot. The only sign of Renee's intense discomfort is the tears liberally flowing down her cheeks. And the incredibly deep blushing of her cheeks.

I see Renee's purse sitting on the counter in the kitchen. It's only a few steps from me. That's a place many women leave theirs at home. I step over and pick it up, then step back over to where I know Renee can see me. A purse is rather personal to a woman. Only her dearest friends and lovers would be invited into it. While she's sitting there, struggling to maintain control, I invite myself to poke through her purse. And I know she sees me. I want her to. I did tell her that she'd have no privacy. Now I want her to understand that I intend to strip away every shred of it. To violate every private space she has, not just her body.

I find her driver's license. It tells me that she's 51, which I knew. It tells me that her name is Renee Elizabeth Hill. I hadn't asked her middle name. Blue eyes. 5'5" and 130 pounds. Yeah, right. That means 140, which is about what I'd guess. She lied to the DMV.

I poke around, finding everything she has in there. The things she'll be self-conscious about, like the two tampons, I bring out and hold up, announcing my find. Then I uncaringly toss it off to the side.

"When I allow you to speak, I do not want to hear a whiny voice. I want to hear your normal voice, at normal volume. Nothing else. Not a hint of sobbing or strain." I firmly tell her. I pause a second letting the instruction sink in.

"Renee Elizabeth..." I address her with a little grin on my face. I look right into her eyes. "Is your pussy all sloppy and wet right this second?"

I watch as the color fades from Renee's face. I watch as an almost sickly green hue covers her face. Then as her cheeks explode into the deepest blush. "Yes, Ma'am," Renee answers in her normal voice. And at her normal volume. The only sign of her utter embarrassment is the way her eyes flint off to the side as she answers me.

"Can you feel the walls of your sloppy slut hole twitching with filthy desire?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Can you feel your filthy little clit throbbing hard?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Does your disgusting pussy want to be fucked like a cheap whore right this second?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Is that slut pit hornier than it's ever been?"

"Yes, Ma'am"

I intentionally asked her yes or no questions. That way she couldn't shade the answers. I don't have much time. I have six minutes. That's how long Rochelle has left in the corner, and I really need to finish with Renee's little lesson before then. I have a plan. I just made it up.

"Do you even care who fucks that slut pit right now? I'll bet just any old dick will do, won't it?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

This time I don't show Renee any mercy. I snap my crop, landing its swat on the sole of her right foot. The one

Chapter Six - Discipline And Obedience

foot that's not on the floor with her legs crossed. I'd seen her curling her toes up. Or tensing up to curl them. It's not that powerful of a swat, just hard enough to leave a glowing-but-light pink splotch on her tender flesh. But that's one place where it hurts more than others to be whipped.

As it lands, Renee grunts out loudly and tenses for just a second. Then it takes her several seconds to loosen her body up. "I told you to sit calmly. Not to curl your toes up."

I give Renee a second to process the swat and scolding. I want her to know that I'm closely watching her. And just like Rochelle, I want her to believe that I won't tolerate even the slightest disobedience. "I'll bet this boy wants to know just how big those tits are. What size bra does it take to hold those floppy things?"

"A 36-E, Ma'am," Renee answers. Her voice is regular volume, but I do hear a faint note of self-consciousness in it. Maybe even a touch more of a note than when she confessed she wanted relief. That's interesting.

"When was the last time you diddled that slut pit, bitch?" I ask Renee in a casual voice as if I was asking about the weather. I see a bit of shock erupt in her eyes. A half-second later, I see her nipples, just her nipples, jiggle slightly as the pink flesh around them pulls tighter, perking those ridges of goosebumps up even more.

"Last night, Ma'am," Renee answers. This time I can hear the embarrassment in her voice. I see a good bit of surprise, and discomfort, on Ginger's face. As if it's way TMI for her. Oh well, Renee looks far more uncomfortable, and that is what I want now.

"Did it cum like a gutter slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"And already you want to diddle it again! You filthy slut! You're getting hot sitting here on that stinging, freshly-spanked bottom, with your bottom so full it's about to explode, aren't you?"

Intervention

"Yes, Ma'am," Renee's voice breaks with shame as she answers.

I don't tolerate the disobedience, even though I know it was unintentional. I snap the crop searing light, but stinging, pink splotches onto both of her cheeks. "Normal voice, bitch!" I scold her in a very harsh and disapproving tone. "I said no modesty! And I mean what I say."

"Tell everyone how badly it hurts to sit on that cherry-red bottom."

"It's like sitting on a million needles, Ma'am, and feeling every single one of them slicing into my butt at once. It's nearly impossible to sit still on it, Ma'am. I want to get up so badly, Ma'am."

"Tell everyone exactly what it feels like to sit there with your bottom so full."

"I've never felt anything like this, Ma'am. My butt hurts so bad I can't even describe it, Ma'am. My butt hole is squeezed so tight right now that it burns, Ma'am. My butt feels like there's a telephone pole up it, Ma'am. I feel tiny cramps in my guts, Ma'am. I feel my butt pushing hard against every bit of my insides, Ma'am. It feels like there's a gallon up me, Ma'am. It feels like I'm exploding right now, Ma'am. It makes it very hard for me to think about anything other than how badly I need a toilet, Ma'am. It feels like I can't wait for another second, Ma'am."

"Tell everyone how that slut pit feels, bitch."

"My pussy is... on fire, Ma'am. I can feel little snaps inside me, there, Ma'am. It feels like... my butt is so full that it's pushing the insides of my pussy against each other, so every time there's a twitch, one side rubs the other, Ma'am. I feel lightning bolts shooting through it, Ma'am, and those are making me so horny. It feels like if I don't get it some relief right now, it's going to explode, too, Ma'am."

"On your feet, dumb slut," I snap a firm command to Renee.

Chapter Six - Discipline And Obedience

I see Renee's face scrunch up the minute she starts moving. She gets about a quarter of the way up. "UHHHHH!" She cries out, slowing down as she does.

I don't tolerate it, even though I know that the shifting of her bowels after they're well settled, has got to have some sharp cramps shooting through her. And have her struggling hard not to lose the enema. I move fast and grab Renee's shoulders. While she's still crying out her groan, I yank her shoulders up and back, straightening her up.

"OWWW!" Renee screeches as she's suddenly pulled up straight. Then, when she's about eighty percent straightened, she squeals the most humiliated "OOH!" for a second. At the same time, her face blushes instantly to the deepest of red. I see why. Everyone does. For a fraction of a second, Renee loses control. A small bit, less than half an ounce, of the yellow enema, shoots out from between her full cheeks. It lands on the floor, making a puddle no bigger than a quarter. Renee quickly regains control of her bottom and stops the flow. "EE-OWWWW!" She cries out again.

By the time I have Renee standing up straight, she's crying. I'm pretty sure it's tears of humiliation, not pain. She must have felt the fluid burst from her asshole, shoot across the inside edges of her cheeks, and fall to the floor. But if she didn't, the disgusted, pitying looks on the faces looking back at her tell her that everyone saw it.

"Get that grimace off your ugly face, dumb slut!" I cruelly scold Renee as I slap her face a couple of times. It takes a couple, in rapid succession, for the look to fade from her face, leaving only the beet-red blush.

"Oh, you want to poop all over your floor in front of your friends, do you, dumb bitch? I said to wait for the potty like a big bitch." Now I'm mocking her as much as I'm scolding her. "I have just the thing to teach you a lesson you'll never forget!"

I reach out and grab hold of Renee's breast, cupping the top of one mound in my hand. It lets me pinch the

nipple firmly between my thumb and the side of my hand. And I pinch hard. Her nipple doesn't give at all. It's harder than steel. "Come, dumb slut," I tell her. I don't wait for her. I start walking, keeping hold of her breast. It lifts slightly off her chest, and then she's following it. She keeps her hands behind her back as I lead her along, using her breast as a leash.

I walk Renee over to the corner where Rochelle is still standing. By now, Rochelle's bottom has begun to fade noticeably. The redness is only about $\frac{3}{4}$ of what it once was. The sting hasn't faded much, if at all, but that doesn't show. I doubt Renee notices. She's too focused on her own discomfort to think about Rochelle right now.

I put my free hand to Rochelle's shoulder, getting a firm, but light, grip on it. "Your time is up, bimbo slut," I tell Rochelle softly as I guide her to move to her side, out of the corner, but still facing the wall. I nudge her down a bit, leaving the corner empty.

"You can take this bitch's place, dumb slut. And while you're standing in the corner, your full bottom can remind you that you're expected to obey me. And that I don't care how little you like what you were told to do." As I'm pronouncing her fate, I'm already moving Renee.

I nudge her into the corner. I can't put her toes against the baseboards. Her breasts are too big for that. Her nipples touch the walls before her toes do. I put her standing with only the tips of her stiff nipples touching anything. There's maybe an inch between the walls and her shoulders, about like Rochelle had. "Since your tits are so big, your nipples will stay on the walls. Nothing else, not even the mounds of your tits, will touch anything. You know the rest of the rules."

I snicker. "And since you're 51, I'll come to fetch you in 51 minutes, dumb slut."

Then I turn to Rochelle, my hand back on her shoulder. "Come along, bimbo slut... while your slutty mommy stands in the corner like a naughty little girl, you have a very hard lesson to learn in acting like a cheap,

Chapter Six - Discipline And Obedience

trashy, gutter slut." I put some excitement in my voice as I tell her what's next. Mostly I want Renee to hear it. That way, Renee's mind can conjure up a million images of what's happening to Rochelle while Renee is stuck staring at an empty white wall.



Chapter Seven - A Friendly Lesson

Intervention

There's only one place for Rochelle to be. And that's where I take her. I have her stand, front, and center, in front of the audience. Rochelle definitely heard every bit of Renee's little lesson. I know it, and so does everyone else. I'm sure she paid close attention to what she heard, too. As I lead her over to her place, she obediently keeps her head up. But I do see her eyes shift downward a couple of times, always stealing a glance in the direction of the chair. Finally, she finds what she's looking for. The tiny puddle of yellow on the floor. The indisputable proof that everything she heard was real. Proof that I'm not playing games. That this isn't some sort of an act for Rochelle's "benefit." Renee is actually standing in the corner with her bottom pumped full of something. And everyone but Rochelle saw it all.

The instant Rochelle catches sight of the little spot, I see a change sweep over her. She cringes inward. She trembles a bit more. She looks like she's afraid. I'd bet she is. I'd bet she's never had an enema before. That she can only imagine what it would be like. That she knows she'd prefer not to find out. But that she also knows, for certain, that I would do it to her.

I don't remind Rochelle of the rules. I've already told her what the most important ones are. I expect her to remember them. I only tell bitches things one time. I just have her stand, facing the audience. I hope she remembers that she's not allowed to speak.

I know Keith was at the party with Rochelle. She was his date after all. I don't know if Paula was invited, but the odds are that she was there. Usually, BFFs end up attending the same parties, at least unless one has to work or something. I turn my attention to Paula, keeping a corner of an eye on Rochelle to make sure she behaves.

I ask Paula if she was at the party. "Uh, yeah," She answers. I get the same answer when I ask Paula if Rochelle "enjoyed herself" at the party. A few more questions and now I know that the party was "packed." It was at someone's house, and the house was full. That's

Chapter Seven - A Friendly Lesson

not much of a surprise. Few girls would skip work for a party that wasn't "hot." One where everyone wanted to be there. I figure there were probably around 60 people or so there. That's usually about a houseful.

I learn a little about Rochelle, too. It sounds to me like Rochelle wanted to be the life of the party. She wanted everyone to look at her. To give her some attention. She wanted to be the "fun girl" there. She wanted guys to want her. It tells me that Rochelle probably was acting a little trashy there. It doesn't tell me if that's the real Rochelle, or just her putting on an act to get the attention she wanted.

I ask Paula if she took any pics or made any videos at the party. I've found most girls do at parties. Usually whenever they catch a friend doing something amusing. Or embarrassing. Something they can have a little fun with later. Gossip fodder.

Paula admits that she made several "clips." I ask her to let me see them. She doesn't hesitate to whip out her phone and show them to me. There's one of Rochelle in a rather immodest skirt and a tight-fitting shoulderless top that leaves a little slice of her stomach bare as well. There's one of her getting a Jello shot out from between some other girl's breasts with her mouth. There are a few more like that.

There's one of her and Paula dancing with some guy-not Keith. Paula tells me that she liked the guy and was dancing with him. Rochelle came over and joined them for a few moments. Keith took the video. He looks to be dancing ordinarily with Paula. Rochelle, however, seems to be taking dirty dancing to a new level. She caressed his backside with her body. Her hands are all over him. But I can see what she's really doing. She's nudging him up against Paula until the two girls have him sandwiched between them.

Then I see one of Rochelle being a total slut. In this clip, she's not wearing the top, just a leopard print bra. Leopard print. That really announces "slut." Only the

trashy wear that. It's a short clip. It only shows her chest. It's just enough for me to see her moving, as if she's dancing, while she lifts the bra up and shows off her breasts. She smiles. I know she's facing Keith, that it's him she's "flashing," but I'm equally sure that everyone else around them got a quick glimpse too. "Party Rochelle" seems to be a sharp contrast from the shy girl I made strip earlier. Then again, I suspect she had plenty of liquid courage by then. With a few clicks, I send the video to my phone.

I show it to everyone. It's not like they haven't seen Rochelle's breasts before. They're on full display right now. But it does show Rochelle acting like a slut, and that's what I was after.

Once everyone else has seen it, I turn to Rochelle. I have no doubt she's seen the clip before. If anything, she's only wondering which clip I've picked. I hold my phone in front of her face and play it. Obediently, Rochelle keeps her eyes forward. And that has them on the screen. I play the video twice for Rochelle. Her eyes tell me she knows it well. I don't need to play it at all. I'll bet she somehow knew, and dreaded, that I'd pick this one. For me, it was an easy choice. It's the sluttiest one. It's the only one where Rochelle exposes herself.

"Well, you were definitely acting like such-the-slut there, weren't you, bimbo?" I ask Rochelle in my most disapproving and mocking tone. I want it clear to her that I don't approve of it. A girl's opinion.

"Yes, Ma'am," Rochelle admits. Like Renee, Rochelle remembers to keep her voice up. But I can still hear the reluctance in her voice. As if she's ashamed to admit it.

"It's a good thing your mommy got herself sent to the corner. You don't want her to see this, do you, bimbo?"

"No, Ma'am," this time Rochelle answers quickly and confidently. She does not want her mom to see it.

"I seem to recall another video where you and your friend shared a boy while dancing. Should I show that one to everyone, too?"

Chapter Seven - A Friendly Lesson

"No, Ma'am..." Rochelle's voice has a bit of pleading tone to it. I suspect she can't quite manage to keep it out of her voice. She's too eager for me not to show that video, too. It is rather slutty. She makes liberal use of her breasts and bottom to caress the boy as she nudges him up against Paula. To me, it's clear what she's actually doing. The boy is keeping a little distance from Paula. He's not too into Paula. Rochelle is trying to help Paula out. She's nudging that boy to get much closer to Paula. Close enough to feel Paula intimately, albeit through her clothes. That should let him know that Paula is interested in him. That she could be his. Probably that night. It makes me wonder, for a second, how it ended. If Paula got him or if he found something he liked better. Paula is a bit of a big girl. She needed the help, at least with that boy.

"You and Miss Wilson are BFFs, correct?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Rochelle easily answers the tame question. It tells me that she didn't expect a tame question. It tells me that she's clueless as to where I'm going, too. But one glance at the others, and I can see that they're equally clueless. They just don't know me.

"You and Miss Wilson share things, right?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Rochelle answers as if it should be obvious to me. It is obvious. BFFs tend to share about anything. Although looking at the two girls, I doubt they could share clothes. But I know plenty of girls who can and do with their BFFs. Me included. I don't think twice about one of my BFFs borrowing a fancy dress or something.

For a moment, I surprise everyone by turning my attention to Paula. I use a soft, but knowing, tone as I ask her an uncomfortable question. I ask her if she has "a little less luck with the boys than this slut does." Paula reluctantly admits that she does. Then I ask her if the boy she was dancing with asked her out. She tells me that he hasn't texted her.

"You like boys, right, Paula?"

"Oh, yes!" Paula blurts out.

Intervention

"Has it been a long time since a cute boy paid attention to you?"

"Yes..." Paula lowers her voice as she reluctantly admits it. I'm sure Rochelle already knows. It's why she tried to help Paula with that boy. Rochelle could probably tell me the last time Paula had a date to the hour. And with who. And how it went. In detail. I doubt Ginger and Bonnie care too much about Paula's social life. I doubt Keith does, either. I suspect Renee could at least guess the broader outlines of it.

"Do you think Keith is cute?"

"uh... Yes..." Paula answers in a very uncertain tone that tells me she thinks he is rather cute. She just doesn't know what a good answer would be. She doesn't want to offend Rochelle, not that Rochelle doesn't already know Paula thinks he's cute. They would have gossiped. I can imagine Paula telling Rochelle something like "He's so hot, you go girl!" I think Paula definitely does not want Keith to know she thinks he's cute. She would never want to interfere with Rochelle's relationship.

"But you'd like it if a cute boy spent some personal time with you?"

"Uh... Yeah..." Paula answers.

Now I turn my attention back to Rochelle. "You were trying to help Miss Wilson by dancing with her and that boy, weren't you, bimbo?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Rochelle hesitates just an instant before admitting it. It's not as if she doesn't want to admit it, but more as if she doesn't want to say it to Paula. I can see her eyes watching Paula for a reaction when she says it. And I can see that it's nothing Paula didn't already know. But didn't want to hear.

"You'd like to help make Miss Wilson happy, wouldn't you, bimbo?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"You'd like for her to spend some grown-up time with a cute boy, wouldn't you, bimbo?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

Chapter Seven - A Friendly Lesson

"You do know that you are going to learn a very harsh lesson in acting like a total gutter slut, don't you, bimbo?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Rochelle is almost in tears as she answers. As if she's afraid that more punishment is coming her way, and she won't be able to bear it. Sooner or later she'll learn. Punishment is punishment. Lessons are different.

"Let's see if we can't make everyone but you happy, then, slut. Since you obviously don't mind sharing just everything with Miss Wilson, you shouldn't mind sharing Keith with her." I see Rochelle's eyes pop wide open. So wide that her eyes seem to pop out of the sockets. I see a look of shock on everyone's face. And a heavy note of disbelief on Paula's face. Keith's, too. "I'll bet if you begged Keith sweetly enough, he'd agree to help you learn your lesson by spending some grown-up time with Miss Wilson. She shouldn't mind, since she obviously thinks he's hot and she'd like to anyway. The only reason she hasn't is that she thinks you'll mind! You can convince her that you want to share Keith with her."

I smirk an evil grin. "And trust me, slut, you really want them to agree. Now get on your knees and beg your friend to help you learn a lesson about being a total gutter skank."

I give Rochelle a firm nudge on the back of her shoulders to get her moving. She almost stumbles the first step. I watch as the look of absolute horror steadily overtakes her face. As she trembles. And then, the closer she gets to them, the deeper she blushes.

I have my crop in my hand as Rochelle's knees touch the floor. She's centered herself between Paula and Keith. I don't swat her. But I do use the tip of it to tap her body very lightly as I instruct her how I want her to kneel. A tap to her knees accompanies my instruction to spread them wide. A light tap that gets her attention but doesn't leave even a hint of pink behind. Another gets her feet spread. One to her stomach, just above her pubes, has her sitting

back with her bottom between her heels. I don't have to tell her to get her back straight. She figures that out on her own. Her hands stay behind her back as well.

She turns to Keith first. I guess she figures that he'll be the harder one to convince. It makes me wonder just what Paula has said about him to Rochelle. Maybe Rochelle knows that Paula is hot for him. That all it will take is Rochelle's permission for Paula to agree.

Rochelle begs. Rather shamelessly. "Please, Sir, please help me out. Please, honey, please just do whatever she wants you to do with... Miss Wilson. I don't mind. I don't care. I won't be mad. Please, do it, whatever it is. I'm begging you - like so literally - see, I'm actually naked on my knees begging! Please. Help me." It takes Rochelle a bit longer to convince him. She doesn't stop begging until Keith finally nods that he'll do it.

I don't know if Keith has realized it or not. But I think Rochelle at least suspects that there will be consequences for disappointing me and failing to do as she was told to do. To convince both to agree. Whatever the consequences, Rochelle seems to believe that she'd rather share her boyfriend with her BFF than face them.

It doesn't take her long to convince Paula. She begs just as shamelessly, but once she tells Paula that she doesn't want to think about what will happen if Paula won't agree, Paula agrees. Rather readily. This tells me that Paula was only waiting to agree so that she didn't come across as too eager.

I think that this might be a fantasy of Paula's. That Rochelle would shamelessly give her a man. And the man would go for it. I doubt it's one she would have shared with Rochelle, though. Just as I think that if she had, Rochelle would probably have lured some boy into it. I have no doubt that Paula is eager. I have no doubt that I can have a little fun with Paula, too. Not much, but some. I'm not sure how far Paula would go for this fantasy to come true.

Chapter Seven - A Friendly Lesson

I think I've said that Paula is a big girl. I'd guess she's around 250 pounds. Since she isn't here to be my toy, I won't ask her something obviously so embarrassing. But she's also a fairly cute girl. She has a pretty oval-shaped face, although her weight has it taking a slightly puffy look. She has long, silky brown hair that hangs straight to the bottoms of her shoulder blades. She has deep brown doe-like eyes. She has a wide mouth framed with a pair of long, light pink lips that look to be rather soft. She looks to take care of herself, too. Her eyebrows are well-teased. Her makeup is done well, not heavy but enough to maximize what she has.

She's thick enough to have a slightly wide look to her frame. But not so thick that her arms show much flab. It's more just a width to them. And I'm sure a softness. Today Paula is wearing jeans with a loose-fitting pullover blouse. Even with the loose blouse, it's clear her breasts are as ample as the rest of her body.

As I look at Paula, I see a wide mix of emotions flooding through her. She's clearly anxious about what I might ask her to do. She's definitely, and decently, embarrassed. She's clearly worried that Rochelle is going to be upset with her. It's been clear since I began that Paula isn't sure if Rochelle wants her to go along or not. Whether Rochelle wants her to refuse, possibly condemning Rochelle to some horror, or not. But there's a tinge of excitement that Paula's trying to hide, too.

"Paula," I begin in a soft voice. A voice I'd use with a friend. "Have you ever given a man a good blow job?"

"Uh...mm... Yeah," Paula tells me.

"Do you think Keith would enjoy that?"

Paula giggles a little. "Oh, yeah." As if she means *what boy wouldn't?*

"Then why don't you take off your shirt? I'm certain He'll enjoy that, too."

"Uh... Okay..." Paula says, suddenly unsure of herself. She stands, faces Keith, and smiles. It's a nervous

smile and it shows. She pulls the blouse over her head and drops it on the sofa beside him.

"Now the bra. Show Keith that you're serious about pleasing him."

Paula doesn't say anything. She has on a bright pinkish-red bra. It has all-lace half cups that leave the tops, and insides of her mounds bared. It has a wide band around her chest, but narrow, ribbon-like straps over her shoulders. It leaves her entire chest bare. But it also covers her nipples and rings fully. It's snug, offering plenty of support for her mounds. Mounds that it pulls in towards her chest, both flattening them out and swelling them out as it does.

Paula hesitates a long second. Then she reaches up behind her back. She takes a deep breath as she unclips her bra. Then, keeping hold of the ends of the band, she closes her eyes as she pulls the bra forward, allowing it to fall from her breasts. It's as if she can't find the courage to see the reaction on Keith's face as she shows him her breasts. As if, should he not look pleased, it would destroy her.

Paula's body has a figure about like a tree trunk. It's thick and fairly rounded in every direction. Her sides are straight, not curvy. Her stomach is soft, its flesh loose enough that I could easily get some jiggle out of it. But she's not so big that her chest is plump, too. That's just flat enough to look like a chest.

Her breasts are ample. They're not quite as big as Renee's, but they're definitely big. Almost huge. They're also soft, as any mounds so large are going to be. They lie against her chest with deep creases at the undersides. They're also a slightly lighter shade of white than the rest of her skin, telling me that she's been getting some sun. Each mound is topped with a wide ring, slightly wider than a silver dollar, that is a moderately brownish shade of pink. But with a light hue to it, not a deep coloring. Centered in each ring is a nipple as wide as a half marble. Her nipples are rock hard now. They're well-rounded, like half marbles,

Chapter Seven - A Friendly Lesson

but don't rise off her mounds as much as Renee's or Rochelle's do. Her nipples have a bit of a wrinkly look to them that tells me they're exceptionally hard.

Paula stands there for a second. Probably working up her nerve. Finally, she opens her eyes. Slowly at first. She sees that Keith hasn't turned away. There's even a bit of a grin on his face as he gazes upon her bared breasts. Then Paula finds the confidence to open them quickly. She's just in time to see Keith scoot forward to the edge of the sofa. That will make it easier for her to get to him. He doesn't take his eyes from her breasts.

Paula quickly forgets her modesty. At least as far as her body goes. She smiles back at Keith. As I go to put my hand on Paula's shoulder, I notice a small tattoo at the base of her neck. I use my hand to nudge her down. "Go ahead, Paula, enjoy him."

Paula almost falls clumsily to her knees, just from the little nudge I give her. "Here?" Paula asks in a very muted, and surprised voice. "You want me to do that here?"

I just grin. "Go ahead, Paula," I tell her reassuringly.

As Paula is unsteadily moving her shoulders toward I turn to Rochelle and switch back to my icy, hard, firm voice. "Slut, to begin your lesson in being a total gutter slut, you will watch Miss Wilson give him a good blow job. You *will* keep your eyes on her lips as she does it. And your eyes open, slut. You are going to see everything.

Paula scoots into place. To help Paula along, Keith already has his pants unzipped. That's a rather clear invitation. And a sure sign that he's expecting Paula to do it. That she's welcome to, too.

It only takes Paula a couple of seconds to free his cock from his pants. His shaft is about 5" long, which is average. It's about an inch thick, also average. He's circumcised, so the pinkish-purple bell-shaped head of his cock is fully exposed. His cock is already fully hard. Now free of his pants, it stands up straight for Paula.

Paula leans her head forward, stretching her mouth wide open as she does. She hesitates for a second just

before her lips touch his cock. That's the point where there's no going back. She will have had his cock in her mouth. Rochelle will have seen it. That can't be undone.

Then, with a single nervous shiver, Paula goes forward. The tip of his cock head starts to slip between her wide lips. In a second, its underside is lying against Paula's wet, hot tongue. Paula keeps going, now picking up a little speed and starting to close her lips around his cock.

Keith leans back and relaxes. I'm sure by now, feeling the wet heat of Paula's tongue against his cock, he's fully confident that Paula is going to pleasure him.

Paula keeps going. Steadily. She takes the soft head of his cock into her mouth. Her lips close around the shaft. She takes about another $\frac{3}{4}$ " of his length, keeping her lips flush against his shaft. Then Paula reverses her stroke. It might be the point where his cock head has her mouth filled, but it's not near the point where she'd be gagging on it. She goes up about an inch, then reverses again.

And she keeps going like that, with strokes barely an inch long. But she does keep her lips around his shaft. If she's sucking, it's not noticeable. I don't see her cheeks pulling inward as they should. She slowly, but steadily, picks up her pace. In about five strokes, her ample breasts are jiggling energetically against her chest.

Keith lies back and starts to purr softly. I guess he needs some encouragement, too. I tell him that he's welcome to touch Paula. I assure him that she would like it. After a second, he puts a hand on Paula's bare shoulder. It lets him feel that Paula's skin is silky smooth. And it raises a mountain range of goosebumps around his hand. I see a light shiver flow through Paula.

But once he's touching her, I see Paula grow even more enthusiastic about what she'd doing. Keith must feel it. He starts caressing her shoulder. Paula gets even more into it. His other hand goes to her other shoulder. Paula picks up the speed a little, now showing some honest hunger for his cock.

Chapter Seven - A Friendly Lesson

In about ten more seconds, Keith's hands have found their way down to Paula's pendulous breasts. He caresses them. Squishes them gently. Runs a finger around her stiff nipples. Plays with his newfound toys. All of which only encourages Paula to service him that much more eagerly. Which gets him teasing her even more.

Paula's strokes grow lustful. But they remain short. I let her go for about half a minute. "Paula," I almost whisper into her ear. I know she doesn't want everyone to hear this. I don't want to humiliate her. I want to encourage her. That will deeply humiliate Rochelle, and that's my goal. "I can see you haven't done this very much. Would you like to learn how to give a blow job that he will beg for and brag about to the whole world? I could teach you in a few minutes."

Paula doesn't miss a beat. Nor does she let up on her sucking. But I do see her eagerly nod a yes. I can imagine the thoughts running through her head. How "popular" she'll be if word of that gets out. If this cute boy will brag about her abilities. How guys might want her then, even if it is just for her abilities.

Paula has her left hand on Keith's thigh. Her right hand is wrapped around the base of his cock. Her lips don't quite get down far enough to touch it, but they come close. She uses that hand to stroke his shaft as she sucks it.

I came prepared, although I had no idea this was going to happen. Luckily I'm good at improvising. Or at least my inner imp is. She's rather impish, always finding new ways to amuse herself. I slip a pair of handcuffs out of my back pocket. They're just regulation police-issue cuffs. I have a few pairs of them. These are the pink ones. I got them from Janelle, a deputy sheriff. She got them as part of a breast cancer awareness thing. I know she used them for a while, so I know these cuffs have taken a number of creeps to jail before I got them. It adds to the authenticity.

I gently wrap my hands around Paula's wrists. "Let me have these," I tell her. "It's cock sucking, not stroking.

Trust me." Paula relaxes her hands and I take both of them away from Keith. I bring them down to her sides slowly. Then, a little quicker, I bring them behind her back. I lock them there rather quickly before Paula has a chance to realize what I'm doing. "There, now you won't be tempted to use those."

I know better than to give Paula a chance to think. I've taught this too many times. The first lesson is harsh, but after that, it's easy. I just won't give Paula a chance to change her mind. Or to do much else.

My hands come up. My left goes to the back of Paula's head, lacing thick locks of her silky hair between my fingers as I grip her head. My right goes under her jaw. It gives me a good grip on Paula's head. It gives me full control over her head.

I hear a little rattle from the chain on the cuffs. As if Paula finally realizes that her hands are locked behind her. Useless. I wiggle my fingers into place, my first two fingers on one side of her jaw and my thumb on the other. I pinch, gently. It forces her to open her jaw. My gentle pinch moves her jaw slowly, allowing her to keep her lips on his cock as her jaw opens. Luckily for Paula Keith's cock isn't that thick. I could force her jaw to stretch wide enough to accommodate almost any cock not attached to a horse. But the wider her jaw stretches, the more those muscles will burn. Keith's will make an easy training cock for her. I make sure that her jaw is stretched wide enough that her teeth are nowhere near his shaft. But that's as far as I open it.

"Relax, Paula," I tell her quietly, with just the tiniest trace of firmness in my voice. "I'll do it for you for a second. Just suck, like you're sucking soda through a straw."

After a second I see her cheeks starting to pull in. I keep her head moving, using the same short strokes that she was. One new thing at a time. "UhMMMM..." Keith purrs a little louder, a little more eagerly. I take about three or four of the short strokes, gradually starting to slow

Chapter Seven - A Friendly Lesson

her down as I do. "All you have to do is keep sucking, for now, Paula. I've got the rest. Just relax and suck."

I'm still slowing her strokes down. As I do I start lengthening them at the same gradual pace. Maybe $\frac{1}{8}$ " inch deeper. That's not really enough for Paula to even notice it. It will just feel like a tiny bit more "stuffing" to her mouth.

At least not with the first stroke. Maybe not even the second. But by the third, I see a faint note of strain on Paula's face. She must be feeling that spongy soft tip of his cock slipping a little deeper into her mouth. I'll bet it has her wondering how much of it she can take before she chokes.

I just keep going. I steadily slow her strokes down until they're moving at a pace that I guess would have her taking his entire shaft, about all four inches of it not counting the head, and releasing it in about three seconds. She's not taking anywhere near that much of him, so I'm guessing. And I keep lengthening her strokes, about $\frac{1}{8}$ " inch deeper on every stroke. Just a tiny sliver more cock slipping through her plush lips and into her mouth every time.

At first, Paula handles it well. As if she trusts me not to choke her. I'm certain she believes that I know more about this than she does. I can see how inexperienced she is. It takes about half a minute for the tip of his cock to finally reach the back of her mouth. The place where her mouth narrows, and curves downward, funneling towards her throat.

Then I know Paula will really be feeling the soft head of his cock bumping against the back of her mouth. With his shaft rock hard, it won't want to make the curve. That's why I've been starting to rock her head a little as she stroked, too. Stretching her neck to straighten that bend out.

On the next stroke, I make sure that Paula's neck is fully stretched, bringing her jaw up while holding it open. That should let Paula feel the squishy tip starting to brush

along the back of her mouth, slipping down towards her throat. I know she feels it. I see her eyes getting nervously wide.

In another two strokes, the soft head is starting to slip beyond her mouth, filling that funnel up fully. It will feel like she's starting to swallow a huge bite of food to Paula. And I know that it has Paula thinking she's going to choke any stroke now and wondering what I'm going to make her do. How much of this cock I think she can handle.

A couple more strokes have an honest fear blossoming in Paula's eyes. By then the rigid shaft of his cock is starting to slip into that funneling. She'll be feeling her mouth stuffed "too full." And she'll be feeling herself stretching to the point where her mouth becomes her throat. She has about half of his length into her lips now.

Keith purrs just a bit louder, and more enthusiastically, with each stroke. It's enough that, if she's listening, to let Paula know that he likes it better. The more she takes, the more he likes it.

A few more strokes and it finally happens. The tip of his cock head tickles Paula's throat. I feel a crisp tremor rack Paula's body. Her eyes snap wide. Her shoulders snap hard as she starts gagging on it. I ignore all of it and keep Paula moving. She's on her knees, between Keith's legs. Rochelle is beside Keith's knee, watching intently, a look of disbelief and unease growing on her face. Her first gag doesn't last but a fraction of a second.

The next stroke I let the cock slip a hair deeper into her lips. Paula gags a little harder, her shoulders snapping up against my hands again. Her reflexes try to bring her mouth up, to stop her from gagging. But she's on her knees and I'm standing over her. I just lean in a little, putting my weight behind me, and keep her head moving.

On the next stroke, I feel Keith's rigid shaft as it bumps against the rubbery hard wall of Paula's tiny throat. Or at least tiny compared to the cock that's trying to shove

Chapter Seven - A Friendly Lesson

its way into it. I feel Paula gag hard, too. Hard enough that I feel her strength as her shoulders try to snap back.

And then, on the next stroke, it happens. Paula chokes hard. Her shoulders snap, thrusting back with every bit of her strength. But with the buildup to this point, I knew it was coming. I'm ready. I hold her steady. She chokes hard. Her bottom tries to snap up too as her stomach contracts. That's actually a mistake. It stretches her neck a bit more for me. I hear the chains on Paula's cuffs rattling loudly as instinct has her hands fighting to come up and help her. The steel cuffs hold them useless. And then it's over, the cock slipping back.

But then comes the next stroke. It gets her choking just as violently. I feel his cock head pushing hard against the rubbery wall of her throat, too. Hard enough that I know this will be the last teaser stroke. Paula is going to take it on the next. So I brace.

The resistance I felt is Paula's throat. That's a tiny, very rubbery, slightly stiff, tube. It's not much thicker than my pinkie finger. But it's rubbery enough that it can stretch rather wide. Stretching it, however, signals the body to resist whatever is entering it. In this case, that's Keith's cock.

On the next stroke, I feel the resistance suddenly vanish even as Paula is starting to jerk and choke. For an instant, that hard, rubbery wall is there. Then I only feel a moderate drag as his cock starts slipping deeper. The drag from her tight throat squeezing hard around the stiff shaft of his cock.

Paula thrashes against me. I keep her going. Her hands rattle the chains loudly. She fights them hard enough that I'll bet she's going to have some red marks on her wrists. But her hands stay useless. And her back muscles aren't strong enough to overpower me. It leaves the cock plunging forward. And it leaves her heaving the hardest, most violent choke.

"OOOO!!!!!!!" Keith screeches out so happily. It's a long screech, one that he draws out as he feels her soft

throat squeezing against his cock, snuggling it tightly as he thrusts slowly, and steadily, into her mouth.

Now it's done. It won't feel any different to Paula if she takes an extra slice of cock. Or three. So I keep going instead of reversing the stroke. Keith keeps moaning loudly. His cock keeps slipping deeper into Paula's mouth at the same, unchanging, steady pace. Paula is in a full-blown panic now. She fights against me hard. But there's nothing she can do other than feel it. To her his cock must feel like it's as thick as a baseball bat. And a mile long. It keeps plunging into her throat, stretching more and more of that tube wide. And that makes her feel just how deeply it's slipping into her. She's probably thinking that any second now it's going to reach her stomach, it's that deep into her.

It's not. It's not even beyond her neck. Keith's cock simply isn't that long. But it will feel like it to her. I feel her jaw trying to bite closed. I hold it wide open, ensuring that her teeth never touch Keith's cock.

And then, with Paula coking violently, her upper lips bump against Keith's pubes. Her bottom lip bumps against his sack, his balls bumping against her chin. She might be choking hard, but she's also taken every bit of his cock.

I stop Paula there, firmly holding her head in place with the cock fully down her throat.

"FUCK!" Keith blurts out in the most pleasant surprise. "HOLY FUCKING SHIT! SHE'S GOT IT ALL - TO MY FUCKING BALLS! YES!"

Rochelle looks surprised, disgusted, and very embarrassed. She looks jealous, too. And worried, as if she realizes how much Keith likes it and wishes she could do it for him, too. Worries that Keith will prefer Paula's attentions over hers now that he knows what she can do.

Paula chokes and struggles hard. I hold her still, watching her chained hands thrash from side to side. I watch her face turn red, too. I give her a few seconds. Then I use my firmest, most demanding voice. "We *WILL* wait until you settle down completely." My voice, and the

Chapter Seven - A Friendly Lesson

way I've acted until now, leaves Paula no doubt that she won't be moving until she calms down.

It takes her close to twenty seconds. I watch her choking slowly ebb as her body gets used to her throat being stretched so wide. With the cock stuffing her throat so full, Paula can't breathe. That won't be a problem now, but in another 15 seconds or so the lack of air will have her lungs burning and panic setting in.

She finally stills. Her eyes are wide open as she tries to shift them down to see the cock. To see for herself that she has it all. I know there's no way Paula imagined she could take half of it, let alone all of it. And now she has it all.

"See, Paula, it won't kill you. It doesn't even hurt." I tell her teasingly sweetly. It doesn't hurt, but she is definitely feeling a light burn in her throat from having it stretched so wide. I add a bit of the firmness back into my voice. "I will do it for you for another little bit. All you have to do is suck and relax. You will keep yourself calm from now on. It's not new anymore."

And then I start bringing her head back. Slowly, at the same pace, I've been using. It takes a half-second or so for the cock to slip from the tightness of her throat. I know it does. I can feel the drag vanish. And I can hear her suck in a deep breath through her nose. I warn her that now that she knows when to expect it to stuff her throat, she knows to get her air before it's that deep.

I bring Paula's head all the way up until the inside of her lips is bumping against the ridge at the base of his cock head. Only the spongy head is left in her mouth. And then I casually reverse the stroke.

Paula chokes again, just as hard as she did on the first stroke. I keep her moving until her lips are flush against Keith's pubes again. Then I hold her head down, not saying a word, and wait until she calms herself. Once she does, I reverse the stroke and let the cock out of her throat. But not all the way out of her mouth.

I immediately reverse again, keeping my vise-tight grip on Paula's head as I force her to go back down and swallow his cock yet again. I make her take it all at the same steady, leisurely, pace, too. And I stop her again with her lips flush against Keith's pubes and balls. I don't tell her anything, I just hold her head there while she chokes. Until she remembers to calm herself. And then I reverse.

It takes about ten more strokes before Paula starts to get the hang of it. She still chokes, but by that point, she's learned her first lesson. She calms herself almost as soon as she starts to choke. That way, once her lips are against him, she's calm. And I smoothly reverse her stroke instead of holding her down.

It takes about fifteen more strokes with me holding her head tightly. A total of about twenty-five, not that I'm counting. With each stroke, her body gets slightly more accustomed to the intrusion of his cock. She chokes and gags slightly less powerfully. Eventually, she's taking the cock smoothly, barely choking at all. So little that no one would even notice.

Now she's relaxed, too. She doesn't fight me at all. She kneels, her body loose, and allows me to move her head. To drive his cock in and out of her tight throat leisurely. She listens to Keith's very loud and enthusiastic purrs. She feels Keith's hands eagerly playing with her ample breasts. As if he wants them. Her hands are still too, her arms hanging limply behind her and no longer rattling the chain.

"Paula, you're ready now," I tell her in a soft voice full of encouragement. "I'm going to loosen my grip. Just keep doing what you're doing. Only now you do it without me. Move your head just like I am. I'll guide you for a couple of swallows, but that's all."

I loosen up a little. Enough that Paula feels like I'm not gripping her now, but not too much. I can still take control and move her head if I want to. I feel the unsteadiness in her motions. As if she's nervous. Unsure

Chapter Seven - A Friendly Lesson

of what to do again. My hands keep her moving, more bumping her head as she starts to slow down or speed up.

In a few more strokes, Paula is doing it on her own. I take my hands from her head. She keeps going, the thickness of his cock no longer bothering her as it plunges into her throat. There's a brilliant gleam in her eyes, too. And a hunger in Keith's hands as they toy with her. I'll bet that encourages Paula, too.

I let her go for a few seconds, getting into a rhythm. She keeps the casual pace I've taught her, but I can see just how hungry she is for his cock. I'm sure Keith can feel it, too. That she wants his cock all the way into her mouth. That she wants to do this for him, and to do it better than anyone ever has.

I reach down behind Paula and take hold of her hands. It doesn't break her rhythm. I softly tell her that I will unlock them now. She may use them as she wishes, but she's to keep them off of his cock. His cock is just for her mouth. I unlock them. Her hands go to his thighs and caress them.

I let Paula go and take one step back. Now beside Rochelle, I grab her head and shove it, slightly roughly, a bit closer to Keith's cock. "There, slut," I tell her in a scathing voice, "watch your friend please your man better than you ever could. He should be glad you're such a total slut that you don't care if your friends suck his cock."

Rochelle looks about ready to cry.



Chapter Eight - The Depths Of Friendship

Now that I've turned Paula loose, it doesn't take her more than about five or six strokes to get her rhythm going. Just enough time to convince herself that she can do it without any help. Then the eagerness starts to come out. I can see that she wants to go faster and faster, but controls herself.

Keith purrs the happiest of moans. He can't sit still, either. He grinds against the sofa, his hands growing even more enthusiastic as they toy with Paula's ample breasts.

Rochelle obediently watches. There's not much else she can do with me holding her head in place and close to Keith's cock. As close as I can without it getting in Paula's way. I know she hears Keith's sweet purrs. Every single one of them makes her cringe. I see her eyes getting damp, too.

I wait. But not long. Probably just under a minute. That's all it takes for me to see the first little twitches at Keith's pubes. It tells me that he's getting close to finishing.

"Is Paula surprising you with a good blow job?" I ask Keith in a teasingly sweet voice.

"Fuck yeah!" Keith answers in a deep, breathy voice. "I never thought a girl could do it so good."

"Before you finish, will you show Paula how much you like her with a nice thank you present?"

"Fuck yeah," Keith blurts out in a deep breathy grunt.

I tell Keith to put his hands to her head and lift her off of his cock before he cums. I see a bit of reluctance, but it's just his desire to keep going in Paula's mouth. He does as I ask him, although I'm sure it's for me, and somewhat for Paula, not Rochelle. Even though Rochelle is inches away and watching everything, I'd bet he's forgotten all about her by now. I nudge Rochelle to give Keith and Paula some room.

Once Keith has nudged Paula's head back and his cock has slipped from her plush lips, I tell him to stand her up. He shifts his hands down to her shoulders. It takes

Chapter Eight - The Depths Of Friendship

only a small nudge. Paula about jumps to her feet. Keith rises with her.

Paula stands, looking about as nervous as she could be. She definitely didn't expect Keith to be willing to stop her. I can see it on her face. She's afraid that, even after her unpleasant lesson, Keith doesn't like her. And she desperately wants him to.

I want to put Paula at ease. She'll be far more pliant that way. And that will make for better entertainment for me. And more humiliation for Rochelle. I ask Keith to look Paula in the eyes and tell her honestly what he thinks of her "oral skills" and her in general.

He tells Paula that it's the best blow job that he's ever had by a mile. He tells her that he always thought it was an urban myth, that no woman really could swallow an entire cock. He tells her that he really appreciates her giving it to him. He tells her that she has beautiful breasts, too, and he loves playing with them. He loves how hard sucking him has made her big nipples. He tells her that she's a sweetheart to "help her friend out so intimately," too. And he smiles as he tells her that he likes her.

It quickly has Paula relaxing. Even more so as Keith leans forward and gives her a big, and very hot, kiss. As he does, he wraps his arms around her and softly caresses her back and sides. I know Paula believes it. Rochelle believes it even more. I know he's playing it up a fair bit. He wants me to think he's done as I asked. He wants me to let him finish.

I ask Keith if he'd mind fully undressing Paula. "Gladly," he answers very quickly. His tone tells me that he's glad to do it, too. Then again, since I'm allowing him to touch her while she does whatever, what man wouldn't want her fully naked? More "toys" to amuse himself with.

He's still smiling as his hands go down to the waistband of Paula's jeans. He hurries a little, too. It's only a couple of seconds until we all see Paula's jeans falling to her ankles. It reveals a pair of surprisingly immodest panties. Ones that have a small, sharp triangle in front

that barely covers her pubes. Otherwise, they're a thong suitable for any stripper. It's definitely not something I often see on thicker women. It tells me that Paula is trying to make herself feel sexy. Desirable.

It also shows me that her hips are as wide as the rest of her. No surprise there. Her thighs, however, are somewhat leaner and narrower. It's a definite "junk food" body. It also lets me see that her bottom isn't very flabby. It's ample. But her cheeks are still rounded. They have some looseness to them, but not too much. It also lets me see that her cheeks are full enough that their inside edges lie fully flush against each other, making a deep crack, and closing it off. I can see the string of her panties vanish into her crack. That can not be the most comfortable thing to feel all day.

Keith shoots me a quick glance. As if he's asking my permission. I nod. Paula's panties drop to her ankles too. The nervousness returns to Paula's face for an instant, as if she thinks now that Keith can see everything, he'll run.

I can't imagine why he would. Paula seems to be overly self-conscious. But then again, campus life can hard on bigger girls. And unlike Rochelle, Paula didn't drop out. Her body might not be that great, but there's nothing wrong with what Keith has just revealed.

Paula's mound is shaven, but not quite silky smooth. There's a faint hint of stubble on her nearly-flat pubes. Obviously, she never imagined anyone seeing her nude today. Oops. Her pubes are almost flat, with only a faint puffing outward to them. And her thighs are lean enough that I can see the prominent mound of per pussy, with its thick, plump lips, swelling down between them. The edges of those lips look to fully meet, forming a deep chasm of a fully closed slit. Like a line that's so obviously deep. A line that's now sopping wet with a fresh coating of her clear, oily-thin honey, too. The only drawback, really, is Paula's loose stomach. It's not big enough to hang down with a roll, but it's loose. I can see a small hint of sag to it

Chapter Eight - The Depths Of Friendship

already, just at her waistline. In a few years, it will be worse.

It's a fairly cute pussy. One with rather long lips, too. But I see only the very tips of her darker inner folds peeking up from the center of her slit.

I take hold of Keith's wrist and turn his hand palm up. He offers me no resistance. I move his hand to Paula's pussy, putting the tips of two of his fingers to her lips. Making sure he uses only the gentlest touch, I draw his fingers over her lips, at the edges where they dive inward to become her slit. It lets Keith feel the slippery wetness clinging to her mound. And the fiery heat burning through it. It also lets him feel that the skin of her lips is as soft as silk.

"AH!" Paula gasps out, a bit loud, and even more erotically as she feels Keith's tender touch. She shivers rather noticeably, too. Her wide eyes look to Keith as hungry as they are hopeful and questioning. As if to plead *please like me*.

I release Keith's hand. His fingers stroke Paula a couple more times, exactly the same way. As if he didn't know that trick, and likes watching it send those icy hot, near-violent shivers through her body. He grins widely at Paula as he touches her pussy. Paula starts to relax a little.

"Do you like Paula's pussy?" I ask him.

"Hell yeah!" He eagerly agrees.

"It looks nice and wet..."

"It is."

"I'll bet it's good and hot, too."

"Hell yeah, I can feel it from outside!"

"Do you think your big stiff cock would like her pussy?"

"Oh, FUCK yeah!" he sounds so eager that Rochelle, still on her knees and forced to watch his hand teasing her BFF's pussy, cringes as a tear rolls down her cheek. She knows his voice. His tones. That answer screams that he wants Paula. That Rochelle is forgotten for the moment. I'll bet she's dying to run away. But she can't. She has to

watch. It's her lesson in acting like a slut. Some slutting. Just not her slutting. It looks rather different from her new point of view.

I ask Keith if he'd like to "get Paula as eager as he is to be together." He nods, his fingers still teasing her mound, his eyes watching amazed as more and more shivers flow over her body.

Paula stands there, allowing Keith to do as he pleases with her nude body. Something about her relaxed, but tenuous, stance tells me that's only because she doesn't know what she should do. And that screams of her lack of experience. "Paula, do you like a tongue on your pussy?"

Paula shyly nods. I'd bet she's felt it before, but not very much. I'm confident that she's had some experience with guys. But not a lot. Maybe one or two lovers. That lasted weeks, not months or years.

"Keith, would you like to taste Paula's wet pussy? Would you like to drive her crazy for a minute? Like she did for you?"

Keith grins wide. I suggest the sofa since it's empty with both of them on their feet. He puts his hands to Paula's supple hips and guides her to sit on the sofa. Then he puts his hands to her shoulders and lies her back. It only takes him a few seconds, and no instructions from me, for him to have her pants off her ankles. Panties, too. It leaves Paula completely naked.

On his own, Keith opens Paula's thighs to fully expose her slit. Despite his fingers stroking over it, everything is covered with a rather heavy coat of her honey. And now, her lips are covered with a dense layer of goosebumps, too.

Keith doesn't need instructions. He leans forward, putting his mouth to Paula's light pink, glowing, slit. I assume his tongue presses lightly between her lips.

"AHHH!" Paula shrieks out in erotic delight. Her eyes pop wide. Her head snaps back against the cushion. Her hands rise up a few inches, then pound down on the sofa, her fists balling up with big handfuls of cushion in her grip.

Chapter Eight - The Depths Of Friendship

Her thighs snap shut, clamping Keith's head in place. Her toes curl. "OH, YES!!! OHMYGOD, YES!!!! THAT'S SO INCREDIBLE!!! PLEASE DON'T STOP Keith! PLEASE!"

Paula's hips almost thrash as the first violently hard shudder racks them. Keith's hands slide up along Paula's sides, around her thighs, until they reach her breasts. "THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU! OH, YES!!!!" Paula screams out.

It's too much for Rochelle. The tears start rolling down her cheeks. Since Keith doesn't seem to need any help, my attention is back on Rochelle. I'm holding her head in a vise grip tighter than I used on Paula. I'm pulling her around, just slightly, by her head, moving her so that she has no choice but to get the best view. To fully see her boyfriend eating her BFF's eager pussy. And to listen to her to BFF shamelessly enjoying it.

Ginger has turned her eyes away. She refuses to watch. But like the others, she can't help but hear Paula screeching the most excited of sultry, girly, cries. Bonnie doesn't mind the show. She just behaves, obediently watching as she's been taught to do. In the corner, I can see Renee cringing slightly as she tries hard to stay still so she won't have to stand there forever.

It's the best part of Renee's lesson. For me. Renee can hear everything. She can probably guess, and visualize, what's happening. But she can't see it. She can't see the impact it's having on Rochelle. She can only stand there and desperately wish she could peek.

Paula barely goes a minute before I see I see her hips starting to snap up, thrusting against Keith's mouth as if it were a cock. "DON'T STOP, PLEASE, I'M GONNA CUM! PLEASE, DON'T STOP NOW. OH, PLEASE!"

"Paula," I coo softly, sweetly, in a teasing voice. I make sure that I'm loud enough for Paula to hear me over her screeches, too. "You don't mind if Keith really enjoys you, do you? Tell Keith he may do whatever he wishes with you."

“YES!!! DO WHATEVER YOU WANT TO ME! I DON’T CARE! TAKE ME, Keith, PLEASE, TAKE ME!” Paula screeches out in a sultry, squeaky voice. Loud enough that it sounds as if the neighbors could hear her.

“Keith,” I say firmly, but also in a rather sweet tone of voice, “absolutely anything is allowed. Do whatever you want with Paula. Put her on her knees. Eat her. Fuck her however you want. Wherever you want. Make her scream as she cums.”

Keith doesn't need the encouragement. I think he started moving when Paula offered herself. As his tongue abandons her twitching pussy at its neediest, Paula cries out with the frustration. Keith rises to his feet.

Keith is as eager to finish as Paula is. He doesn't waste any time. Paula's still crying out her frustration as he puts his hands to her hips. He rolls her over onto her stomach. Then he brings her up to her hands and knees. On the sofa. Unfortunately for Paula, it has her facing Ginger and Bonnie, too.

Paula helps him, spreading her knees wide. It fully exposes her now sloppy wet pussy. Or at least the line of her deep slit. Her glistening lips still hide her pinkness. She fidgets, but not nervously. As if she can't wait for Keith.

Keith steps up behind Paula. He doesn't look under her pussy, where he could see the looseness of her stomach hanging down. His eyes are on her eager mound. He puts the tip of his cock to her slit.

“YES!!! FUCK ME, Keith, OH, G-D, PLEASE FUCK ME NOW!” Paula squeals, her voice a desperate, but very hot, plea.

Keith moves his hips forward, entering her slowly, not thrusting in. “UHMMMMM! YES! FUCK ME!” Paula purrs the sweetest erotic encouragement. “UH-MMMM!”

“Damn, you're tight, Paula,” Keith remarks in a rather pleased tone. “And on FIRE!” He keeps his cock slipping steadily into Paula's slippery wet depths. Paula keeps purring eagerly.

Chapter Eight - The Depths Of Friendship

Rochelle cringes hard. I hear the first sob, the first one she's not able to hide, as I nudge her head around to where her eyes are forced to gaze upon Paula's pink-flushed mound, glistening with honey, and Keith's cock disappearing about halfway into her plump lips.

Keith stops with his cock fully into Paula's pussy. With his hips flush against the tips of Paula's soft rounded globes. His right hand starts caressing up Paula's side. He leans forward slightly to extend his reach. And he delays just a second to caress her breast and feel the steely hardness of her nipple again. Then his hand is moving again. From her side, onto her shoulder, and up to her head. Long tresses of her fine hair slip between his fingers.

"I'm going to fuck you good and hard, Paula."

"Oh, THANK YOU! PLEASE!" Paula squeaks out in a very eager, needy voice.

Keith grabs her hair, pulling on it lightly, but hard enough to bring Paula's head up. Then he starts thrusting his hips with medium-long, very powerful, strokes.

Paula's face scrunches up as if she's in pain. Her eyes close. "UGH! UGH! UGH!" Paula grunts out, her grunts coming as loud blurted breaths. I see a bit of shock on Rochelle's face as if Keith has never taken her this way. Or at least not hard. Paula grits her teeth hard until I see the tendons and muscles in her neck straining. "HARD-ER..." Paula barely gets it out, "FUCK ME HARDER! I'M CUMMING!"

Keith grants her wish. He pounds her. Once. Then Paula pounds back on the next stroke, her bottom slamming hard onto his thrusting cock. "AHHHHH!" that's all it takes for Paula to be screaming out. For her body to be shuddering wildly hard. For her oily, clear honey to be flowing, coating Keith's cock with so much that's it's starting to drip and smear over everything. Paula shudders hard. Paula's head snaps, pulling her hair hard against the grip Keith has on it. He doesn't give. She pulls her hair. Her bottom keeps slamming back with all her might. It has

her pendulous breasts dancing around as they hang down from her chest. I even see her toes curled up.

Keith does just what I'd want him to do. He ignores her and keeps thrusting his cock eagerly, and powerfully, into her now-sloppy, dripping-wet pussy. I can see Paula's plump lips moving as he thrusts. I can see her pink inner folds, with their dark-edged tips pulling in with each abrupt thrust, that pulls her clit up, rubbing it against his cock.

It takes about half a minute, Paula screeching the most satisfied of "AHHH!s" through her orgasm. Then I hear Paula grunting even harder than she ever has. She grunts several times, each one sounding more strained and more urgent than the last. "I CAME!" Paula blurts out, "THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU, I CAME SO HARD."

Keith just keeps right on going, thrusting his cock hard into her now over-sensitive pussy. "UGH!" Paula cries out, "OHMYGOD!... UGH! PLEASE, IT'S TOO DAMN GOOD! PLEASE! OHMYGOD, I CAN'T!"

Paula might be trying to move away. It's hard to tell. Keith keeps a firm grip on her hair, pulling her head off to the side with one hand. His other hand has an equally tight grip on her left hip. She cries out, her moans are needier and more urgent than ever.

"PLEASE!" Paula screams at the top of her lungs, "OH, PLEASE, DON'T LOOK, I'M GOING TO LOSE IT!" Paula tenses up for an instant. It's just long enough for Keith to start looking.

Paula explodes hard. Her feet kick wildly, her hands rip at the cushions. Her head snaps. Her back arches up. Her entire body vibrates as it trembles so hard. Her bottom slams back, ramming his cock into her pussy so hard that each thrust bumps Keith's hips backward. Her breasts dance as they flop around in a blur. Even her stomach is jiggling. Goosebumps cover her bottom, her pussy, her breasts, and a line along her spine. Her honey runs from her pussy.

Chapter Eight - The Depths Of Friendship

And Paula screams. A loud, meaningless screech. It's high-pitched and girly. Her skin flushed to a bright pink and a film of sweat sprouts up to cover it instantly.

Keith keeps going, pounding Paula as hard as he can, while she thrusts back against him making the strokes that much more powerful. Paula's back and shoulders snap suddenly, almost as if she's heaving. But she's screaming out her lustful cries.

Paula is still shuddering half a minute later when Keith slips his cock from her pussy. He holds it over her bottom. Paula stills, no longer squirming everywhere but still trembling hard. She stays on all fours, panting hard for breath. Keith's cock erupts, shooting his thick white cum on the small of Paula's back. It quickly runs, making a line down into the crack of her bottom. Keith breaths out a very pleased sigh.

Keith steps back, taking a moment to catch his breath. Only then does he catch sight of a very humiliated, sobbing Rochelle on her knees. The position of her head says that she saw everything in far too-intimate of detail. His cock is about even with Rochelle's eyes, a few inches away. It lets her see the heavy coating of Paula's honey that covers his shaft, and the drops of his cum still weeping from the tip of it.

I give Keith a little nudge. I tell him to help Paula up and thank her sincerely. He helps her up, very gently. Then he turns her to face him. Paula stares back at him, still breathing hard, her face almost blank and fully satisfied. But there's a bit of a question, and hope, in those eyes.

"Thank you, Paula. You were absolutely wonderful. That was the best BJ I've ever had, and being with you was incredible. You are so... perfect there." I don't tell Keith to, but he wraps his hands around Paula and gives her a very long, very intense, kiss.

I didn't tell Paula to do anything. "Thank you, Keith... I've never... came like that before... you have no clue how

Intervention

great that was for me. I would gladly get on my knees for you anytime."

Keith starts collecting Paula's clothes and handing them to her, piece by piece so that Paula can dress.



Chapter Nine - Failure And Consequences

Chapter Nine - Failure And Consequences

During his time with Paula, Keith's clothes seem to have mysteriously been shed and ended up in a pile in front of the sofa. It happened in steps, not all at once. Now that he's helped Paula to redress, I see Keith's eyes shift to his clothes. Obviously, he must think I'm done with him.

I grab Rochelle's hair and use it to pull her around. I turn her to face Keith. She's maybe two feet from him, at most. Rochelle turning is enough to momentarily distract Keith from his clothes. His eyes turn to his girlfriend.

I pick up my crop. I very softly lie the tip of it against one of Rochelle's still painfully stinging globes and softly caress her flesh with its supple leather. Her cheeks are still beyond sore enough that even the tender caress hurts. Any touch would. But not badly. Enough to get her full attention though. And enough to remind her that she does not want to disobey me. Not now.

I tell her to very humbly thank Paula for helping her see what it means to be slutty in public. I keep Rochelle on her knees, naked, and facing Paula. Paula, now dressed again, sits and basks in her afterglow on the sofa. Rochelle thanks Paula, almost verbatim reciting what I'd said. She clearly adds nothing to the minimal instructions. Paula just answers with a dull "anything for my BFF, girl." the blissful note of her voice, however, tells everyone that Paula liked it far more than she wants to let on. I guess she's pretending everyone didn't hear her screaming out pleas for Keith to give it to her hard.

Then I turn Rochelle to face Keith. He's still standing, so her face is about level with his crotch. I hesitate a second, forcing Rochelle to get another good look at his softening cock still glistening with her BFF's honey. And a good whiff of Paula's intimate aroma. Bet that's a scent she never wanted to know. And won't ever forget.

I pull her head back, making her look up at Keith as he looks down upon her. "Thank you, Sir, for helping me to see what it looks like to be a slut in front of everyone, and thank you for... making it so very good for Paula, Sir. I

really hope that you didn't mind my friend's attention, Sir." Rochelle can barely force herself to say the words. But she manages. And spares herself another punishment.

"Sluts like to spread themselves around... so spread it around, *slut*." I give a sharp tug on Rochelle's hair, pulling her crisply around to face Ginger. That has Keith at her side, out of her line of sight. "Beg her to show you, too. Do not disappoint me, *slut*."

Rochelle begs, decently. "No way, Rochelle, I'm married!" Ginger balks. Knowing that there will be some consequence for disappointing me, the more Ginger balks, the more shamelessly Rochelle begs her. It does no good. Ginger steadfastly insists that she's not cheating on her husband. But something on her face tells me that she really means she not doing anything in a public setting, with witnesses. That if Keith offered in private, the answer might... at least call for far more consideration on her part.

After a minute or so, I decide that Rochelle has begged enough. Nothing is going to change Ginger's mind. Not here. Not now.

Clearly, Rochelle has to face some consequences for disappointing me. I'm sure Rochelle assumes that I will turn her over my knees again for it. I know that the minute I tell her to stop begging, that she's failed, and I see her cringe hard. But I don't want to really hurt Rochelle. I want to teach her, not just make her suffer. And I want to humiliate her. Plus, I don't think another spanking so soon would be as effective as surprising her.

I don't move Rochelle from her place at Ginger's feet. "Time to learn not to disappoint your Queen, bimbo *slut*," I tell Rochelle in a rather mocking tone. Then I shove her head forward. Hard. It throws her shoulders forward, too. Rochelle starts to fall. Her hands instinctively come out to catch herself, landing her on her hands and knees.

"Stay!" I snap firmly as if giving a command to a dog. Then, in a slightly less imposing voice, I add "that means don't move. Just stay put, like you are, and silent, *slut*."

Chapter Nine - Failure And Consequences

I'm only about five steps from the kitchen. It looks as if Renee keeps her vegetables out on the counter in a basket. It looks nice. I know because even from here I can see the basket. What caught my eye were a couple of cucumbers in it. I step into the kitchen and quickly wash the largest one. At least it's the largest one sitting out in the basket. Who knows what Renee has in the fridge.

And then I'm back. Obediently Rochelle has kept her eyes down, staring at the floor instead of peeking to see what I'm doing. I'm sure she wants to. I'm sure she tries to shift her eyes and see. Maybe she even caught a glance.

I step around behind Rochelle. With her on all fours, the "evidence" of her sluttiness is apparent. And on full display, for everyone to see. Rochelle has a very smoothly shaved pussy. I don't see a stray hair or stubble anywhere. That's no surprise, she was planning to spend the day with Keith, and like any slut, probably planning for him to get a good look at her pussy before the day was over. Not that she ever imagined that he would get that look like this. Her bottom is firm enough that nudging her knees apart pulls her cheeks taut and stretches her crack fully open. That bares every bit of her pussy. And the tight ring of her asshole.

Now I can see the long and narrow lips of her pussy. Hers aren't nearly as thick as Paula's, but they still have a touch of puffiness to them. Their edges don't meet, not like this. They've pulled apart far enough to leave a gash between them nearly ½" wide. And that lets me see her inner folds. They're neither tall nor short, more average. They're long, running almost the full length of her slit. They touch, hiding her tunnel, but they're slightly loose as they do. At the top of her slit, they melt together into a thick, wide knot. A knot that's swollen up huge now. Swollen up enough that, even surrounded by the loose, snuggling folds that are the tips of her folds, it rises beyond the outside of her lips. And I can see that everything is coated in a thick layer of honey. Clear honey, slightly

creamier than Paula's oily-thin honey. Honey with a mild muskiness to it. Honey that sparkles with its slipperiness.

I can see Rochelle's asshole, too. The valley of her crack is wide and shallow. Her ring is small, the entire thing no wider than a dime. It puckers out just slightly, at least in this position. Just enough to show off the thick ring of firm muscle there. It's covered with a pale pink flesh the same shade as her inner lips. Light. Almost white, but definitely pink-tinged. It's wrinkly, covered with countless fine wrinkle lines all flowing toward the center of the tightly clenched muscle. There's a small dimple just about her asshole that makes it appear to stand out far more than it does. At the center of her ring, there's a tiny, slightly squiggly line of darkness.

For now, it's Rochelle's pussy that I'm after. Her asshole, one place I'll bet she never expected anyone to go, or want to go, will wait for later. Another punishment or another lesson. Maybe in five minutes, maybe in a month. She knows her mom is suffering a hideous enema lesson now, so she knows I'm not shy about using her bottom, too. I'll leave her to wonder how "awful" that will be. The wondering will torture her far more than doing it would.

Instead, I place the tapered end of the thick, decently knotty, cucumber to Rochelle's lips just below her asshole. "Stay, slut," I firmly remind Rochelle. Then I push. I go slow, letting Rochelle feel the wide shaft pushing between her lips, through her slit, and into her tunnel. Stretching her tunnel wide and taut. Filling her tightness. Gliding along on the heavy layer of her honey. It gets Rochelle purring a very needy, and sultry-hot "OOH!" as it slowly plunges to her depths.

I push it all the way in, stopping only when I feel the firm resistance of its tip bumping into her cervix. It leaves about two inches of the vegetable sticking out beyond Rochelle's lips. It's bright green so different than the milky whiteness of the flesh around it. I slowly take my hand from it. It stays put where I left it. I expected it to. I could

Chapter Nine - Failure And Consequences

feel that her pussy was tight enough to be squeezing around the rather wide shaft. And it's knobby enough for those taut walls to have something to grip against.

With Rochelle still on all fours, I step over to my bag. I pull out a hot pink leash with a choker collar already attached to it. I keep it in there for "emergencies." It's easy for me to use, if less comfortable for the bitch on the leash. I open the loop all the way. Then I pull it over Rochelle's head, bringing the chain to her neck. It pulls down around her neck without squeezing it. But enough to let her feel the cold steel chain surrounding her neck and throat.

I tell Rochelle the rest of her punishment, leaving out only one detail - that this will be it. Her "consequences" for not persuading Ginger to demonstrate sluttiness are that she will be walked like the "naughty bitch" she's been. But I tell her softly, whispering instructions in her ear so that the others don't hear. Not that it would matter. Ginger refuses to look. Bonnie doesn't really care. Paula is lost in her bliss. Keith is far more interested in Rochelle's pussy and the green shaft sticking out of it. And poor Renee is in the corner, unable to see, and utterly ignored.

Then I start walking. I'm going to lead Rochelle in a big circle around the living room. Ten times. Assuming that "her disgustingly worthless sloppy cum dumpster" can behave and keep the cucumber where I put it. Otherwise, I've whispered to her, I see another, much smaller and tighter, hole just above her pussy that looks like it might behave and hold the cucumber in place.

"WOOF, WOOF!" Rochelle barks as I've told her she must. "I'm a bad bitch. WOOF, WOOF. I didn't obey my Queen. WOOF, WOOF, see what a slutty bitch I am?" As I told her she must, Rochelle keeps her voice up to a normal volume.

Rochelle has no choice but to keep up with me. I set a normal pace, not the slower one that I can feel Broke would prefer. I feel the tension on the leash. It's not hard. Not enough that the collar will be choking Rochelle. But it

definitely has the leash snug around her throat. Enough that she's feeling the light squeeze of it. It tells me that she wants to go slower. The leash is pulling her, and that's all that keeps her going.

I figured she would. The slower she goes, the easier it will be for her to tighten up her pussy and hold the vegetable in place. She definitely doesn't want it to slip. She'd do almost anything to avoid the threatened consequences of that. So she crawls, struggling to keep it in place. And barking her apology.

Keith's eyes stay fixed on Rochelle's bottom. He might see the very faint jiggle of her pink glowing cheeks. But he's definitely watching the two inches of the thick shaft that protrudes from her exposed pussy. The shaft that wiggles with every tiny motion of Rochelle's body.

"That's one, Ma'am," Rochelle counts off as we pass Ginger, the starting point of her lap around the room. "I'm sorry for being such a lazy worthless slut and failing at my simple task, Ma'am. Will you please walk this slutty bitch another lap, Ma'am?"

I don't even stop for her to ask. I've kept going, keeping Rochelle moving with me. It's already preordained that Rochelle will ask and I will walk. She's making ten laps. I want Keith to have plenty of time to watch Rochelle's smaller, but mid-sized, soft breasts dangle down under her chest as she crawls. It's an amusing sight. I'd bet Rochelle is about a C-cup. And that gives her some of the smaller breasts in this room.

On the second lap, I hear the first hint of a sultriness creeping into Rochelle's voice. At first, it's just a light breathiness. But, as she walks, the cucumber wiggles. As it wiggles, it rubs against the taut walls of her tunnel, teasing them. Sending little sparks of delight through her body. Pushing her neediness up another notch with every movement.

By the halfway point, Rochelle's voice is deep and breathy. It sounds more like she's having sex than talking. There's no mistaking it, either. She sounds like a total slut.

Chapter Nine - Failure And Consequences

And she can't hide it. And that's not the only clue, either. By then the cucumber, including the protruding inches, is covered with a sparkly layer of her honey. I'm surprised she hasn't dripped yet. I see the tension in her body. But I also see her jaw hanging open and her eyes taking on a slight dreaminess.

I finish walking Rochelle. It doesn't take that long. Her living room isn't that big. Maybe five or six minutes for all ten laps. By then, Rochelle's pussy mound, the crack of her bottom, the inside edges of her cheeks, and even the tops of her thighs are glistening. And Rochelle is barely able to speak. She more moans out her last barks.

I stop her walk right where it started in front of Ginger. Then I move her one more step, over to where Bonnie is seated. I give the leash a tug backward, snapping a command for Rochelle to get up and kneel properly. She about flies into place, but as she moves her body and arms are loose and rubbery. She's close to orgasm, and she can't hide it. She pants throaty breaths. I remind Rochelle to hold her head up and look forward.

Then, her sin paid for, I forget about it. Well, except for leaving the cucumber right where it is. And reminding her that it had best stay there. I tell her to convince Bonnie to "show me what I look like when I act like a total gutter slut in front of people." And I remind Rochelle "don't worry about disappointing me again. There are more cucumbers in your kitchen, and you have two more places for them to go."

Rochelle starts begging. She doesn't start gently, as she did with Ginger. From her first pleading word, she's utterly shameless in begging Bonnie.



Chapter Ten - The Cougar And The Cub

As Rochelle begs Bonnie to "show her what it looks like to be a slut in public," Bonnie glances up at me. I give her a very short, slight shake of my head, telling her no. Don't agree.

"Rochelle... I'm not going to have sex with your boyfriend here... with everyone watching me!" Bonnie declines.

Rochelle shudders as she cringes hard inward. Obviously, she's thinking about those two remaining places on her body, and which one I'll stuff with the next cucumber. I'm sure she's thinking it won't be her mouth. Then she couldn't beg. That only leaves one. The smallest and tightest one. The one she's certain will be the most unpleasant for her. Rochelle starts crying as she begs Bonnie even harder to please show her.

I ignore it for a good fifteen seconds, letting Bonnie have one more chance to politely decline. Then, when I hear utter desperation in Rochelle's voice, I give Bonnie the tiniest little nod. She sees it and probably realizes that I was just making Rochelle beg more.

"Please, Mrs. Harris, I will do anything! Please show me. Please, Mrs. Harris!" Rochelle pleads.

"Well, he is cute..." Bonnie says, a faint grin blooming on her face. "I guess I could..." Bonnie tries to sound reluctant, but I think only Rochelle believes her tone of voice. I can hear that Bonnie doesn't mind it one bit. She shouldn't, I would suspect that Janelle has made Bonnie do far sluttier things than this before. Often.

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Harris! I know he will make sure that you enjoy it!" Rochelle blurts out with relief. The relief of knowing that her bottom won't be losing its virginity to a cucumber in the next couple of minutes.

Bonnie stands. She looks to me, both for direction and permission. She's a smart slut. She knows that she's Janelle's property, and she'd better not do anything I don't allow. And then, it had best be done my way lest Janelle

Chapter Ten - The Cougar And The Cub

turns her over her knees and remind her just whose bottom that is.

Bonnie is about average height, maybe 5'5" or so. But unlike Paula, Bonnie has a good figure. She's a lean woman. She also has more modest breasts. That much is obvious even with her blouse on.

She's wearing a white cotton blouse today over a black and white print skirt. It's a fairly loose-fitting skirt that covers her thighs ending just high enough to leave her knees exposed. She's also wearing a pair of Uggs that rise up to just below her knees, covering her calves.

"A slut should be naked. Take your clothes off," I tell Bonnie.

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Bonnie answers politely, standing calmly still as she does. Then her hands move, not wasting a second as she unbuttons her blouse and slips it off, raising her arms up as she does. Unlike Paula, Bonnie takes a quick second to fold her blouse and sets it on the seat she just vacated.

It reveals a cute white cotton bra decorated with yellow flowers. A bra that's modest with full cups to cover her breasts, but otherwise immodest with thin ribbons for straps and some lace trim. It also reveals her stomach, showing that despite her age - she's 42 according to Janelle - her stomach is still flat. I can see toned muscles behind the thinnest layer of barely loose flesh. And I can see that her waistline still has a rather prominent girly curve to it.

She doesn't hesitate. As soon as she's done with her blouse, she slips her boots off and neatly puts them in front of her seat. That lets everyone see her bare calves. Which are rather shapely. Lean, but not so lean that they look muscular. Just enough to have some definition to them. And toned, like her stomach, is.

Keith's eyes are now on Bonnie. He's eagerly taking in the shapely form that's being shamelessly revealed in front of his eyes. I'd bet Keith has no experience with older

women. I'd guess he's about 25, which makes Bonnie (barely) old enough to be his mother.

At first, the look on his face was very reluctant. As if he wasn't interested in an "old lady." But as she starts baring more and more of her body to his eyes, I watch that look grow interested. As if he didn't realize that she would still look good. And girly. And firm. As if he's suddenly very interested in seeing what she can do. And I'm sure he's wondering just how much those extra two decades of practice have honed her skills.

A second later Bonnie's skirt is gone. It reveals a pair of simple white cotton panties decorated with bluish flowers. They're neither modest nor sexy. They're more like something a woman would wear to be comfortable when she didn't expect to be seen in them, at least not by anyone who doesn't know her body well already. They completely cover her pubes and bottom, but little else. They also show off her shapely thighs. Her flesh might be a hair loose, but at her age, that's normal. Her muscles still look to be firm. And her thighs have a lean shape to them. I don't see many blemishes anywhere on her body, either.

But I do see Keith watching rather intently now. Maybe he didn't think Bonnie would go through with it. Maybe he didn't think she'd be attractive. She is. And she is.

Without hesitation, and seemingly without any concern for her modesty, Bonnie's bra comes off quickly. It reveals a pair of smaller breasts. I'd guess Bonnie is a 36-B, but that's just my guess. What I can see is that her breasts are a little soft. They lie against her chest with a fair crease at their undersides. But they're also firm. Those undersides curve outward to the tips of her mounds, then flow sharply back up to her chest. Her nipples point straight forward, rising off slightly pointy mounds. It looks as if her breasts have always been this shape as opposed to having sagged with age. Or with kids. She's had two, not that it shows on her body. Each perky mound is topped

Chapter Ten - The Cougar And The Cub

with a silver-dollar wide ring of color that's a bright pink. But also so light that it's barely noticeable against her milky white mounds. Her nipples are the same shade, only with a much deeper color that makes them stand out far more prominently. It gives them a look almost as if they're burning with fire on her mounds. They're wide, but short, rising up gently with tips that are more squared off than rounded from her mounds. And they're fully hard.

Now Keith is watching her even closer. As she bares her breasts, they captivate his interest. He must like what he sees. Or maybe he likes the unabashed way Bonnie is willing to show them to him. She strips as if she were alone. Without showing an ounce of modesty, even though Keith, Rochelle, and I are clearly seeing her body. And looking.

Ginger, on the other hand, sits with a look of utter shock on her face. As if she never would have dreamed that Bonnie would play along. She also turns her eyes, trying hard not to see Bonnie as Bonnie strips.

And then it happens. The part Keith has been eagerly waiting for, anticipating, yet not quite able to convince himself was really going to happen. Bonnie doesn't blush. She doesn't hesitate. As if there isn't a shy bone in her body, she slips her panties down, steps out of them quickly, folds them, and sets them on the top of her pile.

It gives Keith a full frontal view of Bonnie's nakedness. And she stands facing him as she strips. It lets him see a tiny tattoo of a heart on her hip. It had been completely hidden under the sideband of her panties. It lets him see that her pubes are shaven to a silky smoothness. It lets him that her pubes are flat, with only the faintest puffiness to them and almost no looseness.

It also lets him see that she has a huge pussy. And it looks good. Her mound puffs down noticeably between her lean thighs. Her lips are long but only moderately wide and thick. She has a long, narrow slit, like a fine dark line,

that appears to run about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the way up. The edges of her lips fully meet, hiding every speck of her pinkness.

Bonnie is hot. I know it. I can see a faint glimmer of her honey sparkling at the line of her slit. It tells me that inside of those lips, she's already sopping wet. But her lips are doing a good job of holding it in and hiding it. I don't know if Keith notices it or not.

Bonnie straightens up to her feet, bringing her hands to the small of her back as she stands facing Keith. But once she's on her feet, she doesn't stall. Or hesitate. She takes one step forward, putting her close in front of Keith. And then she drops to her knees. It has her knees maybe a foot, or less, from Keith's feet. She opens her knees and feet wide, then sits back so that her tight, rounded bottom is between her heels.

Bonnie kneels with her head forward, her eyes downcast slightly. She's positioned well, Keith's rapidly stiffening cock almost perfectly in front of her face.

She's both a pretty and plain woman. She has a face that's slightly more rounded than oval, with medium brown, long hair, brown eyes, and a smallish nose. She's attractive, but also has that girl-next-door look to her. As if she could be any soccer mom. Pretty, but not exceptional. Still, someone, the guys would look at. More so with her lithe figure.

"Sir," Bonnie begins in a soft, affectionate voice. A normal volume voice, too. I don't hear a touch of shyness or reluctance in her voice. "May this slutty soccer mom please have permission to swallow every speck of that delicious cock?" Definitely no shyness in her words either. Janelle has taught her well.

I give Rochelle a slight nudge, bringing her into position so that she's at Keith's side, staring right at his sticky cock, still covered with Paula's drying honey, as it rises up once again for Bonnie. Rochelle will see, in too-vivid detail, everything Bonnie does.

"Go ahead," Keith tells her. He looks down, staring mostly at the top of Bonnie's head.

Chapter Ten - The Cougar And The Cub

"Thank you very much, Sir," Bonnie sweetly tells him. Now I hear a decent bit of lascivious hunger in her voice, too. She stretches her mouth fully wide open. A bit wider than needed. Then, keeping her hands unused behind her, she brings her head forward until her fine pink lips touch the tip of his cock. Bonnie's tongue comes up, pressing gently against the underside of his cock head, lifting it slightly off her bottom lip. Then her head is moving again, his stiff cock sliding easily along her wet tongue. She moves slowly and steadily, letting his cock slip over her tongue. Once his head has disappeared into her mouth, her lips close softly around his shaft and her cheeks pull in as she sucks.

Bonnie keeps going. Keith's cock steadily inches deeper and deeper, vanishing between her lips. And she keeps going. I hear Keith grunt out with the sweetest of surprise as I see the front of her neck swell outward. I know that's the point where his cock has pushed into the snugly tightness of Bonnie's throat. She keeps going, smoothly, completely unfazed by the thickness pushing into her tightness. I didn't think it would. I'm sure Janelle has taught her well and provided her with plenty of practice to her husband's delight.

And then Bonnie's lips reach the very base of his shaft, every bit of him inside her. Just as I forcefully taught Paula to do. Only Bonnie is far better at it. She should be, I know she's had plenty of practice. Just before she reaches the end of his shaft, I see the tip of her tongue slip out along the underside of his cock. Then, as his balls bump lightly against her chin, the tip of her tongue teasingly flicks over his balls. Bonnie reverses her stroke, pulling her tongue back inside once it can't reach his sack any longer. She does it all very smoothly, her single motion unbroken. Not even slowed down. Smooth.

"HOLY FUCKING COW! OH, FUCK YES!" Keith blurts out rather sensually and pleased. "SHE CAN LICK MY BALLS, TOO!"

Rochelle cringes hard, knowing she can't. That she can't come close to doing that for Keith. And hearing just how much Keith likes it. Seeing it, too. Keith's already squirming against the tightness and suction of Bonnie. He's clearly loving it, even more than he liked Paula.

Bonnie goes right on sucking his cock. Her pace is steady, never-changing from the beginning. Her strokes are smooth and flowing, her mouth, lips, tongue, and throat caressing his cock as it glides into and out of her. Paula's intimate taste on his cock doesn't seem to faze her either. As soon as her mouth wets his cock, Paula's honey glistens again on it, offering Bonnie a good taste of Paula.

I see Ginger steal a few glances, mostly amazed to see what Bonnie can do.

I see Renee standing in her corner. I'll bet she's eager to look, too. To see what Rochelle is enduring, even though it's clear Rochelle isn't involved in the current action.

I see Rochelle cringing hard and blushing as she watches. I see a bit of anger on her face as if she wishes Bonnie wasn't doing it well. And I see some jealousy. Mostly the shame of knowing that she begged Bonnie to do it, and her boyfriend is clearly far more pleased with Bonnie than with her.

I see Paula watching, too, through her blissful eyes. I think it's curiosity on her face. As if she's wondering if she could lick his balls, too. If I could teach her that, too. Paula can see that Bonnie is also using her tongue at the shallow point of her stroke. As she reverses to begin taking him back into her mouth, she swirls her hot tongue around his spongy cock head, keeping her lips close around his shaft and his head fully inside her mouth. It gets a deep, urgent moan from Keith every time.

I assume Keith will go longer this time. Most men do. The more times they've cum, the longer the next one will take. And the less cream he'll have to give. I figure with Paula it had been a day or three, giving him a full load that was quick to erupt. Now it's been about ten minutes. I'll

Chapter Ten - The Cougar And The Cub

bet Paula can still feel his sticky, half-wet, cum drying on her back.

I wait, watching Bonnie suck him until I start seeing the faint twitches that warn me that Keith is getting close to cumming again. "Keith... that slutty soccer mom is yours. You may do whatever you wish with her body. She doesn't mind. She wants you to please yourself with her body. I do mean *anything*, anywhere."

"She'll do that?" Keith moans out the question to me.

"Yes. And you don't have to be gentle with her. Do whatever you really want to do with her. Don't ask. Do." I tell him.

Keith hesitates a second. Then he puts his hands to Bonnie's head. She ignores him and keeps going. He gets a grip. As she reaches the nadir of her stroke, with only his cock head left in her mouth, he pushes her head back until his cock slips from her mouth. Bonnie allows it, not offering a bit of resistance.

That encourages Keith. He grabs her hair and pulls up, "get up." Bonnie follows her hair, rising just fast enough to keep the tension off of the huge lock he has in his grip. Keith puts his hands to Bonnie's lean hips, getting a good grip on her bones. He guides her back a step. She willingly follows him. He turns her around. She goes easily. He puts his hands to her sides and pushes her forward, bending her over. She leans over, bracing her hands against her thighs just above her knees.

Bonnie stands there for the half-second it takes Keith. He hasn't bothered to spread her feet or legs. It doesn't matter. Even with her thighs together the puffy mound of her pussy pokes back, swelling round as it does, and offers her long slit to him. It shows off her toned, small, and well-rounded globes pulled taut for him, too. Keith puts the tip of his cock to the top of Bonnie's slit. He presses it forward, pushing his length into her pussy.

Moving Bonnie has put Rochelle more beside Bonnie's head. I nudge Rochelle around. Not to where she

expects, either. I move her so that she's in front of Bonnie. Bonnie holds her head up, as Janelle would have taught her to always do. That has Rochelle staring right into Bonnie's eyes. And less than a foot between their faces. I take Bonnie's hands and place them on Rochelle's bare shoulders.

Keith starts thrusting. Hard, powerful strokes that almost ram his cock into Bonnie. "Jesus," Keith groans out a very erotic comment. "She's so fucking wet! It's like an ocean, and just as tight as you are Rochelle!" Keith has the happiest look on his face as his thrusts steadily pick up a little more power.

"UGH! Bonnie grunts hard, but sweetly, with each of Keith's thrusts. After about the second one, her mouth hangs gaping, her grunts more the breath exploding from her lungs. As I wanted, that has her hot breath exploding right onto Rochelle's face. And it has Rochelle staring into the mask of erotic urgency blooming on Bonnie's face. It has Rochelle weeping as she listens to the impassioned, needy grunts bursting from Bonnie. Rochelle is even close enough to be hearing the light slopping sounds of Keith's cock plunging in and out of Bonnie's sloppy-wet pussy. To see the light pink flush flooding Bonnie's face and the thin layer of sweat covering her.

Keith thrusts hard, putting about everything he has into pounding Bonnie. Obviously, he likes it hard. His thrusts are hard enough that his hips knock firmly against Bonnie's bottom with every stroke. Enough so that it jostles Bonnie forward about an inch. His hips follow her that inch. Bonnie's soft breasts jiggle hard as they hang from her chest. Her face jumps towards Rochelle's. Her hands firmly grip Rochelle's shoulders.

I wonder if Rochelle is learning the lesson I want her to now. I want her to see Bonnie's face. To picture someone else, her lover, whomever, seeing Rochelle's face the same way as she's fucked. Or if, instead of learning her lesson, Rochelle is just weeping about her boyfriend obviously pleasing this woman so fully.

Chapter Ten - The Cougar And The Cub

"Sir," Bonnie begins in a voice that's a screech, almost fully muted, by a deeply passionate, and overly-urgent moan. "This slutty soccer mom is ready to cum. When you're fully satisfied with that disgustingly sloppy pussy, Sir, and if it would please you to watch a soccer mom cum, will you please tell me when you're ready for this soccer mom to cum like a cheap whore, Sir?"

I see the surprise on Keith's face, but only for a second before he's again lost in pounding her. It's as if Keith didn't know that a woman had any control over when she came. And pleasure that he's brought her to the point where she wants to. Amazement that she wants to wait for him to finish first. Amazement that she'd deny herself if he wishes it, too. Amazement that any woman would so fully give herself as to ask, and wait obediently, to be told to cum. I can see that he likes the idea.

From then on, every one of Bonnie's grunts sounds more agonized than the last. As if it's killing her to wait. But killing her sweetly. Her body shudders a bit more crisply, too. Her nipples strain to a fresh stiffness. Her honey flows, covering his cock with her glistening cream.

Luckily for Bonnie, it only takes another minute or so for Keith to be ready to cum. Only then does he realize that if he pulls out to cum on her back, as he chose to do with Paula, Bonnie will no longer have a cock inside her pussy to make her climax. For an instant, he appears concerned and puzzled about it.

Then he sharply pulls his cock from her pussy. It jumps up as it slips free of her. His motion keeps him going, moving him forward enough that his slippery wet cock drops back down onto the taut skin at the top of Bonnie's crack. As it touches her, it explodes, shooting a fair stream of his cum about six inches up her spine.

"You can cum now," Keith tells her.

"AHHHHHHHHH!" Bonnie screams out. Her body shudders hard, wiggling the very tops of her cheeks so much that they bump against his shaft. Goosebumps erupt along her spine, flowing down not over her cheeks, but into

her crack. She's clearly cumming, untouched by Keith. Her pussy spasms sharply, squirting small dollops of her honey out through her slit. Dollops that land on his balls, something Keith notices and immediately looks down to watch. He doesn't need to watch his cock cumming. Or touch it. Bonnie's thrashing bottom is rubbing her back and cheeks against it plenty to keep it going.

Bonnie takes long. Almost a full minute for her orgasm to noticeably ebb. She keeps her head up, eyes open, as she cums and then as she pants to catch her breath. She stays put where Keith left her. Only now her pussy weeps small drops of honey that fall to the floor. It's another few seconds before Bonnie, in an overly-breathy voice, says "thank you, Sir, for granting this slutty soccer mom a very satisfying orgasm." And she stays put, waiting.

I leave Bonnie there for a brief moment as I obviously take back over. Keith stands behind her, fully sated and catching his breath, but with his eyes on Bonnie. "Bimbo, did you see how trashy this slut's face was as she was being a gutter slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Rochelle sobs out.

"Do you want everyone seeing that filthy look on your face?"

"No, Ma'am."

I tell Rochelle to thank Bonnie. I don't tell either to move, leaving Rochelle on her knees, with Bonnie closely staring into her face and Bonnie's hands-on Rochelle's shoulders. "Thank you, Mrs. Harris, for showing me just how ugly I look when I'm being a complete gutter slut, Ma'am." I didn't tell Rochelle what to say. I'm sure Rochelle put the ugly part in more to goad Bonnie than out of sincerity. But it was a perfect thanks.

"You're welcome, Rochelle," Bonnie says in a breathy voice of erotic bliss.

I tell Bonnie to thank Keith. She stands, turns to face him, and drops to her knees. Then she very humbly thanks

Chapter Ten - The Cougar And The Cub

him “for giving her an incredible fuck leading to a better orgasm.”

I tell Bonnie to stand and put her clothes back on.



Chapter Eleven - Mommy, The Slut

It's been more than a few minutes since I sent Renee to the corner. Sex takes time. So do blow jobs. And the undressing. Plus I gave Keith a good ten minutes between Paula and Bonnie to rest. Rochelle needed her humiliation. In all, It's been 43 minutes since I left Renee to stand. That leaves her 8 more minutes to stand there, without moving. She's not getting out one second early either.

To pass those minutes, I have Rochelle shift her position slightly so that she's facing the audience. As Keith starts to pick up his clothes, I let him pull his boxer briefs on before asking him to take a seat quickly. Now that his cock isn't hanging out, he just shrugs and sits back in his place beside Paula.

My evil inner imp decides that this is the minute she wants to play. She quietly whispers to Paula that, since Keith is sitting beside her, she should cuddle close to him. And touch him, if he'll allow her to. Paula doesn't hesitate to scoot over and snuggle against Keith. Or to put her hand to his bare thigh and stroke it tenderly. I glance at Keith, a hard, but very brief, glance. It's enough. Keith puts his arm around Paula's shoulder and holds her tight. Paula lies her head on his shoulder.

Rochelle cringes hard as she watches. It's what I wanted. A horrifying sight for her to have to stare at. And the look on her face tells me that I've hit it on the nose. She hates seeing her boyfriend cuddling with her BFF.

I start by asking Rochelle a few private questions. Things that she wouldn't want to talk about in front of others. I make her tell me, and everyone, that she's never been with a woman. That she's never had any interest in women, or in any woman, before. But, that she'd eagerly do anything with about any woman for "her guy." Then I make Rochelle admit that she wouldn't want to do it, but would readily do it, only because she'd rather do it than take any chance of losing a boyfriend.

That's a bad trait in a girl. Boys will take advantage of that. Not all, but far too many of them. Those boys will have Rochelle doing the kinkiest, trashiest things, none of

Chapter Eleven - Mommy, The Slut

which interest her, just to amuse themselves. Or for their pleasure. The worst guys would have her on a corner.

I ask Rochelle if Keith and Paula look like a couple. It kills her, and she cringes hard, but she admits they do.

I ask Rochelle if she thinks Keith likes her “oral performance,” or Paula’s, better. She weeps softly as she has no choice but to admit that she thinks he likes Paula’s much better. Keith’s sweet groans and comments left no doubt about it.

I point out to Rochelle that Paula stayed in school. She’ll graduate with a degree and hopefully end up with a decent job. Rochelle will not. I ask Rochelle if she thinks “a future matters to guys.” She admits that it might.

Now I ask Rochelle if Paula is as kind and sweet as she is. Rochelle admits that Paula is.

I ask Rochelle if Paula is “faithful” to her boyfriends. Rochelle tells me that Paula has only had a few boyfriends, but that she’s been a very good girlfriend for them. And I make Rochelle admit that Paula didn’t skip out on her commitments just to party with them. Paula did, however, make plenty of time for them in her life.

So I ask Rochelle if Keith deserves the best girlfriend that he can find. She readily agrees that Keith is wonderful and does.

It leaves me the opening to ask Rochelle since Paula has a future, is a great girlfriend, gives a better blow job, and has a tighter, more satisfying pussy than Rochelle does, whether Rochelle thinks Keith deserves the better girl – Paula.

Rochelle bursts into a full-blown bawling but admits that Keith deserves the better girl.

And now, with Rochelle still bawling, Keith looking uncomfortably surprised, Paula, looking lost in bliss, Ginger not looking, and Bonnie smirking slightly since she long ago figured out what humiliating thing I was going to make Rochelle admit, Renee’s time is almost up. This is the perfect time to leave Rochelle there, staring at the cute couple snuggling. Her BFF and her boyfriend. I know she’s

Intervention

wondering if Keith is still her boyfriend, or if he's already gone. Lost to Paula. Or to whatever else I might nudge him into. If there's something she can do to bring him back to her.

I walk to where Renee is still in the corner. I've been watching her fairly closely. But not constantly. Often enough, though. With everything else going on it couldn't focus only on Renee. She hasn't moved. Not that I've seen, and if she did, I probably would have seen it.

Standing very still for any length of time takes a toll on one's muscles. And I can see it on Renee. Her leg muscles are stiff and tense. I can see the faint tremors running through her aching, burning muscles. I can see it on her back as well. I know her body has to be aching her badly.

I know that wasn't the worst part of this for Renee, either. I can see the muscles in her globes slightly tensed up. Just enough for me to know that her asshole is straining hard as she struggles to keep it shut. She's been feeling her over-full bowels the entire time, the near-unbearable need to get to a toilet. Probably even some light cramping behind her pubes.

But the worst, I know she'd tell me, is the "boredom" and the "being left out." The staring at the empty wall, not even allowed to close her eyes, seeing nothing but a sea of whiteness for close to an hour. While her ears told her a very different story. Things she needed to see but wasn't allowed to. Listening to Rochelle's lesson go on while everyone utterly ignored Renee as if she didn't exist. But also knowing that everyone was able to see her standing there, completely humiliated, and naked. Her bottom fully displayed in case she failed to hold her enema. Her still deeply-stinging bottom that she just knows is as red as an apple! But isn't. By now the redness has faded from both Renee and Rochelle's bottoms. Not that either of them knows it. They're still suffering that awful burning sting.

"Renee, your time is done," I firmly, but softly, tell her. "Go kneel beside Rochelle."

Chapter Eleven - Mommy, The Slut

"Yes, Ma'am," Renee answers, her voice nothing but utter relief. Then she steps back, turns, and sees the audience seated on the sofas and Rochelle sobbing as she faces them. All are fully dressed, except Keith who is still in his boxer briefs.

It surprises Renee slightly. And it has her blushing brightly again. But she obediently goes and kneels beside Rochelle. I think as she crosses the few steps, she's trying to decide whether she'll go to Rochelle's left, putting her closer to her friends, or to Rochelle's right, which will have her in front of Keith. She opts for the left. But she doesn't look thrilled with either option.

Once Renee is settled on her knees, there's a fair bit of space between her and Rochelle. As if Renee didn't want to be too close to Rochelle while they're both nude. I'd guess there's about a foot between their shoulders, the widest part of both women.

I'm not going to let them get away with that. I want them to be as uncomfortable as possible, in every which way they can be uneasy. After all, they're in trouble! They've been naughty! "Renee, are you always such a prissy little bitch?" I ask her in a rather mocking and taunting voice.

"Yes, Ma'am... I guess..." Renee doesn't sound so sure of her answer. As if she doesn't know exactly what I'm asking.

"Too bad. Stop wasting my floor space. I said to kneel next to your baby slut. Scoot over!" I snap the last a bit sternly. Then I go on snapping for Renee to shift to her right until her right knee is flush against Rochelle's. With both women's backs straight up, and their similar sizes, it has their shoulders fully against each other's, too. And the length of their upper arms at their sides. And it has their feet snug against the other's as well. It leaves an inch or two between their hips, at least with their bottoms between their feet.

"Much better," I say with a touch of mocking satisfaction in my voice. I take a second and pace a couple

of circles around the pair. It gives me a chance to see the tension in Renee's cheeks, even as her spread legs have her globes pulled tautly and her crack spread open. It lets me see the strain in the muscles at the bottom of her back. It tells me just how hard Renee is struggling to keep her asshole from dripping more of the enema.

"I suppose that naughty bottom *really* wants to go poopy right now?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Renee answers with a dead certainty in her voice.

I ignore the plea in her answer. Instead, I stand beside her, where I'm not blocking the view of either of them, and ask her to tell everyone what she's learned from her "lesson."

"I've learned a lot, Ma'am." As Renee answers, I hear a faint note of strain creeping into her voice. It's probably the enema fighting hard to explode out of her bottom. "I've learned, and I know this isn't what you were teaching me, Ma'am, but... I can't remember the last time I was spanked! It had to be about 1975, Ma'am. And I know it didn't hurt like yours does, Ma'am. My bottom still hurts so much that I can barely stand it, Ma'am.

"I learned what discipline really is, Ma'am. A firm rule. Harsh, but not quite mean, consequences for breaking it. And no flexibility. Break a rule, pay the price. Period, Ma'am.

"But mostly I've learned what it feels like to be absolutely nothing, Ma'am. For the last hour, while I stood in the corner, it was like I didn't exist at all. Life went on around me but I wasn't allowed to live even a second of that hour, Ma'am. You didn't care how utterly miserable I was, either, Ma'am, only that I accepted my punishment and served my sentence like I was told to. But somehow, you knew exactly what I can manage to endure, and stopped just short of giving me too much, too, Ma'am. I can't even express it in words, Ma'am, just how low I felt standing there."

Chapter Eleven - Mommy, The Slut

That's less than half of what I wanted her to learn. I'm making her say it for a reason. I want her to think about her lesson. I want her to understand it. "Did you learn anything about privacy and modesty, Renee?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Renee answers quickly. "I learned just how much I take both for granted, Ma'am. And how much I value them. I would have... it was the most humiliating thing, miles beyond anything I could have imagined, to have both suddenly stripped from me, Ma'am. A couple of hours ago, I was a proper housewife, Ma'am. Then you came and stripped me. You showed everyone every last detail of my body. You didn't care if they saw me doing the most degrading things, like getting an enema. You don't care if they see me standing in the corner or spanked like a two-year-old, Ma'am. You didn't leave one bit of me, of my life, hidden. You made me show everything to the world. Now, I can never undo that, Ma'am. I have to face my friends knowing that they know every last tiny thing about me, Ma'am."

"What is obedience, Renee?"

"Obedience is... completely ignoring myself and doing what I'm told to do, no matter what it is or what I may think of it, Ma'am."

"Is that pussy still sloppy wet and hot, Renee?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Renee sounds utterly ashamed to admit it. But she also doesn't dare to disobey. She answers in her normal voice. She only cringes slightly, as she does. But she blushes brightly.

"How badly?" I ask in a very taunting, sly voice.

"Worse than it ever has before, Ma'am," Renee blushes deeper as she confesses.

"Did you feel that ache the whole time you were in the corner?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Did it drive you crazy?"

"Oh, yes, Ma'am."

"Was it difficult to keep your fingers off of your pussy?"

"Yes, Ma'am." I'm glad Renee didn't try to lie about it. She couldn't have. I can see a bit of her fresh honey at the very tops of her thighs. Enough that I can see how wet she is.

Glancing over, I see a slightly prominent bulge in the front of Keith's snug cotton underwear. It's rounded, telling me that his cock isn't hard now, despite the two naked girls in front of him. But it's prominent, so obviously there's a trace of excitement creeping back into it after his "doubleheader" with Bonnie and Paula. Enough so that I think I might just be able to get one more round out of it.

"Bimbo, how many times have you had some kind of sex with that handsome guy?" Keith's not all that, at least not to me, but he's cute enough. He'd get the time of day from me, but he wouldn't get a date. I know that Rochelle has been dating him for all of six weeks now. I figure, how big can the number be?

Rochelle hesitates a second. I see her lips moving, but hear nothing, as if she's counting to herself. "11, Ma'am," Rochelle answers. I ask her and make her tell me that she's had his cock in her mouth on all 11 occasions. She had sex with him on all 11, too. Their first time was in this house. He'd brought Rochelle home and Renee wasn't here. Rochelle just sort of unzipped him and started sucking on his cock. Few guys would object, and Keith didn't. So Rochelle undressed and he helped himself to her body. Not that she wasn't offering it. I learn that it was their third date. Almost five weeks ago, which means that Rochelle slept with him after knowing him just a little over a week. Yep, that makes her a slut in my book.

Just out of curiosity, I ask Paula how long she's known, Keith. To my surprise, she says that she first met him over a year ago, but never really knew him until he "hooked up" with Rochelle several weeks ago. At least she's known him longer. Although he's a couple of years older, they have a few friends in common.

I ask Rochelle how she met Keith. She tells me that she went to meet Paula at a friend's house, and Keith

Chapter Eleven - Mommy, The Slut

stopped in, along with several others. He flirted, so she “flirted back.” I think she more threw herself at him though.

I ask Renee if she’s ever been “curious” about who Rochelle has slept with. She tells me that she has, but “didn’t want to invade Rochelle’s privacy by asking too much that Rochelle obviously didn’t want to share.”

I ask Rochelle if she trusts Bonnie and she says she does. Renee doesn't see it coming. I make Renee politely ask Bonnie what Keith's cock is like. Bonnie knows what's expected of a slut. She knows that I expect her to flatter him, whether it's true or an exaggeration. Bonnie tells Renee that he has "the most delicious cock that fits so perfectly and feels incredible." It makes Renee blush a little. It makes Rochelle grin with satisfaction even as she cringes hard. The satisfaction that she has a boyfriend with a decent cock. And a cringe as she thinks about how Bonnie found out just what his cock is like.

I wave my hand as I ask Keith if he’d mind standing up for a “quick second.” He looks surprised, but only slightly reluctantly agrees. I nudge him forward. Then I tell Renee to very humbly ask him if she may see his cock.

“Sir, may this prissy housewife please be allowed to see the handsome penis that my bimbo slut daughter has been enjoying so much?” Renee asks him.

Keith hesitates for a second. I'm sure it's part surprise, and part that Renee is starting to look her age despite her good figure and so ample breasts. Plus, she is Rochelle's mother. But in the end, Keith just shrugs "sure." He slips his boxer briefs down, exposing his cock. It's soft now, but it's starting to swell slightly as it would before getting stiff. His moderately large balls dangle down, the limp shaft hanging in front of them.

On her knees, Renee’s eyes are less than a foot from his cock. She gets a very good look at it. Of Bonnie’s mostly-dried honey still clinging to it. She even gets a whiff of Bonnie’s intimate scent that still clings to his cock.

I give her a moment to take in the sight. Soft, his cock probably isn't more than about three inches long. To me, it's decidedly average. Renee keeps her eyes forward, and thus on his cock, without me having to tell her to. "Renee, is that a nice manly cock?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Does looking at it, so close, make your pussy ache for it?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Would you like to see it rock hard so you can imagine it slipping into that burning pussy and stroking you until you cum?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Ask him if you may make it stiff."

"Sir... would you please... consider allowing this prissy housewife to make your manly cock hard so I can at least dream about it, Sir?"

Keith shrugs again but with a little less confidence this time. I think he's less than fully confident that Renee will be able to. After all, it has just came twice in the last hour. But he tells her that she may.

I don't let Renee wonder what I expect her to do. I tell her that she one minute to see if "his cock likes a prissy old housewife or not." She is to lick it and nothing else. Nothing other than her tongue may touch his cock. Not even her lips. Or her mouth. Just her tongue. Then I nudge the back of her neck and suggest that she stop wasting her time.

"Yes, Ma'am." Renee moves the instant the last word is out of her lips. She opens her mouth wide, but not really stretching her jaw. She sticks her tongue out, stretching it as far as she can. She puts it to the spongy head of his cock. And she licks. Rather eagerly, with enough pressure that I can see his cock moving around a bit.

In a few seconds, the head of his cock is glistening with a fresh coat of Renee's saliva covering it. The remnants of Bonnie's honey, and his cum, are long gone. Renee has definitely gotten a taste of both of them. In a

Chapter Eleven - Mommy, The Slut

few more short seconds, I see his cock slowly, but steadily, starting to swell thicker. In a few more seconds, it starts rising off his sack as it stiffens.

"Mmmm..." Keith purrs softly. "That feels good..."

Rochelle cringes the hardest I've seen her cringe yet as fresh tears roll from the corners of her eyes. It doesn't take a minute. More like half of it. Then Keith's cock is standing straight out, rigid and stiff. Maybe not quite as hard as it's was the first time, but for a third round, as stiff as anyone is going to get. The tip of it now points almost exactly where Renee's mouth would be if she wasn't leaning forward and still licking his cock. I decide since Keith seems to be enjoying it, to let her have the full minute. Then I tell her that her time is up. Renee leans back kneeling properly again.

"Do you know how to suck a real cock like that, Renee?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Renee answers. But Renee hasn't seen any of the others. She's heard Keith's comments, but that's all. She really has no idea what Keith's gotten. I'll bet she's imagining, wondering, how good Rochelle is at it. Too bad I don't know. I haven't let her touch it.

"Then ask the bimbo slut, very politely, if you may try it." I put a firm hardness to my voice that I hope tells Renee I'm not asking.

Renee cringes as she blushes. Then she turns her head a little toward Rochelle, kneeling beside her, and obeys. "Uh... Rochelle... Would you mind... please? May I please try that great penis of his for myself? Please, Rochelle?"

I give Rochelle a very light thump on the back of her head with my hand. Enough to get the weeping girl's full attention. "Since she asked so nicely, tell your mommy that you're a filthy slut and don't care if she shares your boyfriend's cock. Sweetly, bimbo."

Rochelle sobs a single, but heavy note. Then she makes herself obey as well. I'm sure the fiery sting still slicing through her bottom encourages her. "Sure...

mommy, go ahead and enjoy my boyfriend's dick. I'm a slut, and as Miss Rodgers has shown me, sluts don't care who they share a dick with." I hear a bit of distaste in Rochelle's voice. A bit more than she could hide. Enough to tell me that she hates allowing it. That she hates the status of lowly gutter slut that I've reduced her to. Or at least to having her sluttiness flaunted so flagrantly.

A nudge to the Back of Renee's head gets her going. She stretches her mouth wide and takes the head of it into her mouth. Closing her lips around his shaft. Renee must have heard some of the instructions that I gave Paula. And how much Keith liked what Paula did.

I can see it. Renee is trying very hard to make Keith moan as enthusiastically as he did for Paula and Bonnie. She sucks. She keeps a slow, steady pace. She forces herself to take so much cock that she gags on every stroke. But that still leaves a good inch, maybe a bit more, of his cock untouched by her lips. She even tries to stretch her lips forward.

I see the sense of failure in her eyes. I know that she's wondering if Paula and Bonnie actually did it or if I just had Keith saying they did. Especially Paula, who Renee definitely knows is far from experienced at this. I know Renee is wondering, trying to imagine, if they actually did it, how they could possibly have gotten so much cock into their mouths.

I let her go for a good long minute. It's enough time to have Keith purring sweetly, but not crying out with delight as he did for the others. I doubt he will. I've ruined him. Now that he's had his cock swallowed, no "common blow job" is ever going to be as good for him. He wants it swallowed. His future girlfriends are going to hate me!

I just grab Renee's long, thin hair and use it to pull her head back until Keith's cock slips from her lips. "you're not very good at that, bitch." I tell her in a rather scornful tone to remind her of her failure.

Chapter Eleven - Mommy, The Slut

I sigh. Then I smirk wide. I lean down and whisper to Renee, watching a look of utter fear come over her face as I tell her what she's going to do.

"Yes, Ma'am," Renee's voice breaks slightly. She stares forward, seeing Keith's now-neglected cock. "I'm sorry that I'm too prissy of a bitch to make it good for you, Sir. I apologize for boring you with my childish attempt to give you pleasure, Sir. My bottom is incredibly full right now, Sir, and Miss Rodgers tells me that it will make my vagina extremely tight, Sir. Have you ever been with a bitch while her bottom was over full, Sir?"

"Uh, no," Keith quickly answers. He looks completely shocked by the words coming from Renee's mouth. And Rochelle looks so horrified that she's about to be sick. I'll bet she can guess what's next.

"Then, if you'd care to try it, Sir, my bottom is as full as anyone's can be. Please, Sir, please take this prissy old bitch's body and use it however it pleases you, Sir. I want you to do anything and everything you wish with this body, Sir. I don't care how you use me. Anything you wish, Sir. Will you please take this body, Sir?"

Keith looks unsure. He looks down at Renee, kneeling before his stiff cock. I'm sure he can see both the hope and the fear, that he will accept on her face. It's obvious. She wants that cock. She doesn't want to touch Rochelle's boyfriend. And she definitely doesn't want anyone touching her anywhere close to her bottom with it so full. I'll bet she's certain that she'll explode if he does.

I nod a little encouragement to Keith. Then I give Rochelle a little nudge and tell her to very "cheaply" tell Keith that he may. "Go ahead, Sir, fuck my mommy. I don't mind." She tries hard to sound sincere. But it comes out more that she wonders what will happen to her if Keith refuses.

It takes a second, and no longer, for the hard cock to win out. "why not?" Keith shrugs. He grabs hold of Renee's hair and pulls upward without saying a word. Or even giving her a hint. For a brief instant, a look of relief

washes over Renee's face. Then a look of deep nervousness, as if this were going to be Renee's first time ever, replaces it. She follows her hair, rising to her feet.

In about one second Keith has, moderately roughly, turned Renee to face the coffee table, and pushed her down so that she's leaning over it. He allows her to use her hands, resting her elbows on the table for balance. It's a position that has Renee's over-ample E-cup breasts hanging straight down from her chest.

Keith stands behind Renee. He takes a moment to look between her spread thighs, glancing up to see that, even like this, Renee's stomach stays flat. That's something Rochelle's won't quite do. And Paula's won't have a chance of doing. Then his eyes shift to the underside of her dangling breasts with their steely hard nipples. Like this, her nipples stick out, pointing almost straight down from the fully rounded, gently curved, tips of her wide mounds. Just a hair to the outsides. He reaches a hand under her, putting it to her breasts. I see a quick flinch run through Renee's body, but only because she wasn't expecting it. I guess she figured he'd get right to it. Instead, Keith takes a moment to stroke and caress those soft, water-balloon-like mounds. And to feel her hard nipples. It's long enough of a moment that it gets a little purr from Renee.

The way Keith put her has her head pointing to Ginger. And her bottom pointing to the side of Rochelle's head. Renee tries to stare down at the coffee table. I'd spank her for that, except I haven't directly told her that she must keep her head up. So I step around, pinch her nose shut, and use that nose to pull her head up. Sternly I tell her that had better be the last time I see her looking anywhere but forward. And she does not want me to see those eyes closed, either. Now she knows.

Unfortunately for Renee that makes her stare right at her BFF Ginger. And see the horrified shock, and a bit of disgust, on Ginger's face.

Chapter Eleven - Mommy, The Slut

A second later Keith is back on his feet, with his eyes now on Renee's bottom. He has her feet spread decently wide. Far enough that they're pulling her globes taut and spreading her crack wide open to reveal everything Renee has. He has a clear view of her straining asshole, its purple-pink wrinkles clenched impossibly tight. And it gives him a good view, just beneath her asshole, of her wide gash.

Renee's lips are narrow and thin, as well as long. Despite the thinness, her pussy seems to puff slightly down from her pubes as she leans. Renee has a full bush, and her lips are covered with a dense layer of mostly brown, gray-tinged, fur. Her lips, at least here at the back, don't come close to meeting. That leaves the tips of her inner folds peeking into her gash and filling it. Now her folds are so hot, like the rest of her pussy, that they're flushed to a blood red. Everything is covered with a thick, clingy layer of her honey, too. Her folds are just loose enough that as they lie together, they have a slight wrinkle to them.

I know what Keith thinks as he hesitates, the tip of his cock just short of touching Renee's furry, sopping wet, lips. Her bottom, her asshole, doesn't look any different. Other than her asshole's tight cinching, there isn't a single sign that her bottom is so full. Too full. Yet he knows it is. He watched her accept her enema. And there's no way she could have released it. She's been in sight of everyone since she got it.

I know Keith wonders if there really will be a difference, or if I just said that to get him to fuck Rochelle's mom. Curiosity wins out. Quickly. I see him put his hands to Renee's hips. Well, also partly to her globes. He gets a good feel of those on his way. Feeling how firm the muscles underneath the soft, thin layer of flesh are. His firm grip steadies her as the tip of his cock finally makes it to her slit.

He, surprisingly, opts for caution. He pushes his cock forward slowly. Slow enough that I can see the spongy tip of it pushing Renee's loose folds aside as it slips between

them. It finds her tunnel. He keeps going, pushing the head of his cock in. Then he almost stops as the thicker, rigid shaft finds the entrance to her tunnel.

“HOLY FUCKING SHIT!” Keith blurts out in total shock. “SHE’S SO DAMN TIGHT I’M NOT GOING TO FIT!”

I give Keith a little nudge at the small of his back, urging him forward. He pushes forward. His cock starts to push into Renee's tunnel. Slowly. Her rectum is so full with the enema that it's almost hard now. It's also lying just above her tunnel. And it's swollen to its limit to accommodate the fluid. It had to find that space somewhere. It found it, in part, by pushing the walls of Renee's pussy firmly against each other, taking some of its space up. Now, as Keith tries to push into her, his cock needs that space. Space that's no longer there. Instead, his cock has to push firmly against the inside of her walls and force them outward to make room for him. And her body, filled by the enema, push back, tightening her walls hard around him. I have no doubt that it's the tightest pussy he's ever felt. Probably far tighter than he imagined a woman could be.

“UGH!” Renee blurts out a primal grunt as he pushes into her. As his cock pushes hard against her already straining rectum, forcing it to shift. “uh-OH!!!!!!” Renee's grunt smoothly segues into a panicked squeal as the enema strains her asshole even more than it was. She shudders hard.

Keith manages to push all of his cock into her pussy. He stops for a second once he's in. Then he starts stroking her pussy. It looks as if he wants to pound her hard. I imagine he does. But it looks as if the resistance, the drag, of her pussy against his cock is too much for him to move that sharply.

As Keith's cock starts to slip from Renee's tunnel and emerge from her lips, I can see her honey clinging to his shaft. Hers is rather thick, almost pasty. It also has a strong white tint to it. And a pronounced musky aroma. But it's also clearly slipperier than any grease. That's a

Chapter Eleven - Mommy, The Slut

good thing now. It might be what's allowing his cock to move. He definitely needs that slippery honey with her walls snuggling him so tightly.

It takes him a couple of strokes to get his pace up. But he manages. When he does, though, I can see his muscles working.

"OOH!-EEEEEEEEEE!" Renee screeches out at full volume. I watch as goosebumps erupt. First, I think, on her mound. I see them shoot up the crack of her bottom, covering even the edges of her asshole. Then up along her spine as they begin to flow outward. In seconds, her entire body seems to be covered.

Renee's toes curl. Her hands ball into fists. A second later those fists pound against the coffee table they're resting on. Every muscle in her body steadily tenses up. Except for her jaw, which hangs wide open.

Renee sucks in fast, squeaky breaths. Then she holds it, unable to do anything more for several seconds. Finally, the breath explodes from her lungs with an ear-splittingly loud "UGH, OOOHHHHHHHHHHH!" Her cries carry a very subtle note of discomfort, well hidden under a too-needy, too-urgent, sultriness.

"OHMYFUCKINGGGOD!" Renee screams out, "I HAVE TO CUM SO BAD IT HURTS!" Renee sucks another breath. "UHHMMM!!!!!" she grunts hard, "PLEASE MAKE ME CUM, SIR! FUCK ME HARD, SIR! PLEASE, IT'S KILLING ME NOT TO CUM RIGHT NOW!"

So much for miss prissy housewife. Renee sounds like a cheap whore scraped from some gutter. She grunts, and screeches some hot moans, for another few seconds. "RAM IT IN MY CUNT, SIR! FUCK ME HARD, SIR! I'M BEGGING YOU, PLEASE, FUCK ME HARD ME HARD, SIR!"

Keith is slowly, but steadily, building up his pace. I'm sure he'd give it to her harder. I know he wants to. He likes it like that. But her tightness is making him work. It's slowing down the picking up of his pace. "Damn," he grunts out, and not unhappily, "her pussy is so fucking hot that it's burning my dick." I don't think that's a complaint.

"OW!!" Renee screams out, "PLEASE, SIR! MY PUSSY HURTS! I HAVE TO CUM RIGHT NOW! FUCK ME! PLEASE FUCK ME LIKE A DOG, SIR!"

I'm pretty sure that Renee is oblivious to everyone else in the room. But I'm not. I can see the utter disbelief and disgust on Ginger's face. I can see the smirk on Bonnie's - a knowing smirk that tells me she's been in Renee's place. I can see the evil look on Paula's face as if she doesn't want Keith to decide that Renee's pussy is better than hers.

But most importantly, I can see Rochelle. And the mix of emotions flooding over her. The shock that her mother could be so shameless. The agony of knowing Keith is fucking not just another woman, but her mother. The torture of having to watch it. The jealousy of not being the one to give Keith the good sex. I'll bet Rochelle is all but certain that Keith is lost now. Renee is the third one he's been with, while she watched, and all of them have been far better than Rochelle knows she is. I don't even try to imagine how humiliated she must be.

"I'M CUMMINGGGGGGGG!" Renee screams out. Her fist pounds against the coffee table so hard that everything on it rattles around. Her knees buckle. It would drop her, except her knees quickly bang against the table and that gets her reflexes to lock them again. For a second before the cycle repeats. "AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Renee screams an endless cry. Then her body begins shuddering violently hard, sending her almost dancing wildly about. There's nowhere for her to go. All she can do, in Keith's firm grip, is shudder as she thrashes against him.

Keith is perfect. He utterly ignores Renee and goes right on thrusting his cock into her. As if his only care in the world is his orgasm. As if Renee means less than nothing to him. It's exactly what I wanted him to do.

Renee screams through a long orgasm, her body shuddering so hard for every second of it. It goes on at least a full minute. Then her body falls limp and spent, now standing loosely as Keith holds her in place, still

Chapter Eleven - Mommy, The Slut

thrusting into her pussy. Renee pants hard to catch her breath.

She pants all of twice. It takes her about five seconds. Her body suddenly snaps back to full tension, shuddering hard "OH, FUCK! I'M CUMMING AGAIN! OH, FUCK, IT'S TOO GOOD!" Renee screeches out before her cries turns to a long "UH-AHHH!"

Her second orgasm takes just as long. It hits her body far harder than the first one did. She wouldn't thrash any more powerfully if she were standing on live high-voltage wires. And she looks as if she is. Nothing is still. Her dangling breasts flop so much they're bouncing against both her stomach and her chin. And everything else in their reach.

"UGH... uh!" Renee, falling loose for a second as her second orgasm ebbs, pants hard. She's loud, squeaky, her ragged breaths sounding needy and desperate for air. Her body still shivers crisply. "UGH... uh..."

"OH, SHIT!" Renee screams out, "I'M TOO SENSITIVE! STOP, IT HURTS TOO--" her words are suddenly cut off as her bottom starts slamming back with every ounce of strength that her shuddering body can muster. She pounds back, grunting hard as her stinging sore globes smash against Keith's hips. She shudders hard. "OW! FUCK, THIS IS KILLING ME! I'M CUMMING AGAIN!!!!"

Renee's knees buckle, her knees slamming against the table as her muscles snap. Enough to knock the table forward several inches. "OW!-AHHHHHHHHHHH" Renee screams out a guttural, and erotic, moan. One that says she loves this orgasm. It's the most powerful to sweep her so far. Her muscles snap and jump as the waves crash over her body. It has her seeming to jump around. All while her bottom slams mercilessly hard back against Keith's cock. And it lasts slightly longer. About a minute and a half.

Only this time, Renee barely has a second to suck in a desperately fast breath before she screams out "OHMYFUCKINGGOD, NOT AGAIN!" Then Renee's bottom

snaps back so hard that Keith is knocked back a step. He keeps his vise tight grip on Renee's hips, dragging her back with him. Her arms slide along the table, fists beating everything as she screams out, shuddering and thrashing hard. This orgasm lasts a few more seconds, too.

"YE-OW!!!!!" Renee screams. Her body snaps with every ounce of her strength. She curls up. Her knees jump up all the way to her chest. Her elbows snap back, coming up beside her legs and squishing her breasts. She drops. Thankfully, luckily, Keith was ramming hard into her at the time. Just enough to bump her forward so that her shins and head land on the table instead of her falling to the floor. It only drops her about half of an inch. Or so. Not enough to mess Keith's rhythm up.

Renee stays in the ball. Almost a fetal position, her muscles pulling tight so hard that they're vibrating. And making her body tremble. I doubt she's breathing. Her screams fade to nothing. After a few seconds of that, Keith grabs her hair. With a rather harsh yank, he snaps her head up so that everyone can see her face.

Renee stays like that for the next two minutes. I think I hear her get a couple of panicked breaths, but that's about all. Otherwise, she's a trembling mess of tightness. Except for her pussy. Her pasty thick honey falls in gobs to the table.

Finally, Keith is finished with her. I'd guess it's close to ten long minutes. He pulls his cock out of her pussy. Almost the instant it's out of her mound, a small jet of cum erupts from the tip of it. His cream lands squarely in her crack. And atop her tight asshole. But, as it flows slowly downward, it parts around her gash and flows into her thick fur.

Keith lets go of Renee and breaths out the deepest sigh of satisfaction and release. "Wow..." he says very softly, "that was like fucking a soda straw."

Renee stays as she is, trembling hard. Only now her honey drips a bit faster. And his cum starts to drip from her fur. In a bit, Renee starts breathing deep, needy

Chapter Eleven - Mommy, The Slut

breaths. The red hot flush of her skin starts to fade. But she sweats even more. And she purrs like the happiest of cats. So sweetly.

And then I decide that Renee has had enough of a respite. I snap a firm order for her to get back on her knees. She moves slowly, her limbs rubbery, loose, and very uncoordinated. She almost has to literally drag herself to the floor. But when she gets into place, she makes sure she's flush against the sobbing Rochelle. Renee kneels far from still or steady. She's clearly gone, lost in her bliss.

But now, whatever shame she had tried to hang onto is gone. She mews soft, but very pained "Owls" under her breath. After about ten of those, she adds "my butt..." it's just enough to let everyone know what's hurting her isn't her pussy.



Chapter Twelve - Relief

After Keith's "encounter" with Renee, his cock is done. It rather quickly shrivels up to the smallest I've seen it yet. Probably a bit under three inches long, and a mere ½" wide. It's also softer than a rubber band as it hangs limp in front of his now-empty balls. At least those haven't shriveled up. What is clear to me, is he won't be able to get stiff for a while. I'd guess a few hours minimum. Poor Rochelle, he just doesn't have any cock left to give her. Not that I was going to let the bimbo slut within six inches of it anyway. I wasn't, and I'm still not. That wouldn't teach her much of a lesson, would it?

But there's no reason to come out and directly tell her that. Call it a lesson in obedience. She doesn't need to know everything. Or much of anything. She only needs to do as she's told to do and trust others to know everything else.

I don't have to tell Keith to dress. He knows his cock is done. I just don't stop him as he reaches for his clothes and starts putting them on. I give him a minute. Then he takes his seat next to Paula. She slides over another inch, cuddling up close to him. When she does, he puts his arm around her again, but I can see it's for her. He's not so into Paula. He's just into the incredible blow job she can give. And it looks to me as if he's already thinking about scheming a way to get another of those in the near future.

Rochelle, still on her knees at Renee's side, looks utterly miserable. As if this has been far worse than she imagined anything could ever be. I'm certain, that anything Rochelle could dream up, wouldn't have been as unpleasant and humiliating as her afternoon has been. Good. A real punishment. And now, there isn't a mark on her body. Even her bottom has faded to a pink glow so light I have to look closely to see it. In another fifteen minutes, that will be gone, too.

Renee's bottom glows just a little bit brighter than Rochelle's, but her spanking was a bit more recent, too. Hers might take twenty minutes more to fade away. Renee also looks fully satisfied. She's still loose and rubbery as

Chapter Twelve - Relief

she kneels, her mind lost in the afterglow. But I can see the muscles of her backside straining hard against the enema.

Paula still looks rather sated after her time with Keith, but her bliss is ebbing. Now she looks to be a little tentative, and hopeful, as she cuddles up to Keith. As if she's praying that he still likes her, and not that he just enjoyed her and now wants nothing to do with her.

Ginger looks unique. She looks thoroughly disgusted. I doubt she could look any more so. It's also obvious to me that Ginger is trying to look repulsed. She's working at it. I see the well-hidden glimmer in her eye that tells me, despite the so-overboard level of slutiness and shamelessness, she enjoyed watching the little show. I'd bet, if she wasn't surrounded by people she knows and wouldn't have to see again, I could have nudged Ginger to join the party. Maybe, with a little firmer nudge, she would have joined this one. I just know that she's going to give Renee hell for it. But secretly she won't mean it.

Bonnie looks unfazed by the show. I doubt she's bothered by anything. She's been Janelle's slut far too long not to have more than this before. And done more than all of them put together have done today. Probably with a larger audience, too. But I still suspect, after this is over, Renee is in for a bit of teasing from Bonnie, too.

It's time to end the lesson. I have little doubt that both Rochelle and Renee are nearing their limits. There's only so much discomfort and humiliation a woman can bear at once. More so a woman who has never experienced such things before. Two hours ago, Renee was a proper, and fairly prim, prissy housewife. Now... She's done things that even a porn star hasn't. Worse, she loved it. And worst of all, her friends not only know exactly how much she loved doing the very unusual things, they saw it all. Not only will Renee never forget it, but she'll also never live it down, either. And she knows it.

There's only one thing left for me to do. End the session. And there are two things I still need to do before I

do that. First, Renee needs to relieve her bowels. Yes, she could wait while I finished and then run to the toilet the minute I'm gone. But what would be the fun in that? There wouldn't be any humiliation! No reminder to Renee that privacy is a privilege that is afforded only to bitches who behave. That she can exist just fine without it. Despite the humiliation.

"Renee, this is your *one* chance to release the enema. Unless you'd prefer to hold it for a while longer, that is. You may beg someone, anyone except my bimbo slut, to help you. Now."

"Yes, Ma'am," Renee answers. Her voice is just a hair lower than it has been. But it also has a heavy dreamy note to it that tells me the lowering is from the bliss she's basking in. I doubt she's too focused on anything but that sweet soothing tingly relief flooding from her pussy through her body.

Renee glances up. I see her eyes moving across the line. Keith, probably due to his gender, is immediately ruled out. Paula is ruled out just as quickly. I'll guess that's because she's Rochelle's friend and Renee doesn't know her well. Renee's eyes settle on Ginger. Ginger turns her head away. Renee must get the hint. Ginger does not want to be the one asked. Renee shifts her eyes to Bonnie. Bonnie obediently sits there showing almost nothing. No desire to help, but no little hints not to ask her either.

"Mrs. Harris," Renee makes her choice. "Will you please - pretty please - please help me relieve my enema, Mrs. Harris? Please, Mrs. Harris, you have no idea how badly I need to get it out of me. Please help me, Mrs. Harris."

Bonnie shoots me the briefest glance. Just long enough to see the smile on my face. She takes that, as I intend it to be, as my permission for her to agree. Or my instruction for her to agree. It's both. I expect her to do it after Renee asked so nicely.

"I... guess I could..." Bonnie grumbles. She tries hard to sound as if she doesn't want to do it. It's good enough

Chapter Twelve - Relief

to convince this audience. I doubt any of the others would have agreed so quickly. Or at all. After a second's hesitation, Bonnie asks "what do I have to do?" without addressing anyone in particular. As if she's unsure whether she should ask Renee, or me.

I lean over and whisper into Renee's ear telling her what to tell Bonnie. This way my eyes are close to her head and I get a full view as she hears her instructions and blanches to a sickly paleness. But then Renee says her "Yes, Ma'am." She tries but doesn't manage to hide the humiliation and disgust in her voice.

"I'm not allowed to move, Mrs. Harris. Will you please go and find something in the kitchen that will hold at least a gallon, Mrs. Harris?"

"Sure," Bonnie answers. She gets to her feet and steps into the kitchen. She must not know Renee's kitchen that well. I can hear the cabinet doors opening and closing. Several of them. Bonnie is no idiot, either. Before she became a suburban housewife she was a bookkeeper. She definitely knows exactly what I'm going to make Renee do.

A few moments later Bonnie returns with the perfect pan. I don't know about the others, but I can tell that Bonnie poked through everything Renee has in there to find it. It's a tall lasagna pan. The same size as most, it has higher sides. Maybe five inches tall. It will hold a gallon, maybe even two. Plenty for this. Best of all, it's glass. It won't hide a thing and that means maximum humiliation for Renee.

I'm pretty sure I see Renee cringe a bit when she sees which pan Bonnie has chosen. It's clear this pan will never be used again. And glass ones aren't cheap. Wisely, Renee says "Thank you, Mrs. Harris." It's what I've told her that she's expected to say when Bonnie returns with a pan. Whatever pan Bonnie chose. Renee gets no say in it. "Will you please put it between my feet, Mrs. Harris, right under my butt?"

"Okay," Bonnie answers. She keeps moving, crossing the last step to Renee's side, and then around behind Renee. Bonnie sets the pan on the floor just behind Renee's bare feet. Then Bonnie uses a foot to nudge it forward, sliding it along the floor and between Renee's feet. Bonnie pushes it up until its front edge is a couple of inches beyond Renee's pubes. That has the center of the pan directly under Renee's asshole.

"Thank you again, Mrs. Harris. I am allowed five minutes to fully empty my filthy butt. Will you please time me very precisely, Mrs. Harris?"

"Uhhhh..." Bonnie sighs out. "Sure."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Harris," Renee says in a soft, polite voice that does little to hide the humiliation in it. Renee hasn't moved. She still wobbles a little, but that's the rubberiness of post-orgasmic bliss. Otherwise, she kneels properly. At the small of her back, her right hand holds her left wrist to keep her hands still. She looks forward, mostly facing Paula. And seeing that Ginger is already looking away. Renee keeps her back up straight, too.

"When you are ready for me, please tell me to go potty, Mrs. Harris." Then Renee demurely waits.

Bonnie glances at me sees nothing and glances at her watch. Her eyes fix on her watch as if she's watching the seconds tick off. I know it has to be agonizing for Renee to wait now. Luckily for Renee, Bonnie only makes her wait a few seconds. I guess it must have been close to an even minute or something and that's what she waited for. It does make it easier to count off the time. "Renee, you may go potty now," Bonnie tells her in a voice that rings with disgust. So much so that I know Bonnie is putting on. A bit too heavily if you ask me, but I doubt Renee notices that.

Renee does nothing as she very quickly replies "Yes, Mrs. Harris." And then Renee releases the impossibly tight clench of her asshole. For the first half-second, I watch as several drops of yellow trickle from her bottom and rain

Chapter Twelve - Relief

down to the pan. Then it's like someone opened a firehose. A huge torrent of dirty yellow bursts forth from the wide-stretched crack, shooting powerfully from between Renee's soft globes and splashing into the pan. Steadily, the fluid level in the pan begins to rise, albeit slowly as the liquid flows out to cover the bottom.

"UGH!" Renee grunts loudly, a hefty note of discomfort in her voice. The sudden change in her bowels is all it takes to send some moderate cramps stabbing into her body just behind her furry pubes. She feels them. I know she didn't expect them as the pressure eased, either. I see a look of discomfort sweep over her face. I see a few little flinches in her shoulders as she has to stop herself from doubling over. And then, the cramps start to ease off.

That's when the next humiliation hits Renee. She can't see it. But she should feel it. Everyone else can see it. And Renee can see their faces. I know Renee can feel Rochelle, too. Renee's shoulder, upper arm, knee, foot, and calve are touching Rochelle's.

Well, except for Rochelle, who has to kneel beside Renee and keep her eyes forward too. Now it's Rochelle's turn to hear but not see. But the way Rochelle's nose is wrinkled up tells me that she definitely smells it. And has no doubt that Renee is obediently doing it. I'll bet she'd love to run off now.

I picked the yellow enema for a reason. It's one of my favorites. It's just simple mineral oil and food dye. Unlike water or glycerin, mineral oil doesn't add moisture to feces. It leaves the messy waste as it is. It does slightly lubricate the inside of the rectum, making it easier to empty. And it adds pressure as it fills and stretches the rectum. Unlike water, it won't be absorbed by Renee's rectum. Rectums are designed to absorb water, and they're rather efficient at it. Over time, less than the hour-plus that Renee has been full, it would have absorbed a fair bit of that water, and that reduction in volume would have eased the pressure straining Renee. That doesn't happen

with the oil. Renee feels just as full as she did the first second for the entire time.

And now, the effect is plain. A giant strip of feces almost shoots out of Renee's bottom like a cannonball. Another geyser of the yellow follows immediately, even before the mess lands in the pan. It lies there, not moving. In sight of everyone. A few more follow over the next minute or so. Enough to tell me that Renee probably used the toilet early this morning. She's about halfway to needing to again. Or was halfway there. The enema will flush every last speck of waste from her bottom, leaving her as clean as a whistle.

I doubt anyone really watches Renee. But at least Paula and Keith don't turn their heads away. Bonnie stays at Renee's side, where Renee can't see her but will know that Bonnie is watching her. I think Bonnie is more watching the \$200 pair of boots she has on lest they have to be trashed. I would be. But I stay back a good step, at the far side of Rochelle where nothing will reach to splash me.

The pan is big enough to almost fully contain the mess. I see a few small drops splash out to the floor. I see a very nauseous look, and a hard cringe hit Rochelle exactly twice. Once when a drop of Renee's mess splatters onto Rochelle's foot. And once when another hot, gooey drop splatters up and lands on Rochelle's globe. No one makes any effort to clean them off of Rochelle, either. And that leaves Rochelle cringing in disgust. Who wouldn't, required to kneel touching her mother, while her mother poops. And some of that mess ends up on her.

By the time the end approaches, both Rochelle and Renee are blushing deeply and cringing. I'm sure it's humiliating for both, but far more so for Renee. The flow from Renee's bottom has slowed to a faint trickle. Just the few last drops. And Renee's cramps have vanished. "Renee, your time is up now. You have to stop going potty," Bonnie tells Renee.

Chapter Twelve - Relief

Renee stops. It barely takes any effort. I'd bet there isn't more than a thimbleful left inside her anyway. Too much fills the pan. "Yes, Mrs. Harris," Renee obediently answers. "Thank you for timing me, Mrs. Harris..." I see a shudder flow over Renee as Renee shirks inward. Her blush deepens. "I'm not allowed to move, Mrs. Harris..." Renee hesitates for just a second, steeling up her nerve to degrade herself even more. "Mrs. Harris, would you please do me a huge favor and clean my butt up for me?"

"Uh..." Bonnie groans. She glances at me and hesitates for a second. Until I nod slightly. "I guess someone has to." Bonnie sounds overly disgusted again, telling me that she's definitely hamming it up.

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Harris."

I reach into my bag and pull out a packet of wet wipes. Like baby wipes. Disinfecting ones. I hand them to Bonnie. It's all the hint Bonnie needs.

Bonnie pulls one out. She steps back, kneeling down as far from Renee's rather messy bottom as she can. And Renee's bottom is messy. Almost every bit of her crack is covered with a thin watery layer of goo clinging to it. Goo that covers the inside edges of her crack and flows out toward the tips of her cheeks. There's a fair bit of splatter on her cheeks, and some on her legs and feet. I'm sure there's some in her fur, too.

Bonnie starts at the outside and cleans off Renee's feet and legs first. "You are such a messy bitch," I comment aloud to get another shamed cringe from Renee. It takes Bonnie a minute before she gets a fresh wipe and starts on Renee's soft globes. Those take a bit longer. And those leave Bonnie only the messiest areas.

Bonnie gets a fresh wipe and starts at the very top of Renee's crack. Bonnie doesn't know that's a cue for Renee. "Will you please make sure that my anus is very clean, Mrs. Harris?" I made Renee ask that favor to humiliate Renee. Bonnie mumbles another "sure." She keeps going, wiping the mess down and into the pan. It

takes a few strokes, and a second wipe to get all of the mess.

Bonnie doesn't know me well enough to know that I was just humiliating Renee. For all she knows, I could be serious about wanting Renee's asshole especially clean. She plays it safe. And that's fine by me. It will let Renee feel Bonnie diligently honoring Renee's request.

Bonnie gets a fresh wipe. She loosely wraps it over the tip of her first finger. Then she puts her finger to Renee's tight asshole. Bonnie scrubs the firm muscular ring for several seconds. Then she shifts so that the tip of her finger is pointed straight at Renee's asshole as if she were about to enter it. Bonnie presses very gently. Just enough to press the tip of her finger a tiny way into the firm ring. Not nearly enough for the tip of Bonnie's finger to push its way through Renee's asshole. Bonnie rotates and rocks her finger, letting Renee feel her asshole being very thoroughly scrubbed clean. Then Bonnie finishes and drops the wipe into the pan. "There you go, Renee, now your anus is spotless."

"Thank you very much for scrubbing my filthy anus clean, Mrs. Harris," Renee answers in a voice that's pure shame. As if there just aren't any lower depths for Renee to sink to. "I'm really sorry to have to ask you, Mrs. Harris, but since I'm not allowed to move, I can't do it myself. Will you please clean my vulva and pubic hair for me, too, Mrs. Harris?"

"I guess I'll have to," Bonnie answers. She gets a couple of fresh wipes. She starts by cleaning over everything. Then she focuses on Renee's fur, carefully wiping all of it. She pinches the hairs between her fingers, in the wipe, and pulls the wipe over them. After each pinch, she shifts the wipe a bit to get a fresh piece of it for the next hairs. Then Bonnie uses a fresh wipe to clean Renee's soft lips. She gets them thoroughly, too. Lastly, Bonnie uses a fresh wipe to slowly and fully clean Renee's gash. That takes a moment. And it has Bonnie cleaning off not just a moderate bit of splatter, but the heavy coating of

Chapter Twelve - Relief

pasty honey that clings to it as well. Finally, Bonnie drops the wipe into the pan. "There, now you're clean, Renee."

"Thank you very much for cleaning my vulva and pubic hair, Mrs. Harris. I'm sorry I had to ask you to do that for me, Mrs. Harris." Renee obediently thanks, Bonnie. "Would you mind placing my potty on the table so it won't get accidentally splashed, Mrs. Harris?"

"Sure," Bonnie answers. She very slowly slides the pan out from between Renee's feet. The pan is about half full of the yellowish liquid. Except at the center where a fair-sized mound of feces has piled up. It looks like something a dog would leave in the yard. Only this has a bit more of a smell to it. Bonnie holds the pan as far out from her body as she can. She moves slowly, being careful not to spill anything, especially not onto herself. She sets the pan on display in the center of the coffee table. Then she returns to her seat.



Chapter Thirteen - Grounde d

I leave the "waste pan" exactly where Bonnie left it. I have no intentions of touching it. Instead, I plan to leave it there until I leave. I'm quite sure that the minute I'm out the door, Renee is planning to pull her clothes on. Taking care of that pan will be a quick second on her to-do list. It's only fair. After all, it's her mess!

The only thing I have left to do is to destroy every last fantasy that has been flashing through Rochelle's head while I've been punishing her. She needs to learn a good lesson. And she is about to. A girl her age is well past the point of being responsible for herself. If Rochelle won't, I'll make her.

I step around to stand in front of Rochelle. Since I'm fairly short, it has Rochelle's eyes staring at my stomach. Good enough. It still lets me stand over her, a necessity to literally talk down to her.

"Slut," I begin addressing Rochelle in my most disapproving tone. "for being such an irresponsible bitch, you are grounded for one week." I watch as a shocked, and not happy visage sweeps over Rochelle's face. "Welcome to *my* house, slut." I grin a rather evil grin.

I tell Rochelle in exacting detail that a week means seven full days. Parts of days do not count. Days begin at midnight and end at 23:59:59.999, just like they do on the calendar. She is also grounded for the remainder of today, however today, since it is not a full day, will not count as one of her seven days.

I'm spelling everything out in detail for Rochelle because I know that this is going to be a new experience for her. I doubt her mother has ever strictly grounded this bimbo before. I don't want there to be any misunderstandings about what Rochelle is and is not allowed to do.

"Beginning right now, your bedtime is 23:00. That means, the instant the clock turns to 23:00, you will already be in bed, tucked in, lights out, electronics off, door shut, and ready to sleep." That doesn't leave much wiggle room for Rochelle. "You will remain in bed until 06:00 in

Chapter Thirteen - Grounded

the morning. You will not get out of bed, not even a little bit, for anything. I suggest you use the bathroom before bed since that's not a reason to get up. Nothing short of a house fire is."

Then I tell Rochelle the hideous part of the bedtime. While she is grounded, her bedroom is "off-limits" during the day. At bedtime, her "mommy" will come to get her. Renee will walk her to the bedroom. Renee will wait while Rochelle undresses. Fully. Rochelle will sleep nude. Renee *will* tuck Rochelle in. Renee will turn the lights out. Renee will shut the door. Rochelle will sleep. Rochelle will stay in bed. In the morning, Renee will return for Rochelle.

While Rochelle is grounded, she *will* be living her life the way I think she should. I don't care what she thinks. If she wants to have some control over her life, then she can behave her slutty bottom and earn the privilege of making the decisions she is capable of making for herself. Until then, I've made her choices.

While she's grounded, Rochelle must wait in bed until Renee comes in and tells her to get up. When told to get up, Rochelle does not have the option of asking for more time in bed. She gets up. She will immediately make her bed very neatly. She will stand, properly and silently, as Renee chooses clothes for Rochelle to wear that day. Renee will choose everything, even Rochelle's panties for her. Then, Renee will hand the pile of clothes to Rochelle, and walk Rochelle to the bathroom. Rochelle gets no say in her clothes. She must wear everything Renee gives her, and nothing that Renee doesn't. Nor may Rochelle comment on whatever Renee chooses for her.

Then I tell Rochelle the more horrible rules of being grounded. Renee is to be addressed only as "mommy." Not even "mom." Mommy. And Rochelle is to be polite, which means using it every time she speaks to mommy, just as she has been using Ma'am when speaking to me. I know that Rochelle will find that humiliating. It's not one of my usual grounding rules, but I've decided to add it just for

Rochelle. A constant reminder of how little choice she has in her life now.

Rochelle is not allowed to leave the house without my permission. Nor is she allowed to ask me for permission. If there is an emergency, such as a doctor's appointment, Renee may text me and ask me for Rochelle. Rochelle may not ask, or even hint, for Renee to text me. I explain to Rochelle that leaving the house is a very strict rule. If so much as the tip of a toenail goes beyond a door, any door, she's broken it. That means even the porch is off-limits to her. She's to stay inside. Period.

Nor is Rochelle allowed any guests. If anyone should drop by, Renee is to answer the door and not allow them inside. Or to see, let alone speak, to Rochelle.

Nor is Rochelle allowed any electronics. Not just her phone is off-limits, but anything that operates on batteries or plugs in. The computer. The TV. The radio. Even her alarm clock. All of it is not allowed. "Pretend you're Amish," I tauntingly tell Rochelle.

Then, much to Rochelle's horror, I ask Keith for a favor. I ask if he would mind going to Rochelle's room for me and carrying all "those big heavy things" to the hall closet. Everything he can find with a plug or a battery must be moved. I might bat my eyes when I add that I know Rochelle has a big, heavy TV that calls for a strong man to move. Yeah, I'm playing up. I've moved my own TV plenty of times. But guys like that. Keith agrees and heads for Rochelle's room. Rochelle cringes very hard when I tell Keith to "be really thorough, just help yourself to look in her drawers and hiding places and make sure you find everything!" I wonder what he's going to find.

I go on to tell Rochelle that while she's grounded, Renee will prepare for her and serve her three nutritious meals. Rochelle is required to eat what she's given. There will be no seconds. There will be no snacks between meals. Rochelle will get 2200 calories per day, what she needs and no more. She may have unlimited water to drink. But only water. Sodas are for good sluts.

Chapter Thirteen - Grounded

I watch as Keith carries the first armload of Rochelle's things from her room. I see only obvious stuff, such as her TV. He sets it in the closet and goes back for more.

I tell Rochelle that while she is grounded, she must be in Renee's sight at all times, except when she's in bed. Renee's direct sight. If Rochelle needs to use the toilet, she can just ask her mommy to "take her potty." When Rochelle showers, which she will do every morning before dressing, Renee can wait where she can see Rochelle.

Hygiene is important to me. That means Rochelle will bathe fully every morning. Including shaving her legs, underarms, and pubes fully to a silky smoothness. And washing her hair daily. Teeth will be brushed after each meal. And so on. Renee can ensure that Rochelle does it all.

I see Keith come back with another load of things. This time, he smirks wide as he holds up a pair of rather colorful vibrators. I wonder where Rochelle had those hidden. Rochelle blushes brightly as she sees that Keith found them.

I ask Rochelle directly if she understands what I mean when I tell her that she's grounded. She answers "yes, Ma'am," but something in her voice tells me what I already knew. The minute I'm out of the house, Rochelle thinks that she can bully Renee into forgetting every bit of it. And on their own, I have no doubt Rochelle would. She'd be at Keith's by this afternoon.

Now I step over to Renee and look down upon her the very same way that I did Rochelle. I really hope Renee has learned the lesson in obedience. That Renee will obey me, not give in to Rochelle.

I plan to address that. As I'm stepping over to face Renee, I casually pick up my crop. "Renee, don't you think this isn't as much your fault as that slut's. It was your place to teach that bimbo to be responsible, and you have so obviously failed so miserably at that. After meeting the bimbo, I doubt anyone would trust you to raise a pet rock."

I gently put the tip of my crop to the side of Renee's huge breast. There are plenty of soft mounds hanging on her chest. More than enough for me to caress small circles on the side of her mound. And that has Renee's full attention as she wonders when I'm going to swat her sensitive mound with my harsh, stinging crop.

I keep stroking her breast, slowly shifting the leather's caress towards her nipple. "It's a very good thing that you live in *my* house and thus you belong to me as well. Did you hear, and understand every one of my rules for grounding a bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Renee answers. Her face is pure shock. It's clear to me that, even as she was hearing Rochelle's grounding, Renee never considered that her own... lesson might extend beyond when I leave. And now realizes that I am only just beginning with her.

"Good. I will expect that you will text me every single time that bimbo breaks any rule, even the most minor ones, and even if she only bends it slightly."

"Yes, Ma'am."

I tell Renee that if Rochelle breaks a "very minor" rule, such as by addressing Renee as "mom," instead of "mommy" or forgetting to use "mommy" every time she opens her slutty mouth, Renee is to send Rochelle to the corner immediately. Regardless of what's going on. Everything else will wait for the 22 minutes Rochelle is in the corner. And Rochelle will stand in it exactly as she did today. That means nude, too. Clothes are a privilege afforded only to behaving sluts.

Then I warn Renee. If I find out, and I always find out, that she wasn't strict with Rochelle's cornering, there will be consequences for that. Both Renee and Rochelle and will be spanked three strokes, and both will stand in the corner. Instead of just Rochelle standing in the corner. The look of horror on Renee's face tells me that she won't risk those consequences, which is what I want. I think, if it were only Renee's bottom on the line, she might take a

Chapter Thirteen - Grounded

chance that I wouldn't find out. But with Rochelle's bottom joining hers over my knees, Renee won't chance it.

I add that if Rochelle doesn't mind Renee, and go to the corner when told, that Renee should text me immediately. I will deal with Rochelle. That's a text Rochelle does not want to be sent, and I think Rochelle realizes it.

I tell Renee that she's not grounded. She may do as she normally does. She may invite her friends over. She may go out. However, since Rochelle isn't competent to look after herself for more than ½ second, should Renee leave the house, she'll have to find a babysitter for Rochelle. A sitter that is willing to follow my grounding rules. I suggest Bonnie or Ginger, both of whom are now familiar with my rules. If Renee has anyone over, Rochelle is expected to be very humble and polite. Rochelle may speak to them since they're Renee's guests, not Rochelle's, but only when Rochelle is spoken to.

I tell Renee that my slave will email her some menus and recipes for "proper meals." Renee may pick and choose among them to make Rochelle's meals. Renee may eat whatever she wants. Rochelle may not. And Renee may pick her own clothes.

Renee, somewhat nervously, agrees to all of it. She looks even more nervous when I tell her that I, or my slave, or one of my Domme friends, may drop by whenever I wish to "check up on my property - that would be your two utterly worthless butts." To further instill the belief that a visit would be totally unexpected, and might catch them in the middle of anything, I pick Rochelle's purse back up. I fish out Rochelle's keys. I hold them up, one by one, having Renee tell me that the key opens. Then I pull off the three that go to this house and slip them in my pocket. "A woman should have the keys to *her* house." Now, I see a faint quiver from Renee. She knows that I could slip in at three in the morning if I wished. She wouldn't even know I was in the house until I woke her.

While I have Rochelle's purse in my hand, I fish out her phone. I have Rochelle give me her PIN code, which she sounds rather reluctant to do. I unlock the phone, an inexpensive Android, and change the PIN. Then I reboot the phone. When rebooted, the face unlock and fingerprint won't work until the PIN code is entered once. A PIN that now only I have. I toss the phone back in Rochelle's purse, much to Rochelle's relief. I'm sure she's scheming to get a hold of it. Wait till she discovers what I've done.

"Bimbo, you know this handsome man is going to get so lonely while you're grounded and unable to see or speak to him, don't you?" I subtly remind Rochelle that she will have no contact with Keith for a week. Keith will not even hear of Rochelle for that week. He'll be out in the world without her. Lonely.

Rochelle, a heavy sob in her voice, agrees.

"You don't want him to stray and lose him to some other slut, do you, slut?"

"NO, Ma'am!" Rochelle blurts out with horror in her voice.

"Then it's lucky for you that Miss Wilson is such a good friend. I'll bet if you begged her very shamelessly, she would agree to 'stand in' for you as his girlfriend. I know he likes her blow jobs, so I think she could keep him happy so he wouldn't find a new girlfriend, don't you?" I move quickly, turning my shoulders. I bring the crop over, landing it softly on Rochelle's stomach as I snap a command for her to beg. It's a very light swat that leaves a pink splotch that will linger for about ten seconds. But it gets Rochelle's attention.

Rochelle doesn't think about what she's doing. She begs Paula to stand in for her. She begs shamelessly, asking Paula to please be a friend when Rochelle needs her most. To please "keep my boyfriend happy and make sure he's never lonely while I'm grounded and might as well be on another planet." Rochelle asks Paula to give him all the blow jobs he wants, and "whatever else he likes." I can see that it's killing Rochelle to think about Keith being with

Chapter Thirteen - Grounded

Paula, but she obeys. She thinks it's the lesser of two evils. At least there's a fair chance that, once Rochelle isn't grounded, Paula will step aside and nudge Keith back to her. Some other slut wouldn't think about it.

Once Rochelle is finished begging, I turn to Paula and ask her "Do you mind making your body available for him to use for his pleasure, and keeping him company while this worthless bimbo slut serves her punishment?"

Paula grins slightly as she says "No problem." I see her cuddle just a little closer to Keith, too.

I turn to Keith. "Will Paula do as a fill-in for my bimbo slut until it learns its lesson?"

"Yeah," Keith answers.

I tell Keith that since Paula will do if he touches any woman except Paula, I'll make certain that he never sees Rochelle again. He's accepted Paula as Rochelle's stand-in. That means Paula basically is Rochelle. Cheating on Paula is cheating on Rochelle. My bimbo slut doesn't tolerate cheaters. He should feel free to do whatever he would do with Rochelle with Paula. Paula obviously doesn't mind.

Keith says he has no issues with that.

Then I tell the two of them that I have two more things to address. First, Rochelle "doesn't exist while she's grounded." The week isn't happening for Rochelle. Neither of them is to ever mention a thing about the next week to Rochelle. They may not tell Rochelle anything about the time they spend together. They may not even mention *if* they spend a second together. Rochelle is never to know a thing.

Both agree that anything they do together, whether it's just a text or (in Paula's words) "wild monkey sex" will never be mentioned to Rochelle. No matter how much Rochelle tries to get it out of them.

This brings me to the last thing. I tell Paula that I'd like to be kept up-to-date on things. As Rochelle's owner, it's my responsibility to know what's going on with her, and those in her life. I want to make certain that my slut's boyfriend is well cared for. I ask Paula if she'll email me

every morning with a quick summary of the previous day. She says she will.

I exchange numbers and emails with both Paula and Keith. I have Keith and Paula make sure that they have each other's numbers, too. They already did. Then, I say that it's time for Rochelle to begin her sentence. Since they are her guests in the house, I hint that it's time for them to go. They get the hint. The show is over. They leave, and I notice that Paula is holding Keith's hand on the way out. The agonized look on Rochelle's face tells me that Rochelle saw it, too.

"Renee, go to Rochelle's room and find some clothes for her to wear for today. She'll need everything, even shoes. I expect a neatly folded pile in your hands when you return."

"Yes, Ma'am," Renee tells me. Still naked, Renee rises and heads for Rochelle's room. She's back in a couple of minutes with a neat pile of clothes. I don't have to look at them. The eye-roll Rochelle makes tells me that it's one of Rochelle's more modest outfits. One Rochelle wouldn't have picked. She probably saves her modest outfits for things like job interviews. Where she doesn't want them to know what a slut she is.

I have Renee set the pile on the coffee table. I send Renee back to kneel beside Rochelle. Then I tell her that if she would like clothes for the day, she may beg one of her friends to go to her room and select an outfit for her to wear.

Renee slightly surprises me by asking Ginger. I figured she might, since Ginger is a much closer friend, and that matters when it comes to poking through a girl's panty drawer, but so far Ginger hasn't been willing to do anything. So I figured Renee would play it safe and ask Bonnie. But Ginger agrees. She's gone several minutes before she returns with a fairly neat pile. I see jeans and a blouse. She puts the pile beside Rochelle's pile and returns to her seat.

Chapter Thirteen - Grounded

I have Renee stand. I tell her to put just the panties that her friend has chosen for her to wear on. Renee does, standing properly once the modest panties are on. I tell her to put her jeans on next. Then her socks. Her shoes. Her bra. And finally the blouse. Now that Renee is fully dressed I tell her that Rochelle is to dress in the same order and undress in the opposite order from now on.

I tell Rochelle to rise up to her feet. I remind Rochelle that the rules are in effect. Then I turn to Renee and tell her to have Rochelle hand over the cucumber that Rochelle has been "enjoying."

"Rochelle, please give me that cucumber," Renee rather reluctantly asks. And rather nicely.

Rochelle doesn't dare to challenge me now. "Yes, Mommy," Rochelle answers in a fully humiliated voice. She reaches down and slowly slips the fat vegetable from her pussy. She holds it out to her mother. Renee takes it, pinching it between two fingers. She gets it from the same end that Rochelle is holding it from, too. The end that wasn't inside Rochelle. Renee quickly sets it on the table.

I have Renee go in Rochelle's pile and get Rochelle's panties. I have Renee hold the panties out to Rochelle, and tell Rochelle "here are the panties you will wear today, Rochelle, put them on."

Rochelle rolls her eyes, and I think I hear a faint groan. She takes the panties and puts them on. I have Renee repeat, offering Rochelle a pair of cargo shorts. Socks. Sneakers. A full-cup bra. And a pullover blouse. Rochelle unhappily puts each one on.

I have Renee go close the door to Rochelle's room. And then I tell Rochelle "remember the rules. You must remain in your mommy's sight at all times. If I find out that she couldn't see you, even for a second, you will regret it. Now, you are dismissed. Obey your mommy."

"Yes, Ma'am," Rochelle answers. She hurries to the now-empty sofa, plops down, and hides her face.



Chapter Fourteen - Restrict *d*

Both Renee and Rochelle know that I am coming today. Over the week that Rochelle was grounded, I've kept in touch with Renee through daily emails. She's texted me several times a day, too. Rochelle has mostly behaved. She's gone to the corner several times, but that was for not addressing Renee as "Mommy." Those were probably just slips, not intentional.

I've told Renee, and she's told Rochelle, that her grounding isn't over until I release her. Which I will do once she's served all seven days. In-person. Yesterday was the last of the full days. I could have come at midnight and released her. But I wouldn't do that. I'll make Rochelle wait and stew, wondering how late I'm going to drag it out today. She has to know that I will come today. If I don't release her by midnight, she'll have served an eighth day, and that wouldn't be right. I sentenced her to seven.

When I show up, it's Renee that answers the door. She tells me that Rochelle is in the shower. She was supervising but left Rochelle to come to get the door. She thought it might be me and didn't want to keep me waiting. I hear everything she tells me. I just look as if I'm ignoring her. I walk right past Renee.

"Go stand by your coffee table. I want the back of your calves against the table and your butt toward the sofa." I tell her as I walk.

"Yes, Ma'am," Renee blurts out nervously. She hurries to go where I told her to.

I walk right into the bathroom. The door is already open. I assume Renee left it open when she stepped out. Rochelle is still in the shower. Obviously, she's wet. And she's covered in a thick lather of soapy suds. She's literally washing her bottom when I step into the bathroom.

I slide the glass doors of the shower open. Rochelle gasps out loudly in surprise. She clearly didn't expect that. It's not something Renee would do apparently. I ignore Rochelle. I reach in, trying to keep my clothes dry and grab Rochelle's wrist. I would have preferred to grab something else, like a breast, but with her so soapy and

Chapter Fourteen - Restricted

slippery, I know better than to try. "Come, bimbo slut," I tell Rochelle firmly as I pull her out of the shower.

Rochelle is still dripping wet and lathered up. I can see that her nipples are as stiff as ever, too. In spite of the hot shower, I just pulled her out of. I don't give Rochelle a towel. Instead, I keep Rochelle moving. I almost have to drag her out of the bathroom. I walk her to the living room and stand the dripping girl next to her mother. In the same position. I do remind Rochelle that I don't care if she's wet. Or soapy. Or cold. I'm not. So I don't care. She's to stand. Rochelle readily agrees, deciding standing sopping wet is worth it to have her grounding over.

Rochelle starts to shiver as she waits. It would stiffen her nipples up, but those couldn't get any harder. I turn my attention to Renee. "Undress, Renee," I tell her in a soft, but steely firm, voice. "That means to take your clothes off in the order that I taught you for Rochelle to undress. To fold each piece and politely offer it to me before removing the next. When you have nothing left, stand and politely tell me that you are naked. Do that now."

"Yes, Ma'am," Renee answers with utter surprise in her voice. She knew I was coming to release Rochelle. Obviously, she assumed that's all I would do. Call an end to this lesson and leave. She never envisioned being naked again. But she knows better than to argue. She starts pulling her blouse off. A minute later, Renee stands in her bra, holding out a neatly folded shirt. "Here is my shirt, Ma'am," she offers it.

I take it and set it on the table behind, and beside, Renee. Renee's bra follows. Then her socks. Her shoes. Her slacks. And finally her panties. "I am naked now, Ma'am," Renee announces in a normal volume, standing with her hands behind her back beside Rochelle.

I step in front of Renee. I take a long moment to look over Renee's body. Fully. But far more importantly to make sure that Renee knows I am closely inspecting her

body. It's amazing how self-conscious that can make a woman. I almost feel her shirking! I love it!

"You did hear my rules, didn't you, bitch?" I ask Renee, lacing some disapproval into my voice.

"Yes, Ma'am," Renee answers, now rather nervously.

"Then is there some reason, other than disobedience, that you are standing here looking like some shaggy bitch of a dog?"

Renee looks stunned. Her voice cracks as she says "No, Ma'am..."

I'm sure there is a "reason." Renee thought that the rules applied only to Rochelle, not to her. Not just the grounding part, but even the basic rules. I'll bet no one has ever, in her entire life, told Renee what to do with her pubic hair. Or a few other things covered in my basic rules.

Unfortunately for me, I don't have too much time today. I really had planned just a slight reminder and to tell them the next step. Now I have to teach Renee a lesson, too!

I let it go for a minute. I take a step back so that both of them can see me. "Bimbo, once I leave this house, your grounding is over. However, you will be on restriction. That is the price of losing your job. Until you actually work your first shift of another job, you are on restriction. Once you work a full shift, not a training shift, I will come over and release you from restriction."

I watch the horror flood Rochelle's face. She was so certain that the grounding would be the last of her punishment. And now, she realizes, that it's not. She's going to suffer even more.

I tell them, making a point of emphasizing that it applies to both of them, not just Rochelle, that all of my basic rules still apply.

Rochelle may now have limited use of her phone. She may call whomever she wishes, so long as Renee allows it. However, "personal" calls are limited to fifteen minutes. And to once per day to the same person. Three-way calls, or calling one person and speaking to another

Chapter Fourteen - Restricted

are forbidden. Leaving a voice mail counts. She may send up to three texts per day to a person, too. I don't care how many that person sends her. Renee is to hold Rochelle's phone and only give it to her when Rochelle may use it. All calls are to be during daylight hours. Not at night. And whenever Rochelle has her phone, she is to be close beside Renee so Renee can monitor her. No slutty calls are allowed. Or texts. Any pictures or videos she wishes to send anyone must be approved by me first.

Rochelle may now have guests over for up to two hours a day, or five hours a week. Per person. During daylight hours only. She must ask Renee before inviting anyone over. While her guests are here, Renee must chaperon them, meaning Renee must be in the room and close enough to hear every word spoken and see everything done. Rochelle may do as she wishes with her guests, as long as Renee, her chaperon, allows it. If Renee doesn't, it's final. Rochelle may not ask for reconsideration.

Rochelle may go out, during the day. She may go anywhere she wishes. Renee must chaperon that as well. Rochelle may not, however, drive. Renee must. The only time Rochelle may be unchaperoned is when applying for a job. Renee will wait in the car.

Rochelle may have her electronics back. As long as she doesn't use the internet without Renee at her side seeing everything. That includes emails. Which are limited to two per day to any person.

And Rochelle may have snacks and sodas and such. So long as she still eats the three nutritious meals that Renee will be serving her. When they are served.

And Rochelle now has free run of the house. She no longer must remain in Renee's sight. She can even use the toilet without being watched.

Bedtime remains unchanged. However, in the morning, once Rochelle's bed is made, Renee may leave Rochelle on her own to pick clothes, shower, and dress. As long as Rochelle dresses properly, not like a gutter slut.

Rochelle grudgingly accepts the rules. But the twinkle in her eye tells me that she's already thinking about her first call. It will be to get Keith over here. And I'm sure she's scheming a way to get him alone and slut with him. I'd expect no less from a bimbo slut.

So I tell Renee, making certain that Rochelle hears me, that it's Renee's responsibility to ensure that Rochelle is never unchaperoned with anyone. And to ensure that no one speaks of the "missing week" of Rochelle's life. Nor is anyone, like Paula and Keith, to speak of anything between Paula and Keith.

I emailed both Paula and Keith this morning and told them about Rochelle's lightened restrictions. I also told both that they were free to "continue on as friends with benefits" and that Paula could continue to stand in for Rochelle as Keith's girlfriend for any social occasion that Rochelle was not attending. That will be all of them since no 22-year-old is going to be seen in public chaperoned by her mommy. Keith shouldn't have to go without just because Rochelle has to learn how to behave. Whatever they do, Paula should continue updating me. And not a mention of it to Rochelle.

I tell Rochelle that now, watching her cringe and almost start crying when she hears it. I don't tell Rochelle how it is going to end: Once Rochelle has her life in order, Keith will be allowed to choose either Paula, Rochelle or if Paula agrees, both of them as his girlfriend. But before I do that, I plan to teach Rochelle to be the perfect girlfriend in a man's eyes. And make sure Keith knows it. Paula is stuck with the one lesson I've already taught her.

Rochelle very unhappily accepts the rules. I think she's just too afraid to ask for anything more, assuming that if she does, I'll just bar Keith and/or Paula from talking to her.

Then I step over to Renee. "It's clear to me that you need a good lesson in behaving for your Queen, my filthy peasant bitch. It seems that you've forgotten either that I

Chapter Fourteen - Restricted

own your body, or that I like my things clean. Who owns your body, bitch?"

"You own my body, Ma'am," Renee shyly answers.

"Who decides what's done with my body?"

"You decide what's done with your body, Ma'am."

"Whose pussy is that?" I point to Renee's pussy.

"That's your pussy, Ma'am."

"Didn't I tell you that I like my pussy shaven?"

"Yes, Ma'am,"

"Then clearly you're a disobedient bitch." I pronounce. To Renee's surprise, I point to Rochelle's pussy and ask her again "whose pussy is that?"

"That's your pussy, too, Ma'am," Renee admits. The answer brings up a bit of surprise on Rochelle's face. As if Rochelle never quite thought of it that way. But does now. She's probably wondering what I might want to do with her pussy. And the rest of her.

"Since you are the mommy in this house, you need to understand that your actions have consequences not just for you, but also for the little girl you care for." I firmly tell Renee. Rochelle hears it and hears that her mother's bushy pubes are going to have consequences for not just Renee but for Rochelle as well.

"You will remain nude. When I leave, the bimbo will finish her shower. Then you will shower. And shave your filthy body completely. Once you have groomed yourself like a human, you will call Mrs. Harris. She lives just down the street. You will beg her to come over here and inspect your body fully."

I reach in my pocket and pull out a pair of latex gloves. I drop them on the table casually. "You will ask Mrs. Harris to not just inspect the outside of that body, but the inside as well. There will be no skanky honey in my pussy. It will be freshly douched out. There will be no filthy poop in my rectum. Use a toilet before you shower.

"If Mrs. Harris deems your body satisfactory, she will choose clothes for you to wear today, and that's what you will wear. If not, I will be over to punish you for disobeying

Intervention

me again. And from now on, if I find you looking like a mangy mutt, you will be punished on the spot.

"Mrs. Harris will come when it is convenient for her, not when you are ready. If it's not convenient for her when you call, you'll just have to beg her and then wait naked until it is and she comes."

I step back so that I'm looking at both of them now. "And while you're naked, this bimbo remains grounded. She can't be ungrounded until she has a chaperon, and I mean one who behaves well enough to cover her sagging old body."

I turn to Rochelle. "Once Mrs. Harris has inspected Renee's body and passed it, you are restricted, not grounded. Until then, you are still grounded. It's not my fault that your mommy didn't take care of my body well enough for me to trust her with two bodies."

I ask both if they understand the rules, and they say they do.

I leave, already thinking of the next step of Rochelle's lessons. Once she finds a job, it's time for her to start learning how to be a real slut wife. A skill any man would appreciate. But not until then.

And Renee, too. I have no doubt at all that Renee enjoys being owned and told what to do.

THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"

My friends, family, and slaves who appear in this story and numerous others. Only those in this story are shown.



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

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

Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"



Slave-whore ("Paige")

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

Debuts In: "Paige: From College Girl To Slave-Whore"

Intervention

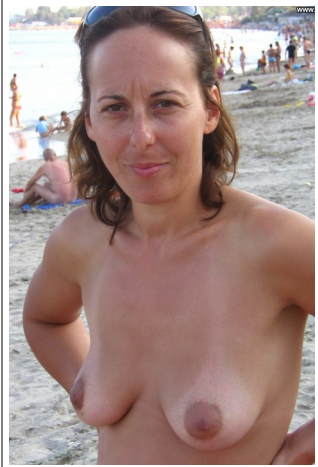


Mistress Janelle

Age	Height	Weight
36	5'6"	
Hair	Eyes	
Brown	Brown	

GUEST APPEARANCES

My other play toys who make an appearance in this story



Slutty Soccer Mom

"Bonnie," Property of Mistress Janelle

Age	Height	Weight
42	5'6"	139
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Brown	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	30	36

"Bonnie" has not appeared in any other stories.