

Trailer Trash



Nadezhda Sarankhova

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Author's Note:

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

The 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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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

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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.

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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,

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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

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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.



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It's about nine o'clock on a Sunday morning. I'm sitting back on my sofa, doing almost nothing other than sipping another cup of coffee, when my phone rings. Sophie, my 20-year-old live in slave-girl answers it for me. She usually does that. I've told her that she's to always answer it when it's my friends or family calling. None of them will be surprised by a slave girl answering my phone. They've all met Sophie long ago.

A minute later Sophie has brought me the phone. She drops to her knees, holding the phone out to me atop her upturned palms. She tells me that it's my friend Nikolai calling and he'd like to "speak with You, Mistress, immediately." Nikolai doesn't call that often, and he knows I'm not much of a morning person when I'm not working. He almost never asks Sophie to get me "immediately," so I assume he needs something.

As soon as he has me on the phone, he tells me that he has a man named Kurtis on the other line. I know Nikolai has a couple of cell phones, but I haven't a clue just how many "lines" he has. A few. He's in "business." Russian business. I know better than to ask too many questions about a Russian's business.

I've known Nikolai for a while now. He's a fellow Dom who lives in Pensacola. He knows me well enough to know that long ago, my mom worked for social services here in Alabama. That's about the opposite of a secret, though. Everyone knows it.

Nikolai asks me if there's any chance my mom would know anyone who works for DHR in Monroe County. That's the next count north of Mobile, where I live. Northwest of Baldwin County where my mom has always lived.

I tell Nikolai there is no DHR office in Monroe County. There's not much of anything in Monroe County. Maybe a post office. It's pretty rural up there. And very redneck. I tell Nikolai that DHR comes up from Mobile to cover Monroe County. And yes, my mom still knows a few people there. I tell him that I do as well.

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Nikolai tells me that his “associate” Kurtis has a problem with DHR. Not directly. It’s actually his ex-wife Bridget that has the problem. He was wondering if Nikolai might know of someone who could properly “explain” things to them.

It seems that one of Bridget's neighbors called DHR to report Bridget. She has a seven-year-old son named Chase. Yesterday Chase was playing with some of the neighborhood kids. He made a comment that "concerned" one of the other parents. He said, "daddies are better than mommies because daddies spank mommies when they're naughty."

Nikolai tells me that Kurtis "is a loser jerk." But he also has some business interest that somehow involves Kurtis. He doesn’t explain how, and I don’t ask. Kurtis, it seems, owns a “flea market” in Monroeville. I’ve been to Monroeville. I missed it as I drove through. I blinked. I don’t even think it has a stop sign, much less a red light. It’s that kind of city.

He tells me that Kurtis is a “bedroom Dom.” Meaning that Kurtis likes to play games with his wife, but only in their bedroom, at night, and alone. I don’t particularly care for that, but it’s generally not my concern what two other people do. I’m Domme, and I’m always Domme. 24/7. I don’t hide when my friends are over. Or when the plumber is here. Or ever. I am me. I just don’t agree with hiding a part of one’s self for most of the day, every day. But if that’s what they like, that’s their business.

It does explain the comment, at least in part. I don’t know if Chase saw something he shouldn’t have. I would never have allowed that, and I would fault them for it if they had. Doors have locks for a reason. I don’t know if Chase might have just heard something. Maybe he heard mom and dad talking. Or maybe he heard mom crying as she was spanked. Or maybe mom just told him that.

Nikolai asks if it is possible that Kurtis's problem could be taken care of with a "proper explanation" to DHR. I tell him, yes, it could be. However, I'm not going out on a

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limb and fixing a problem if they're doing anything they shouldn't be. I might send DHR myself if they were. Nikolai tells me that's not a problem. He wouldn't want to fix that anyway. He's confident it's a misunderstanding. Kurtis assures him of it. He asks if I'd discuss it with Kurtis. Reluctantly, I tell him to give Kurtis my number.

Kurtis calls about a minute later. I have Sophie make him wait a minute or so. Just because I can. And maybe, just a little, because I doubt I'll like him that much. But I'm always willing to do Nikolai a favor. He understands the Russian way. Favors are a currency far more valuable than a Ruble.

Kurtis sounds half panicked when I answer his call. He tells me that his ex-wife, Bridget has custody of their son, Chase. But then he tells me something interesting. He tells me that Bridget before she met him, had been a slave. A real, full-time slave. For about a year before her owner got tired of her. Then he met her. He was unwilling to play outside the bedroom. Bridget wasn't.

He tells me that Bridget has been dating a couple of guys, but nothing serious. He didn't think she'd slept with any of them yet. When he heard about the neighbors calling DHR, he called Bridget. She assures him that Chase hasn't seen anything. She hasn't done anything. Maybe he overheard her talking to a guy she was dating, but that's the only thing that's possible. And the guy wasn't interested, so he won't be coming around anymore. Bridget didn't think Chase had ever met the guy. She'd only let him come over to her place a couple of times, and those were late at night.

Kurtis's concern is that DHR will take Chase from Bridget without "bothering to find out what really happened." If they do, then either he will have to take care of Chase, which will seriously cramp his lifestyle, or his son ends up in foster care, which is not a good thing in Alabama. He'd prefer Chase stays with Bridget.

And he tells me that Bridget is in a desperate panic. She's afraid she's going to lose him over nothing. DHR

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does kind of have a reputation for acting before investigating.

Kurtis tells me that he thinks Bridget needs to learn a lesson, too. He would like her to. To be taught to be more responsible and take better care of what Chase hears, or overhears. He tells me that he plans to go by and teach her a lesson this evening if he can squeeze the time in. He doesn't want to, though. He'd prefer to have nothing to do with her.

But Bridget has always responded very well to a good lesson. She mostly ignores it when he yells at her or tries talking to her. But once he turns her over his knees, she learns her lesson quickly. And remembers it.

He asks, since Nikolai has told him that I'm a Domme, if I would be interested in teaching Bridget a lesson for him. I'll admit, this is the first time (as far as I can remember) that someone's ex has asked me to see his former toy. I wonder what Bridget would think of that. If she's even interested in playing. Or if she's just going to be so concerned about her son that she'd agree to anything.

He tells me that he thinks, over the year they've been separated, that Bridget has acted up several times, about once a month, just to get Kurtis to come over and punish her. That doesn't surprise me. Toys do that a lot. It's kind of their way of asking for a session. Or one of them. Not many Dommies would overlook a toy's naughtiness.

I ask if Bridget has ever played with a woman before. He tells me that she hasn't. She's never done anything with a woman. While she was with him, he never shared her. Her previous owner didn't either. He wanted to bring another woman home, but Bridget begged him not to, and he relented.

He tells me that he thinks Bridget is ready for another lesson. It's been about five or six weeks since he's gone by to teach her one. It's about time. He's sure she didn't do it purposely to get him to come, though. She

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wouldn't use Chase like that. But she was probably scheming something when she told the guy she was dating whatever she told him.

Kurtis sends me a picture of Bridget. Then he asks again if I'd be interested in "reminding her to behave herself." Something in his voice tells me that Nikolai has told him that my toybox is stuffed with male and female toys. That he knows I don't have a problem with "Barbie" dolls.

I tell him that I will let him know if anything can be done about her problem. I don't tell him what I'm going to do. I make a point of not telling him anything. I don't want it known what I can do. Who I might know.

I call Amber. She's one of my playtoys. She's also an investigator for DHR. Even better, some of her coworkers know that she's a playtoy. They're the ones who introduced her to me. It will give her a little freedom to ask them for a favor if she needs to.

I tell her about the call. Then I tell her what she's going to do. She's going to have it assigned to herself. She's going to go up there. She's going to do a real investigation. If, and only if, things are messed up, and by that, I mean that Bridget has let him see something she shouldn't have, she's to do her job. But if it's nothing, then she's to text me immediately. She's to tell Bridget that she must accompany her to a meeting, right now, and wait as Bridget arranges a sitter. Then she's to bring Bridget here.

Amber tells me that none of that will be a problem. She knows the caseworker on call and describes her as lazy. Meaning she won't even ask why Amber is willing to take the call, just hand it over and go back to her holiday weekend. It helps that I'm not asking Amber to bend any rules or overlook anything. I wouldn't do that. I'm only asking her to make sure there's something there before acting, instead of the much quicker version of acting and letting the judge sort it out later.

I call Nikolai back and tell him that Kurtis's problem is handled. As long as there's nothing seriously wrong up

there. He's happy with that. He offers to call Kurtis back and tell him. I let Nikolai call him. I don't have a clue what, but I know this is going to cost Kurtis something. I don't care, either.

A few minutes later I get an email from Kurtis. He sends me a file with a couple dozen pictures of Bridget in it. His note is mostly prolific thanks for handling his problem. And he tells me again "if you want this bitch, take her. Please." I take it to mean that he doesn't want her dating any more random guys. So there won't be any more misunderstandings with Chase and the neighbors.

I look at the pictures. But appearance isn't that big of a deal to me. Her body looks healthy, and that's really all I care about. It's mostly her attitude that will earn her a place in my toybox. Or a quick trip to the curb. I don't have much of an idea what I'd do with her in the toybox, but I'll see. If I find a place for her, okay. If not, Nikolai still owes me one. Win-win for me. Plus I get to have fun this afternoon.

It's about two hours before I get a text from Amber. I'd figured something around that. Monroeville is a good hour's drive from Mobile. From anything, really. I knew that once Amber had gotten the case assigned to her, she wouldn't delay in driving up there. I made it clear that I wanted answers sooner, not later. I figured she'd take about an hour or so up there, too. Amber hasn't been my playtoy that long, but it has been long enough for her to know that I don't like delays. And that I'm serious. When I want answers, I want real answers. It's just the first time I've trusted Amber to get those answers for me. Then again, it is her job to get the exact answers I want.

Amber sends a long text. She tells me that Chase didn't see or hear anything from Bridget. Another boy at school, the son of a "kind of married" man Bridget has dated, told him that. He just repeated what his friend, a boy who is a whole year older than him, told him. Thus, there aren't any issues in this house, and Amber will be closing the case as unfounded. She also tells me that

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Bridget has called her usual sitter, a teenage girl who lives down the street to rush over. Amber will be at my apartment in about an hour, with Bridget.

She tells me that Bridget is very curious as to what kind of a meeting might happen on a Sunday. Who Amber is insisting that she meets with. Amber hasn't told her a thing, as I instructed her to do. Bridget is too relieved, and edgy, to question Amber too much, too.

I text Amber back that I'm waiting for them. Then I go to get a few things ready.

Usually, I have Sophie answer my door for me. But when the doorbell rings about an hour after Amber's text, I wave her back. I grab my favorite crop. It's pastel green and fringed with a rather frilly white lace. Its leather is soft, everywhere but its white tip. There it's hard and rough. It was a birthday present from my mom. I love it.

I pull my door open. "Oh, there's my slutty mouse!" I greet Amber.

I quickly shift my eyes to Bridget just in time to see her flinch slightly with surprise. Whatever she was expecting, this isn't it. I see the look of surprise on her face too. I watch as her eyes anxiously scan over me. They freeze, locking her gaze onto the riding crop in my hand. Her eyes get wide. She knows what it is, and it looks like she knows I'm not planning to ride any horses in the near future. In jeans and silk blouse, I'm not exactly dressed for it.

"And who is this naughty little fat whore you've brought me, mouse?"

"This is Bridget Joan, my Queen," Amber answers.

I snap my fingers and wave Amber in. Amber steps in and stops. She shifts to the side, taking a place along the wall just inside the door. It's a place where I keep the wall blank just for this. It's about eight feet long, from the front door to where the coat closet sticks out from the wall. It's where I usually greet my toys as they arrive.

Bridget just stands there. Now her eyes rather nervously dart back and forth between my crop and Amber.

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After several seconds, seeing that Amber is now waiting inside my apartment, Bridget starts to take a very slow and tentative step forward.

Bridget is just a hair on the tall side, standing around 5'7" I'd guess. She has just a slight look of thickness to her body, too. I'd guess she weighs around 145 or so. Definitely not more than 150. About ten pounds over ideal, which isn't much at all.

Today she's wearing a nice looking cotton blouse. It's hunter green with short sleeves. It's slightly loose-fitting, making it blousy enough to hide the lines of her curves, but not so loose that I can't see that her breasts are going to be ample. She has that paired with a pair of relaxed-fit jeans. And sneakers. Something tells me that, after hearing a rumor that DHR might be visiting her house today, Bridget put on some of her finer things. By Monroeville standards, this outfit is Sunday-wear.

Bridget has a slight olive or brown tinge to her skin. It's a very light tinge, just enough for me to see it. And to make me wonder if somewhere in her lineage there might some Latin. That would be far from uncommon around here. Or anywhere else in the south. Not that I care.

Bridget has a moderately oval-shaped face with soft lines. She has long, jet-black hair that hangs down just past the bottom of her shoulder blades. That's hanging back at the center of her neck today, held in place with a giant plastic clip. She has narrow eyebrows as if they've been well-teased into neat lines. She has a pair of big brown doe eyes, too. She has a small, slightly short nose. And she has a mouth that's moderately wide, framed with a pair of thick and plump medium-pink lips. Those lips look to be silky soft, too. She has a rather rounded chin, giving it a slightly wide look to it. I can see only a few faint wrinkle lines at the corners of her eyes. For a 37-year-old woman, that's not so bad. She could easily pass for several years younger.

I put my hand to Bridget's waist, slipping my fingers into the waistband of her jeans. I get a good grip on it. It

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stops her in her tracks. After a second her foot cautiously lowers back to the floor. It also lets me feel some softness to her stomach. A fair bit of it.

"You presumptuous little whore!" I snap, sternly scolding Bridget. "This is my Queendom, and I am the Queen here. Peasant whores scraped from the filthier gutters are expected to be humble and polite before their Queen. Polite bitches wait to be invited into their Queen's castle."

I yank hard, catching Bridget by surprise. She stumbles. I pull her forward a step and shove her down at the same time, dropping her to her knees. "Much better, *whore*." I tell her in a mocking voice. "I like my whores on their knees."

I still haven't bothered to shut the door. I doubt I could. Bridget is kneeling in the way of it. I don't care. There's almost zero traffic in the hallway here. No one is going to see anything, except maybe one of my closer neighbors and it wouldn't be a surprise to any of them. They all know me.

"Hands behind your back, bitch." I scold Bridget. As I'm scolding her, I lightly tap one of her hands with my crop. She moves them quickly. They fly to her back before I have the chance to tap her other hand.

I tap Bridget's knee with my crop, scolding her to get her legs apart. It's a stern snap, but I don't raise my voice. Her legs part quickly, stretching wide open.

I put my hand on her shoulder. I scold her to sit back, putting her bottom between her heels. I shove her back and into place as I tell her, saving her the trouble of moving. I don't feel any resistance from her.

I put a hand to the top of her head, lacing her silky fine hair through my fingers. It has just a touch of oiliness to it. I grip it. I move her head so that she's looking straight forward, then angle it slightly to give her a tiny downcast to her look. "There, how a proper whore kneels in the presence of actual ladies," I tell her in my mocking voice as if this is something she should have known and

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I'm displeased that she didn't do without my shoving her into place.

Bridget's home, the former family home, is nothing more than a 20-year-old single-wide mobile home on an acre. A cheap acre that's basically in the middle of nowhere. She works at Dollar General as a cashier. Kurtis told me all of that.

"Listen up, cunt," I tell Bridget in my mean-girl bullying voice. "I dub your skanky butt... trailer trash. That is now your name. It's far more fitting of a name for a filthy peasant whore.

"Your ex thinks you deserve a harsh punishment. I think he's being far too kind letting you off that easily. As of now, your disgusting butt belongs to me. Welcome to my realm. You will serve me as a peasant whore should serve her Queen. Shamelessly. Humbly. Politely. Eagerly.

"But first, you are going to pay dearly for your naughtiness! I won't have my whores whoring around with just any old dick that will give them the time of day, as I hear you've been doing. Then again, what else would anyone expect from trailer trash?

"Oh, I know you don't like women. Guess what, trailer trash? *I don't care!* I don't care what you like or what you want. I don't even care about you. All I care about is that you whore like good trailer trash.

"Now, get *my* worthless butt up to *my* feet, trailer trash!" I tell her firmly.

Bridget doesn't hesitate. She gets up to her feet, keeping her hands behind her back as she does. "Yes... Queen," Bridget answers in a nervously trembling voice. She stands in place, but not still. She quivers. It's not what I call a light quivering, either. It's more of a nervous trembling.

Bridget doesn't know my name. Amber was warned not to tell her anything. I don't know if Kurtis called her, at least to let her know not to worry so much about DHR visiting, but I asked him not to. And I warned him that I would be angry if he told her anything about me. I hope

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Nikolai warned him that me angry isn't something he wants to see. I can be evil when I'm crossed.

In fact, Bridget shouldn't know anything. But she should realize that I know plenty. I know what her house is like. I'd have to in order to name her trailer trash. I know that she's been dating guys and that her standards haven't been so high. Well, at least not by my "big city" standards. She's probably been dating every eligible man in Monroeville. It's not like there are more than about six of them. And I know that she's never served, and pretends to be uninterested in anything with a woman. Maybe she's smart enough to know that I have to have gotten it from someone very close to her. I know she's submissive, too. I doubt she advertises that fact. Maybe she can even guess that Kurtis arranged this. Or maybe not. Maybe it's taking her by surprise and her true nature is just kicking in. Submit.

Now I can shut the door. I turn to Amber and sigh deeply. "Let's see what you've found in the gutter and dragged into my castle, mousy bitch. Strip this whore."

"Yes, Ma'am," Amber answers. Her face shows relief. Relief that she's not the one stripping. Amber has been here a dozen times by now, and always loved her sessions. Despite that, she's still the shiest toy in my toolbox. She hates stripping. Especially in front of someone new.

Bridget's eyes snap wide. She trembles a little more. Her face starts to scrunch up. But she doesn't move or run out of the apartment.

Amber steps over to Bridget. Amber isn't hesitating. She's too glad it's Bridget, not her, being stripped. She just puts her hands on Bridget's blouse and starts unbuttoning it.

Bridget stands there trembling. Otherwise, she does nothing. She doesn't try to help Amber undress her. Nor does she try to make it hard for Amber. She just quivers and cringes as she's undressed by the other woman.

Amber isn't so shy about letting her fingers touch Bridget. She doesn't try to, but she doesn't go above and

beyond to avoid it, either. I see a crisp flinch run through Bridget every time so much as the tips of Amber's fingers brush over her skin.

In a few seconds, Amber has Bridget's blouse off. Amber quickly folds the blouse neatly and politely hands it over to Sophie. It reveals Bridget's cream-colored bra. It's a cheap everyday bra. I wouldn't be surprised if she bought it at the dollar store she works at. It has full cups that hide almost all of her breasts. It's lace trimmed, but it's a cheap lace, not a frilly or fancy one. It has narrow straps on her shoulders, but a wider band around her chest.

Amber reaches around Bridget's back. "uhmmm...." Bridget gasps out as the straps of her bra fall to her sides. It's a whiny, unhappy surprised gasp. She quickly averts her eyes down, staring at the floor as if she doesn't want to see us looking at her.

"Show us all this whore's tits," I tell Amber as I see her hands reaching for the straps on Bridget's shoulders, "nicely." Amber knows what I mean. She puts her hands flat on Bridget's shoulders. She slips her fingers under the straps. She moves her hands lightly and slowly over Bridget's skin, caressing it tenderly as she slides the straps off her shoulders. Then down Bridget's arms. I watch closely, seeing some goosebumps sprouting up under Amber's hands.

Finally, the bra falls away to bare a pair of ample breasts. It lets me see that Bridget's mounds are full. They're well-rounded, too. They have some softness to them, but that's not unusual in mothers, especially ones that are almost 40. It's not that much. Enough that they have a visible crease at their undersides, where they lie against her chest, but not much more than that. I'm sure they're going to feel like hard, wet sponges in my hands. Squishy, but with the firmness to hold their rounding.

Each mound is topped with a wide ring. It's what I'd call medium-dark. It's more of a brown than a pink. And centered in each ring is a nipple slightly wider than the

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eraser on a pencil. They have rounded tips to them, not flat ones. They rise up almost a full $\frac{1}{4}$ " from the tips of her mounds, their sides tapering in very slightly towards the tips. It makes those tips look a bit more rounded than they are.

And makes Bridget quiver and fidget twice as much as she was. Her face scrunches up even more, too, as if she's almost ready to cry. Maybe she is. But those nipples are as hard as any rock G-d ever made. She might hate this, but it's pretty clear she's aroused. And just as clear that her body likes it.

I never listen to a word a toy says. They all lie, to one extent or another. Sometimes it's modesty. They don't want anyone to know that they like something. They're afraid of what people will think of them for it. Sometimes it's deeper, they don't want to like something that they really like. Sometimes they just want to avoid something they like. Maybe it hurts, too. Whatever. I just pay attention to their bodies and how they're reacting to things.

Like now. Bridget acts like she hates being stripped by Amber. I wouldn't blame her for it. It's fairly degrading to stand subserviently still and allow a virtual stranger, especially one with some power over her, to strip her naked. In a room full of people where she'll be the only one naked. More so knowing that it's to show her body to us as if it were a piece of meat on sale at the butcher's. But Bridget can only pretend so far. She can't hide her body's reactions. Like those hard nipples. It's not cold, and there's no breeze across those nubs. It tells me that she's getting excited, no matter how she's acting.

I reach my hand out. Bridget cringes. She flinches back from my touch. "Oohhhhhh...." Bridget blurts out in a muted, trembling, somewhat sobbing reluctant voice. She trembles hard, shuddering as the soft skin of my fingers touch her breast. My fingers, with their decidedly feminine touch, land on the top of her mound, about halfway down to her nipple.

Trailer Trash

Instantly I see goosebumps erupt all over her mound. They're prominent, pulling her flesh taut. Taut enough that I see the brownish flesh around her nipple scrunch up and ripple slightly as it pulls up. That thrusts her nipple out at me a little more, making it look even harder.

I slowly stroke my fingers down her mound. I feel a very crisp shivering shudder flow over Bridget as I do. Then my fingers get to her nipple. It's as hard as steel. It has a slight roughness to it from being so hard. I let my fingers slip along it as well. An even crisper shiver racks Bridget.

"AH!" Bridget gasps out. Her gasp is pure shock. But her voice is pure honey, too. It might be a surprised blurt that tells me she didn't expect it, but the tone of that voice tells me it feels very good to her as my fingers firmly pinch that nipple.

I leave my fingers there, pinching her nipple between my finger and thumb. I shift my hand, bringing my palm up under her mound. I release her nipple, closing my hand gently to squish her breast and feel the firmness of it. It feels exactly how I thought it would, like a hard, dry dough.

"Mmmmm...." Bridget purrs in her trembling and sobbing nervousness. I ignore it and give her breast a few more squishes, kneading it gently. Only firm enough to feel its sponginess. Then I take my hand away.

"Flabby tits..." I sigh out with a heavy note of unhappiness in my voice. They're not flabby, but it's no secret that it's something no woman ever wants to hear her breasts called. I wouldn't want Bridget to start thinking her body was desirable! "Oh well, I should have expected a trash body on trailer trash!" I turn back to Amber. "Show me this whore's skank pit, let's see how gross it is."

A single tear rolls from the corner of Bridget's eye. She cringes hard. She almost pulls back from Amber. But those nipples are just as hard as ever. And Bridget doesn't move.

Amber takes Bridget's shoes off first. She kind of has to in order to get the jeans off. Then the jeans are down,

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revealing most of Bridget's body. Amber hands them over to Sophie. She stays on her knees, turning her attention to Bridget's socks.

It lets me see that Bridget is wearing a pair of inexpensive black cotton panties. They're simple and plain. Definitely not something she would have worn if she had even the slightest hint that she would be seen in them. They fully cover her hips and pubes. I'm sure they fully cover her bottom in the back, too. They have sides about 2" wide around her hips. But at least they leave her thighs bare.

And it lets me see what the softness I felt when I reached for her waistband is. I already knew. The pictures Kurtis sent me were mostly nudes. I wonder if Bridget knows he has them. Or that he's sharing them. I'm pretty sure she doesn't think I've seen them. The very uncomfortable and shy look on her face tells me that she thinks this is the first glimpse of her body I've had.

Her stomach is soft. It puffs out slightly, maybe an inch or so. That paunch is rather loose. Eventually, it might make an ugly little roll, but so far it doesn't sag down to do that. There's a wide, surgical scar right in the center of it. Her stomach is flat there. It's a hasty surgery kind of scar. Its placement tells me that it's likely an emergency Cesarean section, done in the seldom-used traditional style. That tells me Chase wasn't an easy birth. And that he's likely not going to have any brothers or sisters. Of course, Bridget doesn't know that I'm almost a nurse. I've finished all the classes for my LPN now. And passed. I know what the scar is. I'd bet she thinks I'm just some young girl glad that I don't have a scar like that, and clueless as to what it's from.

Otherwise, Bridget has a fairly nice body. It's a hair thick, but no more so than average. Just enough that her waist has only the slightest of a feminine curve to it, leaving it almost straight. But then her hips have a touch more of a roundness and curve to them. Her thighs and legs are fairly lean. As are her arms.

Now Bridget's panties come down, exposing the last of her body for my inspection. It lets me see that her pubes are smoothly shaven. It lets me see that her pussy mound is mostly flat, too. It looks to have a touch of puffiness to it, but not so much. Enough that it will be noticeable with her legs spread. Not much more than that. Still, despite the flaws, for a 37-year-old woman, Bridget doesn't have a bad body at all. It's definitely a body a man would be interested in. A body I can put to a slutty use. Something tells me that Bridget would like it if I did just that with her.

Bridget cringes harder than I've ever seen her shy back as she stands there. She keeps her hands behind her back, but I can tell it's taking all of her effort to leave them there. She wants to cover herself with them. I'd bet the first thing she'd cover is that paunch at her stomach too. She could easily cover that with one hand.

I take my time, eyeing her body over. And mostly making sure that Bridget sees me checking her nakedness out very completely. I want her to feel as if her body is being sized up.

"Ugh..." I sigh out. "What a fat ugly bitch this whore is. No wonder you found it stray in the gutter, no one would want this sack of flab."

I snap my fingers. "slave, fetch the irons for this whore."

"Yes, Mistress!" Sophie giggles as she hurries back to the playroom. In a few seconds, she's back with the irons. Sophie holds everything out atop her upturned palms. She comes to my side and drops down to her knees. She holds those hands, like a little tray, out in front of her nipples.

I reach over to Sophie's hands and take a pair of shackles off of them. These are my dungeon shackles. The ones that look like they came right out of the Spanish Inquisition. The cuffs are solid metal, hinged to open, and with a hasp to lock. They have a heavy piece of log chain between them. A padlock dangles from each hasp.

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I hand them to Amber. And I point to Bridget's ankles. I watch as Amber kneels down and fastens one of the 2" wide cuffs around each ankle. They're thick. ¼" of heavy metal. She closes the round shackle around Bridget's leg just above her ankle. She uses the dangling lock to secure it. And she does the other leg. It leaves about 18" of heavy chain between the cuffs.

Amber rises from her knees. I grab the second pair of shackles from Sophie's hands and hand them to Amber. I point to Bridget's wrists. Then I watch as Amber takes hold of Bridget's wrists, brings them around front, and locks them in the second pair of shackles. These are just like the first ones, only a little narrower for wrists instead of ankles. The chain between them is just as heavy, but only three links long. It binds Bridget's wrists in front of her body. Bridget quickly lets her hands hang down in front of her pubes, looking a little relieved that she can cover her stomach for a moment.

I hand Amber the last shackle. It's just as thick and wide. But it's bigger. It goes around Bridget's neck. I wait as Amber locks it around her neck, leaving the padlock to dangle down against the top of Bridget's chest.

Now that I know Bridget wants to cover her body, I make sure that she can't. I step forward and grab her bound wrists. I lift them up. I can feel a reluctance in her arms, but no actual resistance to having them moved. I bring her hands all the way up over her head. And I bring them back down, this time behind her head.

I put her hands to the back of her neck. Then I pull a heavy plastic zip tie out of my pocket. It's neon pink. I slip it under the heavy iron collar and thread it through the chain of Bridget's cuffs. I pull it tight, too. And now, Bridget's hands will stay behind her head. It leaves her body fully displayed.

The last thing on Sophie's hands is a length of chain about three feet long. It's not as heavy as the chains on the shackles. Nowhere near as heavy. But it's still heavy enough. I pick that up and clip one end of it to the collar.

Trailer Trash

“Come along, trailer trash,” I tell Bridget in a very teasingly sweet voice. Too sweet. Both Sophie and Amber, I’m sure, can recognize that. It means Bridget is in for something heinous.

“That body is just too ugly for even the cheapest street corner of this Queendom. I’ll just cast your fat butt into the dungeon. You’ll learn to behave there. Quickly. Very quickly.”

Using the chain as a leash, I lead Bridget back towards the playroom.



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I lead Bridget back to the playroom by the chain leash. She never resists, but I swear I can feel a hesitancy growing in her feet with every step towards the playroom. It's a playroom she's never seen before. And hasn't a clue what horrors might be waiting for her in it. I almost wish I'd blindfolded her, too. Instead, I just get to hear the heavy chains rattling loudly with every step Bridget takes.

The playroom is ready for Bridget. I have a few stands set out because I wasn't sure what I'd do with her. I'm like that. No matter what I've planned, I tend to come up with better ideas as I play. For now, to start, I lead Bridget over to the massage table standing in the center of the room. That's almost always there. I can use it in so many ways.

It feels like Bridget relaxes just a bit when she sees it. It doesn't look evil. It's just a standard portable massage table. It even has a padded top to lie on. I walk Bridget over to it. Sophie has followed me into the playroom, as she knows I want her to do. I always want Sophie close at my side to cater to my whims. Whether I have a toy to amuse myself with or not. I tell Sophie to help Bridget get up onto the table. With her hands and feet bound in the heavy iron shackles, Bridget will need the help.

Once Bridget is sitting on the table, I have Sophie fetch me a piece of rope. This one is about six or eight feet long. It's one of the longer pieces I keep in the cabinets. It's my preferred rope, $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick rough hemp rope. It looks old-fashioned as if it belongs in a dungeon from 500 years ago. Or something. I'd bet the roughness of it gives it that feel, too.

I start by wrapping three loops of the rope around one of Bridget's thighs, just above her knee. I pull them snug and tie the rope off. Then I pull Bridget's legs together, pushing them firmly against each other as I wind three more coils around her other knee. I tie those off, too, leaving me about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the rope dangling free. That will hold her legs together from the knees up, but leave her free to squirm her calves and feet.

Trailer Trash

I bring the free end of the rope up between Bridget's thighs. With her legs flush against each other, it takes just a bit of work to push it up between them. But I get it done and pull all the slack out of the rope, bringing all of the free rope up. Keeping the rope loose, I bring it up, circling it around the back of her neck. Then I bring it back down and push the free end down through her thighs.

I grab hold of Bridget's calves and use them as a lever. I lift them up and she rolls onto her back. She squeals from the surprise of it as I roll her back. I switch up, one hand on the underside of her bound knees, and my other hand taking hold of the dangling rope. I pull the rope, drawing it through her thighs as I pull the slack out of it.

I push Bridget's knees all the way up until they're touching the tips of her nipples. And I pull the rope taut while I'm holding her legs up. I wrap three more coils of the rope around her bound legs, almost over the other coils, circling both of her legs with it. I pull those taut, too. And I tie the rope off. It has a single loop of rope threaded behind her neck. But nothing against the front of her neck. That way she won't be able to choke herself. But it will hold her knees up to her breasts.

I have Sophie lift Bridget's shoulders up slightly, off the table. Now I wind three more coils of the rope around the very tops of Bridget's thighs, over the first coils, and around her back. I pull those taut, too, binding Bridget's knees snugly against her breasts. Her thighs aren't going anywhere.

I have Sophie fetch me another, shorter piece of rope. She brings it quickly. I bring Bridget's elbows up, leaving her hands strapped to the back of her neck. And leaving the iron chains on her wrists. I wrap four loops of the rope around one elbow, two on her forearm and two on her upper arm, both at her elbow. I thread the rope over Bridget's knees, along the creases at the back of them, lifting her feet as I do. I pull the rope taut and tie it off to her other elbow the same way. It has her elbows pulled up

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to her knees, lying snugly against the outsides of her knees. And it makes sure that Bridget can't move her arms at all.

In fact, about all she can move is her head. And her legs from the knees down. The rest of her is pulled up into a tight ball and firmly bound in place. This will do nicely for a start.

It has Bridget's legs pulled up hard against her body. Her body isn't perfect or hard. But it's nice enough. I can see a little looseness to her thighs, even with them pulled-up, but it's not much. I can see some softness at the bottoms of her cheeks, too. With her legs together it doesn't have her pulled taut enough to stretch her crack open, though.

But it does push the mound of her pussy out, back towards me, just a bit above the backsides of her thighs. It's the first close look I've gotten at Bridget's pussy. Now I can see that she has long, narrow lips. They're far from thick, but not exactly thin, either. They're soft. They leave a moderately wide gash between the edges of them, letting me see the tips of her deep pink inner folds just inside that gash. It's a long gash.

It's also a gash that's completely covered with a thick coating of her lightly creamy, clear, honey. It sticks to everything. Her folds, the edges of her lips, and even the outsides of her lips. It's warm and fresh, too. It has a slight, sweet-tinged, muskiness to it. It loudly announces just how eager that pussy is.

I use the tips of my fingers to push her lips apart. Almost immediately I feel her lips bunching up against her thighs. But they part, baring a pair of long dark pink, almost deep purple, folds. They don't rise far off her pinkness. They're thin, loose, and soft, too. They flow around the narrow entrance of her tunnel, then together into a dense, long ridgeline. That knot doesn't rise far, either, but it is firm. As they meld together, I can see the tip of her pea-wide clit rising up from its nest. And I can see more of that creamy honey covering everything. I can

see that the tip of her clit is rock hard, too. It's hard to miss. The thin flesh of it is pulled far too taut. I'm right, her pussy is eager and ready for some attention.

I have Sophie fetch me a toy. The one I ask her for is a little vibrator, almost like an electric toothbrush. It has a head about that size on it, atop a shaft several inches long, and then a wider handle to hold the batteries. Its head is shaped like a football. And made of a hard rubber with a very thin layer of soft, spongy rubber over it.

I put the tip of it against the top of Bridget's gash, atop the ridgeline of her melded inner folds. I turn it on. It has a good motor in it. The tip vibrates powerfully and fast. It sends every bit of those vibrations into Bridget's folds. Those are sensitive, but not nearly as much so as other places.

"OH!" Bridget blurts out, "OH-OHHHHHHHHH!" She screeches. As soon as the vibrator switches on, I see the crisp shivers flowing over Bridget's body. Then I see her muscles tensing hard as she starts to squirm against the ropes holding her tight. Her body doesn't move at all. It stays there, lying on her back with her pussy offered out for me to toy with.

The shivers grow sharper and sharper by the second. Then I get the tip of the toy moving. It finally bumps lightly against the nub of her clit.

"AHHHHHH!" Bridget shrieks out loudly. At the same instant, I see her head snap back against the table. It's hard enough that it thrusts her shoulders up a bit. After a fraction of a second, her feet start kicking wildly, her legs flexing at the knees. And the shudders grow sharper and sharper.

"AH!!!" Bridget's voice is a mixture of sweetness, sultriness, and surprise. It's loud. It's high-pitched with a slight mousiness to it. It's pleading, too. As if she's already so ready to cum and only my moving the vibrator is stopping her from doing it. I keep the toy moving, never letting its tip rest against any part of her for more than half a second or so. "OH, NO! PLEASE, QUEEN, PLEASE I NEED

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TO... FINISH... NOW!!!” Bridget cries out. “OH, PLEASE, QUEEN! I’M READY! HOLD THAT THING STILL AND LET ME FINISH! PLEASE! I HAVE TO!”

“Oh, you are a horny little piece of gutter filth, aren’t you, trailer trash?” I ask Bridget in a very taunting, mocking voice. But a voice laced with a fake sweetness.

“YES! YES, QUEEN! PLEASE, PLEASE, LET ME FINISH RIGHT NOW! PLEASE, I’M SO HORNY! I’M A GUTTER WHORE, I ADMIT IT! I DON’T CARE! JUST PLEASE LET ME CUM!” Bridget cries out a pleading beg.

I wonder if that begging has ever worked for her. If maybe Kurtis would give in to it. I so hope not. At least then she won’t be surprised. In my Queendom, begging is useless. I love ignoring those hungry, needy pleas.

Bridget thrashes hard, squirming against the ropes and kicking hard. Too bad for her that her feet can’t quite reach my arm. Or that she’s tied up in that tight ball and can’t do anything but lie there and feel the teases.

“Don’t be such a silly whore, trailer trash!” I scold Bridget in my mean-girl bullying voice, now laced with a taunting sweetness. As if I am totally mocking her. “Do I look like I care if you or that disgusting sloppy-wet skank pit suffers? You’re in my dungeon! This is where useless and naughty whores come to suffer absolute misery so they learn to behave. You’ve been a naughty and useless whore!

“Your suffering hasn’t even begun yet! And already you want pleasure? I so think... *NOT!*” I laugh.

“slave, go fetch the mousy bitch,” I tell Sophie.

“Oh, yes, Mistress!” Sophie says enthusiastically. With a big grin on her face, she hurries off to fetch Amber.

I focus my attention on Bridget. I keep that toy moving, stroking the tip of it over her more sensitive places for a fleeting instant, and then back to less sensitive places. That way it gives Bridget a moment to ebb back from the cusp of her climax before another stronger tease pushes her right back to the cusp. It keeps her hanging there, ready and begging to go over the edge, but not

going. No matter how badly she tries to misbehave and sneak in a bit of pleasure for herself.

“OH! NOOO! PLEASE, QUEEN, PLEASE! DON’T MAKE ME WAIT! I CAN’T! I HAVE TO FINISH, RIGHT NOW! PLEASE, QUEEN!” Bridget doesn’t give up on begging me for relief.

I keep ignoring her pleas and teasing her mercilessly. She keeps screeching out desperate pleas that grow from urgent to demanding. I ignore everything.

It takes several minutes for Sophie to return. I knew it would. She slips in, hurrying quickly, and crosses over to the file cabinet where I have her keep my toy’s clothes. The top drawer is locked now. That’s the one with Bridget’s things in it. Sophie tosses Amber’s things in the next drawer and shuts that one. She picks up a pink leash and hurries back out. Sophie ignores Bridget’s shrieking pleas, too. Just as I’m doing.

This time Sophie is back quickly. She has the leash clipped to a matching pink leather dog collar around Amber’s neck. It gives Amber no choice but to follow Sophie into the playroom. Amber knows my rules, too. She keeps her hands behind her back as she walks, but the pink blush on her face tells me that she’d rather be covering her body. Still. After about a dozen sessions with me, Amber is still shy about her body.

Amber doesn’t have anything to be shy about. Amber is 31 years old. She stands 5’6" tall and weighs a mere 132 pounds. It gives her a good figure and a lean body. Her body is still youthful-looking, too.

Amber has short hair. It’s dark brown but so dark that it might as well be black. It’s cut well over her shoulders, framing her head closely. It’s silky and fine, too, with just enough body to bush out slightly from her head.

Amber has a light, milky white skin. Her face is slightly ovalish but has smooth flowing lines to it. She has thin, well-teased eyebrows over big brown doe eyes. She has a slightly wide nose. She has a wide mouth, framed with a pair of plush, silky soft fairly plump lips. Her lips are

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the lightest shade of pink, but with just a hint of a glow to them.

Amber has a flat stomach. It's firm and well-toned, her skin nicely taut. There isn't a blemish on it. She has a pair of modest breasts. They're 34-B's, but they're on the small side of filling out those B-cups. They're very well-rounded, though, and very firm. They rise about 2" off her chest like half grapefruits. As if her chest simply swells out. There isn't even a hint of sag to her mounds. Nor is there anything close to a crease at their undersides.

The tips of her mounds have a slightly pointy look to them. But they're not pointy. It's her nipples. They're light pink, just as her lips are. Her nipples are wide. They're standing up stiff and eager now. They have tips that are mostly flat, and they're decently long. It gives her mounds that look. Each nipple is surrounded by a wide, faint pink ring of color.

Amber has a modest, but rather noticeable, feminine curve to her waist. Her hips, too. Those are nicely rounded and just full enough to not show her bones. They're slightly narrow, too, keeping her body slim. Her pubes are flat. When I first took her, those pubes were unruly. It told me that she liked a natural look. I made her shave them bare. But a couple of weeks ago, I allowed her to grow her bush back. She prefers it. And now she keeps it very neatly trimmed. It has crisp straight lines on top and both sides, just inside the creases of her thighs. Her fur is cut short, too, no hair over an inch long. I might even let her keep it. It looks good on her. But I do make her keep her pussy mound bare. Fur there just gets in my way when I want to play with her pussy. Or use it for something.

Amber also has a small bottom with nicely rounded cheeks. Cheeks that are hard and firm, too. Cheeks that leave a slight short crack between them. A crack that's barely closed, the insides of her cheeks just lightly touching each other. I so love spanking that bottom!

Amber doesn't actually dislike her body. That's not why she's so shy about showing it off. Showing it off makes her feel like she's a whore, flaunting her nakedness shamelessly. So much so that she'll never voluntarily show it. But making her flaunt it gets her aroused. And using her like a trashy whore, the cheap whore she thinks lives inside her, gets her even hotter.

"There's my mousy bitch!" I greet Amber as Sophie leads her in. "Come over here, whore." I grin. I know Amber doesn't have a choice about it, either. Hearing me call for Amber, Sophie keeps coming, pulling Amber over by the leash. "I have some whoring for you to do!"

I point to Bridget's pussy with my free hand. "Tongue tease that disgusting thing. This piece of trailer trash filth needs to suffer and learn its lesson."

"Yes, my Queen," Amber tells me, her voice shyly hushed and reluctant. It sounds as if she wants to do anything but, which is half true. She doesn't want to eat. But her body is dying for her to do it. She'll hate it. It will arouse her unbearably. I figured all of that out the first time I saw her.

Amber steps into my place at the foot of the table, getting her first look at Bridget's pussy. I'm pretty sure that this is the most "in-depth" investigation Amber or anyone at DHR has ever given a parent. I'll point that out later. First Bridget needs to learn her lesson.

Amber puts her fingers to the edges of Bridget's lips. As she feels the creamy wetness and its slippery heat, I see her face wrinkle up a bit. If she didn't see it, now she can feel just how sloppy Bridget's pussy is. And know that Bridget's honey is going to get all over her. And all over her tongue. Poor Amber, she's going to be getting a good taste of Bridget. And she knows it.

Amber stretches her mouth wide open and lowers it to Bridget's mound. As she's moving, I finally pull the vibrator from Bridget's pussy. I have to for Amber to have full access to it. Amber pits her lips to Bridget's dark pinkness, her soft lips surrounding Bridget's clit.

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Amber closes her lips a little. She sucks lightly, just enough to draw Bridget's clit fully out of its nest and into her mouth. Amber lies the underside of her tongue along the top of Bridget's steely hard nub. Then Amber swirls her tongue around Bridget's clit. It's a slow-motion, caressing its way leisurely around the aching nub. Amber's tongue never leaves the clit as it swirls completely around the nub. But only once. Bridget gets only one swirl of Amber's tongue.

“OOH!!!! STOP! PLEASE, QUEEN, PLEASE STOP! THAT'S TOO DAMN GOOD, QUEEN! STOP, DON'T MAKE ME SUFFER THIS! LET ME FINISH!” Bridget shrieks out, her voice lightning fast as she begs for mercy.

Amber blushes to a deep beet-red. Her tongue keeps moving. Now that it's made its swirl around Bridget's clit, it starts inching its way over to one of Bridget's loose folds. Amber opens her lips a little at the same time until Bridget's fold is inside Amber's lips. Then Amber closes her lips until just the fold is left between them. It draws her bottom lip over the aching nub of Bridget's clit.

Amber sucks the fold into her mouth. She lets her tongue lie along the underside of it. Her tongue slicks back and forth, tenderly caressing the captive fold as her mouth inches its way down the fold.

Bridget feels it, purring out a hungry and needy “Uhhmmm...” as Amber goes down the fold. Bridget shudders hard, too. And she's still squirming against those ropes holding her in the tight ball.

Amber keeps going, working her way down the length of the long fold. When she gets to the end of it, just before the fold slips from her lips, Amber opens her mouth again. She stretches it wide until her lips encompass every bit of Bridget's tunnel and folds.

Amber puts the tip of her tongue to the rim of Bridget's tunnel. I saw just how full Bridget's tunnel was with her honey, so I'm sure Amber is getting a good tongue full of it. Amber swirls her tongue again. She keeps her tongue along the rim of Bridget's tunnel. Along the inside

edge of the rim, her tongue a short fraction of an inch into Bridget's pussy. Amber swirls her tongue slowly, taking her time drawing her delicate tongue over Bridget's very sensitive and hungry nervy pussy walls.

"EEEEEE!" Bridget shrieks out. It's a long, drawn-out cry that lasts the entire time Amber is swirling her tongue around the rim of Bridget's pussy. Bridget tenses up as she cries out, every muscle in her body trembling hard as it pulls to its firmest tautness. Her head thrusts down again, jutting her shoulders up a bit. And her feet kick hard. "EEEEEE!" Bridget shrieks away. It's a very erotic and urgent shriek.

Now Amber works her mouth back up along Bridget's other fold. She goes all the way back up to the very top of the fold. Then she opens her mouth again, this time allowing her top lip to brush over Bridget's clit.

Once Amber has Bridget's clit in her mouth again, the tease is complete. Amber lies her tongue against Bridget's clit again to begin the next tease.

Amber will keep going, repeating everything endlessly, until I tell her to stop.

"NO! QUEEN, PLEASE!!! DON'T DO THIS TO ME! PLEASE, QUEEN, PLEASE, MAKE ME FINISH NOW! PLEASE, QUEEN! I CAN'T TAKE IT!"

I leave Amber to keep going.

I step back.

"PLEASE!" Bridget screams out at the top of her lungs. She must have figured out what I told Amber to do. She must realize that, no matter how long she lies here, Amber's tongue is going to keep pushing her up to the edge only to back her off and push her again. Over and over again. "PLEASE, QUEEN! IT'S TORTURE! STOP! LET ME FINISH! LET ME GO! PLEASE, QUEEN, DON'T DO THIS TO ME! PLEASE! I'M BEGGING YOU, QUEEN, DON'T TORTURE ME LIKE THIS! WHATEVER YOU WANT! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT, QUEEN, PLEASE! STOP, PLEASE DON'T DO THIS TO ME!" Bridget's feet kick around wildly as she screams her plea.

Chapter Two - Starting An In-Depth Investigation

I step over to my cabinets. It doesn't take me long to open the one with my gags in it and pick the one I want. It's a common ball gag, only with a slightly bigger than average ball on it. Plus the ball is much softer and squishier.

I walk over to Bridget. She's still screeching away as Amber licks her pussy. That has Bridget's jaw wide open. I move quickly before Bridget can see what I'm doing. I shove the ball into her mouth, squishing it between her teeth to get it past them. The spongy hard ball fills Bridget's mouth, pushing her tongue flat against the floor of her mouth. I pull the leather strap around Bridget's head and buckle it in place.

It nicely shuts Bridget up, muting her screams to a dull humming. I watch as Bridget's eyes go wide. Almost as if in fear. She must realize that I'm going to leave her there and make her endure the sweet agony of Amber's tongue for more than a few moments.

I leave her there.



Chapter Three - What A Stupid Whore Gets

Trailer Trash

I leave Bridget there for about an hour. I'm not timing it, but it's pretty close to that long. Long enough for me to relax on the sofa, answer some emails from my proofreader Ken, and have Sophie serve me two cups of coffee.

As I sit there I can dimly hear Bridget screeching in the playroom. The gag does a good job of muting her screeches into a dull groaning, moaning, screaming noise. A fairly quiet one, too. I left the door open so that I could hear her. In case there was a problem, I'm sure her noises would have changed.

But finally, I go back to the playroom. Bridget is right where I left her. Bound up in a tight ball, lying on her back while Amber licks her pussy. After so long, Bridget's cries have quieted a bit. As if her voice has grown tired. Her pussy is far messier than it was an hour ago. Now I can see a fresh, sparkling coat of honey covering every bit of her mound. The creases of her thighs. A few inches onto the back of each thigh. A few more inches down onto her cheeks. I can even see a little trickle of it has crept into the crack of her bottom.

I can see a lot more of Bridget's honey covering Amber's face. It looks like half of Amber's face is glazed with a heavy, wet coating of it. Her mouth and chin. Up to her nose, and onto the bottom of her nose. Around onto her cheeks. I can even see a small bit of it in Amber's hair now. Her hair might be short, but Bridget's energetic squirming is enough to have Amber's hair bouncing around, bouncing against the fresh honey, and picking some of it up. I decide right then that Amber is going to be going home today with that honey still in her hair.

Amber is still teasing Bridget mercilessly. She's slowed down a bit, though. I'm sure her tongue is getting pretty tired by now. And her jaw is cramping a bit. It seems like Bridget's energetic squirming has kept Amber's interest up enough that Amber is still hard at work.

And now it's time for more. I did promise Bridget that she'd suffer horribly in my dungeon. I'm sure that

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Bridget thinks that enduring Amber's tongue, suffering on the cusp of orgasm for so long is what I meant. She has a lot to learn. I'm just warming up.

I take a brief moment to glance over Bridget's body and watch her squirm. She's lost some energy, but not her enthusiasm. As if she's tiring out from struggling against the ropes for so long. And as if those hot sparks are still erupting in her pussy and those don't care how tired her arms are. It more as if her squirms have just lost some of their sharpness.

I head over to the cabinets. One wall is lined with them, almost floor to ceiling. That's where I keep all of the toys. With the doors shut so that my playtoys can't see the toys. I don't want them speculating about what toy I might use to play with them next. It's off to the side, too, meaning that Bridget would have to turn her head far enough to strain her neck to see what I'm doing. She doesn't. She's too distracted by Amber's tongue to think of much else.

I look through the assortment of dildos that I have. It's a pretty good assortment, but those are also basic toys. One or another of them gets used all the time around here. I have everything from tiny to obscenely large. From "needle dick" thin to "elephant" thick.

I know nothing about Bridget other than what Kurtis told me, and that's not a lot. And I have Kurtis's archive of pictures to go by. But those are plain. They're mostly just posing pictures. None of them really show Bridget being used much, let alone used properly. As a whore should be used.

Kurtis probably doesn't know much of whatever Bridget did with her owner before him. I've found that guys seldom want to know too much about what their girls have done with other men. What I do know is that Kurtis didn't tell me much. I have almost no idea what Bridget has done. Or what she likes to do and doesn't like.

Really, the only thing Kurtis told me about her was that she objected to being with a woman. I've already

guessed and now seen, that it was just modesty. Bridget is definitely loving what Amber is doing to her. She just didn't want Kurtis, or anyone else, to know it.

Because I'm "going in blind," I don't know how Bridget is going to react to this or anything. I wonder just how much Kurtis even knows. I doubt it's close to as much as he thinks he knows. Regardless, I decide to be conservative. I definitely don't want to make it too uncomfortable for Bridget. I want her to enjoy her lesson.

I chose one of the mid-sized dildos. This one is about eight inches long, including the base of it. I'll need a couple of those inches to hold it, so that leaves about six inches. It's also an inch thick. That makes it about the same size as a slightly better than middling cock. It's white, shaped just like a man's cock. Complete with fake veins on it for texture. I put a little bit of lubricating gel on the tip of it.

I carry it low, down at my side, as I walk over to the table. "Diddle-tease, mouse." I softly tell Amber, my voice almost plain and dull.

Amber instantly takes her mouth from Bridget's pussy. Amber breathes out a deep sigh as she backs off.

Bridget lies there, still trembling. "Uhhmmm..." she groans into her gag. It's a strained groan laced with abject frustration. It tells me that she hasn't cum yet. And that she really feels it!

Amber quickly puts her finger to Bridget's mound. She slips the tip of it into Bridget's slit. She starts tracing a soft line with the tip of her finger. The very same line her tongue was tracing just a second ago.

"EE!" I hear Bridget screech through her gag. Her shudders never faded. As soon as Amber's finger starts moving, a crisp snap sweeps over Bridget. She still doesn't move though. My ropes hold her tightly. "UH! EEEEEEEE!" Bridget goes on screeching urgently.

I snap my fingers, bringing Sophie up even closer to me. I just wave a hand, cuing Sophie what I want to be done. Sophie puts her hands to Bridget's shoulder and hip.

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She rolls Bridget onto her side. It puts Bridget's bottom towards me and leaves Bridget facing a wall.

It doesn't affect Amber much. Not with the position Bridget is in. As Bridget rolls, her pussy stays put, poking out past the backs of her thighs. It just twists to the side. Amber's finger traces the same line. It just moves horizontally to do so now, instead of vertically.

I use my free hand to lift Bridget's left cheek. It's the one on top. With Bridget's legs pulled up so fully, it has her bottom pulled taut. As she lies on her side I can see those cheeks pulled into a fully rounded curve now. And they're taut. As I lift her top cheek, I can feel a thin layer of soft sponginess to it, and some decently firm muscle underneath. Now that I have a good view of her bottom, I think it's going to be a fairly shapely one. Maybe a little soft, but still shapely and cute.

I lift her cheek all the way up, stretching her crack wide and fully baring her asshole to my eyes. It's the first look I've had of it. It lets me see the dark swath of brown flesh around it. And the dark flesh of her ring itself. That's just as brown. A deep brown, too. It makes me think I was right, that there's some Latin in her heritage. It lets me see that her ring is tiny. It sits inward slightly from the valley of her crack as if her crack funnels inward to the tight ring. It's cinched tightly shut now. It's lined with countless faint wrinkles, all of them rather fine. And there's only a tiny speck of darkness at the center.

It tells me that I was right to be conservative. This is clearly not an asshole that's used to being used. Maybe it's a virgin. Maybe not. But it's definitely not well-used. Not even close. And that tells me that Bridget probably objects to anal sex. Most of the guys I know aren't opposed to it. Many of them are eager to try it. Most girls... aren't so eager to have something as big as a cock in their bottom.

I put the fat, rounded tip of the dildo's cock head flush against Bridget's asshole. As soon as it touches her, even before there's any pressure against her muscle, I see

her asshole snap even tighter. Now it strains to tighten up as much as it possibly can. And it stays like that. To me, that's a certain sign that Bridget does not do anal. She doesn't know what to do. Tensed up as she is, she's going to seriously feel the shaft pushing into her. And not comfortably. If she did this more than "once in a blue moon," she'd know to relax her asshole. Then it wouldn't hurt.

I push gently. The rounded head pushes firmly against the outside of her asshole. It pushes her ring inward slightly, deepening the funneling a bit. I feel the hard ring of her muscle, like a solid wall, resisting.

I hold it there for a second. The tip now eclipses every bit of her ring and most of the brown flesh around it. It's the only chance I'm going to give Bridget to relax and accept the toy. But I don't tell her that. I just give her a second to feel the wide cock head pressed against her asshole.

Bridget screeches "NO!" through her gag. Or something that sounds a lot like "no." As fully as she's gagged, it's hard to tell what she's saying. She desperately tries to shake her head "no," too. I guess now I know that she's "opposed" to anal. I hope she's only opposed to it the same way that she's opposed to another woman. Otherwise, she's not going to enjoy this.

I push. I can feel the toy pushing in against her asshole. And I can feel her asshole steadily losing the battle it's waging to resist the invasion. Steadily it feels more and more as if I'm pushing against rubber instead of steel.

And then it happens in an instant. Her asshole surrenders. The tip pushes her muscle aside stretching it quickly. And stretching it wide. Wide enough to pull the wrinkles out of its skin. Wide enough for Bridget to feel a light burn in her muscle. But not too wide. The toy starts pushing into her bottom. The dark flesh atop her ring, now pulled taut, stretches around the outside of the white shaft.

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“UH-OWWWW!!!” Bridget screeches through her gag as her asshole is stretched. Then she shudders crisply as Amber’s finger swirls around her clit, sucking in a fast and needy breath. I see a few tears flow from Bridget’s eyes. She shakes her head vigorously, too.

The toy keeps going, pushing deeper and deeper into her bottom. With the coat of grease on it, it slips easily into her depths. It almost glides along over the taut flesh of her asshole. It stuffs her rectum full. And she feels that. But not so full that it hurts. Just full.

I push the toy mostly into her, leaving just enough for my hand sticking out of her bottom. It has about six inches of the shaft into her bottom.

Bridget lies there. She’s still trembling and shuddering just as strongly as ever. She squirms against the ropes with desperation now. She stays bound up. She screeches a very hungry “OOH!” every time Amber’s finger strokes something sensitive. In between, as Amber’s finger is stroking along Bridget’s folds, Bridget sobs lightly.

I start stroking the shaft. I let the first stroke be very slow. After that, I pick up my pace to a steady, leisurely pace. I push and pull the dildo, fucking Bridget’s bottom with the hard shaft.

Bridget screeches a loud, pleasing, uncomfortable “OW!” the entire time of the first stroke. She shudders and thrashes too. Her cry lets up only long enough for her to squeal out a hungry moan as Amber’s finger hits a more sensitive place.

I notice something. On even that first stroke, as the dildo is pushing back into Bridget’s bottom, I see a sudden eruption of goosebumps along the valley of her crack. They’re hard and prominent as they rise up. A too-crisp shiver hits Bridget. The line of goosebumps shoots straight up her spine. I don’t have to imagine. I know that an icy-hot chill is flooding her, racing from her bottom up her spine.

I keep going. Bridget keeps shuddering and squirming and squealing.

I'm reversing my second stroke. The first of the leisurely ones. There's maybe an inch or so of the dildo, just the fake head of the fake cock, left in Bridget's bottom. The shaft starts pushing back into her.

A crisp shuddering shiver hits Bridget harder than anything I've seen hit her yet. It snaps her entire body. As if by magic, a fresh, thick, dollop of honey just appears atop Bridget's pussy. It's not Amber's finger, either. Amber's finger is just finishing a stroke along Bridget's fold. And that has Amber's finger pushing Bridget's lips just far apart enough for me to see the entrance of Bridget's tunnel. Or at least most of it. The honey appears atop Bridget's tunnel. Suddenly. It tells me that the sharp shiver I'm watching flow over Bridget's body is flowing over Bridget's pussy as well. All through the spongy firm walls of it. Enough that it makes those walls twitch hard, squeezing the honey out of it.

And that can mean only one thing. Bridget feels it. She feels the hard, gently textured shaft of the dildo stroking her bottom. Stroking along the thin, filmy walls of her rectum. Walls that are no thicker than a sheet of paper. And with Bridget's bottom stuffed so full, those thin walls are pressed flush against the backside of the walls of Bridget's pussy. The backside of those walls is lined with just as many, and the very same nerves as the front of them are. Those nerves don't know or care if they're stroked on one side or the other. They only know that they're being so sweetly teased. My dildo is stroking Bridget's bottom, but it's her pussy that's feeling it. She won't be able to hide that for too long.

Now I'm pretty sure the toy is doing what I want it to do. It's pushing Bridget even closer to a climax.

Bridget sobs a little louder. I think she's crying out "please, no" through her gag. She probably realizes that the gag is making her words unintelligible to everyone, too. But she still begs. She squirms hard against those ropes. She doesn't move. Just those feet. And those kick wilder than ever. I'm glad there's no one standing at her front.

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I keep going, holding my leisurely pace as I stroke her bottom with the shaft. With every stroke I see a little more honey appear atop the entrance of Bridget's tunnel. Not as much as the first stroke, but it wouldn't be. She had a good hour to build all that honey up. Not seconds, as she does between strokes. It tells me what I need to know. Her pussy is still twitching hard with every stroke into her bottom. Her pussy is loving these strokes.

It takes about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a minute for Bridget's protestations to fade away. Finally, she gives up begging for me not to do it. At first, about the next quarter of a minute, she lies there sobbing hard. And trembling with the shivers flowing over her. Thrashing against the ropes, too.

Then, very quickly, her sobs start to take on a very hungry, sensual, and needy tone to them. I can hear it as plain as day, even though she's limited to sucking in fast, deep breaths through her nose and breathing them out through the gag. Even though the gag mutes her moans to about $\frac{1}{3}$ of what they would be.

In just a few more seconds, it sounds as if Bridget is moaning like a porn star into her gag. The sobbing is gone. The shivers are not. Nor is the squirming. But the ropes keep her bound up in the ball, lying there on her side while I fuck her bottom with the dildo.

I wave Amber off. I have to. I can see just how close Bridget is getting to cumming. I don't want her to cum quite yet. So something has to give or she will. I could tell her she's not allowed to, but I haven't told her that rule yet.

I doubt she'd obey it now anyway. I can see the effect this is having on her. So far this entire session has been new for her. Things she's always resisted doing. Things it's clear her pussy loves. All the signs I can see tell me that Bridget is hanging right on the edge of cumming. And I want her to stay there.

I want her to suffer that unbearable ache in her pussy. I want her lying there, unable to move, feeling her

pussy throb and ache like it's exploding. Unable to do anything about it. Knowing that the sweetest relief is just a little rub away. Yet she can't have it. No matter how much she tries to. All she can do is lie there and feel the powerful ache. And beg.

I keep the dildo moving, steadily stroking her bottom at the leisurely pace. I prefer the slower pace. It feels very different. This way she doesn't just feel the fucking in her pussy, but she feels the toy stroking into the depths of her bottom, too. Feels it gliding along inside her bottom. Feels just how deeply it pushes into her. Feels the light friction of the shaft slipping along over the stretched and taut muscle of her asshole.

I give Bridget about half a minute of that. Then I smoothly switch hands, using my left to grip the shaft of the dildo and fuck her bottom. I doubt Bridget even notices the shift. I've gotten pretty smooth at doing it.

I just hold my right hand out and wink to Sophie. "slave, bring me a strap," I tell her softly. Sophie barely hears me over Bridget's moaning. I'm sure Bridget doesn't hear it at all. Or if she does, she doesn't realize what I'm asking for.

Sophie hurries to fetch me a strap. As soon as she opens the cabinet she sees that I've already set one out. That tells her which one I want. She brings it. It's fairly small. It's only about a foot long. It's narrow at $\frac{3}{4}$ " across too. And it's thin, at least as far as leather straps go. Maybe $\frac{1}{8}$ " thick. It's made of a hard and smooth leather.

Now I have what I want. "I think..." I muse to myself, raising my voice so that I know Bridget will hear me. "forty lashes, just for... being a stupid whore!" My voice is teasing and sweet, almost with a sing-song note to it.

Before Bridget can think about what I might mean, I flick my wrist, putting a decent bit of power into the small strap. It sends the strap soaring, snapping it against Bridget's bottom cheek. It's not nearly as hard of a stroke as I could give with a better strap. But it is enough to sear a light pink strip onto her globe. It lands in the center of

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her globe, but with Bridget lying on her side as she is, it has the stripe running up and down her cheek.

It lands with a sharp, but not very loud, crack. "UGH!" Bridget grunts hard into her gag.

"One, Mistress," Sophie helpfully counts out for me, a very noticeable giggle in her voice. And a little grin on her face. "for the stupid whore, Mistress."

I make sure to keep the dildo moving smoothly as well. Even as I swat Bridget's bottom with the strap, I don't let the dildo hesitate. It keeps steadily stroking her bottom.

I swat Bridget again, this time landing the stroke on her top cheek. Now it has a matching stripe on it.

Bridget grunts another hard "UGH" as it lands. And now she looks nervous. As if she's realized that I wasn't kidding. She's going to get 40 lashes. All of them while she lies there, bound immobile and gagged silent, on her side. That there won't be anything she can do about it. Just lie there and endure all 38 remaining strokes.

I keep going, starting a nice rhythm. As the dildo strokes in, just after it begins its stroke, the strap snaps against her bottom cheek. Then, as it begins its stroke back outward, the strap cracks against her upper cheek. The shaft is still moving slowly, but it's not that long. It doesn't take more than about 1½ or 2 seconds for each stroke. At the most, she's feeling a stroke every two seconds. But I doubt it's quite two full seconds.

I picked this strap for a reason. It doesn't hurt too much. It's too small for that. 40 are a lot of lashes for one bottom to endure. 40 hard ones with a longer, or stiffer, strap would leave her bottom bruised up like an eggplant. And I don't want to do that. I just want it unbearably sore, not bruised. A slower tanning, more strokes, but also lighter strokes, will accomplish that.

As I keep swatting her bottom, Bridget's cheeks slowly, and steadily, turn an even shade of pink. Then it starts slowly darkening into a redness. It sounds to me like Bridget cries out a little harder with each stroke, too.

She keeps squirming hard against those ropes, too.

I don't know if Bridget notices or not. Sophie is counting every number twice. It's not 40 lashes, it's 40 lashes on each cheek. That means it will take about three full minutes for Bridget to get all the strokes she has coming to her. Three long minutes of strokes constantly raining down, alternating between her cheeks.

It doesn't take more than half a minute for Bridget to start sobbing again. It sounds a little strange to hear her screeching out the hottest of moans even as she sobs and grunts from the swats.

It doesn't even take that long for me to notice a very faint twitch to the edges of her inner folds right as they poke out between her lips. Right at the top, just where they're flowing into the knot around her clit. It's faint enough that I have to look to see it, but it's definitely there. Lips and folds don't twitch on their own. They don't have any muscles in them to make them twitch. But where those folds are twitching, they have something else. A clit. A clit that has to be throbbing so hard that its pounding is making those folds twitch.

As Bridget's bottom slowly turns to a bright, and very angry, shade of red that has to be burning her and stinging her as if she were sitting on hot coals, Bridget's clit pounds away. If anything, the strokes seem to have it throbbing even harder as her bottom gets sorer.

And sorer. I'll bet her bottom is unbearably on fire by the time Bridget has endured all 40 lashes. It certainly looks like it. Both of her globes are tanned to that bright, medium-deep fire engine shade of red.

But it doesn't even slow her moaning down. She still moans the neediest of purrs with every stroke of the dildo into her bottom. And her pussy keeps twitching, pushing out little dollops of honey and quivering her folds.



*Chapter Four - Trailer
Trash, The Whore*

Chapter Four - Trailer Trash, The Whore

Now that Bridget has a very nicely tanned red bottom, it's time to humiliate her. I don't know if she's figured it out yet or not. I'm not sure how she's going to take it, either. I doubt Kurtis did much in the way of degrading her. Most "bedroom doms" don't. Even in the bedroom, they still think of the slave as their wife, not just a piece of property.

But one thing I love to do is to remind a toy of her place in the universe. It's at the very bottom. I want them to feel as if they're nothing and don't matter to anyone. As if they're nothing but a sex toy, like a dildo, to be used, however. My toys like it, although most would never admit that it arouses them. It's time to find out if Bridget likes it, too. I suspect she will. She clearly likes being bound immobile and used, however.

But the first thing I have to do is to untie Bridget. There's not much I can make her do while she's stuck in a ball on my table! And that takes me several minutes to do.

The first thing I do is stop fucking her bottom with the dildo. I stop with it almost fully inside her bottom. There's about two inches, the width of my hand, sticking out from between her taut cheeks. I leave it like that.

Then I untie her elbows, which doesn't free much. Next, I untie the rope around her thighs and chest. I save the stretch of rope around her knees and neck for last. I leave the iron shackles on her, so she's still not free to move too much.

Bridget lies on her side as I untie her. She quivers and mews soft purrs into her gag, too. Purrs that are equal parts urgent desire and frustration. I let her stay on her side as I untie her.

Then I wave Sophie over. She can see what I want her to do. I grab hold of Bridget's shoulders. As I go to lift her shoulders up, Sophie grabs Bridget's feet. Together we very quickly roll Bridget onto her bottom and sit her up.

"UGH!" Bridget grunts hard as we sit her up onto her bottom. The shaft of the dildo sticks out of her bottom. It bumps against the table as I roll her. As Bridget keeps

moving, her weight drives the dildo deeper into her bottom. By the time I have her sitting up, almost all of its length is inside her bottom. The base end of the shaft is flush with the outside of her cheeks. It's about two more inches of the shaft than she'd had in her so far. It puts about eight inches of it into her bottom, and that should be long enough for the tip of it to be pushing against the back of her rectum. She'll be feeling that.

Bridget sits, fidgeting hard. That makes it worse for her. With her weight pressing down on it, the shaft is held mostly still against the table. Her fidgeting bottom just shifts it around inside her. Strokes it over some of her more sensitive places inside. Some of those strokes will tease her sweetly. Others will be uncomfortable for her. She really needs to sit still on it.

I don't tell her that, though. I don't feel it one bit! I just stand there for a few seconds and watch her squirm. I watch her face scrunch up. I watch her eyes going wide. I listen to her grunt into the gag between sweet, hot, moans.

Then I sigh. "I guess that sloppy skank pit of yours would like to cum now, trailer trash?"

Bridget very enthusiastically nods "yes."

I reach my hand out to Bridget's breast. I put my hand on the underside of her mound, letting my thumb rise up to her nipple. It's steely hard. As hard as ever. Hard enough that the flesh around it is still pulled up taut enough to be wrinkled into tiny ridges.

I stroke my thumb over the tip of her nipple. A shiver sweeps over Bridget's body. She purrs a very erotic "Ummm.." as she shivers. I leave my thumb there, slowly and softly stroking the tip of her nipple. It keeps her purring sweetly.

"You want a nice cock to fuck that sloppy cum dumpster between those thighs, don't you, trailer trash?"

Bridget nods a vigorous "yes." She blushes just slightly, too.

I keep stroking her nipple. "You are such a whore, do you know that, trailer trash?"

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Bridget nods yes. Firmly, as if she's certain of the answer, but not enthusiastically. As if she's not happy with the truth. Or at least not happy that I know what a whore she is. But the embarrassment, or reluctance, does nothing to quiet her needy moans. Or her shivering quivers.

"If I take that gag out, are you going to behave your naughty butt so we don't have to start this lesson over again, *whore*?"

Now I see a bit of nervousness on Bridget's face. It's enough for me to know she caught my threat. Misbehave and she can spend another hour suffering Amber's tongue. And another forty lashes.

I'll bet it hurts to sit on that red bottom, too. Enough that it's making her squirm, whether she wants to or not. Squirms that keep the shaft wiggling inside her bottom. Perfect, from my point of view. Maybe not so perfect for her. Then again, I can see fresh honey on the front of her mound, so she must be liking it. That sore bottom has her squirming enough to be grinding her pussy mound against the table under her.

I nod to Sophie. I keep teasing Bridget's nipple. Sophie takes the gag off. She has to squeeze the corners of Bridget's jaws to open her mouth wide enough to pull the spongy ball through Bridget's teeth, too.

Bridget breathes out a deep sigh as the ball comes from her mouth. She shivers as she does. She keeps purring her soft, needy moans, too. I delay a few more seconds, letting Bridget sit there and shiver as she feels the aching need in her pussy. And letting her wonder what I'm going to make her do now. I did warn her that she was expected to behave. That should be enough of a warning for her to know something is coming.

I clip the chain leash back onto her collar. "This is your one and only chance to cum, trailer trash, now come along." I pull lightly on the leash.

Bridget quickly scoots her bottom off the table. She groans hard as her scoot pulls the shaft around her bottom,

but she keeps coming. Then as she drops to her feet, she grunts again.

Now that Bridget is standing up, there's about ½" of white shaft standing out behind her cheeks. And I can see that her bottom is a little firmer and better-rounded than I thought it would be. It's full enough that there's a decent little dimple the shape of a V at the top of her globes. Enough for them to have a pronounced rounded curve at their bottom edges, too. All of which have smooth, flowing lines. And not a bit of sag to anything. Suddenly I wish I'd have turned that bottom over my knees. It looks even cuter with the thick shaft standing out from her crack.

I start leading Bridget out of the playroom. Down the short hall back to the living room. Then across the living room to the front door. "Let's go see if I can sell your sloppy butt," I tell Bridget in a very sugary, teasing, and mocking voice as my hand is reaching for the doorknob. "maybe someone is desperate enough to buy you..."

"You'd better hope so if you want to cum. It's not like there's a cock around here to fuck that thing. Not like I'd let it if there was. I have standards!"

"Now, you just be very polite, whore!" as I step into the hall outside my apartment, I feel the resistance as Bridget hesitates. I figured she would. She doesn't know that this hall is always empty. And even if there is someone in it, they won't care. They're used to seeing me doing something to someone here. They might roll their eyes, but that's about it. Then again, I wouldn't do much in the hall, either.

But all Bridget knows is that I'm taking her out in public. Naked. And in irons. By a chain that I'm using for a leash. I'm pretty sure she's already thinking of the humiliation of being seen like that by strangers. Especially with the shaft sticking visibly out of her cheeks, leaving little doubt where the rest of it is.

I know that the apartment beside me is a corporate apartment. A good number of the ones on this floor are. I also know that there's no one using it today. At least not at

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the moment. The doorman here lets me know when someone is there. Mostly so that I don't surprise anyone who might be offended by a slutty sight.

I drag Bridget over to that apartment. I pull her up to stand right beside me as I knock on the door. Then I wait. I watch Bridget out of the corner of my eye, seeing her trembling even more nervously as every second ticks off. As if she knows that she's in for some awful degradation and now she's just waiting for it to come. I just wait casually, as if I don't have a care in the world. I give it about half a minute. No one answers the door. I knew. Bridget didn't know the apartment is unoccupied today.

"Oh, well... 18 more potential 'Johns' on this floor," I sigh out. I turn around, and keeping the chain leash taut, I pull Bridget to turn around, too. I pull her across the hall to the door directly across from mine.

I knock on it. Bridget looks just a hair bit more nervous now as if she's thinking "how many of her neighbors can possibly not be home?" She cringes back a little, but that's all she can do in the irons.

This is my neighbor Mike's apartment. It's actually a corporate apartment, but Mike seems to have permanent use of it when he's in Mobile, which is about ten days a month. It's not very often I see anyone else here. And I know Mike is home.

Mike has been in the building almost as long as I have. It didn't take him long to figure out that I was playing some games. He spent about a year trying to talk me into an invite to "see a show." I finally invited him. Since then I've let him borrow a few toys for his amusement while he's in town. He claims to be single and without a girlfriend. He travels enough that a girlfriend would be difficult for him, too. So I'll take his word for it until I see evidence to the contrary.

Mike answers his door. "Oh, hiya, neighbor." Mike has played with enough of my toys to know my "rules." Rules like to never use my name in front of a toy. His eyes go quickly to Bridget and rove lasciviously over her nude

body. He makes no secret of it either. His eyes slowly take in every bit of her. And he lets her see him do it. He knows I don't care. If I didn't want him ogling her, I wouldn't have brought her to his door naked.

Bridget doesn't know anything. I doubt she's even heard my name yet. All she knows is this neighbor of mine is taking his time looking over her nude body. She shirks back and cringes inward. She quivers. Her face scrunches up tight. But that's all she can do. She can't hide her body, no matter how much she wants to. Her hands are still bound to the back of her neck. It leaves every bit of her intimate body on full display for Mike. And it gives him a good view of the heavy shackles on her.

"Hey," I sweetly say to Mike. I kick Bridget's ankle with my foot and snap for her to introduce herself politely.

"Hello, Sir, I'm trailer trash..." Bridget says, her voice hushed, nicely shamed, and slightly breaking. She blushes brightly, too.

"I'm selling this whore," I sweetly tell Mike. Mike was expecting me. I texted him earlier to let him know that I might "bring him a present" later. He knew what I meant. He likes it when I do. He likes the free, anonymous, and safe sex with the women I offer him. I like the chance to whore out of some of my toys. I have a few who really get aroused by it. And Mike is glad to play along.

"Are you desperate enough? For \$20 you can do whatever you want with this sloppy thing." I wink at Mike. It's not the first time I've "sold" him a whore. I put my hands on Bridget's shoulders. I use them to spin her around slowly, letting Mike get a look at her backside, too.

I feel the tension in Bridget's legs as she hesitates to allow herself to twirl around. She must be feeling that dildo in her bottom enough that she can't get it out of her mind. And she definitely doesn't want that sight flaunted to the world. But she doesn't really have much choice. She cringes a bit, but I turn her back to Mike. I keep going, turning her back around to face him. I want her to see his face.

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Mike immediately notices the shaft sticking out from her cheeks. His eyes dart down to it and stay there. Maybe he's looking at her shapely bottom, too. But I think mostly at the dildo shaft.

"As you can see, this whore will gladly take anything *anywhere* you want," I tell Mike with a bit of taunting giggle in my voice. As if I'm making fun of Bridget.

"Oh, I see," Mike says to me.

Bridget blushes deeply and cringes in a little more. She keeps her mouth shut, though.

"I guess... she's a little fat and flabby..." Mike points to her stomach. Would you consider a discount, maybe \$10?" He asks. He knows I like it when he tries to negotiate. He knows that sometime after Bridget is gone, I'll return his money, too. Whatever he pays. I'm not actually "pimping" her. I just want her to think I am. I'm merely giving her away.

I laugh. "I know, flabby trailer trash. But hey, the economy is in the crapper now! I just spent \$30 on a brisket for this week. I know she's not worth as much as a nice brisket, but still, I gotta get something out of her worthless butt. \$20..."

"Oh, all right," Mike says. "I guess she's better than nothing today." He pulls his wallet out and hands me a \$20.

I hand him the chain leash. "Bring her back over when you're done with her."

I give Bridget a firm little swat on her very sore bottom with my hand.

"OW!" Bridget yelps and flinches hard forward.

"Be a good whore, trailer trash. He paid for you. You'll do whatever he wants you to. And be polite while you do it. Got it, *whore*?"

"Yes, Queen," Bridget answers in a very shamed and nervous voice.

Mike gives a little tug on Bridget's leash "come in, trailer trash," he tells her with a smile.

The door closes behind her.

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I go back to my apartment. I know Mike well enough to know that she'll be back shortly. Maybe about twenty minutes. Mike will have a smile on his face, too.



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"Come in, trailer trash," Mike says to Bridget as he pushes his front door shut behind her. "I've got to get my money's worth out of you, don't I?"

"Yes, Sir," Bridget answers, her voice hushed even more. It breaks with nervousness as well. But mostly, her voice is pure shame.

I suspect this is the first time Bridget has ever been "sold," even when the sale is nothing more than a piece of theater. Bridget doesn't know that, and likely never will. As far as she knows, Mike actually bought her. He paid me \$20 for the chance to use her body however he wishes. And I've made it clear to Bridget that she doesn't get a say in what's done with her body. Whatever Mike wants, Bridget is going to do. No matter what she thinks of it.

Being whored is one of the more humiliating things that can be done to a woman. Especially the way I did it. Taking Bridget from door to door until someone, anyone, wished to use her body. It shows her that I couldn't care less who bought her. That she means nothing at all to me. And I definitely don't care what Mike does with her.

I do care, but Bridget won't know that. I knew Mike would be the first one to see her, and he'd buy her. I don't know exactly what he's going to do with her, but he knows my rules and the limits of what I'll allow. I trust him to stay within those limits.

Mike isn't going to waste any time. He keeps hold of the chain leash and steadily leads Bridget into his apartment. It's set up as a mirror image of mine. He leads her through the living room to the alcove that's considered a dining room.

He pulls her close to the table.

Bridget stands there, blushing brightly, and quivering. She doesn't say anything. She doesn't trust her voice. Not now. Instead, her eyes quickly scan over Mike. she tries to size up the man who bought her. She's always wondered what kind of man would pay for a woman's company. To her, he clearly wants only one thing from her. He doesn't seem to want to talk or get to know her. Not

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even to know her name. All Mike has done is look over her nude body. As if she's nothing but a thing to be used. As if her breasts are important, and her brain might as well not have come along with them.

Bridget wonders why Mike is paying for her. Or anyone. He's not exactly a hunk, but he's cute enough that he'd have no problems getting a date. Or finding a woman who wanted to be with him. It gets her wondering what he's going to do to her even more. Wondering if he might want something unusual. Something that few women would willingly give him.

She already knows that she's going to give him whatever he wants. Not that she has a choice about it. Those shackles are heavy. Far too heavy for her to put them out of her mind. Or convince herself that they're not there. Or for her to forget how fully she's bound. That she couldn't resist him if she tried. The shackles won't let her.

As Bridget stands there, trembling and thinking about it, she feels the ache in her pussy blossom. It was unbearable before. Before I dragged her into the hall and started knocking on doors. Now it's throbbing even more. And icy, but sharp, tingles are running through its walls, twitching them as they shoot along her hungry nerves.

Bridget never imagined this happening to her. Never imagined she would get hard-up enough that whoring would seem like a reasonable choice to her. And definitely never imagined that any of her lovers would actually sell her. Despite the "games" they played.

That's one reason I don't care for "bedroom doms." their relationships are more like lovers instead of owner and property. I wouldn't think one bit about my crockpot, as I loaned it out. I made sure Bridget thought I hadn't given her any more concern than I would my crockpot.

Mike puts his hands to Bridget's shoulders. "Bend over, trailer trash," he tells her. His hands turn her shoulders so that she's facing the table.

Bridget stands dumb. She doesn't resist Mike, but she doesn't do anything to help either. She just very

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nervously gets pulled around until she's facing the wall beyond the table. Then she stutters a dull "Mmm..." that's pure nervousness as Mike pushes her shoulders down, bending her over the table.

As Mike takes his hands off her body, Bridget stays put. She stays over the table. She stands there, more nervous than she's ever been, and just waits for Mike to do whatever he's going to do.

Bridget stares at the wall ahead of her, trying not to think about what's being done to her. She trembles more and more as a couple of seconds tick by with nothing happening to her.

Mike spends those seconds taking in the sight. The sight that's Bridget's bottom. He eyes her well-rounded and curvy cheeks. And especially the wide shaft of the dildo, its milk-white plastic sticking out between her light tan globes, pushing them aside as it passes between them.

That and the modestly puffy mound of her dark pussy. Of her tan lips, long but thin and the wide gash between them. Of the dark flesh of her inner folds filling that gash. And of the heavy coating of her oily honey that covers her mound and far beyond.

Bridget unthinkingly parts her feet, stretching the short length of chain almost taut as she does. It spreads the tops of her thighs just enough that they're no longer touching her pussy mound. It gives him a little better view of it.

Mike doesn't waste much time, even though he's not on a timer. He can keep Bridget as long as he wishes. But that doesn't mean he's not eager to get busy. After all, Bridget is obviously ready!

Mike just drops his pants and boxer shorts to his ankles. His cock isn't that much above average. It's about six inches long, and just over an inch thick. But it is circumcised, showing off its light pink head. Even before Mike drops his pants, it's standing up hard. Now that it's free of his clothes, it stands out straight from the dense jungle of dark curls on his pubes.

Mike steps up behind Bridget. He puts the tip of his cock to her slit, directly over her tunnel. Immediately he can feel the burning heat. He can feel a crisp chill flow over Bridget, too as it shivers her body.

"Uh-Mmmmmmm!" Bridget purrs very sweetly as Mike's cock thrusts into her eager tunnel. It comes out as a rather hungry and needy purr. There's nothing unhappy or reluctant about it.

"Ooh," Mike says softly, "you're awfully wet." It's an understatement. He can feel the sloppy wetness filling her tunnel. Almost flooding it. He can feel the fiery heat burning throughout her walls, too. And he can feel her walls twitching sharply around his cock. As soon as his cock starts to move, to stroke her pussy, he can feel those walls snuggling tightly around it as if trying to hang on to his cock, too.

"Uh-AHH!" Bridget is screeching loudly after Mike's third thrust into her pussy. Her pussy squeezes a little tighter around his cock. Crisp shudders start flowing over her.

"Uh-MM! YES! FUCK ME! FUCK ME, I'M GONNA CUM!" Bridget forgets her modesty and blurts out. Her moans deepen, taking on a slight grunting as Mike picks up his pace and thrusts harder into her.

In another second or two, Bridget's hips can't stay still any longer. Instinct has them thrusting back. Slamming her bottom hard against Mike's pubes and driving his cock powerfully into her pussy. She slams back hard enough that the end of the dildo still filling her bottom knocks against his pubes as well. It hits hard enough to drive the dildo into her bottom with every thrust.

"UH! Oh, UH!" Bridget screams out loudly. Her entire body shudders hard. Her head thrashes around. Her hands grip the back of her neck. Her bottom keeps thrusting back, ramming Mike's cock into her pussy. Even as her pussy squeezes tighter around his shaft. Tighter only means that her nerves are squished even more snugly

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against his shaft as it strokes her, making her feel it even more.

Now Bridget is thrusting her bottom back with enough force that it's rattling the chains at her ankles. "UH! Oh, UH! YES! FUCK ME! Ohhhhh! FUCK ME! SLAM THAT DICK! I'M CUMMINGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGG!"

Mike keeps going, thrusting his cock hard into Bridget's very wet and slippery pussy. He feels her pussy snapping hard around his shaft.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!" Bridget screams as loudly as her lungs will go. She keeps screaming, drawing her cry out until her lungs run out of air. Then she sucks in a deep, lightning-fast breath and screams again.

Now Bridget's body shudders hard. She tries to thrash wildly, but there's not much she can do. Her feet squirm around on the floor, rattling those chains loudly, but they can't move much. Her shoulders squirm. Her head thrashes, tossing her hair around wildly. Her back arches as her shoulders rise up.

Mike isn't close to being done. He hasn't even cum once yet. He keeps going, pounding his cock into her spasming pussy as if she didn't just cum. As if he doesn't care that she's done. That he cares only about taking his pleasure from her body.

"AHHHHHHH!" Bridget goes on screaming. Her pussy goes on snapping sharply around his length. And her walls go on twitching even as they're snapping around him. Her honey flows, making her pussy even wetter than it was. And covering his cock. It flows liberally enough that not only does it cover his cock, but that it's wept down, through his bush, and covers most of his balls in a few seconds.

Bridget's bottom keeps thrusting back, slamming her bottom against Mike's strokes with every bit of strength she has. "UH! Oh, UGH! OH, FUCKING NO! OHMYFUCKINGGOD! NOOOOOO! OHMYFUCKINGGOD! IT'S TOO FUCKING MUCH! UGH! IT'S TOO FUCKING MUCH!"

I'VE CUM! OH, UGH!" Bridget screams out, her voice taking a slight strain, and a decent bit of panic to it.

"UGH!" Bridget screams as Mike ignores her pleas and rams his cock into her again. And again. Her pussy keeps spasming hard around his shaft as if her orgasm is going on endlessly. Her honey keeps flowing, too.

"OHMYFUCKINGGOD! OH, NO! I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE!" Bridget's voice is now a purely sensual, purely panicked, screaming plea.

Mike ignores it, as I've told him to do. He keeps going, pounding Bridget with everything he can. After all, she did ask for it before she came! Her bottom keeps slamming back, too. If anything it slams back with even more force now. Mike can feel the nub that's the base end of the dildo as it bumps against his pubes.

Mike can feel the rigid shaft of the dildo, too. Right through the paper-thin wall of her rectum and taut walls of her pussy. Her body is tight enough now that the dildo is pressed firmly against his length. He can feel his cock stroking over it. He can feel it moving every time Bridget's bucking hips pound it against his pubes. It's like there's a second cock fucking her bottom at the same time.

Bridget can feel that dildo, too. Or at least feel the effects of it. It has a slice of her pussy walls, and the tender nerves running through them sandwiched firmly between it and Mike's cock. Squishing those nerves. And making them feel the stroking ten times more than she's ever felt it before. Then again, she's never been fucked with her bottom full before, either.

Bridget screams out loudly. And constantly. It only takes her about half a minute this time. Thirty long seconds that Bridget spends thrashing against her chains and screaming constantly. All while she shudders and goosebumps cover a good percentage of her body.

Still trembling hard, Bridget's body pulls forward, pressing her hips firmly against the table, and hangs there for half a second. "Oh... EE-OWWWWW!" Bridget screams out as her bottom suddenly jumps, slamming back against

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Mike so hard that it knocks him back half a step as she impales her pussy with his cock.

"AHHHHHHHHH!" Bridget screams out. "OH, FUCK, I'M CUMMING AGAIN! OH, FUCKKKKKKK!!!!!" Bridget's bottom slams back again, this time energetically squirming and grinding against Mike's pubes as she does.

"AHHHHHHHHHH!" Bridget keeps screaming out.

Mike, still not ready to cum, tries hard to ignore her. With her screaming out loud enough to hurt his ears, and her bottom slamming back against him full-force, that's not easy for him to do.

There's no slowing Bridget's bottom. Her body snaps as if it were being hit with a million volts. Over and over again. Each snap comes suddenly, but rhythmically, and shoots her bottom back against Mike's pubes.

Bridget no longer grunts, moans, or says anything. She can't. She screams "AHHHH!" at the top of her lungs. Endlessly. But her bottom goes right on snapping sharply back and slamming against Mike's pubes with every ounce of her strength.

Bridget's thrashing quickly devolves into utter uncoordinated wildness, as if random muscles are just snapping randomly. But also powerfully. One minute her foot is kicking the floor, the next her elbow is banging the table. All while her bottom is slamming hard back onto Mike's cock.

And she goes on trashing, rattling her chains, and screaming. After her second climax, there's no change in anything that Mike can see. Nor is there much change in what he can feel. Her pussy twitching as if billions of hot sparks are exploding throughout it as it snaps just as sharply around his cock. And the honey flowing almost as if a faucet had been turned on. Or her heat burning so hot that it's almost too much for him to stand.

Mike keeps going, fucking her pussy hard. Feeling the shaft of the dildo jumping around with every thrust of her hips.

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It takes Mike several minutes to cum. But once he does, it's a good one. Mike letting out a deep, and deeply satisfied, grunt as he spurts his cum into Bridget's already full pussy. It doesn't take any time for the thrusting cock to push the cum out of her pussy.

When Mike's done, he pulls his cock from her mound. More of their mixed juices runs from her pussy, flowing over her mound, down her legs, and dropping to his floor.

"UGH!" Bridget blurts out in a deep breath as his cock finally slips from her far-too-sensitive pussy. Instantly her body falls limp over the table. And lies there, quivering, but otherwise as inert as if she were dead. She pants deep, fast breaths.

Mike takes a step back and pulls his pants up. He lets Bridget lie over the table as he fixes his pants. Once he has that done, he spends a few seconds searching around for the end of the chain leash still clipped to her collar. Wherever her thrashing has tossed it to. He finds it hanging off the edge of the table and grabs it with one hand.

Mike puts his other hand on Bridget's shoulder. He pulls her by both her shoulder and the leash to stand her up. Bridget's legs wobble badly, almost dropping her several times. Her body wobbles unsteadily on her legs, too.

"Come on, trailer trash, I'll take you back to your Queen now so you can stop dripping your mess on my floor." He gives a firm yank on her leash and pushes her towards the door.

Bridget stumbles towards the door on very unsteady legs. Mike keeps her moving, one hand now on her bottom, both squishing her cheeks and pushing her along by it. Mike pushes her across the hall and knocks on my door.

Sophie opens the door. Sophie giggles at the sight of Bridget wobbling around as if she's about to fall over. Bridget's eyes are more closed than open now. She still pants. Her breaths have a deep, dreamy tone to them.

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But it's Bridget's legs that have Sophie giggling. The mixture of Bridget's honey and Mike's cum flows like a river down the insides of her thighs. It's obscenely slutty. And added to the so-satisfied look on Bridget's face, it says Bridget came harder than ever.

Sophie takes Bridget's leash. Sophie doesn't have any patience for Bridget. She snaps the leash. Bridget stumbles badly as she steps into the apartment. Sophie turns and leads Bridget towards me. Bridget manages one more stumbling step before she falls over and drops to her knees. Sophie giggles even louder.

"You didn't tell me this whore was a screamer," Mike tells me with a grin on his face.

"So we heard," I laugh. "I guess you got your money's worth out of her butt, then?"

"I guess," Mike says. But he says it with a wide grin on his face that tells me he's quite happy with Bridget.



Chapter Six - A Filthy Thank You

Trailer Trash

While Bridget was across the hall with Mike, I returned Amber's clothes and had her dress. I did that for a reason. Usually, I like to keep my toys naked while they're here. But this session is as much theater as it is fun. So far, Bridget knows Amber as a DHR investigator, a person with some power over her life. I doubt Bridget saw much of Amber while Amber was eating her pussy. I doubt Bridget has seen much of Amber at all. With her clothes on, it lets Amber keep some of that aura of power.

It also makes Bridget the only one naked in the room. I always keep my clothes on. Sophie does as well. Mike is still here, and he's fully dressed. As is Amber now. Only Bridget is naked.

It takes me a minute to get Bridget kneeling properly in front of the sofa. Her body is just too loose after her time with Mike. It tells me that Bridget definitely liked her trip across the hall. She must have cum a few times. She is definitely still drifting in bliss.

I have her kneeling with her legs opened wide. Or at least the 18" that the chains will allow them to open. Her back up straight, her eyes forward, but also downcast a hair. Her hands at the back of her neck. Her bottom, still nicely red, sitting back between her heels.

And that has her cheeks taut again. Enough so that her crack starts to stretch open. It makes the white shaft of the dildo, still sticking out of her bottom, all the more noticeable as it juts out from between her cheeks. Now it sticks out at an angle, pointing both back and down, about an inch beyond the outsides of her globes.

Bridget's eyes are only half-open. She stays mostly straight up, but there's still a noticeable wobble to her body. It's faint, but I can see it. There's no rigidity to her pose.

I leave the chain leash to hang down in front of Bridget. It lies along her chest, running between her breasts, then down her stomach and over her pubes to the floor. I'll bet now, as tired as her muscles are, she can really feel the weight of those shackles and chains on her.

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I stand over Bridget with my crop in hand. I don't exactly invite Mike to stay and watch the rest of the show, but I do wave for Sophie to offer him a seat and coffee. Southern hospitality, my way. Coffee with a slut show.

"Go on, mouse, tell this trailer trash the rules," I tell Amber. Once I got Amber dressed, I sent her to wait in the corner. Standing in the corner. With only the tips of her toes touching my baseboard. Her hands behind her back. Her eyes open and staring straight into the empty wall.

"Yes, my Queen," Amber answers. She comes out of her corner and crosses a few steps over to where Bridget is kneeling. Amber stands in front of Bridget, looking down on the woman.

This is similar to something Amber does almost daily. She's used to handing down rules to inadequate parents. Such as "make sure your kids eat supper every night before bedtime, or the state will be putting them in foster care." Only now the rules she's handing down to Bridget are a bit... unique.

"You belong to the Queen, trailer trash," Amber tells Bridget the first rule. She goes on to explain to Bridget that the rule means Bridget is no longer in charge of herself. Not her life nor her body. She belongs to me, and I will decide what Bridget does. And what's done with her body.

The next rule is that Bridget isn't allowed to "see" anyone. Male or female. She may not date anyone. She may not be alone with anyone. Kids being there doesn't count, either. She's not to invite guests over or go to anyone's house without my permission. That's because her "dating" is what got DHR called on her in the first place. And thus, she's not dating responsibly. So now her Queen will tell her what to do so that she will do it responsibly.

If asked out, she is to tell the man that she now belongs to her Queen. She doesn't get to pick her dates. She goes out with whomever her Queen tells her to. They may call me and ask me if Bridget would like to go out with

them. I'll decide if she does. And if I decide that Bridget wants to go out with them, I will tell her just what she'll do on her date. And she will do as she's told. No one, especially me, cares what she wants or thinks of it.

Since it's clear that she's been taking rather poor care of the pussy between her legs, and it's needs, she is no longer to do anything with it. Not even to masturbate it. No matter how badly it aches her for attention. She's not even to ask for permission. She's simply to accept the ache and endure the throbbing need. Sooner or later I will tell her to masturbate. And then I expect her to do so, whether she thinks she wants to or not.

Next, "the Queen does not allow her whores, even cheap trailer trash" to wander around looking like cheap trailer trash. Starting now, Bridget will follow my grooming and dress code. 24/7. If she's ever found to be inappropriately attired, she will regret it. Amber, very sweetly, warns Bridget that I am known to pop up randomly, anywhere, and check, too. Especially with whores that I know to be especially nasty whores. Like her.

Naturally, Bridget is expected to be humble and polite at all times. To everyone. Amber warns her that she doesn't know who I know. And that anyone I know might be aware that her filthy butt belongs to me. And call me if she's ever less than utterly humble with them. No matter where she runs into them. Even at work. Amber suggests that Bridget learn some manners very quickly, while she still has a bottom to sit on.

And finally, Bridget will check in with her Queen daily. By email, every morning. Her email must be in my inbox before six am. If it's a second late, that's her problem. Even if it's delayed in cyber-land. It would not be advisable to wait until the last second to send it. Bridget will also be available to me whenever I wish. If I call, she will answer. If I text, she will reply. Immediately. I don't care what else she might be in the middle of. Whatever instructions I have for her are to be obeyed without question. I don't

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care if she wants to. I don't care if it's inconvenient for her. I only care that I'm obeyed.

To each new rule, Bridget answers only "Yes, Ma'am," to Amber. Amber's voice is decently firm as she lays the rules down. Bridget's voice is still very dreamy as she answers. Soft, too. And laced with a thick note of satisfaction. It tells me that she liked whatever Mike did to her.

I don't know what Mike has done. He'll tell me later. But I can guess. The cum still drying on her pussy and thighs gives me a pretty good hint. Plus he didn't keep her that long. Not long enough for him to have done too much. The dildo is still in her bottom as well, so I know Mike didn't use her bottom. He wouldn't have put back in. He'd have just made her carry it back over here.

I'm still standing over Bridget, but behind her. I moved to allow Amber to get in front of her. But now Amber has finished telling Bridget my rules in exacting detail. It saved me the trouble of enumerating them for Bridget. I've recited them enough over the last couple of years. Besides, I wanted to see just how well Amber remembered them. She got them perfect.

I start tapping Bridget very gently with my crop. On her thighs and calves. On her back and sides. On her breasts and stomach, too. But I spare her bottom. My taps are as light as any tap I've ever given. Not even enough to leave a faint pink mark on her body. Just enough for her to feel the tip of my crop. Not even as hard as my hand would swat a bug.

I scold Bridget very sternly. My voice is icy cold and as hard as steel. It's full of disappointment and disapproval. It's mocking. And it's very bullying. I don't raise my voice, there's no need to, but otherwise, it's probably the worst voice I could use.

I tell Bridget that she's a failure as a parent. It should be obvious since DHR has dragged her here. She's a failure as a woman. She's a failure as a cheap slut, too. She couldn't even manage to slut around without screwing

up so badly that someone turned her in to the state. I tell her that she can't even manage to dress herself. I saw how she came over here. No respectable whore, much less an actual woman, would dress in such rags. Pretty much I mock her for every little thing I can think of.

It takes me a few minutes. Maybe close to ten. I make Bridget stay put on her knees and listen to every word of it. I don't let her move or say anything. Just listen to it.

I take one step back. It's enough for me to drop down and sit on the edge of my sofa. It's still close enough that I can reach out and touch Bridget if I want to. And maybe if I lean forward a bit.

I point to Amber and crook a finger for her to come over to me. She comes, not really hesitating, but with just a hint of antsiness on her face. As if she suspects I might want her for something, but can't figure out what. Especially not after I've given her clothes back to her. I'll bet she thought that was a sure sign that she was done. That I'd send her home with her pussy aching.

Amber, knowing what I expect of her, drops to her knees before me. Amber has done exactly as I've told her to today. It leaves me only one choice. To invent a sin she's committed. Luckily I'm good at that. "Don't think you're any better, mousy bitch!" I firmly scold Amber. "I can't believe that you brought this piece of disgusting trailer trash into my castle dressed so inappropriately! You should know better. You should know I have the highest standards for the trashy whores lining my gutters! You could have taken a few moments while trailer trash was waiting on the sitter to have her dress properly. But I guess you were too busy worrying about your useless slutty butt.

"I guess I'm just going to have to teach you to worry about me, not your filthy butt," I grin wide. I reach my hand out to Amber's shoulder and quickly pull her forward as I shift, angling myself to the side a little. Enough so that I can pull Amber over my knees. And that's what I do,

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reaching across to unbutton her pants as I pull her over my lap.

I have Amber over my knees just as if I were going to spank her. And I'm sure that's what she's thinking I'm going to do. I have my thigh in the bend of her waist, her thighs dangling straight down. Her knees just barely off the floor. Her feet on the floor. I have my other thigh up, with the underside of Amber's breasts flush against the outside of it. Amber's arms hang down, her hands bracing against the floor.

Amber's jeans are loose-fitting enough that, even without unzipping them, now that they're unbuttoned, I can scoot them down over her rather firm bottom. It's snug, and I feel the zipper give as I do. But they come down, baring Amber's bottom. I pull them down to Amber's thighs, leaving them around her legs about an inch or so below the bottom curve of her behind.

Her cheeks are firm and rounded. With her waist bent, even with her legs spread only slightly, it's enough to fully bare the smoothly shaven mound of her pussy and its long lips. Her wide slit, too. It also has her crack pulled partway open. It's plenty wide enough to show the valley of her crack.

And to bare her small, light pink asshole in that valley. Amber's asshole is moderately funneled inward, the V of it lined with faint wrinkles. All of which flow into a small point of darkness at the center. Now, unsuspecting, it's clinched fully closed, but not clenched tightly.

I lean forward just a hair and grab the chain dangling from Bridget's collar. As I sit back I give a sharp tug on the leash. "Over here, whore," I snap firmly. I keep pulling on the leash. Bridget starts to get up to her feet. I snap her leash hard downward. "Crawl, bitch! I didn't tell you to get up!" Bridget gets the message. She starts shuffling along on her knees, trying to keep her posture as she does. I keep hold of the leash, walking my hand up its length as I pull her closer to me.

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I pull Bridget around to my side. I pull her up right behind Amber's bared bottom. Bridget's eyes immediately go to Amber's bared, and rather wet, pussy mound. I can see Bridget taking in Amber's long lips as they glisten brightly with a fresh coat of honey. I can see her eyes roving along Amber's light pink slit, eyeing over the edges of her inner folds as they rise into the gap between those lips. Those glisten just as brightly.

I'm sure Bridget is wondering what it's going to be like. I'm fairly confident by now that she's never done anything with a woman before. At least not before Amber tongued her a little while ago. I'm sure Bridget is wondering how Amber will taste. Will it be gross? Will Amber like the amateurish tonguing Bridget will likely give her?

I grab hold of Bridget's long hair, twirling it through my fingers for a grip Bridget won't be breaking. Then I use it to slowly pull Bridget's head forward. "Doesn't that skanky, sloppy cum pit look just so eager for you to eat it, trailer trash?"

"Yes, Queen..." Bridget's voice breaks nervously. Her face scrunches up a bit, too. By now Bridget's face is only a couple of short inches from Amber's mound. She definitely is getting a whiff of Amber's sweetly musky aroma.

I pull Bridget's face forward until her lips are no more than an inch from Amber's mound. I hold it steady there. "This mousy bitch deserves a nice thank you for bringing you here, instead of doing whatever DHR does with such worthless parents, don't you think, trailer trash?"

"Yes, Queen," Bridget's voice breaks badly now. Her edgy eyes try to shift down and get a look at the waiting pussy, but her face is too close for her to get a look at anything lower than Amber's asshole. Bridget quickly averts her eyes, not wanting to see that.

"A thank you like a proper piece of trailer trash would give..."

"Yes, Queen..."

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"And we all know that trailer trash are the dirtiest of whores, don't we, trailer trash?"

"Yes, Queen..."

"Then eat her like the filthiest of whores!" I say it with a heavy mocking note of teasing taunt in my voice. As I'm saying it, I pull Bridget's face forward. Then, the instant that I can see Bridget's lips starting to brush against Amber's lips, I yank hard on Bridget's hair pulling her head up a bit. I snap Bridget's head forward. Keeping hold of her hair, I shift my hand to the back of Bridget's head. I shove her head hard forward, pushing her lips firmly against the tightly cinched ring of Amber's asshole.

"Open those lips, trailer trash," I command Bridget in an icy hard voice. I sort of roll my hand, giving a little tug on her hair, too. I hope that reminds her that there will be consequences for not obeying.

Bridget's face immediately scrunches up hard the instant she realizes that her lips are on Amber's asshole, not her pussy. I think she starts to turn a little green, too. I wonder what thoughts are flashing through her brain now! It takes her a second. Finally, about when I'm ready to smack her, I see her lips start to open very reluctantly. It takes another second for her lips to be wide enough that they surround the rim of that funnel.

"Tongue!" I command just as firmly, "Stick it out as far as it will go. Push it right into her hole. Swirl it around her sensitive flesh slowly, trailer trash! Unless you think you're too good to eat butt, that is. I have time to teach you that you're not!"

A hard shudder runs through Bridget's body. She cringes as hard as she can. About two seconds later Amber lets out a light purr to tell me that Bridget's tongue is finally licking her asshole.

I leave Bridget at it for a moment, maybe even about fifteen seconds. Enough time for the freshness of it to fade for her. Assholes are deep. The ring of muscle there is usually over ¼" thick, sometimes more like ½" thick. At least when clenched tightly shut, as Amber's is now.

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Tongues don't stick out that far past lips. It leaves Bridget's tongue licking little more than the pink flesh of Amber's asshole. Maybe the tip of Bridget's tongue is pressing into the pinpoint at the center, but there's no way Bridget's tongue is out far enough to push all the way through that thick ring. It essentially leaves Bridget licking nothing more than skin.

I have my left hand free. My right hand still grips Bridget's head firmly and holds it pressed hard against Amber's bottom. I'm still afraid that if I let go, Bridget will raise her head away from Amber's asshole.

I slowly stroke my left hand over Amber's back, then down around her side. My hand slips down to cup Amber's breast through her clothes. I give Amber's breast a firm squish in my hand. Just enough for her to feel it and grab her attention for a moment.

"Be a good bitch while this filthy piece of trailer trash eats your disgusting asshole, mouse. Relax. Now." I firmly tell Amber, but without the icy hardness in my voice. I've had enough sessions with Amber to have taught her about anal sex. She knows what I want her to do when I tell her to relax. And she knows how to do it.

Amber blushes slightly. Just enough for me to know that she doesn't want to do this. Then she pushes back as if she's trying to use a toilet and she can't. It pushes against her asshole from the inside. Her muscle immediately turns to rubber, going soft. It opens a bit, gaping about as wide as the tip of my finger. It thins her ring of muscle a bit too as it widens.

A hard, sharp, shuddering cringe flows over Bridget's body. That's when she feels what Amber is doing. What she just heard me tell Amber to do. As Amber's asshole relaxes and opens, the resistance against Bridget's tongue is gone. Now Bridget's tongue is flowing easily along the gaping rim of Amber's asshole. And the tip of her tongue has enough room now to slip just past that rim and fully inside Amber's rectum.

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I didn't give Amber an enema, or do anything else to clean her bottom out for Bridget. I thought about it. I even had time to do it. But I decided that nothing says "you're the lowest of filthy whores" like licking a dirty asshole does. And I definitely want Bridget to appreciate just how lowly I consider her to be. Or that I'm pretending to.

As Amber pushes back to force her asshole to relax, it pushes whatever is in her rectum back. Just as if she were using the toilet would. And there's only one thing stopping it from coming out of Amber. Bridget's tongue filling the opening at the center of Amber's ring. It about guarantees that Bridget is getting a very good taste of Amber's butt as Bridget's tongue strokes the rim of Amber's asshole.

Bridget cringes even harder and now she definitely looks pale. I give her another little tug on her hair to remind her that I don't care how bad this tastes. I want her licking. She's going to lick.

Amber lies inert for about two seconds. Then it starts to hit her. There are plenty of nerves running along an asshole. Almost as many as a pussy. They're just as sensitive, too. And they like being teased. Any nerve would!

At first Amber's body begins to quiver. Steadily, over several seconds, the quivering grows more and more intense until it's a crisp shuddering tremble.

Amber keeps trembling. She starts panting deep, very fast breaths. They're not exactly moans, but they have a definite hungry, urgent, and needy tone to them. More throaty than anything.

Amber's body starts snapping as she lies over my knees. Her feet kick wildly up and down against the floor as her knees try to snap forward. Her knees don't have very far to go. About two inches and they're bumping against the sofa. It's just enough to drag her kicking feet over the floor with every snap of her legs. Amber's hands squirm just as wildly, grabbing and hitting against everything in reach. Amber's back snaps as well, arching

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up as if trying to pull her bottom forward, and away from Bridget's tongue. But with my thigh in the bend of her waist, her hips and bottom aren't moving. Just her shoulders.

In a few more seconds, Amber is snapping hard over my knees and breathing out extra deep, throaty moans. Moans that tell everyone just how urgent her desire is getting.

Still cringing, Bridget goes on tonguing Amber's asshole and wincing hard as she thinks about where her tongue is. I doubt she can get the thought out of her mind. Or the taste off her tongue.

I can see her cheeks going a little paler. I'm just not sure if it's the taste, or if it's the thought of just how low she's gone. Her tongue is now through Amber's asshole and into her rectum, albeit only by a hair.

Amber goes on snapping and moaning. And shuddering as she does. I'm sure honey is flowing in her pussy, too, but I can't see that with Bridget in the way.

"Uh-MMMMMMMMM" Amber cries out after about a minute, "MMM...AHHHHHHH!" her body snaps wildly now. No longer the rhythmic snapping that was flowing over but now an uncontrolled, wild, thrashing every which way.

"Oh, AHHHHHHHHH" Amber goes on crying out and thrashing.

I giggle. "Look at that, trailer trash, this mousy bitch likes you eating her asshole so much she's forgetting to be mousy!"

Then I sit there and wait. With Amber thrashing around over my knees and screeching away. And with Bridget's tongue still in Amber's asshole, teasing nerves that are new to being teased.

I keep an eye on my watch. I have a rule for my toys. I call it the five-minute rule. I like to watch my toys thrash and squirm and shriek, so the rule says that I won't allow them to cum in less than five minutes. That way I'm sure to get my show before they get their relief. Cumming before I give her permission would bring the most hideous

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punishment on Amber. A punishment such as hours of this under Paige's far more skilled tongue. Paige is skilled enough to make sure Amber doesn't cum, even if Amber were to try and cheat and sneak one in. Paige would never let her get away with it. She'd keep Amber suffering as she is now for eons if I told her to.

Once the five minutes have passed, I ask Amber "Now is that slutty butt of *mine* ready to cum, bitch?"

"YES!" Amber screams out in a throaty and pleading voice, "my Queen, may this slutty ass please have permission to cum now, Queen?" She asks.

I tell Amber to cum.

Amber screams out. Her body thrashes away.

I see Bridget suddenly blush deeply.

I leave Amber thrashing away for a while, maybe a full minute. She never tires. She thrashes just as wildly as ever through every bit of it. She screeches her moans just as loudly, too. But I do hear a note of relief and satisfaction creeping into them.

Finally, I pull Bridget's head back from Amber's crack.

Bridget still cringes hard. I can see a few brown flecks on Bridget's lips. That's enough for me to know just how good of a taste Bridget got of Amber's bottom. And to know why she's cringing. She's still tasting it. It will be a while before she gets that taste out of her mouth.

I can see a good bit of Amber's honey covering Bridget's neck, too. And a little more of it on the very bottom of Bridget's chin. I can see just how sloppy wet Amber's pussy is, too. Her honey has been flowing like a river! But with Bridget's lips on her asshole, Bridget's chin and neck are the parts of her that touched, or at least got close enough to Amber's pussy, to get that honey on them.

I decide to leave Bridget like she is. I'll send her home with the taste of Amber's bottom filling her mouth and Amber's honey drying on her neck. It should make a nice reminder of what a whore she is on the trip.



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And now I'm done with Bridget for the day. It's her first session with me, and I don't want to push her too hard. I think she's done enough to learn just how low her place is in this Queendom. Now it's time to send her home and see if she wants to keep playing. I'm pretty sure she does. I suspect I'll be getting her email in the morning, and it will be very polite.

I pull Amber's pants back up over her bottom. There's no way I can button them with her lying over my knees, though. I tell her to stand up. With Bridget still on her knees, it puts Amber's bottom less than an inch from Bridget's face. I tell Amber to button her own pants. And then I send her to wait at the door.

With Bridget still on her knees, I tell Sophie to take the shackles off Bridget's ankles. I firmly warn Bridget not to move. To keep her hands behind her head. Then I tell Sophie to take the shackles off Bridget's wrists, too. It leaves only the heavy iron collar and chain leash on Bridget.

I'd bet by now Bridget thinks we're done. Those heavy shackles have been on her since she got here, so their coming off has to mean something. I rise to my feet. Taking hold of the leash, I tell Bridget to follow me. I lead her over to the empty place on the wall and stand her there. The same place where she undressed when she arrived. She obediently keeps her tired hands where they are.

I send Sophie to fetch Bridget's clothes. I have her take them to Amber. Once Amber is holding Bridget's clothes, I tell Amber to "get this trailer trash dressed."

Amber knows what I want her to do. The exact opposite of the command "undress." I want her to give Bridget back her clothes one piece at a time. From the feet up.

It makes Amber start with Bridget's socks. Amber holds them out.

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"Thank you for allowing me socks, Ma'am," Bridget thanks, Amber. I told Bridget to. Then Bridget takes the socks from Amber's hand.

Bridget holds the socks atop her upturned palms, her hands in front of her nipples and several inches out from them. "May I please be allowed to put these socks on my feet, Queen?" Bridget humbly asks me. Her voice is tired, as I suspect she is after her "lesson." It's also very demure and polite. As if she's accepted her place. I don't hear any reluctance in it.

I allow her to put her socks on.

Amber holds out Bridget's panties. I have two dogs in the apartment. Princess Lilly, a 5-year-old American Bulldog, is in her usual place. Laying on the center cushion of the sofa where she can insist that anyone on the sofa worship her with ample petting. Butt Monkey, a four-month-old puppy of too many breeds to count, is roaming around the living room. He likes to do that. He likes to watch my toys, too.

Butt Monkey seems to like panties as well. A week or two ago he stole a pair from one of my toys. When Amber holds those black panties up, Butt Monkey hurries over to Bridget. He sits near her feet, his eyes up and locked on the panties.

Bridget thanks Amber and takes them. "May I please be allowed to put these panties on my butt, Queen?"

"Urf! Urf! Urf!" Butt Monkey yips. His voice is still slightly high-pitched and very puppy-ish. It's very excited, too. He jumps up but doesn't quite get his nose to the panties. He paws at Bridget's foot. "Urf!" he insists.

"No," I tell Bridget. "It seems that Prince Butt Monkey wishes those panties. Give them to him. Humbly, he is a prince after all. And you're nothing but a piece of skanky trailer trash!"

Bridget's eyes dart down to the eagerly waiting puppy. He stares up at her with his big eyes. "Urf!" He repeats. I think the tone of his voice says "hurry up,

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human, can't you see I'm waiting on your useless butt? Gimme!"

"On your knees, whore!" I snap in my icy firm voice.

It's enough to get Bridget's attention. She quickly drops down to her knees and assumes a proper posture. Except now her hands are still held out, her palms upturned into a little tray in front of her breasts. The panties rest on her hands.

Butt Monkey scoots close. He puts his nose to her hands and eagerly sniffs away. His tail wags energetically. "Urf!"

"Here are my..." Bridget begins, reciting the line I've given her.

Butt Monkey grabs them in his teeth.

"Panties...."

Butt Monkey lifts them off her hands.

"Sir..."

Butt Monkey turns and quickly hurries off to the corner with his newfound prize. He lies down and starts chewing on them.

Amber holds out Bridget's jeans, the next item on the list for her to put on.

Bridget sees it and realizes that her panties are truly gone. I wasn't playing. Butt Monkey certainly wasn't. He wanted her panties for a chew toy. And she's just given them to him. For real. For keeps.

"Hurry up, trailer trash, before my Prince decides he wants more of your clothes to chew on. Or you might be going home in just those socks. He's too cute for me to deny him a chew toy he wants. And I don't care if you have to go home naked."

Bridget springs up to her feet and takes the jeans from Amber with a hurried thanks. She quickly, and very politely, asks if she can put them on. I allow her to.

Butt Monkey lies along the wall, the panties in his teeth, watching Bridget, but not getting up to commandeer any more of her clothes.

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Bridget gets dressed as quickly as she can. She gets everything but her panties. Butt Monkey keeps those.

I have Sophie take the collar off Bridget's neck.

And then I tell Amber to take Bridget home and make sure Bridget understands the rules.

Amber leads Bridget out. Bridget walks funny, her steps not quite right, as she leaves. I wonder if it's from not wearing panties under those jeans, or if it's from her bottom being so sore.

I don't wonder if I'll hear from her. I'm almost certain that I will.

THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"

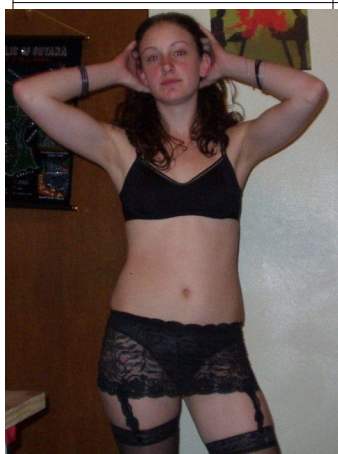
My friends, family, and slaves who appear in this story and numerous others. Only those in this story are shown.



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"

Trailer Trash



Princess Lilly

Age	Height	Weight
5 (Human)/35 (K9)	2'2"	
Hair	Eyes	
Black & White	Puppy Dog	



Prince Butt Monkey

Age	Height	Weight
3 Mo.	1'3"	10
Hair	Eyes	
Brown, Tan, White	Puppy Dog	



Mistress Diane

Age	Height	Weight
47	5'11"	
Hair	Eyes	
Black	Brown	

GUEST APPEARANCES

My other play toys who make an appearance in this story



Mousy Bitch ("Amber")

Age	Height	Weight
31	5'6"	131
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Black	Brown	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	28	35

Debuts In: "Social Work"