

FROM
RUSSIA,
WITH
SPANKING

Nadia Saran

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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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From Russia, With Spanking

Prologue:

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

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

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

I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible

From Russia, With Spanking

moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

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

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

Sophie is my 19-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest. Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

I have three BFFs, (Isabelle, Reagan, and Ellie) none of whom are into my little games. But all of whom occasionally creep into my stories. After all, they are my BFFs so they tend to be around. Luckily they're not offended by anything they happen to see. They're just not eager for me to put on a show on their account.

I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommies as well. Andrea (26), Janelle (35), Colette (39), Diane (43), and Olive (44). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and

From Russia, With Spanking

a little chat about who's doing what to whom lately. We sometimes share, or loan, our toys to each other, but not that often. Sometimes we do a favor for each other, such as providing something different for a toy. Mostly we do what girls do: we gossip.

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



Chapter 01: Breaking A Bitch

From Russia, With Spanking

I usually don't play while I'm visiting Russia. At least not with anyone other than Sophie. That's because homosexuality, which the courts in Russia would define to include anything between two women, is a crime. It's a law that's selectively enforced. Usually only upon complaint, or if in public. But since I'm not anxious to see the inside of a Russian prison, I prefer to visit family and keep my lifestyle low key. I do have Sophie to quietly attend to any whims or desires, I might have while I'm there.

And when I do play in Russia, so far it's been only with a man. Then, I've been rather cautious about what he saw. I've never let anyone see anything with Sophie. D/s is legal. BDSM is legal. Pretty much anything is legal. As long as the participants are of opposite genders. Or at least, when there are more than two, the men keep their hands off each other and the ladies involve a man in whatever they do.

So when my friend Dmitri, a fellow Dom who lives in Pensacola, Florida, called me while I was in Russia and asked me if I might be willing to see a sub as a favor, I was rather cautious. But I did agree to have a conversation with Yuri, her husband, about the sub. Conversation is legal. Yuri called me ten minutes later.

He tells me that he is a major in the FSB. FSB is just the new name for the KGB. Commonly known as the people you avoid at any cost. Then, with a hearty laugh, he assured me that I won't have any issues "seeing" his wife. No one would dare. On that, he's probably right. Even the police tend to go the other way when the FSB shows up in their black SUVs. I admit, I almost hung up on him. All I have is Dmitri's assurances that he's known Yuri since they were in grade school, and he will bet his eternal soul that Yuri wouldn't screw me over. It gets me wondering just how much Dmitri's assurances are worth.

Yuri tells me that he's been married to his wife Natalia for five years now. That's she's a petite woman of 30 years. He tells me that she's pretty.

And then he tells me what he has in mind. Natalia has always been a bitch. She's sharp-tongued, and she's quick to use that sharp

Chapter 01: Breaking A Bitch

tongue. She's brassy as well. And bossy.

She's always had some interest in D/s, and he knew that before he married her. His interest in it is fairly limited. While he isn't a Dom, he's shared her with a few Doms he knows, all of whom Dmitri introduced him to. Usually, he has a Dom stop by, and surprise Natalia by simply asserting himself. Natalia resists. It takes him some time, but once he's "overpowered" her, Natalia is quick to get on her knees and eager to serve him. The "harder" her session is, the less bitchy she is afterward. And the longer her "sweetness" lasts.

I tell him that's likely because of her needs. The bitchiness is her way of letting Yuri know that she's sexually needy. That she needs someone to take control of her. The "harder" the session, the more intense for her, and thus the more satisfying. Thus the longer and fuller effect it has on her. He agrees. Dmitri has told him the same thing. And thus, he's accepted that these little games are going to go on forever.

He tells me that I would be the first woman to "see" Natalia. She would never expect it. When it happens, she will never believe it. She would never believe that her husband would inflict such a punishment on her as giving her to a woman, where she would be made to do "unnatural" things. He thinks she will resist me more than she's ever resisted anyone. More so because Natalia is the oldest of three sisters, and she would see my youth as putting me beneath her. Not "on top" of her. He doesn't know what will happen when she finally accepts her place, but suspects it will satisfy her even more fully. As we discuss her, and he tells me of her previous sessions, the ones he's seen bits and pieces of, I agree with his assessment.

For Natalia, it's all about being taken. About being made to get on her knees for someone, and kept there. The less powerful she initially sees the Dom/me as, the more fulfilling it is when he, or she, puts an unwilling Natalia in her place.

I'm still very reluctant to accept his invitation. Even when he, who lives in Moscow, offers to bring her to me in Nizhny Novgorod, where I'm at. That's an hour-long flight, and I'd guess close to 400 miles. It's not a

From Russia, With Spanking

short trip. Especially when you're sitting on a very sore bottom for the return flight.

But then he asks if I am the daughter of my father. It seems he knows my father. That's not too surprising. My father was in the foreign service. He was a diplomat, which is why he was in the US where he met my mom. And the foreign service would have frequent contact with the FSB and SVR (Russia's CIA). He tells me that he met my father long ago when both were posted to Buenos Aires. I remember my dad being there, about 15 years ago. I agree only to call Yuri back once I've decided.

And then I immediately call dad. Him, I trust. He tells me he knows Yuri decently well. And he trusts Yuri. Completely when it's not about matters of state. Yuri, it seems, reserves his snaky behavior for getting his job done, whatever his job might actually be. It's the FSB, job descriptions and titles are just window dressing. He asks why I'm asking, and how I know Yuri. I tell him I don't, that I've been asked to do Yuri a favor and I'm deciding if I want to or not. Dad knows about my lifestyle. It would be hard not to with Sophie, collar locked around her neck, sitting at his supper table. He laughs. He assures me that whatever the favor is, Yuri wouldn't dare speak of it. It would guarantee him the loss of standing in the eyes of his superiors. And that would guarantee that his career came to a swift and unhappy end.

With dad's assurances that Yuri is safe, it leaves me just Natalia to worry about. Nothing would stop her from going down to the police station and swearing out a complaint. Except for Yuri, who could guarantee that any complaint filed anywhere simply vanished forever. When I call Yuri back he assures me that, should a complaint be filed, it will vanish in less time than it took to write out.

I agree to meet her adding that if I sense she's not into it, I'll end it. He agrees. Then I suggest that I just leave Nizhny early and visit them in Moscow. I have to change planes there anyway. I might as well spend a night. It gives me the chance to surprise Natalia in their home. And he's welcome to be there for it. He accepts that offer.

Chapter 01: Breaking A Bitch

It works out to a Friday night. My flight out of Moscow is set for Saturday afternoon, arriving in Miami Sunday morning. From there, I have another short flight back to Mobile. And there's nothing I need to see in Moscow. I already have pictures of me in front of the Kremlin. Yuri gives me his address, and I agree to "pop in" after five on Friday evening. I tell him it won't be much later than that, assuming my flights are on time. I just want to stop and check into my hotel on the way. I'd hate for Sophie to have lug all that baggage around!

I arrive right on time. Not that I care if I'm late. Yuri knows that I'm flying in today, and going to my hotel first. I'm sure he knows how the trains and cabs are in Moscow, too. Everyone knows how the traffic is – hideous! And even worse at quitting time on a Friday.

I spoke to Yuri yesterday. I suggested a little "play" for Natalia's benefit. I suggested that he and Natalia just do whatever they would normally do on a Friday evening. When I arrive, he's to tell Natalia that I'm there to see him on "business." She won't ask any questions. She might assume that I'm some FSB girl trap, the kind of woman who gets next to foreign businessmen and agents to pass along whatever pillow talk she picks up. Or maybe that I'm an actual FSB officer. Or, more likely, some low-level secretary of some business that Yuri wants inside info from. The kind of secretary whose loyalty is rentable. Whatever she thinks, the very last thought will be that I'm here for her.

When I knock on his door, both Sophie and I are wearing rather heavy coats. Then again, it is December. Since Sophie is a southern girl through and through, I've given her a turtle neck sweater and jeans to wear today. It's comfortable, and it will keep her warm. She is definitely not used to the northern weather. But the sweater also covers her collar. Because of that, I've given her a silk blouse to wear underneath. That way, I can have her take the sweater off should I need to leash her. Or flaunt her collar.

Yuri opens the door. It's the first I've seen of him. He's decently well-built. He looks to be in the back half of his 30s, I'd guess he's 37 or 38. He's about 6' tall, maybe a fraction of an inch less, and I'd say about

From Russia, With Spanking

200 pounds of muscle. It gives him a physique as if he works out frequently, and maybe plays a lot of pick-up sports, but not quite the stature of a professional athlete. He has short cut sandy brown hair and brown eyes. He's wearing the slacks of a business suit with a button-down shirt and tie. But no coat. It looks as if he's either just gotten in from his office, or is getting ready for some meeting. Or maybe an evening out someplace nice. He smiles and greets me warmly as "Miss Rodgers." I'd asked him never to use my first name in front of Natalia.

Natalia isn't so sociable. I can see that she's wearing a fairly short medium-dark red skirt that covers her only down to about mid-thigh. Above that, she has on a white, silk, long-sleeved blouse. I can see that her long blond hair is out of a bottle. She's as advertised, too. A bimbo with enough money to spend on clothes. Yuri sent me a picture of her, fully dressed. She looked like a bimbo with nice clothes in that, too. It's not an uncommon look among younger Russian women with the money to spend. I'm sure she's spending Yuri's money.

Yuri offers us a seat. He asks Natalia to get us all some tea. She says nothing. Not a single word. After a couple of minutes, she comes out and sets a serving tray on the coffee table. It has the tea, and cups, and condiments.

I can see a look of absolute horror on Sophie's face. As if she can't imagine a woman not serving her guests, much less not service me in the manner Sophie feels I should be feted. Sophie, very quickly, glances at me silently asking permission to serve me and Yuri in Natalia's place.

I shake my head, waving her off. Now is as good of a time as any to get down to business. "You really are such a rude little bitch, aren't you, skank?" I say it rather harshly, raising my voice just the tiniest bit to sharpen it a little more.

Natalia stops and turns back around to face me. "Who the fuck do you think you are, *bitch*, to come into my home and speak to me like that?" She raises her voice a little more than I did. And her tone is just as harsh. And insulting.

Yuri says nothing. He just sits there and wonders how this little

Chapter 01: Breaking A Bitch

catfight is going to go. Maybe he even wonders who will win it.

Now I'm grinning. Sophie starts grinning very widely, too. She recognizes the smirk on my face. It's my "evil bitch" smirk. It tells Sophie that Natalie is about to learn some manners. The good old-fashioned way.

"Apparently, I am the one who is going to have to teach a rude cunt some manners tonight, *bitch*." I use my normal voice now, but with a very disapproving tone to it. And the firmness of steel.

Natalia doesn't have a chance to argue with me. As I finish scolding her, I'm already on my feet. She's close enough to me that I only need to take a single step to reach out and grab her. And I do. Grab her. By her long and fine hair. Not at the roots, but about halfway down its length, just above her shoulder. It was the easiest place for me to get a grip on.

I step back, giving that handful of hair a hard yank as I go. It's a yank hard enough to pull her hair out.

Natalia shrieks a loud, "OW! Fuck!" She also follows along, taking the step forward so that her head can follow her hair instead of letting it get yanked out. The sharp yank takes her by surprise, leaving her hasty step slightly awkward and stumbling.

I drop back onto the sofa, spreading my knees wide as I do. I don't even lighten up on the pull. I keep the single, long, pull on Natalia's hair, keeping her head moving almost smoothly. At first, her head comes down as I sit. It makes Natalia lean almost all the way forward. And that has her slightly off-balance, mostly from moving so quickly.

Then I'm pulling her head across me. She's already bent over, but her legs are still straight. Only now, in the slightly awkward position, she's even less balanced. The hard jerk on her hair brings her head forward, across my thighs. It pulls her upper body forward, and for an instant that pulls her up onto her toes. Then the quick motion, the inertia of moving upper body, has her feet slipping back. It drops her down, her chest and stomach landing across my thighs.

From Russia, With Spanking

I was ready for it. I knew it was coming. Natalia didn't. She flails for an instant. Her hands first trying to block her fall. They miss the sofa, and before her hands get to the floor to brace herself, the top of her head bounces against Sophie's thigh. Her feet flail just as energetically, trying to bend her knees and get her feet under her to stand back up.

I was ready for all of it. I shove her head down, my hand quickly shifting to the back of her head. It pushes her head into Sophie's thigh again. It also gets Natalia to bring her hands up to the sofa. She almost gets them in place to push her shoulders up when I grab them. She starts to struggle as I pull her hands back behind her and pin them firmly against the small of her back. Like that, I can hold them there with one hand.

I use my right leg, hooking my foot around her legs just behind her knees. It lets me pull her thighs forward, towards the sofa, and hold her calves down at the same time. Now it's just Natalia's feet squirming against the floor.

I grab hold of my belt. It's a fairly wide leather belt of moderately stiff, pink, leather. I didn't wear it to hold my jeans up. I wore it for this. In about two seconds it's out of my belt loops and doubled over in my hand.

I hook my thumb under the bottom hem of Natalia's skirt. And I quickly discover that her skirt is as snug on her body as it looks. It takes me a little work to lift it with only my thumb. But a thumb is all I can spare. Luckily that doesn't slow me down. The bottom of her skirt slides quickly up, along her thighs, then over her bottom, all the way up to her waist.

I immediately notice two things. First I notice that Natalia is wearing a rather sexy pair of white lace panties. At least from the back. All I can see is a narrow strip of silky lace flowing up through her crack to the tiniest of lacy V's where it joins the waistband.

The second thing I notice is that Natalia's bottom is as firm as it is small. I see a pair of rather hard, and rounded cheeks. Cheeks that even

Chapter 01: Breaking A Bitch

now, pulled taut as she lies bent over my thighs, have a defined rounded edge to their bottoms. Cheeks that are smoothly rounded with flowing curves in both directions. Cheeks that have a fine crack where their inside edges touch, closing it and blocking my sight of anything more than a glimpse of the lace.

"This is for being a skanky cunt and being rude to your guests. This is what bitches with no manners get. *Bitch.*"

I don't bother to tease her with the belt. I just lift it up high and snap it down with all of my strength. The leather is slightly soft but stiff enough. I wish it was stiff like a man's belt. But I'd never wear a belt like that. It lands with a fairly loud splitting crack across both of Natalia's firm rounded globes.

"OW!" Natalia screeches out loudly. The instant the belt lands on her bottom, she tenses up hard. An instant later she's thrashing hard, fighting to get up off my lap. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Natalia balks. "OW! FUCK that hurts!"

I still have her essentially pinned down over my thighs. So I raise the belt, glancing at the medium-pink stripe across her cheeks, as it rises. Then I swing it back down again, cracking a second stroke just as hard. This one lands just below the first one, widening instead of darkening the stripe across those white globes.

"OW!" Natalia screeches even louder, now with a decent note of actual pain in her voice. "STOP! OW!"

I'm sure Natalia would like to screech more. To hurl a few insults and demand to know what gives me the right to spank her. But she doesn't get the time. I'm already landing a third hard stroke, this one higher up her globes, widening that stinging pink stripe even more.

This time Natalia screams a long "OW!" drawing her cry out. I hear the bawling tone in her voice, and with a quick glance down, I can see the first tear rolling from her eye.

I spank Natalia's bottom again. Now she's out of fresh bottom to land that belt on, too. It leaves the sting of the leather slicing into the

From Russia, With Spanking

already fiery, stinging pink flesh. And that gets an even louder screech from Natalia's lips. It gets her crying decently hard, too. And it keeps her thrashing hard, squirming to get free with all her might.

I give her the fifth stroke. It lands just hard, biting into the pained pink flesh again. And getting a good scream from Natalia. It leaves her crying hard, too. I'm sure it leaves those cheeks of her stinging like she's sitting on a million needles, too.

"That's what I do with rude bitches, *bitch*." I scold her firmly. But I'm already moving. I loosely hold the belt. Sophie hands me a pair of handcuffs. I quickly snap those around Natalia's slender wrists, locking them tightly so they'll chafe against her bony wrists. That leaves me to release her hands.

I loop my belt, putting its free end through the buckle. I hold it by the free end, dangling the loop downward. I pull the loop over the top of Natalia's head, and in about one second I'm pulling it snug around her narrow neck.

I hold the tension on my belt, choking Natalia, but only just barely. More letting it squeeze snug around her neck. I grab Natalia's shoulder. I use a firm, hard, thrust to shove her shoulder up and back, pushing her off my thighs and dropping her onto her knees.

I spring up to my feet, grabbing another handful of Natalia's hair as I go. "Up!" I snap it firmly. I jerk her upward hard by her hair, pulling just a little harder on the belt to snug it up a bit more as I do. I'm not trying to choke her, just to make her feel as if it's definitely an option that I wouldn't mind.

Natalia stays there for an instant. Then the combination of the yank on her hair, and the light tug on the belt, gets her scrambling to get her feet under her. I pretend that I'm ignoring Natalia, but I do watch her closely. She gets up to her feet.

I let her get almost up. She's on one foot, moving to get her second one on the floor again. I use the belt for a leash, pulling it hard. It bites into her neck. And it lets her feel the direction she's being led.

Chapter 01: Breaking A Bitch

To her right. She stumbles badly, but stays on her feet, as she starts moving in the direction her neck is pulling her.

I don't wait on her. I walk a little fast. It has me dragging a half walking, half stumbling, Natalia behind me. Unfortunately, for Natalia, they have a good-sized apartment. That leaves her about a dozen steps to stumble along unsteadily behind me as I drag her through their dining room and into her kitchen.

Yuri follows along, hanging back, but watching the show. And definitely wondering what I'm going to do to Natalia now. A glance back to Yuri tells me he's never seen her dragged into the kitchen before. Figures. Men can be like that with a pretty woman. Too eager to get her clothes off to teach her proper manners. Men.

I drag her over to the sink. I keep the tension on the belt, letting off just enough that the belt is snug, but not cutting into her or choking her. I shove her firmly, pushing her up against the counter just in front of the sink.

Natalia immediately starts to move, to step away. I just hold onto the belt. The instant her neck starts to move, and it must move with her body, it pulls the belt, cinching it tighter and into her throat. She chokes and very quickly moves back. Maybe she's getting the hint. With her hands cuffed, there's not much she can do to escape the fate that's waiting for her.

I pinch the corners of her jaw hard. It forces her mouth wide open. I hold the pinch, making her keep her mouth fully open for me. I pick up a bar of soap. To my delight, it's nice and wet from recent use. That saves me the time to get it wet.

Natalia is still crying fairly hard from the spanking she just endured. Having her jaw forced wide open isn't helping her any, either. I shove the bar of wet soap right into her mouth, pushing it back as far as it will go. Until I feel the end of the bar hitting the back of her mouth. Now I release my pinch on her jaw. I put my hand under her jaw and shove hard upward. It pushes her jaw closed, her teeth biting into the wet soap.

From Russia, With Spanking

Natalia's eyes pop wide. An instant later a slightly sickly greenish pallor seems to come over her face. She tries to open her mouth. I shove her jaw up a little harder to keep it closed. She gags hard.

"And this is what I do with rude bitch who use bad words, *bitch*." I tell her in a rather harshly scolding voice. "I wash those dirty mouths out. And yours is definitely filthy, *bitch*."

Natalie chokes and gags on the soap. It doesn't take too long for the tears to flow even harder from her eyes. Or for her to start looking sick. Soap won't hurt her, but it tastes awful. And this soap is the kind that will be burning her mouth as well.

It gets Natalia trying to struggle against it. She tries to get her hands up. The cuffs stop her. She tries to spit the soap out. My hand holds her jaw and stops her. She tries to run away. The belt stops her, cutting into her throat and choking her harder with any movement of her neck.

In a few seconds, she tries the only thing she can. She tries to kick me. That bitch! I punish her for that by tightening up the belt around her neck, choking off her air. I hold the belt tight, keeping her from breathing. "Bad bitch!" I snap firmly. "If you wish to breathe, you'll behave while your mouth is washed out, bitch." I keep holding the belt, letting it cut her air off for about twenty miserable, choking seconds. It's long enough for some panic to set in and get Natalia struggling a bit. Then I ease off enough for her to breathe again.

As Natalia stands there, we can all see just how snug that skirt is. It hasn't dropped back down. It's snug around her waist now. It hangs down in the front barely enough to cover her panties. But in the back, her glowing red bottom is still sticking out.

Finally, after about a minute and a half, I release the pressure under her jaw. As I'm taking hold of the bar of soap, her jaw is opening. I don't have to pull the soap out. She'd happily spit it out. But I do pull it out.

Natalia immediately gags and coughs. She turns her head slightly.

Chapter 01: Breaking A Bitch

Then she chokes, spitting suds saliva into the sink. As she chokes, her stomach doubles over. I ease off on the belt a hair, allowing her to bend over as she spits more and more suds into the sink. I don't turn the water on. And she can't. So she can't rinse the soap from her mouth. She can just spit some of it into the sink. She keeps sputtering and spitting gob after gob of suds.

I let her spit for a moment, but not as long as she'd like to. She's still spitting away when I grab her hair yet again. At least by now, I'd hope, she recognizes it as a clue that I'm about to yank her body around. And I do. I spin her so she's facing the other direction, keeping the snug pressure on the belt as I do.

Then I just grab one of her chained wrists and jerk it hard upward. Her hands rise up behind her back. For a short bit, about ¼ of the way up to her shoulders. Then they start driving her shoulders down, pushing her face down. I keep shoving her hands up. Her face keeps going down, her eyes now seeing the counter rising up to meet her. And then her face plants on the hard counter. But I let off the push at the last second, saving her from hitting her face hard. It lands on the counter, her face turned to the side and now staring at the sink beside her.

I push her hands up, straining her shoulders, and pinning her head on the counter. Her hands squirm as they flail for mine. They do nothing.

I use a foot, kicking her at the inside of her ankle until she spreads her feet about two feet apart. Bending her over the counter poked her bottom out for me again. Spreading her feet now lets me see the lace-fringed little strip of her panties as it covers her mound. I didn't even have to lift her skirt again. That's still up at her waist.

I grab her panties at their waistband. A firm tug is all it takes to pull them down. I pull the hard down. As they near her knees, the spread of her legs pulls them tight. I leave them hanging there, about an inch above her knees, stretched around her lean legs.

Now I can see Natalia's furry pussy mound between the tops of

From Russia, With Spanking

her slim thighs. I can see that her lips are long and wide. I can see them making a fine slit that's little more than a pink-purple line, not much wider than a pencil line, where they touch together. And I can see a dense fur of black curls, weaving together, as they cover those lips.

And now, with her legs opened, her bottom has pulled a hair tauter. It's just enough that, at the very bottom, her crack begins to open. It's a tease. It just barely offers me a glimpse of the dark swath of flesh that surrounds her asshole. It barely lets me see the ring, but not make out the finer details of it.

I wink at Yuri. I just sort of point by waving a finger in front of Natalia's furry, modestly puffy, mound. I can see that her fur is damp. I can see the line of her slit sparkling in the light. And I can see the gooey honey with its slight white tinge as it clings to those curled, fine hairs. The grin on Yuri's face tells me that he can see it as well.

"No wonder you're being such a rude bitch!" I mockingly taunt her. "You're obviously thinking about your slutty pussy instead of your manners!"

Natalia doesn't say anything. She's still sobbing lightly and sputtering out little hints of suds.

"Aren't you, bitch?" I add with even more firmness in my voice.

"My pussy isn't any of your concern! Now let me up!" Natalia snaps firmly, and with some insistency in her voice.

I ignore it for the two seconds it takes. I just hold my hand out, and Sophie quickly pulls a latex glove onto my hand. She squirts a tiny drop of lubricating gel on the tip of my finger.

I put my finger to the very bottom of Natalia's crack. It's been about all of five seconds since Natalia told me that her pussy wasn't my business. Certainly no longer. My tiny finger, as narrow as it is, still pushes against the insides of her cheeks, lightly pushing them aside, as it glides into the very bottom of her crack.

My finger comes to rest squarely atop Natalia's tensed asshole. It

Chapter 01: Breaking A Bitch

lets me feel that her ring is small, and neither puckers out nor funnels inward. But mostly I feel the hardness of her clenching muscle as it cinches even tighter.

Natalia tries to stand. She doesn't move. I hold her hands up high, keeping her pinned against the counter. She tries to snap her bottom from side to side, hard. I was ready for it. My hand just moves right along with the cheeks my finger is between.

I don't care that she's squirming her bottom hard, urgently trying to shake clear of my finger. I just shove my finger forward against the resisting ring of her asshole. And I give it a hard shove. For a fraction of an instant, I feel the firm, unyielding hardness of her ring as my fingertip pushes against it, pushing it inward and making it begin to funnel slightly. Then I feel the resistance vanish for an even shorter fraction of a second.

"UGH!" Natalia screeches out loudly. Her bottom snaps, thrashing hard. "OW! IT HURTS!" She screeches.

I feel my finger begin slipping forward. And then, I feel her muscle, now loose and rubbery, start to snuggle around my finger. An instant later her muscle is back to its full tension, squeezing hard against the sides of my finger. My finger glides easily through the firm tightness, it's path eased by the layer of grease.

"OW!" Natalia cries out again, this time a little quieter. "You don't have to be so rough!"

My finger slips all the way into her bottom until the web of my fingers is flush against the outside of her asshole. Her ring squeezes hard around my finger as if trying to clamp it still.

Natalia quiets a hair more as she squeals another "OW!" Her bottom squirms as eagerly as ever, trying to pull free of my finger. It can only shift to the sides. The counter is blocking her hips from moving forward.

I give my finger a good, pronounced wiggle. It's a wiggle that has the pad of my finger prodding firmly against the inside of her rectum,

From Russia, With Spanking

poking her insides. I know she feels that. I take a second to get several good wiggles, and pokes, in.

"No wonder you think your pussy is yours! You're full of crap!" I laugh. Behind me, Yuri chuckles lightly, too. He can see where I have my finger. I guess he knows that I might mean she's literally full of crap. She's not. I'd say her bottom is no more than half-ready for her to take a trip to the ladies' room. But Natalia has no clue what I can feel inside her.

"Well, a good enema should get you cleaned out. Maybe then you'll understand that I own that pussy along with the rest of you, *bitch*." I give my finger a good yank, pulling it quickly out of her tensed ring. With her muscle gripping it firmly, it's about the least pleasant way I could have taken it out of her bottom.

"UGH!" Natalia cries out as my finger is pulled hard from her asshole. She pants another squealing "OW!" Then she balks. Loudly and firmly, every bit of her sassy bitchiness back. "THERE IS NO FUCKING WAY YOU ARE GIVING ME AN ENEMA! NO!"

I grab Natalia's hair, releasing her hands to do it. A hard yank snaps her head back, then brings her shoulders snapping up. It brings her to stand. I spin her around, quickly grabbing hold of the belt again. I give that belt a sharp tug, snapping it as it tightens around her neck.

And I move just as quickly, holding the choking tightness, a squeezing that almost, but doesn't quite, cut off her air. I pinch the corners of her jaw roughly, forcing her mouth to open wide. And just as quickly, I have that bar of wet soap going back into her mouth.

This time I'm putting it into her mouth roughly. It's scraping over her teeth, knocking little chips off the bar. It's sliding over her tongue, making her taste its bitterness. Then it bumps hard against the back of her mouth. I give it a little shove, pushing it firmly. That pushes it a little deeper into her mouth, until the end of the bar has not only grated over the roof of her mouth, but been deflected down towards her throat. It only stops when her mouth, narrowing to her throat, is no longer wide enough for the thick bar. I hold the bar in place. A hard, and sudden,

Chapter 01: Breaking A Bitch

shove up under her jaw snaps her mouth shut, and sends her teeth biting hard into the soap. I keep my hand there, holding her jaw shut, keeping her teeth in the bar. I'll leave it to her teeth to hold the bar in place. I feel the muscles of her jaw straining to open her mouth. They fight me hard, and those are strong muscles. But my hand is shoving her jaw up, tilting her head back, and that makes it harder for her to open her mouth.

Natalia gags hard. But that's all she can do. Just gag on the soap. She can't even spit, not with the bar in her mouth the way it is. Steadily her mouth fills with saliva. And the saliva mixes with the soap, making an awful, bitter, burning gooey mess that fills her mouth. She gags even harder.

"I guess washing that nasty mouth of yours out wasn't thorough enough to get all of the filth out of it. Now I'll scrub it out and we'll see if that cleans up your filthy mouth, bitch." I tell her with pure firmness in my voice. As a judge passing sentence.

I wait for about twenty seconds. Then I pinch her jaw again, forcing her mouth wide. I didn't have to force that. She would have eagerly given me the bar of soap. Her choking gags almost spit the bar out of her mouth before I can pull it out. As I do, I can see that it's done what I wanted it to. Her mouth is now full of a horrid, bitter, stinging, mess of gooey white suds.

I grab a bottle brush off her sink. She gets lucky this time. It's one with soft, loose, foam strips on it instead of hard bristles. I should have brought my own. Mine has the hard bristles that scrap roughly over mouths. I've found those teach even the sassiest of teenage bitches to watch their mouths. Quickly.

I shove the brush into Natalia's mouth. I shove it all the way back, feeling the resistance as it begins bending at the back of her mouth. I push it all the way down, a hair from her throat. Then I start scrubbing hard. The only good thing about the foam strips is that they're loose enough they have her entire mouth filled as they drift over its inside.

Natalia doesn't seem to like it. She chokes. She sputters, trying to

From Russia, With Spanking

spit at me, and fails. The foam has her mouth too filled for that to be effective. She squirms. She tries to step away. I just keep tugging on the belt, cinching it a hair tighter every time she does anything but stand there while I scrub. She keeps resisting. I guess she's not a Star Trek fan. If she was, she'd remember the wisdom of the Borg: resistance is futile.

I keep scrubbing. Natalia keeps struggling and squirming. She keeps choking, too. After about fifteen seconds, a deep purple-red blush starts blooming over her face, too. I keep my firm pull on the belt, even though it's now stopping her from breathing.

It takes Natalia a long moment. Maybe another twenty seconds as the hue blooming on her face deepens and starts to take on a faint blue tinge. Finally, she stops fighting me. She stills. I casually count to five. Only then do I ease up on the belt. Natalia quickly sucks a deep, and very noisy, breath through her nose.

I scrub mouths for one minute per bad word. By the time Natalia finally submits to it, and finally stands demure while I scrub away despite her gagging, she only has about ten seconds of scrubbing left. She doesn't start fighting me again in that short time.

I pull the brush from her mouth. I hold her jaw gaping wide as I do. It lets me see the white soapy lather that now covers every speck of her mouth. Even her teeth. I hold her jaw, keeping her mouth gaping. And I stare right into her red, wet eyes. "Are you ready to watch that filth mouth of yours and be polite, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Natalia sobs out. Her voice is quiet. But it's also fake. As if she's just saying what she knows will get her what she wants. To rinse her mouth out. Not as if she's serious about behaving now. I'm sure she's thinking she'll only behave until she can resist better.

I grab her hair and pull her head lightly so that she's leaning over the sink. "Spit," I say. Natalia doesn't hesitate to obey. She's getting what she wants. She spits quickly and eagerly. And she keeps spitting.

I give her thirty seconds. She's still spitting as fast as she can. But I know that most of the suds are out of her mouth. Without water to

Chapter 01: Breaking A Bitch

rinse it, she'll be spitting indefinitely. I just as firmly tell her to stop. And I lightly yank her head up as I tell her. She does not look happy. But she does stop spitting. Although now she couldn't spit into the sink if she tried.

“Now, let's get the filth out of this filthy bitch. Slave, fetch me an enema for this bitch.”



Chapter 02: Resistance Is Futile

From Russia, With Spanking

Since I hadn't planned on playing here, I didn't bring anything in way of toys beyond the minimum. I did bring my crop. I'd never be without that. But I'm not sure I'd want to explain all of the kinky sex toys to a customs officer. At the least, it might make for a good story for him to tell. For weeks. Besides, the way TSA is getting, who knows what they might deem a weapon nowadays!

Luckily there's a chain pharmacy on about every second corner. And they're all well-stocked. I just stopped at an A5 (I think that's Russian for CVS) and grabbed a few things, even though I wasn't sure I'd need them. It's always better to be prepared. It's impossible to know what I might need the first time I play with a toy. Especially a toy like Natalia. So far her experience has been more of the "use" variety rather than the more intimate, invasive, and violative variety I prefer. It's typical of some Doms. They're more interested in getting their use out of the toy, rather than slowly building her humiliation and driving her down to her place. But not all Doms. But I think, in general, women are more patient and enjoy the deeper humiliations for their toys. At least I do.

I only know what Yuri has told me about Natalia's experience. He never mentioned her getting an enema before. Maybe she hasn't. Maybe she just was too humiliated that she submitted to it and didn't tell him. But her reaction tells me that it's unlikely she has. But he did tell me that she prefers that her butt be left alone. And that's why I went there so quickly. I want her to know, right from the start, that I am taking full ownership of her body, and I don't give a hoot what she might want, or not want, done with her body. It's mine now, and I'll do whatever I fancy. I'll do it without concern for her, her comfort, or her desires, too. As far as I'm concerned, Natalia is an inanimate sex toy. I won't tell her that's all she is to me. I'll use her that way. And that can show her how worthless she is to me.

I wasn't able to find one of the enema syringes that I prefer. And I didn't have time for Amazon to deliver one (Yes, they deliver to Russia). They only had smaller ones in stock. But they did have a bulb enema that holds 500ml, and that's the same size. It'll do nicely. It's not like it's

Chapter 02: Resistance Is Futile

complex machinery.

I have Sophie fill the bulb with the tea. By now, the tea has a chance to cool down. It's warm, but not hot. Sophie takes her time, knowing that I won't mind, to get the bulb completely filled. I wouldn't want to short change Natalia on her first enema!

I'd like a table to bend her over. I know there's no way Natalia would just lie still for this. Not yet. She's not quite ready to surrender herself yet. I think, now that I've met her, that she likes this game as much as the rest. One thing is clear. Her pussy is loving it.

I settle for the counter. Again, I don't bother telling her what to do. I just grab hold of her shoulder and shove her firmly, sending her spinning to face the counter, and pushing her down to lean over it. I give her bound wrists a good hard yank up, straining her shoulders. I hold her hands up, pinning her shoulders against the counter. I have to kick her ankles apart again to get her feet spread. I give them harder kicks than last time, too. Call it a little punishment for making me open them for her again.

Sophie puts the enema bulb in my free hand. Yuri, his eyes starting to get a little wide, quietly asks me "are you really going to make her suffer that?"

I nod to Sophie. Sophie uses her hands to pull Natalia's firm cheeks wide apart, stretching her crack fully open. It's the first good view I've gotten of Natalia's tensed asshole. Now I can see the dark purple swath of flesh around it. And the lighter pink-purple ring of flesh atop her muscle. I can see the countless lines of faint wrinkles, all flowing into the single little squiggly line of darkness at the very center of the pinkness. And I can see that her muscle is clenched to its tightest.

As soon as Sophie bares Natalia's asshole, Natalia starts to shake her bottom hard. She squirms just as hard, trying to get up or at least get her bottom away from me. Sophie holds her cheeks open, and that holds her bottom from thrashing too much. As the fractions of a second tick off, Natalia's squirming grows more urgent.

From Russia, With Spanking

I don't bother to lubricate the nozzle of the enema. My finger left plenty of lubricant on her asshole. She wouldn't notice the difference if I put a whole packet more of it on the nozzle.

I put the tip of the bulb against Natalia's asshole. It's about as wide as a pencil, maybe a hair thicker. Natalia immediately thrashes desperately with all of the energy she has. The first snap tries to move those narrow hips forward, away from the tip. They knock firmly against the counter, Natalia's knees knocking against the cabinets underneath. Loudly.

"PLEASE!" Natalia screams out desperately, a heavy pleading note in her voice. And even more panic. "I'LL BEHAVE! I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT ME TO! PLEASE, MA'AM, PLEASE DON'T SHOVE THAT UP MY---"

"NOOOO!!!!" Natalia shrieks, her voice even more desperate, as I start pushing the narrow nozzle into her very tightly resisting asshole. Her muscle squeezes its hardest, squishing her pink flesh tightly around the baby blue shaft of the nozzle. Her bottom tries a couple of more thrashes, snapping violently from side to side. The enema, its shaft now through her asshole, just moves with her bottom.

The nozzle isn't as long as I'd like. It's only about four or five inches long. It has a very slight taper to it, too. I keep the nozzle moving, steadily pressing it into Natalia's bottom. This time I'm not slow, either. Nor do I try to be gentle. I don't try to be rough, either. Just efficient as I quickly push the entire length of the nozzle into her resisting ring. The taper widens at the base, the last ¼" or so spreading out wide to flow into the curve of the bulb. I stop with most of the widening shaft outside her body. It leaves the bulb maybe ½" from her clenched ring.

"NO! PLEASE!" Natalia tries one more desperate plea. "Please don't do this to me, Ma'am! I swear, I'll behave! I'll be the best bitch for you! Please, don't do this to me!" She starts fidgeting hard, her body quivering slightly as she squirms on her feet.

I don't say a word to her. I just start squeezing the bulb. I'm not

Chapter 02: Resistance Is Futile

taking it slow for her, either. I want this enema to be somewhat uncomfortable for her. I want her to feel me filling her up. To feel that I am taking control of the inside of her body as well. And that she's powerless to do anything but endure whatever I do to her.

"OH!" Natalia shrieks out, "OW!" She stills, mostly. It's a smart move on her part. It will make it slightly less uncomfortable for her. But she keeps trembling as she stands there, her bottom basically offered up and Sophie displaying her asshole for me. "THAT'S ENOUGH!" Natalia cries out, now with some strain in her voice. And a good deal of panic in her voice, too. "OH, OW! Ma'am, please! It's too much!"

I laugh. It's hard to tell exactly with this enema bulb. It's not clear, so I can't see how much of the tea is left in it. I have to guess from how much I've squeezed the bulb. I'd guess Natalia has no more than four ounces of the sixteen ounces of tea that this bulb holds. "Enjoy the tea, *bitch*, maybe next time you'll serve your guests like a polite bitch."

"OH, OW! OW! I'll serve you tea! Let me go, I'll make a fresh pot right now and serve you! Please! I'll do anything, Ma'am, please! Just don't put any more of it up my butt, Ma'am! Please!"

I keep squeezing the bulb firmly, letting it squirt the tea into Natalia's bottom as fast as the nozzle will flow. It's not that fast. From the rate it's going, I'd guess it's going to take twenty or thirty seconds for this bulb to empty all of the warm tea into her.

"AH-OW!" Natalia suddenly shrieks out loudly, her voice pure panic. "I HAVE TO GO! Please, Ma'am, I can't hold it! It's too much!"

I swat her glowing red bottom firmly, but not so hard, with my hand. She barely flinches from the swat that I know stings her globe. "I don't care!" I loudly tell her in a sing-song voice that's taunting and mocking. "But if I were you, I wouldn't have an accident. Unless you're really enjoying this enema and would like another, that is." I laugh again.

Natalia starts crying. It's a full-blown, bawling cry. She stills, her body not moving other than it's crisp trembling. Her breaths turn instantly into fast, nervous, sucking pants.

From Russia, With Spanking

I see a touch of surprise on Yuri's face. I guess he didn't expect Natalia to stop squirming. To stand still and submissively wait as she's filled up. He might be fooled by her act, but I'm not. He can tell that Natalia still isn't quite ready to give herself up. She might be submitting, but it's only because she's figured out that she can't escape, and begging isn't going to work. She's almost there, but not quite. She's still entertaining fantasies of running for the toilet the first chance she gets.

It takes around twenty seconds of Natalia screeching for the bulb to push all of the warm tea into her bottom. It leaves Natalia panting hard, her breaths noisy with the stress. It leaves her trembling hard. It leaves very prominent goosebumps covering her globes. It leaves her asshole clenched impossibly hard around the shaft. It leaves the fur of her pussy lips sopping wet. It leaves her eyes wet, tears flowing down her cheeks.

It leaves her bowels straining hard as the tea forces them to swell well beyond what's comfortable for her. It leaves the walls of her rectum, and their paper-thin layer of muscle stretched tauter than they've ever stretched before. It leaves the torrent of tea pushing against the inside of her asshole with a pressure worse than she's ever felt before. It leaves her feeling just how full how her bottom is.

And it has those bowels, filled so far that they're almost hard inside her, pressing firmly against whatever is next to them. And that's Natalia's pussy. It has the stiffing walls pushing hard against the spongy soft walls of her pussy. And I'm sure Natalia can feel that. Can feel the warmth of the tea flowing through her bottom and into the already fiery hot walls of her aroused pussy.

I slowly pull the nozzle back out of her bottom. It gives Natalia a few seconds to realize that it's coming out now. And to clench her asshole even harder to ensure that she doesn't leak. She tightens her asshole so much that I can feel the drag as the tip of the nozzle finally slips from her. She gasps and shudders once. And then she stands there. Okay, I'm still holding her hands up high to pin her in place, but at least she's not fighting me.

Chapter 02: Resistance Is Futile

I'm not deceived. I know what Natalia is thinking. I have one other toy just like her back home in Mobile. Natalia is thinking that if she can just make herself stand there a few more seconds, I will release her hands so she won't be pinned down. Then, even with her hands bound behind her, she can run for the toilet. Her snug skirt will stay up. And if her panties go anywhere, it will be down. She can relieve herself like that. Her bottom will stay bare, and that's really all she'll need.

I use the very tip of my finger to stoke a soft line down Natalia's wet slit. I barely touch her before she stiffens hard, almost jumping up off her feet. And then she shivers hard as she screeches a loud "UH!" Only now her cry is as erotic as it is pained.

I keep stroking those tender traces over her very eager slit. "Aw, would my new little bitch like to go potty, *bitch*?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Natalia answers quickly, now with a trace of hope in her voice.

I let my finger trace a line up her slit, then I keep going up. I stop my finger directly atop her tensed, hard, asshole. It's like steel under my finger now. "Ooh..." I coo softly. Tauntingly softly. "Your butt is so tight. I'll bet it would hurt if I shoved my finger up it now. A lot..."

"Yes, Ma'am!" Natalia blurts out in panic, "it would hurt badly, Ma'am!"

The tip of my finger is now coated with a sticky layer of her slick honey. A honey that I can see is thick and creamy. And her asshole still has a decent film of the lubricant gel on it. I use the tip of my finger to press firmly against her muscle. But only for a fraction of a second. And not quite hard enough to press into her muscle. Just enough for her to feel me pushing and know that I can do it. That I just might do it. And that she is powerless to stop it.

Natalia sucks in a sharp, panicked, breath that's beyond noisy as she feels the tease. She starts crying again, too, but only for a few seconds. Her cry returns to the lighter sobbing once she feels that I didn't shove it into her.

From Russia, With Spanking

"You're still thinking you're a person, bitch. Don't bother lying to me. The only thought running through your head is how you're going to behave long enough for me to ease up, and then you're going to run for the toilet. I'll bet you can even see yourself running from me and getting to it."

I shove my finger, hard, roughly pushing it into her very tightly cinched asshole. My finger forces it's way into her tiny ring, quickly shoving forward until all of my finger is inside her rectum again.

Natalia screams, loud and with pain, as my slim finger forces its way into her tightness. Her ring never really loosens. I can feel it's hard muscle squeezing tightly around the base of my finger. She jerks hard, her body snapping forward against the unmoving counter.

Inside her bottom, I can feel the warmth of the tea. And I can feel the fullness of her rectum. Not so much directly, but more as if my finger has emerged into an empty void. The walls of her bowels are now stretched so fully that my finger isn't touching them. A little wiggle is all it takes to reach them, though.

It takes Natalia a few seconds to stop screeching. A few more for her to stop squirming.

"That's for thinking about using the toilet before I tell you, to, *bitch*." I laugh. "Ooh... there's plenty of room left in this rectum, *bitch*. I could fit another full enema in here! I'll bet you'd really feel your hard bowels then, stretched so too-over-full. But they'd squish so sweetly against those aching walls of your pussy."

I pull my finger from her asshole with another hard yank. It slips quickly out of her, almost popping free of her tensed ring. Natalia cries out again as it leaves her body.

And that's when I see it. It's faint. But I can see the edges of her lips twitch slightly. They twitch several times. It gives me a chance to point at them, showing them to Yuri. He stares at those furry lips almost in disbelief.

I release my grip on Natalia's wrists. And I quickly grab the free

Chapter 02: Resistance Is Futile

end of the belt again. A sharp, but not so hard, tug on the belt brings her up to her feet. She screams out a loud cry as she rises, a decent cramp flowing through her insides as everything inside her shifts around with the sudden movement of her waist straightening up.

I grab Natalia by her shoulders and spin her so that she's facing me. I leave her standing there, sobbing and weeping, and trembling. I have Sophie refill the enema bulb fully with another dose of the tea. And I make Natalia watch her do it. It gets her looking very nervous. And that tells me that she believes that not only will I do it, that I can do it. No matter how badly she doesn't want it. If I want her to get another enema, something she's certain will hurt unbearably, then she'll have no choice but to endure it.

I have Sophie standing there, holding the enema bulb atop her upturned palms in offering. Ready for me at an instant's notice. "You will turn around. I will unlock your hands. You will turn back around and stand facing me with your feet about five centimeters apart. You will put your hands behind your back. You will stand there and wait. Is that clear, *bitch*?"

"Yes, Ma'am. I promise, Ma'am, I'll behave," Natalia says. Her voice breaks from the discomfort she's feeling.

She turns and lifts her hands just slightly off her back for me to unlock them. It's the moment of truth. Either she's accepted her place now, or I'll just have to teach her another lesson. Or, more likely, now she's at the point where she's only accepted that the fastest way she's going to get her relief is to obey me for the moment. As soon as I unlock her wrists, she puts her hands back against her body. Then she turns back to face me. And she stands there, trembling, her wet eyes hopefully wide. I'd bet half of the trembling is from her body so badly wanting to run for that toilet as if her muscles can't wait for her brain to tell them to move.

"Now you will undress. And you will undress my way. You will start at the very top of your head. You will take off the highest thing on that skanky body of yours. You will fold it up neatly. Then you will hold

From Russia, With Spanking

it out atop upturned palms. Your hands will be six inches out from your body, even with your nipples. You will very politely, and very humbly, ask your husband to hold it for you. Once he takes it, you will move along to the next item. Top down. I don't care what order you'd prefer to strip your worthless butt in. And you will remove absolutely everything that you didn't have on the day before you were born. If G-d himself didn't personally attach it to you, it comes off. Top down. Now try really hard not to disappoint me, bitch."

"Yes, Ma'am," Natalia answers, her voice still laced with a tinge of hope, but also resigned to the fact that she's going to be waiting just another couple of minutes. And stripping in a way that's different for her.

She starts undressing by taking off a pair of giant hoop earrings. She holds them out properly. "Honey, will you please hold these for me, Sir?" She asks. It's not the humblest I've ever heard, but for the moment it will do.

More so when I see the look on Yuri's face. It's as if he's never heard Natalia be so polite before. As if she's never called him "Sir" before. He takes the earrings. He glances around, then sets them on the counter. I'm sure they're the beginnings of a pile.

Next Natalia takes off her blouse. It reveals a very sexy white bra. A bra with as much lace trim as fabric to it. A bra with mere half-cups that show a good part of her breasts. Now I see why Natalia choose such a loose-fitting blouse to wear with the snug skirt. Her breasts are small. Even on her narrow chest. She folds her shirt, not exactly neatly, but a decent job. Especially in light of her quivering fingers. She gives it to Yuri and moves to take off her necklace next.

"Honey, will you please hold my bra for me, Sir?" Natalia asks him now that the small bra is off, leaving her naked from the waist up. I motion to Yuri for him to wait just a second.

I take a full second to eye Natalia's small breasts. "What size are those boobs, bitch?" I casually ask her.

Chapter 02: Resistance Is Futile

"34-A, Ma'am." I don't raise my voice to her, but I do scold her for the answer. I tell her that she might get away with talking to her husband like that, but not to me. I tell her how to answer me properly, and I make her answer the question again. "My boobs are a size 34-A, Ma'am." She blushes slightly at the answer.

Natalia's skin is a fairly light shade of white. If it didn't have the faintest of bronze tinges to it, it would be milky white. Her body is narrow. And very lean. Almost scrawny, from what I can see. I can see the bones of her shoulders prominently. But I can't see the bones of her ribs, so she's not too thin. She's just narrow. And she the gentlest of a curve to her waist, giving her an almost, but not quite, sitckish lean figure. It's a figure very similar to my slave-whore, Paige, who didn't get to make this trip with me. I loaned Paige to my mom, who will gladly look after and keep her from getting bored with plenty of housework.

I can see a few little freckle-like spots dotting her skin. I can see her flat stomach, toned firm. And I can her navel, not really an innie or an outie, but more flat, even with the rest of her stomach.

And I can see the small mounds of her breasts. They're too small to have much of a shape to them. They look as if they're fully rounded as they rise off her chest. And firm enough that they don't lie back against her chest at all. They rise with a flowing curve that almost immediately flows into a curve at the front of the mound. But then they flow almost straight with a line as they rejoin her chest at the tops. Across, they're well rounded. But they're tiny, rising barely an inch off of her chest. They look as if they'll be spongy and soft, too, but somehow they also look pert.

Natalia has almost as much nipple as she does breast. Her nipples rise at least a full centimeter off her mound. It's long enough that they have the look of little rods with defined sides. But they also have fully rounded tips to them. Her nipples are dark, a deep shade of pinkish purple. And they're wide. Maybe as wide as marbles. They're surrounded by equally dark purplish rings. But those rings are tiny, barely wider than the nipples amid them. And her nipples aren't quite

From Russia, With Spanking

centered in those rings. Instead, her nipples are almost at the bottoms of the rings.

I nod to Yuri, cueing him to take the bra from Natalia. She reaches for her skirt, unbuckling a narrow belt. She starts to unfasten her skirt, leaving the belt in it. I stop her and remind her that she's to take only one thing off at a time. She takes the belt off and hands it over. And then her skirt comes down. With her panties still around her thighs, that leaves her mostly naked.

It lets me see the dense black curls of an untamed bush on her flat, narrow pubes. But despite the denseness of her bush, she does have it trimmed with neat lines at the creases of her thighs. And a fairly neat line at its top. It's not a styling trim, but a trim to keep her hairs inside the lines of a bikini. And I can see the fur flowing down to cover her mounds as well. And now that she's standing up, I can see that her mound is moderately puffy. Its long lips making an equally long slit, the top of which I can see from the front right through those dense curls.

I can a pair of rather shapely narrow legs too. Legs that are just full enough to hide the bones and lines of her muscles, and not a bit more. They rise and smoothly flow into a pair of gently curving hips with just enough rounding to them to hide her bones.

Now Natalia has to spend a minute or two taking off some jewelry piece by piece. She has a silver (and it looks real) watch with a large face on it. She has a couple of bracelets on, which she takes off one by one rather than risk another delay as I scold her. She has a couple of rings on her fingers, too. Typical bimbo accessories. But she also has her decently long and well-manicured nails painted a bright shade of royal blue. I almost laugh. I do grin at it. Usually, when stripping a toy for the first time, I'd take her nail polish. But the blue is one of the colors of my school, the University of South Alabama. I know Natalia doesn't know that, but I'm going to let her show support for my school. Our football team, the Jag's, really needs it!

Only then does Natalia get to slip her panties down over her shoes. It's nothing. They weren't covering anything anymore. But there

Chapter 02: Resistance Is Futile

is the slight embarrassment factor of handing those over. And then, she finally gets to take off the spike-heeled shoes she's wearing on bare feet. To my disappointment, her toenails don't match. I should make her paint them!

Now that she's absolutely naked, Natalia stands there, hands behind her back, trembling and fidgeting very impatiently. I suspect she's still entertaining thoughts of racing to the toilet. But now has herself convinced that she wouldn't make it. I grab that belt, choke her hard as I threw her over something, and gave her that second enema. That, it seems, is something she's unwilling to risk.

I take hold of the end of the belt still draped around her neck. Since I put it there, and it wasn't part of her clothes, I told her not to touch that. I hold it, but leave it loose around her neck. "Would you like to go potty now, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am, may I please go potty now, Ma'am?" Natalia's voice is mostly a begging plea.

I give her a tiny tug on the belt. It's just enough to for her to feel it around her neck, but not to even start squeezing her. Enough to remind her it's there. That it's leashing her. "You don't want to disappoint me, do you, bitch?"

"No, Ma'am," Natalia answers quickly. But it's still a voice that tells me she's not quite mine yet. That she's still playing along to get what she wants. And I'm fairly sure she's not going to go the last little bit with her bottom full. I don't think she's thinking about anything but the immense pressure straining to burst from her bottom now.

I sigh, heavily. I turn to Yuri. "You won't want to miss this." I wink at him. The look on his face tells me he's smart enough to have figured out that he doesn't want to *not miss* this. As in he doesn't want to see it at all. And the look tells me that he's wondering what I could possibly do to his wife now.

"Then come along, bitch," I firmly tell Natalia with a slight unhappiness in my voice. As if I'm doing something that I don't want to

From Russia, With Spanking

do now. Something for her, not for me or my amusement.

Using my belt as a leash, I walk her to her bathroom. Given the size of the apartment, I'd bet they have another off their bedroom. And that she rarely uses this one. A quick glance in the shower tells me the same thing. I don't see much in there. Definitely not the myriad of things a bimbo has in her shower. I stop Natalia standing in front of the toilet, but turned so that it's at her side.

I know Natalia is telling herself to just behave and it will only be another second or two. That behaving is better than risking a bigger enema. She fidgets uncomfortably but stands.

I ask her again if she'd like to relieve her bottom now. She doesn't notice the wording. That I didn't mention a toilet. She very quickly says she does. I ask her if she's going to mind me while she relieves herself. She cringes slightly, then assures me that she will. As if it just dawned on her that all four of us were in the room. That we would all see the explosion that's about to come from her butt. Maybe she's even thinking that we'll watch her. I'm sure she's been barged in on before, anyone with three sisters probably has been, but I doubt anyone has ever watched her use a toilet before.

Behind her is a standard generic tub/shower. It's no different than the one in my spare bathroom. I put my hands to Natalia's bare hips and push her backward. I push firmly enough that she doesn't have much of a choice. She steps back rather than stumbling back. In one step the backs of her calves are bumping against the tub. I keep pushing just as firmly. It gets her to stumble as she tries to lift her feet high enough to get them over the rim of the tub. She barely manages. But she gets her feet into the tub.

I stop pushing her back. "Turn to your left," I snap firmly. I don't give her a chance to obey. I'm not sure if she would. I can see the confusion on her face. A good bit of reluctance, too. As if she hasn't a clue what I'm going to make her do, but it definitely doesn't involve the toilet, which is the only thing she wants now. I use my hands, still on her hips, to turn her. It has her facing the showerhead.

Chapter 02: Resistance Is Futile

I still don't bother to give her instructions. I grab her arms, quickly, almost snapping them, I bring them up and out in front of her. With Natalia already slightly off balance, I easily use those arms to pull her forward, bending her over at the waist. She groans out loudly as the shifting angle of her waist strains her bottom. I lean her over about halfway until I can put her elbows on the wall in front of her. Her forearms as well. It braces her against the wall. Then I use a foot, carefully stepping over the rim of the tub, to nudge her feet apart. I move them until they're flush against the sides of the tub.

I doubt Natalia is thinking anywhere close to as fast as I'm moving her body around. I doubt she's noticed that this position has her bottom poked out behind her. And it has her cheeks taut enough that her crack is beginning to open. That her crack is now wide enough, just barely, that it's not covering her asshole. I grab her hair, and this time I yank lightly. It brings her head up so that she's staring at the wall. "Stay!" I snap firmly. "That means don't move, not even a bit, bitch.

"Now you can show us all just how filthy of a whore you are. Go ahead, let go of that enema." I add in a rather mocking voice.

Natalia cringes hard. I can see a heavy blush creeping into her face. I can see her trembling. And I can hear a heavy sobbing, and a heavier pleading, in her voice. "Please, Ma'am, you can't be serious! Not like this, Ma'am!"

I don't say a word. Not even to scold her. I just take the enema bulb from Sophie's hands. I move fast, shoving the nozzle into Natalia's clenching asshole as quickly, and roughly, as I possibly can.

"NO!" Natalia screams out desperately. "I'll do it! I'll do anything!" Natalia starts to lift up, bringing her arms up off the wall.

I plant my hand firmly between Natalia's shoulder blades and give her a good shove to send her back down into position. I shove hard enough that she lands with a little thump. And I squeeze the enema bulb. It sends the next stream of tea rushing into her already strained bowels.

From Russia, With Spanking

"OW!" Natalia screams out. "PLEASE! NO MORE!"

I keep squeezing. In a couple of seconds, I see the muscles of her taut stomach ripple as a sharp cramp slices into them.

"OW!" Natalia screams out again. "OH, OW! IT'S TOO MUCH!"

I keep squeezing. I get about half of the enema into her bottom. That's when I see a tiny trickle begin to run back out of her bottom. It's the point where her asshole is no longer strong enough to hold it in. The point where her rectum has reached the very limit of what it can stretch to.

"I'M GOING TO BURST! OW!" Natalia cries out loudly and very urgently begging. I give the bulb another squeeze, this one hard and fast, squirting a little more of the warm tea into her insides. Then I quickly yank the nozzle back, pulling it suddenly from her clenching asshole. "OH! NOOOOOOO!" Natalia screeches out.

Natalia doesn't have a chance. I've filled her too full. She can't hold it. She tries, squeezing her asshole so tightly for a half of a second that only a faint trickle runs from it. It drips down, leaving a small little puddle between her feet.

And then she loses the battle. The torrent explodes from her bottom. It gushes from her so hard that it sprays full-force against the back wall of the shower. It splashes everything. Then it runs down into the tub. From there, the lightly brownish tea-colored water flows the length of the tub, flowing alongside of her feet, and towards the drain.

At first, the jet is mostly just tea. But it doesn't take long for her waste to start shooting out in the torrent. The firm, gooey, bits flow along with the tea towards the drain, sliding along the sides of her feet as they do. And making a nice mess in the tub.

"And you said you'd behave, bitch!" I scold her disapprovingly. "You could have just obeyed me. But you wanted me to make you obey. Now you can't not poop all over yourself, can you, bitch?"

"No, Ma'am," Natalie sobs out in a voice that's pure humiliation.

Chapter 02: Resistance Is Futile

The torrent keeps spewing from her bottom, too.

"I'm sure your husband would have preferred to watch you obeying. Then, it wouldn't be such a strong, powerful geyser spewing out of your butt. And we all have such a good view of your anus, too, so we can see everything!"

Natalia stands there, sobbing hard, the jet shooting out of her bottom. While I know Yuri gets a glance, he gets little more than that. Only I look close enough to see the pink ring of her asshole gaping wide, maybe as wide as my thumb, as the tea gushes out of her. Of course, I point it out for Yuri. Actually for Natalia so she'll know exactly what we're all seeing. I don't, and can't really, know if anyone has ever seen her use a toilet before. But I certain she's never emptied her bottom like this. And just as certain that no one has ever gawked at her asshole as her wastes flowed through the tight ring. I'm even more certain that now, Natalia is fully humiliated.

It takes several minutes for the torrent to slowly ebb off until it finally stops. I ignore Natalia, leaving her to stand there in the mess. It's not much of a mess. Just a few little bits. The tea washed most of it right down the drain. She stands there for a couple of minutes. Then I see the rippling in her stomach as a second wave of urgency hits her. I knew it would, as full as she was. I ask her if she's ready to obey me and release the last of the enema from her bottom. Natalia tells me that she is, her voice telling me she's feeling the urgent strain of the resurging pressure. I tell her to prove she's ready to obey. A second stream, almost as powerful, spews from her bottom.

It's a couple of more minutes before everything is finally out and Natalia's bottom is fully empty. I just nod to Sophie, waving my hand in the direction of the handheld showerhead.

Sophie grabs it and turns the cold water on. No hot water. Clearly, Natalia hasn't behaved close enough to good to deserve even a hint of warmth. Sophie sprays the water over Natalia's bottom.

Natalia shivers hard and squeals from the icy spray. She shivers constantly. But otherwise, she stays still, allowing the water to wash her

behind off.

Once Natalia is rinsed off, I tell her to stand up. Her asshole is clean now. Cleaner than tissue would leave it. She's wet, but it's just her bottom and legs. They can drip dry. I tell her to get out of the tub and stand facing me.

Now Natalia stands demurely. She stands up straight, her body displayed, her hands behind her. She holds her head up, but her eyes are downcast. "Ma'am, this worthless bitch is very sorry for being such a disobedient cunt for you, Ma'am. Please forgive me, Ma'am, and allow this bitch to serve you and make up for my insolence, Ma'am. Please Ma'am, please..."



Chapter 03: Obedience

Chapter 03: Obedience

"On your knees, bitch," I firmly tell Natalia. Now that she appears to be submitting, it's time to find out if she's accepted her place, or if she's still putting on an act. I doubt it's an act. Now that her bottom is empty, there's nothing that she's so anxious to get. Now would be the time she'd run and lock herself in a bedroom if she didn't want to be here. Plus, her pussy looks to be enjoying this. A lot.

"Yes, Ma'am," Natalia says in a slightly muted, very sweet, and demure tone. She doesn't hurry, but she doesn't stall either. She just gets down to her knees. And stays there, her eyes still downcast. She doesn't move to get down. She kneels where she is. It has her back to the toilet, about a foot in front of it. It's where she was standing. And I can't scold her for it, I didn't tell her to move. I told her to kneel and that's what she did.

She kneels with her legs together, sitting back somewhat and her hands at her sides. I assume that this is the way someone once taught her to kneel or the way she always just has. But it's not the way I want her kneeling. I don't scold her, that wouldn't be fair since I haven't taught her what I wanted her to do yet. But I do tell her firmly to spread her knees and feet wide. And to sit back fully, with her bottom in the space between her heels. I teasingly tell her that in this position, her pussy will be visible. Maybe her husband might enjoy looking at it. Men seem to love looking at slutty pussies. I have her keep her back up straight and her head up. And I have her put her hands behind her back. That leaves her breasts fully exposed for Yuri's viewing pleasure. Mine too, Natalia has some slightly unique, and rather cute nipples. I'm already dreaming up ways to amuse myself by teasing those.

Once Natalia is properly posed, I lift the seat up on the toilet. Natalia's platinum blond, wavy hair hangs down her back, flowing loosely. It's a good dye job. Professional. Not something she did at home. I can see only the faintest hint of dark roots, so it's fairly recent, too. Mostly it's her dark busy pubes that give it away.

"Let me show you how shameless this bitch is..." I sweetly, and teasingly, say to Yuri. I put my hand to Natalia's forehead and push her

From Russia, With Spanking

head back. I put a foot on Natalia's thighs, lightly holding them down as well. Natalia doesn't resist as I push her back, lying her backward. I push her all the way down until her shoulders are resting against the front of the toilet. And until her head is lying back into the bowl, her long hair draped over the rim and her eyes looking up at the ceiling.

"Open your mouth wide, bitch. My slave needs to pee," I tell Natalia in a sweet, but firm, voice. I wave a hand to Sophie at the same time.

Sophie immediately unfastens her jeans and pulls them down to her knees. That reveals a pair of pastel green panties. They're fringed with frilly white lace to perfectly match her collar. They're not exactly modest, either. They're low cut on her hips, with a sharp V in the front that doesn't quite manage to fully cover her pubes. It leaves only moderately wide strips around her hips.

Sophie, without a hint of shyness or modesty, just as quickly slides those panties down to her knees. That reveals her fully shaven, silky pubes. And the rather puffy mound of her pussy. It lets Yuri see the long edges of her pink inner folds standing out from Sophie's wide gash of a slit, too.

Natalia, with a slight hesitation, opens her mouth wide. She lies there, staring up at the ceiling, her mouth gaping. And her head in the toilet.

Yuri gawks. Openly. Almost lewdly. Mostly he's staring at Natalia in disbelief. Clearly, Natalia knows what's coming. It's plainly obvious. But Yuri doesn't miss the chance to peek at Sophie's cute, fully exposed, young pussy either.

Sophie shuffles around to stand in front of Natalia. She shuffles back until her feet are between Natalia's knees. None of this is new to Sophie. I've had her pee on many slaves before. It's not like I'm going to drop my pants in front of an audience. Besides, these subs aren't worthy of the sight of my pussy. Even as it pees on them.

Sophie squats back, putting her hands to the rim of the bowl to

Chapter 03: Obedience

steady herself. She lowers her pussy until it's about 2 centimeters above Natalia's gaping mouth.

"Don't spill a drop, bitch. Swallow my slave's pee. It's far better of a beverage than you deserve after such rudeness." I just as sweetly, and firmly, tell Natalia what I expect her to do.

Yuri gawks, now with his eyes wide. And with his eyes locked on Sophie's smooth pussy where it hangs just above Natalia's mouth. It doesn't take but two seconds. A strong stream of deep golden pee streams down from Sophie's mound. And it shoots directly into Natalia's gaping mouth.

Natalia quickly begins swallowing so fast that she's gulping down the pee. She kind of has to swallow quickly. It doesn't take long for a mouth to fill up. And it looks like Sophie needed a potty break! She gives Natalia a long, powerful stream of fresh, hot, pee. It's a strong enough stream that a few drops keep splashing out of Natalia's mouth. Most of those land on her face, close to her lips. She sputters a little as she swallows fast, and I can hear a slight note of gagging from her. But mostly Natalia lies there and swallows Sophie's pee.

It takes Sophie about a minute to fully empty her bladder. She squats over Natalia's face the entire time, her hips still and steady. And she keeps her eyes forward, seeing me and Yuri watching the show. She never shows a hint of modesty or embarrassment, either. She just has the tiniest little smirk on her face as she pees on Natalia.

"Mistress, my bladder is now completely empty," Sophie tells me in a very honeyed voice. She stays put, waiting for her next instruction. I didn't tell her to wipe. I told her to pee. So that's what she did. I might give her some latitude at home, but she knows not to think about any latitude now. Not while I'm using her to teach a sub a lesson.

It appears that Natalia has learned the lesson I want her to. That it's better to obey me and potty when told, rather than be the potty. "Oh, bitch..." I sigh out. "Don't just kneel there. Be a good bidet and clean my slave's pussy for her. I would want her to have to walk around with a single drop of filthy pee on her pussy!" It's implied that I don't

From Russia, With Spanking

care if Natalia walks around with all of that same filthy pee in her.

Sophie grins. She lowers her pussy those scant centimeters until the edges of her loose folds are lightly brushing atop Natalia's still wide lips.

Natalia hesitates for a full second. Then I see her tongue rising up between her lips. I see her tongue pressing its way gently between Sophie's light purple folds. And I can see her tongue as she starts licking Sophie's pussy clean.

Yuri definitely sees it. I can see the leering interest in his eyes. And I can see a gentle bulge swelling in the front of his slacks. Obviously, he doesn't mind seeing his wife licking another girl's pussy. I suspect it's the first time he's seen her do it. Maybe even the first time he's seen any girls do it.

Sophie stays still. She keeps her eyes open, as she knows I want her to. But she's grinning. And she purrs a light little "MM!" as Natalia's tongue caresses her sensitive folds and pinkness. I would bet anything that Natalia is licking far more than pee off of Sophie's pinkness now. I'd bet Natalia is getting a good taste of Sophie's sweet honey, too. The look of pleased approval on my face is clear to Sophie. And that look is all it takes to get Sophie's honey flowing.

Natalia can't see anything like this. Her nose is pretty much buried in Sophie's crack, close if not squarely atop, Sophie's asshole. It gives her eyes a sight of little but Sophie's firm globes a hair above those eyes.

The look on Yuri's face tells me that he's getting far more of a show than he thought he would. Natalia doesn't hurry. She takes her time. She licks Sophie's pussy thoroughly, cleaning every bit of it completely. As if it doesn't disgust her to be licking the pee off Sophie's pussy. Or to be licking Sophie's pussy. By the time Natalia stops, maybe a full minute, there's no way anyone could find a drop left on Sophie's pussy. Not a drop of pee, nor a drop of honey.

Sophie, feeling Natalia's tongue slip away, lifts her pussy a couple

Chapter 03: Obedience

of centimeters above Natalia's lips. "Your bidet is finished cleaning my pussy, Mistress. My pussy is very clean now, Mistress, may I show you how clean it is?" Sophie very sweetly offers.

"Not now, slave. Fix your pants. This skanky pee-slurping bitch wishes to make up for its rudeness now and serve us some tea like a proper bitch."

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie says just as sweetly, already standing up. Only then does she pull her panties up. Then her jeans. And then, she steps away.

It lets me see Natalia's face again. It lets me see the few drops of pee drying on her cheeks. And it lets me see the light film of Sophie's honey clinging to Natalia's lips.

I tell Sophie to flush and to make sure the bidet is clean. Sophie turns around. She leans over and pushes Natalia's head down a little further. Most of Natalia's long tresses fall into the bowl. Sophie flushes. Natalia's hair quickly flows into the drain. The rushing water splashes over Natalia's face. It's enough of a splashing to wash the drops of pee from Natalia's face. Once the water stops flowing, Sophie pulls Natalia's head up. It brings her hair back up the drain. I don't want to think about where that hair has been. It's long enough to have made it through the toilet and tickled into the drainpipe itself. I'll bet it's nasty in there!

I pinch Natalia's nose and use that to bring her head back up. Natalia doesn't resist at all. She just kneels demurely and waits to be told what she's to do.

I give her a towel and tell her to dry her hair. I leave the belt, like a leash, dangling from around her neck. It leaves the free end hanging between her small breasts. Then I send Natalia to her kitchen to make a fresh pot of tea. I send Sophie to keep an eye on Natalia. Yuri follows me to the living room.

Yuri and I stop outside the kitchen and peek in. Still completely naked, Natalia is already at the counter setting some teacups out. The kettle is already on the stove. Sophie stands off to the side, but with her

eyes locked on Natalia.

Five minutes later Natalia comes into the living room. She's still naked. She's not trying to cover any of her body. But she is holding the tea atop a silver tray. The tray is balanced atop her upturned palms. And those hands are in place where I like them. Even with those long, perky nipples and 15 centimeters out from them. Sophie, her eyes locked on Natalia, is following close behind.

Natalia kneels in front of me. She gently sets the tea service on her coffee table. I don't have to tell Natalia what to do. Sophie, the good slave that she is, seems to have already taught Natalia what to do. So I just watch as Natalia, kneeling with her legs opened wide, pours a fresh cup. She takes the cup and its saucer and balances them atop her hands. She twists slightly to face me. "Here is your tea, Ma'am, Please forgive this bitch for its earlier rudeness, Ma'am," she offers in a polite, and humble, voice.

I lift the cup from her hands and take a sip. "It's passable, bitch. Now serve your husband a cup. Then my slave would like one."

"Yes, Ma'am," Natalia says sweetly. She twists her body back to the service and pours another steaming fresh cup. She balances it atop her hands. She shuffles to her side, staying on her knees with the tea balanced on her hands. She scoots close to Yuri's knee. "Here is your tea, Sir. Thank you so much for introducing me to this wonderful woman, Sir."

I can see Yuri is slightly surprised. He's definitely unaccustomed to his wife being properly respectful to him. I'm guessing that's something the Doms she's seen before didn't dwell upon. I lower my assessment of those guys. A slave should always remember her place. I tell Yuri that Natalia, as my "slave bitch" will answer whatever questions he has for her, fully and honestly. I pointedly tell him that I don't care if they're intimate or embarrassing. Natalia is "just a slutty bitch." Privacy and modesty are reserved for actual people, not bitches. I say it Yuri, but I'm really saying it for Natalia.

"Are you enjoying your visit with Miss Rodgers?" Yuri asks, a touch

Chapter 03: Obedience

of uncertainty in his voice.

"Yes, Sir. My pussy is very hot and aching for some attention now, Sir." Natalia blushes only slightly as she answers him. I guess she got the message. Shameless answers are expected.

As I did, Yuri tells Natalia that she's dismissed now. Natalia turns and pours a third cup. She scoots over to Sophie, never rising from her knees. "Here is your coffee, Miss, thank you for allowing me to be your toilet and lick your delicious pussy clean, Miss," Natalia offers Sophie.

Sophie grins. She loves it when I have lesser slaves serve her. She takes a sip of her tea. "Thank you, bitch," Sophie tells her sweetly. "You are dismissed to return and serve my Mistress now."

Natalia turns back and scoots the few inches over to kneel at my feet. Then she quietly waits.

I sip my tea for a moment, chatting with Yuri and ignoring Natalia. "That bitch seems to have a rather... untrained bottom. Shall I assume her fake prissiness means that she claims she doesn't enjoy a nice manly cock in that bottom?"

"Uh... Yeah, Talia says anything in her bottom hurts, so she doesn't do that..."

"Ah, no wonder she can be such a bitch!" I say with a little excitement in my voice. "A bitch like this one needs a good cock in her bottom to remind her just how slutty she is!"



Chapter 04: A Butt Slut

From Russia, With Spanking

I see only the slightest flinch and cringe flow over Natalia's body as I tell Yuri that she should be offering him anal sex. It's just enough to tell me that Natalia has never done it before. That she's scared of it. I'm sure she's found the few things that have been her bottom before, like a finger, to be uncomfortable. And that was all the excuse she needed to convince herself that something larger, like a cock, was going to be unbearable. And like most vanilla men, Yuri has never pushed the issue and demanded that she offer it to him.

A glance at Yuri's face tells me that he wouldn't mind, not even the least bit if she were to offer him her bottom. I can't tell if he's done it before or not. But I can tell that if he has done it, it hasn't been more than a couple of times. He still that inquisitive look on his face, the one that says it would be an unfamiliar, and welcome, experience for him. And his eyes are screaming the question; can I make Natalia offer that so-far-forbidden part of herself?

"Bitch, let's all see just how skanky and slutty your pussy is." I sweetly tell Natalia. She doesn't know me very well at all yet. If she did, as Sophie does, Natalia would know that my sweet voice is a sure sign that I'm going to mercilessly tease her. Sophie grins as she hears my voice. She doesn't know what I'm going to do, but she does now it's going to be entertaining.

I tell Natalia to stand with her feet straddling the coffee table. I point her to the end closest to where I'm sitting. She goes, and without question, straddles the table. I have her lean over until she can rest her forearms on the tabletop. It has her bending over a bit more than the 90-degrees I usually want.

It also has her pussy fully displayed now between her gaping thighs. And that's the way I wanted. I don't have to yank and tug Natalia's head around. I just tell her that I want her to look up, and she lifts her head as far as her neck will allow. It has her staring across the room, at some curio cabinets. It also has her blind to whatever I'm doing behind her bottom.

I suggest that Yuri slides down the sofa to where he'll have a very

Chapter 04: A Butt Slut

good view of Natalia's pussy. He slides.

Now I can see Natalia's long and wide lips with their thick coat of unruly dense fur. And I can see the deep purple line of her slit blowing along the length where those lips meet. Except at the center. Her lips don't quite meet there, leaving a tiny slice of her inner purplish folds visible. But her folds don't rise above her lips. Their edges lie low, nestled in her fine slit. And we can all see that her pussy is nicely wet. Her creamy honey lines her slit and the slivers of her folds that are visible. And it clings to her fur, dampening it even as it dries in the tangles.

"Slave, open that skank pit," I tell Sophie. Sophie quickly kneels at the end of the table, putting her just behind Natalia's pussy. And putting Natalia's pussy right at the level of her eyes. She puts her fingers softly to the edges of Natalia's moderately plump lips. She eases them apart, spreading them wide.

That bares all of Natalia's inner pinkness. And her long, but slightly short, folds. Folds with a decent purpleness to their edges that quickly fades into a medium pink as her folds fall to her pinkness. Folds that aren't too wrinkly, but are loose and soft. And it lets me see those folds flowing up until they roll together, forming a nest for Natalia's hungry clit. And her clit is definitely hungry now. It's long and wide, as her nipples are. It pokes its head, about the width of my pinkie finger, a good $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ centimeter above its nest. Her clit is a slightly deeper shade of purple than the folds around it. And it's well rounded, looking almost like the tip of a cock head. It's covered with a very heavy layer of honey. And it's already throbbing hard enough that I can see it pulsing as her heart beats away.

I can see the narrow entrance of her tunnel. It's flush with her pinkness. It looks to be tight, too. Her inner walls are spongy firm. I can see them as their sponginess funnels together, closing her tunnel fully a couple of centimeters in. I can see that her tunnel is as wet as the rest of her, too. That sliver of her walls that I can see is flushed to a bright, hot pinkness, too.

From Russia, With Spanking

I allow Yuri a couple of seconds to get a good look at his wife's pussy. I'm sure he's seen it plenty of times before. But I doubt he's ever seen it openly displayed like this. Especially not with the small fingers of another woman holding those lips wide for his inspection. Or seen Natalia standing like this, demurely allowing herself to be inspected.

I nod to Sophie as I grin at Yuri. It's my "watch this" grin. Yuri is already watching.

Sophie just slips one finger from Natalia's lips. If Natalia feels it, she doesn't react at all to that. Sophie puts the tip of that finger very lightly atop the throbbing nub of Natalia's clit. She flicks the tip of her finger, tickling the tip of Natalia's clit with a touch so light that her finger flows over the tip. Sophie's finger flows so lightly that it doesn't even move the nub. It just dances over its tip on the film of Natalia's honey.

Natalia doesn't even stand the first teasing flick. She screeches an overly-loud "UHM!" Her head snaps back hard, sending the strands of her long blond hair flying. Her back snaps up, arching fully. Her bottom snaps, thrashing suddenly and violently. Her hips thrash hard enough to sling a dollop of creamy honey off her loose folds and onto Sophie's hand. It clings there.

Sophie lifts her finger slightly. After about a second, Natalia's body begins to loosen, the arch fading from her back. I even see her asshole relaxing slightly. She pants a few very sensual, and urgent, deep breaths. After a couple of more seconds, her hips still.

I pull a feather out of my pocket and set it on the table in front of Sophie. The most wicked grin comes over Sophie's face. She knows what I'm going to do to Natalia. I wink at Yuri. "Isn't that pussy just so slutty?"

"Yes, it does seem... eager." Yuri comments.

I grin. It's my "watch this" grin again. Maybe Yuri even catches it this time. I cue Sophie with a single wave of my finger.

Sophie expertly shifts so that she's holding Natalia's lips splayed

Chapter 04: A Butt Slut

wide with only one hand. She picks the feather up with her other hand.

The feather I gave her is long and narrow. It has a very fine, silky fur to it. And a slightly pointy tip. "Stay, bitch. That means behave your slutty bottom and stay still while I toy with my new sex toy." I firmly warn Natalia.

A second later Sophie puts the fine tip of the feather against the hard nub of Natalia's clit. Sophie quickly flicks the very tip of the feather, stroking Natalia's aching clit with the soft fur.

Natalia screams. It's so loud I hope Yuri has thick walls. She cries out the sultriest, and neediest, "UHM!" Her back snaps up, arching again. And her hips thrash with all their might at warp speed. Only this time, Sophie keeps going, teasing Natalia's aching clit until I tell her to stop.

After several seconds, Natalia's lungs run out of air. It takes her an instant before she manages to suck a fast breath in. It's noisy, sounding like a deep "AH!" And then she grunts out a hard "UHM!" again. It's the kind of grunt you'd expect to hear when a cock was rammed hard into an eager pussy. But nothing is entering her. Just teasing her clit.

Natalia's knees buckle, her legs quickly knocking against the table. The table nicely blocking her from falling. Her fists clench hard. Her head thrashes just as wildly as her hips, sending that long blond tresses of hers flying every which way.

Natalia keeps moaning out, sucking in sharp, fast, and needy "AH!"s then grunting out hard "UHM!s" Now she grunts those cries quicker, emptying her lungs fully. It sounds as if she's getting a hard fucking.

In a few short seconds, her thrashing body begins trembling hard as it snaps around. Her pussy gets even wetter, her honey now flowing fast enough for us to watch her getting wetter. Finally, after about fifteen seconds, I see the walls of her pussy start to twitch.

I grab hold of Natalia's hair. This time I grab it firmly, flush against her head. My hard grip forces her head to kind of still. I can feel the

From Russia, With Spanking

hard tugs of her hair in my hand as her head, still wanting to thrash around, pulls her hair.

I slap her face hard, searing a bright pink handprint on her cheek. Natalia doesn't cry out. She's too busy moaning out those erotic, hard grunts of hers.

"Don't you dare, bitch!" I scold her sternly. Who does that pussy belong to, bitch?"

"It's your pussy, Ma'am!" Natalia screeches out in a very deep and breathy cry between moans.

"And when does *my pussy* cum?"

"When you want it to, Ma'am!" Natalia cries out, her voice telling me that she's sure of the answer, but not her ability to deliver on it.

"Did I tell *my pussy* to cum?"

"No, Ma'am!"

"Then stop being such a gutter slut and behave, bitch!"

"UGH!" Natalia grunts out, "I CAN'T, MA'AM!" She grunts another strained moan. "IT'S TOO MUCH!"

I reach a hand, slowly, casually down under Natalia's chest. As it moves, I allow my hand to caress Natalia's silky skin. My hand inches its way up to the hard mound of a tiny breast. My hand glides over her mound, feeling the softness, like wet dough, of her mound. Then my fingers find the steely hardness of her long nipple.

Once my fingers find that nub, I move quickly to pinch her nipple hard in my fingers. Natalia doesn't cry out. She goes on grunting her hot moans. But those moans sound a touch more urgent and pleading to me. I pinch hard and hold her nipple in my firm grip. "Do not disappoint me, bitch." I tell her in a hard voice.

Natalia doesn't answer. She just shivers harder. Hard enough that her shoulder rises up, and that gives me a just slightly better view of her breast.

Chapter 04: A Butt Slut

Sophie goes right on teasing Natalia's clit with the feather. Natalia's pussy goes right on weeping her creamy honey onto Sophie's hand. It has a thick, glistening spot of honey on Sophie's hand now. I'm sure it has the feather drenched as well.

Yuri does what any man would do. He lewdly gawks at Sophie's feminine fingers. And mostly at Natalia's now-sloppy pussy, watching the feather teasing its way over Natalia's clit. Natalia goes right on screeching out her moans at full volume, too. Either Yuri has thick walls, or his neighbors know better than to wonder about screams coming from this apartment. Or both. Natalia's screams, while definitely erotic ones are awfully loud.

I make Natalia endure a full five minutes of it. Five minutes that Sophie teases her sensitive, aching clit without even lightening up for a fraction of a second. Natalia's "show" never eases up, either. She shudders, trembles, and thrashes, her way through every last second of it.

I'm sure Natalia isn't listening to a word I'm saying. I doubt she can hear anything over her own moans, even if she wanted to. I turn to Yuri. I bat my eyes at him. "Now it's time for her to display the full depths of her sluttiness. I'll need a cock for that. Might I borrow yours?"

I know Yuri doesn't know what to expect. No Dom would borrow Yuri's cock, he'd use his own. Men are like that. But I'm going to use Yuri's. Reluctantly, his voice telling me that he's clueless about what I'm going to do says that I may use it.

It doesn't take me but a couple of seconds to free his cock from his pants. And it lets me see that his cock is decent. Definitely nothing worth mentioning, though. I'd guess it's about five inches long, which is around average. It's decently thick though, maybe 3 centimeters across. And it's circumcised, offering me an unhindered view of its swollen, bulbous, purple head.

I take hold of the rock-hard shaft at its base. I use it as a leash to lead Yuri around. He doesn't object. But he does readily follow his cock. With a nod from me, Sophie takes her feather and hops of place behind

From Russia, With Spanking

Natalia. It lets me guide Yuri into place standing behind his bending wife.

That puts his cock at the perfect height. I guide him forward, putting the tip of his cock to Natalia's sloppy-wet inner folds just atop her tunnel. I keep a firm grip on his shaft, not wanting Yuri to do anything on his own. Like, fuck the eager pussy that I'm guiding his cock to. I guide him forward very slowly, inching his cock between her folds.

"UMM!" Natalia purrs loudly, her voice breathy but full of honey, as the tip of his cock starts slipping into her tunnel. I can feel the slight resistance that tells me her pussy is nice and tight for him, her spongy soft walls snuggling around it. "YES!" She adds eagerly.

I keep his cock moving far slower than he'd like it to be. I slip about half of his length between her folds. Then I feel him resisting slightly, unhappily, as I reverse his stroke and begin inching his cock back out of her sloppiness.

Natalia groans out a sultry, throaty, pleading "NO! Please, Ma'am, please let have that cock! I want it so badly, Ma'am!"

"Slut!" I scold her disapprovingly. I give her bare bottom a firm spank with my hand, too. This spank sends a shiver racking over her body.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am! My pussy is on fire, Ma'am!"

I slip Yuri's cock out of her pussy, stopping with just the very tip of it touching her folds. I watch Yuri's eyes go wide, an eager and uncertain look on his face, as I start inching his hard cock up. It's not far, maybe an inch, from her tunnel to the tightly tensed ring of her asshole.

I put the tip of his cock flush atop the tightly clenched ring. His cock is far wider than her asshole. Even just the tip of its head, its sponginess pushed firm against the hardness of her muscle, is wide enough to fully eclipse her pink ring. And a decent bit of the darker flesh around that pinkness.

"OOH!" Natalia screeches out nervously. But as she does,

Chapter 04: A Butt Slut

another hard shiver flows over her body. I pull Yuri's cock forward, guiding it to put some firm pressure against Natalia's resisting ring. It's just short of enough pressure to force the shaft into her tightness.

I reach up with my free hand and grab hold of the belt dangling on the table from Natalia's neck. I lift it up, letting it twist around her neck until the buckle is in the back. I pull, lightly. It's just enough to pull all the slack out of the belt around her neck.

"I'm only going to tell you what to do once, bitch. You will do it, or you will endure the painful consequences of disobedience. When I tell you to, you will take a very deep breath. Then you push down hard like you're straining to go poop and just can't. You will keep pushing until I tell you to stop. I won't feel a thing either way, and I don't care if this makes you cum or cry, bitch. Behave. Now, push, bitch." I tell her in a stern, commanding voice, but also one that's somewhat soft.

I watch Natalia take that long, deep breath, nervously drawing it out. Then I shift my attention to the tight ring of her asshole. For an instant, I don't see anything. Then I see the swath of dark flesh seeming to move under the tip of Yuri's cock. An instant later I begin to see the pinkness of her ring.

"OH!" Natalia squeals nervously, "OOH!" She feels what's happening. As she pushes, it's forcing her asshole to relax and open. It's making her asshole think she's trying hard to use the bathroom and opening that asshole wide is a natural response. But now, as her muscle softens to a rubberiness and stretches, Natalia can feel the hard pressure of his cock against the outside of it. And she can feel her ring widening, nearing the point where it will no longer be small enough, or tight enough, to stop that huge shaft from plunging into her.

I pull lightly on the belt. It's enough tension to stop her from moving forward, but nowhere close to enough to choke her. That's all I want. I just don't want her too scared reflexes to jump her forward when it happens.

It happens a split second later. Her asshole softens enough that the pressure I'm holding against it wins out. The tip of Yuri's cock starts

From Russia, With Spanking

vanishing into her tiny pink ring. It's pink flesh, now wrinkle-free and pulled taut, almost gliding over the purpleness of his cock head.

Yuri's cock slips easily forward, slowly, but steadily, vanishing into her ring.

"OOH!-EE!" Natalia squeals. But it's a squeal devoid of actual pain. More nervousness for the moment.

"Yikes!" Yuri blurts out. "Her ass is swallowing it!" His eyes stare down, ogling the tip of his cock. Watching enthralled as his cock continues disappearing into the tight hole, stretching it unnaturally wide.

I keep his cock going, letting it slip deeper and deeper into Natalia's bottom.

Yuri gawks. And doesn't dream of objecting.

Natalia shrieks out a squeal. She stands still, the belt around her neck encouraging her not to move. As his cock inches into her depths, Natalia's squeal slowly loses its nervous-tinge.

I bring Yuri all the way forward until his hips are flush, pressed snugly against, the firm and sore cheeks of Natalia's bottom. "Bitch, relax now. Don't do anything. Just relax."

"Yes... Yes, Ma'am!" Natalia answers, her voice throaty and deep again.

I give Natalia just a second to get used to the feeling. The sensation that's like suddenly being very full and needing the toilet. That will quickly fade. The sensation of her asshole being stretched and held wide won't fade. But it won't hurt her, either. Just remind her that it's wide open.

I lighten up the tension on the belt, letting it take a hair of slack. Then I tell Natalia to move slowly and rise up off her elbows, locking them. I have her grip the edges of the table under her with her hands "to brace herself so she won't act like a complete gutter whore." I'm sure she's thinking that's impossible. I'm having her brace herself

Chapter 04: A Butt Slut

against pain, and just not telling her that.

Natalia doesn't notice what I'm really doing. I'm changing the angle of the bend of her waist. With the unbending cock stuffing her rectum full. It changes the way his cock presses against her insides. Now his cock lightly presses downward, toward her pubes. And against the backside of those twitching walls of her pussy. I'd bet Yuri doesn't notice that either, even though he's got to be feeling those walls snapping with their twitches.

I keep my grip on Yuri's cock, using it to guide him through the first few strokes. I guide him to use slow strokes. Shorter strokes, maybe about a third the length of his cock.

He allows me to guide him. His cock moves slowly, pulling through the taut, tight pink flesh squeezing tightly around it. That he definitely feels, the tight ring of her asshole gripping around his shaft. But her asshole isn't more than a centimeter thick now. Beyond that, his cock is snuggled only by the paper-thin muscles that line her rectum.

Natalia squeals nervously as the cock begins its first stroke. The nervousness fades an instant later. An instant after that, Natalia cries out the most sensual, "OH!" she draws her loud, and sweet, cry out. "YES!" Natalia cries out.

Natalia, with her body now shifted, can feel that thick cock moving through her bowels. She can feel it pressed snugly against the backside of her spongy pussy walls. Pushing those firm, soft walls against each other as it strokes over them.

I reverse Yuri's stroke, moving his cock to slowly plunge back to her very depths.

"UHM!" Natalia grunts out, her voice now trembling as she moans. Goosebumps erupt over the pink flesh of her asshole, bursting forth and spreading out to cover all of her brightly-pink whipped cheeks.

By the second stroke, Natalia is crying out moans that are even hotter than when Sophie teased her clit. "YES!" Natalia screeches out in a very throaty deep voice, "FUCK MY ASS! PLEASE, SIR!!!" Natalia pants

From Russia, With Spanking

a few more hot grunting moans. "OH, NO! PLEASE, MA'AM! PLEASE, I HAVE TO CUM! PLEASE!"

I giggle. Yuri, now released and on his own, steadily picks up his pace, thrusting his cock harder and faster into Natalia's bottom with every stroke.

All that does is get Natalia screeching louder moans and begging him, in her most humble and polite voice, to pound her hard. And begging me to grant her an orgasm.

Natalia makes it about half of a minute. Then I see her bottom start slamming back against Yuri's thrusts, driving his cock harder into her own bottom. That gets her moaning even hotter.

"I'M CUMMING!" Natalia screeches out.

I give her a very sharp tug on the belt, choking her hard for a fraction of a second. She coughs a single choke as I lighten up. It makes her bottom slam back even harder onto his cock. I reach up and slap her face hard, this time leaving a rather angry red handprint on it. "Stop being a slut! I gave your disgusting butt to this man. Behave like a proper bitch and stand there while he enjoys the tight virgin butt I gave him. Don't you dare cum like some gutter whore, bitch!" I slap her face again. Other than her head snapping to the side with the slaps, Natalia doesn't react much to them.

She trembles hard, her bottom eagerly pounding itself back against Yuri's cock. "YES!!!" Natalia cries out loud, drawing her urgently begging cry out, "MA'AM!" She moans a few fast, and deep, grunts, "I'M TRYING TO BE A GOOD BITCH, MA'AM, BUT MY PUSSY IS GOING TO CUM!"

I yank the belt hard. By now I've seen that being choked hard, and suddenly, arouses her. "*MY PUSSY, BITCH!*" I scold her in my harshest, firmest tone, "and I'll decide when it cums!"

Natalia tries to answer me. But whatever she says, it's drowned out, vanishing into her deep, loud, and needy moaning grunts.

Chapter 04: A Butt Slut

Fortunately for Natalia, who hovers at the very cusp of her orgasm, Yuri cums rather quickly. I'm not surprised by that. It's his first time in her bottom, and that makes it new for him. Plus her bottom is rather tight. He cums with a loud, satisfied grunt and a good, powerful thrust into her bottom.

I let him go, stroking his cock into her bottom until he's done. Until he's spurted the last drop of his cum deep into her rectum. Then I just wave for him, telling him he can pull it out of her now. He does it slightly slowly, pulling his still-hard cock from the tight grip of her asshole. An asshole that does not want to let go of it.

His cock glistens brightly, covered with a thin film of his cum from plunging through Natalia's now cum-filled bottom. It slips from her ring, Natalia's asshole gaping wide for a moment. Just enough of a moment for two little drops of his cum to leak out of her open ring and flow down to her pussy. She shudders hard, goosebumps erupting instantly atop her lips as his hot cum flows into her slit and touches her folds.

I don't hesitate. Natalia pants deep, and very overly-frustrated, groans as his cock slips from her body. I yank hard on the belt, tightening up her leash until it's choking her again. Then I grab her shoulder and yank on that, pulling her up and twisting her towards me. "Stop being such a lazy cunt, bitch! Clean you filth off this nice man's cock like the cheap slut you've been acting like!"

I keep Natalia moving quickly. It keeps her off balance. She has to lift one leg over the table as her body is twisting. I know she doesn't understand exactly what I want her to do. But that's no reason I can't be firm with her as I teach her. A slut should know how men like their cocks cleaned.

I spin her to face Yuri, releasing the tightness of the belt as I do. A firm, but fairly light, shove on her shoulders gets Natalia to drop to her knees. She scrambles to spread her knees so that she's kneeling properly for me. I lightly slap her on the back of her head, knocking her head forward a bit. It bumps her up until her lips around about an inch from the tip of Yuri's glistening cock.

From Russia, With Spanking

Natalia gets the hint. She starts opening her mouth wide. She moves her head forward, letting the tip of his cock slip right up to her mouth.

I'm not sure what she's going to do. But I suspect she thinks I want her to lick the cum off his cock. So I give her another tap on the back of her head. That knocks her head forward and that little motion is enough for the top half of his cock head to jump into her mouth.

Natalia understands. She starts taking his cock into her mouth. She goes a little fast, but not that fast. But there's a definite hunger in her stoke. As if she wants to devour his cock instead of cleaning it off.

She gets down until about two centimeters of cock is all that remains between her lips and his pubes. And all of those short centimeters are hidden in his dense curls. It's the point where his cock head is all the way at the very back of her mouth, starting to flow through the bend at the top of her neck, and towards her throat. It's the point where her gag reflex has kicked in and now firmly objects to any more cock in her mouth.

I see the slightest hesitation as she begins to reverse her stroke. My hands move like lightning. I grab her under her jaw and pinch her jaw hard, forcing her jaw to stretch to its widest. My other hand clamps the back of her head. I firmly hold her head, stopping her from reversing the stroke, and making her go forward again.

I feel the hard resistance as the stiff shaft of his cock pushes against the back of her mouth. Then I feel the angle of her head shift slightly. The resistance lightens and his cock slips past her mouth and towards her throat. A hard gag hits Natalia. And I ignore it. Two centimeters isn't much. It's just enough for the spongy head of his cock to fill the very back of her mouth as it funnels in towards the tight tube of her throat. And maybe to kiss the rubbery hardness that's the entrance of her throat. But not to shove its way into that tight tube. He's just a hair too short for that.

I see a couple of hard gags hit Natalia. I push her head forward until her lips are touching him. Her top lip flush against his pubes. Her

Chapter 04: A Butt Slut

bottom lips against his dangling balls. And there, I hold her head still.

Yuri stares downward. And now his eyes are wide. I'd guess, even with his average size cock, it's never been fully swallowed before. I guess he never thought Natalia capable of it. He isn't complaining!

After about two seconds, I tauntingly scold Natalia "see, bitch, you can swallow it like a gutter whore. You might have the rest of the world fooled, but I knew you were nothing but a cheap filthy whore the instant I saw your skanky butt! Now be a good bitch. Suck all of the filth off that cock while it's still fresh from your butt! Suck it like a whore!"

I loosen my grip, leaving Natalia to move her head while keeping just enough of a grip to ensure that her head moves as I want it to. I guide her to take long slow strokes. Strokes that rise up until only the head of his cock is left in her mouth while she swirls her tongue around it. Then strokes that go all the way down until Yuri doesn't have another fraction of a millimeter of cock left for her to swallow. And I have her sucking lightly, her tongue teasing the underside of his shaft as she goes.

But I only allow Yuri five strokes like this. It's enough to have him groaning as his over-sensitive cock is sucked hard. And it's enough to leave his cock clean. Not a drop of his cum remains on it. Just a fine film of her saliva. Whatever else was on that shaft, she's cleaned it off.

I ease her head back until she releases the cock from her mouth.



Chapter 05: Pussy Diddling

From Russia, With Spanking

I can see the quivering on Natalia's body as she keels before us. I doubt Yuri notices it. He's far too satisfied, thinking only of his cock now. He's pretty much done with Natalia for now. But I'm not.

I have one more thing for Natalia to do. I'm going to have to let her cum. If I don't, there's no way Yuri would satisfy her after I leave. He looks as if he's ready to roll over and go to sleep. Then again, maybe he would finish her off. It wouldn't take much. A quickly little touch to her pussy. I'm just not that nice.

I tell Natalia to get to her feet. She does, although it shows that she's more interested in getting fucked than anything else now. She holds her desire in check and very politely moves the coffee table aside when I tell her to.

I notice the way she's moving. I'd bet Sophie does as well. Maybe not Yuri, though. I can see the way she's keeping her thighs squished together snugly. The way she's trying hard to squeeze her pussy mound between them and rub it with her legs as she moves. For her to be doing that, her pussy has got to be aching her very badly.

I tell Natalia to stand facing us. We all take seats on the sofa. I get the middle, with Sophie on one side and Yuri on the other. I tell Natalia to stand with her hands behind her neck. And I make her open her feet wide, spreading her legs. That moves her legs away from her pussy and leaves her long mound poking down, unable to be touched by anything. So fully neglected.

"Do you know what I think? I think I'm going to make a nice video of your sluttiness. Then, next time you start thinking you're a woman instead of a gutter slut, he can show you such a vivid reminder! You don't mind making a nice slut video, do you, bitch?"

"No, Ma'am, whatever you want, Ma'am." Natalia answers. Her voice is still deep and breathy, but now it's also humble and demure. And laced with a tinge of hope that tells me she's hoping it will include her cumming. Like a slut, or any other way, as long as she gets to cum.

I take out my phone, turn the video camera on, and hand it to

Chapter 05: Pussy Diddling

Sophie. Sophie very quickly aims it, getting a full-body shot of Natalia as she stands. From about the knees up which is plenty. I turn to Yuri and suggest that he might wish to make his own movie of her sluttiness. He's not so dim. He gets his phone out and aims it at her as well.

I stand up and take the belt from around Natalia's neck. I stand where she'll have to watch me double it over in my hand. I hold it out. "You will masturbate. You will *most definitely NOT* act like a complete gutter slut. You will stand still and diddle that sloppy skank pit. You will not move. You will not cum. If, and when, I wish for my pussy to cum, I will tell it to cum. Only then, *IF* I tell it to cum, will it cum immediately.

"Since everyone knows what a filthy slut you are, I will supervise you as you masturbate. There will be consequences if I catch you acting even the least little bit like a gutter slut. You will behave for me. Now, introduce yourself for the video. That way, whoever he fancies showing it to, will know who the skanky bitch diddling my pussy is."

"Hello..." Natalia begins, her voice slightly hushed and full of humiliation as she thinks about her husband showing this video around the office. But there's a bit of eagerness in that voice, too.

"My name is Natalia Dmitrievna Simenova. I am 30 years old. I am 160 centimeters, 51.7 kilos. I wear a size 36 (3) panties and a 75-B (34-A) bra. I am a complete gutter slut. Miss Rodgers has sweetly agreed to supervise me and make me act like a proper person, while I diddle the slutty pussy between these legs. Will you please watch me diddle this sloppy pussy?" Okay, I gave her a script to introduce herself. At least I didn't make her give out her phone number, too. I would have if she wasn't married. Then she'd be wondering when the calls would start. Men can be shameless about chasing after a known slut.

I tell Natalia to open her feet wide. It gives us, and the cameras, a good view of her pussy. By now, her fur is wet, and slightly gooey, with her honey that it's not hiding that much of her mound. It's visible in all of its furry glory.

I tell Natalia to put the pad of one finger to her clit, pressing it gently into her slit. Then I take hold of her hand. I make sure to extend

From Russia, With Spanking

my arm fully so that I can stay out of the frame, too. I start her hand moving. It's a small, circular motion. And I hold her finger so that she's only able to put the lightest pressure on her clit. That her finger more glides over the tip of her slick nub as Sophie's did earlier.

Then I take my hand away, releasing Natalia to rub her clit while firmly reminding her to behave. And to rub it the way I want it rubbed.

It takes one stroke. Then Natalia is moaning just as loudly, and sensually, grunting deep, as she was at the height of the teasing she's just endured.

It takes one more, and only more, stroke for her hips to shudder hard.

I quickly swing the belt, landing a hard stroke on her already-stinging cheeks. "I said stand still, bitch!" I scold her sternly.

Natalia barely reacts to the stroke, even though it landed with a sharp crack. A crack that left a light welt across her hard cheeks. A crack that sliced needles of fiery pain into her cheeks. She flinches hard, but no cry comes. Her lips are too busy grunting out needy moans.

In about one second, Natalia earns herself another whipping for letting those hips squirm. Then she gets a third. At this rate, her bottom is going to be as red as a beet before she gets to cum.

But then I see her legs tense up. As her toes curl up, it starts lifting her feet off the floor. That gets her a stroke across the back of her thighs as I scold her for not keeping her feet flat on the floor. I would have swatted her feet, but it would have been out of the frame.

Natalia relaxes her legs just enough to get her feet on the floor, then lets them tense up again. But she keeps her feet on the floor. It gets her moaning that much more urgently.

She earns a few more strokes to her bottom, all for allowing her hips to shudder. It hasn't been long, maybe a few seconds over a minute, but already her entire hand is sparkling with the coat of honey that covers it.

Chapter 05: Pussy Diddling

And then, a hard shiver racks her body. It's crisp enough that it shudders her shoulders. And that shudders her chest. It gets her long nipples dancing, waving their tips out at the cameras.

I snap the belt, landing a stroke firmly across her chest. The leather cracks squarely atop those stiff nipples and spongy mounds. As the belt falls away, it shows that Natalia's mounds, milky white an instant ago, are now a light pink.

Natalia screeches a loud "UGH!" at the instant the stroke lands on her chest. She pants hard, sucking in a squealing "UH-OW!" Her entire body shudders again.

"OH!-OOH!" Natalia cries out, drawing her very needy and erotic "OOH!" out as she shudders. "YOUR PUSSY IS CUMMING, MA'AM!" She screeches desperately, her words running together in a near panic. "May this pussy PLEASE have permission to cum, Ma'am?"

"NO!" I snap loudly and firmly. Then I swat her breasts again, leaving them a shade of pink that's closer to medium-dark. There is no way those mounds, and especially the nipples that took the worst of those strokes, aren't throbbing as if they were a toe hit by a hammer, and stinging at the same time.

A very crisp shudder hits Natalia's hips. It's so hard that slings several dollops of her creamy honey off her pussy. They hit her thighs, one of them falling to the floor. The grin on Sophie's face tells my camera caught Natalia's honey dripping to the floor.

Natalia tries to beg to me allow her to cum again. That earns her another stroke across her nipples. A stroke that's as unbearable erotically as it is painfully. A stroke that pushes her pussy to hang even further over the edge of that orgasm she's fighting to hold back. And a stroke that teaches her the consequences of begging are too high. Too high for the ache killing her pussy.

She stops begging. It doesn't stop her hips from thrashing. Or from her bottom getting a stroke for that. But at those strokes don't push her pussy as hard to cum.

From Russia, With Spanking

I make Natalia go on for a full five minutes. It's the minimum time I demand a pussy is masturbated before I think about watching it cum. It's five minutes of pure sweet agony for Natalia. And her moaning, grunting, thrashing body shows just how badly she needs to release the tsunami of an orgasm she's holding back.

I just sigh out. "I'm tired of your sluttiness, just cum all over yourself and be done with it, bitch."

Natalia isn't listening. No sooner do I get the word "cum" out than I see Natalia's body trembling as the hard shudders rack it. And I hear her screaming out a long "uh-AHH!" as those shudders sweep over her.

The first wave of shudders is sharp and crisp. They thrash her body around as she stands with her legs spread.

The trembles grow. Her knees buckle. She drops almost straight down, landing on her bottom. As she falls, her scream is unbroken.

Now that her legs aren't supporting her weight anymore, they flail, kicking wildly every which way. Her waist gives out as well, letting her fall back hard to lie on her back. Her legs keep thrashing about as she falls. Once she's on her back, those wild kicks have her bottom jumping up off the floor as they toss her lithe body around.

She screams out again.

Her body falls limp, quivering hard, almost violently hard, as her hand falls away from her pussy. She lies there, trembling. Now she barely makes any noise, just the raspiness of her fast, hard breaths.

Sophie zooms the camera in to get a good image of Natalia's pussy as she lies there. The pussy that's liberally weeping it's creamy honey. Honey that's now coating the tops of her thighs as well.

Natalia's eyes close. She drifts off into pure bliss.