

# Her Son's First Lesson

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## Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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### Prologue:

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

My name is Pepper Rodgers. I'm a 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

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advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

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

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

Sophie is my 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 18<sup>th</sup> 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

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put on a show on their account.

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

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



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Deserves

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It's a Saturday afternoon, and I've just finished lunch with my three BFFs. We're sitting in my living room, my live-in slave-girl Sophie serving us an after-lunch coffee, when I get a text from another friend of mine. It's from my friend Olive, one of what my BFFs call my "kinky friends." She's older than me by a generation, but we share a strong interest in domination. And she's a sweetheart. She asks simply: I have a naughty boy, 18, who deserves to be punished. Newbie. Interested in administering? I'll have his mom call you NOW with the details of his misbehavior, and they're all yours if you're up for a new boy-toy.

I almost never answer my own phone. Why should I? I have Sophie, and slave-girls make good secretaries. Sophie even holds my phone for me. So when the text comes, she comes over to me and kneels. Then she waits patiently until I tell her she may speak. She tells me that Olive has text me. I have her read the text aloud. As she does, BFF #1, Isabelle, giggles. BFF #2, Reagan, rolls her eyes. BFF #3, Ellie, giggles and shakes her head at the same time. Then Isabelle says "Here we go again... another "Pepper Slut Show!"

I laugh. I have Sophie text Olive back to go ahead and give mom my number. My phone rings exactly two minutes later. Olive did say she'd have mom call me now, and it sounds like she meant now. I already told Sophie to answer my phone when it rang from a number not in my contacts. If it did in the next ten minutes. After that, the call was going to voice mail.

We all sit in silence, listening as Sophie answer my phone, "Miss Rodgers' phone, slave speaking, may I help you?" A few seconds later Sophie is getting her name and an idea of why she wants to talk to me, even though I already know. Sophie tells me when I nod for her to speak, "Mistress, a woman named Felicia, Mrs. Holmes gave her your number, wishes to speak with you about her son."

I take the phone and introduce myself, pretending that Olive told me nothing, which is close to the truth. It doesn't take long. Felicia tells

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me that her ex-husband works with Olive, and knows all about her. She has a son who is 18, but still in high school. That's not uncommon here. Unless your birthday falls between the last day of school and October 31, you'll be 18 when you graduate. Only those with summer and early fall birthdays graduate at 17.

She tells me that her son Kevin has been "annoying" a girl at school, and the girl's parents have now complained to her a second time about him. She's tried talking to him, he promised to leave the girl alone. It lasted a day. Then she tells me that she's a teacher at their school. And the girl is in one of her classes. Oh, this is going to be fun!

I glance around the room and see my three BFFs smirking at me. They've heard enough to have a fair idea of Felicia's situation. And apparently, all of them think I won't pass up the chance to amuse myself. They know me so well! Felicia is in Evergreen, a small city in an almost all-white and very redneck, county about an hour from Mobile. I tell her that she may bring Kevin here, now, and we will discuss things face-to-face. I give her directions and tell her she's expected at three, which gives her 81 minutes to get here. That should be plenty, if she takes I-65 and does the speed limit the entire way, and doesn't stop for gas or anything else. And I don't appreciate tardiness.

I hear a trace of nervousness in her voice as she tells me she'll "get him" here. I wonder if the edge in her voice is from worrying that Kevin won't cooperate, that she'll be pushing the boundaries of a speeding ticket to make it, or both. Then I kick back and relax, resting up for the afternoon's entertainment. I ask my BFF's if they'd like to stay and "enjoy a little live entertainment." All agree, a little giggle in their voice. I really only wondered about Reagan. She's by far the most reserved of us, and she gets uncomfortable seeing more than a little of anything.

In my living room, I have a huge L-shaped sofa with a coffee table in front of it. Across from the long arm of it, I have a love seat that seats two comfortably. There's a gap between the shorter arm of my sofa and

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the love seat, about six feet, to walk through. Behind the short arm are the front door, a little table, and the blank spot of the wall I use for stripping my toys upon arrival. On the other side of the room, I have an antique desk with a little wood stool beside it angled in one corner, and my entertainment center angled in the other.

Felicia arrives at 3:02. I send Sophie to answer the door. Today, I have Sophie dressed in her pink slave-girl uniform. It's a light pastel pink stretchy dress made of all lace. It barely covers her from breasts down to an inch beneath the bottom curve of her behind. And it's lace doesn't really hide anything. It just makes one look a little closer to see through it. She doesn't get underwear. Neither panties nor a bra. She does have matching fingerless lace gloves. And some very slutty boots made of a stiff lace instead of leather. Those rise up to her knees. All of it fringed with frilly white lace.

Felicia must guess Sophie is my slave instead of me. I hear a slight edginess to her voice as she introduces herself and Kevin to Sophie and says "Miss Rodgers told us to come over..." Sophie grins and shows them to the love seat. It's about five or six steps for them. Felicia's eyes scan the room quickly, then anxiously dart around once she sees that there are four young women waiting on the sofa, and we're all ignoring her. Clearly, she didn't expect me to have company. Kevin quickly glances around, smiling as he sees the four of us, but just as quickly returning to Sophie where he is so obviously trying to ogle her through her dress. We're all fully dressed like college girls, which we all are. Only Sophie is showing, much less flaunting, any of herself. Thus, the boy's interest, I think.

Sophie ushers them both to sit on the love seat, side by side. They both gravitate towards the edges of it, leaving a few inches of space between them. Felicia keeps glancing over the four of us. Kevin does, too, once Sophie heads for the kitchen. If only he knew what was in my kitchen, he'd be off that sofa!

I don't get up. I don't offer them any refreshments, even though

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the rest of us are sipping a delicious coffee creation. I just turn to Kevin and in my stern voice tell him "Kevin. You will sit there. You will sit still. You will not speak until I say you may." Sophie returns, and I hold my hand out. Sophie puts the handle of my favorite paddle in my hand. Kevin's eyes get very wide as he sees it. So do Felicia's. I set the paddle on the coffee table in front of me.

"You are now in my realm. Here, I am the Queen. You are a lowly peasant boy. Peasant boys who displease the Queen suffer dearly for it." I grin and let my eyes wander to the paddle as I pause for just a second to let it sink in. Boys can be so dense! "I have given you simple rules that a goldfish has enough brains to obey. I strongly suggest you obey them."

I don't give him a chance to answer. Instead, I shift my eyes to Felicia. I hope that's enough of a clue to him that he's expected not to say anything. He sits quiet, but his eyes stay on the paddle for a moment. Then they scan the room for Sophie again. Once he's confident I'm not about to use that paddle for anything other than a prop.

I sigh deeply, letting a mien of disgust appear on my face. I add a touch of that disgust to my voice. "I see why this little peasant boy has such horrid manners. It appears the peasant wench who raised him doesn't have any better manners." I turn my voice hard and stern, "sit up straight, wench!"

It stuns Felicia. She hesitates a second, then she quivers once. And then she quickly straightens herself up. "Cross those legs like a lady. Right over left. All the way." Felicia crosses her legs. "Now, hands in your lap. Palms up. Hands flat and open. Right hand atop the left. Snug against your waist." Felicia does as she's told.

"Good wench. Now you're sitting like a lady instead of a skank." I tell her in a sweet voice.

Then I switch back to my sternest voice. "Welcome to my realm, wench. Now that you know how to sit like a lady, you will always sit like

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a lady in my realm. You do not want to disappoint the Queen.

"I understand you teach European History. Surely then you understand that the Queen *owns* her queendom, and thus everything and everyone in it. You will sit and you will stay still. You will speak only to answer your Queen. And then you will answer with the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. You will tell me whatever I ask, and I don't care one iota is it embarrasses you, humiliates you, or you think it's none of my business. You will answer very humbly and politely. Once I have heard enough to know what the cause of the problem is, I will solve it. Do you understand that, wench Felicia?"

"Yeah..." Felicia tentatively answers.

I just snap my fingers. Sophie hurries over to Felicia, leans over, and whispers in her ear. A second later Felicia answers again, "Yes, my Queen." I smile. At least she can parrot back what Sophie just told her to say.

"Now, who is this village girl that this peasant boy seems to be stalking?" I ask.

"She's an 11<sup>th</sup> grader. Her name is Kylie Andrews..." Felicia tells me. I glare at her and after a fraction of a second she remembers to add "my Queen."

"Slave, Google the village girl, surely she's on Facebook. Show me." I say. Then I return my attention to my friends for a brief moment. Sophie grabs my tablet and quickly looks the girl up. She brings me the tablet, showing me the girl she's found. The girl is rather pretty. Her profile picture has her in a cheerleader's uniform, which shows off that she has ample-looking breasts. She has long blond hair and nice legs, too.

I bring the picture up and show it to Felicia "this village girl?"

"Yes, my Queen, that's her."

It takes me five minutes of questions to get everything I need to

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know out of Felicia. Kylie is a player. She's dating one of the school's football players, but it's an on-again, off-again kind of thing. And when it's off, Kylie seems to go out with about anyone who wants to, always managing to flaunt it in front of her boyfriend and make him jealous. According to Felicia, she's been caught making out with someone in the halls. She was caught because her boyfriend saw it, which I'm confident she planned for, and almost started a fight with the guy. Kylie is a B+ to A- student, grades that will get her into a decent college, not the very best but good enough, as long as her parents can pay the tuition. Those grades aren't good enough for an academic scholarship, and cheerleading scholarships are few and far between. Fewer for girls from rural county high schools. Her extracurricular activities consist mostly of having fun with the "in crowd." I've known a hundred girls just like her. She's nothing special here, and I doubt she is there, either.

I ask her, not Kevin, how well Kevin knows the girl, what he knows about the person she is. Felicia can't really answer it. She tells me she doubts he knows much, they're only in one class together, he's never mentioned her before they were in that class, and the teacher doesn't tolerate much talking. He tends to use all of his class time for his lessons. Then again, he hasn't mentioned her much now, either.

I ask, and Felicia admits that Kevin doesn't talk to her much. He seems to prefer to be in his room, on his phone, or whatever when he's at home, instead of talking to "his old mom." Her words. I ask if she's tried to talk to him, and she says she has. I pry, and I get it out of her that she's tried a couple of times, but not that hard. And now that he's "an adult" she doesn't feel right prying into his life if he chooses not to share.

My next questions let me know that they haven't really talked, about his personal life, since he became a teenager. She knows he doesn't talk to his father, he doesn't see him that often. Kevin's never asked her advice about girls. He's dated several girls, none (she thinks) too seriously, and none for more than a few months. In her opinion, his social life around school has been about average.

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I ask how long ago her marriage ended, and she tells me about seven years ago. I ask if she's been dating, and she tells me she's seen a few men over the years. I'd never accept an answer so vague, and I don't now. She tells me "a few" is actually three, the longest-lasting about 14 months, the shortest about 2 months. Which doesn't count the six guys she went out with once or twice before deciding she wasn't interested.

"Did you have sex with any of them?" I ask.

Felicia blushes lightly. It's the question that starts her fidgeting ever-so-slightly in her seat. I can see that she did not anticipate I'd ask anything about her life, just Kevin's. After a second, in a slightly hushed and very embarrassed voice, she admits that she slept with all three of them. Then she blurts out that she never did with Kevin in the house.

I snap, scolding her that I didn't ask if she'd "slutted herself" with him in the house. I only asked how many of those men she "had any kind of sex with. The answer is three. Then I ask if her ex-husband was her first, and she shyly confesses that he wasn't. Then she tells me that there were two before him. A total of six. Not bad, not too slutty, for a middle-aged woman. I happen to know Izzy is on boyfriend/sex partner number three now, and Izzy is 19. So is Reagan, and she's on number two. And Ellie, but Ellie is fairly hippie and I know she's casually hooked-up a number of times, so she can probably top six. I can, too. Sophie can't, she's a virgin. Paige, my slave-whore, could add digits to that count.

"How many of those six have you given oral sex to?"

Felicia blushes brightly. She hesitates, and I can see she doesn't want to answer that question. "Four, my Queen" she answers in a quivering voice.

"And how many of those four did you allow to cum in your mouth?"

"Only one, My Queen, but that was an accident!"



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I spring up to my feet and step forward, moving quickly. Felicia reflexively shies back as I speed towards her. I slap her face. It's not hard, but it's enough for her to feel a slight sting in her cheek, and to leave a faint pink handprint on her cheek. I scold her that I didn't ask if it was an accident. I asked how many of those men left their cum inside her mouth. The answer is one.

I casually retake my seat. Kevin now glares at me, a look of total shock on his face. Felicia straightens herself back up, quickly, and sharply. I ask her which one. Felicia names Tom, her second, and more serious, boyfriend whom she dated for about a year in college.

"Have you ever had anal sex?"

"Yes, my Queen." She answers, her voice squeaking with embarrassment. Kevin's head almost snaps to stare unbelieving at her.

I make her tell me about that, too, and I learn that she tried it with Tom, but found it uncomfortable, so she never tried it again. Even though she didn't name any female sex partners, I ask if she's ever had any kind of an experience with a woman. She says no. I ask if she's felt any attraction to another woman, and again she says not.

I already know she hasn't dated anyone for five or six months now. I take it to mean that she's already been through, or disqualified, all of the currently-available male teachers that she works with. Those seem to her choice of men, at least since her divorce. So I casually ask "do you masturbate?"

She blushes deep and instantly. In her breaking voice, she admits to it. I ask her how often, and she tells me "I don't know... I don't keep track... maybe twice a week, my Queen?"

I decide to torture her modesty. I ask her if that's a proper answer, as in is it a grammatically correct sentence that tells me the question and the answer, and leaves out the unnecessary babbling? She very unhappily admits it's not. I tell her to answer properly, now and from now on when

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yes or no won't do.

"I masturbate about twice a week, my Queen."

I make her tell me about it. "I almost always masturbate in my bed, at night, at with the lights out, my Queen... I just put my fingers to my... myself and rub myself until I finish, my Queen." As she says it, her voice is too-quiet and breaking with a shy squeakiness.

I give her a slight reprieve and ask if she's ever had a talk with Kevin about sex. She hasn't. Nor has she had any kind of real talk with him about appropriate dating, or given him any real advice about girls. He hasn't asked her any questions – what boy would ask mom – and she's taken that to mean her advice wasn't wanted.

And she hasn't taught him by example, either. Meaning that she hasn't brought many of her boyfriend's home while he was around, and never spent much time with them there. Of the three she's dated since Kevin's father, Kevin only really knew on of them. The others he met only a couple of times, and then only briefly.

"Clearly this is all your fault, wench!" I tell her without raising my voice, but very firmly. "You're his mother, it's your place to teach him about dating, and you've utterly shirked your responsibility! You haven't taught him by example, by letting him see healthy interactions between you and men. You haven't even bothered to tell him anything. How is he supposed to know that he can't stalk a pretty girl? You never told him that! How is he supposed to know that girls are so turned off by guys like that? Now he's ruined whatever chance he had with her! How is he supposed to know how to attract a pretty girl? Did you ever tell him to be sweet to her? To be interested in her, not her body? I don't think so. Not if the way he's been leering at my slave-girl is any clue!"

Kevin looks surprised. And then he blushes as I point out that we've all noticed him trying to peek through Sophie's dress. Felicia outright cringes back as I scold her.

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"Since you caused this problem by being such a failure at motherhood, you deserve to be punished for that." As Felicia hears me say that, she trembles and fidgets nervously. Her face looks like she's about to cry. "I know it's asking a lot from such a worthless wench, but try to set an example for your little boy and show him that grown-ups accept the punishment they deserve when they're bad boys and girls.

"You will be spanked. How long has it been since that naughty bottom of yours has had a good spanking, *wench*?"

The first tear rolls down Felicia's cheek. "I don't know!" She urgently blurts out, her voice muted and shy, but mostly nervous and afraid. "I haven't been spanked since I was a very little girl, my Queen." Her voice answers, pleading silently with its tone for mercy.

"No wonder you're such a sloppy, careless wench! Wenches need discipline! I think five strokes will teach you to pay attention to your little boy. Come over here and get your spanking, wench?"

"NOW?!?" Felicia blurts out, her voice raising loudly in panic and squeaking. She doesn't move. She sits there, fidgeting hard. "Not here! Please, my Queen, I'll let you spank me. I won't argue or anything! Please, just let me do it someplace in private. Please! Not in front of Kevin. Not in front of everyone!"

I sharpen my voice into my sternest tone, but I don't raise it. I call it my irate librarian voice. "Bad wench!" I scold her, "that's one for speaking without permission and one more for questioning your Queen. That's seven. Now come over here and get your spanking, and don't you dare question me again, or stall. Come!"

Felicia sits there, squirming around. The tears run down her cheeks. Her mouth moves, but no words come out. It takes her about two seconds. Then she slowly rises to her feet. And she comes over to me. She walks slow, taking hesitant baby-steps, but brings herself over and stands in front of me.

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I know she doesn't know how I plan to spank her. I'm sure she has this image running through her head of me telling her to bend over now as I reach for my paddle. Instead, I reach out and take hold of her by her hips. I sigh, "It's been so long since you've had a good spanking you've forgotten it!" I pull her by her hips, feeling the stiffness and nervous tension in her muscles resist me. I pull her around to my side and push her down to her knees.

Felicia's clothes aren't an issue. She's wearing loose-fitting jeans, sneakers, and a loose-fitting cotton top. All of it decently conceals her figure. It's rather casual, but I'm sure it's just what she was wearing around the house. I purposely didn't give her time to change when I summoned her.

She has very short, close-cut black hair. Too short for me to really grab a good handful of it. Instead, I grab her shoulder and quickly pull her forward. She shuffles her knees up. Beside me Izzy scoots over very quickly, making some room for me. She should have hit Ellie, who was fairly close at her side, but Ellie and Reagan saw the writing on the wall and scooted way down. Izzy ends up close beside Ellie again. I push Felicia's shoulders down, bending her waist over my thigh until she's lying over my knees.

"I'll only tell you once, wench," I say firmly, my hand now between Felicia's shoulder blades holding her down over my knees. "You will hold your naughty bottom still. You will not cover it in any way; not with your hands or anything else. You will not speak, except that after each stroke you will count it and say a very humble thank you to your Queen for being so kind as to discipline your naughty bottom as you so deserve. A repentant wench behaves for her spanking. You do not want to disappoint your Queen by not being a repentant wench after misbehaving. You would not be a happy wench. Do you understand, wench?"

"Yes, my Queen..." Felicia squeaks out, already sobbing lightly.

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She fidgets around my lap. Her feet fidget around, too. And her hands try to find something to hang onto. She ends up bracing those against the floor.

I pick the paddle up off the table. As I do, Kevin stares at me in utter disbelief and shock. I'm sure as much of both that his mother is willing to submit to it as that I am about to actually do it. I can see that he's starting to get nervous as well, thinking that he might be soon getting some similar, juvenile, and awful, punishment himself. I'm sure he's thinking about that and thinking about how he'd never let himself be spanked like this. That once I say I'm going to punish him, he'll refuse, stand up to me, and end up not being punished. Boys always think like that.

I set the paddle across the small of Felicia's back. Then I move my hands quickly to the waistband of her jeans. In a single, lightning-fast move, I slide her pants down, bringing them over her bottom and all the way down to her thighs, about an inch or two below the lowest point of her cheeks. And I take her panties with them, baring her bottom for the world to see.

Felicia sucks in a surprised breath, one that's noisy and sounds to me like a long "AH!" Her hips wiggle from side to side as she fidgets almost wildly.

Now that I can see some skin, I can see that Felicia is a narrow woman. I can see the outlines of the bones at her hips. But mostly I can see her firm, very rounded globes. They don't look to be hard, as I'm sure they were when she younger, but they still have the shape of it, rounding outward prominently. Neither appears to have any sag at all to it. Instead, they just have the tiniest trace of looseness to them. And in spite of that, they're still one of the curviest bottoms to be over my knees lately. I am suddenly so glad I decided to take the chance and see if Felicia would submit to me. I suspected she would, but nothing is certain in this world.

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I pick the paddle back up and lie it's blade lightly against those cheeks. I wait while Felicia flinches sharply from just that light touch. This paddle is long, about 18", and at 4" wide it's enough to cover a good part of her bottom with a single stroke. But it's thin, only  $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick. It's made of two layers of soft rubber with a thin layer of spring steel between them to stiffen it up as if it were made of wood. Against the bare skin of her bottom, the paddle feels like a rubber band, at least now lying still.

I raise the paddle up high as my little arm will allow. I swing it down hard, putting about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the power behind it that I could. The paddle hits its mark, landing square atop the rounded tops of her cheeks, and straight across those mounds. It lands with a loud, splitting crack that rings out for the split-second before Felicia screams out a loud "OW!" the sobs vanish from her scream, giving way to surprise, and pain. Her body snaps tight, her thighs drawing up under mine for a second as the sting slices hard and deep into her bottom.

It takes a couple of seconds for her to relax herself enough to lie over my knees again. She sobs two "OW!s" as she does. And then she counts. "One stroke, my Queen. Thank you, my Queen, for being so nice as to give me the discipline my naughty bottom deserves for being a horrible mother, my Queen."

I lift the paddle slowly off her bottom, letting everyone get a good glimpse of her bare cheeks. They used to milky white. They still are, except for the wide stripe of a bright, angry pink across them. The stripe seems to glow. My friends are used to seeing people paddled here. I'll admit, it arouses me to turn a middle-aged person over my knees and paddle him or her like a naughty child. It arouses me a lot. Only Kevin stares at the display in horror, cringing hard when he sees the angry stripe across his mom's cheeks before averting his eyes from her naked behind. I can tell that he wants to say something, to rescue her from the spanking. And I know he's so out of his depth that it hasn't even occurred to him yet that Felicia wasn't forced to submit to the spanking. I simply told her to, and she chose to obey.

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I swat her bottom again, and she screams out another loud, pained "OW!" She stiffens so hard and fast that her hips seem to jump up from my thigh. She sobs out a couple more bawling, but quieter, "OW!s" before she finally starts to loosen up on my lap and counts off her second stroke.

I lift the paddle, showing off Felicia's now deep-pink and bottom. Her hips fidget, squirming hard and grinding against my thigh. It's not enough to look like she's moving, but it does get her cheeks jiggling very slightly.

I swat her again, just as hard as the first two. The paddle lands atop already stinging flesh, Felicia not having enough bottom for it to land anywhere else. It gets a truly pained scream from Felicia. As soon as the scream is out of her lips, her body still as stiff as steel, her cheeks jiggling slightly, she falls into a loud, pitiful bawling cry.

I see Kevin tensing up as if he's about to stand. And he probably is, to come over here and rescue his mother. I stare coldly at him. "Don't even think about interfering, Kevin. Felicia deserves to be spanked, and she will be. If you interfere, I will start her entire spanking over again."

Felicia counts off her stroke, her voice more babyish crying than words. I lift the paddle again, and now her bottom glows a bright, but not too deep, shade of red. Instead of raising the paddle for another stroke, I hold it casually in my hand, sticking up long ways from my hand just behind her bottom. I rest my hand against the back of Felicia's thigh, right where the waistband of her jeans circles around her legs. It lets me very casually, "accidentally" brush the tip of a finger, or mostly my long fingernail, over the furry lip of her pussy.

My fingertip feels a burning hot, steamy, wetness drenching that fur. The mere touch of the edge of my nail sends a shiver sweeping through Felicia's body. "Wench." I say firmly, "your little boy wants to be your hero and come rescue you from your spanking. If he gets off that sofa, that will interfere with your punishment, and you will start from scratch whenever he sits back down. You may, just this once, tell him not

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to.”

“Kevin, please!” Felicia shrieks out, her voice loud and breaking with her sobbing cry, “I don’t care how bad this looks. I don’t care how bad it is for me. Please, please, please, Kevin. I deserve to be spanked, please, just let me have my spanking, okay? You heard her, if you get up, I have to start over! Please don’t make me do that. I couldn’t stand it! I need this spanking, please, just let me have it, okay, please! I... want to be spanked! I deserve this, please, let her spank me!”

I decide that’s enough begging. Either he heard it or not. Either he’s going to let her be spanked or not. I snap the paddle down for her fourth stroke. She stops bawling long enough to scream “OW-UH-OW!” as it lands, and then she’s back crying as hard as any baby ever cried. And this isn’t even that painful of a spanking!

Okay, the springy hard rubber paddle hurts. Worse than wood or leather would. But unlike those, it doesn’t easily bruise. It just stings and reddens flesh, but the redness quickly fades away. That’s why I like this paddle so much. It doesn’t bruise, which I consider injury, nearly as easily. I can spank more! And it stings.

I can see that Kevin is hesitating only because he's lost. He heard his mother beg him to let her be spanked. Yet he can't imagine anyone, especially someone he thought he knew, would allow herself to be hurt like this. I'm sure, being male, he thinks he could easily free her and get her out of here. Which he could. I wouldn't even try to stop her if she wanted to leave. He just isn't sure if he should. Does she want him to do as she asked, or did she just say that for me, and really wants him to rescue her?

While Kevin is still trying to figure out what she wants, I snap the paddle down again. Felicia screams again, her hips squirming hard, her bottom wiggling. She stiffens, her body jumping sharply enough that she raises off most of my legs for an instant. And she cries, hard and shamelessly.



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I raise the paddle back up, letting Kevin see her medium red bottom shining as its fiery sting lances into her cheeks. I hold the paddle still, high up, ready for her next swat. "That was five. That was your spanking for being a worthless mother. This swat is for being a sassy wench and speaking out of turn. Too bad you couldn't behave, you'd be done now..."

I snap the paddle. She screams. She's already crying as hard as shamelessly as she possibly can, and stiffening as crisply as the blows are going to make her. There's nothing more she can do to show how bad it is for her. She lies there, sobbing "OW!s" for a couple of seconds before she counts.

"Six, my Queen. Thank you for being so kind to me, my Queen! Thank you for spanking me and giving my naughty, stinging bottom the discipline I earned for being a sassy wench."

I pause again with the paddle high. "This one is for question your Queen, wench."

This time, I snap the paddle as hard as I can, making the stroke hurt worse, and hopefully letting Felicia know that I consider questioning me to be worse of a sin. She definitely feels it worse, too. It takes her close to a quarter of a minute to get her sobs under control enough to count the stroke off. A quarter minute everyone spends glancing at her beet red bottom.

I set the paddle back on the table. "Listen carefully, wench," I tell her in my firmest voice. "You will stand all the way up straight. Only then, once you are all the way up, will you reach down and pull your panties up. You *will not* hesitate to pull them up over our butt. You will pull them up just as you would any other time. Once those are fixed, you will pull your jeans up just the same way. When you are fully dressed, you will return to your seat, and you will sit. Properly. You may get up now, wench."

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Felicia eagerly gets off my knees. She starts rising to her feet. Her jeans slip another inch or so down her thighs, reminding her that she's exposing herself to us all. Showing me a dense black bush. She moves faster to get up to her feet. She grabs at her panties and pulls them up quickly. As soon as they hit her bottom, She yelps out a squealy "AH-OW!" but keeps going. She takes just a second to straighten up the front of her panties, a pair of fairly modest cotton ones, but ignores the back of them, leaving that however, it ended up. She does the same with her jeans, squealing another whiny cry as she pulls them over her bottom.

She returns to her seat. She tries to sit slowly, gently lowering her fiery bottom onto the plush cushion. It doesn't seem to help, she yelps again, her face scrunching up tight. She straightens up and sits very still, not wanting to squirm on her too-sore bottom.

I don't give her more than a few seconds to rest. "Are you horny and aroused right this instant, my skanky wench?"

"Yes, my Queen." Felicia very reluctantly confesses. She's still crying, tears running from her eyes, a little snot under her nose that she doesn't dare to wipe away, her face scrunched up and her eyes puffy red. Her voice betrays that she's far more humiliated than she ever has been in her entire life.

I'm surprised Kevin doesn't get whiplash. His head snaps that fast and hard to stare at his mom, the look on his face telling me he doesn't believe her. That he can't imagine how she could possibly be, not now, not after that hideous spanking she endured for some unfathomable reason. Felicia ignores him, trying hard not to see him, and harder to pretend he's not there to witness her humiliation.

"When is the last time you masturbated, wench?"

"I masturbated last night, my Queen."

"Did you climax?"

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"Yes, my Queen."

"Was your skanky pussy satisfied afterward?"

"Yes, my Queen."

"How aroused is your pussy now, wench?"

"My pussy is very aroused, my Queen?"

"More so than last night, just before you diddled it?"

"Yes, my Queen."

"How his your pussy, wench, and don't say 'very.' Tell me."

"My pussy is so hot it's on fire, my Queen."

"How wet is your pussy, wench?"

"My pussy is so wet that I'm sure my panties are soaked already, my Queen."

"How badly does it ache, wench?"

"My pussy aches so badly that I am going to have to masturbate the very instant I'm alone, my Queen... so badly I wish I was alone and could do it now!"

"Were you aroused *before* we started our little chat, wench?"

"No, my Queen, I wasn't the least bit aroused."

"What got your skanky pussy so hot then, wench?"

"I don't know what got my pussy so aroused, my Queen."

I sigh, deeply, dragging it out as long as my lungs will allow me to. "I warned you, that wasn't an answer, wench." I see Felicia shirk back nervously as she thinks she might have just gotten herself another swat or two.

"You'll stand in the corner for that. It will give you some time to

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consider your answer." I stand up, picking a place at the open end of the U formed by my sofas, a place where everyone will have a good view. "Come to me, wench."

Felicia about springs to her feet, so grateful to be off her stinging bottom. She walks over to me, grimacing hard with each step, but much faster than she came for her spanking. I tell her to stand facing everyone. Then I scold her softly into a proper standing posture, her hands behind the small of her back, her feet a foot's-width apart, her back up straight, her eyes forward. I tell her that's how a lady stands, and the only way I ever want to see her standing.

"You'll go to the corner naked, like the shameless wench you're acting like. Getting all aroused over your Queen's knees while I punished you! Undress." I tell her to start with her sneakers, squatting down and taking them off before tucking the laces into them, squaring them up, and starting a neat pile in front of her feet. Then to stand back up. As soon as she's back up, I tell her to squat down and take her socks off, turning them right side out, mating them together, and turning the tops down like they're in a sock drawer waiting to be worn. Then they go on top of her shoes, neatly.

Once Felicia is back up to her feet, I tell her "when you are told to undress, you start at the top of your head. You work down, taking off the highest thing – the very first stitch of fabric you come to as you go down. You will take it off. You will fold it up very neatly, you will squat down and add it to the pile. You will stand up straight. Then find the next highest thing and take it off. You *will not* make any effort to cover anything or hide any part of *my* new wench's body from me, or anyone else. You want to get all hot like a shameless wench, I'm going to parade you around in front of everyone, even your family, like a shameless wench. Now undress. And don't you dare drag your feet at it."

Felicia hesitates for a brief second. Then she reaches up to the top button of her blouse. It's short-sleeved, letting me see most of her lean

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arms, but it's also heavy and rather loose, hiding the rest of her shape from me. I know she has fairly small breasts, I felt that much with my thigh as she lies over it. Now I'll see.

Already I can see that she's decently tall for a woman, around 5'8", and rather lean. She has very short black hair, styled so short as to leave her ears fully showing. It's slightly butch-looking, (I don't what the style is actually called, my hairstylist calls it a boy-cut) but she has the face to pull it off in a feminine look. Her face isn't really rounded or oval, but she does have a strong jawline with angular, instead of rounded, lines to it. Narrow eyebrows that look well-plucked, over blue eyes. She has a slightly small and soft-featured nose. Then a wide, straight mouth framed with medium-pink full lips.

She slips her blouse off her shoulders, baring a white cotton bra with full cups to my eyes. It's a plain, comfortable bra, but it does have a narrow lace trim to the edges of the cups. It clasps in the center. Its fabric is thin enough that I can see the hard nubs of her nipples straining against it. And I can see that it's a small bra.

Then again, now that I can see her, Felicia is a lean woman. She has close to zero body fat on her. So little that I can see the bones of her shoulders under her thin skin. And, if I look closely, I can see the faint outline of the bottom of her ribs, her waist curving quickly in beneath it. It's a prominent, very shapely, feminine curve to her waist. There isn't a blemish or stretch mark, or anything else marring her skin. A flat stomach that looks decently toned.

With her blouse on the pile, Felicia finally realizes that her bra is higher than her jeans. So it has to come off first, instead of waiting until just before her panties to preserve a tiny shred of modesty. Now her breasts will be bared as she undresses. She moves a little slower as she reaches up to the clasp.

Clasping in the front, all it takes is for her to unhook it for the tiny triangles of its cup to fall free and bare her breasts. And they are some

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very nice breasts. Her mounds are hard and firm. Like half grapefruits, the swell up from her chest perfectly rounded with a gentle curve. They're wide and full, even though they rise up only about two finger-widths from her chest. The wideness both softens their curve and leaves a defined shallow V-cleft of cleavage between them. They're topped with a pair of purple-tinged, dark-pink nipples. Those are about the width of a pencil, stand up as high as they are wide, and have fully rounded tips. They're surrounded by tiny rings of the same deep shade, rings no wider than a quarter. They're solid white, and there isn't a tan line anywhere on her body.

She starts folding her bra. She fumbles with it, bras not being easy to fold up neatly. "wench, what size bra do those boobs wear?"

Felicia still hasn't stopped crying, although now I think it's as much from embarrassment as from the pain in her bottom. Her words break with her sobs. "My boobs wear a size 34-AA bra, my Queen." I see the flush in her face deep as she tells us all how small her breasts are.

Felicia starts slipping her jeans down. Almost immediately she grits her teeth and cries out "EE-OW!" as a fresh wave of tears run from her eyes. Then they're off her bottom and moving down her legs. She relaxes slightly, but still sobs.

It's enough for me to see that her hips are as curvy as the rest of her figure, her height, and thinness combining to give her a figure that could have modeled. Still could. There isn't a blemish to her waistline or hips, or legs either. And only the faintest trace of her hips bones, and only at the top of her hips.

Her legs are long-looking. Her thighs don't have a single cell of extra weight on them, instead they're gently shaped, sloping towards her knees. On the inside, they're almost straight, none of her thigh even trying to hide anything between them. Her calves are just as shapely with a nice muscle to them.

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Now Felicia only has her panties left. Panties that match her bra. They're white cotton is thin enough for me to see the hint of darkness showing through it that's her bush. They're fairly modest, covering all of her pubes and bottom, but with sides narrow enough to leave her thighs bared all the way up, and a waistline low on her hips. They're trimmed with the narrow lace, too, both at the legs and at the waist.

She reaches for the waistband. She hesitates just an instant, barely long enough for her eyes to anxiously scan the audience. She sees the three girls watching her. And poor Kevin, trying hard to avert his eyes and not look at her nakedness. She takes a deep breath, this time gritting her teeth before she starts, and pulls them down.

It leaves her completely naked. Once she stands up, her narrow thighs leave her furry pussy mound swelling prominently down. She has a very dense bush of deep, jet-black curls that look tangly and long. But they're well trimmed with neat lines at the tops and inside the creases of her thighs. At the bottom, the thick mat of fur flows down over her mound. It's jungle-dense, but it still doesn't manage to hide her mound. I can see a pair of narrow and long lips. On a mound puffy enough that it makes those lips look as if they're rising up her front, through her pubes when they're really just plump lips. Her lips don't come close to meeting. They're too narrow for that. But she doesn't have a slit between them. Instead, her deep-purple inner folds poke out well beyond the edges of her lips, filling all of the space between them, and forming a loose ridge that rises a small fraction of an inch into her fur.

And now I can see that most of that fur, and all of it between her legs, is sopping wet. Wet enough that I can see the faint-white-tinged honey clinging to its hairs, matting everything into a damp mess.

Felicia rises up to stand with her hands behind her back and wait.

I leave her standing there for a couple of seconds, her fully naked body on immodest display to all. My inner imp makes me watch Kevin while making it look like I'm not. I see his eyes torn. They so do not want

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to see his mother naked, and the look on his face tells me it's "gross" to him. But his eyes are just as eager to see a naked woman, especially one with a shapely, attractive body. Those poor eyes can't decide whether to look at the pretty naked woman or avert from the "not-attractive" mom.

Once I see that Kevin has gotten a glance, and is still squirming uncomfortably from it, I take hold of Felicia's hand. She allows me to lead her through the living room, passing close in front of everyone, even Kevin, as I walk her to the corner.

I keep this corner for naughty subs. It's just across from the front door, maybe ten feet out, where the wall reaches out to make the coat closet. There's absolutely nothing in it except for the yellow paint and white baseboard. The closet makes sure that no matter how hard she tries to, she can't see anything but an empty yellow wall.

I put her in it, the tips of her toes touching the baseboards. I position her with a tiny bit of space, less than an inch, between her shoulders and the wall. And with her back up straight, her eyes forward. "You will stand there. You will not move, not even to scratch an inch. Just stand there still. You will not make a sound. You will keep your eyes fully open and staring at the emptiness in front of them. You are 41 years old. Bad girls spend one minute in my corner for every year old they are. Don't worry about how long you've been here. I'll summon you out once you've stood here *and behaved* for 41 uninterrupted minutes straight."

I head back to my seat, and I really hope Felicia got the hint. If she misbehaves, I start the clock over again. And again. And again.

"Isn't that just the most glowing bottom, girls?" I say it enthusiastically, pointing at Felicia's cornered butt. Standing as she is, straight with her hands up to her back, there's nothing Felicia can do to tighten it up or cover it. Not she can do but let it hang out as it really is. Standing up loose, as she is, her cheeks are small. They're still well rounded, curving prominently out before turning back in. In both directions. At their bottom edges, they stand off her thighs, not hanging



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at all, but with a defined curve to their bottoms. At the center the gently touch each other, making a short, but deep, crack. And touching together they're able to hide her asshole from our eyes. Now her globes have a very slight loose-look to them. Not flabby by any sense of the word, but more as if the skin over them has lost some of its elasticity over the years. Which I'm sure it has. No one beats aging. The smallness of her globes keeps her crack from rising up to the line of her hips. And her globes now glow a deep, and very angry-bright, hue of red.



Her Teasing Lesson

## Her Teasing Lesson

Now that Felicia is parked in the corner, I turn my attention to Kevin. He is, after all, the reason for this little sideshow this afternoon. As I take my seat across from him, his eyes – and his attention – finally leave his mom and return to me.

I have to admit, Felicia makes a very cute sight in her corner. And so far, a whole minute into her punishment, Felicia is behaving herself, standing still and sobbing mutely. She seems to have my BFFs' attention, too, the girls... enjoying the site of the teacher finally being the one in the corner. The true punishment of the corner is the exclusion of it. Felicia's true test is about to begin. She'll have to stand there, mute and still, while Kevin and I have this conversation. No matter what she hears.

I begin by telling Kevin that I expect him to "act like a man" while he's in my realm. I have him sit up straight. But he doesn't have to cross his legs. That's too feminine. And it gets uncomfortable for guys, their balls being squished in there and all. I have him sit with his knees and feet parted about eight inches, his hands resting atop his thighs. Palms open and upward, of course. I remind him to be very humble and polite.

"You are going to tell me everything, peasant boy, and then I will decide if you deserved to be spanked. Or whipped. Or if it's all that skanky wench's fault and she needs further education. We'll start with the easy stuff. We'll start with Kylie."

I start with my questions, and just like the ones I asked his mom, my questions are very direct and pointed. And they're mostly yes or no questions. It takes me a few minutes, but soon it becomes clear that he knows little about Kylie. "Hot" and "a lot of fun," meaning she likes to party, is the sum of what he knows about her.

My BFFs join in with this part. They're not shy about asking him questions, either. This is as good as a gossip session! I make sure Kevin answers them just as humbly, addressing them as "Lady." Reagan isn't shy about telling him that his over-eager pursuit of Kylie is "creepy," and by now Kylie certainly thinks of him as a creepy weird loser. Ellie adds

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that therefore he has blown his chance with her. The instant he hears Ellie tell him Kylie will never talk to him, he sulks in his seat. That earns him a stern scolding from me. It gets him sitting back up straight, and quickly.

I had my friends join in for one reason. I want Kevin to hear from more than one actual, pretty, young, woman how we see his actions. I'm hoping to teach him a few things about girls. Like that few tend to go out with guys who only want to date us because we have cute butts. I never tell him directly, but I intend to help him by teaching him about girls. Not all of our secrets, but enough that he'll stand a chance of getting a date with an actual girl. Of course, he's going to hate his lessons. But all truly meaningful lessons are hard-learned! Besides, if I couldn't have fun teaching it, why would I bother?

I ask him about his sexual experience, just as I asked Felicia. I imagine she listens quite intently to his answers, but she manages to stay still. He admits that he's a virgin. He's gotten one girl, someone named Hannah, to kiss him, but that's as far as he got with her. And that was last year. Poor boy. He blushes deeply the instant I ask him if he's been masturbating but admits to it. More reluctantly he admits to doing it three or four, sometimes five, times a week. Then he very reluctantly and shyly describes doing it for his audience of all girls. And just as reluctantly to fantasizing about Kylie as he does.

It passes the time while Felicia is in the corner. I'm not through with her yet, and I'd hate to start a second lesson while I'm mid-way through the first. Besides, I want Felicia to be the only one naked in a room full of people for her lesson, so Kevin will have to keep his clothes for now. For now.

"Oh, wench..." I coo sweetly, "come."

Felicia turns, and with a very humble and sweet "yes, my Queen," she comes over to me. She keeps her eyes on me, not really wanting to see everyone watching her. She keeps her hands demurely behind her, but she also tries to angle her front away from Kevin. When she gets to me,

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she doesn't hesitate to stand squarely facing me, forgetting about that trace of shyness where Kevin is concerned.

"Kneel, wench." I wait just long enough for her to get on her knees before I start instructing her into the position I want. It's the first time she's knelt before a queen, so she doesn't know the posture. As soon as her knees hit the floor, I tell her to stop. Spread her knees as wide as she can. Then get her feet the same distance apart. To sit back, her bottom over her heels. Hands stay behind her. To hold her head up, but now with her eyes submissively downcast. She obeys.

The position afford and uninhibited view of her pussy between her splayed thighs. I can see her mound puffing downward nicely. And I can see her lips and fir glistening with a fresh coat of her honey. I sigh. "I'll ask again, wench. What got your pussy so hot this afternoon?" I wonder if she spent any time thinking about it while she was in the corner, or if she spent all her time listening to Kevin. That would be naughty of her.

Felicia takes a deep breath, and eagerly keeps her eyes well downcast where she doesn't have to see anyone. "I think it was everything that made my pussy so hot today, my Queen. I hated the spanking - it really hurt, and my bottom still stings badly from it, my Queen. But I loved the way you just took complete charge of me and made me your obedient wench, my Queen. And I really loved the way you disciplined me like a little girl. It made me feel just like a little girl, you know, how parents are always saying it's for your own good, and it really is. I felt like you were doing it for me, my Queen. I just felt so totally at ease, so comfortable being me... I love the idea of someone owning me, of having total power over me, and taking very good care of me, even when I don't like it. Thank you for that, my Queen."

"See, that wasn't so hard, was it, wench?"

"No, my Queen."

"I suppose you are still very eager to masturbate that sloppy pussy,

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wench?"

"Yes, my Queen, I am extremely eager to masturbate my sloppy wet pussy, my Queen."

"Rise, wench, on those worthless feet of yours."

Felicia stands. I take a moment looking over her nude body as she stands there. She stands demure as I do. "Kevin, come." I snap in my sternest tone.

Kevin very hesitantly rises to his feet and comes over to me. He tries hard to keep his eyes off his mother's nakedness, but the closer he gets, the harder that is to do. He comes to stand beside me, facing my side, his eyes angled away and avoiding Felicia. Instead of wasting time goading him to where I want him, I just take hold of his hips. I step aside and pull him a step forward so he's standing in front of her. Then I turn him so he's facing her, maybe a foot and a half between them.

"This is just a wench. Wenches have all the same parts as women do, only wenches are utterly worthless. Whenever you let them do anything, like think, they are certain to screw it up. Women, however, are definitely smarter than men. Wenches exist only to serve their Queen and be used. Women are never to be used, and we never serve anyone. You'll learn all that. For now, you can see what a woman looks like naked. They look just like wenches. So get a good look at this naked wench."

I'm watching him from the side, but even so, I can see his eyes. He still tries to avert them, looking upon her nakedness as little as possible. Felicia stays still, but now there's a barely perceptible quiver to her body. It's enough to tell me she's uncomfortable with Kevin overtly studying her body intimately. I swat Kevin on his bottom with my hand. It's a hard swat, but he still has his pants on to cushion the sting. He flinches hard but doesn't even yelp. "That's your only warning, peasant boy. I said look. You will look. You will look closely and thoroughly."

I wait until Kevin's eyes are on Felicia. It looks like they're on her

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face. I swat his bottom again. "I said look." His eyes move down, very reluctantly, and less enthusiastically.

"Look at those tits. I know they're as small as tits come, but do you like them? Are they pretty tits?" I ask him in my sweet, but taunting voice. And I glare at him.

"Yes, my Queen, they're pretty breasts."

I grab his hand. He tenses reflexively and resists me. He catches himself, knows better, and relaxes enough that I don't have to work too hard to bring his hand up. I put the tips of his fingers to the top of her breast, just past the point where it first begins to rise up. I hold the hand firmly, keeping a tight reign on it, making sure that his fingers are touching it especially lightly.

Felicia's skin is ultra-feminine, as in very soft and delicate, almost silky. The instant Kevin feels it under his fingers, he tenses, instinctively trying to flinch his hand away from her breast. Felicia quivers, once, but noticeably. I hold his hand in place until he very hesitantly overcomes himself and loosens up.

I draw the pads of his fingers down her mound, very slowly, tracing a line that will take his fingers just inside of her nipple. As they start moving, a light-but-crisp shiver sweeps Felicia. And I see goosebumps starting to spring up on her mound.

After about an inch, before his fingers are even with her nipple, I ask him "how do those tits feel?"

"Uh... they feel very nice, my Queen..."

I swat his bottom and scold him for the meaningless answer. "these tits feel very soft... like silk, my queen." He tries again. I accept that answer.

I move his fingers again, just as slowly, this time tracing a line that curves right to her nipple. Her mounds are perfectly rounded, and that's



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an uncommon treat. Even the dark rings around her nipples are part of the gentle rounding of her mound. Only the nipple itself breaks the perfect curve of their tops. It takes several teasing seconds for me to finally draw his fingers to the nub. I stroke his fingers tenderly over her hard nipple.

Kevin flinches again, but not as hard as last time. The look on his face, one of being grossed out, doesn't change. I take the time to circle his fingers over the steely hard nub. As I do, I see an imperceptible change come over Felicia. It's nothing specific that I can pick out, but something. I circle his fingers around the tip of her nub.

Felicia breathes out, her breath slightly deeper. Under it hear the faintest hint of a purr that I know she's desperately trying to hide. But she can hide the goosebumps steadily pulling tighter on her mound.

I put his hand flat against her mound, cupping his palm over the inside of it, his fingers over the top and her nipple. I put my hand squarely atop his and make him give the mound a tender little squish. Then another.

I lift his palm off her breast but leave two of his fingers on it. I stroke them around her mound in slow circles, inching in towards her nipple. Once I get his fingers to her nipple, which takes about a minute, I tease them over the nub.

I put my hand atop his again. I cup his hand to the underside, or what would be the underside if these breasts had one. I slowly curl his hand up, letting him brush lightly over her soft skin until I've managed to close his thumb and forefinger to her nipple. I pause for an instant with them barely touching the nub.

I slowly tighten his pinch on her nipple, keeping it very tender and light. Slowly, the tip of its hardness seems to poke up a little in his grip. Suddenly Felicia purrs out a very honeyed "OOH!" She tries hard to mute herself, but even under her breath, her hungry moan is easily heard.

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It makes Kevin grimace a little as he realizes that she's enjoying his touch. I make him repeat the tease to her other breast, this time doing it on his own. I keep my hand on his, but only to ensure he doesn't get too hard. Felicia purrs again, mutely, with almost every touch from him.

"Now, my little peasant boy, tell me how those tiny tits feel in your hand."

Kevin blushes brightly. He hesitates, then finally tells me, "Those tiny tits feel firm, but they're also squishy-soft, and they're very silky smooth. Except for the... nipples. Those feel very hard, but still silky soft, my Queen."

"Do you like tits?"

"Yes, my Queen."

"Do you like the feel of those tiny things?"

"Yes, my Queen..." Kevin sounds like admitting that is the last thing he wants to do. The look on his face tells me he's disgusted with himself for liking it, too.

"Wench, does your little moans mean that your skanky self likes his touch on those ant bites you call tits?"

"Yes, my Queen," Felicia admits, blushing a beet red.

I tighten my grip on Kevin's hand. Now I slowly stroke the tips of two fingers down Felicia's stomach. It doesn't take long for goosebumps to start eagerly popping up along the way. And about a half of a second longer for sweet shivers to start sweeping Felicia.

I feel a slight hesitancy, born of his innate discomfort with doing anything intimate with his mother, as his fingers reach her waistline. It's patently obvious that Kevin doesn't want to touch her like this. But it's just as obvious that he's enjoying the chance to touch a nude female body, even though it's hers.

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I keep his fingers moving the last inch until they slip into her bush. I stop them in roughly the center of her jungle-dense curls. "Is this wench's body pretty?"

"Yes, my Queen." Honestly, there isn't much else he could have answered. Felicia might be 41, but her body could pass for 30. It's still firm and toned and has a very feminine shape to it. Plus it's silky soft. From the shoulders down, she has a very sensual body. It has only one minor flaw: her breasts. They might be perfectly shaped, but they could be a few cup sizes bigger. Her face has a certain maturity to it. Not hardness, but more defined features and lines to it. But not a wrinkle or blemish yet.

"Do you like pretty girls?"

"Yes, my Queen."

"Then you like this wench's body, don't you peasant boy?"

He hesitates for a second. His voice drops several decibels and takes on a tone of utter humiliation, laced with a good bit of self-disgust.

"Yes, my Queen." He doesn't dare lie.

"How does that bush feel?"

"It... this bush is very soft, my Queen, like running my fingers through fine threads. And the... skin underneath it, it's the softest skin I've ever felt, my Queen..." He doesn't seem to want to admit that either.

I move his fingers, swirling them leisurely through her fur while keeping them in the center of her bush, and away from her pussy. "Do you like playing with this bush?"

"Yes, my Queen..." he confesses.

"Do you think this wench likes it when you, her little boy, plays shamelessly with her naked body?"

"No, my Queen." He says firmly.

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"Hmm... so you think her sloppy pussy is less aroused than it was a few minutes ago when she knelt before her Queen?"

"Yes, my Queen." he again says confidently.

"What do you say, wench? Is that skanky pussy hotter and wetter now? Or has it cooled down while your little boy fondled you as if you were a woman?"

Felicia hesitates for an instant. I see a single tear roll down her cheek as it blushes the deepest yet, to an almost crimson hue. "my sloppy pussy is much hotter and wetter now, my Queen." Her voice breaks with the shame of confessing it.

Kevin stiffens for an instant, reflexively trying to pull his hand away. I hold it, and he mostly relaxes. Then, and much to his relief, I pull his hand away from her bush. "Don't think about it, peasant boy. It's basic biology. This is a wench. Wenches only want their bodies used. They don't care who does what to them, as long as they're being used for someone's pleasure, they get just so hot and bothered! That's why I, nor any Queen, would allow wenches to roam freely around the realm!"

I pause a fraction of a second, just enough to break up my thoughts. "I'll show you. Wench, get on my coffee table, on your hands and knees so everyone can really how skanky and sloppy that pussy is." I say it firmly, but also kindly. I point steadily to the table.

Felicia doesn't really hesitate this time. She takes the step and starts getting up on it, her knees uncomfortable on its hard wooden top. As she starts getting on all fours, I start instructing her how I want her to kneel. I have her start with her feet fully, but just, dangling free off the edge of the table. I have her spread her knees and ankles all the way to the edges, spreading her thighs almost fully. I have her get her thighs straight up and down, even though they're angling outward. And then put her hands on the edge of the table, her elbows locked, and scoot them forward until her back is taut and parallel to the table. Finally, I have her

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pick her head up and stare forward. I warn her to be quiet and still.

From behind, I have a perfect view of her furry pussy. It's really the first close look I've had at it. It looks about as I knew it would. Her outer lips are plump and long, but narrow. Not even as wide as my finger. Between them her very wrinkly deep-purple-pink inner folds rise up, lying snug against each other, forming a long ridge that pokes a good  $\frac{1}{4}$ " above the tops of her outer lips and well into the fur standing off those lips. Only at the bottom, closest to her butt, do the loose folds part just slightly, leaving a deep, sharp valley between them. It's far too narrow to actually see down. I just see the darkness. But I know that valley falls all the way through and into her pussy.

Felicia's honey is creamy, nothing close to pasty, but a bit thicker than oil. It's almost perfectly clear, with only the finest tinge of white to it. It's rather clingy, too, apparently. I can see it's wetness sparkling on her lips, along her inner folds, into the creases of her thighs, and soaking all of the fur atop her mound. Soaking the fur so wet that I wonder if it's going to drip. She has a pleasant, very light, musky aroma, laced now with a hint of rose petal perfume.

Kevin doesn't want to see it. Yet he can't take his eyes from it. Over a few seconds, I see the revulsion slowly ebb from his face as he tries hard to convince himself the pussy he's seeing isn't his mom's. I'm sure he's been dying to see an actual pussy for years now, too. I'd bet he's wondering if this is what Kylie's looks like. And if he'll ever get to touch one. And have one. Just not this one.

I put my fingers to her lips. A crisp shiver sweeps over Felicia as she feels my touch there. I spread her lips, and her inner folds, wide, fully displaying all of her pinkness to everyone's eyes. There's plenty to see, too. More honey clings liberally to all of her. Her tunnel puckers out about  $\frac{1}{8}$ ", poking its pulpy walls out. She's moderately narrow. Narrow enough that I can't see down her tunnel. But I can see a very slight quiver in the jutting rim of its entrance.

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But there's one thing I can't miss, and I'm sure Kevin doesn't either. Her clit. It's swollen up hard, poking its head up like a half marble above its wrinkly knot of folds. It's swollen hard that its flesh is impossibly taut. And it throbs in time with her heartbeat, it's whitish tip flushing blood red for an instant. It's rock hard, too. And it's covered with a heavy coat of honey.

"It looks very sloppy wet and slutty eager to me!" I taunt her in a sweet voice. "slave, fetch me something from the pink box and we'll see just how eager this slut hole is."

"Oh, YES, Mistress! Right away, Mistress!" Sophie says very happily with a purely-evil grin on her face. She all but runs to the playroom. She returns, not letting Felicia get even a fleeting glimpse of what's in her hands. Then she kneels and humbly offers me "my requested test implement."

I take the long feather with it's silky and fine fur from her hand. With one hand still holding Felicia's lips splayed wide open, I deftly touch the tip of the feather to her clit. It's soft fur barely glances onto her rock hard nub. Felicia shrieks an urgent, loud, girly cry. Her body shudders. Her hips snap from side to side. Their crisp motion tosses a few sticky drops of her honey onto her thighs. She steadies herself, panting fast breaths laced with sultry moans.

I wiggle the feather, it's fur still barely touching her clit, stroking across it with the slightest of movements. Felicia shrieks another long cry that sounds like a desperate "AH!" drawn out for several seconds as her body shudders hard.

With her still panting fast moans, I take the feather from her clit. I touch it to the puckering rim of her tunnel. I draw it very casually around the edge of her spongy soft walls. Felicia shrieks out, her cru girly-high and absolutely desperate. She shudders hard. Her pussy twitches with crisp tremors. Each little twitch enough to squirt another drop of honey from her tunnel. Goosebumps cover everything, her lips, the creases of

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her thighs, and onto her red cheeks.

I take the feather away and let her lips close. She sighs out deeply, equal parts frustration and relief. She pants for a few breaths. "Well, peasant boy, there's only one little part of this wench you haven't seen yet." I slip my hands up, into the bottom of her crack. " Her asshole. "I push her cheeks wide apart.

Not only does it open her crack to expose the tight ring of her asshole, but it stretches her ring taut, smoothing out some of its wrinkles as it displays this last, and most personal, part of her body. Her ring is a deep brown-tinted purple that quickly fades to white as the wrinkly flesh over it flows out from the pinpoint funnel of her hole. Just beyond the tinted flesh, a narrow band of sparse and short fur rings the hole before flowing back together and fading off to nothing.

I can tell the sight is unwelcome to Kevin. My BFFs aren't exactly trying to see it either. Most people find the mere sight of an asshole to be gross, more so when it's immodestly displayed. Even men who are eager to try anal sex are usually much less eager for a good view of an asshole. Felicia's is tight, and it shows none of the signs of abuse. I guess she was telling the truth when she said she's not into anal sex.

"Be a good peasant boy." I tell Kevin in my mean-girl bully-sweet voice. "watch her tight little butt hole, and your Queen will prove to you that this wench is nothing but a complete gutter slut. Watch." I take the tip of the feather and bring it up to the dark flesh. I touch just a few strands of its fur to the rim where her flesh curves and begins to dive sharply into the hole.

Felicia shrieks. It's her loudest, most urgent, most erotic, cry yet. She draws the cry out for an eternity. Her muscles snap to full tightness. Her body shudders wildly. A good-sized drop of her honey shoots powerfully out of her pussy, through her lips, and lands on the table a few inches out. Her head snaps back, straining her neck.

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I take the feather away. Felicia pants hard, hungry breaths for a few seconds. The shudders quickly ebb into shivers that slowly fade. After a few more seconds her pants deepen into sultry, throaty, and slightly moaning breaths. "You will stay still while I show your little peasant boy what a complete slut you are, wench," I tell her firmly.

I return the feather to the same point on her rim. Just its touch is enough to get Felicia shrieking again. And shivering crisply. Her ring clenches back to its impossible tightness as I start drawing the tip of the feather, a few scant threads of its fur, along her rim.

The instant it starts caressing her nervy and virginal flesh, Felicia's shivers snap into a violent crispness. Her ring no longer clenches its tightest. Instead, it spasms, fast, and sharply. Her shriek turns to an outright scream, steadily rising in pitch as she draws out the long "OOH!" Her pussy must be twitching as sharply as her asshole. I couldn't even measure the fraction of a second it took for the first little jet of honey to squirt of the deep valley between her folds. It flies about six inches back. A second one soon follows, this one shooting back a couple more inches as the twitches in her pussy sharpen.

I make it less than a quarter of the way around her rim. Her bottom snaps hard, her taut back arching up. Her bottom thrashes from side to side as wildly as it possibly can. A stream of her honey shoots back, this one almost missing the table and landing it on the floor.

I take the feather away from her asshole. Felicia falls loose, her head falling down to hang freely as she sucks deep, hungry breaths.

I use just the fingers of my hand to "spank" her pussy mound. Felicia yelps from it, even as she shudders anew. I decide it's a mistake. It leaves a very thick coat of her honey sticking to my fingers. "EW, gross!" I groan. Sophie scrambles to get a wet wipe and clean my hand off. Izzy and Reagan giggle. Ellie outright laughs at me. Finally, it's Izzy who declares "so skanky!" it gets everyone giggling again.



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Once my hand is cleaned off, I ask Kevin if he thinks "the wench might have enjoyed having her little peasant boy feel her up shamelessly just a little too much." He very reluctantly admits that he pussy does look a "little ready..." I send Sophie to fetch me a training collar. "I guess we'll just have to teach this slutty wench to behave her skanky pussy when her Queen wishes it to behave. I have just the lesson for her!"

Sophie is back with the collar. My training collars are simple, plain leather dog collars I got at PetsMart. I have them in pastel pink for girls, and that's what Felicia gets. With her still on all fours, I buckle the collar around her neck and lace a shiny brass luggage padlock through its holes to ensure it stays around her neck. Then I clip a matching leash to the collar. "Come along, wench. You're going to suffer a lesson you will never forget!"

Kevin starts to creep off to the side. I firmly "invite" him to come along and watch her lesson. That way he can see "the full extent of her complete sluttiness." I promise him it will be the sluttiest, most indecent and lewd display he's ever thought of. He follows, as thrilled to see such a show as he is unhappy to see Felicia staring in it.

It takes me several minutes to get Felicia where I want her. I have a stand that's little more than a pair of sawhorses, side by side, and bolted to a wood base. I have Felicia bent over them, one of them snug against her waist, the second under her shoulders. I have her arms stretched out along its beam, a rough hemp rope wound around each arm with snug coils fully covering it from the wrist up to her shoulder. That alone will ensure her shoulders stay right where I put them. I have her feet spread wide, to the ends of the sawhorse, and just as snugly bound to its legs. Then I have another rope wound around her narrow hips. On either side the rope makes three tight loops around the beam, then three more around her thigh. It'll hold her hips snugly still for me. And I have the added benefit of her bright red bottom poking out of me, even with her back held tautly.

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I have Sophie fetch me a fresh feather. I wave it around for just a second. It's enough to get a light giggle from my friends, all of whom know what I'm about to do. Kevin guesses that Felicia is in for more of what she just got. His look is more... interested, as if he knows she liked it and won't mind a little more of it. But it's also a look that says he would prefer not to watch it. I'm sure he would so prefer that it was one of my friends, or Sophie, about to get it. Then I'd have his undivided rapt attention. He'd love to see that.

I spread Felicia's pussy wide open again. Her clit is just as swollen, and just as eager, for some attention. I start there, teasing it with the feather's light caress.

It takes about a tenth of a second for Felicia to start shrieking desperately urgent moans. She stiffens up. Her fists ball. Her toes curl. Her head thrashes around. But with my ropes holding her firmly in place, that's about all she can do to show her sweet torment.

Her pussy twitches again, squirting tiny drops of her honey. Now, with her lips wide and her tunnel standing out toward me, I can see her walls as they twitch. Crisply. Not as sharply as they would if she were climaxing, but close.

I keep the feather moving, stroking it slowly over the tip of her throbbing nub several times. Then I stroke it along the inside of a loose fold as I bring it up to her tunnel. She's far too narrow to ease the feather into her tunnel, but any woman would be. I stroke the feather around the rim of her meaty walls, caressing its fine fur over the hungry sponginess of the edge of her walls.

It's a sight to see. I stroke her very slowly. As the silky strands move along her walls, the hot, flushed pinkness of her walls snaps with tiny little twitches exactly where the fur is touching her. It's almost as if the fur is a live wire, sending those icy hot sparks shooting right into the walls of her pussy. I point it out, making certain that Kevin takes a good look.

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Then I move the feather up Felicia's other wrinkly fold. I bring it back to her clit, and start anew with a fresh tease. It doesn't matter where my feather is caressing her. Felicia cries out just the same. She tests my ropes just as energetically, too. They never let her move. They force her to stand there while I so pleasantly, agonizingly, and slowly, tease her body.

It only takes one lap around Felicia's pussy for her asshole to begin spasming again. With her legs spread I can kind of see down her crack, enough to see the ring of muscle and it's snapping contractions. I ignore that at first. But after about five minutes, once I'm sure Felicia has felt the full force of the feather's tease, I spread her cheeks wide.

Just pushing her firm globes apart and fully baring her tiny back door is enough to send the crispest of shivers sweeping over her. I have Sophie get me a fresh feather, mine long ago having picked up a very heavy lining of Felicia's creamy honey. It makes the strands of the feather's fur clump together as it clings to them. That kind of dulls the silkiness, the softness of their caress. I wouldn't want to cheat Felicia out of their full effect!

I touch the tip of the fresh feather to Felicia's clenched ring. As I stroke it around the rim of her tight hole Felicia shudders hard against the ropes. After a single stroke around her asshole, I return to her pussy making a full circuit around her sopping wet pinkness. Then I return to her asshole for another lap there. This time the feather paints a shining coat of fresh, wet, honey around her rim.

I keep right on going, teasing Felicia hard. I'm pretty sure she's aroused enough that I could bring her to climax just by stroking the feather over her clit for a moment. A short moment. I can see that teasing her pussy with the feather would do it, too. Judging by the goosebumps that have sprouted up over the ring of dark flesh around the ring of muscle that's her asshole, I know I could bring her to orgasm by teasing that, too. But I also know that the time I'm spending teasing her lips, and

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the little space between her pussy and asshole, is plenty of time for her need to ebb back just the slightest hair from the edge of a climax. And then, I'm teasing a place her nerves are sensitive again, pushing right back to where she had been. It very effectively holds her at the edge of orgasm.

The edge of an orgasm is an agonizing place to be. Her pussy throbs powerfully, aching so strongly that it feels like she can't bear another second of it. Her brain stops working, thinking only of getting over the edge. The sensations don't stay put in her pussy, either. They flow out, quickly flooding her entire body. Her reflexes instinctively work her muscles hard, trying to move her pussy around and hopefully squirm it against something to get that tiniest push to send her to heaven. My ropes make sure she doesn't. And all of it feels too-incredible.

I spend the next twenty minutes tormenting Felicia. She spends it lost in the sweet agony, not thinking, just enduring the unbearable pleasure. Her performance is worthy of the sluttiest of porn stars.

I take a vote on whether or not Felicia has learned her lesson about "sexual neglect." the vote is three-to-one that Felicia could use a little more "education." Only Kevin votes to end the show, and I think that's only because he doesn't want to watch Felicia at her sluttiest. If it were Sophie on the stand, I'd bet he would make her suffer forever. Boys just never seem to get bored watching naked girls.

I have Sophie fetch me a spreader. It's just like the one any gynecologist would use, only somewhat smaller. It's clear plastic. I use my feather to caress Felicia's asshole while I put it's "blades" to the entrance of her tunnel and gently press them into her. One squeeze of its handle and it opens, stretching her walls taut and opening her tunnel up. I don't stretch her too wide, just enough. I stop with her walls open at about ¾". That's plenty for this lesson.

I ease the feather into her opened tunnel. The feather is thin enough that I can do it without touching her walls. I move quickly, not wanting Felicia to ebb too far back from the edge of her orgasm. I put the

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tip of the feather almost all the way to Felicia's depths. Only then do I touch its silky fur to her walls, a scant fraction of an inch short of the very depths of her tunnel. I slowly draw the feather along her taut walls between the blades of the spreader that hold them open for me. As I do, I wiggle the strands quickly over her tender pink flesh with as soft of a stroke as possible.

Felicia clenches her teeth. And now she breathes out the deepest, most urgent, moans through those gritted teeth. Her pussy twitches against the plastic blades. And the icy hot sparks burn her pussy walls under the softness of the feather. But now, with Felicia's pussy held wide open, we can all see the tiny snapping twitches of those sparks as her meaty flesh seems to jump. We can see the river of honey pooled at the bottom of her tunnel. And we can see the tiny rivulet of it as it flows out of her tunnel and rains down toward her clit.

I make Kevin see it all, adopting the voice of the high school teacher Felicia is as if I'm teaching a class. A class as factual and dull as Algebra. Only it's not Algebra I'm lecturing him on. It's pussies. But unlike the sex ed classes in our schools where he'd have been lucky to see a drawing of a pussy with all of the parts properly labeled, now he's seeing it live, in all, it's graphic, sloppy, wet, twitching, and hot detail. With a soundtrack that could have come from any porn movie on the internet!

I make Felicia suffer ten more minutes of that. I doubt she has a clue what's going on, or even who is doing what to her body. She's too lost in the sweet agony of urgent arousal. I'd bet she doesn't have a clue that I've used her shamelessly displayed pussy as a teaching prop for Kevin. I take a second vote. This time, it's two-to-two, Reagan joining Kevin in voting to end Felicia's tease. Ties don't count. And Sophie doesn't get a vote. Princess Lilly does, but she's asleep in my bedroom, and most certainly in my bed, so she must be abstaining. It leaves me to decide, and I'm far too evil to ever vote for relief when the show is still amusing me. So Felicia stays put.

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I move the feather down to Felicia's clit and tease that for the few seconds it takes me to release the spreader and pull it easily from her pussy. Its blades are coated with a thick film of her clingy honey. But it looks slippery enough. I put the closed blades of the spreader to Felicia's asshole.

She clenches her ring as tightly as she can. It stays tensed up, it's spasms now sweeping over its muscle as strong rippling tremors. This spreader isn't any bigger than my thumb. Its closed blades touching each other. They're straight, like popsicle sticks. I press firmly, but not too hard. They easily press into the tight ring of muscle, stretching it slightly to make room. I push about an inch and a half of the blades into her. Not that it would make a difference, once they're fully through her muscle, she won't really feel them much until they get to the back of her bowels, and they're not long enough for that.

I squeeze the handle again. It takes a little more pressure to stretch the muscle of her asshole open. I do it slowly, not wanting to hurt her. At first, her ring resists. But once I have it open a bit, not even as wide as a pencil, her muscle suddenly turns to rubber and allows itself to be gently opened up. I open that muscle about the same as I did her pussy.

It's wide enough to let me see inside Felicia's bottom. To see the blood-red membrane of her bowel, lined with thick blue veins and bright red arteries. Too bad the million nerves lining it can't be seen. Nor can the million nerves in the tender flesh of her asshole, that dark flesh now stretched taut by the blades holding her open. I ignore the waste I see inside her – after all, I am seeing straight up her butt, what would I expect to see?

I have Sophie fetch yet another feather. I start with the taut flesh of her ring, putting the soft fur to it between the blades and making its fir dance over her skin. Felicia's gritted teeth spring wide open, her jaw hanging, her mouth almost puckering, as she screams a sultry cry so loud it hurts our ears. Her pussy lips quiver hard as the previously-unknown,

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and unimagined, erotic chills storm into her ring and sweep over her body racking her with hard shudders that test the ropes harder than ever.

"Isn't that so slutty of her!" I say tauntingly. I say it for Kevin, not Felicia. I doubt Felicia is hearing anything. I can barely hear myself over her screeching, squealing "EE!" "Watch this! This will be even skankier!"

I let the tip of the feather slip through her gaping hole and finally touch her bowel maybe an inch past the tips of the blades. Then I start drawing it as slowly as I can back toward her asshole, stroking its fine strands along her insides with the gentlest, most fleeting touch.

Felicia screeches away. Her asshole tenses, it's full strength squeezing against the blades holding her open powerfully enough that I see the blades bend slightly inward. Inside, the fine muscle of her bowel spasms, snapping against the tip of the feather as if to shove it out of her bottom. Below, her pussy twitches hard enough to squirt more droplets of honey out between her lips and make those furry lips tremble. And tears run down her cheeks.

It takes only about a second, two at the most. Then I finally see what I want to. I see her bowel, or rather just the bottom side of it, jump up sharply, the snapping twitches of her pussy, which is just under that thin membrane, pounding against it. I point it out to everyone. The girls giggle.

I have to make Kevin look. To see anything, he has to look closely through the spreading ring of her asshole and peer deep up her bottom. It's so clearly a sight he could have happily gone his whole life without seeing. But I make him see it. And once he sees the hard twitches underneath it wiggling her bowels around, actually see the powerful tremors rocking through the entire depths of her pussy, his eyes watch, enthralled by the display. He brings his eyes close, so he's seeing only butt and pussy, and I'm certain forgetting whose butt and pussy he's seeing.

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I make Felicia endure another ten minutes of that. But I don't vote. I announce "that's 41 minutes of class for this 41-year-old wench. I guess class is over." I sigh. As I take the feather away and release the spreader. It only takes her hole a couple of seconds to cinch back to full tightness.

I part Felicia's pussy lips. Sophie brings me a fresh feather and I put its tip to Felicia's pounding clit. I start flicking its delicate fur over the tip of her aching nub as fast as I can. "Cum now, wench!" I tell her. Not a second later her pussy shoots a huge gob of honey at me. Her body shudders sharp and hard against the ropes as her orgasm begins. It goes on for about four minutes. And I spend every second of those minutes flicking the feather over the tip of her nub. I stop only when I see the powerful waves of her orgasm ebb for an instant. Then I stop before a second climax can quickly build and take her even before the first is finished.

Felicia falls limp. She pants deep, breathy purrs as she tries to catch her breath. Her pussy twitches on for another minute. Then, once the tremors have faded, her honey merely weeps slowly from her slit. I have Sophie untie her. It takes Sophie a while, close to seven or eight minutes, to unwind all the rope from her.

When Felicia is done, I have her stand. I clip the leash back to her collar. I walk slow. She follows me on rubbery legs back to the living room. I make her stand, facing the sofas and everyone as we take seats. I make her describe "finally being used for the gutter slut of a wench she is."

"It was by far better than I ever imagined any sex could be, even in my fantasies, my Queen. I... can't believe how totally you could control me, my Queen. I tried so hard to cum, but I couldn't, no matter what I did. And then you told me to cum, and I came right then! I never imagined anyone could control me so fully, so easily, my Queen. You showed me that you truly do own me, my Queen."

"You *will not* masturbate. Not now, not ever. You will wait until I



## Her Son's First Lesson

fancy using that skanky pussy for something..." I give her a few other instructions, such as that she's to begin every morning by writing me a very complete email and telling me about her night, then her plans for the day. She's to do that immediately after she gets out of bed and makes her bed before she doesn't anything else. Then, she's to send another email every night, and once she sends it she's to do nothing except get in bed and go to sleep. She's to be available to serve her Queen whenever I fancy, and I don't care what else she thought she wanted to do. She's also to know what her "little boy" is doing at all times, and I want to hear about that, too.

Then I smirk wide. In my sweetest voice, I tell her "but I'll give you something to look forward to, wench. Behave your naughty butt, and someday fairly soon I will summon you for a very nice enema! You can amuse me by squirming around with your butt just absolutely flooded!"

I see Felicia wince hard at the thought of enduring an enema. Good. I want her to think about it. About how uncomfortable it's going to be for her. I'm confident she's going to be thinking of little else until I finally summon her for it. We both know that when I do, she's going to come and accept her fate.

"Yes, my Queen..." Felicia answers.

"Yes, my Queen, what, wench? I want to hear it." I say tauntingly.

"Yes, my Queen, Whenever you decide to summon me, I will come get my enema and I'm sure my miserable squirming will entertain you, my Queen."

"Would you like a bigger enema so you'll squirm more?"

"Yes, my Queen," Felicia answers, her voice reluctant and anxious. Her nipples stiffen back to full hardness. "Will you please give me the biggest enema my bottom can handle so that I will squirm the most miserably for your entertainment, my Queen?"

## Her Teasing Lesson

“Since you asked so nicely, I will!”

I tell Felicia to get dressed and return to her seat beside Kevin on the sofa. I remind her to “ignore her stinging bottom” while she does. Living with that fiery-hot, needle-sharp stinging is part of the punishment.



Draining His Cock

## Her Son's First Lesson

Now that Felicia is fully dressed again and sitting beside her son, it's time for Kevin's lesson. If he thought I was going to let him go untormented after he stalked a girl, he's got another thing coming! I happen to have a soft spot for girls! He has to learn.

"Now it's time for you to learn your lesson, peasant boy." I say very sweetly before switching to a stern voice and adding "stand." then I glare hard at Kevin.

He very hesitantly gets to his feet and after a second of thought, remembers to put his hands behind him. I'm sure he's wondering what I'm going to do to him. Will he like his lesson as much as Felicia appeared to like hers? Will he be able to handle it, or will he screech and squirm like... less of a man? And I hope he's wondering how deeply I plan to humiliate him.

"Wench..." I sigh out, "since you should have taught your little boy about sex, and failed, you can help me do your job. Undress your little boy." I turn my eyes quickly to Kevin and stare hard at him, "stay. Just stand still and let mommy undress you like the little boy you've been acting like." I glance quickly down to the table and the paddle still resting on it. I hope he caught my glance and its meaning. Misbehave and you'll get that paddle.

Felicia rises, then squats down. She takes his shoes and socks off first, starting a very neat pile with them, just as I had her do with her own clothes.

He's wearing a short-sleeved t-shirt and jeans today. Kevin looks to be decently built for a man who is barely eighteen. He's tall, just a hair under six feet, and looks to be fairly lean. He has very short, almost buzz cut but not quite that short, light-to-medium brown hair. He has his mother's blue eyes on the same general shape of face with roughly the same strong line to his jaw. He has a soft-featured nose and the same straight mouth with medium pink lips. On him, it looks good and manly.

## Draining His Cock

Felicia doesn't drag her feet as she pulls his t-shirt up over his head. It bares his hairless chest to us. HE doesn't have the rippled muscles I love, as an athlete would. Nor does he have the body of a man who works out a lot. But he does have an obvious musculature to him, and he is fit. There's no body fat him, either. His nipples are the same shade as Felicia's, but his are much smaller and more masculine. They're little more than pencil-point nubs rising up 1/8th of an inch, surrounded by rings maybe the size of nickles, maybe a little bigger, but not quite the size of Felicia's quarter-sized rings. They rise up from a flat chest, with a slight-but-defined muscle behind them.

He sees my BFFs eyeing his chest. None look particularly excited by it, but all seem to appreciate it, at least enough. Kevin starts to relax for an instant, then he tenses up stiff as he feels Felicia's hands unbuttoning his jeans.

She doesn't feel the shyness that Kevin so obviously does as she slides his jeans down his tense legs. She focuses on what she's doing. Kevin focuses on the embarrassment he's suddenly feeling as he's undressed by his mother in front of four girls, none of whom he even knows her name. Izzy and I, we're told, look to be college girls. Reagan looks like she could be. As does Ellie, but with Ellie's free/hippie demeanor it's hard to guess much about her.

It bares a pair of long, slightly strong look legs. Those, unlike his chest, have a light coat of black hairs to them. It also bares a pair of plain white briefs to our eyes. And a moderate bulge in the front of those simple underwear.

Felicia averts her eyes, looking just behind him, as she slips his briefs down. She doesn't hesitate. She does bare a dense bush of long, very-curly, and slightly wiry hairs that cover his pubes up to his waist and down into the creases of his thighs. Then they thin as they flow into the hair of those thighs.

Kevin cringes, squishing his eyes tightly shut as it bares his cock to

## Her Son's First Lesson

us girls. His cock appears to be about average in size, probably slightly on the good size of average. And it's circumcised, which is a plus in my book. It lets us all see its light-purple-pink head. His cock is as stiff as steel, and without his briefs on it stands out towards us, angling slightly upwards.

That gives me a good view of his balls. They look to be a hair on the large side. The little eggs hang free, dangling loosely in a very furry sack. His looks to be a decent-sized sack, letting his balls hang down far enough to leave close to an inch between the tops of them and his shaft.

Kevin, after a few seconds without anyone giggling, reluctantly opens one eye enough to peek. He's greeted by the sight of three girls, my BFFs, eyeing his cock with neither ridicule nor too much interest in it. Then again, it's not like these girls have never seen a cock before. They've seen better and worse right here. And from what they've told me, better in their bedrooms. Or at least as good. I've seen much worse, as short as less than four inches. And much better. Long enough (over nine inches) to make a horse envious.

I scold him to stop acting like a mouse and get his eyes open. "Your Queen wishes to display that dick to these ladies." He unhappily opens his eyes. The slight tension in his arms tells me he's making himself keep them behind his back instead of where he wants them - in front of his cock.

I ask Felicia "get a good look at that cock and tell us all how it measures up to the precious few you've actually seen, wench."

A sudden look of ill-ease sweeps Felicia. She turns her eyes back and barely glances at it. With the same ill-ease shaming her voice to a muteness, Felicia tells me, "it's pretty close to most... only one man, Jerry, was much smaller..."

"Now we'll see just how this boy measures up. Slave, measure it."

Sophie giggles out a gleeful "yes, Mistress." Quickly she's gotten

## Draining His Cock

the cock measure from my desk and is kneeling down in front of Kevin, his cock even with her eyes and close in front of her. The "cock measure" is just a metric ruler with a few additions. There's a sliding guide on it. And I've added a strip with "cock-sizes" marked on it. Those start at four inches, with an arrow pointing to the zero, the large swath there labeled "eunuch." At five inches there's a line marked "little boy." at six inches there's a mark called "big boy." At seven inches, it's called "man." eight inches is named "manly man." And at nine inches there's a marked named "horse," complete with a picture of a cartoon horse endowed with a cock that reaches the floor.

Sophie puts the measure up along the underside of his shaft. The uses her fingers to tenderly guide it into place, lying straight along the measure. Her delicate ultra-feminine fingers touching his over-eager cock is plenty to get his shaft to twitch a couple of times sharply. She closes the guide it's lightly against the very tip of his shaft.

"This little boy's cock measures 149 millimeters, Mistress," Sophie announces. I know metrics well, but I doubt Kevin does. Few Americans do. Thus he doesn't know just how long his cock is. Or if it's average, longer, or shorter. I like to have men's cocks measured. Guys are just always so sensitive about it! And Kevin doesn't disappoint me. I can see the blush blooming in cheeks as he listens to Sophie casually announce the length of his cock.

Sophie lowers the measure and closes the slider to about two inches. She puts the measure up under his cock again, this time sideways, and closes the slider. Then she moves it around, making sure she's measuring the thickest part of his shaft. She announces "this cock is 21 millimeters thick, Mistress.

I don't have to do the math. I know it puts him a hair under six inches, and just over  $\frac{3}{4}$ " across. Which gives it a respectable 2.5" circumference. While it's definitely not the greatest, it is above average. Definitely not something he should be embarrassed about. And I know



## Her Son's First Lesson

that he's going to be converting those measurements the instant he gets to a calculator. Men!

I point to the blank spot on the wall and tell Felicia to take Kevin by the hand and walk him the few steps over there. She does, glad to have an excuse to look anywhere but at him. Once he's at the wall, I tell him how to stand. I want him to start a long stride back from the wall, then lean over and put his back flat while bracing his palms against the wall with his elbows fully bent. And with his feet wide apart.

It has his legs taut in an upside-down V. At the top of the V, his balls dangle freely down. Behind them, his stiff cock angles down toward the floor. But above those balls, I see a pair of strong, hard, and toned cheeks. Not exactly sculpted, but none of him is that nice. But they are some manly globes with only a light fur on them. I just love looking at men like this. I love the way their cock and balls hang down.

I put my hand under his loose-hanging balls. Slowly, and very softly, I lift my hand up letting his balls gently come to rest on my palm. I cup them, taking care not to squeeze them. I make sure I get a good feel of their size. And more importantly to me, of the looseness of his sack and how they hang in it. He doesn't seem to mind this at all. I release his balls just as nicely. "Oh, you poor little boy! Those balls are just so swollen up and over full!"

Then I push his cheeks apart, feeling their firmness as I spread them. As I bare the dark, hair-fringed ring of his asshole. I spread them wider, stretching the dark-brown purplish flesh over his ring taut and smoothing out most of the wrinkles. His ring is slightly larger than Felicia's but just as tight. It's cinched down to barely more than a funnel-shaped pin-prick.

I hold his cheeks spread, eyeing his ring, while I hold my other hand out for Sophie to loudly snap a latex glove on. She puts a tiny drop of lubricating jelly atop my first finger.

## Draining His Cock

I touch the tip of that greasy finger to his asshole. He immediately trembles as his ring cinches even tighter, and strains to close even more. He sucks in a very nervous breath. "I know you're going to love this so much you'll want to do it many times, but try hard to be a very good boy for your Queen and stay still," I tell him. I wonder if he catches the hint that if he doesn't stay still, he'll do it over until he does, or if he's too busy dreading it to have listened to me.

I press the tip of my finger firmly against his tight muscle. He stays closed, his instinct resisting the invasion. He lasts less than a second. His ring yields. Not suddenly, but turning rubbery and allowing my finger to press forward. As my finger starts sliding into him, the slippery gel letting it slide easily through the snugness of his muscle, I slowly stretch his ring around my finger. Very quickly his finger is firmly squeezed around my finger, the dark, taut skin contrasting against the pastel green of my glove. My finger slips forward, his muscle too-rubbery to offer much resistance or drag. Soon all of my finger has vanished into the tense hole, leaving the web of my finger against his muscle.

As soon as I feel his muscle begin to yield, I hear him grunt softly as if he's trying hard not to show anything.

With my finger fully inside his bottom, I pause for a short second. Keeping still allows his muscle to loosen its grip on my finger a hair. Then I slowly curl my finger inside him. I do it slowly, making him feel every bit of its movement, and letting him know I'm not hurrying just for his comfort. I curl the finger up completely so that the pad of my finger comes to rest against the end of his bowel, just above the harder muscle of his asshole. The movement gets another muted grunt from him.

I slowly run the pad of my finger over his insides, feeling the rim of his muscular ring against my finger's pad just before the first knuckle. It doesn't take me a half of a second to feel the slightly swollen, firm gland of his prostate. As my finger caresses lightly over it, I feel his asshole snap tight around my finger. Once my finger glides off his gland, his

## Her Son's First Lesson

muscle releases its grip on my finger. I straighten my finger out and then ease it slowly out of his bottom. Kevin exhales a deep sigh of relief as it slips from him and allows his muscle to cinch back up.

"Did you ever teach your little boy to masturbate properly? Never mind, it's obvious that you didn't. His prostate is just so swollen up. Which can mean only one thing – despite his completely amateurish attempts to masturbate, he might have gotten a nice load of cum out of those balls, but he very clearly hasn't been able to satisfy that little boy's cock!"

I quickly grab Felicia's hand and ball up her fist leaving only her first finger extended. I make sure that her finger is straight. "Here, see for yourself, wench!" I don't bother to even offer Felicia a glove. I put the tip of her finger to Kevin's tense asshole and watch it tighten up as hard as it can. I don't bother to use any lubricant, either, but there's a thick enough film of the slippery gel already on his asshole that more wouldn't really make a difference.

I push her finger snugly against his resisting ring. It doesn't take any longer for his muscle to surrender to his mother's finger than it did to accept mine. Felicity's finger isn't much, if any, thicker than mine. It is slightly longer, but she's also a longer woman. But she has shorter fingernails than I do. Hers barely rise above the tips of her fingers. Mine are close to ½" long. And mine are painted a deep red today. Hers aren't.

Kevin grunts again, muting it as he tries to "be a man."

Felicia's finger stretches his ring gently, as mine did. It glides over his taunt, dark flesh, its way eased by the thin film of gel still painted on the skin. It's easy to see the contrast of Felicia's milky white skin against the deep-brown-purple skin of his ring. His muscle snuggling down close around her finger.

I keep her finger moving. She grimaces but keeps her arm loose for me. Her finger easily slides all the way into his bottom. I have her curl

## Draining His Cock

her finger up. She flinches as she does it and Kevin grunts.

I want Felicia to do this right. So I do it for her. I rock her hand very slowly, rocking her finger along with it. But I can't tell if her touch is gentle and light, as I've told her to do. "Can you feel how hard and big that prostate is swollen up, wench?"

"Yes, my Queen..." Felicia answers quickly as if she just wants her finger out her son's butt. I can't blame her for that - butts can be such dirty places and she doesn't have a glove on!

"That's from not satisfying his cock and getting all that sticky, yucky, cum out of it when he plays with it. Such a huge build-up of unreleased cum makes boys do the craziest things! It makes them think with the little head instead of the big one!"

I've kept Felicia's finger softly caressing over his prostate while I scolded her. Kevin spends the seconds breathing deep, slightly strained breaths as if he's struggling to control himself. "I'm sure that's why he's been acting so inappropriately with girls. With a build-up that big in his cock, those balls are just way so desperate for a proper release! That little head must think just any girl could do it so much better than he can!"

Kevin's deep breaths start taking on a slight purr to them. It's a deep, manly purring, but it's just as sweet. I know Felicia has to hear it. "And it's your fault, wench. This is your little boy! You should have taught him about the things he has to know to grow up into a big boy! Big boys have to know how to take care of their cocks. Otherwise, they start letting just any girl touch it for them. Even the skankiest of whores can get the cum out of a cock for a big boy. Or a little boy who desperately wants to be a big boy!"

By now, there's no mistaking the sweetness of Kevin's purrs. He's enjoying Felicia's prostate massage. By the look on her face, I know it's the first one she's ever given. And there's no doubt it's Kevin's first. Not just his first prostate massage, but the first time any girl has really given

## Her Son's First Lesson

him any manly enjoyment. I'd bet a few minutes of this would be plenty to make that cock cum, even with nothing touching it.

"You are going to bring your little peasant boy back to the playroom. Since you've utterly failed him, your Queen will have to ensure that her newest worthless subject learns what boys need to know to grow up into good peasant fuck-toys to amuse their Queen." I ease her finger out of his bottom.

Kevin sighs again, this time with equal parts relief and lament. He might not have liked the thought of anything inside his bottom, but he would have so happily stood there until it made him cum. And then he would have ran and hidden in shame. Men.

I tell him quickly to stand up. I don't offer Felicia a wipe for her finger. I just firmly tell her to take Kevin by the hand and follow me. She does, kindly offering him the hand that wasn't just up his butt.

Ten minutes later Kevin is starting to look very nervous. I have him tied to a table that's built like a big Y. It's made of inch-thick slats, 16" wide on the base, and the arms a mere 4" wide. One-inch lumber isn't that sturdy, but the steel under it is immovable and rigid. The center of the Y, where the board should meet, has been cut away to leave his bottom hanging unsupported and offer me unhindered access to it. I have ropes wound rather snugly around his legs, from the creases of his thighs down to his ankles, each coil lying flush against the last. Those will hold his legs exactly where I put them. I have his hands locked under the base with cuffs that are bolted to its underside. I have a rope wound three times around his waist, over his hip bones, holding him firmly to the end of the base leg. And I have another rope around his shoulders, binding those to the base as well.

I tell Felicia that she is to stand beside her son. She may touch him anywhere from the navel up and may hold his hands if she wants. But she is to make sure that he can see her face at all times. It's easier said than done. He's bound flat on the table, his eyes looking up. All he can

## Draining His Cock

do is roll his head and lift it up a hair. My BFFs all stand beside the table as well, all ready for the show, and all eyeing his cock as its stiffness lies flat along his stomach, ready and waiting.

I offer the girls a chance to touch his cock, to do whatever they fancy with it. Kevin suddenly looks very happy, and very hopeful, as I offer his cock to them. Then he looks embarrassed, pitiful, and sullen when none of the pretty girls wants anything to do with his cock. Apparently, he's too uninitiated to know none of them were ever going to play with his cock. Two of them have boyfriends. And Ellie doesn't particularly like her men tied. From what we've heard, she prefers them wild, hands clawing everywhere passionately as they take her hard and powerfully, but not roughly.

"Well, luckily your Queen keeps a skanky whore handy for the cocks no woman is willing to touch! Slave, fetch my skanky whore."

Both Felicia and Kevin look surprised. Neither thought there was anyone else here. Felicia's eyes dart around the room, searching for whoever she's missed, and finding no one. Kevin tries, but he can't see 90% of the room. But he can see Felicia searching and searching without her eyes finding anyone to lock onto.

Sophie goes behind the screen in the corner. It's only four feet high, so these two, like most people, assume there's no one behind it. But it does go all the way to the floor, blocking them from seeing the dog kennel behind it. Or from seeing what Sophie is having crawl out of the cage. Sophie clips a leash to Paige's collar and then has Paige stand up and leads her to me. Sophie kneels and offers me the handle of the leash. I take it.

Felicia eyes Paige. I have her standing beyond Kevin's feet, where Kevin can't see her. The girls just roll their eyes and grin. They all know that Paige has no limits and no shame. She'll eagerly do whatever I tell her to, with whomever I say to. Nothing matters to her. Not body. Not size. Not appearance. Not gender. Nothing.

## Her Son's First Lesson

Paige stands demurely, hands behind her back, and waiting for her instructions. She's nude, as she always is around the apartment.

Paige is 18 years old. She stands 5'4", and at 120 pounds is fairly lean. She has a fairly oval face with green eyes, a long soft nose, and a wide mouth framed with full light-pink lips. She has long light brown hair that hangs down along her shoulders in curly tresses. And she has a face that looks young as if she's closer to 16 than 18.

Paige has a lean figure that's moderately curvy. She's too thin to be really curvy. Her stomach is flat, her skin lightly bronzed from sunning nude on the roof of the building (with supervision, naturally). Her legs are slightly leaner than the rest of her, making them look longer and shapely. Her pubes are shaven silky smooth and bare to show off a pussy mound that's even more prominent and puffy than Felicia's, but with slightly wider lips that almost meet, leaving only a narrow gash between them that barely shows any of her light pink inner folds.

But what Felicia is glaring at is Paige's breasts. They're larger, 34-B cups that would be almost, if not, a handful for Kevin. They're pert and firm, the tips of her mounds taking a slight pointiness to them. And they are topped with a pair of rather wide nipples, surrounded by rings that seem to take up half of her breasts. All of it in a light-to-medium shade of pink. Even the nipples that are swollen up stiff and rising their rounded tops off those mounds. Then again, Paige's nipples always get hard the minute she's leashed! Whores!

I see a trace of envy in Felicia's eyes, and a mask of distaste on her face, as if to say "G-d wasted those nice breasts on this girl?" And a slight wariness, as if wondering what this girl is going to do with her son.

"Be a good skanky whore, go show the little virgin boy what a cheap whore's body looks like."

Paige very obediently hurries over to Kevin. Seeing that he's bound, she leans over his face, holding her breasts about six inches in

## Draining His Cock

front of his eyes.

We all watch as Kevin's eyes almost pop out of his head as if they're trying to jump up to these breasts. And we see the huge smile on his face. We all see his cock twitch lightly a couple of times as well. I'd say he's very pleasantly surprised. He expected my skanky whore to be some old, fat, ugly woman. Instead, he's getting to see a naked girl who is as young and pretty as his Kylie.

Paige gives him about fifteen seconds to admire her breasts. Then she stands. She deftly climbs up on the table, her feet close beside his head, her bottom towards his feet. She stands up, offering his eyes a view straight up along her front. Kevin seems to appreciate that view even more.

Paige offers him about fifteen seconds, too. Then she turns around, which isn't easy to do with barely enough space around his head for her feet. She stands the same, his eyes eagerly gazing up, now along her backside. It shows him her bottom, smaller, slightly less-curved-rounded, but firmer, than Felicia's.

After his fifteen seconds of ogling the underside of Paige's little bottom is over, Paige squats down. She uses her feet to stead his head, keeping him from raising it up. She lowers her hips down, putting her pussy maybe an inch over his mouth. That puts her tight asshole over his nose. She slowly rocks herself back, first moving her asshole over his eyes and barely an inch away from them. Then it's her pussy moving over his eyes. She stops with her puffy mound directly atop his eyes. She pulls her lips wide, flashing him the briefest glimpse of her pinkness, her hard clit, and her narrow tunnel. It lasts less than a second, but even that's long enough for a drop of her watery thin honey to drip onto his nose, just below his eyes, and perfume his face with her musk. Then she slowly rocks some more, teasing his eyes with her rounded mound. A half-minute later, Paige is standing beside Kevin.

Even with Paige no longer in front of his eyes, his cock still



## Her Son's First Lesson

twitches, its tremors sharp, but gentle enough that it barely moves from them. I send Paige down to his hips. Then I tell her to "tease the little boy's cock and get it ready."

Paige hurries. She lowers her mouth to his cock, putting her lips to the very base of it where it meets his sack. She opens her mouth wide, lowers it, then very softly clamps her teeth around the side of his hardness to steady it. She closes her lips on his shaft. Holding it just enough to keep it perfectly still, she puts her tongue to the underside of his shaft, caressing it very affectionately, and slowly.

Kevin moans. His moan is deep and manly, his voice dropping an octave or three. It's long and sultry. As if this is just the best thing he's ever felt.

Paige teases on. After caressing every bit of his cock that's trapped between her teeth, she loosens her grip just enough to slide her teeth a scant fraction of an inch higher, grips the shaft again, and caresses that flesh with her tongue.

It takes her almost two minutes for her lips to creep all the way up to the very tip of his cock. Kevin moans a little deeper, and a little more urgently, with every lick.

Felicia stands beside him. She tries hard not to watch his face, or what Paige is doing. I make her. She submissively turns her eyes to see his face, his mouth open as he moans sensually. I take Felicia's hand and put it in the center of his chest, between, and just below his nipples. It stays there, still for a long moment. But as Paige's tongue finally finds the more sensitive head of his cock, slight shivers begin sweeping over his body. I start Felicia's hand moving over his chest. In seconds her instincts take over and she tenderly caresses his chest. It makes his shivers grow a little stronger.

Paige runs out of cock to tease as she's been doing. She uses her fingers to nudge his shaft up until it's standing straight. While it's rising,

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she keeps her delicate feminine lips lightly on the head. Once it's up, she shifts her lips to its very tip, the cock now aiming straight into her mouth.

Paige's lips stretch wide. I grab Felicia's ear and use it to turn her head, telling her to watch Paige for a second. Paige stretches her mouth to its very widest. She moves down slowly, the cock inching into her mouth, but not touching anything. She stops when the rounded head of his cock has just past her teeth. She puts her tongue lightly against the sensitive flesh of the head. His cock twitches powerfully, jumping in her mouth and bouncing against her teeth. Paige closes her teeth just enough to pin his cock in place. She swirls her tongue around the head so slowly it takes a full minute just to make the single lap.

Kevin's cock twitches hard, but Paige's gentle teeth keep it steadied, dooming it to suffer the teasing sweetness of her tongue's caress. Kevin's moans suddenly become very urgent, almost desperate pleas, and deep another octave or two. His hands reflexively squirm, and their energetic squirms rattle the chains of his cuffs.

With the lap complete, Paige opens her mouth to its widest and slowly rises up, freeing the cock. She plants a fleeting kiss atop his cock while Kevin sighs out a moan of frustration that she's not going to finish that.

"Skanky whore, hold that virgin cock." I tell Paige. She immediately wraps her dainty hand around the very base of his cock, her grip very loose and gentle. Even that touch gets a little purred moan from Kevin.

I stand beside him, looking down into his eyes. "Listen to me, peasant boy." I use a very stern voice like an irate librarian might. "I own you. I am your Queen. My subjects *do not* go around harassing little village girls like some creepy pervert. Since it's clear to me that you shouldn't even have a dick since you haven't a clue what to do with it, I will see that it's used properly - to amuse your Queen and *nothing* else. You will behave yourself as a proper little peasant bitch boy. You will not

## Her Son's First Lesson

speak to Kylie, or *any girl*, without first getting permission from your Queen. You will not go within ten feet of Kylie. She is off-limits to you. No words. No notes. No emails. No texts. No waves. Not even a smile or a smoke signal to Kylie, or any other female unless I've said you may. Men get to flirt with the girls. Peasant bitch boys amuse their Queen. It *will not* amuse me if you try to act like a man. And you do not want to displease your Queen. When some stupid little peasant bitch boy displeases his Queen, we tend to toss his worthless butt in our dungeon where it can suffer while we forget it ever existed. There will be no more warnings. Do not displease your Queen. Got it, peasant bitch boy?"

"Yes, my Queen," Kevin answers almost eagerly, and slightly nervously. But mostly with a lot of hope in his voice.

I turn to Felicia and ignore him. After all, it's not like it's his cock we're discussing. It's my toy! "This whore will drain all that backed up excess cum from that cock so his eyeballs won't be floating in it and just maybe he can think clearly enough to spare himself the torment of my dungeon. Since this peasant *boy* hasn't a clue about sex, this will too-intense for him, especially for his first time. It will be unbearably difficult for him. You will help him as he suffers through it. After all, it's your fault he needs his cock drained in the first place. You should have taught him to masturbate properly. Then he wouldn't be here. And you'd be able to sit down!"

"Drain it, skanky whore." I command.

Paige moves slowly, but steadily. She starts her hand gliding up over his shaft, her grip loose and gentle, her hand caressing his stiffness. She brings her hand up all the way until just the head of it is left in her grip, then reverses, going back down with a full stroke until her hand can go no lower. She keeps going, each stroke taking about a second and a half each direction.

Kevin immediately resumes moaning. Very eager, very hungry moans. It doesn't take long, maybe twenty seconds, before the chains of

## Draining His Cock

his cuffs are rattling hard. I can see his muscles tensing as he tries to squirm against the ropes, but they hold him still. They hold his hips perfectly still, making it impossible for him to move his cock at all. It just sticks up eagerly as Paige has her way with it.

I can see his muscles trying to instinctively thrust his hips up into Paige's grip. The ropes laugh at him as they hold his hips. He can't do anything, just lie there as Paige does it for him.

He doesn't last long at all. Maybe two minutes. I'm sure he lasts longer when he does it himself. But now, the never before felt sensation of a girl's very delicate and feminine touch doing this for him, is more than he's used to. More than he can easily handle.

He cums with a very deep and satisfied grunted sigh. His cock twitches crisply enough that I can see the tremors snapping it in Paige's grip. It squirts it's gooey white cum high. The cum rains down, landing on his cock, Paige's hand, his stomach, and his balls. Paige goes right on stroking his shaft, at first the cum slippery, then quickly turning sticky for a few seconds in her hand.

He squirts several times, each giving a good stream of his cream. Finally the twitches, and the spurts ebb to nothing. Paige doesn't stop. I didn't tell her to. So her hand keeps moving, just as it always has been. She never slowly, never hesitated, never missed a beat. Not even as his cock spurted his hot stickiness all over her.

Kevin takes just a second to realize that he's finished but Paige is still stroking him. That's how long it takes for his over-sensitive nerves to penetrate the sweet fog shrouding his brain. I know when he realizes it. He moans out loud, his moan still sultry, but full of erotic-agony. In that same instant, his muscles shift into overdrive and thrash against the bonds with all his manly strength. It's far from enough. The ropes laugh harder and hold him still, his cock unable to move even a millimeter away from Paige.

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He moans again, this time his moan turning into half of a screech. His jaw hangs open. His eyes snap wide in panic as it sinks in that Paige might not stop. His cock, still rock hard, snaps sharply against Paige's stilling hand. From the tip of his cock, a very slow rivulet of cream seeps, just enough to keep the very tip glistening brightly with a fresh layer of wetness.

Kevin thrashes hard against his rope, now crying out desperate screeches. Felicia takes his hand and holds it. He grips it tightly, almost crushing her hand. His cock throbs hard now, aching, his too-tender nerves confusing their signals, sending him an agonizing pleasure.

Slowly the agony fades as urgent desire begins to bloom in his cock. Slowly, the ache returns to it, the swelling, pounding, need to cum. His moans return to the deep, erotic pleas, now laced with a little anxious edge to them. His squirms don't fade.

This time he lasts longer. I'd guess about seven or eight minutes. Then he cums again, this time with the loudest, most satisfied sighed moan. His cock spurts a fresh stream of cum, almost as much as with his first orgasm. It leaves a fresh coat of sticky rain clinging to him, and Paige's hand, as it dries on him and into the hairs on his balls.

I don't tell Paige to stop. She doesn't think about stopping. She just keeps her hand moving, it's pace and rhythm unbroken. His orgasm lasts just as long, and just as quickly his cock realizes that Paige hasn't stopped. He screeches instantly, his tone begging her to stop.

Felicia looks to Kevin's face, seeing the mask of anguish on it as his cock pounds as if it had been hit with a hammer as sharp needles lance into it. Quickly the pound grows even stronger, the needles fading into tingles of icy-hot erotic sparks. Kevin's face pleads, begging for mercy, screaming that this is too much for him. But his cock stays at full stiffness, Paige's unbroken ministrations not offering the slightest chance to soften up.

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This time Kevin lasts a lot longer. I'd guess it's close to twenty minutes as his cock recharges while Paige is stroking it.

When Kevin cums, he screams. His body snaps hard but goes nowhere. His cock spurts, but now barely any cream comes out of it. It doesn't shoot up, either, it more just spurts and wells up on the tip of his shaft before running down into Paige's hand. It twitches crisply. As it's spurts ebb off, his cock quickly starts softening in Paige's grip.

I tell Paige to stop and her hand flies away from his shaft. Kevin lies there, panting deep, strained breaths. It takes a good minute for him just to loosen his death-grip on Felicia's hand. His cock softens to full floppiness in a few short seconds, drooping down and hanging along his balls. The last of his cum dries, gluing the hairs on his balls to his cock. He lies there, his eyes trying for a last glimpse of Paige, panting hard and fully sated.

"There." I announce sweetly, "now this little boy's cock is empty and satisfied! There's just no cum left anywhere in it! Lookie, it won't even stay hard for the whore!" I add the last with a slight teasing giggle in my voice.

I give him a few minutes to rest, about ten, while Sophie unties the ropes that hold him down. Then I have Felicia help him up, take his hand and walk him back to the living room. Sophie returns Paige to her kennel before joining us in time to watch Felicia dress Kevin.

This time Kevin stands lost in his mind and allows Felicia to dress him. I'll bet that's something she hasn't done in well over a decade. Then I have them both sit on the sofa again.

I tell Kevin that he's to be a good boy and talk to his mother about everything, especially his cock since that's been causing him trouble. He's to tell her everything. Which girls excite it. When it aches for him to play with it. Even when it gets hard. He's to tell her that every day. And he's not to masturbate, no matter how badly his ache gets. Instead, he's to rely

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on Felicia to keep me apprised of his cock, and when I wish to amuse myself with it, I will summon her to bring that cock here.

I remind them both that good peasant wenches and bitch-boys please their Queen. Naughty ones have only the agony of the dungeon to look forward to. Then I dismiss the pair and send them home.