

*All
Unexpected
Lesson*

Nadia Saran



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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 toy box. 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'd 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 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

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

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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!

[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. Enjoy the story!]

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Chapter I: Watching Allan

Allan is a 42-year-old man who has been my toy for around seven or eight months. He's been coming to amuse me about once every two to three weeks. Tonight, this Saturday night is his 15th session in my little playroom.

He's, to me, a typical middle-aged divorced man. He's decidedly middle-class, but also the suit-and-tie kind. He sells ads for one of the local TV stations. And he has two teenage kids, a boy 15 and a girl 17. In theory, he has them every weekend, but like any teenager, they care far more about their friends and social lives than any court custody decree. In reality, they're at his house no more than one weekend a month. They might technically be there another one or two, but to me, it doesn't count if they're only there long enough to sleep a few hours and head out again.

He also has an LTGF – a long term girlfriend. She doesn't exactly live with him, maintaining her own apartment. But she does spend many nights, like five or six a week, sometimes even seven, at his house. She keeps a fair part of her wardrobe and personal things at his house. To me, that counts as a "significant other." And I never play behind the back of anyone's serious partner. Before his first session, I made him have his girlfriend email with her permission for him to come amuse me. I'm sure that made for a rather interesting conversation between them.

It also gave me her email address. At first, she said she would prefer not to know what he's doing. I almost left it at that, but something about the way she said it told me not to, that she had some misconceptions about what I might be doing with him. So I started sending her messages, telling her what he'd done, and silently letting her know what he hadn't done. After a few sessions, she told me she was a little curious. The tone of her letter told me she wanted to understand what he could get here that he could get from her. Then the floodgates opened and she wanted to know everything. So I've been allowing her to see the videos of his time in the playroom. He, however, doesn't know any of that. He thinks she's still totally in the dark about what goes on in the playroom.

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When Allan arrived at my apartment about twenty minutes ago, this session began as they all do. Sophie, my 19-year-old live-in slave-girl, met him at the door. She allowed him a few steps in, then immediately demanded that he hand over everything he had, including his underwear. She locked all of it in the file cabinet in the playroom, and she doesn't have a key to unlock it. Only I have that. Once that drawer is shut, his clothes only come back out when I decide they do. Nude, Sophie has him kneel down and wait for me to be ready for him.

I only made him wait a few minutes while I finished a strawberry smoothie that Sophie had made for me earlier. Then I grabbed hold of his hair and led him into the playroom.

Allan is slightly tall at six-foot. He's 200 pounds, but it's a lean weight. It's muscle, not fat. It doesn't make him look like a linebacker, but more like a dad who spends a lot of time in the gym. And that he is. He has the gym equipment, at least some of it, in his house for those days he doesn't get to the gym. It's given him a toned look.

He has dark brown hair, cut short to where it's off his collar and brown eyes. He's not hairy, but he does have a nice fur of gray-tinged black hair on his chest and thighs. And a dense jungle of black curls on his pubes. He has small, narrow, but deep-pink nipples on his chest. And a very average cock. That's only about five inches long, plus or minus a small fraction, and just under an inch across. But it's standing up straight, straining to a hardness that rivals steel. That leaves his equally furry balls hanging free between his thighs, and it leaves them fully exposed to my eyes. Sophie's eyes, too. She loves men, and wouldn't hesitate to steal more than one glance anytime I allow it.

But in fairness, he's glancing at Sophie, too. It seems that any man that comes here looks at her. She's pretty, with curly long honey-blond hair and green eyes. Tonight, as usual, I have her dressed in one of her slave dresses. They're all the same, only different colors. This one is baby blue. It's all stretchy lace and hugs her body from the top of her breasts

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down to an inch below the bottom curve of her cheeks. It's fringed with frilly white lace. And it's lace does nothing to conceal much of anything. She has matching fingerless lace gloves, and spike-heeled, knee-high, boots made of a stiff lace instead of leather. She's definitely worth looking at.

"Sit." I order him firmly, pointing to the "high chair." It's new to him. I'm sure he's seen it in here before, but so far I've never made him sit in it. It's tall, more like a barstool than a chair, and thus its nickname. Like most of the props in here, it was custom built for me by a few friendly frat boys.

It looks like any stool in a bar, though. For a seat, it has a pair of two-inch-wide wood slats shaped like a "V" with its point missing. For a back it has two metal poles standing up a few inches apart at the center, rising up to another wood slat at the shoulders. Those end at the top of his hips, turning sharply outward, then just as sharply downward, to join the legs.

Allan sits on it, trying to wiggle himself comfortable. Instead of waiting, I tap his knee with the tip of my crop and instruct him to sit all the way back against the chair's back. He scoots back. It leaves his entire bottom hanging in the air, the short slats of the seat now only under his thighs. Which is what I want.

Sophie hands me a length of natural hemp rope. I kneel down and wrap three turns of it around one of his ankles before tying it off to itself. Then I start winding the rope around his calf and the two-inch slat of the chair's leg. I pull each coil tight around him, making sure it's lying snugly against the last coil, looping the rope around his leg all the way up to his knee. I don't tie it off there. I keep going, wrapping it around his lower thigh all the way up to the end of the slat maybe three inches before the crease of his thigh. Then I tie it off, securely binding his leg to the chair. I do the same with his other leg.

Now I move up to his shoulders. He's sitting up pretty straight, so

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I don't have much shoving to do to get him squared up against that slat. On the back of that slat, there's a square metal channel with a few screw eyes on it. Sophie hands me another length of rope, and I tie it off to one of those eyes. Then I wrap three tight coils of it around both his chest and the slat. Now I wrap two more coils of it around one shoulder, under his armpit, and around the slat. Another coil around his chest, and then two more loops around the other shoulder. Finally one last wrap around his chest, and I tie it off. It has his shoulders very snugly bound in place to that slat.

Now for his hands. I'd never leave those free while I tease a toy. Toys tend to misbehave when they suffer. Sophie fetches me a third length of rope. I wrap three coils of it around his left wrist and tie it off. Then I bring his hand up to the back of his neck, bring the rope along with it. I make three turns of the rope around his neck, pulling all the slack out of them, but not tightening them. But nor do I tie off the rope. I bring his right wrist up, wrap three tight coils around that, and then tie it off around his arm. This way, should he try to pull either or both wrists from his neck, he'll only pull the rope uncomfortably tighter around his neck. That should encourage him to behave, while also leaving him free to struggle but punishing him with a choking tightness should he misbehave.

I have Sophie hand me a pair of ½" wide leather straps. I drape those over the very tops of his thighs, wrapping them around the wide part of the metal tubes as they join the chair's legs, and also through a screw eye there to keep them from moving around. I pull them tight before tying them, pulling them into the creases of his thighs and pulling his hips firmly towards the bars. That pulls his back tight against the narrow bars rising up to his shoulders.

I blindfold him with a thick sash of dark cloth, tying it tightly around his eyes so he doesn't get a single ray of light through it. And then I gag him. The gag I chose for him is kind of like a ball gag, only with a large egg-shaped piece instead of a round ball. The "egg" is

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rubber, covered with a layer of squishy foam, and with a $\frac{3}{4}$ " tube through its center for air. As I tighten the strap around his head, it pulls the pointy end of that egg to the back of his mouth. While he can easily breathe through the tube, the egg is fat enough to mostly stuff his mouth full. And firmly hold his tongue still.

Sitting in the "high chair" leaves his bottom fully accessible. There's no seat under any of his cheeks, and there's no back rising up behind it. His cock, still as hard as they come, stands out straight, pointed slightly upward, between this rope-bound thighs. And it leaves his big balls hanging low in their furry sack, dangling freely in mid-air.

I have a special toy waiting to use on Allan tonight. He hasn't seen it. It's been behind a heavy screen cloaking off a corner of the playroom, but I doubt he thought anything about it. That screen is always there. Just not the toy behind it.

The toy is Mia. Ever since I re-homed Joyce, a slave I never intended to keep, I've missed having a second slave in the house to take care of the more menial chores and free Sophie up to cater to my capricious whims. But instead of looking for one, lately, I've been having one of my unattached toys stay here a few days at a time to fulfill that role. Then after a day or three, I'll summon another toy for it. Mia, being a waitress, is now temporarily unemployed since the Governor ordered all restaurants to stop dine-in service. No restaurant can afford to pay waitresses to wait on no one, so most have been laid off until the dining rooms reopen. And that unhappy turn of events has left Mia with plenty of free time to worship at my feet, amuse me, and do the chores around my house.

Mia is 18, almost 19, years old. And she looks as young as she is. She's somewhat petite at 5'3" and 109 pounds. She has a round face, with short black hair and green eyes, a small little nose, and a straight mouth with full light-pink lips. She's lean and thin, the bones slightly showing at her shoulders. Her figure is somewhat "stickish," but her sides aren't so

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straight that she doesn't have any curve, just a gentle one. But she also has a flat stomach with taut skin.

If I were to allow her a bra, it would be a 34-A. Her breasts look small, even on a small girl, but also rather shapely and firm. They're fully rounded, like half oranges blossoming off her chest. In my hand, they're just loose enough to have a slight sponginess to them. And they're topped with wide nipples that stand out a full $\frac{1}{4}$ " from her mound. Nipples with tips so flat that they have a crisp edge at their rim. But also light pink nipples that are surrounded by wide rings of a very light pink hue which seem to take up a full third of her mound.

And Mia sports a full bush of very dense black curls that is trimmed into a neat triangle with sharp lines just inside the crease of her thighs. At its bottom, her bush has a rounded point that ends a scant bit above her lips. Lips that are long, but flat and narrow, leaving her pussy mound more flat than puffy. Her lips don't fully meet, leaving a good slit between them that allows her extra wrinkly purple inner folds to poke out. All of which can easily be seen with her standing, Mia not having enough fur or thigh to hide any of it.

Too bad for Allan he's blindfolded. Mia might be young, a mere 13 months older than his daughter, and to him, she might even look like a child. He was 24 when she was born, which makes him old enough to be her father. And, by happenstance, 11 months *older* than her father. And she has a very "girl-next-door" averageness to her face, but there's no denying that she's cute. And what man doesn't like looking at cute young women? Especially one wearing nothing except a pastel pink collar and matching leash.

I get Mia out of the kennel she's been waiting locked inside. The kennel just behind the screen. She crawls out, and when told to get to her feet, stands up with her hands behind her back. Then she obediently follows me as I walk her out and stand her in front of Allan, as he sits in the "high chair."

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I leave Mia standing, facing Allan, about three feet in front of him with her leash hanging down between her breasts. While I watch Allan and Mia, Sophie gets a stool and sits it beside Allan, also about three feet back from him. I cue her with a little wave of my hand, and Sophie slips out of the room.

In a few minutes, Sophie is back with Meredith, Allan's long time girlfriend, in tow. After the last few sessions, I allowed Meredith to watch the full videos of Allan's session. There was nothing she didn't get to see in every last detail. Then yesterday, as I was planning this session out in my mind, I asked Meredith to meet me for coffee and discuss Allan. She agreed. What I did was offer her a choice. If she agreed to follow my rules in my house, I would allow her to be there for his session tonight.

Instantly I saw a bright twinkle in her eye, even as she very nervously asked me what would be required of her. I told her. And I watched as every word seem to entice her just as much as made her nervous. She didn't argue much or even make a serious effort to negotiate (which I wouldn't have allowed). She agreed.

I don't know her. That was the first, and only, time I'd met her or even spoken to her. So I didn't ask much of her. Only what I needed to make Allan's experience what I want it to be. An experience that will get him squirming and moaning in a very entertaining way.

As I've asked, she didn't bring anything with her. Not even her purse or phone. Just her clothes, and a single key for her car in one of her pockets. As she enters, she does make a sound. Sophie is holding her hand, and Meredith quietly allows Sophie to walk her to the stool. Sophie points and Meredith sits.

Yesterday I'd left Meredith with the URL for my web site, a page of which has all my house rules on it, and the postures I expect my subs to assume when told to do various things, like sit. Meredith sits on the stool and crosses her legs. She rests her hands in her lap. It's a sloppy, or inexperienced, version of the sitting posture. Sophie, knowing I will be

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disappointed to see even a complete newbie like Meredith sitting so improperly, immediately takes hold of Meredith's hands and turns them palms up, rests one hand atop the other, and sets them in her lap. Then she straightens the woman up. Meredith, realizing that Sophie's trying to help, allows Sophie to position her. When Sophie is done, I nod, which makes Sophie smile.

Meredith sits facing Allan. I'm certain she can see his stiff cock standing up like a little missile. But I also see her eyes constantly glancing over to Mia. I'm sure she's surprised to see a very young, and just as naked, woman standing there. Even though she knows that I've used toys on Allan before, it has been long enough that it wasn't in any of the videos she's seen. I'm sure she's equally surprised to see how young Mia looks.

Meredith sits on her stool, fidgeting, but not really moving. I unclip the leash from Mia's collar as I tell her to "dance, house-bitch." then Meredith watches as Mia doesn't hesitate to start dancing in front of the blindfolded Allan. She dances as sensuously as any stripper ever did. And in a few seconds, her bare bottom is touching Allan just above his stiff cock. It gets him squirming, as he tries to wiggle enough to get his cock to touch Mia's bottom. He fails, the ropes hold him almost perfectly still, leaving him at Mia's mercy. And I have no mercy, so Mia won't be showing him any.

Meredith glares hard at the small, firm, and gently rounded globes of Mia's bottom as they teasingly dance over the bottom of his stomach, right about where his pubes begin. Already Allan is breathing faster, more urgently, which is the only sound he can make through his gag, as Mia's taut flesh caresses him with its feather-light touch. Meredith can certainly see that Allan is very eagerly enjoying Mia's skillful touches.

Mia has been my property, my toy, long enough now that I've taught her to be a very trashy whore. The kind of woman that men secretly lust to be with, as long as the woman is theirs, not an actual prostitute. Mia has learned well. She's a very skilled whore, and tonight I

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intend to make use of her. To get a return on my investment in teaching her the finer points of sluthood.

While I hadn't met Meredith, I did know of her. I'd even found a picture of her snooping through Allan's wallet. Meredith is the reason I chose Mia to be the toy tonight. Mia is about the polar opposite of Meredith, at least as far as is practical. Mia is very young, while Meredith is 41. Mia is petite; Meredith is more average at about 5'7" and 145 pounds. Mia is dark-haired; Meredith is medium-blond. Mia has small breasts; Meredith doesn't. Mia is "hard-bodied;" Meredith has more of a "mom body."

It's not long, maybe a minute, before Mia turns her front to Allan. She leans forward just enough to allow her nipples to touch Allan's bare chest just below the ropes at his shoulders. Then she leans forward, allowing him to feel the firmness of her mounds as well as their smallness. Then she's back up, her nipples fleetingly dancing over his chest and stomach. She allows him around a minute of feeling her breasts on him before she rotates again.

Now her bottom is on his lower stomach again. She teasingly allows it to lower a bit until her silky smooth lips glance against the eager head of his cock, and then she's taking those lips away.

Meredith is watching, her eyes wide. It's as if she's equally repulsed to be seeing her man teased so erotically by this little girl, and just as enthralled by the sight of it. As if she's taking mental notes, too.

After a few moments, I tell Mia to "quit pretending she's a woman and act like the whore she is." It's her cue to step up the sluttiness of her teases. In a few seconds, she's turned her front to him, lying herself against his bare chest and stomach lightly. She sinuously slinks her way down, his stiff cock trapped between their bodies as she slowly inches her body down. His cock eagerly slips into the small space between her breasts, her mounds rubbing it's sides as she continues down.

Allan moans eager breaths through his gag. Mia flows down to her

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knees. She puts her lips to the very tip of his cock, stretches her mouth wide, and sticks her tongue out. Her tongue starts slowly swirling around the swollen head of his cock. Allan breathes out a very sweetly strained groan as his body tenses to squirm against the ropes. My ropes hold him still, keeping him in place for Mia to torment.

After a slow swirl around his thick head, Mia's mouth goes down until she can take all of his balls into her mouth. She holds them there, flicking her tongue gently over them for a moment, before releasing them. The very tip of her tongue traces a line up the center of the underside of his cock, swirls around the tip of it again, and then she leans forward, slithering her way slowly back up his body.

Mia pauses when her breasts are even with his lips. She shifts to one side just enough to put her very hard and prominent nipple to his lips. With the gag, there's nothing he can do about it. Allan has to just sit there and feel her nipple sliding slowly across his open lips, unable to kiss or suck on it. And then it's her other nipple, this time inching across his upper lip.

Mia flows down his body until she can put her lips to his. He can't kiss her. The gag holds his jaw stretched wide, his lips gaping, but fully blocks anything from entering his mouth except through the tube. A tube that's around two inches long. Far too long for a tongue. Mia sucks his lower lip into her mouth. With the tip of her tongue teasing the inside of his lip, she slowly draws her mouth along his lip, from one side to the other. Then she does the same for his upper lip.

It has Allan moaning deeply urgent breaths. It has Allan squirming hard against the bonds that keep him still. Ropes that keep him so fully at Mia's, and thus my, mercy. The same ropes that hold him from doing anything his lizard boy-brain is trying to do, like touch Mia. Ropes that force him to feel whatever I wish him to feel, and stop him from doing anything, no matter how badly he wants to.

And then Mia has turned her bottom to him again. Now she has

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his cock pressed back against his stomach, trapped in the crack of her bottom. And she slowly rocks her bottom, stroking the sides of his cock with the sides of her cheeks for a moment.

I leave Mia teasing him that way for a while. Maybe twenty, maybe thirty minutes. Mia doesn't tire of it. Nor does Allan. He only moans and squirms more energetically as the seconds tick off. Meredith slowly grows accustomed to watching Mia's almost-chaste teasing of him. She still watches everything intently.

Finally, as Mia is an inch or so back, letting me have a good view of his entire cock for a fleeting second, I can see that its tip glistens brightly with a few sticky drops of his cum that cling to it. Solid evidence that Allan is definitely about as aroused as he can get. As if his desperate squirms and deep primal moans weren't enough of a sign.

I snap my fingers. Mia springs up to stand with her hands behind her. Allan groans out with the frustration of it.

"Tease its backside," I tell Mia. Mia hurries down to the floor, sitting on her butt and leaning back. She uses her elbows to prop herself up as she slides back, putting her head under his bottom. A second later she lifts her head up as she leans it back putting her lips into the crack of his bottom. Her lips press around the outside of his asshole. Mia sucks gently, pushing her tongue out. Then her tongue starts to slowly caress its way around his muscle.

Allan screams out a long deep breath of a moan. He tenses up hard. He shudders just as hard as he squirms against the ropes and moves not even a fraction of an inch. So he keeps shrieking his breathy cry and struggling vainly.

Meredith's eyes about pop out of her head. The chair leaves her an excellent view of everything. She can see Mia's puckered lips pressing up into his partially spread crack. She can see his balls resting, lifted up a bit, atop her chin. And the world can see the so-sweet agony he's suffering. While Meredith can't tell exactly how Mia is doing it, it's pretty clear what

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Mia is doing to him. And impossibly clear just how much Allan is liking it. But if there's any doubt, the sticky droplets of cum oozing from the tip of his cock dispel it.

I stand there grinning and watching both shows. Allan squirming hard, screaming out a breath that would surely be a girly shriek if he could make a sound. And "The Meredith Show." Meredith squirming around as badly as if she were sitting atop a mound of fire ants. Meredith's wide eyes glued to Allan's bottom and Mia's lips. I let it go on for a couple of minutes that must be an endless agony for Allan before another snap of my fingers brings Mia hurrying to stand again.

Allan pants hard, still squirming against the ropes. I see that he's laced his fingers together behind his neck, and I'd bet he only did that after choking himself as he shuddered too hard against that rope.

I give Mia a feather and tell her to tease him with it. Mia quickly drops to her knees. We all watch for the next ten or fifteen minutes as Mia deftly strokes the feather along his cock and around its swollen head. We all watch as his cock twitches with sharp jerks. We all listen to the desperately pleading breaths of moans he lets out. And the occasional little sticky wetness that renews itself atop the tip of his cock. For Allan, it's pure erotic torture. For Meredith, it's just as enthralling. For me, his so-fierce squirming is pure entertainment.

And then, with a single-word command from me, Mia drops to her knees in front of Allan. From then on, every move she makes is slow-but-steady. She leans her head forward as she stretches her mouth wide open. Allan's cock isn't big; it's about the epitome of average. I've trained Mia well. Her lips are far enough apart that his cock could pass between them without even touching either. But I've taught her to be far better of a slut than that. She allows his shaft to lie against her tongue and closes her mouth until her lips are barely touching it. She keeps going, inching his cock into her mouth.

Allan breathes out the most tortured, and neediest, of sweet moans.

Chapter 1: Watching Allan

He tries to squirm, tries to thrust his cock into Mia's mouth. The ropes do their job and hold him in place, his cock immobile for Mia.

Meredith watches intently. At first, I see that disgust comes back to her face as she sees the younger hard-bodied Mia finally giving her boyfriend the blow job he craves. Mia's mouth keeps moving slowly, his shaft steadily vanishing into her full pink lips. It takes several long seconds for about half of his shaft to disappear into Mia. But once she's taken that much of it, Meredith starts staring at his cock. Mia keeps going as smoothly as ever. Meredith keeps watching, her interest growing with every millimeter of cock that slips easily into Mia's mouth. Allan's moan grows needier with every millimeter as well.

It takes several more seconds, but finally, Mia has all of his shaft into her mouth, her lips snug against his balls and pubes. Mia managed to do it without gagging or choking on him, too. Meredith now stares with her mouth hanging agape and her eyes wide in disbelief. Not only did Mia manage to so easily deep throat him, she did it with her hands behind her back, never touching him with anything but her mouth.

She pauses for about a second, Allan's cock fully inside her, then starts backing off just as slowly as she went down. It takes her ten or twelve seconds to get all the way back up to where only the edges of her lips are touching the very tip of the swollen head of his cock. She plants a light kiss on the tip. She stretches her mouth open a little, sticks her tongue out, and swirls it around the tip of his cock once. She starts planting soft little kisses around the side of its head.

Allan moans even louder and more urgently with his breaths. After a short moment, I hear him make sounds as if he's trying to talk. The gag makes it impossible for him to say real words. But to me, it sounds like he's breathing "stop. Fuck me. It's killing me!" Mia obeys only me, so she ignores him.

I swing the tip of my crop upwards, swatting his bottom with it. He can't yelp through the gag, but I hear a very crisp breath that lets me

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know he felt it. I scold him "You know better than to beg! Now you can wait longer!" I swat his other cheek.

Mia goes on teasing his cock with her lips and tongue. She steadily plants little kisses along its length and occasionally swirls her tongue another single lap around its sensitive head. But she doesn't take it into her mouth again. After several minutes her lips work their way down to his balls. Those she takes in her mouth and holds them there, her lips closed around them, while her tongue gently teases them for a few seconds. Releasing them from her mouth, her lips start teasing their way back up the length of his cock.

Meredith watches intently both Mia's deft teasing and Allan's so obvious squirming/moaning enjoyment of it. Allan shows it, too. His head wiggles. He breathes deep and urgent. His feet squirm like they're on fire. It's all he can do. The rest of him is held still for Mia. I watch for a while, maybe ten for fifteen minutes.

I signal Mia to suck him one more stroke. Meredith watches, fully rapt, her eyes wide as Allan's head snaps back. He cries out a long, moaning, desperate breath that lasts the entire fifteen or twenty seconds of Mia's stroke. His toes curl tightly. As Mia's lips free his shaft, a single drop of his sticky cream hangs from the very tip of it. Mia licks it off and purrs.

Then she returns to teasing the side of his cock and his balls with her tongue.



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I lean over to Meredith and whisper very quietly "just nod. Not a sound. It looks like Allan is suffering such agonizing torture, doesn't it?" Meredith nods, her eyes never leaving Allan. "I'll bet he wants to cum so badly, don't you think?" Again, Meredith nods quickly.

"I have so many choices... I could leave him, he does squirm and moan so amusingly!" I put enough tease in my voice to let her know I wouldn't mind that choice one bit. "Or I could have my house bitch finish him off. He seems to just love that whore sucking his dick, doesn't he?" Meredith nods. "I could make him cum without anything touching his dick, wouldn't that be fun to see?" Meredith nods again. "Then again, he's been so naughty in that chair, he doesn't deserve anything! I could let you finish him... do you want to make him cum now?" Meredith nods, this time eagerly.

"Oh, too bad that's not allowed!" I taunt her. "Unless... you agree to do it my way and follow my instructions, just like you're my toy... then *maybe* I could use you on him... do you want to be my toy for a while?"

Meredith nods again, this time very nervously and hesitantly.

"Hmm... Are you going to be a good girl and do whatever I want? I punish naughty girls here..."

Meredith's nod is slight, barely noticeable, very nervous. Her eyes stay fixed on Allan's eagerly twitching cock.

"Then stand up and give your clothes to my slave. *Everything*, neophyte. I'll teach you a thing or two about how to be a good whore-wife tonight. Up you go."

Meredith rises to her feet, quivering slightly, her hands trembling a hair as she squats down to untie her sneakers. It takes her several minutes to get fully undressed. I have to tell her to stand facing me, hands behind her back and wait to be told what to do. But she does it, turning to face me, and still watching Allan out of the corner of her eye.

Meredith is a pretty woman. She's around 5'6" tall, and I'd guess

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around 145 pounds. Her skin has lost some of its youthful tautness, especially on her arms and stomach. Her stomach, right at the center, has a slight paunch outward to it as if she's been pregnant and not lost the last of those "baby pounds." I don't know if she's been pregnant, or has kids, or not. It's never come up with Allan. It's never mattered. And it really doesn't matter now. But otherwise, she doesn't carry any extra weight, and she does have a defined feminine curve to her waist.

Meredith is a blue-eyed blond. Her face is oval, but with a rounded jawline. And she has a slightly wide nose. Just not as wide as her smile. That looks to be from ear to ear, her wide mouth framed by light pink, and very full, lips.

Unlike Mia's small breasts, Meredith has ample, 38-C, breasts. They're not pert or firm like Mia's. They sag a little, hanging down against her chest. But like Mia, hers have wide light pink nipples with wide rings of pink around them. Meredith's nipples have wide, gently rounded tips to them, and stand out about ¼". They look like they'll feel spongy soft in my hands. Except for the nipples, which are already as hard as rocks.

I can't tell if Meredith is a natural blond or not. Her pubes are fully shaven, and they're silky smooth. But even with her feet together, her thighs gently touching each other, I can see a very puffy and pussy mound poking down, with a long narrow slit like a little pink line. I can see that she has long wide lips, too.

I motion her to turn around. She does, letting me see her bottom. Her cheeks look to be a bit soft and spongy, taking on a slight flatness to them, but there's no flab there. They don't hang, sag or droop. And they have a nice roundness to their bottom edges. They meet fully, giving her behind a crack like a long, deep line. Even from behind, I can see her pussy mound poking down, too.

I don't have to tell her to bend over. As she was undressing, as much as she tried to hide it, I could see that the crotch of her panties was

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wet. With her naked, I can see that same wetness glistening on her lips. I say nothing, allowing her to turn fully around a face me again.

So far, I'm confident Allan hasn't figured out that Meredith is here. She hasn't made a sound. As I'd told her, she didn't wear any perfume, although men aren't as quick to pick up on that as women are. She hasn't touched him. And he still thinks she doesn't want to know and doesn't know, anything about his visits here. I'm just as confident that it's going to come as a big shock to him when he realizes she's here. I just wonder what's going to finally give it away to him.

I walk around behind her and quickly slap a set of cuffs around her wrists. Then I'm back in front of her, standing beside and in front of Allan's knee. "Let's see what you can do neophyte," I say loud enough for Allan to hear me. I wave for Mia to get up. As soon as she's moving I point Meredith to the place Mia just vacated. "show me how you suck cock."

Meredith hesitates a second. I tap her soft cheek with my crop lightly. Not hard enough to make her yelp; that might give it away to Allan. But it's enough to get her attention and let her know what I'll do to her if she doesn't show me. She reluctantly moves her head forward, opening her mouth.

Her mouth doesn't get as wide as Mia's did, but it's wide enough to accommodate his cock. She tries to imitate Mia's performance, going slowly, her lips closed lightly around his shaft. She goes down, leisurely taking his shaft into her mouth.

Allan purrs eagerly. But not as desperately agonized as he did for Mia.

Meredith keeps going, taking about three inches into her mouth before reversing her stroke. She goes up until just the head of his cock is left in her mouth, then reverses back down again. Three inches, I'm sure, is the point where she feels the tip of his shaft at the very back of her mouth. The point where she'll need a small bit of skill to get it moving

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down, towards her throat. The point where she'll gag on it if she takes any more. To me, it's what I call a "June Cleaver" blow job. It's what I expect from a typical middle-aged housewife who wants to please her partner but just doesn't have the "slut skill" of a porn starlet or one of my toys.

I'm not known for patience. On her third stroke, when she has as much of his cock in her mouth as she intends to take, I grab hold of her wavy hair, tugging it sharply. I grab hold of her jaw, too, with my other hand, and stop her head. I hold her there, with around three of his five inches in her mouth. "You call that a blow job? I've seen fourteen-year-old virgins who can please a man better than you!" I use a taunting, firm voice.

Meredith isn't exactly kneeling properly either. I figure now is as good of a time as any to fix that, too. I tap her feet with my crop. "Get those feet and knees apart so I can spank that worthless butt of yours, neophyte!" She stiffens hard with each gentle swat, but with his cock filling her mouth, she can't yelp out. Instead, she merely grunts, and the cock mostly mutes that. She quickly spreads her feet.

I gently lie the tip of my crop atop her silky lips. I roll the handle in my hand, turning the leather tip sideways and putting its edge to her fine slit. I move it back and forth, slowly, letting the edge of its blade slip between her puffy lips and stroke tenderly across her clit. "Now stop listening to that slutty skank pit you call a pussy and for once in your meaningless life just try to think about your man long enough for him to actually enjoy your sluttiness!" Again, I scold her in a very taunting bully voice. "It's well past time for you learn how to actually do something a man won't have to suffer through. Call this wife lesson number one, cock sucking for useless bitches."

I push her head forward a hair, maybe between 1/8" and 1/4" until she starts to gag. Then I reverse and start backing her off. Unlike her hurried strokes, my vise-tight grip on her head leaves her no choice

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but to move slowly over his shaft. I keep her going until no more than half of the swollen purple head of his cock is left in her mouth.

I pinch the corners of her jaw, forcing her mouth to open wider and preventing her from closing it. Then I reverse her stroke again. I keep her head moving at the leisurely pace, scolding her to suck a little as she strokes him. I keep her going down. Soon she has the three inches in her mouth again and starts gagging on his length.

I keep her head moving. I can feel her muscles tense up instantly, her jaw reflexively trying to close, her body trying to raise her neck up. I hold firm. I easily overpower her. Her hands rattle the chain of their cuffs as they try to free themselves and come up. Her head moves down, taking a little more cock than last time, gagging her a little harder, before I reverse her stroke.

On the next stroke, everything repeats. I make her go down a hair more. She gags harder on it, resists me with all her strength, loses, and ends up with his cock about 3 ½ inches into her mouth before I allow her to reverse the stroke.

The next stroke goes the same. Again I make her take a little more of it, feeling the light resistance as the head of his cock presses against the very back of her mouth. Meredith gags hard, her muscles resisting with sharp jerks; I keep her still and moving.

The next stroke has at least 3 ¾" of his cock slipping into her mouth. It's enough of him that I can feel the resistance, then feel it give way as his cock forces her to straighten her neck enough for his length to pass beyond the limits of her mouth. She chokes on it. But still, despite her body's best efforts, she takes it.

Two strokes later I finally feel the hard resistance as the soft tip of his steely hard cock starts to press against the tight, tiny, entrance to the tube of her throat. Meredith chokes hard now, her stomach heaving with a couple of crisp contractions. Her jaw tries hard to bite down, but my fingers press hard enough to block that. Despite all of those reflexive

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efforts, her head keeps moving, now with about 4 full inches of him into her mouth.

It takes two more strokes, putting a bit over 4 ¼" of cock into her mouth before I finally feel the hard resistance of her throat give. The very tip of his cock forces its way into her throat. Her throat muscles squeeze tightly around it, snuggling it. A very sharp contraction racks over Meredith as she heaves. If her throat wasn't stuffed over-full with cock, I'd bet she'd puke all over him. But she can't.

I see an intense wave of panic sweep over her face, her eyes bugging out in her head. I've done this for several of my one-night boyfriends, so I know exactly what Meredith is feeling. It's like swallowing a huge bite of food without chewing. It feels like her throat is so over-full that it's going to tear. But it's not. Allan's cock isn't even that thick. The panic I see tells me that Meredith has just discovered the other thing about having her throat stuffed with a cock: there's no room for air to get past it. Her throat is completely blocked by that shaft. I reverse her stroke, and after a second I hear her suck a very nervous and urgent breath through her nose.

I keep on going. It takes me maybe a half dozen more strokes before Meredith has all of his plainly-average cock into her. From what I can feel, it puts the tender head of his cock in her throat, where her muscles will be squeezing it so snugly, and the rest of his length in her mouth. It also puts her lips against his pubes and balls, just as Mia managed to do on her own. I taught Mia. And now I'm going to teach Meredith.

I hold her head still, her lips against his balls, his cock blocking her throat. It only takes her a few seconds to still. Now that I have her attention, I use my bully voice. "See, neophyte? You are such a slut! You can suck a cock! I can't imagine why I have to make you do it? Are you a dyke? Is that it? You want to be eating my pussy instead of being with a man?" I sigh deeply. There's no way Meredith can answer me, or say

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anything, with him in her throat. "Oh, well. I don't care! You'll suck him like a good whore!"

I start her head moving again. I keep it moving with leisurely, full-length strokes that have her going from only the top of its head in her mouth, to her lips against his balls. With each stroke, Meredith chokes and gags a little less. Until finally, after better than a dozen strokes, she's gagging so lightly, and her jaw isn't trying to bite closed anymore, that I can trust her to do it.

I tease her slit again with the edge of the crop's blade as I release her hair. "now remember to be a good slut and suck this little cock sweetly. Pretend you actually like dick!" I move the crop back an inch or so from her puffy mound and turn its blade again, putting the flat width of it towards her. I snap it up, landing it atop her lips. With only an inch to swing, it's an extremely light blow. Even on someplace so sensitive. It's just enough for her to feel it. She stiffens hard with it, letting me know she's felt it and knows what it is. "You do not want to disappoint me, neophyte." I release her head. "Suck it, now," I say sternly.

Meredith keeps her head moving. Now that she's gotten used to the cock slipping into her throat, it no longer chokes her. She's able to move herself steadily, and slowly, while sucking on his shaft.

Allan still bound immobile in the "high chair," can do nothing but breathe out very eager breaths that are deep and urgent. They'd be very sweet moans if he could. But all he can do is sit there, his cock held in place, and accept whatever is done to it. I doubt he even knows it's his girlfriend's mouth it's in unless he figured it out from her demonstration. Maybe she's done it enough that he can tell it's her. But I doubt it. She doesn't have the skill of a woman who does that too often.

Meredith goes on for about 45 seconds. That's when I notice the so-slight rippling of the muscles just above Allan's cock. That's a sure sign he's about to cum. So I grab Meredith's hair again and yank her head off of him.

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I take my crop and land a very gentle blow along the middle of Allan's steely hard cock. It's barely enough to turn the skin pink enough to be seen, a little welt that fades away in a few seconds. But it definitely gets his attention. Not only does every muscle in his body snap to full hardness, but I also hear his breath take on a distinctly panicked yelping note through the gag. "Bad boy! I didn't say you cum! Now you'll wait even longer!"

I see the trace of a grin on Meredith's face and a little twinkle in her eye. Clearly, she wasn't expecting him to cum so quickly, despite all the teasing he's already endured. I wonder if he's ever gotten to cum in her mouth. If Meredith has ever done it well enough that he needed to.

I pull Meredith up to her feet and back. I point Mia to resume teasing him, instructing her this time to be very affectionate, but also not to touch his cock. She immediately leans in to caress one of his nipples with her tongue. I hold Meredith's head, making her watch for a second.

I push Meredith down to her knees again. I push her head forward, her hands still locked behind her, and put her lips to the little toe of one of Allan's feet. I tell her to "suck it like a tiny cock." Meredith moves unsteadily, leaning so far forward without her hands to support her, but starts doing it. I make her give that toe a full minute's attention.

Allan seems to like it. He definitely moans urgently through the gag. And his feet, one of the few parts of him he can move a little, squirm around very energetically.

I move Meredith along to the next toe. And then the next. And so on, each toe getting a full minute of her attention. It gives Allan a full ten minutes of "rest" with nothing touching his cock at all. A full ten minutes for him to ebb back from the edge of his climax a bit.

I don't want too much of Meredith to touch Allan. At some point, he'll recognize something. Knowing men, it'll be her breasts. But maybe not. If he were a woman it would be her hands, her touch, that he'd know instantly. I just don't have the faith in men that I do in women to be so

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attuned to their lovers. Men tend to be more... primal in their focus. Nor do I have the time to teach Meredith that much. At least not in this first lesson.

Plus Allan hasn't exactly been the best behaved of cocks. He's been noisy, even with that gag muting everything to moany breaths. And he's squirmed hard, wiggling everything he can move fervently while the rest of him struggles hard against my ropes. So he's not getting too much of a treat tonight, either. He has to learn to forget about his base desires and focus his energies on pleasing me!

"I'll bet this tiny cock has never had a two-slut blow job before..." I say to myself, but loud enough for both Allan and Meredith to hear me. "After all, there's just not enough of it to share!" I sigh deeply, "but I so would love for my neophyte slave whore to learn that trick..."

The "high chair" has Allan's legs fully spread, holding his knees as wide apart as they'll comfortably go. Wide enough that when I look closely I can see the tendon in the crease of his thigh. It leaves enough room between his knees for both of these women, although they're going to be snug against each other.

From what little Meredith has said to me in her emails I've gotten the impression that lesbian sex isn't of interest to her. She's repeatedly asked about it but in the context of being sure that Allan wasn't interested in it. That he wasn't coming here to see, or be with, two girls. It's as if she's afraid that he might hold a definite interest there, in something she's unwilling to do. As if the concept of it repulses her.

Not that it would stop me from finding out for sure myself. I might have only been doing this for a few years, but I've already run into several women who have been diametrically opposed to the concept, only to later prove to me that they actually deeply enjoyed it. Those women were, are, opposed to it on moral grounds, although their bodies weren't. Once given little choice in the matter, at least under the pretext of not being given a choice, they really enjoyed it. I don't know if that'll be the case

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with Meredith, but there's really only one way to find out.

Nor do I know how she'll react to sharing her man with Mia. Some women love it. Some women hate it. Men, however, seem to universally enjoy it on a very primal level. Figures. Men! What I have noticed is that it tends to be the more subservient women who enjoy it and the more vanilla or dominant women who don't. That makes sense to me, subservients are the givers. The ones who care more for their partner's pleasure than some ingrained notion of propriety.

"On your slutty knees, neophyte." I grab hold of her and put her down just inside Allan's left leg. Then I order Mia onto her knees beside Meredith. Mia knows how to do this. I've taught her how to do it my way, a way that's never failed to drive a man insane. But Meredith hasn't a clue. And now that she's figured out I intend to allow Allan a two-woman blow job, and that she hasn't a clue what to do, I see that nervousness returning to her face.

I grab hold of both of their heads, pushing them together so their lips touch as if they're kissing, only with the very tip of Allan's cock trapped between them. It also pulls their bodies snug against each other, turning them together enough that Mia's little breast touches Meredith's larger, softer one. I tap Meredith on her bare bottom with my hand. "You go first, neophyte." I nudge her head around so that it's facing his cock head-on, keeping her lips against Mia's.

I nudge her forward. Meredith quivers slightly, but she gets the hint and starts taking his shaft slowly into her mouth. As Meredith's lips move down his hardness, Mia's lips stay glued to hers. Mia's tongue flicks along his length, teasing his cock just before it vanishes into Meredith's lips.

Meredith gags slightly on this first stroke. But she remembers enough of what I just taught her to get past it and keep taking the cock without much of a hesitation as it enters her tight throat. As Meredith's lips near Allan's balls, Mia's lips run out of cock to tease. She keeps them

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against Meredith's, rotating her head down so that she's licking along its underside. As Meredith's lips reach his balls, Mia sucks them into her mouth, her lips surrounding them, and also brushing against the very base of his cock where it joins his sack. Mia caresses the captive balls with her tongue for the fleeting moment Meredith has all of him in her mouth.

Meredith starts moving back up. Mia releases his balls and keeps her lips against Meredith's. She quickly rotates back to tease along the side of his cock.

Allan would be screaming moans. His breaths are that loud, that desperate, and that fast. Too bad for him that he can't scream with that gag in his mouth. He thrashes hard against the ropes, his muscles putting everything they have into getting free of them. His lizard brain clearly having its own ideas about fucking one of my bitches somewhere, anywhere, as long as it's now. The ropes easily win; his cock doesn't move even a fraction of an inch. It just stands there at full stiffness. And fully at my mercy.

Meredith reaches the apex of her stroke, with only a small bit of his tender head left between her lips. I still have hold of her head. Using that grip, I rotate her head to the side of the cock's head. Mia's lips follow Meredith's, taking their place facing his cock. I quickly tell Meredith to "keep your lips against the other bitch's and flick your tongue over his cock," as Mia starts taking Allan's cock into her mouth.

I guide Meredith's head, keeping her lips snugly against Mia's, as she teases her way down his length. At the low point of Mia's stroke, I guide her head downwards, instructing her to take his balls into her mouth and tease those with her tongue. Then I guide her back up along his cock until the bitches are again at the apex of the stroke. I guide Meredith around to take her place facing the cock. It's her turn to swallow it.

I guide Meredith through one more pair of strokes to make certain she's figured out the rhythm of it. Then I turn her loose. They keep

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going, performing a two-girl blow job that's so obviously driving Allan insane.

I don't count the strokes, but it's not that many. Maybe eight or ten pairs of strokes. Maybe a minute to a minute and a half. Then I see those little ripples on Allan's pubes again, and I know he's ready to cum. For an instant I think about letting him; his cock is in Mia's mouth, and I'm sure that once he came in her mouth I could make Meredith kiss Mia and taste him. Surely that would have an effect on Meredith. But I decide to stick to my original plan and stop the girls.

"Look at you two whores!" I scold them sternly, "you've barely begun and already this dumb little cock is thinking about cumming in one of those mouths! I should spank you for being such sluts!"

I turn my attention to Allan, stepping around behind him. "And you, my little pecker, still trying to cum without *my* permission are you?" I sigh long and hard. "Well I'll just have to teach you to behave, won't I?"

I send Mia to "tease his back," leaving Meredith on her knees right in front of Allan's overly-swollen cock. Mia doesn't hesitate to sit behind him and lean back. She again puts her lips to his asshole. She sucks lightly, drawing his muscular ring to pucker back into her mouth, then slowly swirls her tongue around its edge.

Allan immediately snaps into fully agony mode. He squirms as hard as ever against those ropes. He tries to scream but manages only to exhale a long, deep, throaty, and hungry breath before sucking in another gulp of air at warp speed and repeating. The ropes do their job. His cock stays perfectly in place a few inches in front of Meredith's face.

It doesn't take but an instant for his muscles to start contracting crisply, making his cock seem to dance around in front of Meredith's face. In another instant, it's tip starts weeping little droplets of his cream. HE squirms away against his bonds. I take hold of Meredith's head, steadying it as I hold it in place, making her watch his cock dance around so energetically. I'm sure his balls mostly block Meredith's view of Mia,

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but she can see enough that there's no question where Mia is teasing him, or what she's teasing him with.

It doesn't take long. Less than half a minute. Allan holds his breath for a long moment, letting out only the most tortured of muted groans. Then he screams out, the gag muting him, as his cock jerks sharply. It spurts a huge stream of his hot and sticky cum that lands on Meredith's face. Cum covers her nose and cheeks as it begins oozing down her face. He spurts again, this one hitting her forehead. Then again, hitting her lips. He keeps breathing out long pseudo-screams, thrashing against the bonds, and being held still. His cock keeps cumming, spurting his cum onto Meredith's face.

When his cock is empty, Meredith's face is generously covered with streams of his cum clinging to it. I signal Mia to stop. Mia immediately hurries up to her knees behind Allan.

I get my crop. I shoo Mia aside as I step up behind the heavily panting, and equally satisfied, Allan. "You naughty boy!" I snap harshly, leaning over to beside his ear and not lowering my voice. "I didn't say you could cum! Now you've gone skanked up my neophyte whore with your disgusting boy-mess all over her face! You are going to be so sorry about that!" I tell him that "my whore" has cum all over her face because I want him to know it; men seem to like the thought of a girl with cum on her face. And still blindfolded, he can't see it. I doubt he's even figured out Meredith is here yet. I'm sure he's wondering who the two "whores" I have here are. Especially the "neophyte whore" whose body he's barely gotten to feel. Mia, I'm sure he knows, is a stranger to him, but a hard-bodied small woman too.

I bring my crop up hard, landing its tip square in the center of his cheek. Allan stiffens hard and breaths out a pained breath that would be a loud yelp. It even almost sounds like an "OW." I swat his other cheek. I get the same reaction. Bound tightly, there's nothing more he can do but sit there while I crop his bottom. So I give him three firm strokes on each

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cheek, searing three red welts onto each.

“There, naughty boy, that’s for cumming!” I reach the tip of the crop up under him, using it to gently caress his balls. “Now you’ll wait while I teach this neophyte whore a thing or two. Then we’ll start over, and maybe this time you’ll behave!” I pull the crop away from his balls.



Chapter 3: Using Mia

Chapter 3: Using Mia

I move quickly before Meredith can really grasp what's happening. I get a ball gag from a nearby stand, and all but shove the ball in her mouth as I pull the strap tight around her head to secure it. I grab her hair and pull her up to her feet. She stands, now stunned and looking lost. Keeping hold of her hair, I spin her around and pull her a few steps to a wooden sawhorse.

I push her firmly against the sawhorse, its cross beam at her hips. I kneel down. There are already leather straps affixed to its legs, and I wrap them around her ankles as I tell her “and now, neophyte, it's time *you* learn some patience! I saw how you like to pleasure a man, the same way you tried to suck his cock. As fast as you possibly can. That is just so impatient of you! Well, no matter, when I'm done with your slutty bottom, you will have learned a great deal about patience. I have all night!” I add a little excitement to voice at the last.

Meredith starts trembling lightly as I push her shoulders forward, bending her over the beam. I push her down about as far as she can comfortably go, her shoulders maybe halfway between the floor and the beam. I hold her down with one hand while Sophie places a rope in my other hand. I loop the rope around Meredith's neck, starting just under her jaw and winding snug coils one-against-the-next all the way down to its base. That's at the center of the rope. I pull the ends taut and tie them off, one end to each leg. This way, should Meredith try to raise her shoulders up, the ropes not only will hold her down, but also tighten slightly around her neck to “punish” her for it. I take my hands off of her, and she stays where I leave her.

I walk back to her bottom. With her feet tied to the legs of the sawhorse, it has her legs splayed wide. And that fully bares the puffy mound of her pussy. It's very puffy, looking like it's almost swollen outward eagerly at me. And it's glistening with a fresh and thick coating of her moderately-musky honey. Honey that also clings to the tops of her thighs.

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I spread her lips with my fingers, baring all of her light pinkness to my eyes. Almost the instant her thick lips begin to part, her pink, wrinkly, inner folds pop out at me. She's definitely very wet. A thick coat of her syrupy honey clings to everything. Especially a small, but rock-hard, clit nestled in her folds. With her lips spread wide, I can see her pussy, too. And that is all but flooded with her honey.

I grin. "Oh, house-bitch..." I say in an overly-sweet voice, "Get your worthless bottom over here." Mia hurries to come. I point her down to her knees. Then I point at Meredith's pussy. "Tease."

After a very hasty and equally eager "yes, Ma'am," Mia puts her lips to Meredith's pussy mound. Mia brings her hands up to hold Meredith's plump lips aside, and then her tongue is atop Meredith's clit. Mia swirls her tongue around the hard nub once, very slowly.

That alone gets a very needy moan from Meredith's lips, only partly muted by the less-effective ball gag. Mia lets her tongue inch down along one of Meredith's pink folds all the way to her pussy. Then she swirls her tongue around the rim of Meredith's tunnel, letting the tip of her tongue slip just a bit into Meredith's spongy walls.

Meredith shrieks another erotic and needy cry through her gag. Mia ignores it, focused on obeying my command, not whatever Meredith wants. Mia lets her tongue inch its way up Meredith's other fold until it's back at her clit. And then, Mia uses all of her tongue to lick a single stroke down Meredith's pinkness, all the way back to the bottom of her pussy.

Mia swirls her tongue another lap around Meredith's pussy, then slowly up an inner lip to Meredith's clit. She swirls around that aching nub just as slowly and then caresses Meredith's other lip with her tongue as she moves back to Meredith's tunnel. Once Mia's tongue is back at the bottom of Meredith's pussy, she uses the fullness of her delicate tongue to lick back up to Meredith's clit. Now back where she started, Mia starts over.

Meredith stands there, bent over the beam, and continuously

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screeching moans that grow more urgent by the second, and that the gag mostly almost mutes. But even gagged, there's no mistaking her moans are those of sweet agony.

Meredith isn't bound nearly as tightly as Allan is. She's secure. There's no chance of her getting out of any of her bonds. But she has room to squirm and wiggle around, especially at her hips. Now, despite the wood beam firmly against her hips, she's wiggling them fervently. But it's not doing her any good. Mia's trained tongue just follows right along with Meredith's pussy as she teases it.

Meredith spends the next hour squirming desperately. And she squeals loud screeching erotic moans around the gag that half mutes them. After only a couple of minutes, she's so wet her pussy drips every now and then. I'm sure her clit throbs, too. But Mia teases just shy of what it would take for Meredith to climax, holding her mercilessly right at the edge.

Allan sits there, still bound into the chair. There's no question he can hear her. Everyone can hear her. If the gag was off, the neighbors might well hear her, too, were they home. I can't tell if he recognizes Meredith's screeches or not. He doesn't show it if he does. And I'm pretty sure these shrieking moans are far more hungry than any he's gotten from her before. It takes him a while, maybe twenty minutes, before he starts fidgeting against his ropes. That's when his cock starts swelling back to full hardness, too. By the end of Meredith's hour, his cock is as hard as it's been all night.

When the hour is up, I simply tell Mia "backside, now." Mia's hands immediately release Meredith's lips and just as quickly pull the spongy cheeks of her bottom wide to expose her asshole. It's the first time I've seen it, and it looks like any other. A deep rosy pink with a purple tinge to it, small, and wrinkly. Mia's lips surround Meredith's ring. She does it the same way she did for Allan, sucking lightly on the ring to draw it back into her mouth, then putting the tip of her tongue lightly against

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the rim of Meredith's muscle and swirling around it slowly.

Meredith screams with every bit of air in her lungs, and she keeps screaming. It's not a pained scream, but one of sensual agony. Goosebumps erupt over her bottom and her pussy mound. She shivers crisply, her hips thrashing wildly for the couple of inches they can move. Her head snaps around. Her hands struggle desperately against the steel cuffs that hold them. None of it does anything for her. Mia's skilled tongue keeps right on going, teasing Meredith's asshole without rest or mercy.

And Meredith goes on fighting to free herself, screaming around the gag, and praying for relief. Instead, she gets more of the icy hot electric sparks shooting out of her asshole, flowing along every nerve she has, pushing the aching in her pussy and clit to a new height. But not relieving it. I haven't allowed Mia to do that.

Meredith's pleading screams, the rattling of her cuff chains, and the creaking of the sawhorse as she squirms hard have gotten Allan's attention, too. I wonder if he can guess what's happening to her. If he can guess who it's happening to. Regardless, it definitely has his attention. And it has his cock standing up at full attention.

I don't time it, but it's at least five minutes I leave Meredith like that. I'm sure it's an eternity, maybe two, to her. But then I snap my fingers and Mia obediently snaps to her feet, Meredith forgotten instantly.

I untie Meredith's neck and stand her up before I unwind the rope from it. Her entire body is flushed a light pink. She's covered in a layer of sweat. And despite Mia's eager tongue, her pussy mound and the tops of her thighs are covered in a fresh layer of wet honey. Now that her neck is bare, I can see little red marks on it where the rope was, too. Marks that came from her trying hard to rise up and choking herself for it.

I leave her hands cuffed. But I untie her ankles. She slowly draws her feet back together, letting her exhaustion show. Squirming so hard for over an hour must have tired her out. Aw....

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I send Mia over to “dance” for Allan again. She’s instantly there, rubbing every bit of her body all over his bound body very eagerly, with a hunger that screams she’s dying to get more of that body. I walk Meredith over and push her to knees where she’ll have a good view of Mia’s teasing.

I let Mia work on him for a long time, maybe a quarter-hour. She spends every second of it so enthusiastically rubbing her more intimate parts over him.

Meredith spends the time watching Mia’s sinuous flowing motions as she caresses Allan’s body with hers. And trying to pant to catch her breath, even now that I’ve removed her gag.

Allan sits still for the first few seconds of it. That’s all he can handle before he’s wiggling against his bonds and purring sweet-eager moans through the gag that mostly mutes them again. And a few more seconds has his cock jumping around, trying to find Mia and get some real attention.

I wait until Mia is in the perfect position. She has her back turned to Allan. With her feet together, she’s leaning forward, her hands braced on her knees. But she has her bottom lowered just enough that her furry lips are barely touching his cock, holding it in place against his stomach as she rocks her hips to stroke those furry lips over his shaft. I tell her to freeze, and she does so instantly.

Allan groans with frustration as soon as Mia stops teasing his shaft.

“Aw...” I coo with teasingly sweet honey in my voice, “do you want some that furry little pussy.”

Allan very enthusiastically nods his head as fast as he can.

A little tap on her bottom is all it takes to nudge Mia to raise her bottom up a few inches, freeing his cock. I reach under her pussy and take hold of his cock. I gently pull it forward, putting its tip against Mia’s wet slit, aimed perfectly to slip into her. I leave it there, the fat tip of his

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cock nestled in Mia's sopping wet fur. "Open, bitch," I say firmly, and Mia spreads her legs as wide as she can, putting them snug against Allan's, all while keeping her bottom still.

Without any warning, I grab hold of Meredith's hair and use it to pull her around. She has to knee-walk quickly to keep up with me. I put her in front of Mia. I push Meredith down very close to Mia. With Allan in the raised chair, it puts Meredith's eyes about even with Mia's pussy mound, and only a couple of inches away.

"Bitch, down, slow." With that command, Mia starts lowering her bottom as slowly as she can. As she does, Allan's cock begins disappearing into her furry mound. Allan purrs a deep sweetness through his gag. And Meredith has a perfect view of everything, her eyes right at pussy level to watch her boyfriend's cock slip into Mia's young pussy.

Mia goes down all the way, burying every bit of Allan's cock into her pussy. The stops, having done as she was told. With Meredith's eyes still focused on Mia's mound, I firmly tell Mia "fuck, bitch." Obediently, Mia starts lifting her bottom up. She sets a very slow pace, rising up until only the head of his cock is invisible inside her mound, before starting back down again to take all of it.

Allan purrs deep and desperately urgent moans. I can see his toes curling up, too, but that's about all he can do with those ropes. I watch as Mia takes two strokes.

With Mia at the very apex of her stroke, all of Allan's shaft now visible as it glistens brightly with Mia's oily thin honey and only its head left inside Mia. I shove Meredith's head forward. All the way forward, until her lips, are touching his slickened shaft, and all the way up so that her lips are touching Mia's wet lips, too.

Meredith sucks in a deep, startled breath as her lips touch the shaft. I have her head rotated off to the side a little, and that has one of her eyes looking up through Mia's dense curls, along her flat stomach, and at the

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curved undersides of her pert breasts. Meredith's other eye is looking under Mia's mound, through that fur, past Allan's stiff cock.

I tap Meredith on her bottom lightly with my crop. "Quit being a prissy little bitch, neophyte, and lick that cock like a gutter whore!"

Meredith very tentatively sticks her tongue out, flicking it quickly over his shaft once. She quivers as her tongue gets its first taste of a woman's honey. Another tap on her bottom, a little firm, and a stern scolding gets that tongue moving. Especially now that she realizes women don't taste bad; they even have a little sweetness to their honey. I pull Meredith's head just a bit, putting her tongue in place to lick his cock at the very place it slides into Mia's lips.

Mia has narrow, flat lips on her pussy, that leave a little gash of a slit. With her legs fully spread, her gash is even wider. Wide enough to let the edges of her deep purple inner folds peek out. I spread those lips even wider until her folds stretch a bit and a plumply swollen clit pops out of from its nest in her folds. It's as hard as steel.

One little nudge of Meredith's head and now I have her tongue licking along Allan's shaft, not where it's slipping into Mia's lips, but where it's slipping into her pussy. Another nudge to turn Meredith's head just a hair, and her tongue is glancing over Mia's hugely swollen nub, too.

Mia squeals a very high-pitched, uber-girly, shrieking-mousy-squeaky cry. And she shrieks out another with every flick of Meredith's tongue. After about three of them, I can see the goosebumps suddenly erupting over Mia's lips and inner thighs. Another gets Mia quivering slightly, and so sweetly.

None of it breaks Mia's torturously slow rhythm. She keeps slowly riding Allan's cock. I keep Meredith's lips in place, her mouth wide open, her tongue moving along with Mia's pussy to lick Allan's cock just before it slips into, or out of, Mia's pussy.

Allan moans as loud as he's ever moaned, the gag mostly muting it,

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but not muting it enough that everyone can't tell he's going bananas. Then again, he's male, and what man wouldn't want a woman licking his cock while another woman rides it? To the guys I know, that's the stuff of dreams.

It only took Meredith about two licks to get past her reluctance to lick Allan's Mia-flavored cock. After that, it took Meredith didn't seem to show any hesitation when I put her tongue to Mia. Nor when Mia started shrieking sweetly. I wouldn't say her tongue is eagerly lapping up Mia's pussy, but it is definitely eagerly caressing Allan's cock, and not caring one bit if it gets Mia's pussy in the process.

At only 18, Mia hasn't had the chance to use her pussy nearly as much as Meredith has at 41. Plus Mia's never given birth. And she's a small woman. Her pussy is tighter than Meredith's, probably significantly so. But definitely, enough for Allan to notice. It's hot, too; I could feel Mia's heat just opening her lips to give Meredith access to Mia's clit. And it's sopping wet. It's even twitching all along the length of her tunnel as hot sparks race through it, Mia fighting to hold her own orgasm back.

I decide to see how close I can cut it. With all of that, I doubt Allan will last very long, even though he just came about an hour and a half, maybe two hours, ago. I watch Allan's pubes closely for those tiny rippling muscles. Then I hesitate about a second before pulling Meredith's head back as I order Mia to lift up.

Mia keeps going through her stroke, as she's should, and at the top of it keeps going up until Allan's cock slides out of her pussy. It stands straight up, its tip still pointed at the hot pussy barely an inch above it. For several seconds, its tip oozes a steady little flow of his cum. Allan cries a deep. Agonized groan of frustration through his gag. Meredith's eyes lock on his cock.

After a second or two, Allan starts crying. He can't form any words with the gag stuffing his mouth, but I can hear him trying. In his breaths, I hear him begging me to stop teasing him and let him cum. I reach down

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and grab hold of his balls, squeezing them in my hand enough to make certain I have his attention. "Bad boy!" I snap harshly, "you know better than to beg! You'll take whatever I give you, *little* boy!" I switch to my mean girl taunting tone again, adding "and now you'll pay for being so naughty!" I give his balls a little more of a squeeze before releasing them.

"Bitch, tease this naughty boy with that worthless butt of yours."

I pull Meredith back a bit. Mia hurries to put the cheeks of her bottom against Allan's bare stomach and start caressing him with them. I pull Meredith back another little bit and hold her there, making her watch Mia tease her boyfriend.

Over the next fifteen minutes or more, Mia manages to get her butt all over Allan. Even up to his face, although to do that she has to put a foot upon his thigh and lean over pretty good. She's skillful, keeping her pussy in front of his eyes as her bottom strokes so gently over his face. And just as tenderly over his lips. Just before Mia starts down him again, she puts her pussy to his mouth. But gagged, Allan can't do anything but feel her hot pinkness on his lips and taste her sweetness.

She works her way back down, and a few minutes later she has his cock nestled in the V of her crack and trapped against his stomach. Mia rocks her bottom slowly, gently, teasing his shaft with very short strokes.

"Here, neophyte, get a good look. See what a whore will do for a man's pleasure." I shove Meredith firmly forward, pushing her to scoot her bottom up under Allan's chair. Then I pull her shoulders back, making Meredith use her cuffed hands to brace herself up. I pull her head so she's staring at Mia's pussy as it hangs bared just above Allan's balls.

I keep a good hold of Meredith's hair to make sure her head stays where I want it. "Aw..." I coo in my taunting sweet voice, does my little boy like my house-bitch's firm little butt?"

Allan vigorously nods.

"And I suppose you've always wanted some butt, haven't you?"

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He nods again, just as vigorously.

"And now you're having some perverted fantasy about me actually allowing you to touch my house-bitch's butt, aren't you?"

He nods, this time less eagerly.

"I can't imagine any female, not even a female rat, would allow you anywhere near its bottom. Have you ever had any butt before, *little boy*?"

Now Allan shakes his head slowly, hesitantly, letting his embarrassment show through.

"Aw... poor little boy. You've been with that woman all those years and she thinks just so much of you she won't even try it for you!" I use my bully-taunting voice for that. I very lightly slap Meredith's face, sensing more than seeing, that she's going to say something. I'm not ready for her to speak yet. Let Allan think Meredith didn't just hear that. I wave for Mia to pick up her strokes. She doesn't speed up, instead of lengthening her strokes. Now every bit of her crack slides over every bit of his cock. "What am I going to do with you! You just can't get my house bitch's butt out of your mind, can you?"

Allan eagerly shakes his head no.

I sigh out deeply, leaving Mia to tease him another minute. Then I say with a deep "if I must" note in my voice, "bitch, lift that butt."

Mia moves so fast that her bottom almost snaps up off his cock. It freezes in place about six inches over his shaft, which is exactly where I want it.

I lift his cock up and put the tip of it to her sopping wet gash. I rub the tip of his cock's head along her gash a couple of times, getting a little purr from Mia, and a deeper purr from Allan. "spread those cheeks, bitch." Mia reaches around her hips and pulls her butt cheeks wide apart. I put the tip of his cock against her asshole.

Mia's asshole is tiny, but so is Mia. Hers is a very deep purple-

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tinged brown, like a small little funnel of wrinkles no wider than a pencil. Around that funnel is her ring of muscle, and that's clenched tightly. I give Allan a moment to feel what his cock is pressing up against. "Isn't that hole so tiny?" I tease him. He nods a vigorous yes. "Oh, I'll bet that would just be so tight on that little cock!" Allan nods more eagerly than ever that it would be. "Too bad you're not worthy of even my house-bitch's disgustingly filthy butt." I laugh quietly.

I doubt Allan can see the hand signal I give Mia. I just point down, which Mia correctly interprets as "down, bitch." I'd bet Meredith isn't seeing anything but Allan's cock, it's fat head totally eclipsing not just Mia's asshole, but even all of the color around it. For all Meredith can see, there might not even be an asshole under his cock.

Mia takes a deep breath and pushes back as if she's constipated and straining hard to use the toilet. That forces her asshole to loosen up fully, it's hard muscle turning to soft, pliable rubber under his cock. She keeps pushing. I, and I'm certain Meredith, can see Mia's very dark ring as it widens, its edges opening past the tip of his cock.

And then Mia starts lowering her bottom very slowly. For the first fraction of a second, it looks as if his stiffness is pushing her ring hard, pushing it inward. And then the tip of his cock vanishes, Mia's ring fully stretched around it. I hold Meredith's head, making her watch as more and more of Allan's length just vanishes into that dark ring. For her part, Mia doesn't make a sound. Not even a single grunt of discomfort.

Mia takes it very slowly, as I want her to. It takes around fifteen seconds for her slide all the way down until her cheeks are touching his balls, and every bit of his cock is inside her bottom. She lets her breath out, still without any hint of strain to it. As she does, her bottom tenses back up, snuggling hard around Allan's cock.

I nod to Mia, and she starts lifting her bottom back up again. She moves just as slowly, rising up until only the purple head of his cock is left inside her butt. Then Mia reverses, letting his honey-slickened cock slides

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into her almost-too-tight bottom.

Allan cries out the sweetest erotic breaths. Even the full gag stuffing his mouth can't hide the utter bliss in his breaths. He squirms hard against the ropes, and I'm sure for the first time he's thankful that they're holding his cock perfectly still for Mia. I'm sure he wouldn't want anything to interfere with this, not even his own inability to sit still and allow Mia to do it.

I hold Meredith's head unnecessarily. She stares at Mia's asshole, Allan's cock slowly sliding in and out of her tightly clenched hole, fully engrossed in the lewd, slutty, act that Allan is so loudly enjoying.

In a few seconds, Mia is purring sweet moans of her own. Then I can see fresh goosebumps erupt on her pussy mound. And I can see her honey start to flow at her gash. I just can't tell if Meredith notices that or not. She's so fixated on Allan's cock disappearing into Mia she might not be seeing anything else!

Allan barely lasts a minute. When I see that little rippling I am so tempted to stop Mia and make Allan wait for a little a longer. But I didn't even start this session until nine at night, and morning is coming on fast. So I settle for the next best torture. I tell Mia to stop but to stop down with Allan's cock inside her bottom.

As soon as Mia stops, I push Meredith's head to Allan's balls, forcing her mouth open with a pinch of her jaw, as it's nearing him. I move her to take his balls into her mouth. Then I nudge her to close her mouth, her teeth so lightly touching his sack above his balls. I tell her to gently lick her tongue across his balls. She obediently starts doing it. I can tell because Allan starts keeps moaning through his gag.

With his cock snuggled captively still in Mia's butt, and Meredith licking his balls softly, Allan lasts about two more seconds. I can see the sharp twitches ripple along his pubes. I can hear the over-satisfied grunts he makes through his gag. But his cock doesn't move a bit. Mia's butt holds it still inside her. But I see the wide grin on Mia's face that tells me

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she can feel him cumming inside her bottom.

I Wait until I'm sure Allan's cock is done cumming. Then I pull Meredith away from his balls and pull her back just a little to give Mia a bit of room. I point up. Mia slowly lifts her bottom, Allan's cock emerging from her bottom just as slowly, until finally the last quarter of an inch of it just jumps out of her.

Immediately I snap a soft command for Mia to "show me her butt." She just as immediately bends over, spreads her feet wide, and reaches around to pull her cheeks wide. I push Meredith's head around, putting her eyes close to Mia's still-gaping asshole.

Mia's ring hangs open about half an inch. It's enough for Meredith to have a view inside Mia. To see her messy bowel, and mostly the liberal puddle of Allan's cream clinging to everything. And now slowly starting to seep out of Mia's asshole. "This dumb bitch just made a fantasy come true!" I very firmly say to Meredith, avoiding any reference to Meredith's relationship to Allan. "That deserves a reward! You are her reward, neophyte. Kiss my bitch, *now!*" I shove Meredith's head forward the last inch or so, pushing her lips firmly against Mia's gaping ring.

"A long, good kiss for what it did! Lick all of that filthy cum out of my bitch!" With Meredith's lips fully around Mia's ring, it's impossible for me to see if Meredith is obeying me or not. But I don't have to. In a half-second Mia screams out the highest-pitched girliest screeching cry she's ever made. That's enough for me to know Meredith is behaving, her tongue licking along Mia's very sensitive asshole. Meredith's tongue stays there, and Mia stays shrieking away. I'm sure Allan is wondering what I'm doing to Mia and wishing he could see it. But I've decided he doesn't get to see Mia at all.

After better than half a minute I pull Meredith's head back. By then, Mia's ring is cinched down tight again. And there isn't a drop of Allan's cum to be seen anywhere on it. But I do see a few drops of it on Meredith's tongue. Mia pants hard, shivering, and trying to still herself.

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I sigh again, "slave..." I say to Sophie, "look how sloppy this slut's pussy is!" Sophie peeks and giggles a little. I snap for Mia to lie down on the floor with her legs open.

I just pull Meredith around and turn her so she's kneeling between Mia's spread feet. I push her head forward, bending Meredith all the way over until her breasts are pressed against the floor, and putting Meredith's lips to Mia's furry wet mound. I nod, and Sophie spreads Mia's lips wide.

"Eat pussy, neophyte." I snap as I'm already shoving Meredith's lips to Mia's pussy. I push her down until her lips are surrounding Mia's throbbing clit. "suck it gently, neophyte." I casually instruct her. "now put your tongue to that hard little rock, and very slowly swirl it around. I'll tell you when to stop."

A half-second later I see Mia's teeth clench tight, then hear her squeaking out a desperate moan through them. Mia's legs slam shut, clamping Meredith's head in place as Mia's hips start to squirm around hard. In a few more seconds, Mia gives up trying to behave and screeches out her ear-splitting cries of erotic agony. Mia's fists ball up and beat down hard against my floor.

I watch for a couple of minutes, enjoying Mia's so-urgent squirming and moaning. Finally, when I'm pretty sure Mia can't take much more of it, I tell her to "just cum like a gutter whore and get it over with, bitch." Mia screams the loudest cry yet, her entire body suddenly thrashing wildly as she cums. And cums. And cums.

It's maybe two minutes later when I finally just pull Meredith's head up. Meredith pants. Mia falls spent, panting even harder. I just stare at the glaze of honey coating Meredith's chin and lips. I take a picture of it, watching Meredith blush beet red and shirk back a bit as she sees the camera.

"Slave, this house bitch is totally useless. Put it away."

Sophie hurries to grab Mia by her long hair and snap for Mia to

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crawl along after her. It's less than a minute before I I hear the lock on the kennel snapping shut and Sophie is hurrying back to me.



Chapter 4: Meredith, The Good Wife

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Now that my house bitch Mia is locked back in her kennel out of sight, I turn my attention to Meredith. I pull her up to her feet. I reach between her legs, pinching one of her plump pussy lips firmly in my fingers. I can feel that her pussy is as hot as fire and as wet as an ocean. But I already could have guessed that from a mile away. I firmly command her to "come." Without waiting for Meredith to answer, I start walking out of the playroom. Meredith follows her pussy, and thus me.

I drag Meredith into the kitchen, Sophie following along behind me. It's around 4:00 in the morning, a few minutes early, but not too early. Not early enough that I have for another little game. I keep hold of Meredith's lip, pinching it tighter as I firmly tell her what she's going to do.

"You are going to be a very good, and that means a very slutty wife, for Allan now. You can start by making his breakfast, along with mine. I am very particular about my meals. My slave will mind your worthless fat butt while you prepare the food so it's at least edible. You will not be eating now. You will be very humbly serving your man. Yes, he will see that you are here. You will not speak to him. You will behave your flabby butt like a good whore and speak only when spoken to by an actual person!"

I let go of Meredith's lip. I get an apron out of the drawer. Sophie knows which one it is as soon as she sees it. Sophie grins widely. I hand it to Sophie. "Dress this skanky whore up like a waitress."

"Yes, Mistress!" Sophie giggles eagerly. She puts the apron around Meredith's hips. It's tiny. It doesn't even stretch from hip to hip, leaving both of her hip bones bare. It's white, decorated with flowers, and trimmed with lace. It covers her pubes and the creases of her thighs, but not much more. The only thing it has in the back is the giant bow Sophie ties its strings in.

I pull a rubber spatula out of the drawer. I swat Meredith's bare bottom with it, lightly, but enough to make a little slapping sound and

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get her attention. I hand the spatula to Sophie. "Stay on top of this fat whore. Make sure it gets it right. Feel free to spank it for... whatever you want to spank it for!"

Sophie giggles a very enthusiastic "Yes, Mistress." She waves the spatula around and firmly tells Meredith she'll need some eggs from the fridge. I leave, closing the folding doors to the kitchen behind me.

I return to the playroom, where I find a fully sated Allan sitting spent in his "high chair." I take my time untying him. As soon as he's free, I tie a rope around his neck, like a make-shift leash, and make him crawl after me. I walk him out to my living room. I take a seat in my favorite recliner, putting Allan in front of me. I prop my feet up on his back. With my crop in one hand, I put some music videos on the TV and call for Sophie to bring me my morning coffee.

She serves it on her knees, holding the sup out atop her upturned palms even with her nipples. I don't delay Sophie. I send her back to the kitchen before Meredith screws something up. I relax, sipping my coffee. It lasts about two minutes before I feel my feet wobble a little as Allan wobbles a little. I swat his bottom hard with the crop, scolding him "please tell me you are as smart as my furniture! Smart enough to at least *be* furniture. And furniture doesn't move!"

It takes Meredith about an hour to get the breakfast ready. Allan spends every bot of it on his hands and knees being my footstool. And he gets at least half a dozen hard swats on his bottom for not being good furniture.

When Sophie announces that my breakfast is ready, I go to the table. I lead Allan over there, knowing that he needs breakfast. He's due at work at seven, and won't have time to eat later. It's almost six now. I tell him to sit properly in a chair and wait patiently until my "bitch" serves him. Then he's to eat whatever she puts in front of him and eat all of it. I call for Sophie to begin the service.

Sophie hurries out and drops into a seat beside me. A few seconds

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later Meredith comes out of the kitchen. And she is a sight! It's all I can do not to laugh at her. Her face is still half-covered with a now-dry coat of Mia's honey. She's naked except for that apron that barely covers her pubes. Her soft breasts bounce a bit as she walks. She's carrying a plate of steaming hot food atop her upturned palms, held perfectly even with her nipples and six inches out from them. That way they don't block my view of her breasts. Her bare bottom is now bright red. I guess that was those little slaps I kept hearing. The spatula sticks out from her butt crack, it's handle shoved fully up her behind. It wiggles as Meredith walks, like a dog's tail.

I see Sophie smirking wide. I see Allan blushing beet red, his eyes about popping out of his head as he watches Meredith walk out of the kitchen. I'll bet then he starts thinking about those screeches he heard last night and wondering which, if any, of them could have been Meredith.

Meredith comes to me first. She kneels with her knees and feet spread wide, sitting back on her heels. That also puts the spatula against the floor, and I'm sure she feels that! "Here is your breakfast, Ms. Rodgers. May this stupid whore please be allowed to serve you now, Ma'am?" Meredith recites very politely.

I glance over to see the grin on Sophie's face. Sophie definitely taught her that. She probably made Meredith memorize that line. "you may, bitch." I say.

Meredith stays on her knees as she sets the plate in front of me. She hurries back to the kitchen and returns with a glass of juice for me, and after asking permission sets that in front of me too. She hurries off and returns to serve Sophie just as humbly.

And then she's back, kneeling down to serve Allan. Except she doesn't ask him permission. Instead, she asks me if she may be allowed to serve "my tiny-pecker little boy-toy" a breakfast before his big day. I grant her permission and she serves his plate.

Allan just gawks at Meredith's humility and the so-sweet service.

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I'm sure he's totally shocked to see her here. It shows on his face. But he eats the breakfast she made for him.

Meredith doesn't get a plate. Nor does she get to sit. She gets to stand against the wall, her hands behind her. It leaves her breasts fully bared, a view Allan definitely takes advantage of. Just as he glances at her red bottom with the spatula sticking out of it every chance he gets. Meredith is our waitress. And she's a very attentive waitress. I'm sure that Sophie has warned her that there would be serious consequences if I wasn't pleased with her service. She fawns over us.

After breakfast, Sophie has Meredith clear the table and do the dishes. Then she leads Meredith over to me. I'm sitting on my sofa, scolding Allan for paying attention to the flabby serving wench instead of his beautiful mistress just because the skanky wench was naked! To emphasize my point, I have my foot atop his cock, stepping down very firmly and making him wince.

Pinching Meredith's stiff nipple hard in her fingers, Sophie walks Meredith up, and swats Meredith's bottom with her hand as she snaps for Meredith to "kneel before actual people," Meredith kneels. The spatula is still in her bottom. I thank Sophie for "minding this useless fat whore."

I turn my attention to Meredith now that she's kneeling right beside Allan. "I suppose you want to cum all over my living room now. Don't you, *neophyte*?" It only takes Allan a fraction of a second to catch it. I called Meredith neophyte. A name I've been using all night long. Which means Meredith has been here all night long. She was one of the two women who I used to torment him. I'm sure his lizard-sized boy-brain is busily trying to remember exactly what I had neophyte do last night. And I'm just as sure he's guessing. He wasn't paying attention. I wonder if he'll have the guts to ask Meredith about it. I'd bet not.

"Yes, Ma'am," Meredith says very shyly, but also with a strong hopeful note in her voice. A note that tells me she is hornier than she's ever been.

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I laugh. "No one is ever going to touch that sloppy skank pit between your flabby thighs!" I laugh again. Meredith blushes a deeper beet red. "But I suppose I could be kind and let you diddle it. If I do, will you behave your slutty behind and act like a woman instead of a gutter whore while you diddle yourself?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Meredith assures me firmly, but also with a heavy note of embarrassment in her voice.

I have her stand up where she is and spread her feet wide. "You're blushing!" I giggle. "Don't tell me. You've never had anyone watch you play with your sloppy pussy before?"

"No, Ma'am," Meredith says shyly.

"Oh, I'll bet you are just so embarrassed!"

"Yes, Ma'am." Meredith quickly admits, a little trace of hope in her voice for mercy.

"Well, you'd better get over that useless modesty, whore! I know you are a complete gutter whore at heart. No one would ever let a gutter whore diddle her pussy without proper supervision! God only know how slutty you'd get. But since this is your first time playing with that pussy for an audience, I'll be nice. I'll make a video for you to remember it by!" I snap my fingers and Sophie springs up with my phone in her hand, it's camera already pointed at Meredith.

Meredith cringes hard. I stand up, moving to stand close beside her. Crop in hand. I touch the blade of my crop to her still-red cheeks and lightly stroke her globes with its leather. "just behave your slutty bottom and do what you are told, neophyte."

"Yes, Ma'am." Meredith squeaks out in a very humiliated voice.

I instruct her to put a single finger to her clit and start rubbing herself with very slow little circles. I warn her to stand still, and not to squeal like we're making a porno. And I warn her not to speed up or slow

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down unless I tell her to. And I very sternly warn her never to climax unless told to, no matter how badly her skanky pussy aches for relief.

In that very shy voice, Meredith assures me she'll be good.

I step hard on Allan's cock, scolding him for watching my bitch's slut show. Something I didn't tell him to do. I told him to kneel, and that means to keep his eyes forward. I don't care if he wants to see "this fat cow diddle herself." HE blurts out a hurried apology. Once his eyes are off Meredith, I take my foot off his stiff cock.

Meredith lasts about fifteen seconds before I see her hips wiggle a bit. I swat her bottom hard with the crop. Meredith yelps out a pained squeal. I scold her, remind her I told her to stay still. I glance at Allan; I can see that he didn't look, although he desperately wants to. I don't want him to, even though Meredith is standing an inch from him, I'm going to make him hear her masturbate, but not allow him to see it. I'll bet that really gets him excited.

Meredith doesn't even make it another ten seconds before she's yelping from another swat and another scolding for squirming like a slut. Then again, and again. In the first minute, she must get herself five good swats, each of them searing a light welt onto a cheek.

After a mere minute of masturbating, Meredith stands there moaning through tightly clenched teeth, trying to mute herself, and failing. She shivers crisp and hard, goosebumps seemingly covering all of her body. I can see that she wants to close her eyes, but knows better and struggles not to. Good. I want her to have to see me watching her closely. In a few more brief moments, I see the first drop of her syrupy honey fall from her silky lips.

Then she moans out, loud and desperately as if her moan is her plea for permission to cum.

I swat her bottom very hard, getting a good screech from Meredith. Then I pull her hand away from her pussy. That gets me another cry, this

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one of abject frustration. Another tiny dollop of her honey falls from her pussy. I sigh deeply. "I warned you to behave! That stinging bottom of yours should be enough for you to know how bad you've been! I ought to leave you horny for that... and you have a little time before you have to be at work... time you could spend... eating my house-bitch's pussy for practice."

Meredith starts crying and trembling hard. I make her stand there a minute before I finally ask her, "do you really want to cum now, neophyte?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Meredith sobs out, her voice pleading for permission.

"Obviously you're just too slutty of a skank to diddle that pussy." I tell her coldly, pausing for a second before I add, "but I guess... You'd better be a very well behaved whore, neophyte!"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Meredith blurts out eagerly as I take hold of her wrist. I'm sure she's expecting me to put it back to her pussy. I don't. I just move it down a bit and put it to the spatula sticking out of her butt. I wrap her fingers around it. Meredith, realizing what I'm doing, gasps out a very nervous squeal.

I take Meredith's hand, my still wrapped over it, and start her moving the spatula as if fucking her butt with it. Her eyes instantly get wide. A second later her jaw drops just as wide. A couple of seconds after that she anting the neediest of sultry moans through that wide-open mouth.

Sophie gets a very good shot of Meredith using the spatula on her own butt.

Meredith makes it about ten seconds before her entire body shudders hard. This time I bring the crop up between Meredith's splayed legs, landing its tip on her puffy pussy mound. It's not too hard of a stroke, but it still gets a very squeaky-pained yelp from Meredith. But it's

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not so bad that she misses a beat stroking her butt with the spatula either. After my crop is gone, a few drops of honey fall from her slit.

"Strike one, neophyte," I say tauntingly.

She makes it about ten seconds before she shudders again, this time honey dripping down as she does. I swat her breasts, one moderate stroke atop each of her rock-hard nipples. Meredith cries out from both but keeps working her bottom. When I'm done, she has red splotches over and around her nipples. And her nipples strain to a new level of hardness. "Strike two, neophyte. One more and you're out!"

I watch her closely. This time she really fights herself for control. In a few short seconds, I can see her muscles tensing up until every single one is as hard as steel. That alone makes her entire body tremble lightly. She pants desperate, super-fast breaths through clenched teeth. Teeth that soon chatter. And her pussy drips shamelessly. Somehow she manages to keep steadily fucking her butt with the spatula.

"Let's see if you're going to cum, or eat pussy, neophyte," I say with an evil grin on my face. "When I get to zero you will climax. Misbehave even the slightest before that and I stop counting." I smile at her, then start counting "25 stupid whores playing with their filthy bottoms just to cum like a gutter skank." I repeat, counting 24, then 23, and so on.

It seems like with every number Meredith trembles a little harder, sweats a little more, flushes a little brighter, and screeches a lot louder through her chattering teeth.

I count to zero. There were a few times she wiggled enough that I could have swatted her if I wanted to, but I don't want to. I want to see her cum! I know she's never needed to cum 1/10th as badly as she does now, so I know this going to be a great show.

Meredith lets go. She screams a loud, blood-curdling cry. Her body shudders hard. Her foot starts stomping the ground. She shudders again, and this time falls to the floor. She doesn't stop shuddering. She

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thrashes around like a fish out of water, screaming her lungs out the entire time. Her legs kick wildly. Her arms flail every which way. She kicks Allan several times and hits him a few more.

It lasts a couple of minutes. Then Meredith falls limp and spent, panting hard for her breath but otherwise unmoving. Her pussy and the top couple inches of her thighs are covered with a heavy coat of her sticky honey. Her mouth hangs open. And she drools.

I have Sophie pull the spatula from Meredith's bottom, and Meredith doesn't even react to it. She just lies there gasping and panting, shivering lightly as she sweats more.

Twenty minutes later I have Allan dressed and standing in the corner as Meredith slowly struggles back into her clothes while trying to stand on very wobbly legs. It takes her several long minutes to dress.

"Neophyte," I say to Meredith as soon as she has her clothes back on. She looks like she's had a very hard night. Which she has. "I've sent a video to your email. You will not peek at it. What you will do is meet Allan at the door when he gets home from work. You will be a very good little slut-wifey for him. You will take him by his hand and walk him to the living room. You will sit beside him and cuddle him while you watch the video with him. When it's over you will give him a real blow job now that you know what a whore you really are. Then you ask Allan very politely to write me an email and tell me all about it. Allan knows better than to lie to me. He'd suffer 100 times more than he did last night for it."

Meredith blushes a very deep beet red. I'm sure she's wondering what slutty thing she did last night that I have a video of. What Allan is going to see her doing. While I have a video of everything the one I'm sending is of Meredith masturbating her pussy and butt. The other videos would necessarily show Mia, and he's not going to get to see her. Allan is going to have only Meredith's description of Mia for his memories of her. "Yes, Ma'am," Meredith answers very shyly.

"You are both dismissed. Neophyte, go take that tiny little cock by

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the hand and walk him to his car. Remember your instructions and wait until I decide to summon you for another lesson."

"Yes, Ma'am," Meredith says, the tiniest grin at the corners of her mouth. She goes to Allan, takes his hand, and walks him out of my apartment.