



*Don't  
Interrupt*

Nadezhda Sarankhova



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ISBN: 9798533184601 (Paperback)

Library of Congress Control Number:

Any references to historical events, real people, or real places are used fictitiously. Names, characters, and places are products of the author’s imagination.

Front cover image by: Stock Image.

Book design by: Me.

Printed in the United States of America.

First printing edition 2021.

Proofreading By: My friend, Ken

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### **Author's Note:**

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

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

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

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

**Session Date:**

**26. June 2021**

**This Story Released:**

**5. July 2021**

**Edition Released:**

**7. July 2021**

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## Don't Interrupt

### *Introduction:*

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

My name is Pepper Rodgers. I'm a 20-year-old Domme, living downtown Mobile, Alabama. I have a decently well-stocked playroom in the second bedroom of my fourth-floor apartment (most of my neighbors are corporate types who aren't always around, giving me a lot of privacy, even in the halls and elevators). I also have a decently stocked toybox. I prefer my toys to be older than I am, around 30-42 years old. I prefer men for myself, however not for my toybox. When it comes to toys, I find women and couples to be far more amusing. Single men tend to be needier, and often too clingy. But that doesn't mean I don't have a few of them in my toybox. I do. They just don't have the same chances of getting there as couples and single women do.

I'm petite. Actually more "tiny" than petite. I'm 5' 1.75" and 91 pounds. I'm not bony, though, I've curvy, like a small-sized woman. I have blond hair down to my shoulders and blue eyes. Oh, and my chest is the only

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place I'm not small. I'm a 32-D, and I'm very pert. Which makes me popular with the boys.

I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

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

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

Sophie is my 20-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest.



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Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

Paige is my 19-year-old house-slave and slave-whore. It's a role she definitely loves. She lives with me, too. In a kennel, in the playroom. Like Sophie, she came to me during her final year of high school, just after her 18<sup>th</sup> birthday. Paige does most of the chores around the house, which leaves Sophie free to cater more closely to me. Paige is also my whore. Whenever I need a female body to torment one of my toys, it's Paige's body I use. And Paige definitely doesn't mind it.

Paige is a rather lean girl. She stands about 5'6" tall, but weighs only 112 pounds. It gives her a slightly stickish figure, with only the gentlest of feminine curves to her waist and hips. But she does have a pair of rather perky, and slightly pointy, 34-B breasts with wide nipples. She has honey brown hair that's long and curly with green eyes.

I believe in taking good care of my slaves. Including their education. Sophie is now a sophomore at Bishop State College where she's studying to become a vet technician. Paige, a year behind her in school, is beginning her freshman year at Bishop. Before they became mine,

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both girls were mediocre students, and neither had the grades to get into a four-year university. Now they're straight-A students. I wouldn't accept anything less. Both should easily be able to transfer to USA for their last two years of college and earn degrees that would allow them to actually get a decent job. They might not need to work while they're mine, but I want them to have their education and options down the line.

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

I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommies as well. Andrea (28), Janelle (36), Colette (40), Diane (44), and Olive (46). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and a little chat about who's doing what to whom lately. We sometimes share, or loan, our toys to each other, but not that often. Sometimes we do a favor for each other, such as providing something different for a toy. Mostly we do what girls do: we gossip.

I get all of my toys through networking. It's almost always either one of the women in our circle who has a toy she doesn't want and offers to point it at another who is interested. Or sometimes one of my toys tells someone, who tells someone, and so on until someone asks my toy to introduce someone to me. Rarely it's someone I don't play with, but who knows what I'm into, who asks me to meet someone. I get plenty of emails inquiring about

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meeting me, and while I will email and maybe chat with a sub online, I haven't yet met any. I won't rule it out, but meeting online is risky enough that someone would have to convince me before I'd think about it. A girl's gotta be careful!

Most of my stories are from the months I spend in Mobile. I very seldom publish any of the few stories from my time in Russia. That's because Putin's Russia isn't as enlightened as America. Homosexuality is a crime there. And the courts there would deem anything between two women to qualify. However, it's a crime that's not so often prosecuted. Usually no one really cares if it's kept discrete. So while I have been known to play there as well, I've very careful who I'll play with. Only those toys that come to me with the most trusted of referrals are considered. And I keep the stories private. I'm definitely not going to advertise what I've done there.

I have dual citizenship. That's a benefit the Russian government bestowed upon me because my father was a junior diplomat at the time. Sophie goes with me to Russia. She, obviously, is an American citizen. She only speaks about five words of Russian, too. But she never leaves my side. And she does wear her collar, much to the dismay of the TSA screeners. That shiny padlock holding it around her neck is not a friend to their scanners. Paige, however, doesn't get to take the trips. I usually leave her with my mom, who enjoys the free house maid she uses Paige as. And, as a Domme, my mom is well versed in the proper care that Paige might need.



# *Chapter One - Misbehaving While Grounded*

## Chapter One - Misbehaving While Grounded

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Last weekend we had a wannabe hurricane, also known as a tropical storm, pass through on Saturday. Unfortunately, Saturday is the day I have available to play with my toys. The rest of the week, it seems I either have classes, shifts at the hospital, or my new job as a nurse at the county jail. Then, with that storm coming through during the day, I didn't summon any toys last weekend. I didn't want them out and about in the middle of it. I stayed home, too. I think most intelligent people did.

But that doesn't mean I wasn't keeping tabs on my toys that day. Most of my toys are required to email me every morning before six. They tell me what they've been doing, among other things. It lets me keep tabs on them. I was reading through those emails when I got to Rita's.

Rita is a 41-year old single woman. She has a daughter that's almost nineteen now, which is how I first met her. Her daughter went to high school with Paige, my live-in house-slave and whore. But now Rita's daughter has gone off to college, leaving Rita by herself.

I knew Rita was in trouble with me the minute I opened her email. She began by telling me about this guy she met. He asked her out yesterday for tonight. He wanted to pick her up at seven, which should be after this baby storm passed through. She actually had the nerve to beg me to let her go on the date!

I have rules for all of my single toys about dating. Rita is no exception, and she knows it. I'm not counting those who have boyfriends when they come to me. I try not to interfere in their relationships, too much. Just like if they were married. But Rita wasn't dating anyone when she came to me. It had been almost two months since she'd so much as had coffee with anyone.

The rule is simple. My toys belong to me. Rita is my property. Anyone wishing to take her out needs to ask me, not her. After all, if you want to borrow someone's sleek little dress, you ask its owner, not the dress! And I own Rita just as if she were a dress! Of course, the guys don't know that. Which is why I require Rita to tell them.

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Whenever she's asked out, she's required to explain to the guy that it's not up to her who she dates. She's my plaything, so it's up to me who she dates. She's to give them my number, and they can call me and ask for my permission to take my toy out.

Rita has done that before. Several times. So there's no doubt that she knows what I expect of her. She also knows that calling me isn't... just a formality. She knows that I take it seriously. I actually talk to them and find out why they like Rita. Who they are, too. I immediately eliminate all the losers, those with lousy or no jobs. Those just looking for an "easy" date. If I think he actually likes Rita, I make him send me a copy of his ID. Then I have my friend Janelle, a deputy sheriff, run a quick check on him. I don't let criminals date my toys. Or those with "dropped" complaints for things like domestic violence.

It seems to eliminate about half of the guys. But assuming they can pass those basic tests, and tell me what kind of a date they have in mind, I make my decision. I decide based on what I think might be good for Rita. Not on what I think Rita wants. I've let four guys take her out. The first three I know she wanted to go out with. And she had fun. The fourth one, I think she would have turned down. But I made her go. And she had fun. So did he, since he keeps asking me to send her out again.

I also tell Rita what she's going to do on her date. I don't ask what she wants to do on her date. I tell her, and I expect a full report afterward. I expect to hear that she did as she was told, too, not as she wanted to do. It gives me countless opportunities to tease Rita.

I think that's why she didn't tell this guy to call me. I think that Rita is worried I'll run him off, and she wants to go out with him. I'd give him some credit for that if he'd called me. I want Rita to enjoy her dates. At least most of them.

Rita should have known better. Maybe she did. There is zero chance I'm letting her go out with a guy I haven't talked to and checked out. I don't care how much

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she wants to go. I don't even care how well she knows him. My rules are my rules. They're as inflexible as steel.

Just as clearly, Rita needed a good reminder of the rules. So instead of the date she wanted, she got a punishment. I grounded her for a full week. Well, plus a little, since I don't count partial days. Her grounding began immediately, that Saturday morning. That's not a full day. Sunday was her first full day. Her grounding would have ended the following Sunday morning after breakfast.

I don't ground my toys that often. But I think most of them have been grounded at one point or another. Some more often than others. Those who really hate it.

My version of a grounding is rather strict. Rita isn't allowed to set so much as one toe outside the door of her house. Not even on her patio. Not even to walk to the curb and get her mail. Nor is she allowed to have any company over, although I do make an exception for her daughter. But her daughter is still away at college, so that's not going to happen.

Rita isn't allowed to use her phone, either. And I have the password to access her account on her carrier's website. That will show me any calls she made, texts she sent, texts she received, or calls that came in. It will show me if she uses any data, too. I allow her one brief call to anyone she thinks might come over to tell them that she's grounded and not allowed company, but after that, if she makes or answers a call that's not from me or Sophie, my live-in slave-girl, and handmaiden, she's in big trouble.

She's not allowed any distractions, either. No internet use. No TV or radio. She's basically to sit around, do chores and regret getting grounded.

The only time she's allowed to leave the house is to go to work. But that's not an issue for Rita. She works from home, doing website design. To accommodate that, I allow her to use her internet and phone during business hours and for actual business reasons only. She's smart enough to know that I will eventually check and make sure



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she behaved. She can delete the call from her phone, but it's not coming off the carrier's website. I'd catch her.

This morning, Rita's email commented on how lonely she was. And how much she regretted not going about things properly. She told me how much she missed her BFF, Marcy. I know she called Marcy and told Marcy that she was grounded. I also know that Marcy has still been calling her a lot, even though Rita hasn't answered the calls. There have been frequent texts from Marcy, too. Since I can't tell if Rita read them, I'm going to assume she's sneaking that in. As if Marcy is still keeping her updated on what's going on.

But now Marcy's texts seem to have stopped. Or at least be taking a break. They haven't done that before. The sneaky girl that I am, I start wondering if Rita might not be up to something. Unfortunately for Rita, she has AT&T internet, just as I do. I can log into her AT&T modem/router from my house. It won't tell me much. But it does tell me that there are currently two phones connected to it. One I know is Rita's. The other is a Samsung phone. Rita has an LG, just as her daughter does.

I call Rita. "Who is in my home, you stupid bitch?" are the first words out of my mouth. I don't bother to tell Rita how I know there's someone there.

Rita stutters badly for several seconds. Then she starts crying, knowing that she's been caught. She confesses that it's Marcy, her BFF. She tells me that Marcy just showed up and let herself in, and she couldn't just kick her back out.

I tell Rita that she's in huge trouble. As she should be since she broke her grounding. I don't know what she's expecting me to do, maybe start her seven days over again. That's definitely something I'd do.

I don't tell Rita what her punishment is. I just tell her that she's to send me a "proper" picture of Marcy immediately. I want to see Marcy. I want to know what Rita is getting herself in such deep trouble for. I'm not

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really sure what I'm going to do with the picture, or why I even want it. I think mostly I want to see if Rita will send it. If Marcy will allow her to.

Marcy knows that Rita is my plaything. I made Rita tell her. Just as I made Rita tell Marcy that she's grounded this week, and as part of that Rita isn't allowed to have anyone over. I made Rita do it for one reason. Rita gets aroused by public humiliation. Telling Marcy that she was my playtoy got Rita so hot that she had to masturbate afterward.

It has me wondering why Marcy came over. She knew that Rita wasn't allowed visitors. She knew that if I found out Marcy had popped in, Rita would be in trouble for it. But she came anyway. I don't ask why. I think Marcy would give me a mundane explanation anyway, true or not. If there's a "kinky" reason, Marcy isn't going to admit it. So there's no reason to bother asking. I'll just figure it out.

The picture Rita sends me isn't what I'd call a proper picture. It shows Marcy from the stomach up. And Marcy is fully covered with a black shirt. It does let me see that Marcy is a 40-something woman with long-ish dark blond hair. That Marcy isn't the prettiest woman. That she has a slightly rounded and plump-looking face. It definitely gives the impression that Marcy isn't the thinnest woman. But it doesn't show me enough to see the shape of her body.

I text Rita back. I scold her for that picture telling her that I asked for a proper picture of Marcy. And that's what I expect. I point out that I can't even "see how fat that cow you call a friend is." I tell Rita that I expect a much better picture. And I expect it now. That "showing me the cow" is part of her punishment. I don't care what she has to do to get the picture, only that it's on my phone in the next couple of minutes.

The picture that Rita sends me isn't that much better. It does have Marcy standing, which lets me see that her figure isn't too wide. It kind of looks like a tree trunk to me. But it's hard to tell. In the picture, Marcy is leaning forward a bit. I can see that Marcy is wearing jeans today.

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I can also see that Marcy is wearing a black bra, and a rather modest bra, under her black sleeveless shirt, too. I can see that because Marcy has lifted her shirt up and pulled her bra down. She's using her hand to lift up her rather ample, and obviously soft, breasts. It makes it clear to me that Marcy considers her large breasts to be her best attribute. At least they're what she wants me to see of her.

I text Rita back and scold her very sternly for the picture. Rita tells me that she begged Marcy to pose for a "more revealing" photo, telling Marcy that I prefer to see my toys, and clearly now Marcy as well, as G-d made them, not as they wish to be seen. Rita tells me that this is as much as Marcy was willing to allow.

I text Rita back and tell her that if I don't have a proper picture of Marcy in the next five minutes, Rita will wish that she'd sent me the picture. I tell her that she knows what a proper picture is, too. Rita tries texting me back and begging for mercy, telling me that Marcy flatly refuses to show any more of her body. Especially to someone she's never met or spoken to. I ignore Rita's text. Rita sends another text, begging even more prolifically for mercy. I ignore that, too.

Just before the five minutes are up, I get another picture from Rita. And this time, it's a proper picture. See, Rita did know what I wanted. It shows Marcy fully naked, standing up, her hands at her sides. That way I can see her entire body. I can see the shape of it. It looks just like I'd thought it would. Like a tree trunk. Her sides are straight. Her stomach puffs out a hair, but not enough to sag. I can see the looseness to her skin, too. But I can see that her arms and legs aren't thick. I can see her soft breasts, too. Now, without the support of her hands pushing them up, her mounds hang down against her chest, angling out to the sides as they do. I can see that her pubes are slightly puffy, too. But nicely shaven.

A second later I get another text from Rita. "My Queen, I had to beg Marcy, Ma'am! She only allowed this

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one when I told her that You would double my whipping if she didn't allow it, Ma'am."

It tells me what I wanted to know. Marcy is willing to get naked in front of Rita. Marcy is willing to embarrass herself to spare Rita some additional punishment. And probably that Marcy has some interest in being toyed with. Maybe I just made Rita take that picture to humiliate Rita by making her ask Marcy to pose. But that was just a bonus to me. I wanted to see if Marcy would strip for me. I wonder what Marcy is thinking I'm going to have her do now? Or if maybe a mere picture would appease me.

I send Rita a rather direct text back. "Stupid bitch, you AND Marcy will come here now. You will BOTH be at my door at 13:30. I am not asking if Marcy would like to come. You misbehaved. This is part of your punishment for that. You MUST bring Marcy with you. Getting her here is a part of your punishment. Marcy knew you are grounded, and she came anyway. She will be punished for that. You may not take her punishment for her. She WILL come and get her punishment. I promise you, you do not want to disappoint me, bitch."

Rita immediately texts me back begging me not to make her ask Marcy to do that. I ignore her. She texts again, about a minute later, and then again. I ignore all of them. She texts me telling me Marcy says she doesn't want to be punished, and won't come. I ignore it. Just as I ignore four more texts from Rita. I've told her what I expect her to do. Now it's up to her to do it.

I know that Rita can't make Marcy come. That won't stop me from adding a little to Rita's punishment if Marcy doesn't come. Just enough extra to remind Rita that I was serious about expecting her to convince Marcy to do as she was told. What I'm really doing is offering Marcy a chance to play. Marcy has to know that if she comes over here, she's going to be played with. That's far too obvious for her not to know it. But it gives Marcy an "out," too. She can tell Rita, anyone else, and even herself, that she only agreed to do it to spare Rita the extra punishment.

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Punishment that I'm making it sound like Marcy brought on Rita.

The knock comes on my door right at 13:30. But Rita knows that I expect my toys to be on time. Exactly. I said 13:30, and that's when I expect them to arrive. For an instant, I wonder if Rita has brought Marcy, or if Marcy balked and refused to come. Rita would have come either way. She'd have accepted her punishment for failing to get Marcy to come.

Sophie goes to answer my door. As usual, when I have special instructions, I've already told Sophie what I want to be done. Sophie opens the door. Marcy must be there. I hear Sophie saying "You must be the fat cow my Mistress is expecting. Why are you wearing clothes, cow? The last my Mistress saw of your flabby bottom, you were naked. My Mistress didn't tell you that you were allowed to put clothes on that fat body, cow! Come back when you're dressed properly, cow." I see Sophie slam the door in their faces.

Rita has been here enough times to know that having the door slammed in her face like that does not mean she can leave. It means that she's in trouble. It means that she's to fix whatever stopped Sophie from allowing her inside and then knock again. And quickly, because now she's going to be late. She knows that when I said 13:30, I meant properly attired and such. I won't care that she knocked on time. I'll only count the time she's actually allowed inside. And that won't be until she fixes the problem. The problem, apparently, being that Marcy is dressed.

It must take Rita a minute to explain it to Marcy. Then a couple more minutes for Marcy to relent and strip. But about four minutes past, I hear another knock and Sophie is hurrying over to the door to open it.

"Show me that you're naked now, cow," Sophie says firmly. "Step back, arms out, legs apart so I can see that you don't have anything." There's a pause for about ten seconds. Sophie quickly slips a phone out of her pocket

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and snaps a picture. A second later I hear my phone ding. Sophie sent the picture to me. It shows Marcy standing in the hall, her arms up and out, her legs apart. And naked.

"What is that trash on the floor, cow?" Sophie asks, a bit of a mocking tone to her voice.

"That's my clothes!" Marcy answers.

"That's my clothes, Miss Slave, to you, stupid cow!" Sophie scolds her harshly. "What kind of a filthy pig leaves her clothes lying around on the hall floor? Get rid of them, now."

"What am I supposed to do with them?" Marcy blurts out, and for the first time, I hear an edge of nervousness to her voice.

Sophie glares at her, a hard, cold look on her face.

It takes several seconds, and a nudge from Rita's foot, but finally Marcy asks politely "What am I supposed to do with my clothes, Miss Slave?"

"I don't care what you do with those huge rags, cow. Take them to the car. Throw them in the trash over there. Whatever!" Sophie isn't really leaving Marcy much of a choice. I'm fairly sure they're parked on the street. A busy street. Going down four floors, through the lobby, out onto the street, putting her clothes in the car, and coming back up, all while completely naked isn't much of an option. But the trash can is close by.

Marcy very reluctantly gathers her clothes up and drops them in the trash. Then she comes back. "Hands behind your back, stupid cow," Sophie firmly tells her. "Now turn around." Marcy must turn her back, I hear Sophie telling her that she's not to move her hands until she's told to. Then I see Sophie pull a blindfold out of her back pocket and step forward to tie it around Marcy's eyes.

"Stupid bitch," Sophie says to Rita, "bring this stupid cow in. You will put her in the corner behind the door, and leave her fat bottom there."

Rita figures out that Marcy isn't going to make her own way to that corner. Not blindfolded, which is why I had Sophie blindfold her. I watch as Rita tentatively puts her

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hands to Marcy's bare shoulders, taking great care not to touch anything more than Marcy's shoulders. She tells Marcy to follow her lead. Rita nudges Marcy to step back. After a few steps, Sophie shuts the door.

Just inside the door, there's about six feet of empty wall between the door, and a bend where the coat closet sticks out. That's the space where I usually have my toys undress when they arrive. Sophie points Rita to the corner where the door hinges are. Rita guides Marcy to stand in that corner. Then Sophie points Rita to the other corner and tells her to stand in that one.

From the back, Marcy looks about the same. I'd term her "average" for a woman in her middle 40s. Her bottom isn't exactly firm, hard or taut. Nor is that well-rounded. But it's not fat, either. That's most of the reason I wanted a picture of Marcy. If she'd looked too heavy, I wouldn't have brought her here.

Her bottom is clearly soft. I can see that from my place halfway across the room. It looks like it was once hard and well-rounded. But over the years, it's picked up a few pounds and a touch of body fat to it. It still looks like a bottom, though. Her cheeks just have a bit of a flatness to their fronts. I can see a pronounced curve outward at the bottom edge, as her cheeks rise off her thighs. It's not enough to leave them hanging or sagging though. The fullness of her cheeks does leave her with a deep crack, the inside edge of those cheeks lying flush against each other, completely closing her crack and blocking my sight. Still, it's a bottom that's spankable.

I walk over behind Marcy. "I am Miss Rodgers," I begin telling Marcy in a soft, but firm, voice. It's a plain tone as if I'm stating the obvious. As if I'm telling her something that she should already know. "This is my realm. In case this stupid bitch didn't tell you, you should know that you are nothing but a lowly peasant bitch in this Queendom. I am your Queen. I own you. I own your body, too. I will do as I fancy with that worthless sack of flab. And I won't even bother to ask what you want, let alone

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care. That is the way things are in this realm you have entered.

"You may speak only when spoken to, and then only to answer. You will address me as Queen. 'Yes, Ma'am,' and 'No, Ma'am' are my favorite answers. Whenever one of those won't answer a question, you will answer it in a full, grammatically correct sentence that not only tells me the answer but what you're answering, too.

"You will do as you are told. If I haven't told you to do something, you will not do it. Do not ask me for anything. If I wanted you to have something, you would already have it.

"Peasant bitches don't deserve, or have, any privacy or modesty here. If you are asked, you will answer, I don't care if you're embarrassed."

I reach my hand out and put it to one of the cheeks of Marcy's bottom. It lets me feel the soft layer of fat under her skin. And feel that it's not that thick. There's still a decent muscle underneath. A muscle that I can easily feel. I can feel that her skin is silky smooth and soft, too. Just a bit loose over that muscle. It's about what I'd expected to feel.

I can feel a crisp, single, flinching shudder race through Marcy's body as she feels my feminine skin touching her bare bottom. I use my hand to lightly caress her cheek. "I've told you what's expected of you, fat cow," I tell Marcy, softening my voice a little and firming it up at the same time. "There are no second chances here. Disobey me, and you will suffer the consequences of it immediately. Punishment in my realm is swift and stern.

"Is that clear, stupid cow?"

"Y... Yes, Ma'am," Marcy stutters, her voice hushed and nervous as she answers.

My hand flows up and off of Marcy's cheek onto the bottom of her back. It slides over to the small of her back, just above the top of her crack. I lift all but the tip of a single finger from Marcy's back. My finger starts tracing a



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line, inching slowly downward toward the narrow V at the top of Marcy's crack.

My finger slips into the V, the insides of her cheeks quickly lying against it. "Good girl, stupid cow." My finger starts pushing slowly down. It slips between the edges of her cheeks fairly easily, but I can feel the soft flesh of her globes lying against the sides of my finger. I can feel the valley of her crack under the tip of my finger, too. And I hear a touch of nervousness starting to creep into Marcy's breathing.

"Come along, stupid cow," I tell Marcy. An instant later my fingertip glides over the tightly clenched ring of Marcy's asshole. Then my finger slips from the bottom of her crack. I put my hands to Marcy's shoulders. I turn her to face me. And I can see that her nipples are rock hard now. If they weren't before. I couldn't tell from where I was sitting.

I reach up casually to one of Marcy's breasts. I put my hand under it, lifting it up off her chest. And I feel another, crisper, shudder flow through her as she feels me touching her breast so casually. As if it's not a private part of her. I cup my hand under her ample mound. A light squeeze is all I need to feel that it's about as firm as a water balloon. I give it a firm squeeze. And I hold it in my grip.

Without another word to Marcy, I start walking. The grip I have on her breast is firm enough for Marcy to feel me pulling her forward, using her breast as if it was a leash to lead her along. She wisely decides to follow her breast.

I lead her across the room to where my desk is. There I have a small wood stool beside the desk. It's only 12" across its round top. It has four legs for support, but that's it. It's plain. And it's just a little low for an average-sized woman to sit on. I lead Marcy to stand in front of it, taking care to lead her around so that she doesn't bump into anything. I stop her there.

As she stands there, Marcy appears to be about 5'7 or 5'8, just a bit on the tall side for a woman. It's not easy

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to guess her weight, but I'd say somewhere around 160. I just don't see the loose flab that I would as she approached 200, but I do see enough to fill out her body where she should be curvy.

Her face is ovalish, but with a good bit of rounding to it. And some fullness, as I usually see on thicker women. She has full-bodied, stringy, dark blond hair that hangs down onto the tops of her shoulders. She has green eyes. She has a small, slightly wide, nose. She has full cheeks. She has a wide, but straight, mouth framed with a pair of thin, light pink lips. I can see a few wrinkle lines at the corners of her eyes. And a few more around her mouth, rising up towards her nose, too.

Her body has the shape of a tree trunk. Her sides are straight, neither curving inward nor outward. Just straight, all the way from her underarms, down her sides, past her hips, and flowing into the tops of her thighs. In front, it looks almost as if her body has been inflated with air, her chest starting to swell outward and her stomach following along. But it's not much of a swell. I'd guess her front swells out about an inch past flatness. Her pubes seem to swell out, too, as if her stomach flows down and over them as it fades back to where it would be flat. Her pubes are freshly shaven. I don't even see a single stubble on them. Beneath that, I can see a pair of moderately lean legs. They look to have some looseness to them, but no extra pounds on them. I don't really see any wrinkle lines on her front, either.

I do see a pair of rather ample breasts. Breasts that are clearly soft and hanging down, almost sagging, back against her chest. They seem to angle outward, making a rather wide V of cleavage between them. And leaving a deep crease at their undersides. They look to have lost some of their shape, flattening just slightly as they hang. I'd bet that's why she tried to pick them up as she posed earlier, to hide the softness of them. I can see a pair of deep pink rings, about twice as wide as a quarter, atop each mound. It's well centered and facing straight ahead.

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And in each ring there's a stiff nipple as wide as a pencil, standing up almost a full  $\frac{1}{4}$ " above her mound.

From here I can see her pussy mound, too. I can see that's it's going to look flat. It looks to me as if her puffy pubes flow down, hanging onto that puffiness, and curve around between the tops of her thighs. Centered between those thighs, I can see Marcy's slit. It's like a narrow line that runs along those puffy pubes and mound, turning upward at the front, and suddenly opening wide at the very top. It looks like a fine line otherwise. That tiny fraction of an inch at the very top lets me see that her slit looks deep, and thus her lips will be puffy and soft.

"There is a stool one inch behind your legs, stupid cow. Do not move those hands. Sit down. Show me that you're at least smart enough to sit on your own."

"Yes, Ma'am," Marcy answers in a hushed voice with a good bit of nervousness in it. Her voice is slightly deep but still feminine. More like it has a bit of huskiness to it. And it sounds as if she's from up north somewhere, not from the deep south anyway.

She sits very slowly and tentatively at first. I've taken her sight from her. And I've forbidden her from using her hands. It leaves her no choice but to trust what I said. That there's actually a stool there. And that it's in a place where her bottom will find it. She gets about halfway down and then has no choice but to speed up a little. She breathes a deep sigh of relief as she finally feels the hardness of the seat under her soft cheeks.

Marcy scoots around, centering her bottom on the stool. Its seat is just small enough to leave about  $\frac{3}{4}$ " of her cheeks hanging off each side of it. She fidgets.

I tell her to sit still. I tell her to straighten her back up, she's sitting, not slouching. I use a firm, demanding, but still soft voice with her. I tell her to keep her eyes forward. And then I tell her to cross her legs fully, right over left. Once she's in position, I tell her that's how I always want to see her sitting when I tell her to sit. There will be consequences if she's not sitting "like a lady."

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"Keep your eyes forward, stupid cow, do not look around. Do not move that fat head, either. Just stay put," I tell Marcy. Then I lean over and untie the blindfold, taking it from her eyes. For a few seconds, she blinks hard against the light. By the time she stops, I'm seated at my desk.

It has me just barely in front of her, my body maybe six inches in front of the line of her eyes. But I'm also a couple feet to her left. It has me just barely in the very edges of her peripheral vision. I can see her trying to see me, fighting her muscles to keep her eyes forward while looking to her side. It's the first time she's seen me. And she must see enough. I can see the shock on her face. I guess she wasn't expecting me to be young and so petite. It tells me that Rita hasn't told her much about me. I wonder what she expected. I'd bet she'd conjured up some images of a leather-clad, 40-something, dragon lady. Maybe German, with the sternest face. Not a college girl, which is what I look like. And what I am.

There's a laptop open on the desk. I already have it cued up to a fresh file for a new toy. Not that I'm planning to keep Marcy for a toy. I don't know anything about her. Not even how old she is, or if she's married. I only know what I can see: her nude body. I won't decide whether I'm going to keep her for the toolbox until much later. I still keep a file on all the toys I touch, even those that don't belong to me. I'll keep one on Marcy, too. It just won't have much in it if I don't keep her. For today, I'm just going for the basics.

"Full name?" I ask her, my voice now detached and all-business.

"Marcy Ellen White, Ma'am..." Marcy says. Her voice trails off, then suddenly she blurts out "I'm sorry, Ma'am! My name is Marcy Ellen White, Ma'am!"

I won't punish her for it, since she caught and corrected herself so quickly. It tells me that she's unused to following directions. And it tells me that she's trying hard to follow the ones I gave her. "When were you born?"

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"My birthday is November 30<sup>th</sup>, 1980, Ma'am." That makes her 44. I'd guessed that she was in her mid-40s by her appearance, and it looks like I was right.

"Marital status?"

"I'm married, Ma'am."

"Husband's full name?"

"My husband's name is Frank William White, Ma'am."

"What's his birthday?"

"My Husband's birthday is September 13<sup>th</sup>, 1976, Ma'am." which makes him 48. Not much of a difference between their ages. I've seen much bigger gaps.

I ask her several more mundane questions, learning little. But I do find out that she was born and raised in Iowa City, Iowa. She went to college at Iowa State, where she met her husband. They lived in Illinois for a few years, and then he was transferred to Mobile. He was in the Coast Guard then. Now he's not. But they stayed here for the sunshine, I guess, there's not much else in Mobile.

"When did you start your last period?" I ask her moving into the more personal questions.

"My last period began... I think it was May 31<sup>st</sup>, Ma'am."

"And when did you last climax?"

"I last... had an orgasm... Sunday night, Ma'am..." Now Marcy's voice hushes to near muteness and she blushes slightly as she answers.

"How did you climax, cow?"

"I... had sex with my husband, Ma'am, and that's how I had my orgasm."

"Does your husband know that you're here acting like a total gutter whore, stupid cow?"

"No, Ma'am!" Marcy blurts out firmly and very nervously.

"Where does he think you are?"

"He thinks I'm at Rita's, Ma'am."

While I have the laptop in front of me, I click over and check my email fast, leaving Marcy sitting there. It takes me about a second. I have an email from my friend and

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proofreader, Ken. We've been emailing all morning, and he knew that I'd summoned Rita and her friend Marcy. He has two questions for Marcy. So I ask them.

"How long have you wanted to be a gutter whore, stupid cow?"

"I don't want to be a whore, Ma'am!" Marcy blurts out. Even though she's pretty much acting like a gutter whore right now. She is sitting naked in a stranger's apartment, not knowing what I'm going to do with her, but knowing that I'll use her body somehow for my amusement. That's about the definition of whore.

"How many men have used that fat cum dumpster you call a pussy, stupid cow?"

"I've... had four lovers, Ma'am."

"Name them. And tell me when they sank so low as to consider fucking a cow!"

She names four men, her husband being the last. She tells me that she first slept with him in 2005. I know they've been married 14 years, so a little math tells me they were sleeping together for about two years before they were married. But since they have two kids, both boys, 11 and 8, it appears that they waited until they were married to have those kids. That's not always the case nowadays.

I send Ken a quick email with the answers to his questions.

While I was "interviewing" Marcy, Sophie was busy watching Rita undress. Once Rita was fully naked, Sophie took Rita's clothes to the playroom and put them in one of the drawers of a locking file cabinet that I keep in the room for just that. And Sophie locked them in. Now she has Rita standing in the same corner, just naked now. And waiting patiently.

"Here is what you are going to do now, stupid cow," I turn my head so that I'm looking directly at Marcy. I glare into her eyes as I give her the instructions. My voice, still soft, is now icy cold and steely firm. It's my way of letting her know that I am not asking. I am telling her.

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"I will call your husband for you. You are going to tell him where you are, and why you are here. You have five minutes to talk to him, not one second more. Before those five minutes are up, he is to tell me that I have his permission to discipline and use you as I see fit and that I may keep your useless fat bottom for as long as it takes for me to be satisfied that you've learned not to misbehave and disturb my property while it's being punished for its disobedience. This is not negotiable. You are going to tell him everything. You really do not want to disappoint me right now, cow. What is his phone number?"

Marcy starts crying. In a hushed voice, over her sobs, she rattles off the digits. I dial them on my phone, hoping that he'll answer a call from a number he doesn't recognize. Then I hit the speaker button so Marcy can hear it ring. "Sit still, just as you are. Just speak, don't move a hair, cow."

Marcy doesn't have time to answer me before her husband answers the call. He seems a little surprised to hear Marcy's voice calling him from the weird number. "Hey, hon... uh... remember I said I was going out with Rita? I uh... did I ever tell you that Rita... has a Mistress she sees once in a while? Rita took me to meet her. It was a total surprise to me, so that's where I am now..."

"But I... uh... she's making me call you! She says I have to tell you that I'm being a gutter whore!" Marcy sobs a little louder and blurts it out so fast that her words almost run together. "I'm sorry! It just sort of happened. She has me sitting naked on this hard stool beside her desk. I had to come! I didn't tell you that Rita was already in trouble with her Mistress, and she wasn't supposed to have visitors... I knew, but I snuck over anyway and we got caught, and Miss Rodgers told her that I had to come and be punished, too, since I knew she wasn't allowed to have me over. If I didn't come, Rita would have paid for it! I had to! It's my fault she's in trouble..."

"Miss Rodgers says she... won't let me stay if I don't have your permission. I have to stay, hon! I'm sorry,

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please let me stay. Please don't make me leave Rita here to face the consequences alone! It's my fault she's in trouble. You have to tell Miss Rodgers that I have your permission to stay and be disciplined. And that Miss Rodgers may use me as she sees fit, and that she may keep my useless fat bottom for as long as it takes for her to be satisfied that I've learned not to misbehave and disturb her property while it's being punished for its disobedience.

"Please, hon, please. I'm begging you, please let me stay. Please, hon, I have to stay! Please..."

"You're doing what?" Her husband balks.

Marcy gives him another sobbing, rambling explanation, that doesn't clarify much. He starts asking her questions, like just what I mean by "use her body as I see fit." To that, Marcy can only answer "it means she can do anything with me! Whatever she wants!" Finally, Marcy has to tell him that her call is limited to five minutes, which are almost up, and she doesn't know what will happen to her if she doesn't get his permission by then. She begs him again, pleading for him to give it.

He does, telling her only that they'll "talk about this" when she comes home. Then he tells me "You have my permission to discipline Marcy. Use her as you see fit, and keep her for as long as it takes to be satisfied that she's learned not to misbehave." It's not exactly the words I laid out, but it's close enough for me.

"Silence, stupid cow," I tell Marcy, "not another word from you."

"Yes, Ma'am," Marcy answers.

I tell her husband that I will call him back in a while, when Marcy isn't sitting next to me, and answer any further questions he might have. "But first, I have to go spank these naughty little bitches." He tells me that he'll be waiting for the call. I hang up, ending the call.





## *Chapter Two - The Punishment They Deserve*

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I sent Sophie to take Rita and Marcy to the playroom. Then I give her a few minutes. Rita can sit and wait for those minutes while Sophie weighs and measures Marcy. It's another thing I do with new toys. I never ask them what they weigh or what their sizes are. Women always lie. They knock a few pounds off, or fudge a cup size, telling me what they want to be, not what they are. But Sophie's tape measure never lies. And sometimes, at least with those I play with more often, it comes in handy to know their exact sizes. It's just a bonus to me that they find it rather embarrassing to be measured.

While Sophie is doing that, I call Emily. She's not one of my toys, but her father is. Emily is a total bimbo. She's 18, about to be 19 in another week or two. She's doing nothing this summer, taking a couple of months off before starting college at USM. I think she's planning to major in "advance party science," or something similar to that.

Emily's father has been my toy for well over a year now. Months ago, after Emily turned 18, I decided to humiliate him by making him call Emily to come fetch him from the playroom. Emily had heard of me through some school friends she has in common with Paige. She was rather eager to come to meet me, mostly for the "bragging" rights of being able to say she was here. In her circle, being invited here, but not to be the toy, was considered a coup. So she came eagerly, even though the toy was her father.

It turned into a rather fun scene for me. And over the next couple of months, I discovered that Emily had a talent for "minding" a toy. I also discovered that she got a huge kick over minding her father. She loved having control over him. Even when it meant seeing something she didn't want to see. It goes without saying that the dynamics of their household shifted over those months.

And lately Emily has become my "slut sitter." That's like a babysitter, only she "sits" with sluts, not children. I use her when I have a toy that needs constant supervision for several days, something I just don't have the time to

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provide. Plus, Emily is 18. She could pass for 16 or 17 rather easily. She also looks like the bimbo she is. There's just no seeing her as anything other than a teenage girl. And most middle-aged women find it rather humiliating to be babysat by a teenager.

But Emily is rather good at minding them. She should be, too. She's had plenty of practice minding her father. It wasn't two months from that first call and Emily was minding him 24/7. He hates it as much as he loves it.

I ask Emily if she's willing to slut sit Rita. Emily agrees and assures me that she'll be here promptly at 17:00 to pick up the "dumb thing." I give Emily Rita's sizes and tell her to stop by Wal-Mart and pick up an outfit for Rita. Something basic and plain. "So, like, nothing I'd dare be seen in?" Emily calls it. She says she'll do that.

Then I send a text to Sierra. Sierra is another of my toys. When I was going through my emails this morning, I'd seen one from Brandon, Sierra's live-in boyfriend. His brother plays for USA's basketball team and knows me from a party to celebrate one of their victories. Let's just say it was a memorable party. He's the one who brought Sierra to me.

And brought her is a good way to describe that first meeting. He had his brother introduce him to me. Then, after we'd talked for a bit, he asked me if I'd be willing to meet his girlfriend. He didn't say to play with her, but I thought that might be where he was going. Of course, I said I'd meet her.

He brought Sierra over to my apartment. I mean brought her, too. I doubt she even knew where they going. As soon as they came in, he pointed her to a seat and told her to "sit her lying ass down and keep her mouth shut." She sat. It definitely left me no questions about the dynamics of their relationship. Brandon can be stern, and abrasive, with her, but it didn't take me long to figure out that he'd never lay a hand on her. His "thug" act is just that. It's an act. He's not a thug, he's an electrician. I'm sure Sierra knows that, too.

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While Sierra sat there quietly, Brandon told me that Sierra can be rather adventurous. Whimsically so. A week or so before that, one of Sierra's friends had hinted that she might like to do something with Sierra, and that's something Sierra had always been curious about. Sierra didn't tell Brandon. But he already knew. It was a setup. Brandon knew the girl and told her that He was interested in having the woman join him and Sierra, something Sierra had always wanted to try. The woman said she'd drop a few hints and see if Sierra flirted back. He asked Sierra, as roundabout as he could if the woman had said anything. And Sierra lied to him and said no.

As I heard the story from him, I had little doubt what he wanted. And what was called for. Clearly, Sierra deserved a harsh punishment for it. I don't condone lying to one's partner. I just didn't know what Sierra would think of submitting to a fair punishment. Since Sierra is cute and definitely submissive, I decided to find out.

I didn't ask Sierra. I sent Sophie to fetch me a belt without telling anyone why. Then I reached over and grabbed Sierra's hair. I put her on her knees in front of me and scolded her sternly for being a "filthy lying bitch." then I put her over my knees, flipped her dress up, pulled her panties down, and took the belt to her bare, shapely bottom. Sierra screamed her lungs out on the first two strokes. On the third, she screamed out for Brandon to "fuck me now!" Both Brandon and I could see that her pussy was sopping wet. And she still had two strokes to go.

After that spanking, with her panties still around her thighs, her bottom fiery red, and little tears running from her eyes, I put Sierra back on her knees. I summoned Paige, my live-in slave-whore, and shoved Sierra's face into Paige's pussy. Brandon was treated to the sight of watching Sierra eat Paige's pussy for a full half-hour. Every second of which Sierra's pussy spent dripping on my floor. And I made Sierra thank Brandon for bringing her over for a proper punishment. She did that on her knees. And after

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she said thank you, she and Paige gave him a thank you in the form of a two-girl blow job. Brandon is rather well endowed. Paige was easily able to swallow every bit of him. Sierra wasn't. She couldn't even get half of it. I offered Brandon some "whore lessons" for Sierra. He accepted. Sierra tried to hide the smile on her face but didn't do that good of a job of it.

Since then, Sierra has been in my toybox. It's always some variation on the same game for her. She'll do something to irk Brandon. He'll email me telling me of her offense. I'll summon her for a proper punishment. She'll cry like a baby while her pussy drips on my floor.

Brandon tells me that Sierra lied to him again. This time she was horny. She was also just finishing her period. And she knows that Brandon refuses to have sex with her while she's "messy." Only after she's finished and douched will he touch her. She lied and told him she was done. He fucked her. He discovered her lie. He sent me an email asking me to "teach her never to lie like that again."

I send him one back, telling him to bring Sierra over at 16:00 tonight. And he almost instantly sends me a message back that she'll be there.

And now that I have everything else done, I head for the playroom. As I expected, Sophie has everything ready for me.

Just to the right, inside the door, there's a short wood bench. It's plain too, little more than a sturdy plank for someone to sit upon. It's 36" long, making it big enough for two to sit on. Or three if I don't mind them being crammed snugly together. Which I don't. Sophie has both Rita and Marcy sitting side-by-side on the bench. And sitting properly, hands behind their backs and legs crossed, as they wait. To make sure they behave, Sophie is looming over them.

Sophie also has the "spanking chair" set out, facing the bench, and several feet back from it. She has a belt set out on the massage table in the center of the playroom, too. All of which I'd told her to set out for me.

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As soon as I step into the room, Sophie announces, “this fat cow weighs 161 pounds, Mistress. Its saggy breasts are a 40-D, too, Mistress.” I did tell her to measure Marcy. I see a little cringe run through Marcy as she hears Sophie announcing her weight. I wanted that. I just nod to Sophie. I know she’s already noted down every single measurement. And she’s measured Marcy’s body far more thoroughly than any tailor ever has before.

Marcy and Rita have no choice but to look at me as I stand in front of them. Sophie should have told them to sit still and properly. I’ve just explained to Marcy that means for her to keep her eyes forward. Whatever I want her to see, I’ll put in front of her eyes. And now that’s me, standing over them.

I start scolding Rita, using a steely firm, and icy cold voice. “You stupid bitch!” I go on to point out that she was grounded and she knew that meant she wasn’t allowed company. Sitting home bored and alone is part of the punishment of being grounded. It’s what naughty whores deserve and she’d been naughty. I remind her that it was her job to mind her punishment. That means she wasn’t to allow Marcy, or anyone else, to set foot inside her house. Rules are rules. They’re to be obeyed.

Then I turn my attention to Marcy. I scold her in the same icy hard voice. “And you’re no better, you worthless fat cow! Rita told you that she was grounded and you weren’t allowed to visit her while she’s grounded. What kind of friend are you to disrespect her Queen’s rules like that and get her in trouble? You should be trying to help Rita behave so she doesn’t get in trouble! Now, just because you had to misbehave and come over when she wasn’t allowed company, Rita will be spanked! And all that time she spent grounded, now it doesn’t count! You’ve certainly been such a good friend to her! You got her bottom blistered!”

I step back so that I’m facing both of the women. “You will both get twenty lashes. You will get ten now. Then I will teach you both a lesson you will never forget.

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You will learn to behave. After you've learned your lesson, you will get the other ten strokes before you leave.

"Stupid bitch, you will be spanked first. And you, fat cow, are going to watch my stupid bitch get the spanking you got her. You will be spanked after that bitch.

"I expect you to behave and take your spankings like big bitches, even though you're nothing more than filthy gutter peasants. Stupid bitch, you know how to behave for a spanking. You've certainly earned yourself enough of them. Fat cow, you should pay close attention to your friend. It can teach you how to behave while your bottom is blistered."

I step back and take my seat in the spanking chair. It's just a nice, but plain wood chair without armrests. Those get in my way of turning girls over my knees. It's a sturdy, Amish-built chair, that can easily take the weight of two in it without even a hint of a wobble. It's the perfect chair for this. I bought it to keep in the playroom for this.

"Stupid bitch, fetch my belt and come get your spanking," I firmly tell Rita.

Rita's face scrunches up a bit as if she's about to cry. "Yes, Ma'am," Rita quietly answers. Then she rises to her feet and starts walking over to the massage table. She walks a hair slowly, even though she knows I don't tolerate stalling. She takes slightly smaller than normal steps. It's as much stalling as I'll let her get away with.

Rita is a 42-year-old single woman. She stands 5'5" tall and weighs 137 pounds. It gives her a moderately lean figure. It gives her a figure with modest, but noticeable, curves to her waist and hips. And a stomach that's almost perfectly flat.

Rita has a face that's decently oval-ish, but with soft lines that flow gently. It's somewhat similar to the shape of Marcy's face but doesn't have the fullness to it that Marcy has. She has a few wrinkle lines in the same places, but hers are fainter and fewer. She also has light blond hair that's short, hanging straight and close to her head, down to her bottom jawline. She has matching eyebrows. She



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has bright green eyes and a small-ish nose. But she has a wide mouth framed with thin, medium pink, delicate lips.

Rita has lean legs and arms, too. But that's not the first thing anyone would notice about her. The first thing that eyes head for are her breasts. They're almost as large as Marcy's. They're full and well-rounded. But they do lie back against her chest, as any breasts so large seem to, with a decent crease at their undersides. But even lying back, her mounds have a pronounced rounding to them in every direction. Especially at their bottoms. On top, they do have a bit of a slope to them as they rise back to her chest. They're topped with a pair of rather wide, light pink, rings. Light enough of a pink that they barely stand out from the milky white flesh of her mounds. And centered in each mound is a nipple the width of a pencil eraser that's poking its rounded tip up nicely, just not as far as Marcy's longer nipples. Rita's nipples rise more like half marbles.

And now I have a good view of Rita's puffy pussy mound. She has long, but narrow, plump lips that leave a wide gash between them. A gash that's wide enough to allow the tips of her bright pink inner folds to rise into it. And it's a gash that's already nice and wet with her honey.

She walks over to the table and picks up the belt. Then she crosses the two steps over to where I'm waiting. She turns to face me, standing in front of me. She quivers. She drops to her knees. She kneels properly, her legs spread wide, her bottom back between her heels, and her back straight. She holds her hands out together, her palms upturned into a little tray, in front of her nipples and six inches out from them so that they don't block my view of those stiff nipples. She has the belt lying atop her upturned palms. "Here is your belt, my Queen," Rita offers in a very reluctant voice. "Will you please give me the ten spankings that I've earned myself, now, Ma'am?"

I hesitate a second, just to leave Rita waiting. Then I reach out and take the belt from her hands. "Over you go, stupid bitch," I tell her.

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"Yes, Ma'am," Rita answers, her voice a little more reluctant, hushed, and trembling. Then Rita rises to her feet. She steps, slowly, around to my right side and drops back to her knees. She leans forward, stretching her chest over my spread thighs. She squirms around for a second, wiggling her body into a semi-comfortable position.

As she wiggles into place, I spread my thighs just a little to get her positioned the way I want her. I have her lying there with her waist fully bent, her thighs hanging straight down with her knees just above the floor. I have my other thigh under her chest, the undersides of her ample breasts lying flush against the outside of my thigh. Rita puts her hands to the floor and braces herself.

The belt is just a standard men's leather belt. Its leather is somewhat stiff. It's long. And it's wide, about 2" across. Its leather is smooth. I gently lie the leather against Rita's cheeks. I feel a faint little flinch run through her body as it touches her, even though she knows that this is how I start, by lying the belt against her soft globes.

"This is for misbehaving while you were grounded, stupid bitch," I firmly tell Rita. I always tell a toy why it's being spanked right before I whip its bottom.

I lift the belt up high. Then I snap it downward with about three-quarters of the strength I could put into it. It lands with a loud, splitting crack against Rita's bottom. It lands squarely in the center of her cheeks, searing a bright pink welt line straight across them.

As the crack rings out, I feel Rita's body tensing up over my knees. I feel her knees jump forward and bump against the side of the chair's legs. I feel her back arch slightly. I feel her shoulders dig into my thigh as her hands come back towards the chair. I see her head lift up. "UGH!" Rita blurts out loudly. She stays tense for a half-second or so, then slowly loosens up to lie over my knees again. She pants a few strained breaths as she does.

As the crack rings out, I have my eyes more on Marcy. Marcy is sitting on the bench. That has her eyes looking right at Rita. It lets her see the powerful-looking

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swing. And hear the splitting loud crack of the leather stinging Rita's bottom. It lets her hear Rita grunt out in pain as it lands. I see Marcy flinch hard. Far harder than Rita does. My stroke looks worse than it is, at least to Marcy. I see her eyes go wide, too. I see a look of fear erupt on her face.

"One, my Queen," Rita begins counting her strokes off. "Thank you for spanking my naughty bottom, Ma'am. I'm sorry for misbehaving while I was grounded, Ma'am. I deserve nine more strokes, Ma'am. Will you please spank my naughty bottom again, Ma'am?" It's what I require Rita to say. To thank me for the stroke. To ask for the next, too, not just to count them off. It's more demeaning for Rita to have to ask for the painful strokes.

I lift the belt and swing it again. This stroke is just as hard, and no harder, than the first. All of Rita's strokes are going to be just the same. Each one will still hurt more than the one before it, but that's only because Rita's bottom is steadily getting sorer. And redder. I won't bruise her bottom, I never do that, but I will spank it to a very bright and angry shade of red. I will spank it until it's stinging her so badly that she can barely stand it. It is a punishment after all.

"OW!" Rita screeches out as this one lands. I shifted my aim just slightly, landing the belt mostly on virgin flesh. I can do that once more. Then almost all of her bottom will be glowing pink and there won't be anywhere else to land it. "Ah, ow, ow..." Rita goes on panting. She stiffens with this stroke, too. It takes her a little longer to still. And when she does, there's a bit of a squirm to her hips. Rita counts this stroke off, too.

"EE-OWWWWW!" Rita screeches as the third stroke lands on her cheeks. It lands atop the last of her white flesh, leaving her bottom an even, and light, but a rather bright shade of pink. It leaves her bottom stinging as if she were sitting on a million needles, too. It leaves the flesh of her cheeks burning hot. It leaves Rita squirming hard and panting "Ow... oh, OW!" It leaves Rita's voice beginning to

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break with little sobs. Rita clutches the legs of the chair as she counts off her stroke and asks for the next.

As I'm lifting the belt for the next stroke, I glance down and see the wetness covering Rita's wide slit. I can see the tip of her inner folds sticking into her slit, their tips about even with the outsides of her lips. They're covered with a thick layer of clingy honey, too.

"EE-OWWWWWWWWWW" Rita screams as the fourth stroke lands on her bottom. It lands atop already stinging flesh, sending Rita snapping forward against my thigh hard as she flinches from the swat. Her head snaps back as she cries out. It sends the first tear running down her cheeks, too. It has her bottom squirming hard. It even has her feet squirming on the floor. Rita takes a couple seconds to get herself calmed down, and then she obediently asks for her next stroke.

She screams loudly as the fifth stroke lands on her bottom. It leaves her cheeks glowing a light and bright red. It leaves the skin of those globes on fire. And it leaves her cheeks stinging badly. Enough that she can't keep her bottom still. It wiggles as she squirms, her hips grinding against my thigh as if she's trying to shake the sting off her cheeks.

I glance down and see that her honey is still flowing nicely. Now it not only covers her slit and folds, but it's starting to creep out onto her lips, too. Now Rita cries lightly. I hear the sob in her voice and the sniffing.

Marcy is still sitting on the bench, and seeing Rita's spanking. She doesn't have a choice. Sophie is standing over her keeping an eagle eye on her to make sure that Marcy stays put. And that Marcy sees every bit of Rita's spanking. It gives Marcy something to imagine. Like herself over in my knees in just a minute or two, feeling that hard leather belt stinging into her cheeks. I'll bet the anticipation is agonizing for her. I can see her trembling as she sits. I can see her flinching harder and harder every time Rita cries out. I can see her face scrunched up as if she's about to cry, too.

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Rita asks me for the sixth stroke.

The one thing that excites Rita more than anything else is public humiliation. The more degrading, the better. The more public, the bigger her audience for it, the better. I can work with that. Now is a good time. She's halfway through her spanking. More importantly, she's crying as well. I'm sure she knows that Marcy is seeing it, but I'm just as sure that she's forgotten it for the moment. Marcy isn't in her thoughts now. She's only thinking of the pain and of pleasing me. "Stupid bitch..." I coo softly. "Ask your fat friend to watch closely. I want her to see the spanking she got you!" I say it firmly and softly. I know Marcy hears it too.

"Marcy..." Rita sobs, her voice not loud, but not exactly hushed either. But her voice is definitely breaking with sobs. There's no mistaking that she's crying. "Will you please watch my Queen whip me for being so naughty?"

I don't wait for Marcy to answer her. I just snap the belt landing the sixth stroke on Rita's bottom. I can tell she wasn't expecting it so quickly. She must have thought that I'd wait for Marcy to answer. She screams at the top of her lungs. And she tenses hard. She snaps suddenly, and this time it has her feet kicking down against the floor, too.

Rita counts her stroke. But now her words are mostly masked by the sobbing as she cries harder. She's not still. Her hips grind against my thigh. Her shoulders grind against my other thigh, stroking the undersides of her breasts over the outside of jeans as she does. Her head hangs limp. Now her entire pussy mound is covered with a thick layer of her creamy honey, too.

"Don't you dare take your eyes off this stupid bitch, you fat, ugly cow! You got her this spanking, so you are going to watch her get it. All ten strokes. Close those eyes and I will start it over so you can watch it all!" I scold Marcy. She didn't really close her eyes. They more squished shut as she fought not to cry. And she's not even the one over my knees yet!

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I give Rita the three strokes she has left. They leave her bottom a bright, fire engine red. It stings her badly. It burns hotter than fire. It leaves Rita bawling like a baby, tears rolling down her cheeks. It leaves Rita's nipples rock hard. It leaves Rita's pussy sopping wet, her honey now creeping into the creases of her thighs.

Rita gets off my knees, then comes around to kneel in front of me. "My Queen, I am really sorry for misbehaving while I was grounded, Ma'am..." Rita begins her apology. It's really hard to make out her words. She's crying too hard for them to come over the sobs too clearly. Her face is scrunched up tight, blushed red, and wet with tears, too. But her pussy is wetter than her eyes. "Thank you very much for spanking me, Ma'am. I promise to be good from now on, Ma'am."

Rita puts her hands back up in front of her breasts. I set the belt atop her palms. "Go put my belt up. Then go tell your fat friend how to behave for her spanking. Don't waste my time, stupid bitch."

"Yes, Ma'am," Rita sobs out. She rises to her feet and goes to put the belt back on the table where it was. Then she crosses over to where a very scared Marcy is waiting on the bench.

Rita stands in front of Marcy. Rita still cries hard, but she's trying to hide it. Failing, but trying, as if she doesn't want to scare Marcy any more than she already is. "Marcy... I'm sorry you have to be spanked, too... It's my fault... I shouldn't have let you come over... I knew better... I'm really sorry..."

Rita tells Marcy that she's expected to bring me the belt and ask for her spanking. She tells Marcy how to kneel properly and what to say. She tells Marcy that she's supposed to lie still. That Marcy has to leave her bottom still and exposed for me to spank. Covering it, or wiggling it, or anything that makes it harder for me to spank will get her in trouble. She tells Marcy that she has to count her strokes, and what to say. And she tells Marcy that she's not allowed to say another word during her spanking. Not

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a single word. If she does, her spanking will start over. "Ow" and other noises are allowed, but not words. And if she tries to get up, or stop the spanking, Rita doesn't know what the punishment will be, but she does know that it will be far worse than merely staring over.

Once Rita has told Marcy all the rules, I see that Marcy looks far more scared now. She trembles as she sits there. I tell Rita to take her seat next to Marcy.

"AHHH!" Rita sucks in a noisy, squealing, crying breath as she sits. As her too-sore bottom touches the hard wood of the bench. Her face wrinkles up tense. She tenses, too. But she doesn't stop. Despite the pain, she sits on her burning bottom. She tries to sit still, but the sting keeps her from staying too still. She fidgets very uncomfortably and tries her best not to show it. She cries.

"Your turn, fat cow. Fetch the belt and come get your spanking!"

Marcy very slowly gets up to her feet. She trembles hard. Enough that I can see the quivering. And not just in the loose flesh of her stomach. Her entire body. She walks slowly as she crosses to the table and picks up the belt. Her face tells me that only now is she realizing just how serious I am. I guess maybe she thought she'd be in for some little spanking with my hand or something. Something more playful than punishing. And now she realizes that I meant just what I said. She will be punished. And it's going to be a true, hard punishment.

Marcy must decide that she can't run away. Maybe because it would mean abandoning her friend to an even worse punishment. Maybe because she doesn't have any clothes, and none to get. Or maybe because she knows she brought this punishment on them both. She very reluctantly drops to her knees. She struggles, moving even slower, to get into a proper position. It's not perfect, but it is close.

I never allow close. But I also know that Marcy has never knelt before. I wouldn't punish her for something she doesn't know. Instead, I scold her to get her pose

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right. To stretch her knees as wide as she can. To hold her hands out in the proper place. To keep her back straight. To look at me with open eyes. To face her punishment.

"My Queen... I'm really sorry for getting Rita in trouble, Ma'am. I guess I deserve to share the punishment I got her... will you please give me my spanking now, Ma'am?" It's not much of a humble asking on her part. And her voice is pure reluctance. But I doubt I'd get much more from her without spoon-feeding her the words. So I take it. And I take the belt from her hands.

"Over you go, fat cow! Get that ugly sack of flab over my knees."

Marcy moves even slower now. Almost as if she's in slow motion. She scoots around just as she saw Rita do. She starts to stretch over my knees. About halfway she freezes, quivering and sobbing lightly.

I've never been one for babies. I grab the back of Marcy's head. I shove her roughly and quickly down over my knees. I just open my knees a hair more so that I have my thighs where I want them. I glance down to Marcy's pussy. Her fine, deep slit completely hides her folds. And it's deep. I can't see much of anything. But I don't yet see any honey on the outside of her mound. That doesn't mean her pussy isn't dripping wet inside, though. Her lips are plump enough to hold her wetness inside. It doesn't mean her pussy is even slightly damp, either. It could be, or not. Really, all I can tell, is that Marcy is very nervous. But so far she's willingly putting herself over my knees.

I lie the leather belt against the back of her soft, loose cheeks. "OOH!" Marcy blurts out nervously. She jumps forward, too, her hips bucking against my thigh as her bottom tries to run away from the light touch.

"This is for going to the stupid bitch's house when you knew she was grounded, fat cow," I tell her. I've decided that "fat cow" can be her name for the evening. I love the way she cringes every time she hears me call her fat. It tells me that, even though she's not fat, she worries



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that others will see her as fat. I've found a nerve to strike. I'll keep striking it forever now.

I lift the belt up just as high, even though Marcy can't see it. Rita can. And I want Rita to think that Marcy is getting it just as good as Rita just did. I snap the belt down, but I put only about two-thirds of my strength into it. It's enough less power than I used on Rita that Marcy would feel the difference if she had anything to compare it to.

The belt lands with just as loud and splitting of a crack. It rings out like a clap of lightning. There's just enough looseness to Marcy's cheeks that the flesh over her muscle jiggles with the swat. Her globes are a pale, milky shade of white. It makes the pink stripe stand out that much brighter.

"OW!" Marcy screams as it lands. She tenses to steel, her body more jumping forward than snapping up as Rita's did. As if her bottom is still trying to run away from the belt. It can't go anywhere, my thigh is snug in the bend of her waist. But I do feel the pressure against my thigh as her hips try to shoot forward. I glance over and see that the tops of her feet are braced against the floor, and her legs are straining to push her body forward. Her hands, on the other hand, flail around wildly. Her pendulous breasts jiggle just as wildly, bouncing against the outside of my thighs.

As soon as the scream is out of her lips, Marcy starts bawling. It's not a light sobbing, as Rita started with, it's a full blown bawling cry. It takes her several seconds for her legs to loosen back up.

Finally Marcy sobs "One, my Queen," In words that are pure sobs. I can barely tell what she's saying. She sounds worse than Rita did after all ten strokes. It tells me that Marcy isn't used to handling any kind of pain. And that she's a baby about it. She finishes counting off her stroke. Her voice grows far more reluctant as she asks for the next.

I saw her bottom again. Despite her babyishness, I don't ease up. The second stroke is just as hard as the

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first. It lands with just as loud of a crack, too. And it leaves just as bright of a pink stripe across her milky globes. It stings just as badly, too.

Marcy screams just as loudly. And her bottom tries again to jump forward. I see her legs stiffening up hard. Only this time it takes a few more seconds for her to calm. Before she does it looks like she's stomping her foot as it kicks back against the floor, trying even harder to drive her bottom away from the belt. Finally, she calms enough to count this stroke off.

I swat her bottom again. Her cheeks are a little bit bigger than Rita's, leaving me room to land four strokes across them that just barely overlap. This third stroke leaves a bit of bare white flesh at the very bottoms of her globes. It gets another hard flinch, scream, and desperate squirm from Marcy.

The "fronts" of Marcy's cheeks are loose enough that they have a slight flatness to them, even with her bent over my thigh. They're also full enough that the bottom curve of them is still noticeable, rounding fully across her cheek, and almost as fully as her cheeks rise from her thighs. It's just not taut or firm. But it does hold its shape.

After Marcy counts off her third stroke, I take careful aim. I land the fourth stroke at the very bottom of her globes, searing that last bit of whiteness to the same shade of angry pink. It will have every bit of Marcy's bottom stinging sharply and burning.

Marcy screams out even louder. Now her foot does stomp, hard, thrusting her hips against my thigh powerfully. It makes me work to hold my thigh still as she does. And it looks funny. She cries hard, screeching loud "OW!s" as she does.

But as her foot stomps, I catch a sight out of the corner of an eye. I see something fly. It doesn't fly far. It lands on the inside of her thigh, about  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the way down to her knee. It glistens brightly as it clings to her. It's clear and very wet. It looks sticky, like syrup, too. I have no doubt what it is.

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I glance down as her legs relax, getting a view of the mound of her pussy. It has a fair bit of puff to it, standing out with the fronts of her lips beyond the backs of her thighs. But it's not a puffy mound as much as it's a puffy body. It's as if her pubes, her pussy, and the rest of her body between her thighs, just swells outward. It's a big mound, too. Her slit, a fine line, seems to run from her asshole all the way up and into her pubes. As if her cheeks simply flow around and become her lips.

And now I can see that every bit of it is covered in a thin layer of watery honey that's glistening just as brightly as the drop on her thigh. Not just her slit. Not even just her mound. It's into the creases of her thighs. It's on the very tops of her thighs, too. It looks as if it's run down and covers the bottom of her pubes, too. It's an even coating as if the squirming of her legs has smeared the thin honey over everything. But there's still plenty of honey there. Honey that I didn't see even a minute ago before the first stroke landed on those soft globes.

It tells me that the spanking clearly has Marcy aroused. But it doesn't tell me why it's arousing her. It could be the pain. It could be the humiliation of being turned over a younger woman's knees like a naughty toddler. It could be the shame of being spanked in front of her friend. It could be the idea that someone cares enough about her to discipline her for her own good. It could be the firmness of not letting her cry her way out of it. It could be the idea of having rules to follow with real consequences for breaking them. I've heard every one of those reasons, and countless more. All I know is that a spanking will excite Marcy. It's more than I knew a minute ago.

Now it's time to probe a little deeper. If I'm going to consider allowing Marcy a spot in my toolbox, something she's already at a disadvantage to earning, I need to know what's exciting her. And why. "Oh, look at that!" I squeal with some taunting excitement in my voice. "This fat cow's pussy is getting sloppy wet! Isn't that so disgusting,

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slave? Getting sloppy wet during her spanking like some filthy gutter whore?"

"Yes, Mistress! It's the sluttiest thing!" Sophie answers. "I guess that fat cow is just so happy someone is paying some attention to its nauseating bottom, Mistress."

"Is that right, fat cow? Does that putrid cum dumpster between your legs want to be fucked?"

"No, my Queen..." Marcy sobs out in a very shamed and hushed voice.

I know she's lying to me. Her pussy is far too wet. I put the tip of a finger to her sopping wet slit. As soon as I touch the outside of her lips, I feel the fiery heat burning inside those lips. I feel the sticky wetness of her honey, too. Like tar. It clings to my finger. I feel a crisp shivering tremor flow through her body, too.

I start pressing my finger slowly into Marcy's slit. It lets me feel just how thick her lips are. Her slit has to be over  $\frac{1}{4}$ ", maybe even  $\frac{1}{2}$ " deep. But I don't really feel much in the way of inner folds. I can feel them, but they're short and barely rise from her pinkness. I do feel a lot of wetness. And I feel her pea-sized clit throbbing hard. I slip my finger up a little, towards her bottom, and let it inch forward a little more. Now I feel the narrow entrance of her tunnel. That's even hotter and wetter. I push my finger maybe  $\frac{1}{4}$ " into the narrow tunnel. It's just enough for me to feel the spongy firmness of her walls. And to feel her walls twitching hard against my fingertip.

I leave my finger where it is, just barely pushing into her pussy. "Let me ask again... does this filthy sum dumpster want to be fucked like a cheap whore now, fat cow?"

Marcy says nothing. Then, after about a second, her head falls forward and hangs limp. She reluctantly nods a very muted yes.

I wiggle the tip of my finger. A hard crisp shudder snaps through Marcy, making her body seem to dance as she lies over my legs. It's as if she were hit by a jolt of

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electricity. She sucks in a raspy breath, then falls loose as my finger stops teasing her. She keeps on crying.

"I didn't hear your answer, fatso."

"Yes, my Queen... my pussy would like to be fucked now, Ma'am..." Marcy answers in the most shamed voice I've heard from her.

I pull my finger out quickly. "Too bad you've been naughty and have to be spanked!" I raise the belt up high and snap it against her bottom just as powerfully as the first strokes.

Marcy screams out as it lands on her already stinging flesh. She tenses, jumping forward, and her feet stomp hard against the floor. I see a couple of drops of honey fly this time, too, all of them hitting her thighs.

I give Marcy another couple of seconds rest as she counts off her stroke. I use my free hand to very tenderly caress over her fiery globes. It lets me feel the softness of them. It lets me feel the thinness of the layer of body fat between her skin and muscle. But not the firmness of her muscle, I'm not using any pressure to feel anything beyond her skin.

"Aw... poor cow, does your big old flabby bottom hurt?"

"Yes, my Queen, my fat ass hurts badly, Ma'am." Marcy blurts out, almost anxious to tell me how badly her butt hurts.

"Hmm..." I hum. "I'll bet you're sorry you disobeyed that stupid bitch and intruded upon her punishment now, aren't you, fat cow?"

"Yes, Ma'am! I'm sorrier than I've ever been, Ma'am!" Marcy blurts out, pleading as if I might accept that and spare her the rest of her punishment.

"Just think, flabby, if you hadn't intruded, that stupid bitch wouldn't have had to be spanked. Just imagine how much its bottom must hurt after double what you've had so far. You were such a bad bitch, weren't you cow?"

"Yes, Ma'am... And I am so sorry! I hate myself for getting Rita spanked like this, Ma'am! I was... such a bad

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cow, Ma'am!" There's desperation in her voice. And shame, but I think it's more the shame of knowing that she brought this on her friend. It's a point I've been drilling into her.

"You want the stupid bitch to know how sorry you are, don't you, fat cow?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Marcy says confidently.

"Then show her how sorry you are. Beg me to spank you even harder than she was spanked."

I feel a very nervous, cringing shudder rack Marcy. She bawls. She tenses up as she lies over my thighs. "My Queen..." Marcy begins her voice an unusual mixture of sureness and fear. "Please let me show everyone how truly sorry I am for getting Rita in trouble, Ma'am... Please, Ma'am, please spank me as hard as you possibly can, Ma'am. Please, Ma'am, please, make my spanking the hardest so Rita can see how really sorry I am, Ma'am."

I snap the belt. I put more power into this stroke, more than Rita got, but not quite all I could put into it. I can see that Marcy's bottom hasn't been spanked in decades, and I don't want to bruise it. I want it glowing a deep red, but not bruised up. Just painfully sore.

Marcy screams, a little louder and far more pained than the last scream. She tenses up. Her feet are by far the most amusing. For an instant her feet stomp hard against the floor, thrusting her hips forward a bit. Then her feet kick wildly against the floor. And hard. Hard enough that I can see the tops of her feet turning pink from hitting the floor. Her feet rise up all the way until they block her bottom from another stroke, too. And they're flying at warp speed. Her back finally arches with this stroke.

And I see her pussy. I see a tiny little stream, maybe a dozen drops at most, of honey squirt from her pussy, through her slit, and fly. They hit a flying foot, clinging to it and sparkling.

I raise the belt again and snap it down, giving Marcy the seventh stroke. It leaves a medium-deep red stripe across the center of moderately flat cheeks.

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"OWW!!!!" Marcy screams out. She snaps into high gear again, her hands and feet flailing wildly. Her pussy shoots another tiny stream of honey, too. She arches her back up sharply, curving it enough that if her stomach didn't have the looseness to it, it would lift off my legs.

"Stupid bitch, be sure to watch this fat cow get her spanking now!" I call out to Rita. Then I snap the belt, giving Marcy her eighth stroke. Marcy reacts just the same to it.

"Only two left, fat cow..." I tell Marcy in my most teasing voice. A sweetly teasing voice. "Ask the stupid bitch to watch your spanking!"

"Rita..." Marcy bawls out, her voice a mixture of crying and begging. "Please watch Queen spank me! Please, I'm sorry for getting you spanked, Rita! Watch me get my spanking, please! I want you to see how sorry I am! I hate myself for getting you spanked! Please, watch! Please, My Queen, I deserve two more strokes, Ma'am! Will you please spank me even harder, my Queen, let me show Rita how sorry I am for being such a bad friend. Spank me, Ma'am!"

I snap the belt, hard. I put almost everything I have into it. It lands at the bottom of her globes, searing its welt across the curve at the bottom.

"OWWWW!" Marcy screams at the tops of her lungs, and then immediately starts bawling as hard as ever again. She tenses, her back arching up sharply. Her legs snap, squeezing hard together. Her arms fly forward, pressing hard against the chair under me. Her feet aren't kicking this time. Instead, her body vibrates, trembling sharply as it hangs tensed up.

I glance down to Marcy's pussy. And now I can see weeping a steady, thin line of fresh honey through her slit. I can see her lips seeming to quiver towards her pubes, right where her clit has to be pounding against the underside of those soft, rubbery lips. And it has to be pounding hard. It has to be throbbing and aching her as badly as a toe hit by a hammer. I glance the other way and

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see Marcy's jaw clenched tightly, the muscles in her neck straining. And then her bawling fades for a second as her lungs run out of air.

Marcy hangs like that for a couple of seconds. Finally, she lets go, her body collapsing to lie loose over my knees again. She sucks in a fast, desperate breath of air. And she bursts out bawling again. It takes her several more seconds to finally count off her stroke.

And she takes a big chance. "I deserve one more stroke, Ma'am... Will you please spank me even harder, Ma'am. Please, Ma'am, this is my last spanking, please make this the hardest one you possibly can give me Ma'am... I deserve it... I deserve the worst spanking Godzilla could give me!"

I give her what she asks for.

Marcy screams, and she tenses back up, her body snapping back to its full tension in about 1/100<sup>th</sup> of a second. She keeps on screaming. Her bottom was milky white when I started, but now it's almost as red as a beet. There's no doubt that it stings unbearably, and that its flesh burns hotter than anything.

This time Marcy doesn't hang there tensed up. Almost instantly, as soon as her body has snapped to full tension, she collapses onto my thighs. Her body snaps with the sharpest, twitching tremors. Her feet snap with the tremors, too. Tremors that, even in her legs, are sharp enough to kick her feet hard against the floor. Tremors that have her hands flying around. Tremors that have her head snapping. Tremors that have her dangling breasts flopping and bouncing against the outside of my thigh. But Marcy doesn't react. She lies there, now bawling, and snapping with the crisp tremors. It seems like each tremor squirts another dollop of honey out of her pussy, too.

It takes Marcy about half a minute to calm. Or at least to stop trembling so hard and just lie loose over my legs. I can't help but wonder if Marcy came. At least until I look down at her pussy and see her lips quivering with the throbbing pulses of her clit underneath. Then I know she



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didn't. But I have no doubt it wouldn't take much for her to cum right now.

Instead, I snap for her to stop laying there and crying like a baby cow and get on her knees to apologize. I send her to return the belt to the table, too. And then to join Rita on the bench.

Marcy doesn't seem to be thinking. I tell her to sit on the bench beside Rita, and that's what she does. She just sits. Until her bottom just barely begins to touch the wood. Then she freezes in place and screams as loudly as if she'd been given another stroke.

"Sit, fat cow!" I snap a firm command without raising my voice. I use a steely voice, though. "The sore bottom is your fault. Don't expect any concession to it. If you don't want to sit on a sore butt, don't misbehave and it won't be sore. Now, sit, flabby!"

Marcy... flinches. It's as if she tries to sit, but the instant more of her weight shifts to her bottom, she screams and freezes again.

She's still screaming as I put my hand on the top of Marcy's head and shove her down. Her bottom lands on the bench. She tenses and keeps screaming. After a second, with me glaring hard into her eyes, Marcy starts to correct her posture and cross her legs. I keep holding her head down until she's sitting properly.

"You two filthy bitches can wait here. Slave, make sure they wait." Sophie knows that I mean for her to make sure that neither of them moves. That they just sit there, sit still, and wait for me to say otherwise.



# *Chapter Three - The Slut Sitter*

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I leave the bitches sitting on the bench. Sitting on their too-sore glowing red bottoms. Neither was sitting comfortably. Both were fidgeting and wincing with every movement. Neither could stop fidgeting, either. And I leave Sophie to supervise them. To make sure they stay put, sitting on those bottoms. I'll bet that's as bad as the spankings that turned those bottoms so red.

I slip out of the playroom. The bitches, Marcy and Rita, need a few minutes to compose themselves before going any further. I doubt anything is going to make those bottoms stop stinging, though. At least not today. If they had a choice, neither would be sitting today. But by tomorrow, neither bottom will show the spanking. Both will be back to their normal whiteness. They might still be a bit sore for another day or so, though. That makes a good reminder to behave.

I go back to my desk and have Paige fetch me a cup of coffee. Normally that's Sophie's job, but now I have her watching the bitches. And that's a task I'd never entrust to Paige. Sophie, they'll discover, is even stricter than I am. She's not going to let them move even a little.

I did promise Frank, Marcy's husband, a call to answer whatever questions he might have. I've waited until now to call him for a reason. I had no idea how Marcy would react to spending time here. To punishment. I wanted to know before I called him. Now I've seen how sloppy-wet it got Marcy's pussy. There's no denying how hot Marcy is. Or that Marcy is enjoying it. At least her pussy is, which is all I care about.

Now I call Frank and ask if he has any questions. He has a million, mostly centered on what I'm going to do with Marcy. "Did you say you were going to spank her?" is the first. I tell him that she's been spanked, as has Rita. That now both are sitting side by side, naked, waiting for whatever I decide to do next. He doesn't believe me. He swears that there's no way Marcy would ever allow it. I don't tell him the details. I don't tell him how I had Marcy

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begging me to make it harder. Or how her pussy got dripping wet during it.

He asks a lot of questions about limits. Almost all of them are about what I might, and might not, make Marcy do with another person. It's quickly obvious to me that he's eager not to share Marcy. I tell him that D/s, obviously, has a strong sexual component, even if it doesn't necessarily have much actual sex involved. I offer him a choice. I'll either send Marcy home to him now, spanked but otherwise untouched, but if I do Marcy may never return here. No matter what. It doesn't matter that Marcy had no say in the choice. He's making it for her, and if he wishes her sent home, then she's banned from the Queendom for life. He already knows what she wants. She told him. Or, if he allows her to stay, and by that I mean agrees not to divorce her for it too, I will assure him that she will not have sex with another man. I will save her pussy, but only her pussy, for him to be the only man to use. I might give it to another woman, but no men. The rest of Marcy is mine to use. I assure him only that she will be used safely. And that if he allows her to stay, then he can't tell her about my concession. Very reluctantly, he allows her to stay.

I tell him that I've just met Marcy, and I haven't decided if I want her in my toybox or not. That's what I'm figuring out now. If I keep her, then she'll have to follow my rules at all times. Even if it affects their relationship a bit, although I doubt it will much. At least not much that he won't like. I won't be sending Marcy home until I've fully gotten to know her and decided. I'll let him know when I have. But it's not going to take that long.

And then, after I'm done with him, I make another call. I call Joey. Joey is another of my toys. She's 18. She just finished high school. She's also rather cute with curly blond hair and a shapely build. She has large breasts, as Marcy does, but Joey's are much firmer and better-rounded. Joey is also my unofficial "substitute wife." It's a role that I

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know Joey loves when I put her in it. And it's a role she excels at. So she's becoming my go-to girl for it.

I haven't said anything to Frank. Not even a little hint that I might involve him in any way. Or introduce him to another of my toys. Joey is going to be a complete surprise to him. But the way I see it, what's good for Marcy is good for him, too. If she gets to have some extra-marital fun, there's no reason he shouldn't as well.

I give Joey her instructions. She's to go to Frank's house immediately. She's to introduce herself and tell Frank that I sent her over to "substitute" for Marcy until I'm done with Marcy. She's to offer herself to him as both his wife and to help with the kids, for the duration. She's to make it very clear to him that she's eager to do everything a wife does. And that everything includes everything. She's to persuade him to accept her, or "face the consequences of disappointing me," if he doesn't. But she may not pressure him to accept her. She'll have to rely on an irresistible offer and begging. Joey assures me that she's on her way immediately.

I don't have to tell Joey what I mean by substitute as his wife. She's done it enough times by now that she knows exactly what I mean. She knows that I expect her to be as affectionate as the best of wives are on their honeymoons. She knows that I'm giving every bit of her body to Frank. It doesn't matter to her that she has no idea who Frank is, or what he's like. She doesn't care. She loves it when I whore her like this. And she knows that I'll be checking in on her while she's there. That should I not be happy with her performance, she'll be in big trouble. I expect her to be humble and obedient to him. I expect her to be the most doting of babysitters for his kids. I expect her to be so willing, eager, and skilled in bed that he forgets who Marcy is. The perfect wife, in a man's imagination.

I don't have to wait much longer. About five minutes. And then Emily shows up. Emily is every bit a bimbo, and it really shows. Not just in the way she looks, either. In the

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way, she talks and carries herself, too. But, since she dyed her hair purple a couple of months ago, she looks it even more. She's young-looking, too. And she dresses like a schoolgirl, albeit a slutty one. She's fairly petite, too.

When I answer the door and let Emily in, she's carrying a bag from Wal-Mart. And Immediately she starts gushing about the "adorable" outfit that she found for Rita. I have no doubt that Emily spent every second she could, since my call, shopping for the perfect outfit for Rita. I think there's only one thing she likes more than shopping, and that's shopping with someone else's money.

I take a few minutes, Paige bringing us both a cup of green tea, to tell Emily exactly what I want her to do with Rita. And then I ask if she's willing to accept an open-ended "slut sitting gig," meaning that I haven't yet decided how long Rita will be left with her. Usually, I limit it to a week. But Emily says she'll go for that, as long as it's not going to be forever. I promise her it won't be, and if she gets tired of having Rita, to let me know.

Then I have Emily follow me back to the playroom. I don't make Emily strip first, though. I never allow my toys back here with clothes on. But Emily isn't my playtoy. She's more like the hired help to me. Just my slut sitter. Besides, there's no reason for Marcy or Rita to get to see Emily nude.

Neither woman has seen or heard of, Emily before. Nor does either have a clue that she might have a slut sitter. Probably not even a clue what a slut sitter is. To them, all either know is that I've brought another very young woman back here. A woman that's fully clothed, and now allowed to see the pair of them sitting side by side completely naked.

Rita has been shown off naked before. That doesn't come as a surprise to her. She just sits there and blushes. Maybe she even shirks back a hair. But she sits there allowing Emily to see her.

Marcy, however, clearly never imagined any such thing. She gasps in a sharp breath and instantly blushes a

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beet red. I see a sudden flinch come over her as if her instincts to pull her hands in front of her and cover her body took over, but at the last second, she managed to catch herself and stop them. She definitely shirks backward. I can see her back pressing firmly against the wall behind her. For an instant she looks at Emily, seeing who she is, and then she averts her eyes to the side, trying hard not to see Emily. Probably telling herself that Emily isn't there. That Emily isn't seeing even this minor humiliation of Marcy's. I'm sure I see a nervous quivering come over Marcy, too, as if Marcy is wondering why Emily is here and what I might be planning to do with her. Or more accurately, what I might be thinking of letting Emily do with Marcy.

"Listen up, stupid bitch," I begin. Rita knows that's her. "Stupid bitch" is her toy name. I don't know if Marcy has figured that out yet or not. If Marcy knows I'm talking to Rita now, not her. "Since you can't behave while grounded, you will have a babysitter from now until you're off grounding to make sure you behave. This is Miss Olsheski, and she is your babysitter. You will mind her as if she is me. She has every bit of authority over your useless butt as I do. She has my permission to do whatever. See, you've been a very naughty little bitch, and I don't really care what happens to bitches who can't behave for me. Is that clear, stupid bitch?"

"Yes, my Queen," Rita answers. Her words come slowly, and her voice tells me that she's anything but eager to have a babysitter. Especially one that's literally a year younger than her daughter. I hear a very reluctant acceptance and resignation in her voice.

"OK, stupid bitch," Emily begins with a little girly giggle in her voice. "Like get up and come over here, slut."

Rita reluctantly gets to her feet. I'm sure she has no clue what's coming. And that she's just as confident that she's not going to like it. I see Rita hesitate for an instant as she notices Emily pulling on a pair of latex gloves.



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Emily has Rita stand facing her. And then she has Rita stretch her arms out to her sides and spread her feet wide. It definitely gives Emily a complete view of Rita. Everything now on shameless display for her. And me.

It has Rita's back to Marcy. Marcy staring at Rita's backside, and Rita's very red sore bottom while trying hard not to actually see anything. But Marcy can't help noticing that Rita is being made to display her body. I'm sure Marcy thinks she might be next, too.

Emily isn't gay. Nor is she bisexual. She definitely doesn't have any interest in looking at naked women, and it shows. The look on her face. The "if I have to" tone of her voice. Even the way she stands. It all lets Rita know that Emily does not want to be looking at her.

But Emily isn't stupid either. She has a good work ethic, too. She's agreed to do the job and be Rita's slut sitter, so she's going to do the best job she can. And right now, Emily's job is to make sure that Rita has absolutely nothing. That's exactly what she's allowed to take with her to Emily's, where she'll be babysat. Nothing at all. Emily will provide whatever Rita needs.

Emily starts at the top. She has Rita stand there while Emily runs her fingers through Rita's silky hair, the tips of her fingers brushing over Rita's scalp as she does. Then she checks both in and behind Rita's ears. She peeks into Rita's nostrils quickly. Then Emily has Rita open her mouth so that Emily can see inside of it. Emily uses a gloved finger to poke Rita's cheeks out and see between them and her gums. And to lift Rita's tongue up to see under it.

I don't think Rita is hiding anything in her body. That's a skanky move reserved for junkies - something that I never allow into the playroom. I know Emily isn't going to find anything. Emily does, too. The full strip and cavity search isn't about finding anything. It's about looking. It's about reminding Rita that Emily can and will check every intimate aspect of her body whenever Emily wishes. That Rita has no say about it.

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Emily keeps moving down Rita's body. She stops to check Rita's underarms. Then she makes it down to Rita's ample breasts. Emily eyes those closely. Then she pinches a hard nipple in her fingers and uses the nipple to lift Rita's mound high. It brings the mound up, stretching out the crease underneath where it lies against her chest. Emily gets a good look there, too. Then she does the same with Rita's other breast.

Emily keeps moving down. It only takes her a fraction of a second to peek at Rita's navel. It takes her even less time to peek at Rita's pubes. They're fully shaven, leaving her nothing to worry about. Emily keeps going down to the tips of Rita's toes.

And then Emily has Rita turn around while keeping her hands stretched out to her sides. She works her way down from the top, starting with Rita's hair, again. When Emily gets to Rita's bottom, she pulls her cheeks wide apart to expose Rita's crack, peeks into it, glancing at Rita's asshole, and then keeps going. All the way down. She makes Rita show her the soles of her feet. Emily even checks between Rita's toes.

"Spread those legs wide, stupid bitch," Emily tells Rita. Then she tells Rita to bend over and put her hands on her knees. It displays Rita's pussy nicely for Emily. It lets Emily see her long, thick, and narrow lips. It lets Emily see the wide-open gash between those lips that reveals a good slice of Rita's inner pinkness. It's a pinkness that's light, but flushed brightly and sopping wet now. It lets Emily see the edges of Rita's thin inner folds, and the thick knot surrounding her wide clit. And it lets Emily see Rita's rock-hard clit.

"Stand still while I check that sloppy pussy," Emily tells Rita. Emily puts her fingers to Rita's long lips. Emily isn't trying to be rough with Rita, but she's not trying to be gentle either. It's more as if Emily just doesn't care one way or the other how this is for Rita. It's not an attitude Emily has to fake. Emily slips her fingers under Rita's lips, pinches the edges of them snugly, and stretches Rita's lips

up and out wide. It gives Emily a good view of everything. Emily pushes Rita's lips off to the sides, giving her a good view of the entrance of Rita's tunnel.

Emily puts the tip of a single finger to the entrance of Rita's tunnel. Emily, a petite girl, has slim fingers. She presses her finger casually as if she's unconcerned about how it feels to Rita, into the tight tunnel. It lets her feel the sponginess of Rita's walls. It lets her feel the heat in them, too. But Emily isn't really paying attention to either. She pushes every bit of her finger into Rita's pussy. Then Emily takes her time, about ten seconds total, to wiggle her finger around inside Rita, prodding every bit of the depths of Rita's pussy with her finger. Emily's fingers are just long enough to reach the back of Rita's pussy, too. It lets her feel the hard muscle of Rita's cervix. By the time Emily pulls her finger out, there isn't a nook or cranny of Rita's pussy that hasn't been felt by Emily. And Rita knows it.

Emily puts her fingers to the inside edges of Rita's cheeks. Rita's globes are moderately firm, and with her bending forward, taut. It makes it easy for Emily to slip her fingers into Rita's crack. Emily pushes Rita's firm cheeks aside, stretching Rita's crack wide again, and fully exposing Rita's purple-pink asshole.

Rita's asshole is slightly small and tight. It's a dime-sized ring of medium pink-purple. It's flush with the valley of her crack, not puckering out or really funneling inward. It barely shows its ring of muscle. But it is lined with countless faint wrinkles. And now it's cinched to its tightest. Rita has never liked anything in her bottom, and she must know that it's about to happen.

Emily puts the tip of her honey-slickened finger against the center, that tiny pinprick of darkness, of Rita's asshole. She presses, not roughly, but not gently either. As if Emily merely pushes her finger all the way into Rita's bottom. It gets a slightly squealy, loud, strained "UGH!" from Rita. And then every bit of Emily's finger is inside Rita's bottom.

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Emily takes her time here, too. She slowly moves the tip of her finger around inside Rita's bottom. Emily presses against the filmy, loose walls of Rita's rectum, prodding and stroking every bit that she can reach with her finger. She draws her finger out slowly, stroking over more of Rita's insides as she does. And making sure that Rita feels every poke and prod of it. Finally, after about fifteen seconds, Emily's finger slips from Rita's bottom.

Emily tells Rita to stand up now and put her hands at the small of her back. It's the first thing Rita does eagerly. Although Rita's only eager to stand up and get her bottom off display. At least now she's confident she won't be getting poked there anymore.

Emily stands behind Rita. Maybe she just doesn't bother to circle around to face her. "OK, stupid bitch, listen to me. You will speak only when I ask you a question. You can only speak to me, too, no one else. You are not going to ask me for like a single thing. Don't even tell me you're thirsty or you want to pee. Just don't, like bother, ok bitch? No questions, like so nothing. I will tell you what to do. You will do it. And like that's it. That's your life now, bitch. Got it, stupid, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Rita answers, her voice letting me know that she doesn't like the idea much. I hadn't expected her to. Then again, she doesn't know what lies in her future, either. I do. Emily and I have discussed it, meaning that I told Emily what I wanted her to do, and she agreed to it. Enthusiastically.

Rita gets aroused by being publicly shamed and flaunted. Emily likes nothing more than being the life of a party. The topic of envy with her friends. The one everyone is talking about. The one with the parties people beg for an invite to. I've just given Emily an attraction for her little get-togethers. Rita.

I've told Emily to make use of Rita. To have her friends, or those she wants to tease, or those she wants to make jealous, over. To flaunt a naked Rita in front of them. I've told her that she's welcome to give Rita away to

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whomever she wishes. Any way she wishes, too. I just insist that Emily practice safe sex if she does. Or should I say when she does. I know Rita is going to be given away before the night is over.

And Emily's father will be home. He's my toy, and Emily knows it. Emily looks after him a little for me, although I'm sure she prefers not to. She does it to stay in my good graces and get chances like this one. But she's perfectly willing to use Rita to tease him. I've told her to. To keep Rita fully naked 24/7. To make her father look at Rita, but not allow him to touch her. And not to give Rita to him unless he has my permission. But she's welcome to make him watch as Emily gives Rita away to half the world. That should tease him nicely.

I've given Emily a few rules for Rita. Few. She's to ensure that Rita minds her house rules. She's to ensure that Rita is naked, clean, and groomed to my standards. She's to feed Rita. She's never to allow Rita out of her direct sight. If she does, for any reason, Rita is to be bound hand and foot to something. And Rita is never to be left home alone and bound.

Emily has Rita walk out to the front door. She follows and I follow behind her. Emily has Rita stand facing her beside the door. Emily gets out the outfit she picked for Rita. It's a lacy white cotton bra and panties set. A rather sexy set, too.

Emily gives Rita the panties and tells her to put them on. Then she does the same with the bra. Next Emily pulls out a white, snug-fitting, cotton top with spaghetti straps for the shoulders. It's a short top, too, ending just below Rita's navel. Emily has her put that on. A light purple, snug-fitting skirt rounds out the outfit. A skirt that ends just above Rita's knees. As much as Emily would like to have shopped for them, she skipped the accessories that would have really brought the outfit out. The only other thing Emily brought her is shoes. They're slip-on leather shoes with three-inch heels that match the skirt. Mercifully, they're wide heels.

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Once Rita is dressed, Emily cuffs her hands behind her back. Then she buckles one of my training collars, hot pink dog collars of inch-wide leather, around Rita's neck and secures it with a shiny brass padlock. She makes a show of putting the key to the padlock in her purse. Emily has a huge purse where that little key could easily vanish forever, too. Finally, Emily clips a hot pink leash to the collar.

I grab the finishing touch on Rita's outfit. It's a sign the size of a sheet of paper. Well, two identical signs, with straps to hang them over her shoulders. They're bright white with "I AM A WHORE" printed on them in big black letters. I hang the sign on Rita.

Rita immediately hangs her head.

Emily scold her sharply for that, telling Rita that no one who matters told her to hang her head in shame. "As if this whore has any shame," I add with a giggle.

Rita picks her head back up.

Emily leads her out. I don't know where Emily parked, but I know she's parked out on Dauphin Street somewhere. It's probably the busiest street in downtown Mobile. There's no chance of Rita making it to Emily's car without a number of people seeing her like this.

But Rita craves that public humiliation. And luckily her job of website design is strictly work-from-home and online. Her clients are all over the world. Not in Mobile. No one in her professional life is going to see her. It lets me shame her in public without damaging her professional life.



# *Chapter Four - Whore Lessons For The Fat Cow*



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Now I have a little time before Sierra gets here after supper. I also have Marcy sitting alone now on the bench in the playroom. She sitting there, although she's still fidgeting on her sore bottom and wincing as she does. She's also looking very uncomfortable and nervous now, too. As if Rita leaving her here wasn't something that Marcy imagined could happen. And now it has. Marcy is here alone.

I'll bet now Marcy is realizing that she hasn't any real idea of what to expect. I know she's never played before. That much is obvious. Maybe she's fantasized about it, but fantasy is almost never the reality. Especially not now. I have no clue what Marcy might have fantasized about doing.

I'm sure that Rita and Marcy have talked about Rita's sessions here. It would have been impossible for them not to. They're too close of friends. Plus I've made Rita do some things like telling Marcy that she was grounded and what that meant. But I'm almost as sure that they haven't gotten too deep into the specifics of it. Rita wouldn't unless she was pushed into it. I could see her telling Marcy that I'd spanked her, but not describing the spanking. Or not telling Marcy some of the less common things I've done with her.

As I step back into the playroom, I walk right to Marcy and stand in front of her. I already know the basics of her sex life with Frank. I know some of the details of her sex life before Frank, too. I made her tell me all of that when I'd interviewed her. I know that she's seldom the one to initiate anything with Frank. Instead, she prefers for Frank to take the lead, lie her on her back, and use her. At least that's what usually happens. Almost always now.

I know that Marcy gives Frank oral sex "once in a while," whatever that means. I'd say it means not very much. And I'd say that means she's not very skilled at it. If she was, Frank would be bugging her for it all the time. I know that Frank rarely gives her oral sex. And I know that

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Marcy has tried anal sex once, hated it, and made him stop. She told me all of that during her interview.

It paints me a picture of their sex life. Boring. Common, but boring. Little beyond the plain vanilla. Nothing exciting or different for them. No games of any kind. And that has me wondering if a change is part of the reason Marcy is here. It could be. But there no denying that she was incredibly aroused when I had her over my knees.

Now it's time for me to play around a little and see why that excited her so much. "Clearly that slutty pussy between your fat legs has been very badly neglected, cow. I assume that no man actually wants to touch your ugly old flabby body, that's pretty obvious. Guys like curvy girls. Too bad your curves are in the wrong direction! Apparently, you haven't been bothering to take care of that pussy yourself, either. Is it too disgusting for even you to touch, or are you just too stupid to masturbate properly cow?" I ask Marcy in a rather mocking voice.

"I... uh..." Marcy stutters. She blushes, too. And cringes slightly.

I give Marcy about half a second. Then I snap, my voice icy firm but still not raised to her. "Which is it cow? Is your pussy too disgusting or are you too stupid to masturbate it properly? Which is it, you fat ugly cow?"

"I don't know, Ma'am!" Marcy blurts out. "I masturbate, Ma'am! And I cum when I do!" Marcy's face starts wrinkling back up as if she's going to cry. And she looks a little more nervous than she did before.

"Get up on your worthless feet, cow," I firmly command Marcy.

Marcy doesn't hesitate to get on her feet. But that's only because she wants to get off her bottom. She's up from the bench before she even thinks about why I want her to stand now.

Standing is a new position for Marcy. It's one I've yet to teach her how I expect it done. It takes me a minute to firmly instruct her on how I expect her to stand. Most

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importantly I want her to stand up straight. I want her hands at the small of her back. I want her arms not to block my view of her ample breasts from any angle. Normally that's not much of an issue, but it is for Marcy. When she first puts her hands behind her, her upper arms are against the sides of her breasts. It's because her breasts are so big, soft, and angling slightly outward. I have her square up her shoulders a little more to fix that. I have Marcy look straight ahead, her eyes forward and wide open. And I have Marcy open her feet a shoulder's width apart. With her fairly lean thighs, that's enough to open them. Enough that her legs are fully baring the puffy mound of her pussy in the V between them. I tell her that's how I expect her to be when she's told to stand. And I expect her to stand still. Silently.

I pause for a short moment, just to make Marcy stand there doing nothing but looking at me and wondering what's going to happen. "If you're a good cow, you can remain standing," I tauntingly tell Marcy. "With that bottom still on fire, I'm sure you'd prefer to be off of it, wouldn't you, fatso?"

"Yes, Ma'am, thank You, my Queen." Marcy very quickly answers.

"Then behave and you won't be on it, cow. How did you learn to masturbate? Who taught you?" I softly ask Marcy.

"No one taught me, Ma'am," Marcy's voice tells me that she never envisioned anyone teaching anyone, much less her, about that. "I just sort of figured it out, Ma'am... You know, Ma'am, trial and error?"

"So basically you just played with that pussy until you got lucky and it came?"

"I guess so, Ma'am..."

"How old were you, cow?"

"I don't remember, Ma'am. I was... maybe 13 or 14, Ma'am?" Now Marcy sounds slightly embarrassed. And... curious. As if she's wondering if I've asked others and what their answers were. If she learned around when they

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did, and the same way. It tells me something about her. That she's low on self-confidence. That she worried about being like everyone else.

"Spread your legs, flabby," I sigh as I tell Marcy. "I want those feet about twice as wide as they are."

Marcy scoots her feet along the floor. She chances to look down as she does, watching to make sure they're as wide as I said. When they are, she quickly looks forward again.

It gives me a little better view of her pussy. I already had a good view. But now there's more room between the tops of her thighs. Enough that there's room to do something without her thighs getting in the way.

"Show me, cow," I tell Marcy in my firmest, most commanding voice. But also a soft voice, to let her know I'm not mad at her, just firmly telling her what she's going to do.

Marcy instantly blushes to a deep, beet red. And she cringes hard. She stands stunned for almost a full second. Almost long enough for me to snap at her. The horrified and shocked look on her face tells me that she wants to say something "you seriously expect me to masturbate now, with you watching me?" I'm pretty sure that it's the sharp sting in her bottom that finally reminds her that she needs to do whatever she's told. Or she might just find herself over my knees again.

Marcy very slowly moves her right hand. Tentatively, and overly reluctantly, she puts her hand to the mound of her pussy. Her palm lies flat on her pubes, as they gently round with their own puffiness. She puts two fingers to the upper half of her slit. That should have the pads of those fingers atop her clit.

Marcy shirks inward slightly. Her face scrunches up a bit more as if she's ready to start crying again. After another half of a second, her fingers start moving slowly. They move in a straight line, along her slit. They don't really move much. I can see that she's pressing fairly firmly against her clit. And that the pads of her fingers

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aren't moving over her clit. They're pressing too firmly for that. They're just massaging it.

I just stand there watching Marcy closely. I even lean forward a bit, getting a closer view of Marcy's pussy. Mostly I'm making her see that I'm watching carefully and paying close attention to what she's doing. I give her about fifteen seconds. "Is this exactly how you do it, fat cow?"

"Almost... yes, Ma'am..." Marcy reluctantly admits. And mostly lies. As she's saying it her fingers finally speed up. Now she's rubbing her clit frantically. And now she's doing it like she usually does.

I wait another fifteen seconds or so and ask "Or is this exactly how you do it, flabby?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Marcy answers in a now-breathy voice.

"Yes, Ma'am, what, fat cow?"

"Yes, Ma'am, this is exactly how I masturbate, Ma'am," Marcy answers. And by now her voice is throaty, her words coming out with deep, fast, exhaled breaths. Almost like throaty moans.

I wait just a few seconds. It's time I use to glance over the rest of Marcy's body. I can see her soft breasts jiggling slightly, but that's only from the speed. It's wiggling her slightly, and that's enough for those breasts to jiggle slightly. Her feet are still. Her free hand is at her side now, pressed against her side but not gripping herself.

I reach out quickly, grab hold of Marcy's wrist, and snatch her hand from her pussy. "Stand, cow," I snap very firmly.

"UH!" Marcy blurts out a hungry exhale as her hand is pulled from her needy clit. A half-second later I release her wrist and she slowly moves her hands behind her back. She still breathes a little deeply, but I no longer hear that throatiness.

"No wonder that pussy is so sloppy and disgusting, not to mention so overly needy! That's about the worst job masturbating that I've ever seen!" I mockingly tell Marcy.

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It's not, it's about average. She doesn't need to know that. From her reactions, I'd bet I'm the first person to ever see her masturbate. And that she's never seen anyone else. That Marcy hasn't a clue what other women do. She's really making it just too easy to humiliate her!

"I guess you'll have to learn how to masturbate like an actual lady. So there are no misunderstandings, you are going to masturbate like a lady, not like some filthy piece of poop scraped out of a gutter to service the beggars... which you are, but we'll pretend you're a lady for a few minutes.

"You are not going to move. You are not going to speak. You are not going to enjoy this lesson. This is to teach you how to masturbate in a way that will relieve the tension in that pussy, not for you to enjoy it! You will not climax. If I want you to climax, I will tell you to. Then I expect you will climax immediately and without question. You will do exactly as I show you. You will not speed up, slow down or change anything.

"Obey the rules, fatso. If I see you breaking a rule, there will be unpleasant consequences for it. Now, it's time for you to learn to masturbate. Well, actually it's about 30 years too late, but it will have to do.

"Give me your right hand, cow." I hold my hand out. Marcy slowly moves and brings hers out, putting it right in front of mine. Her hand trembles slightly.

I take hold of Marcy's hand and ball it up into a fist, leaving only the first finger extended. That finger I straighten out. Marcy is definitely shy about this lesson. I'm not. I don't hesitate to pull her hand down, even when I feel a light resistance in her muscles. I bring her hand down and put the pad of her finger flush against her slit.

I put two fingers to Marcy's puffy thick lips and push them apart enough to stretch her slit open and fully expose her clit. I kneel down in front of Marcy, getting a good and close look at Marcy's displayed pussy. Marcy cringes as she sees me looking at her pussy so closely. I guide Marcy's finger into place, lying it atop the hard, knotty,

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rounded tip of her clit. I don't press her finger against it, just lie it atop the steely hard nub.

I start moving Marcy's finger. I move it not in straight lines, as Marcy did, but in tiny circles. I keep her finger atop her clit. I don't press it down. There's already far more honey, a light, oily, and very slippery honey, covering everything. That's plenty slick enough to grease her finger. It leaves her finger gliding over the top of her clit without moving her nub. Not massaging it, either. Caressing it softly instead.

And I move her finger slowly. It draws out the motions. It lets Marcy really feel the sensations of her finger teasing those hungry nerves as they all bundle together into her nub. To feel the caressing, not just the budding urge to climax. But she definitely feels that, too.

It takes about two seconds. "AH!" Marcy blurts out. Now her voice sounds surprised, even though it's still throaty and deep. "Oh, AH!" Marcy blurts her moans out with deep breaths exhaled lightning fast. "Oh, AH!... AH!"

Marcy's teeth clench tightly. Her body starts trembling fast. "Uh, AHH!, AHHH!, oh, AHHHHH!" she keeps blurting out her moans. Each one it seems is fast, louder, and far more urgent.

In a couple seconds, I feel the muscles in her arm starting to fight me. As if Marcy wants to speed up and wants to press harder. That's just instinct. Doing it will actually dull the sensations slightly. It might push her to climax a hair faster, but it will dull the sensations far more than that. And I want her to feel what's happening, not to cum from it. I keep a firm grip on Marcy's wrist, guiding her hand through the motions and keeping her from misbehaving.

It takes a few more seconds for me to see her hips shudder hard as an icy-hot electric chill shoots from her pussy, along her spine, and throughout her body. "UH!" Marcy cries out loudly as it hits her.

"Bad cow!" I scold Marcy. I take my fingers from Marcy's lips and use that hand to spank Marcy's hips. "I

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said you're here to learn, not cum all over me like gutter filth! Do you really think I want some fat cow cumming her reeking cum all over me? Behave!"

I don't stop her hand as I scold her. And Marcy doesn't stop breathing her quickening moans "uh, AH! AHHH! AHHHHH!" as I keep her finger caressing over the tip of her clit.

After a few more seconds, maybe a minute into the lesson, I finally decide that it's time for Marcy to behave. On her own. "Do exactly what you're doing now, fatso. Mind the rules," I tell her firmly as I release her wrist. I step back getting a view of her entire body instead of just her pussy. This way I can see everything. And I can see if anything is misbehaving.

I hold my hand out towards Sophie. "slave, my crop." Sophie quickly puts the handle of my favorite crop in my hand. It's the one my mom gave me for my 18<sup>th</sup> birthday. The pastel green soft leather one with the white lace trim on it.

I barely have my crop in my hand before I see Marcy's hand starting to pick up its pace. I knew it would. It's been wanting to for a moment now. I just flick my wrist, send the tip of my crop sailing through the air. It arcs upward, rising between Marcy's legs. Its stiff tip lands squarely in the center of the back of Marcy's hand.

"OW!" Marcy blurts out. As she does, she trembles hard. "AHHHHH!" she instantly moans out, her moan more urgent than before.

"Bad cow!" I scold Marcy in my most disapproving voice. "I told you not to speed up. You *WILL* obey me, cow."

Marcy's hand slows back down. Marcy's moans grow even louder. And very quickly they grow far more urgent.

"ugh...AHH!" She moans. Marcy's body stiffens up, her muscles vibrating as they strain to full tension. "uh, AHHHHHHH!" Marcy cries out through clenched teeth. "ughhhh... AHHHHHHH!" As Marcy stands there, she keeps tensing up stiffer and stiffer. As her muscles tighten, they



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tremble more and more crisply. It takes a couple of seconds.

And then the shudder hits Marcy hard. It starts at her shoulders. As those snap with the sharp twitch of the tremor, her breasts jiggle. It's not a faint jiggle either. It's enough of one that the snap of her shoulders has her soft mounds bump against each other.

There's only one thing I can do about that. "Bad cow!" I snap in my icy firm disapproving voice. "I said stand still, not wiggle around like a trashy gutter whore faking it!" Then I flick my wrist. It sends the tip of my crop soaring through the air again. This time the stiff leather tip lands squarely atop one of Marcy's overly stiff nipples. The nipples that stick out so far from the tips of her mounds.

"EE-OW!" Marcy screeches out as the firm leather stings her tender nipple. It hits hard enough to drive the steely nub into her watery-soft mound and sear a faint pink splotch onto the top of her pale white mound. As many nerves as there are in her nipple, it hurts, despite the lightness of it.

"UGH!" Marcy blurts out a moan, even as her cry of pain is still leaving her lips. She sucks in a crisp, deep breath as fast as her lungs will take it. "oh... UGH...AHHHHHHHH!" Marcy moans out loudly.

As she moans, her hips shudder wildly. I'm watching her closely. I see a tiny drop of honey squirt powerfully out of her pussy. It shoots straight down and lands on the floor, splatting into a dime-sized spot. I doubt Marcy notices it. There's nothing of her to feel it, at least not after pussy lips. It misses her thighs. Her finger isn't far enough back. That drop came right from her tunnel.

"Bad cow!" I snap again. "Wiggling like a filthy gutter whore again!" I flick my wrist. This time it takes much better aim, too. I aim for the center of her puffy pubes. But about half of them are blocked by her arm. The arm connected to the hand rubbing her pussy. As puffy as her pubes are, especially with the wideness of her

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hips, it still leaves me enough of a target. The crop snaps loudly against her flesh.

"UGHHHHH!!" Marcy cries out a throaty deep moan, not a pained scream. The tone of her voice, so throaty deep but with the faintest of a squeal to it, is as if she tried to scream but the moan overtook her scream. Her pussy squirts a couple more drops of honey, too.

She doesn't last. Maybe a second, if that long. Her hips shudder again as another powerful tremor flows through her body. I scold her again. And I snap my crop, searing another faint pink splotch right beside the first one. Right atop the silky soft, bare, flesh of her pubes.

"UGHHHHHH....." Marcy moans out. And now her body starts trembling hard. Every bit of her from head to toe. It has her hips wiggling. It has her breasts jiggling. It has her shoulders squirming. After an instant, the tensing of her legs finally has her rise up onto her toes.

I tap the top of her foot with my crop scolding her sternly and raising my voice a little so that Marcy will hear me over her loud, urgent, moans. Marcy stays put. I swat her other foot, leaving a faint pink spot atop both feet. It does nothing. I shove her shoulders down, fighting through the hard resistance of her muscles until her feet are flat on the floor.

Marcy's hips shudder crisply. I tap her pubes again with the crop.

"UGHH..." Marcy blurts out quickly, the breath exploding from her lungs. She sucks another gulp of air just as fast. Her pussy squirts a steady little trickle of honey down to my floor.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Marcy's mouth finally opens, her jaw now hanging wide. Her head snaps back, her eyes going to the ceiling. Her body trembles fast and sharp enough that it vibrates. Marcy keeps screaming out "AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" It's a needy, pleading, and urgent cry.

I can see that I've pushed beyond the known to Marcy. And I wasn't even trying to. At least not so soon. She's never felt the urge to cum so strongly before.

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I grab hold of Marcy's hair. I doubt she'll last much longer. I doubt she knows how to. With a sharp jerk on Marcy's hair, I bring her head forward. I grab her jaw to hold her head steady.

I stare straight into Marcy's eyes. "Do you want to cum, fat cow?"

"Y...Y... YES, MA'AM!, Uh... AHHHHHHHHH!"

"Is this better than your stupid childish way of masturbating, flabby?"

"YES, MA'AM!... UGH, AH, UGH, AHHHH! UGH!"

I move like lightning. I reach my hand out and snatch Marcy's hand from her pussy.

"OWWWW!" Marcy cries out. Her body shudders several times. A thin line of honey flows from her pussy. "Uh, Owwwwwww!" Marcy starts crying.

"Aw... you really want to cum, don't you fat cow?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Marcy sobs out in a very deep and breathy voice. A very needy voice. "Please, my Queen, my pussy hurts, I have to cum so badly. It's never hurt before, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am... please I can't stand it, it hurts too badly!"

I keep hold of Marcy's wrist. "Too bad, fat cow, orgasms are for good cows, not fat cows who get their friends in trouble."

I move fast again. I step around Marcy, keeping hold of her wrist and bringing her hand up behind her back. As soon as I'm behind Marcy, I grab her other wrist and pull it up behind her back, too. "slave, cuffs."

Sophie is there in about one second. She quickly clicks a pair of handcuffs on Marcy's wrists. Then I let go of those wrists. Instantly they're fidgeting, squirming against the cuffs, and trying to get free of them. She doesn't have a prayer. These are police-issue cuffs.

I step back around. I grab hold of Marcy's head, my hands up by her ears, but not covering them. More on the tops of her jaws. I hold her head still, her eyes directly on me.

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"You'll cum when I wish for *my* pussy to cum, and not one second before, is that crystal clear you stupid fat cow?"

"Y... y... yes, my Q... Queen," Marcy stutters as she sobs out. Her eyes, tears running down her cheeks, are now wide with horror.

"Good cow," I teasingly tell Marcy. "Now, since it's clear that you know nothing about being a proper woman much less a proper wife for your husband, I am going to see for myself just how slutty your fat butt is. I don't care if you love it, or if it hurts like heck. You are going to give me that flat, flabby butt, and then you will stand still, and silent, while I see if it's as slutty as the rest of you. Is that crystal clear, fat cow?"

"Yes, my Queen." Now Marcy's sobbing voice breaks with nervousness as she wonders what I'm going to do to her butt. It's something that someone talked her into trying before and she hated, so it's something she's certain she's going to hate now. Yet, I think, she's sure she's going to try and behave for it.

I tell her that I am going to release her hands. She is going to ignore her pussy. I don't care how badly it's throbbing and aching her. I don't feel a thing. So I don't care. Nor am I in the mood for it to cum. Instead, Marcy is going to lean over the spanking chair.

Marcy assures me, in a sobbing and very reluctant voice, that she'll do it.

I release Marcy from the cuffs.

Marcy still trembles. I point to the chair. Marcy bends over. It's a sloppy move. She just faces the chair and leans forward. If she were one of my toys, I'd whip her for it. But I haven't taught Marcy what I want her to do yet.

I tell her to rest her forearms flat on the seat of the chair. Palms up, hands open. She does that. I tell her to step back until her back is flat. She does. I tell her to spread her feet as wide as she possibly can. She does. And then I have her pick her head up so that she's staring

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forward at a blank wall. I tell her to stay just as she is and to keep her mouth shut unless I ask her something.

I use the tips of my fingers, slipping them into Marcy's long crack, and pushing the inside edges of her globes apart. I stretch her crack as wide open as it will go. It opens surprisingly wide, her cheeks flattening as I push them aside until her crack is shallow. And it fully exposes her asshole.

It displays the wide ring of faint purple flesh around her dime-sized asshole. Hers funnels in slightly steeply from the valley of her crack. As if the purple flesh simply dives into her body, tapering into a short, dark line at the center. Countless, and very faint, little wrinkles line the purple flesh. At the very center of the funnel, those wrinkles seem to roll together into a dark squiggle of tiny flaps.

I put the tip of my finger against the squiggly line at the center of her asshole. My fingers are slim. The tip of my finger pushes slightly into the funneling of her asshole, but it also eclipses the squiggle at the center. As Marcy feels my finger touch her asshole, I feel a crisp shuddering flinch run through her body. I feel her ring clench to its tightest, too.

I don't want this to be too comfortable for Marcy. I want her to feel a bit of discomfort. Not too much, just enough for it to be unwelcome for her. I want her to feel herself standing there and allowing it, knowing that she doesn't want it. Knowing that she's allowing it only because she was told to.

I push firmly, but not roughly or hard, against her ring. My fingertip pushes deeper into the funnel. Almost immediately I feel the hardness of her muscle resisting my finger. But her muscle isn't nearly strong enough to put up a real fight. In a fraction of a second, I feel her muscle pushing inward and turning rubbery. And then I feel it give. I feel the rubbery ring squeezing around the sides of my finger as my finger slips through Marcy's asshole and into her bottom.

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I hear Marcy blurt out a deep breath of air, exhaling it hard and sharply. It tells me she felt me pushing into her, stretching her asshole slightly to let my finger through. It tells me she didn't like it. But it also tells me that she's obedient enough not to say anything. Or trying to be. That tells me something, too.

I push all of my finger into Marcy's bottom, stopping only when the web of my finger is flush against the outside of her asshole. I keep my finger straight as it pushes into her bottom. Once it's inside Marcy's bottom, I hold it still for a couple of seconds, giving Marcy a moment to get used to the feeling of it being there. Although I suspect she spends those seconds wishing I'd hurry up, do whatever I'm going to do, and get it out of her bottom. I do feel the ring of her asshole loosen slightly around my finger.

I angle my finger very gently downward. Immediately I feel the filmy loose wall of Marcy's rectum under the pad of my finger. It gives easily. I'm sure Marcy feels it, but she'll more feel my finger moving inside her than anything else. I use a slight pressure. Just enough for me to feel what's beyond the paper-thin wall of her rectum. Where I'm pushing, that's the backside of her pussy walls.

From here those walls feel as firm as they looked to me. Not hard, but more like a wet sponge. A firmer sponge. I feel a burning heat in those walls, too. But mostly I feel those walls are still twitching. It's not the tiny, spark-like twitches I'm used to feeling. These are sharp twitches that rack every bit of her walls. No wonder her pussy was squeezing out honey. Those walls are snapping with powerful spasms, and she hasn't even cum yet.

I give my finger a tiny wiggle. It strokes the pad of it over the backside of those walls. The backside is lined with just as many nerves as the front side. Only these nerves aren't so used to being teased. My finger tenderly caresses them now, though.

My finger has barely moved. "UHHHHHHH!" Marcy cries out. It's a hot moaning cry. It's loud. It's desperately

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urgent. And it's shocked. I see her hands clench up into fists, too. Marcy's leg snaps, her knee coming up for an instant before stomping her foot down hard. It's hard enough of a stomp that it lifts her bottom a bit. At the same instant, I see goosebumps erupt along Marcy's spine, over her bottom, over the mound of her pussy, and into the creases of her thighs. Marcy's entire body shudders sharply as tremor after tremor, each one crisper and more powerful than the last, sweeps over her.

I keep my finger moving, caressing the backside of those walls. I can feel the walls snapping even harder now. I glance to the mound of her pussy just in time to see the first dollop of honey squirted out of her pussy. Her thick lips slow the stream enough that it doesn't squirt from her slit. Instead, it erupts from her slit and instantly covers her slit, clinging to those lips. Already I'm feeling the next twitch snapping those walls.

"Oh, UHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Marcy screams out, her entire body shuddering hard. Her foot stomps again, too. And I see a bigger dollop of honey appear atop her slit and start running down it.

"Bad cow!" I scold Marcy. "Hands open! Stay still. Shut up! And for Pete's sake stop stomping your foot like a cow, fat cow!"

"UHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Marcy screeches away. And she goes right on shuddering, the trembles growing stronger by the second. Just as the dollops of honey being pushed from her snapping tunnel grow bigger. After a couple of seconds, the honey starts dripping from her mound.

Now I stop my finger. I hold it still, feeling the twitches and heat under it. But no longer caressing her pussy walls. "UGH!... Nooooooooo!" Marcy blurts out, not thinking about the rules anymore.

"Hey, fat cow!" I snap sternly to make sure that I have Marcy's attention. "Didn't you tell me that you *hated* anything up your butt?"

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"Yes, My Queen," Marcy answers reluctantly in a very throaty, husky voice.

"Then you didn't like that and don't want me to finish it, right?"

"No, my Queen!" Marcy blurts out with pure desperation in her voice. "Please, my Queen, please finish it, Ma'am?"

"Finish what, fat cow?"

"Please, my Queen, Please finish... fingering my fat ass like you were, Ma'am. Please, my Queen! Finish fingering my fat ass, Ma'am!"

"So you like having your flabby butt fingered, do you fat cow?"

"Yes, my Queen!" Marcy blurts out with certainty. And with a good amount of pleading in her tone. "I love you fingering my flabby ass, Ma'am! I wish you'd do it forever, Ma'am. At least until I came, Ma'am. Please, Ma'am, finger fuck my flabby, ugly ass for me, Ma'am I love it, Ma'am!"

"You love my finger up your tight butt?"

"Yes, My Queen! I love your finger up my fat ass, Ma'am!"

I decide that I've heard enough. I tell Marcy, again, to open her hands up. I remind her to stand still. Then I give her the bad news. I remind her that naughty fat cows don't deserve sweet orgasms. Even anal orgasms. But I tell her that I'll give her one, and only one, chance to cum. To cum, Marcy has to behave. She has to follow the rules, stand still and not moan like a whore or make a sound. Except for counting, that is. She's to count to twenty, asking me to keep going after the number. If she misbehaves, or if she does something stupid like running her words together as she speaks too fast, even once, she doesn't get to cum.

I start caressing the backside of her walls again. Instantly I feel the snapping twitches back at their full strength. An instant later I see the first dollop of honey appear atop her slit.



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"One. Will you please finger fuck my flabby ass for me, my Queen?" Marcy counts off.

That's as far as she makes it before the tremors take over. Her body shudders hard. Her knee flies up and her foot stomps down with all her strength.

I pull my finger quickly from Marcy's bottom.

"UGH!" Marcy blurts out. "No, please my Queen! No, please don't stop, Ma'am, please My Queen, please give me another chance, Ma'am!" Marcy bursts into tears. She sobs for several seconds. "Please, my Queen, I'm sorry! I'll behave! Please finger fuck my flabby, ugly, disgusting ass for me, Ma'am. Please, my Queen, please just give me one more chance, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am! Please don't leave me like this... My pussy hurts so bad I'm crying from it, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am, please, just give me one more chance, Ma'am! Please, just shove your finger back up my ass and give me one more chance, Ma'am! I swear I'll behave!"

"Shut up, cow!" I sternly scold Marcy. "I didn't say you could beg. On your feet, fatso!"

"NO!" Marcy screams out desperately. "PLEASE!"

I'm sure Marcy was going to beg more after that. Instead, she screams out "AH!" as I grab her long hair and yank back with all the strength I have. It snaps Marcy's head back sharply. And then it leaves her no choice but to stand up. "I said stand, cow!"

And then I see the tiny little trickle of a stream of honey running out of Marcy's slit and falling to the floor.

I quickly pull Marcy's hands behind her back and cuff them again. "You blew your chance, fat cow. Now you can wait... however long I feel like!" I giggle.

Marcy cries harder.



# *Chapter Five - A Hard Lesson In Slutting*

## Chapter Five - A Hard Lesson In Slutting

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Now that I've had my supper, it's time for Marcy's next lesson. I sit on my sofa, leisurely sipping a cup of dessert coffee. I have Marcy on her knees against a wall across from me. That way it's easy for me to watch her and make sure that she stays still. That seems to be something Marcy has trouble with. She's always squirming. Or at least she has been since her pussy got so sloppy wet.

I have Marcy kneeling with her back against the wall. Well, almost against the wall. It's actually her hands that are against it. Those are bound behind her back. Her hands have been bound since before supper. As soon as I was done showing her just how slutty her bottom is. I decided to leave them bound for one reason. Marcy has been far too squirmy. I suspect, if her hands were free, she'd be putting one of them to her pussy. It doesn't take much imagination on my part. She's been on her knees for about ten minutes now. And I can still see the shiny sparkle of fresh honey keeping her pussy mound wet. I can still see her hard nipples sticking straight out, too. And it's been well over an hour since Marcy was touched. But her pussy seems to still be weeping its honey.

The knock on the door comes exactly at 19:00. that's when I'd told Brandon to have Sierra here. But Marcy doesn't have a clue that anyone else is coming. As Brandon knocks, I see a very hard cringing tremor flow over Marcy. I see her eyes go wide with surprise, too. Then her face scrunches up. And I see the blush blooming in her cheeks as Marcy realizes that I'm not the least bit concerned about her. Or about her being seen naked by whoever is at the door.

Sophie hurries to get the door. This might be a surprise, and a very unwelcome surprise, to Marcy, but it's not going to be for anyone else. Both Brandon and Sierra have been here a number of times before. They're used to the way things generally flow around here. They know it will be Sophie to answer the door.

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Sophie opens the door. The blush on Marcy's face immediately deepens back to beet red. And she cringes even harder. I have her facing the door. Now that the door is open, Brandon has a good, full-on frontal view of the naked Marcy kneeling. His eyes check her body out, but only briefly. Marcy must see how briefly he looks her nakedness over. As soon as his gaze averts from her body, her eyes cast downward, almost as if she's embarrassed that he didn't care to look at her body too much.

Sophie shows them in. Brandon is a fairly tall black man with medium-dark skin. He's rather well built, too. He has a mustache and beard. He's dressed casually today, as he usually is, in a t-shirt and jeans with a hoodie over his shirt. He likes to play up the "thug" look, but it didn't take me long to realize it's just that, a look and a facade he puts on. He's nothing like that.

He has to guide Sierra through the door. She's blindfolded. She's gagged with a second sash of black fabric. Her hands are bound behind her back, too. I told him to do that before they left their apartment. I always do for Sierra. I have him bring her this way. It's the routine I've set for Sierra. She's never told when she's coming here. Instead, I tell Brandon. When it's time for them to leave, he simply tells her that she's coming to see me and ties her hands behind her back. He blindfolds and gags her. Then he walks her to the car and brings her over here.

Brandon is just over six feet tall. Sierra is 5'4" and she looks a bit smaller as she stands next to him. She's not a heavy girl at 135 pounds, either. Not knowing that she was coming, Sierra didn't have a chance to dress up for it. Or even to clean up. She came just as she was. It has her wearing a light gray sleeveless cotton shirt and dark blue jeans with sneakers.

It didn't take me long to figure Sierra out. Her thing, the thing that gets her unbearably aroused, is being at someone else's mercy. She likes being tied. She likes being used shamelessly. She really likes being made to obey. She needs to be shown that she's not in charge, not

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even of her own body. That's part of the reason that I have Brandon tie her before bringing her.

"Oh, there's my lying cunt," I greet them. My voice is rather disapproving, but there's a grin on my face. Not that Sierra can see my face. "Slave, strip this cunt."

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie answers quickly, a grin on her face, too. She steps in front of Sierra and kneels down to take Sierra's shoes and socks off. It doesn't take Sophie long. She's very neat, though, as she knows I'll insist she is. She starts a pile with Sierra's shoes, and then with her folded socks on top of those.

I've told Sophie to "strip" Sierra, not to "undress" her. Both are words that I use with a specific meaning to them. They tell Sophie how I want Sierra's clothes to come off. "Strip," tells her that I don't care how they come off, just get them off of her quickly.

Sophie knows that I love the sight of topless women in jeans. Maybe that's why she rises back to her feet and puts her hands to Sierra's waist. She quickly lifts Sierra's shirt up and over the girl's head. Sophie leaves the shirt hanging down from Sierra's bound wrists, behind her back. It reveals a strapless bra. A rather sexy bra, too, black with red trim. Sophie has that off in seconds. Only then does she untie Sierra's hands just long enough to slip the shirt free of them.

Then Sophie doesn't waste any time. She unzips Sierra's jeans, slips her hands into the waistband, and slides them down. She takes Sierra's panties down with the jeans, leaving Sierra standing nude. Well, except for the blindfold and gag. Those Sophie won't remove unless I specifically tell her to. And for now, I haven't told her to.

Sierra has a slightly "thick" look to her body, although she's anything but. It's her slightly wide hips that give her the look. Otherwise, she has just enough body fat on her to keep her bones from showing.

She has a modestly oval face with soft, rounded, and flowing lines to it. Even at her chin where lines tend to be the harshest. She has medium brown hair, but she's dyed

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it to a deep red tinge. Her hair is long, bushy, and soft. It hangs down to the bottoms of her shoulder blades. She has brown eyes. She has a narrow nose, too. And she has a wide mouth, framed with a pair of fairly plump, silky soft, very light pink lips.

Sierra has a flat chest and stomach, her skin still rather youthfully taut. She also has a pair of rather firm 34-C cup breasts that definitely look ample on her body. Unlike Marcy's soft breasts, Sierra's are well-rounded and pert, like giant half oranges rising off her chest. Her mounds don't lie back against her chest much, not enough to have any kind of crease at the underside. Instead, they swell off her chest and stand out. Their rounded tips are covered with a pair of wide rings of light pink with a faint brown hint to its hue. Centered in each of those wide rings is a moderately wide nipple slightly bigger than a pencil eraser. Her nipples have fully rounded tips of their own. They rise nicely from the curve of the tip of her mounds like half marbles. And they're as hard as rocks now.

Sierra has flat pubes beneath her flat stomach. Her hips are slightly wide, but that's her bones, not flab. She has just enough weight on her to round out those hips into near-perfect curves. The extra bit of width only makes her hips look curvier. She has a good curve to her waist, too. Her pubes are fully shaven to silky smoothness. That's standard for my toys. Since Brandon likes her that way, too, there's no reason for an exception.

They don't know it, no one does, but I don't have that much time for Sierra tonight. I have about 90 minutes for her, 5 of which I've already used up. I'm planning a time-out for Marcy. I have a formula for computing the length of those. I've backed up from when I want hers to end, and it means I have to start her time out at 2030 tonight. Although... nothing says I can't keep Sierra after that. Still, what I have in mind, I need her and Marcy for.

"I guess this lying cunt should start by making up for her lie... Would this cunt's mouth work for you?" I ask Brandon. By now, Brandon has had Sierra every which

## Chapter Five - A Hard Lesson In Slutting

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way. And I've seen it. He's not shy about letting me, or anyone else, see him use her. And as I do most of my toys, I've taught Sierra to use her mouth skillfully. That's a skill Brandon has come to appreciate a lot, too.

Brandon says it would work fine for him. I know that he gets two or three blow jobs a week from Sierra. He knows that whatever I'm up to, this one is going to somehow be different than the usual expertly skilled ones Sierra gives. He knows that he's going to enjoy it, too.

As I'm talking to him, I kind of shift around a bit. Maybe a foot. Just enough to get Brandon to back up a hair so that he's standing at the end of the coffee table. And that's where I want him. For now, he has his side to the table.

Then I snap my fingers and wave to Sophie. It's her cue. I've already told her what to do now. She crosses the two steps over to where Marcy is kneeling. Sophie reaches down and takes hold of Marcy's long, fine hair. She gets a good grip on it. Using it as a leash, she gives it a sharp tug. "Come along, fat cow!"

Marcy starts to get up to her feet. Sophie keeps her down by holding her hair down and pulling it forward at the same time. She scolds Marcy, telling her that no one told her to get up, just to come. Marcy stays on her knees, trying to keep them apart as she shuffles forward. Sophie keeps leading her along, pulling her by her hair.

I turn to Brandon. I have little doubt that later this evening, if not already, Frank will be learning a lot from Joey. Joey is a very good, devoted, and skilled substitute wife. She'll use every bit of her skill to make sure that Frank fully enjoys her. She'll try to make him wish she was his wife instead of Marcy.

And I have no doubt that Marcy has very little in the way of slut skills. I've already seen that. She's what I call a typical housewife in bed. She has the very basics, but that's all. She doesn't have any of the skills that porn stars and expensive prostitutes do. The skills that have to be learned. Usually taught.



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I confess to having an ulterior motive here. Whether I keep Marcy or not, and that's assuming that Frank will let her stay in the toybox, I want to make sure that Frank appreciates the time he allowed her to spend here. I want Marcy to learn a new skill here. Something that she can use to make Frank especially happy. A skill he'd never dream Marcy would have. Something to make him really enjoy having her for a lover again. To rekindle that desire. Something to make him think seriously about not just allowing her to return, but wanting her to.

"May I borrow your cock for a minute?" I ask Brandon with a bat of my eyes. He's loaned it to me before, and I know he doesn't mind. I think he likes it.

He glances over to Marcy as Sophie brings her up in front of him. His face tells me that he doesn't think she's the prettiest woman. Brandon is only 27. Sierra is a mere 24 years old. Marcy, at 44, must look like she's old enough to be Sierra's mother. Which she is. She must look worn out to him as well. His face shows that he doesn't consider her that attractive. That he's not dying for her to touch him.

"I guess," He answers. His voice doesn't sound like he's thrilled by it either.

Marcy, still clueless about what I'm going to do, realizes that it's going to involve her and Brandon. I see a look of horror flood over Marcy's face. For a second I wonder if it's just the idea of being given to another man. Then I see a touch of revulsion in her mask. And that tells me something else. Brandon is African. Marcy obviously is slightly racist. At least enough so that she never imagined herself being with an African man. I have to work hard to hide the smirk on my face from her. I'm sure like some older women tend to do, she considers it beneath her to be with an African man. This is going to be so amusing to me.

Sophie pulls Marcy into place. It has Marcy on her knees right in front of Brandon. I'll bet now Marcy can guess what I have in mind. Most women on their knees in

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front of a man, their eyes staring at his crotch, would have a pretty good idea what he wanted from her.

Brandon frees his cock from his pants, bringing the shaft out through his open zipper. His cock isn't huge. But it's big enough. I'd guess it's about six inches long and 1¼" across. It is circumcised, leaving its dark purple-black head fully exposed. It's fairly stiff now, too, but not as hard as I've seen it.

"Go on, fat cow, show me how you suck your husband's cock. I'll expect your best effort, too, fatso," I tell Marcy. I catch a faint hint of a grin from Brandon. He must like hearing Marcy called fat.

"Yes, my Queen," Marcy answers in a very hushed and shamed voice. A voice that tells me she definitely doesn't want this cock in her mouth. She puts her lips to the tip of his shaft. I see the muscles in her shoulders flinch as she does as if she's trying to bring her hands up. She can't, those are still firmly tied behind her back. But it tells me that she usually uses her hand on Frank's cock. I thought she might. It's so cheating in my book!

Marcy moves quickly. She takes the head of his cock into her mouth. Then she manages to get about another inch of his shaft through her lips. Or maybe not quite a full inch. Either way, it's not much cock. It leaves between three and four inches of his length untouched.

Marcy reverses. I don't see her choke or gag. She must have stopped before she took that much cock into her mouth. She strokes his cock with her lips. Fast strokes, as if she's trying to hurry him along and finish this. I doubt she's sucking either. I don't see the sides of her cheeks pulling in. I think she's just stroking his length with her lips.

I let her go for about twenty seconds. Marcy keeps going the same. I figure that's long enough for her to get her rhythm. What she's doing now is the best she's going to give Brandon without some... encouragement.

This time, it's me that grab's Marcy's hair. I get a good grip, rolling the strands around my hand, and with a

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sharp tug, yank her head back. Brandon's cock slips from Marcy's mouth. But at least it's steely hard now. I can Marcy's saliva on it, making the top of the shaft, less than half of its length, shine.

"Is that what you call sucking a cock, cow? Is that really *all* you do for your husband?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Marcy cringes as she answers in a tone of voice that tells me she's suddenly embarrassed by her answer. It tells me that she's lost, too, wondering what more anyone might expect her to be doing. Maybe she's even thinking that if she should have been doing anything else, certainly Frank would have told her.

"Your poor husband! It's a miracle he hasn't divorced your fat butt by now!" I hear Brandon chuckle lightly as I mock Marcy. "Don't worry, I'll teach you how to be a big girl. It seems like no one else has. You certainly didn't have any clue how to masturbate that pussy!"

Marcy cringes inward hard as she listens to me tell Brandon, a man, that she didn't know how to masturbate properly. She blushes, too, clearly embarrassed for anyone to know it.

I keep hold of Marcy's hair. With my right hand, I reach down. I lean forward a bit as I do. My hand drops under Marcy's bottom. I reach up. My hand easily finds Marcy's pussy. I slip my thumb into Marcy's slit, using it to get a very firm pinch on one of Marcy's long, thick, pussy lips. It's not easy. Everything between her legs, and the tops of her legs, are still covered with a fresh coat of her honey. And that's slipperier than grease. But I pinch tightly.

I stand at Marcy's side. I use my right hand to pull her bottom up. "On your hooves, fat cow!" I firmly bark the command as I'm already pulling her up. But I also use the grip I have on Marcy's hair to hold her head down. I hold her head in front of Brandon's cock, its tip pointed right at Marcy's widening eyes.

With her hands bound, she has nothing to support herself. It throws her off balance almost immediately. I

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ignore that, keeping Marcy wobbling as I pull her bottom up by her pussy lip. I have to pinch it a little harder, too – it almost slips from my fingers. Her head keeps trying to raise up, but I hold it down by her hair. Marcy lets out a nervous squeal as she almost topples over.

She doesn't though. I get her up to her feet while keeping her bent over. And keeping her eyes locked on Brandon's hard cock. I can see a look of confusion on Marcy's face. As if she's wondering why I'd want her like this. I have to keep a hard grip on Marcy's hair. She keeps trying to lift her shoulders.

I lift my leg, stretching it over Marcy's shoulders and resting my foot on the coffee table. Brandon watches me, and only now notices that I've moved him into place at the foot of the table without him noticing. I'll bet now he thinks that I've planned this all along, too.

I pull Marcy's head back into the crease of my denim-clad thigh, the back of her head firm and flush against me. It keeps Marcy's eyes in front of his cock. Then I reach my other hand underneath Marcy's jaw and grip it firmly. I pinch the corners of Marcy's jaw, forcing her mouth to stretch wide open.

One of the things about a relationship like Brandon's and Sierra's is that I know both of them, even though only Sierra is my toy. I know a lot about Brandon, things he's told me over the months and I've filed away for later use. This is one of those things. He's told me that he's always wanted to fuck a woman's face hard, but that he doesn't want to do it to Sierra. He wants to be rough about it. He doesn't want to be rough to Sierra.

"Would you care to just fuck this cow's mouth?" I ask Brandon in a rather sweetly teasing voice.

Brandon grins wide. Now he suddenly wants Marcy. I'm sure it just that Marcy is available for him to try something he's always wanted to try but doubted he ever would get a chance to. At least not without paying for it. I guess, for this, any old cow will do for him.

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Brandon moves slowly. He gently puts the tip of his cock between Marcy's wide-stretched teeth and lies it on her tongue. He grins even wider. He glances at me and winks. And then, Brandon thrusts hard with his hips.

The whole thing takes no more than half a second. I see Brandon's cock start moving forward, vanishing into Marcy's gaping mouth. Then I feel Marcy's head pressing back hard against my thigh. I was expecting that. I keep my thigh where it is, and that keeps Marcy's head where it is.

I feel the snapping yank of Marcy's head as she gags, and then immediately chokes hard. As she does, her head tries to snap. It can't move. I have too good of a grip on her hair for that. I feel her back arcing, but it doesn't have much room to move either. I feel Marcy's shoulders trying to rise and back away, but my leg holds them down. And I feel Marcy's jaw trying to bite closed. It can't move either, not with my hand pinching the corners so firmly. But it tries hard. Hard enough that I'll bet the insides of her cheeks are going to have teeth marks on them.

I see Marcy's eyes snap so wide they look as if they're going to pop out of her head as she realizes what I'm letting Brandon do to her.

I hear Brandon grunt happily. And then I see Brandon's pubes slam into Marcy's nose. I'd bet his balls bounce off her chin as well. Now, every bit of his six-inch, moderately thick length is in Marcy's mouth. And down Marcy's throat, choking her hard.

I can feel the snapping tremors of Marcy's body as she chokes and heaves hard. I have no doubt she'd vomit if she could. But she can't. Brandon's cock has her throat stuffed fully. So full that Marcy can't even breathe, let alone anything else.

Now I feel the panic sweep over Marcy. I feel every muscle she has testing me. All of them trying to free her from my grasp. To get away from that cock. I feel her hands squirming hard and struggling to find anything. I feel her head tugging against my hand hard enough that I

## Chapter Five - A Hard Lesson In Slutting

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wonder if she'll pull some of her hair out. I feel her shoulders trying to push against me. I feel her bottom wiggling around.

I hold Marcy still. Brandon has already reversed his stroke, his cock pulling from Marcy's mouth as fast as it went in. I doubt the entire stroke, in and out, even took a second. Already Brandon is slamming his hips forward again, thrusting his cock as powerfully as he possibly can into Marcy's throat.

It goes on like that. Brandon thrusts his cock into Marcy with all his might. I hold Marcy steady and hold her mouth wide open for him. I hold her firmly enough that Marcy has no choice. All she can do is stay in place as her throat is roughly fucked by his modestly large cock.

It takes Marcy a long moment. Maybe fifteen or twenty seconds. I think she finally realizes that she can't win. That no matter what she does, I'm going to be able to hold her in place. And that Brandon doesn't seem to care much at all about anything beyond driving his cock into her throat.

But once Marcy accepts it, I feel her slowly start struggling less and less. I'm sure by now she's getting used to the cock in her throat, too. Or at least her throat is. Her choking seems to be ebbing away. I'll bet her throat is getting a bit sore, too. Her snapping struggles start to ebb, too.

A moment later I feel Marcy's body start quivering. She still struggles, just not as hard as before. I know she's still choking, but not that hard. I hear her screeching and grunting hard, or at least trying to, during most of his strokes. Before his cock cuts off her air.

At first, the quivering is modest. But quickly it grows crisp and strong.

"Mistress! You should see this! The fat cow's pussy is squirting, Mistress!" Sophie squeals excitedly. I glance over my shoulder and see that Sophie understated it. I see dollops of honey shooting back from Marcy's bottom a

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good couple of feet. I'm sure there's going to be a puddle under Marcy's pussy by now, too.

I also see Marcy blush. It's deep, darker than she's blushed yet. And it's not just her cheeks this time, but it seems to be her entire head that's blushing. I see the tears start rolling down her cheeks, too. By now I've noticed that Marcy cries like a baby whenever she's humiliated. The more humiliated, the harder she bawls.

I have no doubt Marcy is secretly liking this. Her pussy leaves no doubts. "See that, fatso? You can swallow a cock! In case you're as stupid as your friend, I'll tell you. Guys like that. Now that we both know you can swallow a cock, from this moment on, I don't ever want to see such an amateurish blow job again. I expect that you'll swallow the cock on every single stroke. Whether I'm watching you or not. And just to make sure that you do, I'll give your hubby a call and tell him that you can do it. That if you don't, it just means you don't like him enough to do that for him."

Brandon keeps on slamming his cock into Marcy's mouth. He doesn't even pay attention to what I'm telling Marcy. He just goes right on grunting happily as she drives his length into her tight throat.

Sierra still stands beside Brandon, where I left her. Naked. She can't see anything. She can't say anything. But she can hear everything. I'm sure, between what we've said and the sounds she's heard, she knows what's happening. She knows that her husband is fucking some other woman's mouth right next to her. She knows not to move, too. That, she knows, will earn her a punishment here that she definitely doesn't want. So she stands there listening to the sounds of her man with another woman.

"Do you care where?" Brandon asks me.

I know what he means. It's just sooner than I expected. No more than about two minutes. Then again, it's been two rather energetic minutes for him. "Wherever. I don't care about this fat cow," I tell him. Marcy must hear it, too. I feel a rather powerful tremor run through her

## Chapter Five - A Hard Lesson In Slutting

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as I say it. It's a slightly different tremor, as if it started in her bottom, thrashing her bottom and flowing over her from there.

Brandon keeps going for several long seconds. Then he stops, pulling his cock from Marcy's mouth. It slips from her lips. The tip of his cock head is no more than ½" back from Marcy's lips when it erupts. It twitches, jumping upward as it does. As it jumps, his cum shoots from it. Almost immediately his cum hits her face, drawing a line from the corner of her mouth, up along and across her nose, and then right over her right eye. The line of cum continues up and into Marcy's hair. It must have been his first spurt. And it's a good one.

Marcy grimaces hard and blinks wildly as the cum hits her eye. It leaves a long line of his gooey thick white cream across her face. She's still blinking a fraction of a second later when Brandon's cock starts to twitch again and shoots another thick stream of hot cum onto Marcy's face.





*Chapter Six -*

*Chapter Seven - Time Out*

## Don't Interrupt

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It's one minute before 20:30 now. That's the time I've set for Marcy's "time-out" to begin. I've sent Sophie to take Marcy to the bathroom before it begins. Sophie knows what's in store for Marcy. But Marcy doesn't know she has a time-out coming, much less what that means. All Marcy knows is that I told Sophie to give Marcy a bathroom break.

It's been a few hours since Marcy has been allowed near a toilet, so I'm sure she'll have little choice but to pee. Just as I'm sure that Marcy won't poop if she can manage not to. She'll hold that, waiting until she has a better opportunity. Not knowing what the future holds. Marcy will do as little as she can now. Sophie is standing over her and closely watching her as she uses the toilet. That's a rather humiliating experience for Marcy. Thus the speed.

I'm waiting for them in the empty space just inside the front door of the apartment, in the same empty place where I had Rita undress as she arrived. I have the door of the coat closet open. But I have my back turned to the open closet as if my attention is focused elsewhere.

Sophie leads Marcy up to where I'm waiting. As they come out of the hall, they pass the closet on their right. Sophie takes Marcy a step or so beyond the closet and stops her there as I turn to face Marcy.

Marcy stands there with her feet slightly apart and her hands still bound behind her back. I put my hands to Marcy's hips. I move her sideways a couple of feet until she's standing right in front of the open closet door. But the open door is behind her. She can't see that. All Marcy knows is that she's in the empty place where Rita undressed. I wonder if she's thinking I might have her dress now. I wonder what she thinks I might give her for clothes since she tossed hers into the hall trash. She never saw Sophie slip out into the hall later and get them. Sophie made sure of that.

"Cow..." I begin in a teasingly sweet and soft voice. "Since you decided that being grounded all alone was too miserable for your friend, I've decided that a nice time out will teach you a little lesson."

## Chapter One -Time Out

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Marcy's eyes lock on me now. It's enough for her to know that I have something in mind to happen to her. She doesn't have a clue what a time-out might be for an adult. Only that she's probably going to suffer through it. Especially since her pussy is still sloppy wet. Wet enough that I can see the glistening of wet honey on the insides of her thighs about halfway down to her knees. A rather fresh stream of honey, too. As if her pussy is still aching her badly for release.

"A time out will give you a chance to think. You can think about what a miserable wife you've been to Frank. What a hideous friend you've been to Rita. You can think about why you've been pretending to be a prim lady when we've both just seen that you are actually nothing more than the filthiest of gutter whores."

I have a formula for computing time-outs, just as I do for corner time. It's pretty simple. Age, multiplied by the number of time outs the toy has been given in the past three months plus one, plus the square of the number of people involved in her misbehavior, divided by two. In this case, that's 44 (Marcy's age), times 1 (it's her first time out) plus 4 (two people involved, Marcy and Rita), or 48, divided by 2, or a total of 24. That's hours, not minutes. "You will have 24 hours in time out," I firmly tell Marcy.

I watch the look of surprise and horror sweep over Marcy's face. "Oh, and don't worry about that family you're neglecting while you're here being a complete whore," I mockingly add.

As I'm taunting Marcy, Sophie kneels down beside her and very casually loops a thick plastic cable tie around Marcy's ankles. She leaves it loose, holding it up so Marcy won't be paying any attention to what Sophie is doing.

"I've spoken to your husband. I've sent someone over to help him out. She'll take your place and show him what a real mother for those kids is like. Oh, and a really hot wife, too! I suspect after a night with her, he won't want your flabby butt back. She'll make sure of that." I smirk wide.

## Don't Interrupt

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Marcy looks like she's going to be sick. I see her paling. It tells me that she never considered that Frank might join her games, not in any way. And it tells me that I've hit a nerve. Marcy believes me that another woman might steal Frank from her. That he might like Joey far better than Marcy.

Sophie cinches the tie strap tight around Marcy's ankles.

I put my hand to Marcy's chest, between her breasts, and give her a hard shove. She almost falls backward. At the last minute, she jumps back on her bound feet. Into the closet. "Enjoy your time out, fat cow." I shut the door, locking Marcy into the closet. There isn't even a doorknob on her side of the door.

The closet is my time-out room. There's nothing in it. It's just a space, six feet square, with walls. And a single bowl in the corner with 24 ounces of water in it. Plenty for a day. The room isn't exactly soundproof, but it's pretty close to it. It is lightproof, as much as any room can be without extensive modifications. I turn the light off, leaving Marcy in darkness. A very quiet darkness.

The floor is cold tile. Hard tile. There is a zero-light infrared camera next to the light fixture in the ceiling so that I can watch Marcy while she's in there. With her ankles bound, she can't walk, or even stretch much. It's going to be next to impossible for her to grind that aching pussy against anything, too. Her bound hands are useless for anything. Marcy stands there for several minutes. Then it takes her a couple of minutes to get down and sit on her bottom. Her bottom must still be sore. She fidgets around for several minutes until she ends up lying on her side. She won't stay like that for long. The tile floor is too hard for any position to stay comfortable for long.

Marcy has been crying since the minute I shut the door. I have no doubt that she's thinking about Frank with another woman. Imagining what kind of woman I might have sent him. Wondering what she'll do with him. What he'll do with her. If the kids will like her. Or worse, like her

## Chapter One -Time Out

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better than mommy. That's the reason I waited until then to tell Marcy that I'd given Frank a replacement for her. So she could agonize about it the entire time out!

It takes about half an hour. And several changes of positions. But finally, Marcy is back on her bottom. Only now she not sitting still. She's trying to grind her pussy against the floor and relieve that throbbing ache. She's finding that her thighs keep her from doing it effectively with them squished snugly together. But it doesn't stop her from trying. And maybe realizing that this is going to be a very long time out indeed.



## *Chapter Eight - The Replacement Wife*



## Don't Interrupt

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Joey comes out of the kids' bedroom. Not only has she been substituting as a mother to the kids. Although she's introduced herself to them as "Joey," a friend of their parents who came to play with them while mom is busy. They asked where their mom was. Joey said she didn't know. Then Joey suggested they pick a game. A few minutes later neither was asking for mom. They were having fun.

Joey cooked supper. They had fried chicken, one of the kids' favorites, and Frank's choice. Everyone loved it. It's just after their bedtime now, and Joey tucked them in just as sweetly as their mother would have.

Joey is wearing a pair of faded jeans with a snug-fitting cotton top today. It's sleeveless, but it does have shoulder straps just wide enough to cover the straps of her bra. It's kind of the summer fashion here. Cool. Then again, it's almost 90 degrees and humid outside.

Joey crosses the room to where Frank is sitting on the sofa. Since she arrived, Joey has been all over Frank, too. She's tried not let to him do anything for himself. If he wanted a drink, she'd offer to get it for him. She'd offer, or ask to be allowed, to do everything she could for him.

Now Joey doesn't have the kids to worry about. They're in bed. So they won't see anything. She kneels in front of Frank, slightly to the side so as not to block his view of the TV. She has her hands behind her back. Her breasts are ample enough that they make nice mounds under her snug shirt. Mounds that are now obviously displayed to Frank.

Joey has noticed that Frank is clueless. He's never had a woman like Joey before. A woman who wanted to cater to his desires selflessly. He's been very tentative. He's been reluctant to ask her for anything. And he's seemed rather shy about it when he does. As if he thinks he's imposing on her by asking. He's avoided asking her for much. But he has allowed her to do whatever she offered, really asked permission, to for the kids and him. He's studiously avoided touching her so far, though. Not

## Chapter Eight - The Replacement Wife

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even a little kiss. Joey, however, thinks that might be because he doesn't want to do anything in front of the kids. It might confuse them to see their father with another woman. And that's certainly true. So she's made no effort to give more of herself to him while the kids were awake.

"Sir..." Joey begins. Now that the kids are asleep. "Am I pretty enough, Sir?" Joey bats her eyelashes at him.

"You're beautiful, Joey!" Frank tells her confidently, his voice sounding surprised that Joey would ask. Or wonder.

"Then, since the kids are in bed now, Sir, may I be allowed to undress and show all of this body, Sir? Please, Sir?"

Frank stutters. Despite what I'd told him earlier, he never really thought Joey would do anything like that. He just assumed that she would be very friendly with him, but it would stop there. A million thoughts race through his head. That Joey is young enough to be his daughter. What Marcy would think of him if she ever found out. That he's married and thus should refuse. And mostly, how Joey could possibly want to strip in front of a man she barely knows, simply because I told her to. He thinks that he should politely decline. Then he sees the hopeful look on Joey's young face. It stuns him, and he dumbly nods.

Joey moves rather quickly to reach down to the bottom of her shirt. She lifts it up and over her head to reveal a light yellow bra. It's a silky bra, too, with white-lace-trimmed half cups that leave a wide V of her ample cleavage bare. Joey folds her shirt and sets it on the floor beside her. All without getting off her knees.

Just as quickly, Joey reaches up behind her back and releases the clasp of her bra. The straps fall to her sides, and an instant later they're slipping down her shoulders.

Now Frank has a full-on view of Joey's bare breasts. Her mounds are ample, but not quite as large as Marcy's. Joey is a 34-C cup. But Joey's breasts are also fully rounded and rather pert. Marcy's are far from pert.

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It seems that Frank notices how firm Joey's mounds are, too. His eyes instantly lock on the sight of them. On the sight of their smooth flowing curve lines. Their perfectly rounded tips. Their half-melon shape. The way they don't lie against her chest or have a crease at the underside. Instead, Joey's breasts swell from her chest.

And maybe he's looking at the sight of her hard nipples. They're not that long, but they are long enough to be standing up. Joey's nipples are wide, almost as wide as marbles. They have that half-marble shape to them, too. They're a medium shade of pink. And they're surrounded with rings of the same color that are neither wide nor narrow. More proportional than anything. Larger than quarters, but not too much more than that. The pinkness stands out well from the milky whiteness of her mounds.

Frank stares for a second. Then for another second. Joey grins at him. When Frank doesn't move, Joey reaches up and takes his hand. He sits dumbly. She moves his hand, putting it to her breast. After another second, Frank starts to give her breast a light squeeze. His smile widens as he feels the firmness of her mound.

Joey raises her bottom up just a little from where it is between her heels. She reaches to her waist and unfastens her jeans. They're snug-fitting on her. She wiggles her hips and scoots the jeans down off her bottom. Then she wiggles them down her legs.

Frank is now fully engrossed in playing with her breasts. He doesn't even seem to notice her hips rising and settling as she slips her jeans off. Or as she takes her panties off with them.

It leaves Joey fully naked. It gives Frank a good view of her silky smooth pubes. And of the moderately puffy mound of her pussy. Especially her pussy mound. With Joey sitting back and kneeling, her mound stands down into the empty space beneath her hips.

It lets Frank see her flat stomach and the taut, smooth skin on it. It lets him see the feminine curves of her waist and hips. It lets him see her youthful face and

## Chapter Eight - The Replacement Wife

body. A body with none of the signs of age and wear that Marcy's shows so clearly.

Joey gives him another moment to enjoy her breasts. She waits until his eyes have drifted down to her pussy. Joey rises up slowly, keeping her hands behind her back and out of the way. She uses her lean thighs to lift her hips. She leans forward slightly, bringing her shoulders closer to him. She keeps rising up. She moves slowly, stopping only when her breasts, or rather the rounded tips of her nipples, are touching his face.

Now Joey has his full attention. She wiggles her shoulders very slightly. Just enough for Frank to feel the tips of her nipples moving over his face. Joey starts moving her hips down again, keeping her shoulders forward. Joey's breasts slowly glide along Frank's body, caressing over his chest and thighs.

Joey stops when her face is about two inches in front of his crotch. She leans forward and plants a soft kiss atop the steely hard bulge in his pants. She lifts her lips a fraction of an inch. "Oohhh..." Joey purrs very seductively. "That huge boy feels so hard, Sir... May I please be allowed to kiss him, Sir?" Joey asks in a sugary and soft voice.

Frank sits dumbfounded. He can't believe his eyes. That Joey, such a young and pretty girl, would so brazenly strip in front of a man she barely knows. And more so, not offer, but ask to kiss his cock. He's never met a woman like that. He thinks back to Marcy, a woman more typical of his experience. A woman he had to date for a couple of months. And then... nudge her to allow him to do anything with her. A woman not nearly as desirable as Joey.

When Frank says nothing, Joey takes that as permission. She finally uses her hands to unzip his pants. She uses a single finger to stroke along his length as she teases his cock out. Frank's cock is nothing special, Joey decides. In fact, it's almost the epitome of average. It's about five inches long, and just over an inch across. It's circumcised, fully baring its light pink bulbous head.

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Joey puts her delicate lips to the tip of his cock head. She starts inching her lips forward, taking the head of his cock into her mouth as slowly as she can. She drags it out, making Frank feel her silky lips gliding torturously slowly over the sensitive sponginess of his cock head. She stops when her lips are at the very bottom of the bell-shaped head. Joey lies her tongue along the underside of his cock head. She slowly swirls her tongue around the spongy softness.

“OOH!” Frank purrs softly. A gentle shudder flows over his body.

“Oh, you like that, do you, Sir?” Joey coos softly. Her voice is pure sultry honey. “Then I am going to swallow every bit of this huge dick!”

Joey doesn't wait for an answer. She closes her lips around the base of his cock head, right back where she was. She starts slowly taking his cock into her mouth.

Frank sits there, still processing what he heard Joey say. In a second, he feels the soft head of his cock brushing against the very back of her mouth. He's felt that before, the way the soft head touches the hard roof and back of a woman's mouth. He waits for Joey to reverse her stroke, since, he thinks, that's all the mouth she has to use.

Instead, Frank feels the spongy head of his cock pressing against the hardness. It keeps creeping along, slipping deeper into Joey's mouth. He feels it just enough to realize that Joey isn't stopping. He feels the soft head keep slipping into her. It shifts slightly, now angling down into Joey's neck and beyond her mouth. Instantly he feels the funneling at the top of Joey's throat as it begins to tamper inward and snuggle around his cock.

Now Frank's eyes gawk downward, watching Joey closely. He sees her young face. He sees the white shaft of his cock vanishing between her pink lips. It seems like every second there's less and less cock to be seen.

And then Frank feels the tip of his cock hit something like a hard, somewhat rubbery, wall. He doesn't know what it is. He's never felt this before. His cock hasn't been close

## Chapter Eight - The Replacement Wife

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to this. He feels the soft head start flattening against the hard wall. Then he feels the rigid tube of his shaft pressing firmly against the wall. He feels the wall resisting, even as its rubberiness has it giving slightly.

Then it gives. One instant his shaft is pushing against what seems to be a wall. The next instant, it's not. Instead, a firm rubberiness squeezes snugly around the head of his cock. It's tighter than any pussy. But his cock is still moving. Still slipping deeper into Joey. Slipping deeper into the rubbery snugness that squishes all around it.

"UHHH!" Frank can't help himself from moaning out sweetly. It's too good. The way Joey's throat is squishing gently, and snugly, around his cock. It seems to tease every nerve in his cock just as good as any pussy. Maybe even better. It's definitely tighter.

Frank gawks wide-eyed at the sight. He sees Joey's lips now flush against his pubes. He feels her bottom lips brush lightly against his balls. He knows, even though he still doesn't believe it, that Joey has done what she said. She has swallowed every bit of his cock.

For a fleeting instant, Frank feels something unbearably good. Something he thought was a myth. He feels the wet tip of Joey's tongue slip between her teeth, past her lips, and flick across his hanging balls. All without Joey breaking the rhythm of her stoke. Without his cock stopping even for that instant. And then Joey's head is moving up, her lips releasing his cock just as leisurely as she took it in.

Joey rises back up until only the head of his cock is left in her mouth. She doesn't pause. She smoothly reverses her stroke. As she does, her tongue swirls around the head of Frank's cock again. And then his cock is slipping back towards the depths of Joey's mouth.

Frank sits on his sofa. He squirms. He purrs eager moans. He gently strokes Joey's long blond hair, its curls slipping between his fingers. He moans eagerly. He pants deep breaths. His eyes don't close as they usually do. He

wants to watch. To see the sight of Joey swallowing everything he has.

Joey keeps going. She doesn't even think about stopping. Nor does she gag or choke, not even as the cock pushes into the tightness of her throat.

It doesn't take Frank long at all. He's never had a blow job even close to this skillful. He's used to Marcy. She can't seem to take more than half of his cock into her mouth. And to him, that's all any guy could expect from a woman. He'd thought swallowing it all was an urban myth. Or maybe some special skill they teach porn stars.

It takes him a little over two minutes, despite Joey's leisurely pace. And then he cums. His cock spurts its first stream of cum when it's fully in Joey's throat.

Joey feels the sharp twitches of his cock as he starts cumming. She pretends not to notice. She keeps right on going, sucking his cock as if he wasn't cumming. By the time he spurts again, his cock is out of her throat. That lets his cum fill her mouth. It lets Joey get a good taste of it, too. She still pretends not to notice. Joey keeps right on going, sucking gently and stroking his cock with her lips. And her tongue. She even still teases his balls and cock head at the ends of each stroke. She goes on until she feels his cock still, no longer twitching in her mouth as it spurts cum.

Joey casually releases his cock. She lifts her head up. She looks at Frank. Joey swallows deeply. She licks her lips, purring a soft, "yum," as she does. "Thank you for allowing me to suck your wonderful dick, Sir." Joey thanks him with another bat of her eyes.

Joey rises to her feet. She dances for about two seconds, more of just a graceful wiggle of her body. She turns her back to him, letting Frank see the firm, fully rounded globes of her bottom. She slowly spreads her feet wide apart. And then she leans over, displaying her pussy to Frank's eyes.

Joey stands back up and turns to face Frank. She offers him her hand. He takes it. Joey puts a finger

## Chapter Eight - The Replacement Wife

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between the tops of her thighs and begins rubbing herself slowly and making a show of it. Joey leans forward, Bringing her face close to Frank's wide-eyed visage. "I'm up for a little grown-up playtime, if you are, Sir... What's your biggest fantasy, Sir?" Joey bats her eyelashes again and smiles wide.

Frank stutters.

"I won't tell anyone, Sir..."

"I... uh... I've always wondered what anal would be like..." Frank shyly answers.

Joey straightens up. She keeps hold of his hand as she turns again. She leans forward. She uses her free hand to reach around the outside of her hips. She spreads her crack, baring the tiny ring of her asshole to his eyes. She stays there for a moment "My bottom is just so tight, Sir..." Joey coos with pure honey.

She stands and spins back around to face him. She hasn't let go of his hand. She starts using his hand to urge him to his feet. "Come along, Sir... let me give you a nice massage and make your fantasy into reality..."

Frank doesn't believe his ears. That doesn't stop him from letting Joey lead him to his bedroom.





## *Chapter Nine - The Whore*

## Don't Interrupt

Emily drives Rita home, to Emily's house in Mississippi, not to Rita's house, in Emily's car. Rita and Marcy came to my apartment in Rita's car, which is now parked out on Dauphin Street. Theoretically, it's fine there until Rita returns, however long that turns out to be. But Mobile is not the cleanest or safest of cities. In reality, after a day it will be considered fair game for the local bums to break into. They won't care that the police precinct is right around the corner from here. But I have Rita's purse and her keys in it. I'll have Sophie move it later. Late at night, there's no trouble getting one of the guest spots in the garage we use.

Rita rides to Emily's with her hands bound behind her back. I don't require Emily to tie Rita for the trip, I just suggested it. It nicely reminds Rita that she's now owned and at the mercy of Emily.

Emily has to park in front of the house. She doesn't even blink about getting Rita out with her hands tied. She just walks Rita up to the front door and into the house.

The front door opens into the living room. Emily's father, Ken, is sitting on the sofa. Emily never tells him where she's going. She doesn't tell him anything. I doubt she has since that day she found out he belongs to me. The day he had to beg her to come get him from the dungeon. She used that to hold over his head. Since she enjoyed that, I started having her "look after" him for me. It saves me from bringing him over here for the less intense things. And from his constant pleas for permission to masturbate.

He sees Rita step in with Emily. Emily immediately closes the door behind Rita. She puts her hands to Rita's shoulders and spins Rita around to face the door. It gives Emily easy access to Rita's hands. She unties Rita's hands, warning Rita to leave them behind her back "like a good bitch." Rita obeys.

Emily has Rita turn around again. Now that Rita is facing Emily, Emily tells her "undress, stupid bitch."

## Chapter Nine - The Whore

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"Yes, Ma'am," Rita answers and starts taking her clothes off.

Ken gawks at Rita. By now he's figured out that Rita belongs to me. And that I have "sent" her with Emily. What he doesn't know is why I've sent her with Emily. She isn't the first toy I've sent for Emily to babysit. But I've also sent several toys over to Emily for her to use to tease him. And for her to eventually allow him to use. The lust in his eyes tells Emily that he's hoping Rita is there for him. Or, if not, that he'll at least get to sample her anyway. I'd say he doesn't care if Emily makes it humiliating for him, but he prefers it when she does. The more degrading, the better.

Emily watches closely as Rita strips off her clothes. The minimal summer clothes that Emily just picked out for Rita to wear. The clothes Rita isn't going to see again until Emily returns her to me. Rita obediently folds her clothes neatly and hands them over to Emily.

Emily waits until she has everything and Rita is standing there nude. "Dad, come over here and get these clothes. Put them in the laundry," Emily calls out without turning to Ken. She doesn't have to. She knows that she and Rita have his full attention now.

Ken hurries over. His eyes take in Rita. "Yes, Ma'am," He answers his daughter. He takes the pile of clothes from Emily's hands. He starts walking backward towards the laundry, not wanting to take his eyes off Rita. It's been a while, maybe close to a month, since he's been allowed to see a woman less than fully dressed. Not even internet pictures for him. Not even risque TV shows. Just prim, properly attired women.

Emily pulls on a pair of latex gloves. Rita's face falls as she realizes that Emily is going to search her body again. Inside and out. Even though Emily just did before they left the apartment. Yet Rita says nothing. She knows better. She just stands there, as Emily directs her to, and allows Emily to touch and poke her body.

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Ken hurries to get the clothes in the laundry. And hurries back to the sofa where he can see. He watches avidly as his daughter searches the middle-aged woman. Especially as Emily checks Rita's pussy and bottom.

Emily pulls off her gloves. She has Rita put her hands behind her back. She walks Rita to the sofa where Ken is sitting, tossing her gloves in the trash on the way.

"Sit right, like a good little boy!" Emily chides Ken. Ken sits up properly. Emily points to the far side of the sofa and tells Rita to sit there. Rita does, leaving a full cushion between her and Ken.

"Here are the rules," Emily begins. She tries to use a stern voice, but she just can't get it right. There's too much bimbo in her. Too much of a girlish giggle and high pitch to her voice. But she can get a fairly stern look on her face. "This stupid bitch will be here until Miss Rodgers calls for her. However long that is. You two are not going to touch each other. I mean it! If I see anything, even like, just a single little brush, accidental or whatever, both of you are in so much trouble! No touching!

"Oh, and don't waste your time flirting. Bitch isn't allowed to talk to you, or like anyone other than me. Besides, it's not like she wants that miniature thing of yours, dickless. You just behave! Pretend this stupid bitch isn't here.

"Is that clear, dickless?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Ken answers Emily.

Emily turns to Rita. "Sit. Stay, bitch."

"Yes, Ma'am," Rita answers unhappily.

Emily reaches in her purse and fishes out her phone. She takes a seat in the lazy boy recliner where she can keep an eye on Rita. She starts dialing. She stops just before hitting send. "Hey, dickless, go do your chores like a good little boy, instead of sitting there gawking at this old bitch. Don't make me tell you again!"

"Yes, Ma'am, I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Ken blurts out. He reluctantly takes his eyes off Rita and starts doing things. He still glances at Rita as much as he can.

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Emily hits send. As soon as her BFF answers she starts blabbing away. She keeps an eye on Rita, watching Rita blush and cringe as she tells her friend all about how I trusted Emily to “babysit” a playtoy for me. She tells her friend about Rita, too. “And, like, yeah, she’s here now. She’s, so like, sitting on my sofa naked as a jaybird! She like, can’t get up until I tell her she can! Miss Rodgers gave her to me! I can, like do just anything with her!”

Rita spends an hour sitting there, doing absolutely nothing except listening to Emily tell her friends about Rita. And not in flattering terms. By then everyone Emily has ever met knows everything. Teen girls have a phone tree that rivals any.

Rita has been there about ninety minutes, maybe not even that long, when the knock comes at the door. Emily’s BFF, Serena, is at the door. She couldn’t resist coming over to see the “bitch” that I gave to Emily.

It does get Rita off the sofa. But that’s because the girls decide they want lemonade and Emily sends Rita to fetch it. And to serve it properly.

Rita kneels down before Serena. Guests are always served first. She kneels properly. She holds her hands out, palms upturned, together, six inches out from her nipples. She rests the glass of lemonade atop her upturned palms and offers it politely to “Ma’am,” not knowing Serena’s name. Serena takes it with a huge giggle. Rita serves Emily next.

Serena keeps half an eye on Rita, kneeling in front of the girls. Rita waits for Emily to tell her to move. Emily ignores Rita as if she’s already forgotten. But she does keep an eye on Rita enough to make sure that Rita behaves.

Ken asks Emily if he may have a glass of lemonade, too. Emily isn’t stupid. She knows what he wants. He wants to be served by Rita, too. “Get it yourself, dickless,” Emily snaps at him. Serena bursts out giggling and laughing at the same time. Her laugh gets harder as Ken tells Emily “yes, Ma’am.”

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Serena, like most of Emily's closer friends, has seen Emily boss Ken around. And demand respect from him. Shameless respect and humility. But none of them know that he's my playtoy. Or that I require him to obey his daughter. Only that Emily gets away with snapping at him and scolding him like the proverbial redheaded step-child if he doesn't obey her.

It's not long before Serena asks Emily "she really has to do like absolutely anything you tell her to do?"

"Like duh, I said so!" Emily answers.

"Yeah, but I mean, like *anything*?" Serena asks.

Emily snaps her fingers. "Hey stupid bitch, stand on one foot and cluck like a chicken."

"Yes, Ma'am," Rita answers, her voice utterly humiliated and hushed. She gets to her feet, lifts one foot off the floor. "cluck, cluck..." Rita goes on clucking. She's not very enthusiastic about it, but she's doing it.

Serena bursts out laughing again.

"OMG!" Serena laughs. "But what about, you know, like touching?"

"Touch her, like I care what you do with her? Go for it, girl! Just reach out and grab a boob or something... come on, I dare you!"

No teenager, even one that's eighteen, refuses a dare from her BFF. Serena isn't the exception. She reaches her hand out and tentatively touches Rita's breast. On the side, not the nipple. While Rita is still clucking obediently.

Rita doesn't even flinch. She just stands there, letting Serena touch her.

Emily reaches up, grabs Serena's hand, and pulls it around to Rita's stiff nipple.

"EW!" Serena blurts out, her face grimacing as she does. "OMG! So gross! Her nips are like hard!"

This time it's Emily's turn to laugh. "You're annoying me, stupid bitch, shut up and get on your knees."

Rita thankfully stops clucking and hurries to drop to her knees. She kneels properly, hands behind her back,

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and facing the girls who are tormenting her. She thinks to herself that if this is the price of violating her grounding, she's never going to do that again. She's forgotten about Marcy, and no longer wonders what horrors Marcy is suffering at my place. She's wondering just how long I plan to leave her here with this teenager.

"Yeah, but like, I mean, *anything*. Like, really, *anything*?" Serena asks again.

Emily giggles. She's silent for a moment. "Call your neighbor... what's his name... you know which one, the one that was in our English Lit class..."

"Dorian, the loser supreme-o?"

"Yeah, that dweeb-oid! Invite him over..." Emily says with a sly, and sadistic, grin on her face.

"G-d, now he'll have my number!" Serena giggles. But she calls. It takes her a call to her mom to get the number. And then it's only their house number, not the boy's cell. She calls and he answers.

Emily snatches Serena's phone out of her hand. "Hey, ya, remember me? The one with the awesome purple hair that wouldn't give you the time of day?" Emily asks him. He says he remembers her. Emily tells him that his neighbor Serena is at Emily's. She says they're studying for some summer class they're both taking. Neither is taking any class. But he wouldn't know that. He's so far out of their circle that he might as well be on Pluto. Emily says they need serious help with algebra, right now. Could they bribe him to come over, maybe by promising to be nice to him? He doesn't have a girlfriend or much hope of one, so he figures he doesn't have much to lose. He agrees.

Ten minutes later, Serena is watching Rita as Emily goes to answer the door. Emily lets Dorian in. Serena keeps her eyes glued to Rita, as she promised Emily she would.

Dorian is eighteen as well. He's slightly on the short side for a guy, around 5'8". But he's definitely not thin. I'd guess he's around 250. And it's not muscle. Most of those



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pounds seem to be around his stomach. He has short, jet black hair and brown eyes.

Emily is nice to him. She invites him back to the living room where Serena is waiting. He nervously scans the room, thinking that Emily is being too nice to him. That she's up to something, and it's clearly going to be some prank to humiliate him. It takes about  $\frac{1}{4}$  blink of an eye for him to notice Rita. Naked and on her knees. As he steps in, his view is of Rita's side. Which is plenty for him to know that she's naked. And a decent view of her ample breasts.

"OK, I'll confess," Emily tells Dorian. "We don't need algebra help. We need a contribution to my college fund. So... Since we know you have a few bucks, here's the deal. Twenty bucks, and that stupid bitch there will give you a blow job. Fifty bucks and she'll swallow every bit of it until your balls bounce off her chin. Interested in making a donation to the "I need new a new pair of green pumps" fund?

Dorian stands there dumbstruck. He definitely didn't imagine an offer like that. He takes a long look at the naked Rita. He steps around to her front for a better look. He sees her shaven pubes. He sees the mound of her pussy puffing down from her hips. He sees Rita kneeling obediently, her head up, not daring to look away. But to him it's not obedience, it's as if Rita doesn't care, isn't ashamed, that Emily is selling her.

Dorian is a virgin. But not by choice. He hasn't found a willing girl yet, and with his body shape, isn't likely to soon. He's actually thought about hiring a prostitute, but wouldn't have a clue where to find a real one.

Emily holds up a condom. "Want this stupid bitch or not?" she asks him.

Dorian nods. "Are you for real... this isn't some kind of trick..."

"Tell you what. Pay me after stupid here is done. \$20 if you cum. \$50 if your nuts bounce off her chin while you do. Deal?"

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"Deal," Dorian reaches for the rubber.

Emily pulls the rubber back, surprising Dorian. For a second he thinks he just fell for some trick. Then he sees Emily hand the condom to Rita. "Put this on his cock, and swallow it, bitch," Emily tells Rita with a hefty dose of scorn in her voice.

"Yes, Ma'am," Rita answers. It's the first thing she's said since Dorian arrived. Rita takes the condom from Emily's hand. She opens the packet.

Dorian, not wanting to take any chances, just in case Emily and Serena aren't pulling a prank, hurries to get in front of Rita.

He starts to reach for his zipper, but Rita's hands are there. She unzips his pants. She reaches two fingers into his open zipper and a second later Dorian's cock pops out. It's as stiff as any cock has ever dreamed of being. Hard enough to make even steel jealous.

Rita puts the condom to the tip of his cock. His isn't the greatest cock, either. It's long, about six and a half or seven inches. But it's thin, no more than an inch across. Unfortunately for him, it's the width that's important to knowledgeable girls. Rita doesn't care, though. It's not like she has a choice. She knows that she has to obey Emily, no matter what she's told to do. She never expected anything like this though. She didn't imagine that Emily would sell her body. But Emily is.

Rita rolls the condom down the thin shaft of his cock. Then she puts her lips to the latex-covered tip of it. She stretches her mouth wide. Rita starts moving, leisurely letting the thin cock slip into her mouth.

"And it had better be a slutty blow job, bitch," Emily mockingly warns Rita.

Rita swallows every bit of his cock.

Dorian looks straight down. He even has to lean a little forward to see. He watches as Rita swallows his cock. He sees her lips bump against his pubes. He feels her chin bump against his balls. He knows now that he's going to give Emily all fifty bucks. A "bet" he was sure that Emily

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would lose. He thinks it's going to be the best money he ever spent, too.

Rita keeps going, smoothly stroking his cock with her lips, sucking gently as she does. His thin cock slips into the tightness of her throat, and then out again, with every stroke. Rita doesn't rush the blow job. She sucks casually as if she's enjoying it herself. She is, she just isn't going to show it. She's too busy blushing from the shame of being sold by these teenagers!

It doesn't take Dorian long at all. Maybe a minute. And that's with Rita setting a leisurely pace for the blow job. His cock twitches hard, snapping against the inside of Rita's mouth, as he cums. Rita keeps going, sucking him while he finishes his orgasm.

"Oh, wow, that was good..." Dorian tells Emily.

Rita removes the condom from his cock, wrapping her fingers around the base of it as she slides it off to clean most of his cum off his cock as she does. She tucks his now-soft cock back into his pants carefully and zips him up.

Emily just holds her hand out. "Thanks!" She giggles with a huge smile on her face.

Dorian puts the money in her hand.

Emily sends Rita to toss the used condom.

Serena shows Dorian to the door. She doesn't see any reason to let the "loser" hang around. "Thanks for visiting Emily's... whorehouse," Serena giggles as she sends him away.

"OMG, Vi, you just pimped her!"

Emily holds up the money. She grins. "And now I'm going to order those hunter green pumps we've been drooling over!"

"I, like, really, didn't think you meant *that* when you said anything!"

"I meant anything! I'd sell her pussy and butt, too! Like I care! I, like, might as well get something out of babysitting this slut!"

"You mean this whore!" Serena giggles.

"I guess so... since I got paid for it!"

## Chapter Nine - The Whore

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“OMG... We can get so rich! I know a bunch of losers who'll pay for her!”

“Party on, girl! I got shoes to buy!”



## *Chapter Ten - Two Whores*

## Don't Interrupt

It's now a day later. Sunday evening. I just finished working a 12-hour shift. I also summoned Ashley, a 28-year-old housewife, and playtoy of mine, instructing her to be here at 18:30. That was thirty minutes before I got off work.

That's not a problem. I don't need to be there. Sophie can handle it for me. She usually gets the chore of getting the toys ready for me anyway. And all of my toys know Sophie by now. And they know she's my handmaiden, to be obeyed as if she were me. They know that should I ever find out they disobeyed Sophie, the punishment will be worse than if it were me they disobeyed.

Ashley will make a good waitress for tonight. Normally Sophie serves that role. But tonight, as busy as things have been, I've decided that Sophie deserves the treat of dining with me and being served. She'll love it, mostly because it tells her that I have been thrilled with her.

Ashley is a fairly tall Nordic-looking woman. She stands 5'10", yet weighs only 135 pounds. She has blond hair and blue eyes. Sometimes. She likes to change the color of her long hair regularly. Sometimes it's blond. Sometimes it's brown or black. Sometimes it's a mixture of both. So far, I haven't seen her dye it any less-common colors, so I haven't interfered. I let her color it however she and her husband want.

When I get home, Sophie has everything ready for me. She has the table set. She's made sure that Paige has the food ready, hot, fresh, and waiting in the kitchen for me. She also has Ashley stripped nude. She's given Ashley the "wait-slut" apron to wear. I told her to. The apron is white. It's beyond tiny. Far too small to be useful as an apron. It's shaped like a half bowling ball, only not quite that large. It's thin cotton, fringed with a very delicate white lace. It barely covers most of her pubes. And none of her modestly puffy pussy mound. It doesn't reach her hips, either. It has narrow straps of lace that

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circle around her hips. Sophie has those tied with a big, fancy bow at the small of Ashley's back.

Ashley has a slightly oval face. It's a face with, especially smooth and flowing lines. Even her chin is almost perfectly rounded. She has eyebrows that have been well teased into thin lines over brilliant blue/green eyes. She has a small nose. She has a decently narrow mouth, too. It's narrow enough to have a slightly puckered-up look to it. But she has some rather plump and soft, deep-pink lips framing it.

Ashley has a lean body. With her standing, hands behind her back, I can see the lines of her collar bones at her shoulders. Her fairly narrow shoulders atop an equally narrow body. Despite the slimness of her figure, she does have a pronounced feminine curve to her waist. And another to her hips. Both of which are smoothly rounded. She has a flat stomach to go with it. And flat pubes.

Her chest is flat, except for the pair of 32-D cup breasts rising from it. As with most breasts so large, hers lie back against her chest, leaving a decent crease at the underside. But unlike Marcy's breasts, Ashley's aren't soft. Hers' are very fully rounded, both across and vertically. They almost have a look as if they've been "overfilled" and are swollen up. Plus, they're firm, like hard wet sponges, in my hands. Each light white mound is topped with a rather wide ring of deep brownish pink. Rings wide enough that seem to cover most of the fully rounded tip of her mound. And centered in each ring is a narrow-looking nipple about the width of a pencil eraser. Her nipples have very rounded tips to them, rising gently about as high off her mound as they are wide. Those rounded tips give her nipples a pointy look to them. Especially, like now, when they're as hard as rocks.

Just below the bottom lace of the apron, I can see the gentle mound of Ashley's pussy puffing down, with her long, narrow lips. I can see the wide gash of a slit between the edges of her lips. And I can see the tips of her deep-



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pink inner folds as they rise into her gash and fill it without standing out beyond the outside of her lips.

Ashley serves supper. She's a very attentive waitress, too. Maybe that's because my place settings include "spanky sticks." those are short, thin strips of wood, like paint stirrers, that are used for spanking a less than perfect waitress on the spot. It doesn't matter to me if her sin is real or imagined. It could even be something like not fetching fast enough to please. Even Sophie has permission to use the spanky sticks as she fancies. I find it motivates wait-sluts to be especially attentive to my table. Too bad restaurants won't implement it. Service would definitely improve quickly.

I linger just a few minutes over supper. Marcy's time out is over 20:30, so I sip a second dessert coffee killing time until then. Plus I can use the relaxation.

I doubt Ashley has a clue that there's another playtoy here. Much less that it's in time out. I haven't given Ashley a time-out yet. I would, and I think it would "kill" Ashley by arousing her unbearably, but I know her husband would not like being without her for that long. I doubt he'd mind a substitute wife, but they're a very social couple, with guests constantly, and a substitute wife would be difficult to explain.

About two minutes before 20:30, I tell Sophie to get the cleaning supplies ready and by the door of the time-out room. She hurries to do that. I get up and head for the closet. By the time I get there, Sophie has the mop, a mop bucket, rags, cleaner, disinfectant, and a toothbrush waiting. All the basic cleaning supplies.

As soon as my watch shows that it's 20:30, I open the door of the time-out room. I peeked a couple of minutes ago, and then Marcy was sitting against the wall in one corner with her knees pulled up. She's still there when I open the door.

Marcy blinks hard against the light. She's still crying, sobbing lightly. I can see plenty of tear stains on her face. Not that she could have wiped them away with

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her hands bound behind her back. I can't see her pussy mound, though. I can see her stiff nipples.

And I can see the mess on the floor. No one can go a full 24 hours without using the bathroom. That's far too long. Especially since I know Marcy only peed before I put her in here. I can see the proof of it in one corner of the room. And I can smell it. The water bowl is empty, too. I'd bet Marcy emptied that long ago.

But mostly what I notice is the honey. Most of it has long since dried. But some of it is fresh and sticky wet. A little of it so fresh that it's slippery wet. It covers most of the floor. And it covers most of Marcy's legs. I'm sure it covers her bottom as well.

I wrinkle my nose. "Gross." I sigh out with disgust. "slave, free the cow's rear hooves."

Sophie holds her breath. She leans into the room and snips the tie strap around Marcy's ankles.

"One your hooves, fat cow!" I firmly snap to Marcy as soon as Sophie has her feet freed. Then I watch as Marcy struggles to get up onto cramped legs.

As soon as Marcy is up, I tell her to slowly spin around. She cringes hard, and fresh tears flow as she hears the command. But she starts turning in a circle. I already knew what I'd see. Her bottom is a total mess. Like a baby in need of a change. Only much worse since everything is coated with honey, too. It tells me that I was right about one thing. Marcy couldn't sit still. She's been trying to grind her pussy against everything she could. It couldn't have worked. But that pounding ache had her trying over and over again. And that smeared honey all over everything. Not just honey, either. Everything on her bottom.

"It's nice to see you didn't disappoint, fat cow. You really are as disgusting as you look!" I mockingly tell Marcy with a bit of an evil laugh in my voice.

I'm tempted to make Marcy clean her own mess. Right now. But that would mean freeing her hands. And I'm not ready to do that. "slave, take this cow to the

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bathroom and... hose it down. You might as well take the wait-slut, too."

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie answers. There's a bit of relief in her voice that I didn't make her clean the time-out room.

I follow behind Sophie as she takes hold of Marcy's nose, one of the cleaner parts of her, and uses it to lead Marcy back to the bathroom. As we pass by the kitchen, I pause long enough to stick my head in and tauntingly ask Paige why she hasn't cleaned my time-out room yet. Paige tells me she'll hurry to do that right now.

I don't have Sophie hose down my toys too often, But enough that Sophie has gotten it down pat. She doesn't untie Marcy's hands. I didn't tell her that was allowed. I'll bet she wishes she could though. She sends Marcy to stand in the shower, facing her. Sophie leaves Marcy there as she steps into the hall and calls for Ashley. As Ashley hurries into the bathroom, Sophie points her to stand beside Marcy.

Then Sophie gets the hose out from under the sink. It's a 10-foot long garden hose with a pressure sprayer on one end. The other end has a quick connect that fits it to the faucet of the sink. It's actually for filling waterbeds, but it works just fine for this too.

Sophie pushes the hose onto the connector. Then she turns the cold water on. It pressurizes the hose. Sophie leaves the shower curtain fully open. "Time for your de-skanking!" Sophie tells them in a teasingly too-enthusiastic voice.

Sophie points the hose at the pair and sprays them with the icy water. Both cringe at it hits them. Both shriek as it hits them. Both resist the urge to run. They stand there, facing Sophie, and let her spray them down. I'm sure Marcy is grateful to be washed off after her day in time-out. And Ashley has been in the hot kitchen this evening, so a good washing won't hurt her either.

Sophie has both turn around, putting their backs to her. She sprays them down again, washing most of the

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mess from Marcy's bottom. Mess that runs down into the tub, and past Ashley's feet, on its way to the drain. I wouldn't want Ashley to miss that.

Now that the shivering bitches are good and wet, Sophie gets out the soap. It's "industrial-strength" but it does have a nice lavender scent to it. It's a liquid soap. It's in a bug sprayer. Sophie pumps the handle, getting the pressure in the can up. She starts with Ashley, the closer of the two, and sprays her entire backside down. Sophie even uses her hands to spread Ashley's crack and spray that down, too.

Sophie moves over to Marcy, spraying Marcy's backside down. She sprays Marcy even heavier, leaving Marcy's backside almost invisible under the layer of foamy white lather. Then she tells both to turn around.

Sophie returns to Ashley, leaving Marcy to wait. She tells Ashley to close her eyes and hold her breath. Then she starts spraying Ashley's front with the suds soap. She pauses at Ashley's breasts, lifting them to spray the undersides first, and then the tops of them. She pauses again at Ashley's pussy mound. She sprays that down, too. She even puts the tip of the sprayer between Ashley's thighs, pointed upward, and sprays it. And she makes sure to get between Ashley's toes and the soles of her feet.

Sophie returns to Marcy, spraying her down just as thoroughly and covering Marcy's body with the sudsy lather. Even their faces. And their hair gets sprayed down. They look like foamy snow women when Sophie is done. And Sophie is grinning.

Sophie reaches under the cabinet and comes out with a scrub brush. It looks like something you'd use on your floor. Or maybe on cement. But it's not. It has much softer bristles. I wouldn't want anything harsh enough to scrub skin away.

Sophie starts with Ashley. She starts at the top of Ashley's head and scrubs her with the brush. Everywhere. Even her breasts. When Sophie gets to Ashley's pussy, she scrubs over the mound. Then she spreads the lips and

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scrubs Ashley's pinkness, too. That gets Ashley's clit. Ashley purrs as Sophie does that. And Ashley can't help but giggle as Sophie scrubs the bottoms of Ashley's feet.

Sophie moves over to the cringing Marcy and repeats, scrubbing down Marcy's front side a little more thoroughly. At first, Marcy cringes nervously, thinking that the brush is going to be stiff and hurt. Then she simply cringes from the humiliation of it. Sophie doesn't even seem to notice. She focuses on scrubbing down the cow.

Then Sophie has them turn around again, offering up their backside to be scrubbed. She does Ashley first. Then she does Marcy. When she gets to Marcy's bottom, she spreads Marcy's crack wide apart, just as she did Ashley's. Then she tells Marcy "Since you can't even wipe your bottom, cow, I'll scrub it extra clean for my Mistress." Sophie uses a rather mocking voice, too. She scrubs Marcy's crack, and especially Marcy's asshole, rather thoroughly. And then she does it again before moving on to Marcy's legs.

Now that they're scrubbed, Sophie has both bends over and "kiss" the far side wall. Ashley doesn't hesitate to plant her lips on the wall. Marcy hesitates until she sees what Ashley does. She does the same, only Marcy can't use her hands to brace herself. Sophie has them both spread their feet as well. Sophie gets a razor and shaves Ashley's pussy first. In this position, Ashley's mound is fully displayed and easily accessible to Sophie. But to get Ashley's pubes, Sophie has to reach under Ashley's pussy. It's not a problem, Sophie has done it enough. She shaves Ashley's legs next. Not a nick on them. Then she does the same to Marcy, using the same razor.

Sophie finally hoses them both down again. I've told her not to worry about their underarms. Ashley is already shaven. She'd never show up here any other way. Marcy's underarms won't be seen. Not with her hands bound.

Finally, Sophie dries them off. She tells me that my "things" have been hosed down now. They're ready for whatever else I might fancy doing with them.

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But now it's getting late. And after a long day's work, I'm not looking for a late night spanking some bottoms. Even ones that so deserve it, like Marcy's. It's about five minutes until Marvin, Ashley's husband is due back to pick his wife up. He's bringing clothes for Ashley, too. I had Sophie send Ashley's clothes home with him instead of locking them in the cabinet here. And I had her tell him that he's to bring different clothes when he picks her up. Clothes of his choosing that he wishes to see Ashley wearing, without regard for what Ashley wants. I'm sure he won't bring anything she hates, though, despite the instructions.

I have Sophie take both of them to the living room. She puts them where I want them, on their knees against the back wall, facing the door. But not in front of the door, about halfway across the living room. She has them side by side, their thighs touching. It nicely displays their bodies.

Then I have Sophie fetch me a cup of coffee while I wait for Marvin. I'm sure Marcy doesn't have a clue what I'm waiting for. But I'm equally sure that Ashley knows it's about time for Marvin to return. She also knows I won't keep a toy too late unless I'm keeping it overnight. She probably thinks Marcy's husband will be coming for her at the same time. She wouldn't know that Marcy's husband is still very busy with Joey.

Marvin arrives right on time. Sophie answers the door and shows him in. I can see that he's carrying a plastic bag with clothes for Ashley. Sophie politely offers to take that for him.

Marvin quickly eyes Marcy over. His gaze doesn't linger more than a second or two on her body. I wouldn't expect it to. He's just such a man. And Marcy is right beside Ashley, who has a far curvier body. The only thing I notice on Marvin's face is a bit of a surprise.

He didn't expect to see anyone else here. He couldn't have seen Marcy when he dropped Ashley off. Marcy was in time out. And when I spoke to him earlier,

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he'd asked if I would have time for a "quick lesson" to remind Ashley of her place. Not a full session. He'd known that I'd use her as my waitress tonight, and tease her a little after that. But another toy was never mentioned.

I tell Marvin that Ashley had an informative evening here. I reminded her of the need to be especially attentive when serving. I tell him that by morning the redness will vanish from Ashley's bottom, too. It took countless little swats with those spanky sticks to remind her.

I tell Marvin that Ashley would like to thank him for allowing her a lesson tonight. I ask if that's okay with him.

Marvin doesn't know what I have in mind, but he can guess at least generally. He knows I'll insist that Ashley pleasure him in some way. He tells me that he doesn't mind that at all. Something in his voice tells me that he's glad for the offer. As if maybe Ashley has been slacking in that, too, and he's glad for her to get a reminder.

I have Sophie hand me my favorite crop. I won't need it for Ashley. But I probably will for Marcy. "Cum slut," I use Ashley's toy name. I almost never use a toy's real name, especially when other toys are around. "Thank you nice husband for bringing you. I think a good two-whore blow job would show your gratitude. This fat cow can join you."

I see Marcy cringe in horror as she realizes that I mean for her to give Ashley's husband a blow job. Even as Marcy's face scrunches up, I can see the questioning look on it, too. Marcy doesn't know what a two-girl blow job is. Well, not beyond the obvious. And it's definitely something she's never imagined herself doing. Any kind of sex has always been a private affair for her, not something to be shared.

"Show the cow what to do, cum slut," I tell Ashley.

Marvin steps in front of his wife. That's all he has to do. As soon as he's in place, Ashley's hands are coming up to his zipper and freeing his cock. In a few short seconds, Marvin's unfortunate cock is standing out over the lowered

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waistband of his jeans and underwear. His ample balls hang loose and free just beneath in their furry sack

Marvin's cock is about an inch on the wrong side of average. It's just over four inches long at its full stiffness. And now it's rock hard. It's close to an inch across. And it's circumcised. Which leaves its light pink-purple head fully exposed for their tongues to work on. His cock is perfect for this lesson. It's small enough that it will be easy for Marcy. Or at least it should be. It's just long enough for its head to push into her throat, but no more. Nor is it too thick.

Ashley takes the lead. She puts her lips to the spongy tip of Marvin's cock. Ashley puts her hands to Marcy's head and nudges Marcy up close beside her.

I tell Marcy to put her lips to Marvin's cock as well, only from the side, not straight on as Ashley is doing. With Ashley's lips at the very tip of his cock, it leaves about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the cock head bare. That's where I have Marcy put her lips. That and the first little slice of his shaft. I have Marcy stretch her mouth wide until her lips are on the top and bottom of his shaft, a little over halfway across it. That's as far as they'll reach. It has the side of his shaft flush against the corners of her mouth. I tell Marcy to put her tongue on the underside of his cock. I tell her to stroke it back and forth, slowly and tenderly.

Ashley begins taking his shaft into her mouth slowly. She keeps her lips closed snugly around his cock and her teeth stretched wide so they don't touch it. His cock lies atop her tongue as it glides into her mouth.

Ashley's lips move along the shaft, sucking more and more of it into her mouth. I have Marcy keep her lips flush against Ashley's. At least the right half of her lips against the front of Ashley's. I have Marcy inching her mouth down at the same pace. Ashley leads. Marcy merely has to allow Ashley's lips to push hers down the length of the shaft. And Marcy has to remember to keep her tongue moving, stroking over the cock as it glides sideways through her lips.



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Ashley keeps going, easily taking his length into her mouth.

As Ashley nears the base of his cock, there's no longer any shaft left for Marcy's lips and tongue. The left side of Marcy's face, and her lips, bump against Marvin's pubes. The instant they do, I have my hands on Marcy's head, guiding her as I instruct her.

Marcy stretches her mouth wide, keeping her upper lip on the top of his cock as her lower lip moves down. As it does, it begins to brush along the front of his balls. Marcy moves her head back, slipping her upper lip along the top of his shaft as her lower lip slides further down his sack. She keeps her head moving until the bottom of his sack is lying atop her lower lip. Marcy sucks gently, just enough to draw his balls into her mouth.

Ashley's lips reach the base of Marvin's cock, bumping flush onto his pubes. That has Ashley's bottom lip bumping against the top of his sack. And it keeps her lips flush against Marcy's.

As Marcy draws his sack into her mouth, Ashley slips the tip of her tongue out past her lip. She strokes it once, quickly, across the top of his sack. And across Marcy's lip.

Marcy, at about the same instant, has her tongue along the backside of Marvin's balls. She strokes her tongue, slowly, over them.

Ashley keeps her motion smooth. She doesn't pause as she reaches the base of his cock. Instead, she pokes her tongue out just before her lips reach the bottom. It allows her to reverse the instant her lips are flush against him. Then, as she starting to let his cock slip from her lips, she pulls it back in. But she always keeps it flush against the underside of his shaft.

I guide Marcy, giving her firm instructions as I do. Marcy keeps the corner of her mouth flush against the corner of Ashley's. As Ashley backs off the cock, Marcy lets his balls slip from her mouth. She moves her mouth back up until she has his cock back between her lips. Then she

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keeps her lips flush against Ashley's and follows Ashley up along the side of his cock.

Ashley never pauses, hesitates, or misses a beat. At the instant when only the head of his cock is left in her mouth, Ashley's lips snugly around his shaft, the inside of the ridge at the base of his cock head flush against the inside of her lips, Ashley swirls her tongue, once, around the head. That's all she has time to do. It's a fast swirl. It has to be with her lips still releasing the cock steadily.

I'd bet that Marcy assumes that what she's done is her entire role in this two-girl blow job. That, at the top of the stroke, Ashley will reverse again and take his cock back into her mouth. As Marcy would if she were giving it alone. As Marcy has always done.

Instead, Ashley keeps going until she can close her lips, puckering them up a little to keep the very tip of his cock between them. And then Ashley starts to twist her head. She keeps the tip of his cock trapped in her soft, wet lips. But she shifts so that she's now on the side of his cock. The opposite side from where Marcy just was.

I hold Marcy's head firmly and guide it. Her lips stay pressed gently flush against Ashley's. As Ashley rotates her head to the side, it brings Marcy's lips around to the front. It has Marvin's cock now pointing straight into Marcy's mouth. And it has the tip of his cock head trapped between Marcy's lips.

I start urging Marcy's head forward. She gets the hint and lets her lips open. Or at least lets the spongy head push them apart as the cock begins slipping into her mouth. I keep giving her constant instructions. Mostly because I know that she's never done a good, skillful, blow job before. From what I've seen, she hasn't done anything that any virgin couldn't have fumbled her way through. Unless you count her experience yesterday, but I don't count that. Marcy didn't do anything. It was all done to her. But it did teach her what a cock in her throat was like.

As the last, the widest part, of his cock head slips into Marcy's lips, I tell her how to quickly swirl her tongue

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around it. I see a little twitch of Marvin's cock that lets me know Marcy has done it. I don't let her stop to do it. I use my firm grip on her head to keep it moving. To keep the cock pushing deeper into her.

Ashley keeps her lips in place. Her mouth wide, Marvin's cock slipping through her lips as her tongue caresses the underside of it. She keeps her lips flush against Marcy's, allowing Marcy to set the pace. Really allowing me to set the pace since I have total control of Marcy's head.

Ashley doesn't need any instructions. As she runs out of shaft for her lips, she knows how to shift down to suck and lick his balls while Marcy takes the last of it. This is not the first time I've had Ashley do this.

Marcy doesn't know a thing. I keep her head moving. She has about  $\frac{2}{3}$  of his cock into her mouth when I feel the first light snapping tremors run through her body. That tells me that her gag reflex is starting to kick in. I have just enough time to see it before I feel the resistance as Marcy's muscles tense up. Her instinct is telling her to back off. Not to take any more of that cock into her mouth. I pinch the corners of her jaw, holding her mouth wide open and blocking her from closing her mouth. I can't let her bite his cock, even unintentionally.

I force Marcy to keep going. Her neck and back muscles aren't nearly as strong as my arms are. I keep her motion smooth, too. I see her hands start to struggle against their bonds as her instincts tell her to bring her hands up. With those, she could push her head back from the cock. The sash holds them snugly in place. Her shoulders wiggle a little as her arms squirm. But that's all.

I feel the sharper tremor, like a snapping spasm that hits her stomach and jerks her entire body. That's Marcy choking. And it tells me that Marvin's short length has pushed into her tight throat. It's a crisp tremor, but it's not hard enough for me to lose my control of her head. That's because of her experience last night. It began to train her throat to take the cock.

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As Marcy chokes, she has maybe an inch of cock left to swallow. Maybe not quite that much. Ashley is just beginning to shift her lips down to Marvin's balls. I keep Marcy moving smoothly, the cock shoving deeper into her throat.

As I do, I snap firm instructions, telling Marcy to push her tongue out along the underside of his cock. She does it tentatively as if at first she's not sure that there's enough room. There is. I'm not even straining her jaw muscles as I hold her mouth wide. She manages to get the flick of her tongue in. I think that's in part because she's not thinking about her stroke. She's not even doing it. She's just letting me move her head for her. And fighting it a little, but her gagging is quickly fading away.

I reverse Marcy's stroke. Ashley reverses hers. I hear Marcy suck in a nervously fast breath of air through her nose as the cock slips from her throat, allowing her to get air to her lungs again. The crisp twitches of her muscles vanish then, too.

I instruct Marcy to swirl her tongue around his cock head again as she releases the cock from her mouth. Exactly the same as Ashley did. I just have to tell Marcy that she's supposed to do it. And when to.

I keep Marcy's head moving until only the very tip of his cock is left between her lips. And then I shift Marcy's head back to the side.

Ashley keeps her lips flush against Marcy's, and shifts back to swallow her husband's cock as Marcy moves back to the side. Ashley repeats her stroke, swallowing Marvin's cock while Marcy goes down the side of it. I keep hold of Marcy's head, ensuring that her motions remain fluid. And I keep giving her instructions, repeating them from the first stroke.

The two-girl blow job goes on like that, with Ashley and Marcy trading roles on every stroke. It varies the sensations for Marvin. No stroke is quite the same as the one before it. Not even the same mouth.

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It takes several strokes before I feel the twitches fade as Marcy no longer gags on every stroke. Once she's gotten past that, I finally release her head. But I keep snapping instructions, making sure that she doesn't even consider slacking off. I don't use my crop to swat Marcy, but I do use the leather tip of it to very softly stroke over Marcy's bottom. It's my little reminder that she doesn't want to disappoint me. The flinches I see from Marcy tell me that she gets my message.

She doesn't slack off. Marcy keeps going, sharing his cock with Ashley, as if I were guiding her head. Now that she's not choking on it, it's easier for her. Once she's doing it on her own, her confidence quickly builds. And then I start to see the first tinges of hunger in her eyes as if she's deciding that she likes doing this. Or, more likely, that she's hearing the deep, sweet purrs from Marvin and feeling the sharp twitches of his cock and realizing how much he likes them doing it for him.

Marvin lasts about four minutes. That's about all he's ever lasted, at least here where I'm closely watching my bitches to ensure that they perform skillfully. When he cums, he cums in Ashley's mouth. That's a turning point for the blow job. I see Ashley waving her hand and pointing to his cock to let me know that Marvin is cumming. She does that because he begins to cum with every bit of his cock in her throat. There's no cock for me to see. So I don't see those first couple of twitches. But as Ashley begins releasing his cock, her motions as smooth and unbroken as if he wasn't cumming, I can see them. They're crisp enough that his cock would be jumping if it wasn't in Ashley's mouth. But her mouth keeps it from jumping. It just tries to, bumping against her upper jaw as it does.

I tell Marcy that Marvin is cumming now. Because of that, they will not trade roles this stroke. Ashley will be keeping the cock until Marvin is done cumming. Just as Marcy would be keeping it if he had begun his orgasm in her mouth. Marcy is to keep going, nothing changes. She

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just stays in the secondary role, her mouth on the side of his cock.

Only when I see that Marvin's cock is no longer twitching do I tell Ashley to release it. She does, sucking the last drops of his cum off of his cock as she releases it from her mouth. She immediately turns her head towards Marcy. Ashley opens her mouth, letting Marcy see the abundant cum lingering in her mouth. Then Ashley puts her lips to Marcy's and begins kissing Marcy.

At first, Marcy cringes. I'm sure it's the first time she's ever kissed a girl. Just as I know that she can taste Marvin's cum in Ashley's mouth. Ashley ignores Marcy's reluctance. She keeps kissing Marcy. After several seconds, Marcy realizes that I'm not going to spare her. She slowly melts into the kiss. By the time Ashley breaks the kiss, Marcy is kissing her back passionately.

Ashley fixes Marvin's pants for him. And she thanks him for allowing her "and my Queen's fat cow" to share his wonderful cock.



# *Chapter Eleven - Have A Seat, Fat Cow*



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Now that Ashley has been sent home with her husband, it's time to do something with Marcy for the night. After she spent last night, and most of the day, cooped up in the time-out room, I don't want to pen her up for the night again. That wouldn't be good for her muscles. They need time to move. But I'm not going to leave her free to roam my apartment, either. I'd never allow a toy to. I don't even allow Paige that much liberty here!

I've already texted Joey her instructions. She's to make sure Frank is "exceptionally happy" tonight and in the morning. She's not to tell him that I plan to return Marcy to him in the morning, either. I'm afraid if he knew that, he would be hesitant to fully enjoy Joey tonight. In the morning, once the kids are on their way to daycare, Joey is to tell him that I've summoned her. She's to politely ask Frank to come and bring her to my apartment, where he can meet me. And where he can pick up his wife. She's also to tell him to bring a full set of clothes for Marcy. I didn't tell Joey why. But Joey knows that I've had numerous toys leave their clothes somewhere before coming over.

And I want Marcy in the proper mood when Frank gets here. Luckily I have an idea. Marcy is just going to love it, too! I call it the chair. Marcy can spend her night in it. After that, she will definitely be in a proper mood for a reunion with Frank.

I've already had Sophie take Marcy to the bathroom. And after last night, not having a clue what lies ahead tonight, Marcy doesn't hesitate to make use of it. Even with Sophie closely watching.

I also told Sophie to make it as degrading of an experience as she could for Marcy. That's something Sophie excels at. She required Marcy to sit up straight the entire time. With her knees spread fully and her feet flat on the floor. Marcy's hands remain tied behind her back. It gives Sophie a good view between Marcy's thighs and of Marcy's bottom. She made Marcy ask permission before doing each thing, too. And then she made Marcy tell her

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that she was done and ask Sophie to clean her up. Sophie made her stay still throughout.

The chair is a modified wooden chair. A rather sturdy one, too. It has armrests, with leather straps for arms, on it, but I won't be using those tonight. I plan to leave Marcy's hands bound right where they are. It won't matter. Those muscles will still get their exercise.

The chair has heavy legs on it. The front ones have more leather straps to bind calves firmly to them. There's one more leather strap, a thick and wide one that runs across the seat, about  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the way to the back. There's also a wide and long V cut out of the seat, with the point towards the front.

As soon as Sophie brings Marcy into the playroom, I have Sophie bring her over to the chair. It's in a corner, facing the corner like a child's time-out chair, but also a few feet back from the corner. That's so that I can get in front of it easily.

I have Marcy sit in the chair. I can see the anxious nervousness on her face as she drops into it. I'm sure she notices that big V. And definitely notices that it leaves her pussy mound sticking out in mid-air, not even close to touching the seat of the chair. Her asshole, too. I quickly wrap the two leather straps around each of her calves, one just below her knee, the other just above her ankle. And I pull them snug. They firmly bind her legs to the chair and hold her knees open to the edges of the seat. That leaves her pubes bared between the tops of her thighs. I pull the long strap over her thighs. It lies about two inches from the front of her puffing pubes. I cinch that strap snugly, too.

Those straps will ensure that Marcy stays put. She can't lift her bottom up off the seat. She can't move her legs. But they leave her plenty of room to wiggle and squirm. Especially from the waist up, where nothing holds her to the chair. It looks as if that makes her even more anxious.

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There are a number of screws in the bottom of the seat, where Marcy can't see them. They're fairly short screws so that they won't stick through to the top of the seat. But they have wide heads on them. They're there for one reason. To give me something to attach things to. Not like snap-in connectors, but more like little pegs that I can use. It's not perfect, but it works, so...

I have Sophie fetch me a few toys. Just things to keep Marcy distracted through the night. Since I want to be sure they're properly positioned, I do that myself. I lie on my back and start to slide up under the seat of the chair. But then I get a glimpse of Marcy's mound. And I see the wet honey, still warm and fresh, at her slit. Knowing how juicy Marcy's pussy has been, I decided to be cautious. I slide my head over to the side and stop well short of being under her head.

It's a good thing I did. I use my fingers to push Marcy's long pussy lips apart and bare her pinkness. As soon as her slit starts to open, a fairly good-sized dollop of honey falls. And then I see how hotly flush, and wet, her pinkness is. I guess Marcy has been enjoying this evening, too.

The first toy I have Sophie pass me is a tiny vibrator. It's only about an inch long, and no wider than my finger. It has a clip attached firmly to the tip of it that's about the size of my thumbnail and shaped like a half-moon. Or like a tiny bear trap. I squeeze the clamp open. Then I gently push up on the hard knot of folds around Marcy's clit to bare it. I bring the clamp up, one jaw on either side of her little nub, and slowly let its jaws close.

The jaws clamp snugly, but not uncomfortably tight, around the base of Marcy's clit. I take my hand from the toy, leaving it dangling from her clit. And I hold my hand out to Sophie for the second toy.

This one is a vibrating ball about the size of a golf ball. It has a short strip of plastic attached to one side of the ball. And a couple of strings threaded through holes at the ends of that strip. I put the ball against the entrance of

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Marcy's tunnel. The ball doesn't push into her. It's not big enough. The plastic strip is longer than the V in the seat is wide. The thickness of the seat doesn't leave room for the ball to rise enough to slip into her pussy. Maybe the rounded tip of it starts to push into her tunnel, but that's it. I use the strings, pulling them tight and tying them off to the screws, to hold it in place. The strip does its job, keeping the ball snugly pressed against, but not really into, her pussy.

Then I have Sophie hand me the last toy. This one is also a vibrating ball, only slightly smaller. It's maybe the size of a pinball. It has nothing but a narrow stick attached to it. That sticks straight out of it. I put the rounded tip of that ball against Marcy's asshole. And I push. I watch Marcy's asshole stretch wide. Marcy grunts hard as it does. And then the ball slips through and vanishes into her bottom. It leaves only the stick sticking out through Marcy's tightly cinched asshole.

I turn all three of the vibrators on. The smaller one vibrates as it dangles from her clit, sending its vibrations straight into her nervy nub. The bigger ball vibrates against the entrance of her pussy, sending its vibrations into the nerve-laden walls at the rim of the tunnel. The last one vibrates inside her bottom as it lies against the walls of her rectum. And it sends its vibrations through those paper-thin walls and right into the backside of her pussy.

"AH!" Marcy blurts out, mostly in surprise. "Oh, OOH!" She moans. She keeps moaning "Uh, OOH!" over and over again. She starts breathing deeper and deeper. Faster, too. It takes about half a minute for the vibrations to get Marcy starting to squirm.

That's when Marcy realizes how well she's tied to the chair. She can fidget easily enough. But she can't move her bottom. Nor can she lift it up. As she squirms, the ball stays in full contact with the entrance of her tunnel. The other two vibrators are attached to her body. Those move with her. It means that she can't squirm enough to get away from the vibrations.

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They're not intense. The small vibrator doesn't have enough power for that. The others are too tangentially teasing her nerves. But they're there. And she feels them. Faintly at first. But slowly, those faint vibrations go to work, egging her arousal up.

Marcy sits there. It's not like she has a choice in it. She moans, sweet, urgent, and very hungry throaty-deep moans. She fidgets. She shudders. Her honey flows. Her arousal slowly builds.

I have Sophie fetch me a gag. I gag her, muffling her moans.

And then I leave her there. "Good night, cow... or should I moo that for you!" I turn the lights off and close the door to the playroom.

I go to answer a few emails before heading to bed. As I do that, I have my tablet next to me with an image from the low-light camera in the playroom on it. That way I can watch Marcy squirm around in her chair. And by now, her fidgeting squirms are starting to get rather urgent.



*Chapter Twelve - Thank You,  
Cheap Whore*

## Chapter Twelve - Thank You, Cheap Whore

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In the morning, I decide to have my breakfast before freeing Marcy from the chair. I do peek in on her, first on the camera and later in person.

Marcy is squirming hard in the chair. Her muscles are working. Her bottom fidgets crisply now, almost snapping from side to side. Her shoulders all but thrash around. Even her toes are wiggling.

There's a good-sized mess on the floor under her pussy, too. As if her pussy has been dripping all night long. I don't know if it has, but now I can see it spurting little dollops of honey every few seconds.

Marcy still moans, too, although the gag is doing a good job of muting them. Still, I can tell that her moans are the needy kind. As if she's desperate to cum, trying hard to, and can't quite get over that edge. And that's where I want her.

Marcy's skin is flushed, too. Not badly, but enough that it has a little pink tinge to it. And a bit of sweat on it. That tells me she's been squirming around energetically all night long. I can see goosebumps on her body. Along her spine. And on her breasts. I can see her nipples are rock hard. So hard that the rings around them have wrinkled up slightly as well.

And I can see the tears that have been running from Marcy's eyes, leaving stains on her cheeks.

I leave Marcy there while I enjoy my breakfast. Then I return to the playroom and remove the toys from her. I save the gag for last, freeing her from the chair before I take that off.

It's now Monday morning, and I have class. I have to be out of the apartment by 8:30 at the latest. That's why I told Joey to bring Frank over around seven if she could manage it.

It's almost seven when I get Marcy out of the chair. So I decide to skip hosing her down again. Instead, leaving her hands bound behind her, I take her up to the living room. I have her kneel with her back to the wall, almost exactly where she and Ashley were last night. I wonder if



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Marcy thinks I have company coming over again. Like I did with Ashley's husband coming over last night.

It's only about ten minutes until the knock comes at the door. I send Sophie to answer the door. As Sophie heads for it, I turn to Marcy. "You'll behave, you fat cow. Remember the rules. Be polite to everyone. Be humble. Speak only when directly spoken to. Or else."

"Yes, Ma'am," Marcy answers just as Sophie is opening the door.

Marcy's eyes go wide at the sight. Maybe it's the sight of her husband standing there. Maybe it's the sight of Joey, a petite and curvy young woman. But far more likely it's the sight of Frank's arm wrapped around Joey, and Joey leaning her body snugly against his. It shows a very intimate familiarity between the two of them. And the smile on Frank's face says that he's been very happy with Joey.

I invite them to join me on the sofa. I'd asked Joey to dress "attractively" for this morning. She's wearing a white stretchy dress that rather snugly hugs her body, showing off her hourglass curves. And the mounds of her pert breasts. It has a modestly low neckline. It has  $\frac{3}{4}$  sleeves that come down past her elbows. It also has a high hemline, ending about halfway between her bottom and her knees. It leaves a good bit of her thighs bared. She's not wearing stockings with it. Just low-heeled white shoes. And she has a wide, pastel pink belt loosely buckled around her waistline. She has her long, curly blond hair pulled back to show her neck, too. It's the look I was after.

And it has the effect I was after. I can see the look burning on Marcy's face. And I can see the blush of shame on it. It's as if Marcy sees Joey as everything Marcy used to be. Two kids and twenty-five years ago. Everything she still wants to be and knows she's not.

I can see that it's killing her not to say anything, too. That she'd love nothing more than to give Frank a piece of her mind for consorting with Joey while she was here. Few

## Chapter Twelve - Thank You, Cheap Whore

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women really like to share their men. Especially with a woman who is younger, curvier, and prettier.

I show Frank and Joey to seats that have their sides to Marcy. It lets Marcy see them, but they'll both have to twist their necks around to see Marcy. Joey sits snugly beside Frank and hugs herself close to him. She nudges his arm up around her shoulders and lies her head on his shoulder. Just like a loving couple.

I ask Joey to tell me about the time she spent with Frank. I already know most of the story. I've been getting daily emails from Joey telling me what she's been doing. But now I want Marcy to hear it. Or should I say I want her to kneel there in silence and listen to it?

Joey begins telling me how much everyone enjoyed her. How she spent so much time with the kids, keeping them happy. Playing with them. She tells me how she kept Frank satisfied, too. She quickly gets to the part where, on her first night, she made Frank's fantasy of anal sex into a reality for him.

Frank joins in, telling me that he enjoyed that a lot. And he was amazed that Joey didn't seem to mind it at all. He'd always been told, by housewife-type women, that it hurt. But it didn't seem to hurt Joey. And he was stunned when she didn't shy away from his cock after it was in her bottom. She even kissed it without scrubbing it first.

Then come morning, he awoke right at his usual time to find his cock fully down Joey's throat. He tells me that was an incredible way to wake up. More so because as he woke, Joey kept right on going. Until he came in her mouth.

She goes on to describe an intense night last night. And then Joey tells us all how she woke Frank up this morning. He awoke again with his cock down Joey's throat. And he came in Joey's mouth. But this time Joey didn't stop there. As soon as his cock slipped from her lips, She was straddling it. And before it could soften, she was on it. She rode his cock leisurely until he came a second time. Joey would have kept riding it, but after two consecutive

orgasms, his cock refused to stay more than half hard. Instead, she took him to the shower and cleaned him up. With a grin on her face, she tells me that she didn't use a washcloth. She used her soapy breasts as a washcloth, lathering his entire body up with those firm mounds.

Marcy cringes at first as she has to listen to Joey's description, laced with happy comments from Frank. Then she blushes, deeper and deeper, as she realizes that she doesn't do much of any of that for her husband. The tears roll from Marcy's cheeks as Joey tells me how they got the kids up together and got them ready for daycare. Including a hot, home-cooked breakfast with Mickey Mouse-shaped pancakes. It's Joey's one "kid breakfast" that she's good at making. The kids loved it.

I ask Frank if "Joey was satisfactory," meaning was he lacking for anything while Marcy was here, or did Joey take care of all of his desires.

Frank quickly assures me, rather firmly, that Joey "was an excellent wife," and he was perfectly cared for. He thanks Joey for being "such an affectionate wife and good sitter." He kisses Joey rather sensually.

"Unfortunately you married that fat cow over there..." I tell Frank, "so you don't get to keep 'cheap whore.'"

I turn to Marcy, "come over here, fat cow, and be a polite cow. You will thank my cheap whore for looking after your husband while you learned your lesson."

"Yes, Ma'am," Marcy answers. She seems to have learned plenty. She doesn't get to her feet. She shuffles over on her knees. She stops in front of Joey, where I'm pointing her to. Only then Marcy starts to say "thank you!"

"I said a proper thank you, fat cow!" I slap Marcy's face, leaving a faint pink handprint on her cheek as I scold her. "Now lift the hem of the cheap whore's dress up to her waistline."

Marcy cringes. Really cringes hard. Her hands tremble slightly as she reaches them up to the bottom of Joey's dress. Joey sits still, almost ignoring Marcy

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completely. As Marcy's hands start to push the hem up, Joey lifts her bottom slightly off the sofa to allow it to slide up easily.

It doesn't take but a few seconds for Marcy to get a far better view than she'd like. Of Joey's lean, shapely thighs and their taut, light white flesh. And then, as Marcy keeps lifting the dress up, that Joey isn't wearing any panties under it.

It reveals Joey's flat pubes, shaven silky smooth. And it reveals the modestly puffy mound of her pussy. The grimace on Marcy's face tells me that Marcy is imagining Frank fucking that pussy. The pussy that she's now staring at. A pussy that looks rather inviting, pink, and wet. I'm sure Marcy is thinking that Frank enjoyed that far more than he's admitting.

I admit I had an ulterior motive when I sent Joey to Frank with instructions to be so affectionate. And to make sure that Frank got good use of her body. It gives me an opportunity to humiliate Marcy. And it's one I take. I mockingly taunt Marcy. "That's right, that's the pussy that pleased your husband far better than you can. After all, it's just not fair that he sits home alone while you're here learning to behave - something you should have learned about 40 years ago! It's not the cheap whore's fault that even that teenager is a far better wife and mother than you are, either. Surely you're not so stupid as to think you can come here, learn your lesson, and this nice man should just wait for you at home. He deserves to be taken care of. And, maybe with another million or two lessons, you can learn to be half the wife this whore is. Now, thank the whore for being so kind to your husband. Eat her pussy."

Marcy pales, even though she had to guess that's what I'd tell her to do. It tells me that she's never done it before. And never thought she would do it. Marcy doesn't notice Frank's wide eyes. Or the lustful look on his face. Or the way he's eagerly watching Joey's pussy, waiting to see Marcy eat it.

But Marcy does have a very good eyeful of Joey's modestly puffy mound. Especially now that the dress is up to Joey's waist and Joey opens her legs to allow Marcy better access to it. Joey quickly reaches one hand down and spreads her lips wide for Marcy. And that lets Marcy see everything. Joey's long, thin lips. Her gentle little folds that melt together into a thin sheath around a slightly wide and prominent clit. And the entrance of her rather narrow tunnel. It lets Marcy see that Joey's pussy is sopping wet, its light pinkness flushed hot and bright.

Since I know that Marcy doesn't have a clue what to do, I start giving her instructions. "I'd tell you to do it the way you like your pussy eaten, but I'd be surprised if anyone would actually touch that filthy slop pit of yours. Open your mouth wide." Instead of waiting for Marcy to obey, I grab her head and pinch the corners of her jaws open. Her mouth stretches wide.

I nudge Marcy's head down, putting her lips to Joey's mound. I push her lips into place surrounding Joey's eager clit. Then I tell Marcy to lie her tongue softly against the hard nub of Joey's clit. I tell Marcy that's the steely little nub standing up from the wetness. The one that should be aching for some proper attention.

Now I tell Marcy to very slowly swirl her tongue around Joey's clit just as she learned yesterday to swirl her tongue around a cock head. She's to keep her tongue lightly against the nub at all times. And she's to keep swirling it until she's told to stop.

It takes about two seconds for Joey to start breathing deep and hard. She slips one arm around Frank's waist and hugs him tightly against her body. Then she lies her head against his shoulder. She looks at me with wide eyes, asking silent permission. I nod. "Please, Sir," Joey asks Frank, her voice already more of a breathy moan, "please hold me, Sir... please, hold me in your arms while she eats me! Please, Sir, if my Queen allows it, I so want to cum in your big, strong arms, Sir!"

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Frank doesn't need half that much encouragement. He shifts, sliding his chest in behind Joey and pulling her tightly against him. He wraps his arms around her body and hugs her tightly. After a couple of seconds, one of his hands slips down, then up under Joey's tight dress. I can see it moving under the white fabric. It heads right for Joey's breast.

"UH!" Joey blurts out a very needy and erotic moan. "Yes, please, Sir, play with my boobs, Sir! I love that, Sir!" Frank plays. Joey starts moaning a lot deeper and more urgently.

Joey isn't still, despite Frank's firm hug around her body. Her hips snap with small, but crisp, tremors. Her bottom squirms, both grinding into the sofa and back against Frank. Her bare bottom. And it's grinding right atop a growing bulge in Frank's pants. I guess he likes the show. His eyes haven't left Joey's pussy.

Joey's head presses back against Frank's shoulder. Joey's hands grip the cushion beside her. Joey's pussy flows with honey, most of it ending up on Marcy's lips and chin. I'm sure that Marcy is getting a very good taste of Joey's sweet cream by now. And wondering if Frank has tasted it, too. Probably wondering if this is what all women taste like.

After a few more moments, Joey's hips start to roll and thrust forward as Marcy tongues her. It has her bottom stroking over Frank's stiff cock now, too. And Joey moaning out very deep, sweetly strained, urgent "UGH!s."

Joey knows the rules. She's not allowed to cum without permission. Nor is she allowed to ask for permission. She's simply to allow her body to be used and wait for her release. Maybe someone will deign to give it to her, maybe not. Frank doesn't know that Joey hasn't allowed herself to cum all weekend. No one told her to. And she'd never do anything so brazen as to tell Frank he has to tell her. Apparently, he wasn't all that concerned, either, or he would have asked her. I know Joey well. I know her pussy is rather sensitive, and thus she would

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have loved to cum while he fucked her. Anal sex drives her even wilder. I'll bet she had to work hard not cum then.

I also have a rule that toys wait to cum. I never allow them quickies. I have a five-minute minimum. They must wait at least five full minutes, enduring the sweet agony of holding their climax back, before I'll consider allowing them to cum. Joey knows that or at least knows that she'll have to wait. I'm never quick to grant her permission.

She lies back against Frank. He holds her tightly. He plays with her breasts, squishing them and caressing them. Especially the wide nipples sticking up against the tight dress. Marcy obediently keeps going, too. Her tongue steadily swirls around Joeys's tongue. It keeps Joey moaning loud, desperately urgent pleading cries. "UH!... OOH, UGH!"

After Joey's five minutes have passed, I finally tell Frank. I tell him that Joey is "eagerly waiting to cum." That she's waiting because she knows that he's enjoying the show. Enjoying watching his wife eat her "young hot pussy like a shameless lesbian whore." I tell him to take his time and enjoy the show. Joey is a "good girl," she'll wait until he's ready so that he may fully enjoy her and the show. When he's ready, he should simply tell her to cum.

The surprised look on Frank's face tells me that he never imagined, never even conceived of the idea that a woman would deny herself a badly needed release just to entertain him with a better show. As if she doesn't matter to herself, only he matters to her. His eyes stay on Joey's wildly squirming hips and pussy.

Frank only waits about half a minute. "You can go ahead and cum now, sweets," Frank tells her in a rather sugary voice.

"Yes, Sir," Joey answers in a very deep and throaty voice. "Will you please watch me cum for you, Sir?" Joey asks humbly.

"Uh...AHHHHHHHH!!! UH, AHHHHHHHHHHH, YES!" Joey screams out before Frank has a chance to answer. Her orgasm begins almost the instant she's done asking him to

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watch it. Her hips snap hard, thrashing wildly and bumping against him. Her head rolls from side to side but stays on his chest. Her shoulders press back against his chest, pushing her breasts forward and into his hands. Her legs close, clamping Marcy's head in place. Joey cries out hotter, and sweeter, satisfied moans.

I wait until Joey has finished her climax. It's hard to tell. She goes right on moaning out and thrashing around, even has Frank hold her tightly in his arms. But when I think she's done, I grab Marcy's long hair and with a crisp yank, bring her head up.

That leaves her facing Frank. And it lets Frank see the liberal coating of Joey's oily thin honey covering Marcy's mouth, lips, and chin. Joey has a light muskiness to her honey, but just maybe Frank is close enough to notice it on Marcy. Marcy is definitely smelling it.

Joey settles back against Frank's chest, lying on him as a lover would. She ignores her dress, leaving her pussy on display to him. Her very wet pussy. Now her honey is covering her lips and the wide gash of a slit. She breathes deeply, breathing out with total satisfaction.

It takes her a long moment. "My Queen," Joey beings in a rather honeyed voice. "I've been a very bad whore, Ma'am... I seem to have squirmed way too much, Ma'am... But it just felt so good to be in this man's strong arms while he played with me and the fat cow ate my pussy... It seems I've been naughty and given him a *big* problem, Ma'am... May I please be allowed to fix that for him, Ma'am?"

I grin. "Get on your knees and give him a nice two-whore blow job, whore. The cow can fill in for a real whore to help."

"Oh, Yes, my Queen!" Joey blurts out eagerly. She instantly turns her head to look at Frank. "Please, Sir, oh, Please! May I please be allowed to share your huge cock with this fat cow, Sir? Please allow us to share it and give you the best blow job, Sir!"



## Don't Interrupt

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Frank, not having a clue how Joey intends to do it, agrees. Joey's excitement must be enough for him to know he's going to like it.

And now, after last night, Marcy knows what to do. She also knows that I'm not going to let her slack off. Frank will get the best of effort from both of them. After which, Frank will know what Marcy is now capable of doing. So she won't be able to deny it later.

In a few seconds, Joey is down on her knees. She pulls her dress off, over her head, and drops it on the sofa. While Frank stares at her naked body, she frees his average-sized cock from his pants. She puts her lips to the tip of it. I tap Marcy on the back of her head, nudging her to get her mouth in place.

Frank gawks wide-eyed, staring downward and watching both mouths slowly pleasure his cock.



# *Chapter Thirteen - Goodbye, Fat Cow*

## Chapter Thirteen - Goodbye, Fat Cow

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Frank didn't last very long. I didn't expect him to, though. A two-girl blow job is a treat for any man. And it was clearly something Frank never imagined getting. Or how it could be done. To say he was shocked to see that his wife knew how to do it, and could do it well, would be an understatement. He was dumbfounded. And awed. Joey "won," getting his cum in her mouth. But Marcy got to taste it when Joey kissed her, something else Frank enjoyed seeing. Especially since Marcy kissed back eagerly.

With both Joey and Marcy still nude and on their knees before Frank, I ask Marcy "Tell your husband what you learned this weekend, cow."

Marcy tells him that she learned not to intrude on Rita, or any toy of anyone, while it's being punished.

I'd never accept such a vague answer. I make Marcy tell Frank everything she did. Even about the two cocks she had in her mouth. That surprises him. The idea that one of those cocks was African stuns him. Clearly, he never thought Marcy would do that. Then again, it looks like he never thought Marcy would do any of the things she tells him about doing.

And I don't let Marcy leave anything out. When she tells him about her time-out, I make her tell him how her pussy ached so badly through it that she was grinding it against everything and even trying to "fuck the floor" to get her relief.

I tell Frank that now that I've taught Marcy to suck a cock like a shameless gutter whore, she will suck his that way whenever he wishes. He's to simply say "suck my cock, cow," and Marcy is to immediately get on her knees and give him the very best of blow jobs. If she doesn't, he's to let me know and I will remind her that she's nothing but "a useless flabby fat cow scraped from a gutter to whore around for actual people's pleasure."

I tell Frank that it's his choice to make, not Marcy's. If he's willing, I will continue training Marcy to behave properly. Like the cheapest of whores. However, if I do,

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then Frank will have to help mind her. He will be in charge of Marcy. During the time the kids are in bed, Marcy will behave properly in their home. She will be humble, polite, serve him and obey without question. In short, she will be expected to behave as Joey did. He may punish her for any infraction. Or tell me and I will. I will also summon Marcy whenever I think she's ready for another lesson. He will bring her, leave her here, and then come fetch her afterward. I may or not offer him a replacement, regardless of how long the lesson will be. And if I do, Joey may or may not be the replacement. He doesn't get a choice of replacements. He gets whomever I wish to give away at that moment. His replacement might even be Rita. Nor does he or Marcy get a say in what lessons Marcy learns or how she learns them. But I do give him a wink to remind him of our earlier agreement, that her pussy will be his alone, shared only with other women.

I don't allow Marcy to say anything. I sternly remind her to keep her eyes humbly downcast, too. It makes it hard for Frank to see the looks on her face. It makes it hard for him to see what she wants him to say. It leaves it all on him. Not that he couldn't accept, and then if Marcy told him otherwise after they left, simply refuse to return. They could.

Frank accepts. I think it's because of the two-girl blow job. The enthusiastic way Marcy sucked him and kissed Joey. It said Marcy wasn't being forced to do it. She wanted to. Something else has just been stopping her from suggesting it to Frank.

"Cow, what else did you earn yourself and not yet get?" I ask Marcy.

"I'm still waiting for the second spanking I deserve, my Queen," Marcy catches on to what I'm asking her. Her voice trembles slightly as she reluctantly tells me and Frank.

"You are. Ask your husband to wait while you get spanking, then go fetch the belt, cow."

## Chapter Thirteen - Goodbye, Fat Cow

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Marcy asks. Politely, addressing her husband as “Sir” and telling him that she wants him to see her spanked for being so bad. He nods. Marcy goes and fetches the belt that I had Sophie lay out on the massage table.

Marcy brings the belt in. She drops to her knees in front of me and politely offers me the belt for her spanking. I take it. Then I put Marcy over my knees again. The same position a naughty toddler would be in. And I gently lie the stiff leather of the belt across the fronts of Marcy’s flat, slightly loose, cheeks.

I hold the belt in place against Marcy’s cheeks. “This is for being a naughty and presumptuous bitch by intruding on my toy, fat cow.” I lift my eyes to look at Frank. I figure it’s better to warn him. “This is going to be a real spanking, not just a play spanking. It will hurt, won’t it, cow?”

“Yes, my Queen, your spanks hurt very badly, Ma’am,” Marcy tells him.

I wink to let Frank know to go with it for a minute. Then I lift the belt high and snap it down, putting around  $\frac{2}{3}$  of my power into it. It lands with a loud splitting crack that gets the loose flesh of her globes jiggling. By now the first spanking has faded completely, leaving Marcy’s cheeks as white as they ever were. Not a bruise on them. The belt sears a bright pink welt stripe across her cheeks.

“OWW!” Marcy screeches out. Instantly she’s snapping to full tension again. Her feet are squirming. Her hands flail and finally grip the floor. She takes a moment to relax and lie loose over my knees.

“One, my Queen,” Marcy counts her stroke. “Thank you for spanking my naughty bottom, Ma’am. I’m sorry for being so bad, Ma’am. I deserve nine more strokes, Ma’am. Will you please give me another spanking, Ma’am?”

Frank looks surprised to hear Marcy ask for another. But he doesn’t know she’s required to. I can hear the sobbing in Marcy’s voice already, so I’m sure he does, too. I’m sure he knows this is hurting Marcy. Yet she’s staying put.

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"This fat cow just loves for everyone to watch her get spanked," I tell Frank. But mostly I'm reminding Marcy that she has a nice audience for this spanking. Including her husband. Someone she's going to have to see again, and who isn't being spanked with her as Rita was.

By now I've pretty much figured out what gets Marcy aroused. If I had to sum it up in one sentence it would be "a total loss of herself." She needs to be shown that she doesn't matter. To be pushed hard into doing anything she would never willingly do. And to be as humiliated as possible while being pushed. Pain adds to the effect of being pushed, too. She needs to feel that she doesn't have a choice. Or a say. That she'll be used without regard for her, however, whenever, and wherever I please. She needs to know that no amount of resistance will be tolerated. She's nothing, just another thing for me to use. Everything I've done this weekend has led me to that conclusion and been designed to reinforce that feeling in her.

I give Marcy another swat.

Marcy screeches out and thrashes over my knees. But this time, the instant she starts thrashing her pussy squirts the first dollop of honey. I am facing Frank, which has Marcy's side to him. It gives him a good view of the honey shooting out from between her kicking thighs and landing on my floor.

I see Frank's eyes go wide. I see utter disbelief on his face. He can see that the spanking is hurting Marcy. The reddening strips across her bottom should also be a good clue. I guess he couldn't imagine how she's getting so hot now.

I can. Getting her spanking in front of her husband and the young woman who took her place is probably the most humiliating thing that's even been done to Marcy.

Marcy sobs for several long seconds before tearfully counting her stroke off and asking for another. This time she begs me to make it harder. "Please, Ma'am, I've been

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so bad! I deserve it! Please make it hurt, even more, Ma'am!"

I grant her wish, adding a touch of power to the stroke. I doubt Frank notices it in the swing, but he notices the louder, more pained screech from Marcy. And the bigger dollop of honey that shoots from her pussy. And Marcy asking for another, begging for it to be even harder again.

By the end of the last stroke, Marcy is a complete mess. She's bawling hard enough to make even a baby look like an amateur. Her body is flushed a bright, but faint, pink. Her bottom is glowing a bright, medium-deep fire engine red. She quivers. But the messiest part is the honey. It covers everything. Her pussy mound. The crack of her bottom. The inside of her thighs halfway down to her knees. There are even a couple of fair-sized spots of it on my floor.

Marcy gets off my knees. She drops to her knees and sobs out a polite thanks for the spanking. I can barely make her words out over her sobs. It doesn't look like Frank can. But it looks like he gets the meaning of them. I don't know if he sees the twitches of her arms, though. Twitches that come from her hands wanting to get to her pussy. An urge she's fighting.

"Does your fat ugly skank pit ache, cow?"

"Yes, my Queen," Marcy answers. "My pussy has ached unbearably since I got here Ma'am. I would have masturbated 100 times by now, but you kept my hands tied so I couldn't, Ma'am."

"Would you like to masturbate now, cow?"

"Yes, My Queen!" Marcy blurts out excitedly. "May I please masturbate, Ma'am?"

"First ask your husband if he minds. From now on, you may not masturbate without permission from me or him. Period. I don't care how badly that slop pit aches."

"Sir... May I please have permission to masturbate, Sir? Please, Sir, oh, please, Sir! Please, I can't stand this



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pounding ache in my pussy! It's killing me, Sir! Please, Sir, may I please be allowed to masturbate, Sir?"

Before Frank answers, I jump in. "And if you allow her to masturbate, you have to watch her do it," I tell him. I doubt that he'll mind that. Few men do mind watching it.

He tells her that she's allowed to. I never expected another answer from him. After three orgasms this morning, I doubt he is overly eager to use her body. And I didn't think he'd make her wait.

I immediately tell Marcy that she will masturbate properly. It's the only way she will ever masturbate from now on. I don't care what she wants to do. She will do it as she's going to be told to do. I tell her to put her hands on the back of her neck. I tell her to stand up straight and spread her feet wide. Not quite all the way, but wide enough that her "flabby thighs" aren't anywhere near her "sloppy skank pit."

Marcy scrambles to get into position. I have her facing Frank, so I take a seat on the sofa next to Frank. I leave Marcy standing there waiting for a second while I have Joey put her dress back on. Then I tell Joey to join "her husband" on the sofa. She cuddles close to Frank, and he holds her. Joey reaches over and nudges Frank's hand up to the mound of a breast. Frank leaves it there nonchalantly toying with her mound. He holds Joey's hand, too. Joey teases him with her hand.

I have Sophie fetch my crop. And I make sure that Marcy sees it. I step up and stand close at Marcy's side. Then I tell her the rules. She is not to move. She is not to speak. She may, however, make noise. I will show her how she is to touch her pussy. She will keep touching herself exactly as I show her to. There will be stern consequences if she misbehaves. She may masturbate. She may not climax. *IF* Frank wishes to watch her climax, he will tell her to climax. And if he does, I expect Marcy to say 'yes, Sir,' and immediately cum. She will not stop until she is told to stop. It doesn't matter if she's cum ten times, or not at all, she keeps masturbating until she's told to

## Chapter Thirteen - Goodbye, Fat Cow

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stop, and then when she's told to stop, she stops immediately. Or else.

Marcy tells me that she understands the rules. She thanks me for allowing her the chance to masturbate. She promises to behave. It's a promise I know she'll break.

I take hold of her right wrist. I bring that hand down in front of her and ball it up into a fist, leaving only the very first finger extended. I put the pad of that finger against her fine slit, pressing it very lightly between the edges of her lips. It puts the pad of her finger atop the throbbing nub of her clit. I hold her finger firmly, keeping the faintest of pressure against her clit. Through her finger, I can feel the hard pounding of that nub.

I start moving Marcy's finger in a slow, tiny circle. Her pussy is so wet that her clit doesn't move at all. It stays in place throbbing hard, as her finger glides around in the circles atop a layer of slippery fresh honey.

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Marcy shrieks out at full volume the instant her finger starts moving. A crisp tremor flows over her body. Her jaw hangs open as her screech goes on.

I keep Marcy's finger moving. I keep it steady. In a fraction of a second, I feel Marcy's muscles trying to speed her finger up. And trying to press hard against her clit. I hold her from doing either and scold her for trying to misbehave.

I keep Marcy's finger moving. It takes about three seconds for me to see the first drips of honey fall from her pussy. Heavy drips. I glance down at her pussy. I can see her clit pounding so hard that her plump lips seem to quiver.

The surprised, but pleasantly so, look on Frank's face tells me that he can see her pussy dripping, too. Maybe he's not used to seeing it. If not, he's going to have a lot of surprises ahead.

After about twenty seconds I release Marcy's hands and tell her to continue as she was.

## Don't Interrupt

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Almost the instant she's on her own, a hard shudder hits her body. She screeches out a loud, long, and drawn-out "UHHH!" as it does. The shudder snaps her shoulder from side to side. That tosses her loose breasts around, making them bounce and dance.

"Bad cow!" I snap, "I said no moving! That includes those flabby tits!"

I flick my wrist, sending the tip of my crop soaring through the air. It lands with a sharp crack. It lands atop her breast, getting the top of her nipple and part of her mound.

Marcy sucks in a panicked-fast breath of air. Her body snaps to fully steely tension. Her muscles strain so hard that her finger stops moving. Her teeth clench shut. Her body vibrates. Her tightening legs pull her up to her toes. A steady, and noticeably thick, stream of honey flows down from her pussy like a little river.

"Bad cow!" I snap again. "I said no stopping, too!" as I do, I send the tip of my crop soaring. It brings it up, with perfect aim. Straight up, from behind Marcy, between her thighs. The tip of my crop lands atop the dripping wet mound of her pussy. It just barely misses Marcy's frozen finger. It sears a bright pink splotch onto the milky lips of her mound.

"UGH!" Marcy blurts out. Her body trembles violently hard. Her pussy spasms, not squirting huge dollops of honey. Her legs collapse under her, dropping her straight down onto her bottom. She doesn't make a sound, despite the fresh spanking her bottom is still on fire from. She just keeps going, her quivering body falling loose and dropping her onto her back.

Marcy lies there. Her legs snap over and over again, her knees flying up before her leg muscles go limp again and her legs crash back onto the floor. Her pussy goes on squirting honey. And her bladder releases, allowing a weak stream of golden pee to flow. She doesn't seem to notice. She lies there, limp, loose, and quivering.

Joey giggles

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Frank looks astonished and watches the show

I just stand there and watch. It takes several long minutes for Marcy's body to stop trembling, the quivers fading slowly. Finally, Marcy, her eyes closed, purr a soft, "Ummm....." Her head rolls to the side.

I snap at Marcy, scolding her sternly for cumming before she was told to. I order her back up to her feet.

Then we all wait for close to two minutes as Marcy drags herself up to very rubbery legs. She finally manages to stand properly, wobbling as she does.

I scold her again for the orgasm. "I'm so sorry, my Queen..." Marcy breathes out, the relief of satisfaction plain in her husky voice.

I scold her mockingly for peeing all over herself like a baby. She blushes to a beet red but otherwise doesn't show it.

I tell her that she'll be punished for that. I tell Joey to bring over the bag of clothes that Frank brought for Marcy. Then I tell Marcy her punishment. She is going to dress. She will stay dressed in these clothes all day long. I don't care if her pants and panties are soaked in her pee and her honey. She will wear them. She will not change.

And she will not be allowed to touch her pussy for five days. Frank will not fuck it, either. During those five days, she will practice her blow job skills. She will do that by giving Frank one every day when he wakes in the morning. And she will give him another whenever he tells her to. Immediately. Whenever, wherever, in front of whomever, he tells her to. When he says suck, she drops to her knees immediately and sucks him off. Period.

"Yes, my Queen, I will behave and do as I'm told, Ma'am," Marcy accepts her fate.

I nod to Joey. Joey holds up Marcy's panties for my inspection. They're white and rather lacy. I have no doubt that Frank had Joey chose the outfit for Marcy. These show the "woman's touch," and that had to come from Joey.

I tell Marcy what to do.

## Don't Interrupt

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"Miss Cheap Whore, may I please be allowed to put those panties on my fat, ugly, bottom, Miss?" She asks Joey.

Joey says yes, and hands over the panties.

Marcy pulls them on.

A few minutes later, Marcy is fully dressed in jeans and a frilly blouse. I have no doubt her underwear is already fairly wet with the pee and honey that covered her pussy, pubes, and bottom, too.

Frank takes Marcy by the hand. "Come along, cow, let's get you home."

"Yes, Sir," Marcy answers.

Frank leads Marcy out, leaving Joey to me.

I tell Paige to clean up the "bovine mess" on my floor. Then I summon an Uber to take Joey back to her car.

### **Author's Note:**

I know that I left Rita “hanging” in this story. She never returned from Emily’s. That’s because she hasn’t, as of the time I wrote this story. As punishment for misbehaving during her one week grounding, she’s staying at Emily’s for two weeks. She still has five days to go.

Chapter eight was included at the request of Ken, my proofreader, and friend, who wanted to know about Rita’s stay at Emily’s. That could be another story! Thanks for all the work proofing these stories, Ken.

I sent Marcy home with instructions. One of those was that Frank was to email me every morning and tell me how good of a wife Marcy was being. I thought they would email, but there was no way for me to know for sure. They did. He told me that Marcy has been an excellent wife. She’s following all of my rules. And he’s fully enjoying her newfound skill. He also told me that Marcy would like to return for more sessions, something he’s willing to allow her to do. He asked if Joey would be available if Marcy was going to be long – “the kids really like her.” I’m pretty sure he likes her even more than they do.

I haven’t made any firm plans to bring Marcy back. But I probably will in a couple more weeks. She was rather entertaining.

# THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"

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



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

Age	Height	Weight
19	5'4"	121
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	26	34

Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"



Slave-whore ("Paige")

Age	Height	Weight
19	5'7"	118
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	29	34

Debuts In: "Paige: From College Girl To Slave-Whore"

# GUEST APPEARANCES

My other play toys who make an appearance in this story



## Cheap Whore ("Joey")

Age	Height	Weight
18	5'4"	124
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	28	36

Debuts In: "Four Play"



## Stupid Bitch ("Rita")

Age	Height	Weight
42	5'5"	137
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
36-D	32	38

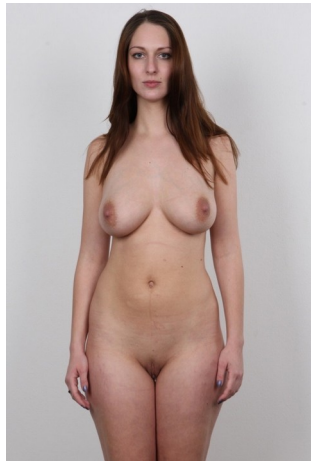
Debuts In: "Slut: Exposed"





## Lying Cunt ("Sierra")

Age	Height	Weight
24	5'4"	135
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Red/Brown	Brown	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-C	32	36
Debuts In:		



## Cum Slut ("Ashley")

Age	Height	Weight
28	5'10"	135
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Blue	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
32-D	26	34
Debuts In: "A Housewife's First Time"		



Emily

Age	Height	
18	5'4"	
Hair	Eyes	
Brown	Green	
Debuts In: "Daddy's Dungeon Bail"		