



Karen's Hard Lesson

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Dear Ma'am;

Please forgive me for intruding. I wish I could tell you who gave me your email, but I just don't know. A friend of mine got it from a friend of hers. She won't say whom.

My name is Karen, I'm 42. I've been looking to find a dominant, preferable a woman, for a while now. I've tried all the online sites and such, but all I've found are pretenders, losers and wannabes. I can't say I was surprised.

My friend assures me that her friend "knows" you. I use quotes because I'm not really sure what she means, whether she's a friend of yours or something else. I kind of got the impression it might be something else.

I was hoping that you might be willing to help me, and at least introduce me to someone, or pass my email along to someone who might be interested in meeting with me occasionally. I don't want to say too much in case this is just some mistake and I was told wrong, in which case please accept my apologies, Ma'am. I just didn't know what else I could try.

So thank you, Ma'am."

I find that email in my inbox one evening towards the end of July. Karen might not know who gave out my email address, but I do. Thank you to the wonderful world of free email addresses, and email "collectors." I give each of my subs a different email address, each one reserved for nothing but him or her. Then all get collected by my anonymous and encrypted email handler where they end up in an inbox I keep just for "play." One glance at the email address and I know whose it is, thus I know who gave it out. And I do plan to discuss that with her next time I see her. I don't approve of my pets giving out my email without permission. Even though none of them have a clue about my real email, the one I use for the rest of the world: everyone I don't routinely see naked, that is.

I do have some friends I could pass her off to. I'm sure I don't know even a fraction of the dommes around here, I do know a few of them. Plus I suspect there aren't that many like me. I prefer to play

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games. I don't want a long-term relationship with one of those toys. Although long-term spanking is welcome. I already have Sophie, my live-in slave-girl, and she is rather devoted to catering to my whims. The rest is just for my amusement.

Without knowing what this woman is after, it's hard for me to know if I, or anyone else, might have some shred of interest in her. But I'm naturally curious enough to shame any cat, and always eager for a new toy to play with. Especially a "mom-aged" woman. For some reason, I just get beyond hot turning a woman in her 30's or early 40's over my knees and leisurely spanking her bottom to a glowing red.

I also don't know what this woman knows about me. I suspect very little. I doubt the woman who gave out my email would have said much else. I'm kind of surprised she would have said anything. I'm certain that she doesn't want it known what she enjoys. I assume that whoever asked must be a very good and close friend. And Karen must be a very close friend of the mystery friend.

So I send her back a short email.

Karen;

You were correctly informed. I am always interested in new toys to play with, and I have a few friends with similar tastes.

I make you no offers or assurances of any kind at this point. You may or may not ever hear from me, or anyone else, again. I have attached an application. You will complete it in its entirety and return it, by replying to this email, within 48 hours. If you don't know something, take your best guess. If you can't guess, then say so. If something doesn't apply to you, say so. In addition, you will write me a 500-600 word essay and tell me exactly what you are interested in. Do not be shy or modest.

If I am interested, I will respond. If not, I will forward your reply to my friends. If you interest any of them, they will respond. If you hear nothing, then you may assume you are sufficiently worthless that a good number of women, of varying ages, who dominate women, have no desire for you to skank up their houses.

Miss Rodgers.

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I attach a fillable PDF copy of a basic application we all use when someone contacts us. I don't often actually have them fill it out, but I always get all of those answers. But in this case, since Karen is contacting me out of the blue, I figured I'll just have her fill it out. It'll give me some clue if her body is worth playing with, and the more intimate questions... well, if they don't put her off, then maybe she will be fun.

She takes less than 24 hours to answer and obediently replies, which sends her email to a fresh address. She starts with a short note profusely thanking me for responding to her. Then she's written the essay I'd asked for.

It's a little rambling, a little more repetitive, but she did need to get it up to the 500-word minimum, and she didn't have that much to say. She tells me she's never done this before, but always wanted to. She's divorced, with no children. She'd brought it up a few times with her husband, but he was completely uninterested in trying it with her. What she wants is for someone who can understand her body, not her mouth, and push her envelope to its very limits. She says she wants someone with a taste for variety, who can do new and different things to her every time. She wants to explore herself, and discover what she likes, what gets her especially hot, and such.

She tells me that she's very shy. Exceptionally shy. That she "might not be able to help herself" and might resist, plead or beg. She wants that ignored. She wants to be pushed, to made to do whatever someone wants her to do. To truly be taken and possessed. She expects firm expectations of her, and swift discipline when she doesn't meet them. She wants to "be taught that I want, I need, to put myself out of my head and devote myself to Her pleasure, regardless of me. Whether I enjoy what She wants, or whether it hurts me." I assume my lesson will be rather humiliating and invasive, both mentally and physically.

She filled out her application completely. It tells me enough to know that she should have a lean and healthy body. It also tells me that she's been rather sexually deprived lately. And that she likes to play with herself. At the end, I see that she's a judge in a neighboring county.

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Which I do find interesting since the sub who gave her my email doesn't live in the county Karen lives and works in. However, as I think about it, she is a paralegal, so she's in the same field. I suspect their mutual friend is as well. Maybe she accompanied her boss up to Conecuh County and met someone in that courthouse? I am so going to find out!

After reading her essay, and seeing that she's not "unhealthy" in appearance which is a no-for me, I decide to see her and see if she's really what she claims to be. That, plus I have a few ideas that my very whimsical mind has conjured up that I wouldn't mind trying out. I send her a short summons. Since she's a judge, I even entitle it "Summons." I figure she'll understand what that means.

Karen;

You will appear exactly at 10:00 am Saturday. You will be dressed appropriately (dress code attached). You will obey all of my house rules (attached). And you will have a signed, notarized consent form with you (also attached).

Once you arrive, you utterly belong to me. I shall do whatever I fancy with your body. You will have no say in it. Nor will you have any way to stop things, no matter how bad they become for you. Nor will you be free to leave, until I deign to dismiss you. Nor will you have privacy or modesty in any aspect of your life. You come, and I own you in every sense of the word. Whatever expectations you might have, forget them. I don't care what you want. You are my property and I shall use you however it amuses me to.

This is a one time only offer. It will not be made again. You will immediately email me if you decide not to accept. In which case, you will never hear from me or anyone I know again. Otherwise, do not contact me. Appear as summoned.

Miss Rodgers.

Then I wait. It's Tuesday and when I don't hear back immediately telling no, I assume that I've caught her interest. And I figure there's about a 50/50 chance that she'll either not show or cancel at the last minute, at least if she's as shy about herself as she's led me to believe. I figure that she's rather open, as long as things are on a professional or

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casual level, but turns shy once things get personal for her.

Saturday morning I dress Sophie, my 18-year-old live-in-slave-girl in her baby blue "slut-maid" outfit. It's an all-lace stretchy dress that hugs her body snugly from breasts down to about an inch below the bottoms of her butt cheeks. The lace does little to actually cover anything. But there is a white lace apron, very tiny and rounded, that covers her pubes; it's just not big enough to cover anything more, like her hip bones. It's tied in the back with its frilly straps in a big bow. There's a matching hairpiece that holds her long honey-colored hair back. There are matching lace finger-less gloves. And there are matching boots with five-inch heels, only they're made of lace with a white zipper up their side, instead of leather. Those come up to just below her knees.

At exactly 10:00, the doorbell rings. I stay on my sofa, relaxing and send Sophie to answer it. Obediently she hurries over and opens the door, "Good Morning, I am Sophie, Miss Rodgers' slave-girl. You will be the slut, Karen. Please give me your consent form." And Sophie holds her hand out. Karen hunts through her purse, probably unnecessarily, and hands it over. "Wait here while I see if this is acceptable to my Mistress." Sophie shuts the door on her. Then she hurries over with the paper, kneels down and offers it to me.

I take it and glance at it, seeing that it's signed and notarized. I notice that the notary's stamp is from Mobile County, where I live, and not from Conecuh County where Karen lives. And it was done less than an hour ago at a downtown branch of a major bank. The branch is like two whole blocks from here! I grin. So obvious that she didn't want anyone in Conecuh County to know anything! I have Sophie take it and put it in my desk. I'll file it away later. It's another thing I don't usually bother with, and none of my friends routinely do. But let's face it, she's a judge and therefore certainly a lawyer – lawyers live to sue people – and this might get rather intense. A girl really needs to protect herself nowadays! Especially from lawyers, which tend to be only a small link up the evolutionary chain from politicians, or in other words, several links below weasels and slugs.

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I leisurely get up and go open the door. She looks as she described herself, fairly average in height and thin. She's wearing a business pants suit, but it's definitely one of her older and lower-end ones. Not a designer label. Maybe... J. C. Penny's? I think. It's a bit on the loose-fitting side, as I suspect most of her wardrobe is going to be. But not baggy-loose. She's obviously read the dress code since this would fit it right down to her high-heeled shoes. Those she definitely wouldn't wear for work. But I'd guess she doesn't wear this suit to work either and hasn't in a long time. It's as if she's trying to look nice for me, but also trying not to look like she's dressed up fancy for this session.

But none of that is the first thing to catch my eye. It's her purse. Definitely an expensive designer one, like something I'd carry. Moderate in size, by girly standards anyway. But what I really nothing is the way she's tightened up, cringing inwards on herself, and her arms hug that purse so tightly to her body.

Well, no time like the present to teach this judge who does the judging around Mistress Pepper's Realm. I just reach my hand out and grab her belt along with the waistband of her skirt. "Come, slut," I say sharply as I pull her forward into the apartment. Karen stumbles almost falls but manages to keep her feet under, as she half walks, half falls in. I stop her just inside the door, then push her backwards against the bare wall.

I snap my fingers and point to a spot beside me. Sophie hurries to drop down to her knees where I point. "Give your clothes to my slave, slut." I use a soft voice, normal volume, but with a heavy note of firmness to it. Enough that anyone would know it's a command, not a request.

Karen stands there, shirking back until her body is pressing hard against the wall and hugging herself even tighter. "Here??? with you watching? Please Ma'am, please ---"

I cut her off with a mild slap to her face. I grab her hip and shoulder hard and quickly spin her around. I push her hard into the wall, putting a hand to her back to pin her there. Then I swat her bottom with my crop, about half strength, plus a little to make up for the padding of

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her clothes.

"OW!" Karen squeals out loudly. "That HURTS!"

I swat her again. She squeals again. I roughly spin her around to face me again. "That's for wasting my time and speaking, slut. I didn't say to do either. I said give your clothes to my slave. Give them to her now, slut."

"Ma'am!!! Please! I can't with everyone watching me! Please. I'll take them off, just let me have some privacy, Please Ma'am!"

I slap her face and spin her around again. Only this time I take a pair of handcuffs from my back pocket and lock her wrists together. I spin her back around and grab a good hand full of her hair. "My paddle, slave."

"Yes, Mistress!" Sophie says sweetly as she hops to her feet and hurries off to fetch the paddle. She already knows which one I want. I roughly jerk Karen's hair, ignoring her squealed protests, and drag her stumbling across the room to a hard wooden chair. I just tap the back of her knees with my foot, knocking them out from under her and dropping her down to her knees. I drop into the chair.

I have to lean over to my side a little to get to the waistband of her pants. But once I have a hand on it, I quickly undo the button and zipper. Just as sharply I pull her forward, bending Karen over my knees. I'm neither gentle nor rough, just efficient as I push her slacks down, taking her panties and garter belt down with them, to her thighs.

I use one hand at the small of her back to pin her down and hold her hands out of my way. Sophie puts the paddle, a nice old-fashioned wooden one like they used to use in schools 100 years ago, into my free hand. I touch its blade to Karen's taut rounded cheeks. She cringes hard, tensing up as she feels the wood on her bare skin. By now, anyone would know what she has coming. "I did not say you could speak, slut."

I lift the paddle and snap it down, landing it square across her globes with a loud crack. And that's only half-strength for me. I have developed a good paddle arm! Karen screams out a loud and pained "OW! Jesus, that HURTS too much!"

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"Still running your cock-sucker, slut? Well, you must want another." I give her another, just the same and she screams out, her body tensing up hard.

"STOP! Please, Ma'am, stop! It HURTS too much!"

"Sooner or later, you'll learn to shut up, slut. Here's another lesson." I swat her again, just the same, and she screams out a little louder, a little more pain in her voice. But she doesn't say anything.

"Oh, I see you've learned to keep your mouth shut!" I lightly caress her angry red and stinging globes with the wooden blade. "Now, this is for disobeying me, slut."

I give her two strokes, in rapid succession, hearing her scream out with each and feeling her stiffen up. She starts fidgeting hard, trying to get her hands back, trying to get her feet up to protect her bottom from more. And especially trying to get off my knees.

None of which she has any luck doing. I hold her there and again caress her seriously-stinging bottom with the paddle. "And now, this is for wasting my time, slut." I give her another pair, and she screams out with each, struggling hard to get up or protect herself, and in the end, suffering them like a baby. Fine by me, I'm already so hot from this little spanking. Sophie's tongue is going to be working overtime tonight.

I shove her off my knees and back onto hers. I hand the paddle to Sophie and she hands me a pair of very sharp scissors. Karen, crying hard, her eyes blurry with tears, misses that.

I rise to stand over her. With a single sharp jerk, I pull her blouse open, ripping her buttons off. She squeals a loud "please!" that I ignore. A quick snip along each sleeve and up across the shoulder to the neckline, and the blouse just falls down. While I have the scissors there, I snip the shoulder straps of her white bra. Then I snip it again right between her breasts and pull it from her body.

Her shoulders squirm hard, trying to turn any which way that's away from my, and Sophie's, eyes. She doesn't succeed at that either. But it does get her ample, but loose, boobs jiggling around on her chest. They show her age, hanging a little down against her chest, but still have a nice

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shape to them. And very nice wide dark-pink nipples topping them. Nipples that are hard, swollen up like little rounded half-marbles. I don't have to touch them to know they're going to feel half-sponge, half-water balloon in my hand.

I keep going down, ripping her belt off and running the scissors down each leg of her pants, from waistband to cuff. With nothing left to hold them, they just fall away from her in two pieces. I snip her garter and it's stretchy fabric snaps it off her body, leaving it to hang by the tops of her stockings. I snip her panties at both hips, and those fall down, too, leaving me to see a very nicely trimmed bush of dark brown hairs with the first tinges of gray to them.

I slice down both stockings, pull her shoes off her feet and pull the nylons away. Only then do I take off her watch, seeing not other jewelry to fuss with. I grab a hand full of that hair again and jerk her hard up to her feet.

Still crying hard, she squeezes her eyes shut and tries to turn away from me. I put a hand just above her boobs, at the center of her chest, and shove her until her back is against a wall. That knocks off most of her wiggling around. "There, see, slut? You can get naked with us girls watching! Too bad about your clothes. Now I have no idea what you'll wear to go home in since you have *nothing*! Maybe you'll think about that before you disobey me again, slut."

I can see her nipples are hard, probably as hard as they've ever been. At least they look like they couldn't get any harder no matter what. Still holding her against the wall, I cup a breast in my free hand. She has big enough boobs that I don't have enough hand for all of it, which is fine with me. I give it a little squeeze, feeling its firmness and deciding that it's just as I'd expected it to be.

Karen squirms hard, trying to wiggle her chest and pull her breasts from my hand. I squeeze it firmly, enough that she can feel my hardness, but not so much as to hurt her. It's enough that she'll know she won't get it out of my hand. Which doesn't stop her from trying to squirm it free. I very lightly stroke the tip of her nipples with my thumb.

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Karen squeals out a desperate "Please! Don't!" and squirms as hard as she can, which isn't too hard while I have her pinned. About a second later I see the goosebumps erupt over her mound, first around the nipples, then sweeping her breast in about one second. She squeezes her eyes shut with tears weeping from their corners and I hear her very quietly repeating to herself "she's not playing with my boob," over and over again. In a couple more seconds I hear a little breathiness creeping into her voice.

I tease her other breast with the same effect on her.

Karen sighs out as I finally release her breast. I shove my hand between her thighs, forcing them apart a little, my hand stroking right over the rounded, but not puffy, mound of her pussy and it's lightly-furred lips. "NO! Don't touch me there! Ma'am, Please!!!! Please, it's not right, you're a woman! Please, stop!"

I ignore what her mouth says. Her pussy says she's in ecstasy. Her fine slit is very wet, and I can feel both her heat and the little spasms right through her thin lips. *LIAR! That pussy is so hot your fingers would be in it if your hands weren't cuffed! You're getting off on this!*

I slap her face. "You are so full of shit, slut!" I slap her other cheek, tossing her head to the other side. "You're getting off on this! Your pussy isn't lying like you want it to. Don't worry, I have just thing for sluts that are full of shit!"

I grab her by her bush with a firm grip that pulls her hairs. Then I tug hard as I start leading her along with just "come, slut." for instructions. It's not far, maybe a dozen long steps, or closer to twenty the way Karen walks with the shortest steps she can manage without letting her short hairs get yanked out, to the playroom.

I wasn't sure just what I'd do with Karen. I never am, not really, and more so the first time I play with a sub. I just kind of make it up as I go along, paying attention to how aroused they get by different things and going with I fancy that seems to be doing the trick for the sub. I'd set up for a few different things, assuming that rougher treatment was going to do the trick for Karen. No, I know that she has some notions about girl-

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on-girl, too, and likely despises the fact that it tends to excite her. From what I've felt of that pussy, I'd bet that she'd cream herself from eating Sophie's pussy. And while Sophie isn't really into women, I am certain that she'd cream herself if I let Karen, at least if I allowed her to. Sophie loves nothing more than pleasing me, and she knows just how much I'd enjoy watching her squirm around like that.

Now I've decided to go full-out from the get-go. Once I'd seen that the frequency, or rather lack of frequency, that her pussy got some attention, I'd thought she might be more than a little neglected there. It seems, at least in my experience, that pussies miss that attention and get hungry for it.

I pull her along to one of my homemade toys. It's a wooden barricade, similar to a sawhorse. This one is legit, with "Prichard Police - Do Not Cross" across its beam. A rather cute frat boy "found" it for me. Around the center of its beam, I've tightly wrapped a towel, with a thick layer of cling wrap around it to keep it in place. I push her hard against that towel, putting it right at the tops of her thighs.

"Slave, get slut's feet for me, my good little girl." Sophie grins wide and kneels down. Just as I would, Sophie shows no patience for Karen's whininess. She grabs an ankle and jerks it hard, pulling over to the end of the barricade. There's a small chain attached there, maybe 6" long with a metal cuff, cut from a real set of leg irons, attached to it. Sophie just locks the cuff around Karen's ankle. She hurries to the other side and locks her other ankle in a similar cuff.

Now with Karen's legs spread wide apart, I push her forward, bending her over the beam. Sophie gets a heavier chain and drapes it over the back of Karen's neck while I hold her down. She reaches up under Karen to slip a padlock through two of the links, locking it around Karen's neck. I push Karen down further, bending her as far over as she'll go. Sophie takes the free ends of the chain and locks the to screw eyes holding her ankle shackles, making sure the chains are taut.

I take my hands off Karen. There's not much she can do to move now. Her ankles only have a couple of inches, and her head has even less.

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Her hands are still cuffed behind her back. Idly a thought pops into my head: I wonder just how many women have been dragged in front Karen cuffed with identical cuffs, and I wonder if she appreciates the irony that now she's the one cuffed with another woman having full power to decide what's going to happen to her. Talk about role reversal for her.

"Please don't hurt me, Ma'am. Please... Please don't hurt me, Ma'am..." Karen whines.

By now she has to know that I fully intend to ignore her pleas. And hopefully, she knows I intend to ignore everything else she has to say. I don't rush, just let her whine and beg on as I cross to the cabinet and get out a disposable enema kit. Then I get out a special nozzle for it. I carry both over to Karen, although she'll be able to see anything as she stands there. After hanging the one-liter bag up high, I attach the special nozzle to it and smear a little film of lubricating jelly around it.

I don't have to spread Karen's cheeks, bending her over and stretching her legs out like this has done enough of a job of that for me. Enough that I can plainly see her tiny, dark purple-brown asshole between her cheeks. It's definitely cute, as far as assholes go, tightly clenched up and wrinkly.

This nozzle is about as fat as my thumb and around six inches long. Except for an inch or so at each end, it's surrounded by a layer of thick latex. I touch the tip of the shaft to her clenched ring and watch her tighten up even more. "NO!!!" Karen screeches out with a desperate firmness to her voice. "Not up my ass!!! Ma'am!!!!!!" I start pressing it, and the not-too-fat nozzle quickly slides into her muscle. I hold it steady, keeping it slipping steadily, and not too fast, into her bottom. "I SAID NO!!! NOT IN MY ASS, NO!" Karen screams firmly, her voice utterly desperate. I slide almost every bit of it into her, making sure all of the latex is inside, and just a tiny bit hanging out where the hose from the bag attaches to it.

I pop the clamp off the hose and let the fluid begin to flow. Karen feels nothing. Not yet anyway. This nozzle has two valves in it, both of which keep the liquid flowing in only one direction. The second, closer to

the tip, take a little more pressure to open. So the first ounces of the liquid flow into the latex balloon surrounding that shaft and pump it up until it's stretched out to about two inches across, or until the pressure gets to be enough that her bottom is fully stretched, just a few psi.

It takes a couple of seconds, but no more, for Karen to feel that balloon starting to swell up inside her bottom. At first, she screams more protests, demanding that I stop immediately. She struggles decently, trying to free herself, or at least get her hands to the tube and pull it from her. Then she screams out a truly uncomfortable, and absolutely desperate "NO!!!! IT'S TO BIG, GET IT OUT OF ME!!!!" which I ignore.

A few seconds later it's fully inflated and the fluid starts flowing out the top of that shaft, flooding the depths of her bowels. It doesn't take long for her to give up hope. She starts crying out "ye-ow, ye-ow, ye-ow" over and over again for several long seconds. Then she starts bawling like a baby for several more until she finally screams again. "Please, Ma'am, dear God, please! Ma'am, I can't take anymore, get it out of me!!! please, ma'am, please, please, please, get it out of me I'm going to burst!!!"

I stand there and watch her squirm, cry and beg as she steadily, but slowly, fills up. When she's taken half of the liter, I clamp the hose back off to keep any more from flowing into her. She doesn't realize that the flow has stopped, she just goes on as if it's unbearably killing her.

I gently spread her pussy lips, getting the first full view of her pinkness. As soon as the thin wide lips part, a nice little dollop of her creamy cream drops down to my floor. Once I have her wide open, I see that her loose, wrinkled folds are covered with more of her honey. Honey that all but runs out of her pussy, which I can actually see twitching. I see her clit, swollen up rock hard like a little stone atop her folds.

"Slave, fetch me... I think... toy number 5."

"Oh, YES, Mistress!" Sophie says very eagerly. I think she might enjoy watching some of the sluttier displays herself. At least I know she enjoys watching me enjoy them. She brings me the vibrator, the fifth in the line of eight I keep in the cabinet. This one is only about eight inches long, covered in soft latex but otherwise, just a long hard tube with its tip

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rounded like a half-ball. It's thick, though, better than an inch and a half across.

Karen's honey is a little on the creamy side, clear, but somewhere between syrupy and pasty. But it's also good and slippery. She has almost no real scent, no muskiness, just the aroma of hot pussy. With her honey slick enough, and then some, I don't bother to lubricate the shaft. I just put it's rounded end to the entrance of her tunnel and push gently. It immediately starts sliding into her, stretching her walls taut around it. Except at her backside, where her very-filled bowels leave her pussy nowhere to go, so it just squeezes her nervy walls between the toys.

Karen screams out something as it slides into her, I'm not really sure what, but it's something like "Oh my God, not there, too! I can't do this, I quit, stop, let me go, get it out of me, blah, blah, blah..." I push it in until I feel it touching the very back of her pussy, seeing her clit throb so hard that it jumps and twitches as the toy slides into her.

I turn it on and Karen's loud screams turn unintelligible. She struggles hard, probably as hard as she can, snapping and rattling the chains that hold her, but not really moving more than an inch. Her hands try everything to get free of those cuffs, too, but all she gets is red marks darkening around her wrists. She strains, stretches hard, but can't quite reach the nozzle in her butt or the toy in her pussy.

With Karen's head pulled as far over as I could push it, it's only a couple of inches from the floor. The way she struggles, I'd bet she'll have a chain mark on her neck, too. Over so far, her breasts now hang the opposite way, gravity pulling them towards her chin, offering me a nice view of their tender, often neglected, underside. Their hard nipples, too.

I tell Sophie to get on her hands and knees and crawl up under Karen's pussy to put her lips to those breasts and kiss them. I have her lick them softly, too, warning her not to let anything but tongue and lips touch those boobs. "I know how you so love big boobies, slave!" I say it sweetly. She definitely loves mine!

Karen does show it, but I know she's feeling Sophie's very delicate tongue and it's gentle feminine touch. She really can't show it, already

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screaming away and squirming as hard as she can. But I do see a couple of dollops of her honey drip from her pussy and land on Sophie's back.

It's even hard for me to tell when she climaxes. There's just nothing more left for her body to do to show it. I only think she does because I notice her struggles take on crisp snaps as each wave of it racks her body. Before moving along with this little lesson, I want her mind off her pussy for at least a few minutes, so I pretend that I don't notice and leave her to go on screaming and squirming. And cumming.

It doesn't take too long. Maybe two minutes for those waves to ebb off from their crispness, and another minute, as they're down to about half of what they started as before a fresh tsunami of waves hits her twice as hard. I keep her going, letting those waves work their magic on her. It takes them about three minutes to start ebbing this time. That's when I mercifully slide the toy out of her pussy.

Karen stops screaming, instantly panting hard for her breath and more hanging than bending over the beam. She pants for a good half-minute before she suddenly remembers that her butt is flooded full and starts whining out more of her "ye-ow, ye-ow, ye-ow" chorus. Maybe another half-minute before she begs, in a sobbing voice, for me to please stop and let her go to the ladies' room now.

I select a paddle that's like a ping-pong paddle, except with its blade cut to rectangular instead of oval. It's one of my favorite paddles. I swat both of Karen's cheeks once with it. Getting me two good yelps. "Nope. Those won't count since you want to be noisy... you'll get two on each cheek for asking me for something. That's not allowed, slut. You'll use my toilet when I feel like putting *my butt* on it. I don't feel a thing, so I'm not in any hurry."

I give both cheeks another swat and she yelps out as if it's killing her. "Nope, more noisy slut, those don't count either. This is a punishment for being a noisy slut, so you have to be quiet for it. Not a sound."

I swat her cheeks again, and she yelps out. "You must really like getting paddled! Those don't count either. I'll bet that bottom gets sore

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before my hand does. Let's try again."

I swat her cheeks again, just a touch harder, and see her body stiffen hard in a single jerking motion. I can see her teeth clenched hard, and this time she doesn't make a sound. "Good slut! That's one." I give both cheeks another swat, slightly harder than the last, and see her jerk a more crisply. As she relaxes after the second swat I see the tears rolling out of her eyes. But she lies there silently, still breathing hard as she catches her breath.

It takes her a minute before her bottom starts to cautiously squirm again.

Standing her up isn't a quick process. First I have to unlock the chains holding her head down. Then I have to pull her up, Karen screeching the entire way as tiny cramps rack her stomach with the motion. Only then can I unlock her ankles, replacing each of the shackles with a rough leather cuff that I lock to her.

Now that I can move her around I pull her around to face me. The chains dangling from her neck make a great leash. I grab that and tug her over a few steps, then when I have her right about where I want her, I shove her down to her knees. Holding her shoulders so she doesn't fall, I lie her down on her face.

With Karen so focused on her bottom, I doubt she noticed the steel cables hanging from the ceiling. OK, chains would have been more... theatrically appropriate. But chains don't work well with pulleys. Cables do. I pull the cables down and clip one to each of her ankle cuffs.

I admit, I cheat. The cables run through pulleys anchored to the ceiling about six feet apart, and from there to an electric winch. With the push of a button, the winch does my work for me and starts pulling the cables up. Karen's feet follow the cables, rising steadily up.

"OH! What the -" Karen squeals as her feet lift her thighs, and then her hips up off the floor. She tries to roll and squirm, again trying to use her hands. But with them still bound behind her, there's nothing she can do but lie on the tile as her stomach starts rising, shifting her weight to her shoulders. And then she's sliding along the tile until finally, her

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shoulders lift off. Then her head. As she steadily rises up, the cable spread her feet as well.

The ceiling in here is the standard eight feet, minus about 6" for the pulleys. Karen is 5'5", which leaves me roughly two feet to play with. I split the distance, stopping her when her head is hanging about a foot above the floor. It has her feet around four or four and a half feet apart. That's nicely spread, to where I can see the tension in the creases of her thighs as she's pulled taut. And best of all, it puts her pussy right about the height of breasts, which is a perfect height for playing with.

Karen can't decide whether she wants to squeal nervously from hanging upside down or squeal uncomfortably as her bottom is still flooded full. She fidgets a little, mostly her shoulders twisting around. The cables hold her ankles spread wide enough to keep them where they are and keep her from squirming her hips too much.

Mostly just to tease Karen, I reconnect the enema hose to the nozzle still plugging her butt. I don't unclamp the line so nothing more flows into her. But I'm sure she's imagining it. She definitely squeals more urgently. And wiggles a little harder.

I pull her lips apart gently, seeing that she's no well past sloppy wet. Her clit has softened, but it's already stiffening back up. I pinch it lightly, then a little firmer.

Karen squeals out "AH," then squirms hard, her stomach tightening for a split second to bring her shoulders up. Then a cramp racks her stomach and she falls to hang limp again, and squeals more urgently.

I have Sophie fetch me a candle. Its wax is dyed pastel pink. It's about 1 3/4" across, with the edge of its bottom rounded off a bit. It's maybe eight inches long, it's sides ringed with decorative little ridges. Even with the rounding to its bottom edge, it takes me a little effort and wiggling to get her pussy to stretch wide enough to let it in. But once it does it slips easily into her. I push it all the way until her pussy is again stuffed full. This time with a candle. The little ridges holding from slipping back out of her. I light the candle, it's flame about three inches

above her lips.

Karen has no idea what I've done. So I take a picture of her hanging there, upside down, her pussy stuffed with the now-burning candle. She can even see the clear little hose running into her crack. "You look so cute, slut!" I say tauntingly as I show her the picture. "I'll bet this one will go viral when I post it!"

I watch her cringe at the mere thought of it being posted. Even though I'd never actually post a picture of a sub unless that was part of the subs fantasies. Then I might. But definitely Karen. It would destroy the aura of respectability she needs. She is, after all, the only female judge in a rather conservative and very red neck county. "Kinky slut" would not be plus. It doesn't mean I and my closest friends aren't going to get a laugh at it, though.

I tease her clit with the tip of my finger, just a little fleeting touch. Her shoulder jerks up hard about an inch as she cries out sweetly. Then the cramp hits her again, the inevitable result of the sudden motion with her bowels so full, and she falls back limp and hangs. Her clit is already back to full stiff-eagerness.

I tease it again, a fleeting tickle until her shoulders rise, she cramps and the cramps force her to hang loose. And again, and again.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME, MA'AM, PLEASE!!!! PLEASE STOP, I'M BEGGING YOU, JUST STOP! I CAN'T HANDLE THIS!"

I swat her bottom, giving both cheeks a nice tap with my crop. "no talking, slut. Just hang around and amuse me." She cries out from the strikes, both making her try to wiggle her bottom. That shakes the first few drops of hot wax of the top of the candle and gets them rolling down its side until they land on the edges of her lips. She screeches "SHIT!!! OW!!!! SHIT!!!! That's burning me! STOP!!!!"

That earns her another pair of crop strokes as I scold her "Oh, still want to talk, do you slut?" Karen gets the message. She squeals her yelps, squirms as hard as the cables will let her, but doesn't say anything.

I tease her clit a little more, watching as she wiggles with each,

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groans out as the cramp hits her, and hands loose until the next tease sends more of those hot chills racing through her.

In all, I tease her like that for somewhere around twenty minutes. Or around two minutes after she finally learns to just hang there and suffer it. Of course, by then it's kind of late. There's enough of the candle melting that even holding still doesn't save her pussy from a hot waxing. But it does get her pussy twitching away again, and does it very quickly.

By the end, I have zero doubt that Karen needs another climax, or at least desperately wants one. I'm far less confident that she's going to start behaving. By now I'm thinking that she wants to be bad. She wants to whine and beg and cry. And wants me to both punish her for it, and make her stop. And make her climax, too. So far, even the most timid subs I've met eventually learned that it was best to behave around here. Karen isn't stupid, so I'm sure she's figured that out by now, too.

I don't mind the idea of her misbehaving at all. It kind of makes the game more fun for me. Like a challenge. It's not can I make her behave, that's easy to do; enough pain and anyone will do about anything. The challenge is to make her want to behave for me, not avoid the punishment for misbehaving, but just for me.

By now there are drops of the wax not just on her lips, but on her pinkness as well. And a few that have run down the crack of her butt. I flick those off of her. Then I do something I very seldom do for a sub. I lightly and tenderly massage her slit with all the skill of my ample practice.

Her nub throbs hard under my fingers, and Karen moans loud and sweetly as she hangs there. In a few seconds, those moans are more screeches. "Oh..." I coo softly, "my little slut wants to be so slutty and climax yet again, do you, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Karen blurts out with her moans.

"I stop and take my fingers away. Karen cries out with the frustration as I tell her "I don't wanna!" in my best petulant teenager voice. "Orgasms are for good sluts. You've been a naughty slut!"

"Please, ma'am? Please I'll behave!"

I swat her bottom again with the crop. She stiffens up and squeals

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with the swats, but doesn't speak. "See? Still being a naughty slut. Sophie! Pink box!"

Sophie giggles hard as she brings the little pink toolbox over and sets it on the massage table, which is behind Karen, and thus Karen can't see what horrors it might hold for her. If she knew Sophie better, she'd know that her giggle was a bad omen.

It holds the feather collection. I select a nice one and give it to Sophie, with very specific instructions. Directions that I whisper so Karen doesn't hear them. Then I move back in front of Karen and put my fingers back to her clit. I hold them still, pressing lightly. "Now are you going to be a good slut and *earn* your orgasm?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Karen promises.

"Then just hang around until I tell you to climax, slut." I start rubbing her. He tenses, she moans and screeches. She hangs kind of still, her hips still trying to squirm a little. And she twitches hard whenever more drops of hot wax find skin.

After maybe a minute I nod to Sophie. Sophie quickly spreads Karen's butt cheeks wide. She touches the tip of that feather to Karen's asshole, tracing a slow line along her rim right where the tube disappears into it.

Almost at first touch, Karen jerks hard, her stomach bends close to halfway, bringing her shoulders up. Her hips thrash hard but don't actually go anywhere as the cables hold her decently still. She screams a very hungry and sultry cry.

Sophie keeps tracing the feather around Karen's asshole. Karen keeps struggling against the cables. And making even more and more noise. After a minute or so Sophie starts tracing the feather up and down Karen's spine. It has roughly the same effect on her.

I don't trust Karen to obey me and not cum at her first opportunity, so I rub her slowly, taking care to give her clit little rests whenever she gets close. That way she doesn't have to obey. She can't disobey.

She suffers poorly, squealing and crying as her hips struggle uselessly against the cables that hold her. I go on, ignoring her obviously

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sweet torment, for maybe around 15 minutes. Until her pussy has pushed so much honey past the candle that she's wetter than she is waxy. And she's pretty well waxed by then, her entire lips and about half of her pinkness coated with it.

I finally make her climax. She does it screaming with her upper body thrashing hard despite the cramps I know she's feeling. Or maybe not really feeling. It's enough to scatter some of the hot wax onto her globes, dotting their spanked-pink flesh with the pink wax. And it's a long one, going on at least two minutes before she finally starts to ebb back and I stop rubbing her.

I let her hang, panting hard, but otherwise limp and spent for several minutes. While she hangs, I open the clamp on the enema line for a few seconds, allowing a few more drops to flow into her before clamping it off again. I let that rest for a moment. Then I repeat. Several times. Until maybe two or three more ounces have flowed into her bottom.

As the very last of it flows into her, she cries out as a little cramp tightens up her stomach again. But she doesn't speak. I've got what I wanted, her just a little more uncomfortable, her urge a little more urgent. I unhook the hose from the nozzle again.

Then I have Sophie hand me a little paddle. This one is little more than a paint stirrer with a handle on it. I start spanking her cheeks with it, lightly, alternating between cheeks, and darkening their pinkness up just a little. She yelps with each little swat, even though none are enough to really hurt like a spanking would. But they are enough to her to squirm her hips lightly, just enough to sling a few drops of hot wax as she squirms. Well, about every third squirm; that's as fast as it's melting!

It takes me several minutes of light spanks to noticeably darken her cheeks a small shade.

Now it's time for me to pay some attention to those soft, but ample, breasts and their cute nipples. Which I notice are still hard. Obviously, Karen is deeply enjoying her time "hanging around" my playhouse.

I start by having Sophie get down on all fours, which she eagerly

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does. Then again, whatever I want, Sophie does very eagerly with a big smile on her face. I take one of Karen's breasts, squeezing my hand snugly around it at her chest. It leaves about an inch of her mound squished out from hand, her stiff nipple atop it. I give that nipple a very light tap with the paddle, landing it squarely atop the hard nub. Karen cries out, obviously (to me) exaggerating the pain.

"Aw... does my little slutty slut have a boo-boo on her boobie?" I taunt. "slave, kiss it and make it better."

Sophie moves forward and puts her lips to the nipple poking out atop that mound. She takes it in her mouth and licks around it slowly and very tenderly. Karen moans out deeply and shivers.

Karen takes ten light swats to each nipple before I'm done, but after each, she gets a nice kiss on it from Sophie. They stay rock hard the entire time. Even after that when I gently spank her milky pale mounds to a very light pinkness all over. Sure, Karen screeches through it, but her breasts seem not to mind at all.

Just for fun, I give her a few more gentle taps on her stomach, too. But not enough to do more than leave a few little pink stripes that will fade in a couple of minutes. Karen screams with each, not from the swat, but from tensing her stomach up, which brings on a fresh cramp, with each.

I grab hold of Karen's hair. It's about shoulder length, so it's hanging free almost to the floor. I pull her head up by it, bringing the rest of her along for the ride. She definitely feels it. I see her eyes squished shut as she cries out. I make her open her eyes and look at me while I hold her head up a few inches. "Now are you ready to be a very good slut and earn a potty trip?"

"YES, MA'AM!" Karen blurts out rather enthusiastically.

"That won't entertain me." I tell her coolly, "so you're going to have to be an exceptionally good little slut for that." I reverse the winch and slowly lower Karen, as she groans out. She's smart enough to let herself lie on her back, rolling herself to her side to keep from lying on her cuffed hands. Once she's all the way down, I unclip the cables from her ankle

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cuffs.

"First, I think my slave deserves a little reward for being nice to your slutty butt. You will be her reward. Stand."

She struggles to her feet without the use of her hands, groaning loudly as the cramps hit her. But she gets up.

I have Sophie lie on the massage table, on her stomach, then uncuff Karen's hands. I stand over her, almost constantly cropping her bottom with very light swats to urge her to get up on the table and straddle Sophie's legs. I keep cropping her bottom just as softly as I instruct her how to give Sophie a very tender and slutty massage.

In a minute Karen is leaning forward, letting just the stiff nipples of her breasts dance across Sophie's bare back, while Karen very softly kneads her shoulders. Sophie purrs a constant "Oh, thank you, Mistress!"

Only once does Karen make the mistake of letting a hand leave Sophie's shoulder, which earns the hand a hard swat. I scold her and warn her she'd better be careful her boobs stay put, too. That's all the warning she needs.

Sophie gets twenty minutes, and when she's done, I'm sure Karen assumes that's enough to earn her the relief she's after.

Instead, I teach her how to serve. How to kneels down, knees and feet equally wide, and hold her palms out flat even with her nipples and six inches out from them.

Once I'm certain that Karen has learned that pose, I tell her to lie on the floor, on back, with her hands behind her head and stay there. I stand over her, my eyes locked down on her, crop in hand as I remind her to behave. I tell her that Sophie will now remove the tube from her bottom. She is to "be a big slut and not have an accident."

Sophie lifts Karen's legs, then pulls a little tab on the nozzle that releases the forward check valve. Holding that back, she pulls on the nozzle. Karen screeches a groaning cry. Her asshole, unable to stretch wide enough to allow the inflated tube out of her, instead pushes the fluid out of the balloon and into her bowels. It's really nothing more than she's had all along, which is now about 18 ounces. Which I know she's capable

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of holding, although it is going to be rather uncomfortable for her to do so.

It takes a half minute or so before the balloon has deflated and the tube slips from Karen's butt. Karen groans again, even harder, as her asshole clitches tighter than ever. I see the strain on her face.

Sophie quickly diapers her. I keep a few of the diapers. They're not the "adult" diapers, but actual baby diapers, just made in a huge size for those into that. I'm not, but you have to admit, it is exceptionally humiliating to walk around in a hot pink diaper. Sophie has gotten good at diapering her "dolls," and Karen gets the real treatment. Including baby powder. After Sophie scrapes the wax from her pussy, a process that only takes a minute. A minute Karen screeches through.

Now diapered, I have Karen get to her feet. She stands, fidgeting very uncomfortably, a look of agony on her face. This is the submission I've been wanting to see from her.

It takes me several minutes to teach Karen how to properly kneel down and serve. Several minutes Karen spends groaning and squealing, but so far behaving and not talking. Not even a single plea for her relief. Too bad, I was almost looking forward to pulling her diaper down and spanking her naughty bottom a little more.

Once Karen has learned the posture, I leave her to Sophie, telling Sophie to have Karen serve me a fresh cup of some coffee creation. I head for the sofa where I put a music video collection from YouTube on my kinda-big screen TV. It's a 60" TV. It's plenty big enough for this living room, but I do miss mom's 80" super biggie.

I relax, listening to Ani Lorak's latest. It's in Russian, but they do have English subtitles. I have them turned off. I've heard this enough that I pretty much know what she's saying. The music is awesome! It makes me want to get up and dance. A Russian girl at school introduced me to her, and a few others from over there, a couple of years ago. If this girl sang in English, she'd be as big as Lady Gaga! She might be a little older - 40's??? - but she still has the body for the sexy videos. And incredible legs. Every time I see her in one of those skimpy outfits, I can't

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help but think how hot it would be to have that over my knees!

It takes around ten minutes for Karen to brew a pot of coffee, mix in something to flavor it, and pour it. I know it will be perfect. Sophie would never let her bring me anything that wasn't perfect. Sophie, I think, would rather die than disappoint me. Unfortunately for Karen, that attitude makes Sophie rather demanding, strict, and harsh on the subs I leave in her charge. She loves using one of the wooden spoons in the kitchen to remind them how exacting I am.

Karen, obviously, needed plenty of encouragement to get the coffee up to Sophie's standards of what is fit to be served to her mistress. I don't have to ask, and Sophie doesn't tell me. The little red spoon prints decorating Karen's thighs, just below the diaper, tell me just how far she fell short of Sophie's standards.

She manages to bring it over and kneel properly. So precisely that I'm pretty sure Sophie had her practice more in the kitchen while waiting on the coffee to brew. I take the cup and sip it. It's excellent, just as good as one Sophie would serve me. Which means as good as if I'd made it myself. I tell Sophie "good girl, slave! You managed to get this useless slut to make a cup of coffee!"

"Slut, slave should have a cup, too, since I'm confident she worked very hard in that kitchen to keep your bottom from getting blistered yet again. Go fetch." Karen gets up, moving slow and groaning, while I permit Sophie to join me on the sofa. It takes Karen a minute to return, but when she does she serves Sophie just as properly. I guess she's figured out that her place is far below even a slave!

We both sip our coffees, leaving Karen to kneel there uncomfortably and just wait. I have zero doubt that the only thought running through her mind is for us to hurry up and finish these coffees so she can go potty. I take my time. Seeing that, so does Sophie as she enjoys the rare treat of being treated like a person instead of a slave. That should show her just how pleased I am with her.

When we're finished, I have Karen take the cups to the kitchen. Sophie follows her to make sure Karen washes them thoroughly.

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Only when all that is done does Sophie return Karen to me in the living room. "Slut, where did you park?" She tells me that she parked at a meter in front of a tattoo shop two doors down from the entrance. I ask her "what kind of skanky car does a slut like you drive?" She tells me that she has a Mercedes, only two years old and white.

I send Sophie to fetch Karen's purse. When she returns I fish out Karen's phone and make her give me the PIN for it. While looking through it, I install my three spyware apps. The first copies everything in real-time to a server in Moscow, from which files are never deleted even when they're removed from the phone; and it copies everything from texts and recordings of calls to web and app usage, to photos and videos. The second allows me to turn on its mic and cameras without her knowing it. The third turns her phone into a brick until a countdown timer runs down to zero, or until a specified time, or between set hours and days. No one will find any of them on her phone, and she'll never know they are there.

I slip it back into her purse after looking through it and come out with her keys. "slave, try not to hit any walls this time." I toss Sophie the keys. She giggles. She's a good driver, and she knows I think so. I've let her drive me in my car, and I love my car!

"Yes, Mistress..." Sophie says with a smirk and a, not of fake reluctance and embarrassment to her voice. She quickly pulls a simple sundress on and hurries off to move Karen's car into the parking garage. This building is very quiet. The chances of even passing a neighbor in the halls are fairly slim, less so on a weekend. Most of the tenants are businessmen who only use the apartment when in town, and live somewhere else. Like France and Germany. Or even on an alien planet called DC that I'd presumed to be completely devoid of sentient life.

As Sophie leaves, I see Karen's eyes cast an uneasy glance her way. "Oh, don't worry slut. Mercedes are very durable cars. I'm sure slave won't hit too much. She usually only hits the dumpsters!" I laugh hard. "I'm sure she'll get better if she ever gets a license! Then again, who'd give a license to a slave who only gets to drive on video games???"

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I get a "slutty special dress" for Karen. It's a large white trash bag that I cut head and armholes in just before she arrived. I hand it to her and tell her to "get dressed." Immediately I scold her, reminding her that it's not my fault she doesn't have clothes to wear. Had she undressed when I'd told her to, I wouldn't have had to take them off for her. She pulls the trash bag over her head as I'm telling her "I'm certainly not wasting my money to dress your slutty bottom just because you want to see how naughty you can be!"

She pulls it over her head. As I'd hoped it covers her, but just to barely below the hot pink diaper she's still wearing. And it's thin, as all trash bags are, enough that the hot pink is visible enough through it to be obvious what it is. Her dark nipples are equally apparent. Oh, and it has "SLUT" written across it in huge red letters, front and back.

"If I were you, I don't think I'd stop for a potty break on my way home. I'd probably just leave my diaper on and try very hard not to mess it so I didn't have to sit and drive in my mess... Oh, who am I kidding! I'm a woman! I'd never let anyone diaper me!" I laugh hard, adding "or wear a trash bag!... And in case you're wondering, it has your name on the back, too, so you won't be covering it up! Feel free to stop for to little slut's room if you want. I'm sure you'll be rather amusing to everyone! Now go down to the basement, turn left out of the elevator and go down that long hall, then up the next elevator to the first floor. My slave will meet you there with whatever is left of your car. Hopefully, it will be in good enough condition to get your slutty bottom home."

I pull the front door open, hand her things, her purse and cut up clothes, to her, and with a hand to her bottom, push her out into the empty hall. "You're dismissed, slut." I shut the door behind her.

Ten minutes later Sophie is back, giggling as she tells me how Karen came into the garage clutching her rags to her stomach to hide the big "slut" on her "dress." And how she was walking so funny with her cheeks obviously squished together, her eyes tearing up, as she took the keys from Sophie. Karen didn't even bother to check the car for damage, just got in as quickly as she could and sped off.

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I have to admit, I laugh when I hear it.

It's three days before I get another email from Karen. With some distance between us now, she more openly tells me that she "almost" made it home, with only the smallest of "accident." I doubt she means a car accident.

She tells me that she had the best orgasms of her life, and would definitely enjoy more of them. And she thanks me for pushing her.

I email her back telling her she's a very naughty slut for waiting so long to thank me for being so kind as to teach her so much. And I tell her that from now on, any emails she sends me will include a selfie of her nude and on her knees that less than five minutes only when it's sent.

The last thing I tell her is that her thanks were insufficiently humble, descriptive, pleading, and generally shameless. Like a slut should be. I tell her to correct that and not to keep me waiting, lest she never be summoned again since I don't care for inconsiderate sluts.

I send that late in the evening. When I check my email the following morning, her corrected thanks are there, including the required nude selfie, although she did turn her head away from the camera so it's hard to tell who it is. I send her picture back to her, telling her that's not sufficient since all sluts look slutty-alike. She must look at the camera. And I give her until 5:00 to correct that. It's around 8:00 when I send the email, my snooping already having told me that it will go to her phone as well as her inbox.

It's lunchtime when she sends her corrected picture, taken in her chambers. I even see her suit on a chair beside her. I send back "good slut, whenever I can't find anything less slutty to amuse myself with, I may get desperate enough to summon you again."

She keeps emailing every day or two, just to tell me again how good it was.