

Slave-Cest:
Her Son's Education

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Prologue:

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

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

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

I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big

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

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

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

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

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

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put on a show on their account.

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

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

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

Part 1:
Slave Mommy



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Joanne has been a toy of mine for several months now. In some ways, she's not exactly a find. She's a 35-year old single mother who never finished high school. She has a crappy job selling cell phones. She has a crappy car that usually gets her the few miles to work. She lives in a crappy trailer with her 18-year-old son.

But in more important ways, Joanne is a very valuable find. She shares one extremely important characteristic with Sophie. She needs to give herself to someone, to please someone else, in order for her to be happy. And the more of herself she gives, the happier and more aroused she becomes. As far as I can tell, there's nothing she won't do to please me. No matter how uncomfortable it makes her. No matter how humiliating it might be for her. No matter how much or how hard of work it might be for her. Nothing matters except that it pleases me. And that makes her a valuable slave/toy for me. In fact, the worse something is for her, the more aroused she gets by doing it for me, especially if it's intense enough that I have to push her to do it.

Joanne isn't the prettiest woman. She has a rather plain face. But she has a firm curvy and very attractive body to go with it. It's plenty to assure her a place in my toybox. Well, that plus the way she squirms around and moans so enthusiastically when I want to make her.

This Friday evening is her 11th session serving me. Like most of the sessions I have with my toys, this one came as a surprise to her. I summoned her without any notice, ordering her to "get her worthless butt over here, now." Naturally, she rushed right over. Any slave would.

I don't know her son, Micah. I know he's a freshman at USA, where I'm also a student, but so are about 20,000 other people. But my BFF #1, Izzy, somewhat knows him. They have a single class together. With her being a "Social Sciences" major, and him majoring in "Computer Sciences," it's about the only time their paths are likely to cross. Like me, Izzy is more of a point-and-click kind of girl. From what she's told me about him, Micah is more a write-the-app kind of guy.

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She's told me plenty about him, though. He kind of stands out in their shared (and mandatory) English Literature class. Partly because abstract thinking isn't as easy for him. But mostly because he's so geeky. Not quite "Revenge of the Nerds" geeky, according to Izzy, but not too far from it. He always wants to talk about computers and things digital. And he always wants to talk to the girls, none of whom understand much of whatever he has to say. Obviously, he has very bad luck with the girls. But not for lack of trying. He's constantly trying to talk to about every girl around him. He just hasn't a clue what girls want to talk about, or how to flirt with us. And there are few girls in the classes he's interested in.

Like me, Izzy tries hard to be sweet and polite to all. She's even talked to Micah a bit, despite not understanding half of what he said. Unfortunately, it's only encouraged him. I'm sure he thinks he has a chance with my pretty BFF, which he so doesn't. Izzy wouldn't go out with anyone she couldn't talk to. Not many girls would.

Joanne has had one "request" of me, which I've honored. She doesn't want her son to know anything about me and what she's doing. To cater to that request, I've always had her over here. As I'm doing tonight. To Joanne, it would be "beyond humiliating" if her son knew about her honest desires.

Telling me that was a mistake. At least once I discovered that the more humiliating something was for her, the more it served to arouse her. And the more aroused she gets, the more energetically she squirms around, and thus the more she amuses me. While I've been leading her to believe that I was going to accede to her request, while also reminding her that I never "pay attention" to requests or limits from my toys, I've been thinking about how I'm going to let him find out about his mom. In a way that's certain to fully humiliate Joanne. And in a way where I'll be able to take full advantage of the resulting arousal.

I have a plan for tonight. Phase one was simple: Izzy offered to allow Micah to go somewhere with her. I'm not even sure what she

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suggested. It wouldn't have mattered. As we both knew he would, he jumped at the chance to go anywhere with her. Phase two was just as simple. As soon as Izzy was gone with Micah, she texts me and I summoned Joanne. That saved Joanne from having to make an excuse to slip out of her tiny little trailer without Micah suspecting anything.

Joanne lives across town from me. I'm downtown, which is an expensive part of town to live in. Joanne is in Chickasaw, which is a cheap part of town to live in. Very cheap. Not very nice. Not very safe. But very cheap. Still, 20 minutes after I summoned her, she was at my door. Clearly, she understands the meaning of "now."

As soon as she arrived, Sophie greeted her at the door, let her a few steps into the apartment, and then had Joanne hand over everything she had. Even her panties. Sophie locked those in the file cabinet in my playroom, leaving Joanne as naked as the day before she was born. And then, Sophie locked one of my pastel pink training collars around Joanne's neck for me. The training collars are rather plain, made of just soft leather, and looking a lot like a dog collar, except with a buckle that locks with a handcuff key. Unlike the girly and elaborate collar, I have for Sophie. Then Sophie left Joanne standing along a bare spot on my wall just inside the door.

Joanne has long, straight, blond hair down to the bottoms of her shoulders. She has bright green eyes. She has a wide mouth framed with very plump and full medium pink lips. She has a slightly wide nose. All of it on an oval face with just a bit of an angular harshness to it. She wears glasses, too, which gives her a somewhat stern look to her.

Joanne is 5'5" tall and only 128 pounds. It gives her a lean body with a flat stomach and a very defined curve to her waist. Her skin is milky white, like skin that never gets any sun on it. Both her arms and legs are as lean as she is. Her hips are lean and narrow, but not so lean that any bones show, and not so lean they're not attractively curved.

She also has some very prominent breasts that seem to strain a 34-C

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bra. Breasts that are still youthfully firm and despite their size don't have a bit of sagginess to them. They're almost perfectly rounded, lying back gently against her chest. They're topped with a pair of wide medium-to-dark pink nipples that stand up a good ¼" with fully rounded tips on them. Nipples that are surrounded by smallish rings of color faint enough that they make her nipples look even more prominent.

Between her curvy hips, she has a very well trimmed triangle of black curls. As I require of my toys, she keeps it trimmed with straight lines inside the creases of her thighs, and along the top. But at the bottom, its point is rounded as it ends just above her lips. Her curls are short, making her bush looks a little sparse. Under that bush is a moderately puffy pussy mound with wide full lips that almost meet, leaving narrow gash of deep pink between them. And on the other side is bottom with a pair of very firm and fully rounded cheeks.

I'm taking my time, sipping the last of a coffee I was sipping when Joanne made it here. She waits patiently, standing along the wall naked, with her hands behind her to afford me a full view of her body. Sophie waits just as patiently on her knees beside me.

When I'm done, I get up and walk the few steps over to my desk. It's not the usual practice. Usually, I just go get my toy and walk it back to the playroom to... play with. But it's not unheard of either. On her first visit here, I started by bringing Joanne over to the desk for a little interview. So when I beckon her over to the desk now, she doesn't think anything of it. She just walks right over and takes the seat I'm pointing to on the Amish-built wooden stool at the side of the desk. As I'd instructed her that first time, she sits up straight, facing the wall behind me, her side facing the desk, her legs crossed, and her hands folded demurely in her lap. She doesn't say anything. She just waits for me to tell her what I want from her.

Joanne has never had good luck with the boys. Not even with Micah's father. The plainness and I'm not implying ugliness, of her face,

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cuts down on the number of men who try and pick her up. Those that do quickly discover that she hasn't a clue about lovers. While she wants to please them, she doesn't have any idea what might please them. That she knows it makes her nervous, fidgety, and unsure around men. They pick up on that. But here she knows that I don't expect her to know or guess at what I might want from her. I want her *not* to guess, or even think. I want her to obey. I will tell her what I want her to do. And knowing that, she's relaxed. Obedience is easy.

"Hello, wench," I greet Joanne. "Last time I allowed you into my playroom your pussy was especially sloppy with your skank. Clearly, you've been naughty somehow while you aren't here. Unless you're an absolutely skanky gutter whore, that is. I'll find out which. Is that pussy all hot and sopping wet now?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Joanne doesn't hesitate to answer.

"Have you been diddling it again, wench?"

"No, Ma'am!" Joanne insists she hasn't been. I forbid her to touch herself without my permission, and she's not had permission. Not even once in the nine days since I last had her over. I think she'd admit it if she had, even knowing that she'd likely be spanked immediately if she did.

I set a paddle on the edge of the desk next to Joanne without a word. "Then you must be having some very skanky thoughts, wench..." I ask her several questions, such as has she been on a date, or been flirting with anyone, and she assures me she's behaved. I hold back a few questions, such as asking her which men she's been around and if she's been having naughty thoughts about any of them. Those are questions I'd normally ask. But now I don't care about her answers. I'm just wasting time.

Joanne can't see the clock. Nor can she see my watch. And if even she could see them, she'd have no idea to pay attention to the time. She doesn't have a clue what I'm up to. But I have a plan. So I wait until 7:00 exactly.

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I sigh deeply as if undertaking a huge and unpleasant labor. Then I tell Joanne to get up and bend over the stool.

Joanne immediately gets up and turns around. She steps back, then leans over and rests her forearms on the stool with her palms turned upwards. Only then does she slowly slide her feet apart until her back is flat. As lean as she is, it fully bares her pussy mound, almost poking it's full, silky smooth, lips back at me. And showing me that her slit is already glistening with her honey.

I snap on a pair of my pastel-green latex gloves before I touch her. Once gloved, I pull those lips wide open, baring all of her pinkness. It lets me see that under her lips, everything glistens with a heavy coat of her clear, syrupy honey. And it lets me see the rock-hard nub of her clit, deep purple, already swollen up ¼" above its nest in her wrinkly folds. "Oh, how skanky!" I comment aloud trying to put some disgust in my voice.

I slip a finger into her narrow pussy. It lets me feel her spongy walls. Those are flaming hot, and already twitching slightly just from my brief touch. Naturally, her pussy is even wetter than her pinkness. I slide my finger back out.

Her bottom is firm enough that leaning over like this has her cheeks spread. Not fully, but wide enough that her crack is fully opened and her asshole completely bared. I touch the tip of my honey-slickened finger to her dark ring, feeling her muscle clench up tightly instantly. Joanne has always hated having anything enter her bottom.

I press gently. For a split second her ring tenses even more. Then Joanne catches herself and forces it to relax. My finger slips easily into her bottom, her dark ring stretching just wide enough to snuggle around my finger. I have small fingers. I allow all of my finger to slide into her until the web between my fingers is against her dark ring. I stop, holding my finger still.

I nod to Sophie and she walks to the door. She opens it as I'm asking Joanne "What man have you been having those naughty thoughts

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about, wench? And don't you think about lying to me!"

"I haven't--" Joanne begins to say. I press the tip of my finger down lightly and wiggle it. With only the thin membrane of her bowels shielding it, she feels finger massaging against the backside of her eager pussy walls. A place that's just as nerve-laden as the inside of her pussy. Joanne instantly cries out a deeply erotic moaning "OH!" drawing it out for several long seconds.

"Oh, Mistress!" Sophie squeals excitedly, ignoring Joanne's ongoing moan. "Miss Farrell is here!" She means Izzy. I knew Izzy was coming over. Sophie knew, too. But that doesn't dampen the excitement in her voice. Sophie should have a wall full of Academy Awards. She's a great little actress. "And she's brought a friend, Mistress!"

As if on cue, Izzy walks in followed by Micah. My plan, executed perfectly thanks to Izzy's precise timing. We'd agreed on five minutes after seven, and that's exactly when Sophie opened the door. Izzy and Micah were almost there, a mere two steps from knocking on my door. Perfect!

Joanne isn't seeing anything yet. She's staring straight ahead, her head up, her eyes seeing nothing but wall for now. She keeps moaning sensually as I keep teasing the backside of her pussy.

Micah has been dying to meet me. But ever since my boat part that turned into more of an orgy complete with a few of my toys aboard for public entertainment, I've been half-myth half-legend on campus. It's no secret that I have a kinky private life, but no one on campus has first-hand knowledge of it. Well, except for my BFFs and one other who is definitely not going to talk about it.

I'm sure Micah has some overblown ideas about me. It seems like most of the campus does. None of whom have a clue what I'm really into or what I actually do. Just the stories they've heard from that party, and a few other parties I've had a little fun at. I'm sure he thinks anything involving me is going to be serious fun, and fun in the sluttiest way. I

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counted on that. Correctly, it turned out, since as I wanted he eagerly jumped on the chance to join Izzy in popping by my place.

He makes it in about five feet, grinning from ear to ear. That's when he catches sight of Joanne and freezes, his eyes locked on her. From the door, he has a view of her side on. Which is a nice view of her. It lets him see the softly rounded firm globes of her bottom stretched taut, the flatness of her stomach, and her ample breasts hanging down with their nipples at full hardness.

"M.. Mom?" He stutters out loudly after a second.

Joanne hears him. Her head immediately snaps towards his voice. I pick up the paddle with my left hand. I snap it down with only a flick of my wrist on one of her tight cheeks. It lands with a little crack, searing a light pink stripe onto her bottom. Joanne yelps a little, but squeaky, "EE-OW!" I scold her, "I-" then I swat her other cheek, taking care to avoid my arm and hand as my finger is still inside her bottom, and still teasing her pussy. "Said." I swat the first cheek again. "Stay!"

Before I have to swat her again, Joanne turns her head back to stare at the wall. Without saying a word to Micah. In less than half a second she's moaning sweetly again, too. Only now she's fidgeting, squirming her bottom just a bit, and stuttering a tiny bit of whine into her moans. Clearly, she's unhappy about Micah walking in on this. A single glance at her pussy is all I need. That's as wet as I've ever seen her as if the ocean behind those lips shifted to high tide level in a fraction of a second.

"Hi." I greet Micah with a gentle smile on my face. "Welcome to my place. It's kind of like Fantasy Island here: *anything* can happen!" I but a sultry tone into the last of it.

Micah stands frozen, his eyes still locked on Joanne. I wonder if he's seeing her, or seeing the hand I have between her cheeks. It's so obvious where I'm playing around. And just as obvious that Joanne is loving it as much as she's uncomfortable about Micah's being here. I can see a little rosiness blushing into her cheeks from here.

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It takes Micah several seconds, and a little swat to the back of his head from Izzy, for Micah to greet me.

"I was just finding out that this wench has the pussy of gutter whore. I'll only be a minute. Have a seat. Slave, serve my guests."

"Oh, Yes, Mistress!" Sophie squeals excitedly. She hurries to show Izzy and Micah to the sofa, then offers them a drink. Both accept, and Sophie decided to serve Micah first. I'm sure she does that only to tease him. Sophie is very attractive and wearing a very see-through slutty dress. She kneels before Micah, offering him his chosen drink of her homemade sweet tea atop her upturned palms. It's the first time Micah takes his eyes off Joanne's squirming form.

I massage inside Joanne's bottom for another half minute or so. It's long enough for some obvious urgency to creep into her blossoming moans. Then I slowly slip my finger out of her bottom. I pull my gloves off. "Wench, stay." I remind Joanne as I toss my gloves into the trash can. I leave Joanne there, leaning over the stool and staring at the wall unable to see the people on my sofa. People she has to know are watching her. A group which she knows includes Micah now.

I take a seat across from Izzy. Sophie hurries to fetch me a coffee. Izzy just smirks widely.

Micah is every bit as geeky as Izzy described him. He's slightly short for a guy, maybe 5'8" or so. He's lean and wiry, but not muscular. He has short blond hair, like his mom. He has thick glasses like her, too. And his clothes... aren't exactly the latest in fashion, although they're decent quality. He sits, his eyes back on Joanne. He fidgets a bit, too.

"Oh, don't worry about that worthless little wench over there," I say to Micah in a slightly-teasing sweet voice. "It doesn't mind waiting while I entertain my guests."

Micah hasn't a clue what to say that. He stutters for a moment, then stops and decides to say nothing. Which is probably the smartest

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thing he could do.

"Is that one as skanky as the one you had here last time I dropped in?" Izzy asks. I know she doesn't care how skanky Joanne is. I have to think to remember which toy was here last time Izzy popped over. Kelsey, I think. I'm sure Izzy hasn't a clue how skanky Kelsey was. But I'm sure Izzy knows one thing: this topic is going to make Micah as uncomfortable as Joanne so obviously is.

"Oh, this one is even worse!" I say sweetly with just a hint of a giggle in my voice. "Its pussy is about the sloppiest I've ever seen, and I haven't done anything to it yet! All that moaning was just from checking it's butt. Which, by the way, is also totally skanky!"

Izzy giggles, and it doesn't sound forced. Like my other two BFFs, Izzy doesn't share my tastes. But she does love to have fun. And teasing can be a lot of fun. She doesn't really mind seeing things here, as long as they don't directly involve her or any of her friends. I'm guessing her eager willingness to tease Micah means she doesn't consider him a friend.

I see that Micah hasn't taken his eyes off of Joanne's body. I suspect part of the reason is that from this view he can't see her face, so it's not reminding him whose body he's so obviously gawking at. Plus, from this angle, or really any angle, Joanne has a very pretty body. I also suspect the sight of a naked woman is a true rarity for him. I'm too evil to leave that alone, so I ask him "you're staring! What is it, is this the first naked girl you've ever seen?"

Micah starts to stutter again. Izzy lightly punches his shoulder, "don't be rude!" He stutters for another second, then very reluctantly admits "yeah..."

Izzy holds her giggle in. Sophie smirks, but that's it. I smile at him. This is working out better than I'd planned! My inner imp screams for me to let her out to play.

I stand up and hold my hand out. "Come on," I say sweetly. He

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moves a bit slowly, but he stands and takes my hand. He doesn't say anything but doesn't resist as I lead him over towards Joanne. Of course, I lead him around towards her bottom, not her face.

Joanne is exactly how I left her. She stares at the wall, seeing nothing but. She quivers and fidgets, but not too much.

I bring Micah up behind her. From here he can see everything. Her firm rounded bottom pulled tautly, it's globes still sweetly rounded. Her lean legs. Her flat back. And the silky smooth bare lips of her pussy, with the light fur visible on her pubes beneath. And he can see her narrow, but deep-looking, gash. And that's glistening brightly with a heavy coat of her honey. He can see the deep-V of her crack, naturally parted wide enough to allow him to see the dark ring of her asshole, too.

I pull on a pair of gloves, snapping them loudly so Joanne will hear me. I point to her slit. "See all that pussy skank?" Micah doesn't need to look. He's already staring raptly at her pussy. He just nods gently.

"I told you this wench has the pussy of a gutter whore, didn't I?" I say in a taunting honeyed voice. I take hold of her lips and pull them wide, baring her most intimate areas for Micah's eyes. "See? Look how sloppy it is!" I pause a moment, then point to her prominent clit. "And see how hard her clit is?"

Again Micah nods dumbly, his eyes taking in the pornographic sights before them.

I hold Joanne's lips with one hand. I point to her narrow pussy. "See that pussy there? It looks so small. Well, of course, it hasn't had much use to stretch that muscle out, has it? It's not like men would want a pussy so filthy as this one!"

I grin wide. "Here, I'll show you!" I take one finger, held straight, and put it to the entrance of her tunnel. I start slipping it slowly into Joanne's pussy. It's still fiery hot, and if it's not my imagination, it's even wetter than before. I know it's twitching a little more firmly, I can feel

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that around my finger.

Micah stares at her pussy and my finger, his eyes as eagerly wide as ever.

Joanne struggles hard with herself. She loses, managing to last only until I've gotten just the first knuckle into her. Then she purrs a very sensual moan. And she keeps purring than primal moan the entire time my finger is easing its way into her. I leave it inside her pussy, holding it still. Joanne feels it and fidgets even more.

"See what I mean, Micah? There are no chains or ropes holding her, are there? Nope. Yet she's staying right there. Didn't move the whole time. You didn't know she was coming over here and serving me, did you?"

This time he speaks, breathing out a muted "no."

"She doesn't want you to know. She's been coming for a long time now. I won't tell you what she's done, but I'll just say this. This is one of the skankiest wenches I've met! She didn't want you to know she's just a worthless wench. She wants you to think she's a person! So she's been lying to you, putting on this facade for all these years, trying so hard to make you think she's actually a mother. She's not. She's a useless wench with the pussy of a cheap gutter whore. She knows it. Just as she knows I own her. That's why she's staying there. She's my bitch. She'll do whatever I want her to do. Even if it's the most humiliating thing she's ever done. Like standing here now and letting you see just what a slutty bitch she is."

I have to crane my neck to see it, but I see the little tears running down Joanne's cheeks. I also feel the twitches in her pussy grow fierce and urgent. And that pussy wouldn't feel hotter on my finger if there was a plasma torch in it. It's exactly what I thought it would be. A new level of absolute humiliation for her that's pushed her to a new height of arousal. And I'm just getting started.

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"I'll prove it!" I say excitedly to Micah. "Ask her one question, anything you can dream up, no matter how embarrassing or personal for this wench. She will be a good wench and give you a proper answer. Whether she wants to or not. Go on, ask her anything!"

"Uh... mom..." Micah stutters, "do you want to leave? We can go."

Joanne starts crying. "No, Sir." she says through her sobs, "please, Sir, please. I don't want to go now, Sir... Please!"

Micah looks stunned. He still stares at her pussy, my finger just lying inside it. "Mom... you don't have to stay...."

"Yes, I do!" Joanne screeches out between heavy sobs. "If I leave I can't come back, ever! Please, Sir, please Sir, don't ask me to leave! Please, Sir... I need to stay, Sir! I'll... I'll go crazy if I have to leave. Please, Ma'am, please don't kick me out, Ma'am!"

"Why?" Micah blurts out suddenly. It's now his third question, but this is kind of fun to listen to, so I don't say anything.

"Because I need to stay, Sir! Please! Please, Ma'am, please Sir, please. Sir... I'm so sorry! I didn't want you to know... but I need to be here. Ms. Rodgers is right, she owns me. I want to stay and serve her, Sir. I need this!"

"But why???" Pure disbelief in his voice.

Joanne cries even harder. "Because this is what I am, Sir. I am just her wench. I want to be her wench, Sir... PLEASE! Please, I'm begging you, Sir, just go and leave me here, Sir, and forget what you're seeing."

"No," I say firmly. "Micah won't forget what he's seen. Now he knows that you're a wench with a whore's pussy. Now he knows you. The real you." I wiggle the tip of my finger suddenly and firmly, but gently. Joanne, still crying, just as suddenly shrieks out the sluttiest moan at full volume. Her hips shudder wildly for a few seconds. Then I stop

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wiggling my finger and she mostly stills back to as still as she was. In a few more seconds her shriek fades and she sobs in frustration for a second. "See what I mean? That skanky cum dumpster between her thighs needs this. It knows who owns it." I slide my finger back out slowly, and Joanne purrs a deep moan the entire way.

I take one step back and pull my gloves off. They end up in the trash. I snap my fingers loudly. "sit, wench," I use a stern voice.

"Yes, Ma'am." Joanne immediately replies. She hurries to stand up, then sits on the stool exactly as she was before. I scold her to not be a rude bitch and to sit facing my guests so they can see all of her skankiness. She turns and sits demurely still and silent as the tears roll down her cheeks.

I take Micah back to the sofa and he sits. I sit back across from him. He stares at Joanne. I can see utter disbelief on his face.

I ask Micah if he's ever been on a real date. He says "kind of," but he goes on to tell me that "kind of" means he's been out for a little while with a girl like he was with Izzy tonight. He considers that a date, since a girl agreed to go somewhere, anywhere, with him.

It's hard not to laugh. Especially now that I know Izzy took him to Best Buy! She's in need of a new laptop, and (just as I would have done) helped herself to his expert advice on the current offerings. That is so not a date! Dates are supposed to be fun. Then again, maybe looking at laptops is fun for Micah. God, I hope not. That would be... pathetic.

I ask him a few more questions and learn that his entire experience with girls, his entire romantic life, consists of a single kiss, no tongue, and that was on a dare. He's never had a real date, a real kiss, seen, or touched, a real woman.

Even though he's sitting with his legs snugly together, I can see the bulge at his crotch. Guys aren't good at hiding those. I guess he's gotten past the "it's mom!" ickiness of it. His eyes seem to. Those are locked on her very shapely and ample breasts.

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"I think I'll keep this wench tonight. I'm out of toilet paper, and my slave might need someone to lick her bottom clean or something." With that evil smirk on my face, I turn to Joanne, "You wouldn't mind, would you wench? You'd lick my slave's bottom clean for me, wouldn't you, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Joanne confesses in a very shamed and muted voice.

Micah cringes, but still stares at her breasts.

"Since you haven't even been on a date, you're still a boy. Men have had a date. I can't leave a boy home alone all night, that would be irresponsible of me! Luckily I have a solution." I smirk a little wider. "I have just the babysitter for you!"

I glare right into Micah's eyes. "You will behave for my babysitter. Be a good boy and I might have a little reward for you later. Will you behave your little boy bottom?"

Micah cringes again. I'm sure Joanne has left him home alone plenty. He is 18. He could move out if he wanted to. I did, even though I'm still close with my mom. I'd bet he hasn't had a babysitter in many years. I'll bet the idea is kind of degrading for him. I wonder if he's going to accept it, or balk. Since he doesn't belong to me, I can't exactly make him do anything. But he hasn't left yet, either. After a minute he finally agrees "sure..."

Sophie hands me my phone and I make a call, ordering the woman I have in mind to "come fetch a little boy to babysit for a while."

Then I point out that Micah's tea is empty. I send Joanne to fetch him another. She very obediently serves him humbly, just as Sophie did. On her knees, her knees and feet spread wide apart, the tea offered to him atop upturned palms even with and six inches out from her too-stiff nipples. She even very politely says "here is your tea, Sir, thank you for allowing this worthless wench to serve you, Sir."

Micah takes it without a word.

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I send Joanne back to sit on the stool. I wait while Micah swallows his sip. "Don't worry about that wench." I say in a teasing voice to him, "I'll take care of it. If it stops thinking about being shamed and starts behaving its slutty butt, I might even allow it to masturbate tonight!" I turn to Joanne, "You'd like it if I allowed you to diddle that skank pit, wouldn't you, wench?"

"Oh, yes, Ma'am," Joanne answers eagerly a hopeful note in her voice.

"Are you that horny, wench? Seriously? I mean here you are naked in front of your son, and he's just seen for himself how skanky your filthy cum hole is. And you're horny instead of shamed to death?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Joanne squeaks out in a properly shamed voice.

Fifteen minutes later there's a knock at the door. I send Sophie to answer it. She lets Billie in. Billie is a 30-year-old toy who belongs to my friend Andrea. But Andrea, a flight attendant, has an irregular schedule so I sometimes help her out with her toys. And she doesn't mind if I make use of them myself, as long as I let her know what I'm doing. Billie, one of the needier toys in Andrea's toybox, is no stranger to coming here. Nor is she unaccustomed to impromptu summonses from me.

She's married to a "vanilla" husband. While he doesn't play and prefers not to be around while she plays, he doesn't mind if we use her for things like this. I've used her for a babysitter, of varying degrees of sluttiness, a few times now. Her husband seems to actually enjoy it when we do. Andrea has noted it, and I know she's planning to explore that. To see just what's interesting him, why, and how she might use that.

Sophie shows Billie to a place on the sofa beside Izzy.

Billie is a pretty woman who looks to be close to her true age. Maybe she could pass for a year or two younger, but that's about it. She's fairly short at 5'4", and thin at 120 pounds. She has dark hair that's just over her shoulders, brown eyes, and an attractive roundish face with a

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wide mouth. Her breasts are smaller, and a touch less firm than Joanne's, but she has some wide stiff nipples that Micah isn't going to be seeing. In appearance, she's fairly opposite of Joanne.

I look Billie in the eyes. That, plus my firm voice, I hope lets her know that I'm not asking. I'm telling. "This little virgin boy here is Micah. You will take him to your house and mind him until I say otherwise. He is not allowed to use a computer or a phone or any electronic gizmo except a tv or radio." Out of the corner of my eyes, I see Micah's eyes pop out of his head. He does not look happy. "He's also a very horny little boy. I don't want him to hurt himself, so you will ensure he doesn't play with his little pecker. Watch him very closely. I'm sure he's already thinking of how he's going to sneak a little climax in on you. If he does, you will pay dearly. I will call you instructions later."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers." Billie answers.

I nod and she stands up. She turns to Micah, reaches down, and takes hold of his hand. She uses an almost baby-talk voice, as if she's talking to a very young child, and tells him "stop looking at that skanky thing and come along, little boy! It's got to getting past your bedtime now. I'm Mrs. Yates, by the way, and I'm your babysitter."

Micah stands and dumbly allows Billie to lead him out, his eyes glancing back to the mutely sitting Joanne a few times.

*Part 2:
A Slave Show*



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It's now 7:00 Saturday evening. For over 24 hours Joanne has been here serving me shamelessly. She spent her day doing most anything imaginable. I had chores for her to do, all of which she did naked while I monitored her with my crop in hand. She spent an hour as my footstool, also while I had my crop in hand to ensure she didn't move since furniture doesn't move. She served my meals while I allowed Sophie to join me. She rubbed my feet while Sophie served me and rubbed my shoulders. I've kept her "busy," meaning in use, constantly. I've also kept her fully naked since she arrived here.

An hour ago Sophie and I had our supper. After serving us, Joanne got her supper. The same thing she always gets here: our table scraps. Like a humble slave, Joanne always thank me profusely for them, too. Then I had Sophie lock her in a kennel that I keep in a corner of the playroom behind a screen. That way, whoever I'm bringing into the playroom can't see the kennel, or who is in the kennel at the moment.

We hadn't had Joanne in the kennel for more than five minutes when Larissa arrived. As usual, Sophie met her at the door, let her in, and immediately took her clothes.

Larissa is another of the toys in my toy box. Like many of my toys, she's married. Like some of the married ones, her husband doesn't want to be directly involved in Larissa's sessions. It's for the same reason she comes to see me in the first place. Larissa craves sweet suffering. Nothing gets her more aroused than being forced to wait for her climax. The longer the better. As she waits, she does so very graphically. She's noisy, moaning loudly, and squirms hard, almost struggling against the bonds that hold her. And bondage is necessary; without it, Larissa wouldn't lie there and enjoy it. But her husband sees it as Larissa being uncomfortable and struggling and suffering. He won't stand there and see it without interrupting it. But once it's over, he doesn't mind knowing about it or seeing it, as long as Larissa is with him at the time.

Larissa doesn't come to amuse me that often, only about once every

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two months. It's just enough to relieve the ache that builds inside her, leaving the rest of her sex life to her husband. But when she does come, after waiting so long to come, she's always very eager to suffer. Which translates into especially squirmy, meaning extra entertaining to me.

Larissa is somewhat larger of a woman than Joanne. Larissa stands 5'8" tall and weighs 160 pounds. She has long curly brown hair with a slight reddish tinge to it that hangs down past her shoulders. She has an oval face with a wide mouth, framed with full, medium pink lips and a bright smile. She has brown eyes. And she has a long, narrow, and short nose with moderately angular lines to it.

Larissa isn't skinny, but she isn't fat either. She does carry a few extra pounds, just enough to give her a straight figure, instead of a curvy waist. But also not enough to really puff her stomach out. And she has lightly olive-toned skin, giving her an appearance as if she were Mediterranean or more likely here in the south, Hispanic. Not fully, but more like ¼ or less. She's 41, and by her appearance naked, she looks to be about her true age. A well kept 41, but still somewhere close to 40-ish.

The first thing anyone tends to notice about Larissa is her breasts. It's hard not to. They're a size 40-E, and no matter what she's wearing, they stand out. With her standing naked now, they're just as obvious. Like any breasts as large as hers, they're soft and hang down against her chest. But even so, they don't look saggy. Her nipples are fairly average-sized, with rounded tips, standing up stiff. They're surrounded by huge rings of the same light brown-purple color.

Her hips look full, not wide. They sport a neat triangle of a bush, it's edges trimmed into crisp lines inside her thighs and at the top. At the bottom, its point is wide and rounded to stay above her lips. Lips that are very long, fairly wide, and only moderately puffy. Like most of my toys, her lips are shaven silky smooth. Her thighs have just a scant few extra pounds on them, all of which are at the tops. But it's not enough to hide the mound of her pussy or the dark deep-purple line of her slit.

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I've chosen Larissa to be my amusement tonight for a variety of reasons. One of them, a prominent one, is that within the limits of what I'll keep in my toybox, Larissa is about the polar opposite of Joanne. Slightly older, but also a bit prettier. She's also larger and less curvy. Plus she's olive-complected against Joanne's milky whiteness.

She's been here enough before that she knows my rules. She's my property, to do with as I fancy. She knows that she'll be swiftly punished harshly for any infractions of my rules, too. She's also been here enough that she's not really nervous or even embarrassed anymore to be standing there naked along my wall. As she waits, I can see the look on her face is a mixture of impatience, the boredom of waiting, and an eagerness to get what she's really here for: teased mercilessly. I make her wait. I make her stand there for at least ten minutes, knowing she's thinking of what's to come, wondering what I might have in store for her tonight. And I know that's slowly getting her aroused.

Eventually, she starts to fidget ever-so-slightly. It only takes about a minute of that before I see her mound, and the creases of her thighs start to sparkle a bit with a fresh dose of her honey. Honey that glistens very brightly. Now I know she's ready.

I amble over casually. Just as casually I grab hold of one her soft, spongy breasts, squeezing it firmly in my hand. "Come along, slut." I don't wait for an answer. I just keep a firm grip on that breast and start leading her back to the playroom.

I have it all set up for her. I walk her straight over to where I have a pair of wooden sawhorses standing. Then I push her up against the center of the beam of one. "Stay," I say it very firmly.

I kneel down and have Larissa spread her feet until they're against the legs of the sawhorse. Almost immediately, Sophie puts a length of rope in my hand. I start with three snug coils of rope around Larissa's ankle. Then I wind three more around the leg of the sawhorse, pulling Larissa's ankle firmly against it. And then, it's three coils around both

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Larissa's leg, just above the three around her ankle, and around the sawhorse. Finally, I tie the rope off. I do the same with another piece of rope and Larissa's other ankle.

I push Larissa down, putting the beam firmly against her hips and bending her over it. With my foot, I nudge the legs of the second sawhorse to put its beam squarely under Larissa's shoulders. While I use one hand lightly holding Larissa down on the beams, Sophie hands me a long piece of the hemp rope. I drape it across her shoulders, letting its ends hang down under her armpits. I take one end of the rope and start winding snug coils of it around both Larissa's arm and the beam, lying one coil square against the next. I start at the very top of Larissa's arm and wind my way all the way down to her wrist before finally tying it off. Then I do the same with the other end of the rope and Larissa's other arm. Now her arms are fully covered by the snug coils of rope, and just as fully bound to the beam of the sawhorse.

Now I have Sophie fetch me two narrow leather straps, each about ¼" wide. I take one, winding three loops of it around the top of Larissa's thigh at its crease, and tie that off. I take the other end of the cord and wind it once over the beam before pulling it tightly to the leg of the sawhorse. I wind three tight coils of the strap around the beam, then three more around the leg of the sawhorse, and finally tie it off. Then I do the same with Larissa's other thigh.

It leaves her bound decently immobile as she leans over the beam, the second beam supporting her upper body and keeping her from standing up. It also keeps her hands out of it, rendering them unusable to her. But it leaves her pussy mound fully exposed between her widely splayed thighs. And it leaves the cheeks of her bottom fully bared for me. And it leaves me full access to her asshole. And it leaves her huge breasts dangling down free as they hang in mid-air. It pretty much leaves all of her body fully accessible to me, except her arms and ankles, which I don't need to get to. And it keeps Larissa right where I put her.

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With Larissa's legs spread wide open nothing impedes the view of her pussy. And her lips part slightly, widening her narrow slit into a deep gash that bares the edges of her deep purple-brown inner folds. And a very hard clit nestled in the wrinkles where those folds meet. All of which glimmers brightly with a thick layer of clingy honey.

I plan to be here for a minute, so I have Sophie fetch me a little stool to sit upon. There's no reason why I shouldn't be comfortable while I torture Larissa, is there? Once I'm seated behind Larissa, her pussy is perfectly even with my eyes.

With her lips spread, even just this little bit, I don't need to open them. Her clit is already fully bared. Sophie passes me a hemostat. It's a clamp made for surgeons that looks like a pair of scissors and locks shut. It has small jaws at its top. All of which makes it perfect for this. I gently ease the jaws around her swollen nub, using them to push down the folds nestling it, and slowly close them just as carefully. I don't close them tightly, only snug enough for them to grip her throbbing clit and hold it still.

Larissa doesn't need any teasing. Just standing there, tied over the beam, is enough to arouse her. I can see it.

I have Sophie hand me a tickler. This one has little bristles on it, kind of like a toothbrush, only made of very soft rubber. Moving it very slowly, I begin drawing the bristles lightly over Larissa's captive nub.

At the first touch of those bristles, Larissa screeches out a very erotic, and just urgent, moaning, squealing, cry. She stiffens. Her reflexes try to pull her forward to get her too-hungry nub away from the tease. The ropes and beam do their job. Her hips don't move forward even a fraction of an inch. Her nub stays right where I'm holding it, suffering the sweet teasing strokes of those tiny rubber fingers. Her hips try to squirm hard. The straps do their job and keep her almost fully still. She screeches louder, struggling hard against the bonds, and staying put while I tease her.

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I'm not known for mercy. I am known for merciless teasing. I keep drawing those bristles slowly back and forth over Larissa's nub, using the hemostat to hold her clit perfect still while I tease it.

It doesn't take but a few seconds. Her pussy floods with her creamy-thick honey. Her screeches turn to near mousy high-pitched screams. She shudders harder and harder with each second. And she squirms, testing the bonds hard, and going nowhere. She cries out a desperate plea for me to stop, telling me that it's too intense, that the sparks shooting through her pussy and body are so hot as to sting. She begs for mercy. Her pussy begins to twitch crisply.

I keep going for a moment until I see her nub flushing a deep-blood red. It starts throbbing so hard I can see it pulsing with her heartbeat. I watch the goosebumps erupt on her lips. A second later they cover the crease of her thighs. And a second after that, they're flowing out across her cheeks.

I keep going. Her honey, too thick to squirt or run, steadily flows from her pussy, coating her pinkness anew and clinging to everything. Larissa screeches desperately, which is about all she can do. Then I see her asshole start spasming, tensing up hard then briefly relaxing, endlessly.

I know then that Larissa is close to an orgasm. Unlike most of my toys, Larissa isn't obedient when it comes to her orgasms. She'll cum. She won't fight herself not to, no matter what punishment she'll immediately endure for cumming without permission. Knowing that I pull the tickler away. She might not care about waiting until I want her to cum, but I do. So I just won't push her far enough until I want her to cum. That's what she needs anyway. She needs to not be able to climax, to be forced to wait until I want her to cum.

I leave the clamp on her clit, letting it hang from her aching nub. I spread her lips wide now, baring all of her wrinkly inner folds. Those aren't as nerve-laden. I run the tickler over them for a few minutes.

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Larissa moans urgently, her moans soon taking on a hungry and pleading tone. Her squirms ease slightly as well. I keep teasing her purplish lips, taking my time, letting her ebb back a bit from the edge of her climax.

Once I'm confident she's no longer quite ready to cum, I return the tickler to her clit and tease it again. She instantly snaps back into full-slut mode, screeching with all her lungs, her hips squirming against the ropes even as they shudder sharply along with the rest of her body.

While I'm focused on her pussy, taking care not to make her cum, I can't help but glancing along under her stomach a few times too. She's not fat, but her stomach, its skin having lost its youthful elasticity, does hang down just a little. But her huge breasts dangle down much further. From behind her, their underside is exposed to me, as are her nipples, which are straining to a new height of hardness as they stick straight down. They bounce wildly around, even though her shoulders are bound firmly to the beam under them.

That goes on for around half an hour, me teasing her clit until she's on the very edge of orgasm, then stopping and teasing someplace less sensitive as she ebbs back, before repeating. Finally, it gets to the point where I can only touch her clit for a couple of seconds with my tickler before she's too close to climax and I have to stop for a long break. By then, Larissa is so tortured by the unobtainable orgasm that she never stops screeching out her girly shrieks as she squirms and shudders.

I leave the clamp on her clit as I stand up. I have Sophie move my stool around to Larissa's side, and I take a seat beside one of her breasts. Hers are some of the largest I've seen. They're spongy and soft, but also firm. And they're wide enough that I can't wrap my hand fully around one without squeezing it hard. Long enough that my hand can squeeze only about half its length at a time, too.

I wrap my hand as much as I can reach around the closer breast, Larissa's left one, with my hand against her chest. I squeeze it firmly, but not hard, holding it steady. Sophie hands me another hemostat. With my

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hand holding her spongy mound firmly, it doesn't bounce as her other one does. It's still, even the half of it that's free beneath my hand. As is its nipple. I put the wide-open jaws of the clamp around her nipple. I close them slowly, taking almost twenty seconds to close them enough for them to have a good, but not painful, pinching grip on her hard nipple.

Larissa moans as the jaws squeeze down on her nub. Once I have them tight enough, I release her mound. But I keep hold of the clamp. Sophie hands me a feather. I hold the clamp firmly, keeping her nipple perfectly still in its jaws and in the space around it. I slowly draw the edge of the feather's soft bristles over the rounded tip of her nub.

At its first touch goosebumps erupt instantly over the entirety of Larissa's mound. Her shoulders snap hard upwards as if to pull her nipple from me. The ropes do their job; her shoulder doesn't move a bit. The muscles of her back tense to steel as they try to jerk her breasts away, but that's all. Her breast stays still. Her other breast flies around wildly, but the one I'm playing with stays still for me. Larissa cries out a moan just as high-pitched and desperately as if I was teasing her pussy. Her hips even squirm just as eagerly.

I keep going, teasing her nipple with my feather. One stroke along its tip. One stroke along the exposed part of its side just below the clamp. One stroke along its tip. One stroke along its other side. Repeat. Watch the show as Larissa squirms, squeals, and shudders. But despite the icy hot chills it sends racing through her breast and then her body, it's not quite enough to make her climax. At least not in the twenty minutes I make her lie there over the beam and suffer it.

And then I move on. To her other breast. I wouldn't want it to get jealous! It deserves equal attention. And it gets it. Which has Larissa spending another twenty agonizing minutes leaning over the beam and suffering fresh chills as I tease that hard nub.

Twenty minutes later, with both nipples now teased to a burning sensitivity, I have my stool behind Larissa again. With her pussy at my

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eye-level, I have Sophie hand me a small spreader. This one is like two popsicle sticks made of strong and firm plastic attached to the top of a pair of scissors. Scissors that open, not that close, then their handle is squeezed. I gently ease it's blades into Larissa's pussy until I feel their tips touching her cervix. Larissa purrs a very hungry moan as they slide into her.

I squeeze the handle, spreading the blades slowly. It stretches the meaty walls of her pussy, opening her tunnel up just as slowly. I don't stretch her wide. Just wide enough for what I want to do, stopping with her tunnel held open about wide enough for a thumb to enter the gape.

Larissa's honey is thick. Not quite pasty, but thick. It's clear with a moderately musky aroma to it. It's thinner than grease but thicker than oil. It's not sticky, but it's clingy, and now a heavy layer of it clings to everything while more of it lies along the bottom of her inner walls. I have Sophie hand me a little spoon, like the one my favorite ice cream shop gives me with a free taste of a flavor. With that, I scoop the excess honey from the bottom of her tunnel. Then I scoop a little more from the top wall of her tunnel, too.

Now that her inner walls are even less shielded, I have Sophie pass me a feather. I slip the tip of the narrow feather into Larissa's pussy, letting its edge stroke along the top of her tunnel and tease her spongy wall as it casually enters her.

Larissa screams the hottest and most desperate moan yet. Her body shudders crisply, snapping hard against the bonds that hold her still. And hold her pussy still and in place for me. Her breasts fly around in space. Her hands ball up into fists. Her toes curl up. She screams another moan, just as hot, until her lungs run out of air.

I just keep leisurely stroking the feather over her nervy walls until it's fully inside her, its tip touching the hard muscle of her cervix. Then I shift it slightly and start sliding it back out. This time its other edge is stroking along the bottom wall of her tunnel. Which has just as graphic of

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an effect on Larissa.

Finally, the feather completes its circuit into her pussy. I take its tip and for a fleeting second, I flick its so-soft tip over her equally hard clit. That gets just as hard of a reaction from her. Then it's time for another lap into her pussy.

By the third lap, her honey has started pooling at the bottom of her slightly-gaping pussy. And Larissa screeches and squirms just as hard as ever.

I wonder briefly how long Larissa will be able to stand this without cumming. Then I wonder why I'm wondering. Why wonder when I can find out! Which is what I do. I keep going, endlessly repeating my teasing circuit into her pussy and over the tip of her still-captive clit until I see the inside walls of her pussy twitching sharply as the edge of an impending climax seeps into her nerves. Now knowing that the answer is 18 minutes, I stop.

Larissa groans out a long cry of frustration and pants hard. The twitches in her pussy take long to ease up, and then they ease slowly as she ebbs back from the precipice.

I have Sophie hand me a couple of little strips of medical adhesive tape. It's perfect to tape the spreader in place, holding her pussy wide open. Then I have Sophie hand me another, identical, spreader.

I push her cheeks wide apart, fully baring the dark-purple-brown ring of her clenched asshole. I put the lightly greased tips of the spreader's blades against her ring and watch her muscle tense to its full hardness. Larissa cries out a very panicked "Please, Ma'am, NO! You'll kill me! Please!" That's all she has time to cry out before her cry turns to a squealy-deep moan as I start easing the blades into her tight hole.

Larissa's asshole isn't as deep as her pussy. The ring of muscle extending no more than about $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ inch. Beyond that, there's only the thin membrane of her bowels. That's wider and far more easily stretched

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than her muscle is. I casually open the spreader, stretching her asshole open, until it's gaping about as much as her pussy. Just about the width of a thumb. Not enough for it to really be uncomfortable for Larissa. Enough for her to definitely feel herself held stretched open, and for it to feel weird, but not enough to be uncomfortable.

It's all the opening I need. I don't even need a light to see into her dark ring. It's like looking through a little tube, the skin over her asshole being dark enough purple that it almost looks black. But it's not a long tube, no longer than a finger width. Beyond that is the pink-red membrane, visible for about an inch, heavily laced with deep purple wide veins and deep red arteries. Then... what I'd expect to see up a butt blocks my view of everything.

Before I do anything I have Sophie hand me a couple more strips of tape and secure the tips of the spreader to Larissa's cheek. It'll hold her asshole gaping open just wide enough for my little thumb to slip through without really stretching her ring. The blades now cover about 1/3 of her asshole, leaving a wide swath of her ring bared between them.

I start with the tip of the feather, this time touching it to the taut skin atop her ring of rubbery muscle. And I just flick it lightly over that muscle.

Larissa screams a moan that equal parts panic, agony, and bliss. Her entire body, not just her hips, snaps crisply, jerking sharply against the bonds. She's held still, leaning over the beam, her bottom unable to do anything but wait for its next tease. I flick the feather over her ring again. And again. I constantly tease the very sensitive flesh not just atop her asshole, but all the way along her muscle to its very back.

I spend about ten minutes teasing just Larissa's asshole. Larissa spends every second of that time screaming and thrashing. Except for her pussy, that spends its time twitching and oozing honey that, by the end, covers her lips and the creases of her thighs just as heavily as her pussy.

And then, I move my tease inward. I stroke the thin membrane of

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her bowel, just beyond her open asshole, with the tip of the feather. And I make sure that its tip follows along just beside those thick veins, where Larissa's nerves are the densest. That manages to get an even more desperate scream of sweetness from her. Not louder, though, she's long since been at full volume. And she squirms hard, despite knowing for certain by now that she's tightly bound in place.

I make Larissa suffer ten minutes or so of that, too. Then instead of stopping, I spend another ten minutes teasing both her insides and her asshole. She spends that time just as graphically enthusiastic as before.

And then I allow Larissa a brief rest. About one whole minute! It's 59.9 seconds longer than she deserves. But I want to make sure she has all her wits for what's coming next. While she's waiting, I blindfold her.

I have Sophie silently bring Joanne out of her kennel. Joanne comes obediently, not hesitating. She has to know there's a woman in the playroom, a woman who has been suffering a lot of teasing at my hand. A woman who has been getting the very attention Joanne craves, yet also feels her undeserving of. As Loud as Larissa has been, Joanne couldn't have helped but listen to the full-volume shrieking moans for the last couple of hours.

Sophie, pinching one of Joanne's nipples in her fingers as a leash, brings Joanne over to me. I wait behind Larissa.

"Knees, wench," I say sternly, pointing down to the floor directly behind Larissa's pussy. Joanne quickly drops to her knees, which has her face right in front of Larissa's sopping wet pussy. Definitely close enough for Joanne to be inhaling Larissa's hungry muskiness.

"Tease, wench." I snap a firm command.

"Oh, God, NOOOO!" Larissa cries out desperate and panicked. Her hips thrash, trying to free herself before anything even happens.

Joanne just uses her hands to efficiently pull Larissa's lips wide open, fulling baring every been of purple-pinkness in it's full, and fully

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drenched, glory. Joanne puts her lips to Larissa's pussy.

"Tease" is a specific command I teach my toys. Joanne learned it long ago, and she's better-than-average at doing it. It means for her to hold her mouth wide open. To stick her tongue out, lying its underside along the top of Larissa's aching, swollen clit. Then very slowly to circle her tongue around that rock-hard nub, tenderly licking every bit of its sides. When his tongue returns to its starting point on the highest side of the nub, she's to lick down, this time her tongue caressing the inside of one of Larissa's dark folds. Caress it all the way down to its end. Or in this case all the way up. That moves Joanne's tongue to the top of Larissa's pussy, just beneath Larissa's asshole. Now Joanne licks a slow circle around the rim of Larissa's pussy, slipping her tongue as far into Larissa as it will reach. This time is a little different for Joanne; I still have the spreader holding Larissa's pussy open, so Joanne has plenty of pussy wall to caress with her tongue. And with Larissa's pussy stretched a bit, it takes Joanne's tongue longer to make its lap around. After that, Joanne's tongue licks it way back down Larissa's other inner fold, all the way back to the giant wrinkle where her lips meet, and where her clit is poking out. She flicks her tongue once over the tip of Larissa's clit, then lies it along the top side of the nub, exactly where she started. Joanne obediently repeats endlessly, waiting to be told to stop.

Larissa screeches very desperate, very agonized, and even sweeter sultry moans. She squirms hard, thrashing her shuddering body against the bonds. Her pussy flows with honey, some of it ending up on Joanne's tongue, more of it on Joanne's face, and some of it even on my floor.

But as the command implies, this is a tease for Larissa. While it pushes her towards, and eventually to, the edge of climax, it's not quite enough to push her over the edge, at least not before a very agonizingly long suffering first. Larissa has suffered it before and knows now what she's in for. The sweetest of erotic anguish until I finally show her mercy.

I keep an eye on my watch as I leave Joanne teasing away. Larissa

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suffers, squirming harder and harder despite her obviously tiring. I let it go on for 35 minutes, until 9:30. This means Larissa has now been bent over the beam, teased so skillfully and sweetly, for two and a half hours. An eternity that I've managed to keep her almost at the edge of climax while denying her the release she's desperate for.

I tell Joanne to tease Larissa's backdoor. Joanne immediately moves her tongue up to Larissa's spread-open asshole. She slowly circles her tongue around its rim once. Then a second lap, this time her tongue caressing the even nervier flesh of her asshole all the way along its full deep length. And then Joanne's tongue makes a third lap, this time its tip straining hard to reach through Larissa's asshole and lick along the membrane of Larissa's bowels. The fourth lap it again around the depth of Larissa's asshole, bring her back out to the rim for Joanne to begin again.

Larissa screams the hottest cry yet as Joanne's tongue touches her overly-eager asshole. Her pitch rises up beyond girly, her desperation and intense agonizing arousal plain in her cry as Joanne's tongue caresses the depth of her asshole. Then as Joanne's tongue slips into her bottom and teases Larissa's bowel, her body shudders hard, half trembling and half convulsing, her scream so excited and urgent that it breaks. Larissa's panic is plain in it, too. Panic that she's not going to make it through the suffering I'm inflicting on her. Panic that I might not allow her the only thing she cares about anytime soon, an orgasm.

I stand beside Joanne with my crop in hand, reminding her to keep teasing "this bitch's filthy butt" until I say differently.

Sophie slips away, neither Joanne nor Larissa noticing. Blindfolded, Larissa won't see anything, not even who is licking her butt. Joanne might as well be blindfolded; Larissa's cheeks are so close to her eyes as to block almost all of Joanne's sight.

It's several minutes before Sophie returns. Maybe ten. I doubt either woman has any idea how long it is. I doubt Larissa can even

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remember who she is by then, much less care about what going on around her. I'm sure all Larissa can think about is the too-intense teases, those zillions of hot sparks shooting from her bottom, and flooding all of her body.

Sophie returns, leading Micah by his hand.

Micah freezes just inside the playroom door, his eyes wide, his jaw-dropping just as wide as he so blatantly stares at Larissa. It's a long moment before he recognizes his mother as the woman on her knees behind Larissa.

I wait for him to realize it. Then grinning widely, I very firmly say "wench, don't you dare give this bitch any mercy. Keep licking her asshole, wench!" I tap Joanne's bottom lightly with my crop hoping to remind her to behave. I turn to Micah, seeing the look of utter disbelief sweep his face.

I crook a finger to Micah. "Come over here, little boy. You can see for yourself what a totally filthy whore your mommy is." He stands still for a second until Sophie puts her hand to his butt and nudges him forward. "That's right, she's eating ass, not pussy. Isn't that so disgusting?"

As Micah gets close to me, Sophie still nudging him along, I gently take hold of his head. I bend him over a bit, pulling his head down until it's just a couple of inches over the small of Larissa's back. From there he has a perfect view of Joanne's tongue as it circles around, the circles, and then slips into, Larissa's gaping asshole. I hold his head there for a long moment before I stand him back up. Joanne behaves and keeps licking away, even as she hears me telling Micah "Look closer, watch mommy's tongue dive right up this fat bitch's butt!"

"Slave, make sure this wench doesn't misbehave," I say to Sophie. Sophie assures me Joanne won't misbehave. I don't doubt it, Sophie will punish her for so much as thinking about thinking about it. I take Micah by his hand, and almost have to drag him out of the playroom, his eyes

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staring at the naked Larissa, watching Larissa's pendulous breasts dance around almost as much as he watches Joanne licking Larissa's butt.

*Part 3:
The Good Boy's Reward*



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I walk Micah out to the sofa where Billie is waiting patiently, and sitting properly, although I doubt Micah notices that Billie sits demurely here. With his brain still struggling to process what he just saw, I doubt Micah notices anything. He just lets me dumbly walk him over and sit him close beside Billie.

I give him a minute. Maybe more like two or three until the stunned look fades from his face and he tries to ask a question. I shush him as he begins to stutter it. He immediately quiets. But now I have most of his attention. With Larissa shrieking so hotly and loudly that it sounds as if she's in this room instead of the next, it's as much of his attention as I'm going to get. And I'm not ready to show Larissa any mercy yet.

Tonight Micah is dressed up in decent slacks, a dress shirt, and a tie. I ask him "did you have a good date?"

"Oh, Yes!" He blurts out eagerly, not stuttering a bit this time.

He behaved all day for Billie and her husband Ted, even though I know he wasn't happy about being there. I decided to reward him with something I knew he desperately wanted: a real date. OK, an old-fashioned date chaperoned by Billie and Ted, but still a date.

Fortunately, I have a toy named Tabitha. She's my "designated date." It's kind of like a designated driver. I use her to date whomever I wanted to be dated. She goes, whether she knows the person or not. Regardless of anything, even the gender of the person I'm sending her out with. Always fully chaperoned. I'd never leave a sub alone and trust it to behave! And Tabitha does whatever I tell her to do on a date. Whatever. One the first date or the hundredth.

Tabitha is 20 and looks about her age. She's a good bit more attractive than she gives herself credit for being. She's decently tall, for a woman, at 5'7" and only slightly on the thick side at 158 pounds. That's only 35 pounds over ideal for her height. I'd bet at least ten of those pounds are on her chest, where they're considered a plus, not a minus, by

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most. She has a somewhat oval face with a little bit of sternness to it from her sharp features. But she also has straight honey-brown hair down to the bottoms of her shoulder blades, and radiant blue eyes atop a wide mouth framed with medium-plump medium-pink lips and a bright smile.

I'm sure many of the boys would just love her breasts. She's a 40-DDD and for a number of guys size alone rules. They're soft, hanging down onto her chest, but as large as they are pertness would be rare. I know they're nicely spongy in my hands. And they have wide nipples like half marbles that are a light-pink, surrounded by huge rings of color atop her milky-white mounds.

She has a defined feminine curve to her hips. Her stomach isn't flat and toned, but it does look good. Even with the extra pounds it only shows the slightest of paunch at her waistline, and there's nothing close to a flab roll despite her skins slight looseness. Her thighs and legs are shapely as well, only a scant hair wider at their very tops, but that's barely noticeable. There's a flat pussy mound with short-but-wide lips that meet in a neat pink line. Those lips, along with her pubes above, are shaven silky smooth.

She's also a perfect date for Micah. She's not so pretty that anyone seeing them together would think it was a set-up, or a dare, or a pity date. But she's cute enough that Micah is obviously pleased with her.

I'd instructed her to dress sexily for her date, and she sent me pictures of herself in a short crimson dress and high heels. She looked as sexy as she'll ever look in it. Her longish blond hair was pulled back into a ponytail.

I'd also told her to be very sweet to Micah, no matter how geeky he came across. She assured me she'd "please me." the grin on Micah's face tells me she was.

I ask Micah to tell me about his date.

He starts by telling me that "Tabby" is very pretty and so awesome.

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Then he goes on and on telling me how nice she was to him. How she didn't mind touching him and holding his hand. I'd told her to do both, liberally, and it sounds like she behaved.

He tells me that she danced with him, even though he can't dance well at all, but didn't seem to mind. She danced close, her body touching his. She didn't seem to mind that, either. He swears that he's "sure" she was interested in him. That when they were dancing he could feel her teasing him, pressing against him and wiggling. Which let him feel her ample, spongy-soft breasts grinding against his chest, and her pubes lightly against his crotch.

And he tells me about the good night kiss she gave him. A real kiss. A long kiss, with "lots of tongue" that he is also sure she really "got into."

He tells me that had Billie not been chaperoning them, he would have stayed forever, or at least as long as Tabitha would have let him.

And he tells me how Billie and Ted didn't interrupt them, but also watched them to "make sure they behaved like a gentleman and a lady." How they would warn him with a stern glance if he thought about getting "improper" with her. While he hated it, he says he's also glad they were there because he really didn't have a clue how to act on a date. This way they kept him from doing anything that might offend Tabitha and ruin his chances with her.

He doesn't seem to have a clue that it was all a setup, either. Tabitha did just what I told her to do, not caring whom I told her to do it with. Like a sub, caring only that she pleased me. I wanted Micah to have a fun date, so she was a sweet and fun date for him. He tells me that he thinks Tabitha really likes him, and he really hopes she'll go out with him again. He's dying to ask her.

I don't know what Tabitha thought of him. I doubt she cares much more than I do. She's quite happy as my designated date girl. What I do know is that she'll very eagerly go out with him again if I tell her to, and if

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I don't, she won't. Just as eagerly, she'll do whatever I want her to do with him. Whatever. And she won't care that "whatever" is just as chaperoned as everything else.

The entire time Micah is telling me about Tabitha, all of which I already know, I can see the bulge at his crotch again. I ask Billie "has he had that problem the whole evening?" as I point to the bulge. Micah blushes brightly. Billie giggles just a bit as she answers "pretty much, Ma'am."

"I guess you've never seen two girls together, have you?" I ask him.

"Uh, no," he answers quickly, his attention finally picking up on the screeching moans from the next room again.

"The polite answer is 'No, Ma'am,'" I tell him in a honeyed-but-firm voice. "Boys who want to see a girl-on-girl show should always be polite. So should boys who come into my house and don't want to get turned over my knees. I don't tolerate rude boys." I smile at him. "Would you like to see a girl eat a very sloppy pussy?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Micah answers with a lot of hopefulness in his voice.

"Would you like to watch your mommy eat that bitch's skanky pussy?"

"Yes, Ma'am." He says. That unbridled hopefulness is still in his voice, even as a bit of uncomfortableness creeps into it.

I take him by the hand. "then come along, and you may watch my wench as she eats that sloppy old bitch." I lead him back to the playroom. I walk him up standing him beside Larissa's hips. Then I nudge his head so he's staring down at Larissa's privates while Joanne continues licking Larissa's asshole.

I notice that Joanne's cheeks have a few pink splotches on them. Those, I know, are from the strap in Sophie's hand. No matter how tired

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Joanne's tongue grew, how much her jaw cramped, Sophie would never tolerate Joanne slacking up even the tiniest bit. I wanted Joanne teasing at full tease. Sophie wants me to get whatever I want.

"Lick pussy, wench," I snap the command.

Joanne immediately shifts her mouth down to Larissa's clit. Still holding her mouth stretched as wide open as she can, she puts her tongue to Larissa's clit and starts slowly swirling her tongue around and around Larissa's way-too-eager nub.

Larissa screams the most sultry, more tortured cry. She squirms as hard as ever, worse than if her bottom was on fire, but the straps hold her pussy firmly in place for Joanne's tongue.

Micah stares down. His eyes have a full view of Larissa's spread lips, her purplish pinkness in its full wetness, and even her spasming asshole in the valley between her soft cheeks. And of course, he has a perfect view of Joanne's honey-covered glistening face as her tongue swirls around the throbbing little bud.

It doesn't last long. Maybe a minute. That's all it takes for Larissa to cum with a screaming, shuddering hard orgasm. I leave Joanne licking away as the crisp shivering waves of the orgasm wash over Larissa for a good two minutes. Then I grab Joanne's hair and pull her head back. Larissa goes on cumming for well over another minute before her orgasm starts ebbing. In another minute she's hanging across the beams, her body still, loose and fully spent, panting hard for her breath as she drifts through her bliss.

"Slave, get rid of this skanky bitch," I tell Sophie. Then I reach down and clip a leash to Joanne's collar. As I take Micah by the hand, I snap for Joanne to come. I lead them both out to the living room, where Billie still waits patiently.

I have Joanne kneel before me. It has her side to Micah, which is what I want. That way he can see her curvy figure without having to

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really see his mom's face.

A couple of minutes later Sophie comes out of the playroom carrying Larissa's clothes, and almost dragging Larissa along by her breast. Larissa stumbles a lot, almost falls a couple of times, before Sophie puts her against the wall. Then Larissa stands on very wobbly legs, half in a blissful daze, sloppily pulling on her clothes as Sophie tells her to. That takes a couple of minutes, which Micah spends watching her. Then Sophie all but shoves her out the door. Sophie comes over and kneels down before me, beside Joanne, and waits for instructions.

"Coffee," I say sweetly. "I need a good jolt of caffeine after that show." I ask Micah if he'd care for a cup as well, and he says a polite "yes, Ma'am." I send Sophie to make it. When the pot is brewed, I send Joanne to the kitchen telling her to ask Sophie to allow her to serve Micah's cup.

In less than a minute Sophie is kneeling down before me offering me a cup of steaming hot coffee atop her upturned palms. And Joanne, still fully naked, is doing the same in front of Micah. As he takes the cup, Micah can't help but watch what he's doing. With Joanne's hands just in front of her nipples, he can't help but stare at her breasts, too. He seems to like those, especially when he's not seeing the face that goes with them.

I ask Micah if he'd care for "some entertainment" while we sip our coffees. He says OK, but he says it politely. The look on his face telling me he doesn't have even a guess what entertainment might mean around here.

I just sternly snap a command. "Dance, wench." Instantly Joanne is up to her feet, and even as I'm still clicking up a video for music, she's moving. She moves very sinuously, like a stripper, her body flowing with the beat of the music. It took me a few sessions, but I taught her how to dance for a man. In a way, a man wants to watch her.

As she moves she lets her hands stroke her sides. She doesn't even think about trying to hide any of herself, either. She just obediently dances, both with her back to him, which lets him see her rounded

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"bubble butt" and facing him, which forces her to see his eyes staring at her body. There's no missing the glistening, and wide, coat of her honey between her thighs. It coats too much of her thighs and sparkles too much.

I let it go on for only about three songs, maybe ten minutes. All of which Micah spends staring at everything but her face. I'm certain he's telling himself that the pretty body entertaining him, the pretty body making that bulge in his pants strain a little more, is anyone but his mother. And I'm just as sure he's trying hard not think about what a slut his mom is turning out to be.

Then I snap for Joanne to "slut dance."

For the briefest instant, I see a look of utter horror flash across Joanne's face. Then it's gone, replaced by the subservient look I'm used to seeing, the look that says she's accepted her place in life. And knows her place is at the very bottom, to be used and discarded at my whim.

She quickly spins her back to Micah. Then gently lowers her hard, rounded bottom onto his lap until her cheeks are lightly atop that hard bulge. She tenderly strokes her taut globes over that bulge, her hips flowing in a circular motion.

In a few seconds, Micah can't help but purr out a little moan. I snap my fingers. Joanne spins around, leaning over to put just the tips of her hard nipples against his face. She undulates her shoulders, making her nipples so lightly glide around his face. His eyes strain hard to look down, which will give him a view between her mounds along her stomach and a fleeting glance at her bush. Joanne doesn't stop with that, soon she's slithering herself down along his body, caressing everything with her firm breasts.

I leave it go one for about ten minutes. As she dances, Joanne steadily gets sluttier and sluttier, knowing that if she doesn't, she'll quickly find herself over my knees for disappointing me. I see that Micah quickly sits on his hands; I guess it's his way of making sure that he resists

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his urge to touch those curves he can't take his eyes off of.

I wait for the perfect moment to stop Joanne. It comes a minute or so later when Joanne has slithered her way down Micah to the point her breasts cradle the bulge. She leans forward slightly, putting just enough pressure on him for her breasts to gently squeeze the sides of his bulge, and she rocks her shoulders, stroking it with her breasts. It takes only a couple of seconds of that for Micah to moan out deeply, his head lolling back with his mouth gaping open. "There, wench," I say softly, telling Joanne to keep at it until I say otherwise.

I wait about a quarter minute then nod to Billie. I gave her instructions earlier when I told her to bring Micah here immediately after his date at 9:45. She quickly leans over putting her mouth to Micah's ear and whispers softly, with a whole hive of honey in her voice, "are you ready to feel like a real man now?"

Micah answers her "yes, Mrs. Yates," in a voice that's as much of a moan as it is words.

Billie puts her hands on him, tenderly stroking his hips for a moment.

In a very soft voice that maybe Micah hears, maybe he doesn't, I say "suck cock, wench." to punctuate my command and make certain Joanne knows it's not a request, I give her a light tap atop her pussy mound with my crop. Even with the lightness of the tap, she's sensitive enough there it makes her flinch.

It also gets my point across. Her hands all but fly as they unzip Micah's pants. In a couple of seconds, she has his cock free. I hadn't expected the sight before me, even though I've long ago realized that the guy it's attached to is no clue at all about a cock. The beefiest of linebacker could have a cock that makes my pinkie look big. Or in this case, the geekiest of boys can have a cock that got to top eight inches and has to be a full two inches across. And so perfectly it's circumcised. If Micah looked manly, I'd want that cock for myself, especially now with it

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standing straight up, rock hard like a missile ready for launch.

Joanne's eyes go wide at the sight of it. I'm sure she didn't expect it either. And I'm just as sure it's been over a decade since she's even glanced it. Boys tend to be so shy about letting anyone see their cock, especially mom!

Joanne doesn't hesitate. She knows that would disappoint me. She just stretches her mouth wide open and lowers it down, taking the head of that monster into her mouth. Her lips close gently around it, lightly touching him. I see her cheeks pull inward a bit as she starts sucking. Her hands move behind her back. Her head starts going down.

Micah cries out a sweet groaning moan as the unfamiliar pleasantness of Joanne's hot, wet, mouth sucking on him fills him.

Joanne keeps going, moving her head leisurely, allowing the cock to slowly inch its way into her mouth. And then into her throat. We all know when it presses into her throat, stretching it taut and wide. Micah groans out so loudly, so eagerly, as her tight throat snuggles his cock. She keeps going, holding back her reflex to gag, until all of his cock is inside her mouth and her lips are against the unruly hair of his pubes. Then she reverses, keeping her pace leisurely, and goes back up until only the head of his long cock is inside her mouth.

Joanne keeps going, taking her time, giving Micah a very leisurely blow job. A blow job that doesn't rush him to climax. One that makes him really feel the pleasure of what she's doing to him for a while.

It drives Micah crazy. In a couple of seconds, sitting on his hands isn't enough to keep them under control. He suddenly tries to grab onto anything and everything. Billie takes his hands and holds them, his grip steadily tightening on hers. A few seconds later and Micah is trying to squirm his hips around. Billie pulls him close to her and whispers a steady stream of reassuring words into his ear. Micah moans louder and louder with each stroke on his cock.

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Like any guys on his first time, Micah doesn't last long at all. Not even with Joanne's leisurely pace. No more than two minutes. He cries out a deep, primal groan. His hips snap, thrusting his cock hard into Joanne's mouth. He cums, spurting all of his cream into her mouth.

Billie holds him, whispering sweetly to him. He grunts more moans. His hips thrust a few more times.

Once Micah's hips still and I know all of his cum is now in Joanne's mouth, I tell her to stop. She stops with all of his shaft buried in her throat. She pushes her tongue firmly against the underside of his shaft, then starts her head up very slowly. As she rises up, her tongue milks the dregs of his cum from his cock. Micah moans very sweetly as she does. Only now, on this stroke, she finally lets his cock slip from her mouth. Freed, it glistens with a thin film of her saliva on it and just a tiny bit of his stickiness at its very tip.

Joanne straightens up, kneeling before Micah.

Micah sits there, still gripping Billie's hands, and panting hard. It's a good couple of minutes before he opens his mouth and again sees Joanne naked before him.

It's her cue. As she knows I expect, Joanne immediately thanks him. "Thank you very much, Sir, for allowing this useless wench to suck your huge cock, Sir. Your cum is just so delicious, Sir, I hope you don't mind that this skanky wench couldn't get enough of it and swallowed all of it, Sir."

Micah doesn't know what to say. So he stutters then says nothing. But I'm sure he could see the film of his whitish cum clinging to everything inside Joanne's mouth.

I tell Sophie to "put this wench in her cage." Sophie hops to her feet, grabs the leash and clips it back to Joanne's collar. She walks Joanne back to the playroom, making Joanne crawl like a dog the whole way. There she cuffs Joanne's hands behind her back and nudges her back into

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the kennel. Sophie locks Joanne in, then returns to keep before me.

I send Sophie to fetch me a coffee. Before she's back, Micah's bliss ebbs enough for him to remember that his cock is still hanging out. He quickly tucks that back into his pants. Then he sits there, basking in the afterglow and enjoying the sweet satisfaction in his cock. Sophie returns and I sip my second cup for a moment.

"Oh, Micah..." I coo softly, getting his attention. "I'm not done with my wench yet. You will go with Mrs. Yates, and you will be a very good little boy for her. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Micah sounds almost eager. I'm sure he's eager for another of my rewards, not eager to behave for Billie. Sooner or later it will seep into his boy-brain that it was his mother who just gave him a very slutty deep-throat blow job. But not now. Now that boy-brain (slightly smaller than a bird-brain and slightly less evolved than a lizard-brain) is only thinking about how well sated his cock is.

*Part 4:
Playing With Slave
Mommy*



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After leaving Joanne to spend her night locked in the kennel, I avail myself of her services fully on Sunday. She spends her day doing more chores around my house and doing all of them fully naked while on her knees. As much as I can without disturbing my day, I stand over her with my crop as she works. Very hard and diligent work is rewarded with brief moments of attention. Anything less brings Joanne swift and firm punishment for disappointing me.

Joanne behaves. She's a good slave for the day, and come supper time, I have a very clean house. Joanne has a bottom that's only slightly stinging, too.

I have to admit, I enjoy watching the nude woman on her hands and knees slaving away. Especially from behind where her pussy mound pokes out between her thighs and lets me see that it stays very wet the entire time. And lets me see the little twitching spasms that rack through it with each tiny tap from my crop. As I knew would be the case, the "worse" the chore I have for Joanne, the more aroused she gets as I make her do it. Judging solely by her pussy, licking the bottom of my dishwasher spotless was Joanne's favorite chore. At least that the one that made her pussy so wet it finally dripped a couple of droplets of her honey onto my floor. Even tongue polishing my trash can didn't get her quite that hot. Naturally, her next chore was to tongue polish my floor, after all, it was her pussy skank on it! She seems to have enjoyed that chore almost as much.

After supper, I decide to relax a bit in the living room. I take one of the two recliners in front of the TV and start flipping through channels while Sophie fetches me a coffee. I have end tables beside and between the recliners, but I don't have a coffee table in front of them. My coffee table is between the sofa and the love seat where one usually goes, I guess. However, I have Joanne.

Joanne, who is now on her hands and knees with her back and shoulders flat. Holding her head up, too, but that has her staring at the

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wall on the far side of the room, near the door. Her back makes a serviceable coffee table. Once I find a show, I set my remote on my new and slutty coffee table. Sophie brings my coffee and I set that on my new table as well. That frees Sophie up to gently massage my shoulders.

As always I have my crop in hand, lying across my lap. That way it's handy in case Joanne needs a reminder that she's furniture. Furniture doesn't move on its own. So any movement of my coffee table ensures her bottom a swift reminder that she's furniture. In the first five minutes, her bottom gets two strokes. After that, she stays very still. Except for her pussy, that stays very wet and seems to get wetter as the strain of stay still begins to seep into her muscles.

She's been a table for close to half an hour when Billie brings Micah over. Sophie lets them in and humbly shows them to a seat on the sofa before returning to her duty as a masseuse.

Billie ignores Joanne. But living furniture isn't anything new to her. She's seen it before. She's been my furniture too. Billie makes a nice ottoman.

Micah, on the other hand, is just as dumb-struck he comes in and sees his mother being naked furniture. While he allows Sophie to usher him to the sofa, his eyes stay on her immobile form. I'm sure it helps that she has an attractive, curvy, figure that this position accentuates. But this time I have where Micah can see her face.

For her part, Joanne obediently stays still and silent. She just kneels, staring straight ahead at the wall and trying to ignore Micah's presence. It only takes a moment for me to see the first few little tears rolling down her brightly-blushed cheeks. A glance back and I can see that her pussy is about to drip again, too. I'm sure she's nicely humiliated to have her son see her as furniture. And I know how arousing that humiliation is for her.

I give her a very light little tap on her bottom with my crop. Joanne stays still. She doesn't even flinch from it. Just cries a little more as it

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sinks in that now her son as seen her whipped as well. And of course, her pussy finally drips the first drops of her skank on my floor.

"Did you see that!" I balk to Micah, "this wench is so skanky that now its pussy is dripping on my floor!"

Micah stutters. His view of Joanne is about 45 degrees off of head-on from where he's sitting. But he does crane his neck, trying to see Joanne's bottom. And by the look on his face, I'm sure he can see the little sticky drop now glimmering on my tile floor. Even though he can't see her pussy from where he is, there's no doubt where that sparkly drop came from.

I ask Billie "was Micah a good little boy today?"

"He was," Billie says with a grin. "So I let him call Tabitha before we came over here." She tells me as if I didn't already know it, even though Billie should be confident I do.

I'd told Tabitha that if Micah behaved himself he would be allowed to call her this evening. She was to talk to him and to talk to him especially sweetly. And a little slutty. Her job was to make him think she actually seriously likes him. She might. She might not. I never cared enough to ask. I just told her to flirt and tease as much as she could. The wide smile on Micah's face tells me that Tabitha did her job.

I ask him about his call. He tells me that he talked to her for a good hour until Billie made him get off the phone to come here. He definitely loved the call. He can't stop talking about Tabitha, telling me how incredible she is. I do so love puppy love! Even if I did have to create it. Simply talking about Tabitha has the desired effect on Micah. In just a few seconds of his thinking about her, I can see that huge cock bulging in his jeans again.

He doesn't know that Tabitha is my toy. Or that I use her as my designated date. He thinks only that she's a college girl I know and fixed him up with. I don't see any sense in shattering his image of her. Not yet,

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anyway. Maybe later. Maybe not.

I have Sophie move the stuff that's accumulated on Joanne's back. With a snap of my fingers, I order her up to her feet. She turns to face me, hands behind her back. That leaves Micah with a view about 45 degrees off of head-on. View enough that he can see all of her naked front.

I watch Micah out of the corner of my eye. His gaze doesn't fix anywhere. Instead, it wanders back and forth between her breasts and her bush. Although he can see her very rounded bottom from the side as well. It looks good from the side. That view accents the rounded curve of her globes nicely. Clearly, he's getting over the "ick" factor of looking at mom naked.

Friday night, the first time he'd been here, I asked him if he had seen Joanne naked recently. It took a few more questions, but I learned that it had been so long since she'd allowed him even a glimpse of her body that he had no clue what it, or any woman, looked like. Joanne always shyly covered herself with modest clothes. Always. And whenever she had less on, it was behind a locked door that nothing would get her to unlock before she had those modest clothes back on. Clothes that covered most of her loosely, hiding her shape as well as her body. I'd known she favored modest clothes, she's always wearing them when I see her.

"Ahh..." I sigh deeply, "if you're going to be dating an actual girl, I guess I'd better teach you about girls so you won't screw it up and send her running for the hills, hadn't I?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Micah says enthusiastically, "please. I don't want to mess up with Tabby."

"Fine." I say as if this is a great burden for me, "I guess we can use this wench for a practice dummy. Bring it along." Micah looks to me, his face telling me that he doesn't understand what I want him to do. So I take hold of his hand and put it right to Joanne's bush. I push his fingers to curl up, letting him get a grip on her damp fur. "tell it to come."

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"Uh... come?" He says hesitantly.

I start walking to the playroom, crooking a finger for Micah to follow me. He takes one step and Joanne demurely follows along. That gives him a little confidence and he follows me. Joanne follows him. His hand stays where I put it, gripping her bush. He's not so much using it as a leash, but she's not making him either. She follows willingly.

I lead them to the playroom, where the massage table is always set up. Micah's eyes scan the room, wondering what's coming next. Probably wondering if there's anyone else in here, too, as there was last night. There's not, but he can't see the kennel behind the screen.

"I'm sorry I don't have anything to make that wench less ugly." I tell him, "not even a bag to put over its head. You'll just have to pretend it's Tabitha. Now start by kissing it just like it was Tabitha."

Micah hesitantly puts his lips to Joanne's. It doesn't take an expert to see that he's uncomfortable. Or that while his lips are locked to hers, he's not really kissing her. "Are you here to learn or should I spank you and send you home with Mrs. Yates again?" I warn him.

It's enough that I see the muscles in his jaw and neck rippling slightly as he uses his tongue. And I can tell that Joanne is obediently kissing him back enthusiastically. I take his hand and pull them around Joanne's naked body, pushing them close, making him hold her as he kisses her. I wait a few seconds, letting Micah get used to feeling her body pressed snugly against his, then I take his hand and move it down from her back. "don't be so shy!" I put his hand on her bottom.

His hand stays there still for a moment. But eventually, he can't resist and I see his hand start to gently caress her cheek. Then give it a little squeeze to feel its firmness. After that, he caresses it a bit more eagerly. And he keeps kissing her, his eyes closed. Eventually, his hand is happily playing with Joanne's bare butt. Which is what I was waiting for.

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"Just pretend this ugly wench is Tabitha. I know, that'll take a lot of imagination, but at least try! Put it on its back on that table." I tell Micah, watching as Joanne stands stoic while I insult her.

Micah doesn't answer. He moves almost as if he's in a trance. Slowly, he turns and obediently guides Joanne to the massage table. She doesn't resist him even a bit. She just allows him to move her back and nudge her onto the table. She ends up on her back, her arms lying at her sides, her feet spread a few inches. Her firm breasts stand up straight on her chest, her nipples poking up eagerly toward the ceiling. In a few seconds, Joanne starts fidgeting lightly as she lies there.

I take Micah's hand and move it to Joanne's breast. Holding his hand, I brush his fingertips lightly across the soft skin around her wide nipple. It doesn't take but a single stroke for Joanne to breathe out a deep purr. I release his hand, telling him "go on, play with it."

Micah keeps stroking the mound tenderly. Joanne lies there, purring a little deeper. After a few more strokes, her hips start squirming a little more eagerly. Micah doesn't seem to notice that. His eyes fixate on the breast he's caressing. He takes his time. It's maybe a minute before his hunger takes hold and he gives the mound a gentle squeeze.

Joanne purrs sharply, letting her surprise show. She lies in place, partly still and partly squirming a bit. Micah must like the "wet sponge" feel of her breast: firm, yet yielding and squishy in his hand. He squeezes it several more times, caressing it between squeezes.

And then he strokes a finger over her nipple. Joanne gasps a hungry and erotic breath. She purrs like a kitten as his finger glides over her rock hard nub. Then she shivers, purring another gasping sweet moan. Goosebumps erupt on her mound, first around her nipple but quickly sweeping out to cover the breast.

I tell Micah "this wench has two of them. You can play with both. It won't mind a bit!"

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Micah moves to her other breast. Joanne lies there squirming slightly and purring like a happy kitten. Micah grins and plays, caressing and squeezing her breast.

I give him a couple of minutes to amuse himself by playing with her breasts. His eagerness alone tells me that, as I already just knew, these are the first breasts he's ever touched. And that he didn't expect to get to touch them, or any breasts, for the foreseeable future. "girls like their nipples kissed, too." I tell him sweetly, "I'll show you how."

I nudge his head down to the closer nipple. I instruct him to put his lips loosely around the hard nub, against the light pinkness around it. Then to lie his tongue lightly along the side of the hardness and slowly swirl it around the steely nipple.

Joanne doesn't even try to pretend she doesn't like it. She moans a very long, drawn-out, and sultry-sweet moan as his tongue circles around her nervy nipple. She shivers almost constantly. Her hips squirm a touch more energetically as well. Micah doesn't seem to notice any of that. His eyes stay locked on the mound, and the valley between them, as his tongue teases her nipple.

Again I allow him a couple of minutes, encouraging him to "taste them both." He does, moving his mouth back and forth between them. It's what I would tell him to do. This way neither nipple quite has a chance to get used to the teasing, keeping the icy chills his tongue strokes into them, at full force. He seems to have figured that out on his own. Of course, Joanne's hungry purrs ramping up in urgency every time he switches breasts is a good clue. And he seems to be enjoying making her moan her pleasure.

I nudge his head back up. He keeps his eyes on her body, now turning them down towards her bush. I'm sure he's trying to avoid seeing her face. That would be an undeniable reminder that it's his mother's body down there, not just some skanky wench as I'm implying.

I start him caressing her body. Her sides. The taut skin of her flat

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stomach. I have his hand moving slowly and tenderly over most of her, from just above her bush to over her breasts. And teasing her breasts when it's on them.

That too has Joanne purring sweetly. But it also has Micah seeing more of her. Now he can see the light squirm of her hips. As if they just can't lie still while he does this to her. With him still standing beside her breasts, he can't quite see her pussy. But he can see the glistening at the very crease of her thighs. I just don't know if he notices it.

After a few minutes of that, I nudge Micah to move down and stand beside her thighs. I have him caress her thighs tenderly with his hands. After a moment, I have him slowly, casually, move her legs apart until, after a couple of minutes, her feet are spread to the edges of the table.

Now her pussy mound is fully exposed, letting him see her silky bare lips. Lips that glimmer brightly with a thick coat of her honey. It doesn't take me any effort at all to get his eyes on that sparkly mound.

I again take hold of his hand. I use the pad of his first finger and stroke it lightly along the pink line of her sopping wet slit. At first touch, Joanne squeals a very urgent moan. Her hips shudder while the rest of her shivers. She keeps purring louder than ever. I keep his finger stroking her slit, letting the nerves at the edges of those plump lips feel his caress.

After a long minute of that, I use his finger to lift one of her lips, turning the finger to stroke along the underside of it. Joanne shudders anew, her purrs are just as eager as ever. I have him do the same with her other lip.

I let him go for a minute, watching to ensure his eagerness doesn't convince him to do anything more yet. He behaves, playing only with her outer lips. Joanne purrs hard and squirms lightly as he teases her.

I instruct him to be very gentle with Joanne since "even the

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skankiest of wenches have sensitive pussies." I have him open her lips wide baring all of her sopping wet pinkness to his eyes. That gives him a good whiff of her muskiness as well.

I point out the deep-blood-red nub of her swollen clit. "Can you see it throbbing?" He nods mutely. Her clit throbs with her heartbeat hard enough that it's slightly visible. "That has to be aching so badly for a touch right now," I tell him.

I take his finger and put the pad of it very lightly atop the rounded tip of the pink-purple nub. It lets him feel the stony hardness of it. I start his finger moving, stroking a small circle atop the nub so lightly that his finger barely moves them nub, more gliding across its tip.

Joanne immediately shrieks a very needy squealy moan. Her hips shudder hard. Her honey seems to flow a bit faster. He keeps rubbing it as I've shown him to. Joanne keeps shrieking those urgently sweet moans. And her hips keep squirming as the goosebumps sprout up on her lips and the creases of her thighs.

After a long couple of minutes of that, I again take a firm grip on his finger. I move it to the side of her nub and guide it through a couple of laps around the edge of her eagerly-throbbing nub. Joanne shrieks away, her hips squirming. It does nothing to ease the teasing arousal he's inflicting on her. His finger stays glued to her sticky-slick honey-covered nub.

I tell him to remember how his finger is stroking around her clit. Then I take hold of it again and move it down to her pussy. Joanne's tunnel is slightly on the narrow side. Its spongy-soft meat walls, a light-but-now-flushed pink and covered with a very thick layer of clingy honey, petal outward a hair at the rim. It makes her pussy look as if it's inviting whatever to slide into it. I hold his finger firmly as I start easing it into her tunnel.

Joanne squeals a long, deep, and very sensual moan the entire time his finger is slipping into her tunnel. I've been in her pussy enough times

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to know what Micah is feeling. She's burning hot inside. She very slippery, her honey clingy, and sticking to everything with slickness. Her walls are soft, like a soft sponge, but also dotted with random little twitches as hot sparks tingle her nerves. And her pussy will be snuggling down to cradle his finger.

I stop his finger when it's fully inside her. It's "face down," that is with the pad of his finger towards her bottom. I hold up my finger and show him how to curve it gently a few degrees down to put a little pressure against her walls. Then I show him how to wiggle it side to side, just a hair, but enough for her feel.

He must do it right, as I'm showing him to, his finger moving inside her just as mine is moving through the air above her bush. Joanne tells me that much. She says it by shrieking a very sweet, very desperately-hungry, and very girly moan. Her hips squirm fervently, too. She doesn't even take a breath in her moans, or so it seems. She squeals out a fresh one as soon as one ends. They sound very eagerly hungry and very pleased at the touch.

In a couple of seconds her moans turn to short, but deep, throaty "UH!s" In a few more seconds her hips grind down against the table. Then they lift up, wiggling around in invitation as they stand up from the table. Her toes curl. Her hands grip the edges of the table until her knuckles turn white.

I let him go, making Joanne cry out her sultry moans louder and louder for a couple of minutes. I'm sure Joanne could cum so easily any second. She doesn't. She knows better. She's only allowed to cum when specifically told to cum, and when so told, she's required to climax instantly. I haven't given her permission. So she behaves and holds her climax back while Micah torments her pussy so sweetly.

I ease his finger back out of her pussy. Joanne moans out a deeply frustrated sigh. Her hips ease off, but still, squirm a bit as her bottom lies back on the table. She pants soft purring moans.

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I just nudge Micah's head down until his lips are just above her pussy mound. "I know girls love this, so I figure skanky wenches do, too." I push him forward another inch, which has lips lightly touching her stick wet mound. "Spread those fat lips," I tell him and wait as his hands tentatively return to her mound and spread her lips, widening her gash to where her clit and most of her pinkness is bared.

I nudge him the rest of the way down until his lips touch her pulsing clit. Joanne shrieks a very needy, and very sensual, moaning cry. "Put your lips around that nub." He does. "Good, now remember how I had your finger swirling around it? Do that with your tongue. Be light and gentle with it, try barely touching it. Do that and I'll tell you when to stop."

A split second later Joanne screams a very girly, very sweet, and very need crying moan. Just as quickly it turns to loud, gasping "OH-AHHH!s" as her hips snap into overdrive, first grinding down against the table, then rising up and trying to ground hard against his face. Her thighs close quickly, clamping his head snugly in place.

"Just try to ignore that awful taste of this wench's sloppy, used, skank pit!" I say for Joanne's humiliation, not Micah. I'm confident he doesn't mind the slightly sweet taste of her honey at all.

Joanne's teeth clench tight, turning her cries to deeply throaty "MM-UH!s" but even those tormented cries sound as sweet as his tongue is feeling on her aching nub.

I let him go, wondering if he'll try to stop when his tongue tires. He doesn't. So I make Joanne suffer a very agonizing, very pleasurable, five minutes of it. Her hips seem to never tire of their energetic squirming, her chest and shoulder of their crisp shivering, and her lungs definitely never tire of their desperate moaning.

I tell Micah to stop "before this slutty wench skanks up my table!" He obediently lifts his head up, letting me see the thick coat of her honey clinging around his lips. Joanne falls limp on the table, her body

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shuddering with crisp shivers as she cries out a very desperate and pleading groan of intense frustration. Then she lies shivering, her light skin flushed bright pink and panting more groans.

"See how skanky this wench is? Look at it! It's just begging to cum all over you! As if it's worthy of being given pleasure like a... person!" I just sigh deeply. "By now this wench ought to know it's nothing but a filthy little cum dumpster to be used for the pleasure of actual people!" I lightly swat her atop her pussy mound, earning myself a brief little squealy gasped whine. And ramping her squirms back up for a moment.

I grab hold of a breast, pinching its nipple tightly in my hand. "get your worthless skanky butt off my table before you skank it up, even more, wench!" I snap in a voice that's as firm as it sounds disgusted with her. Joanne scrambles to get to her feet, following the breast I'm pulling hard. She stands beside the table, her hands trembling behind her back. Her entire body quivers slightly as she stands there, honey still weeping from her slit.

I tell Micah to lie on the table. Still fully dressed, he does as I say. I tell Joanne to get up there again, this time kneeling with her legs straddling his head. I have her lean forward, her feet beside his jaw, which puts her pussy, in all it's sloppiness, just above his eyes. He seems perfectly content to just stare at it. Men!

I tell Joanne "thank him for sucking up his disgust and actually touching your repulsive body. Thank him with a sweet blow job. Suck cock, wench." I say firmly.

Joanne doesn't hesitate one iota. She quickly frees his cock. With his jeans open at the zipper, his long thick shaft stands straight up from the deep black curls on his pubes. I still can't get over how disproportionally huge his cock looks compared to the rest of the geeky boy. Joanne puts her lips to the tip of his cock and slowly begins swallowing every bit of it.

I have a good view with her kneeling over him. A view good

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enough that I can see her neck bulge out widely as the cock slips deeper and deeper into her, stretching her throat so tightly. And stuffing the narrow tube of her throat fully. She definitely feels it, but she doesn't show it. She swallows his thick length, as she swallows it as if she's starving to death for a mere taste of it.

Joanne starts giving him a leisurely blow job. As I've taught her, her hands stay on the table beside him, unused. Only her mouth is allowed to touch his cock. I see her breasts, large enough that they come down onto his stomach with each stroke. I decide to help Micah out a bit, so I lift his shirt up enough to bare that stretch of his stomach. I'm sure he wants to feel Joanne's hard nipple and firm breasts on his bare skin. HE doesn't complain.

Joanne keeps going, her rhythm steady, her pace very leisurely.

Micah lies there, moaning groans that deepen with every stroke. His hips start squirming. I see his hands grip the edges of the table. I take hold of his hands and almost have to pry them off the table. I put them to Joanne's sides. They begin moving, caressing her sides all the way down to stroke over her globes, and all the way to find her breasts. He caresses her eagerly, a true hunger in those hands that seem to grow with every stroke of her mouth.

Again, and despite the satisfying blow job he had a mere 24 hours ago, Micah doesn't last very long. I'd guess about three minutes, although I'm not timing him. I just know he's close when I see the light rippling on his pubes, and a second later, his hips start thrusting upwards. He cums with a very deep and manly moan.

A split second after he starts moaning, Joanne's pussy drips a pair of droplets of honey down. They land on his nose. I quickly give Joanne a firm swat on her bottom with the crop, even with her bottom directly over his eyes. It lands with a moderate crack, searing a light pink stripe across her taut globes, that gets Micah's attention. I'm sure it gets Joanne's attention, too, but she doesn't break her rhythm for it. Of course, that

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would earn her another swat. I scold her "quit being such a skanky little slut, wench! Your son doesn't want your pussy dripping your skank all over him. Just suck dick like the gutter whore you are."

It takes Micah a little longer to finish cumming this time. When he's fully satisfied, lying back and breathing deep, Joanne milks the last of his cream from his cock. Then she lifts her head up, gets off the table, faces him, and politely thanks him for allowing her to suck his cock.

I leave him to lie there a moment while Joanne fixes his pants and tucks his softening cock back in for him. When he catches his breath and starts to get up, I take hold of Joanne by her wet fur and tell her to follow us. Sophie points Micah to come along as well.

I walk Joanne over to the stool and have her sit there facing the sofas. Micah gets a seat next to Billie. I stand between Joanne and Micah. Sophie kneels demurely at my side.

"Micah, if you want this skanky wench, you may claim it in the morning. If not, I'll find some gutter to leave it in. Tonight you go with Mrs. Yates and be very well behaved for her."

I turn to Joanne. "Starting tomorrow, you will stop pretending to be an actual human and start acting like the gutter skank we all know you are! You will take very good care of this little boy. You will pay very close attention to him. *Anytime* he starts to get a hard-on, you will immediately give him a proper blow job. I don't care where you are. I don't care who is there. I just don't care. Before that monster cock can even get all the way hard, I expect it down your throat. You have to pussy of a cheap whore, so you can *be* a cheap whore."

"Yes, Ma'am." Joanne answers with plenty of shame, and a touch of honey, in her voice.

"Good. You will not leave your house except to go to work. You will not even stop for gas. Work. Home. That's it. At home, Micah will meet you at the door, and you will strip naked. You may then put on

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whatever he gives you to wear around the house. If he decides to give you anything. I wouldn't. A whore doesn't deserve clothes. They just get in the way of her skankiness. But he might be... confused and forget you're just a cheap whore.

"At night you will return his clothes to him before you head for bed. You will sleep naked. In the morning, the very first thing you will do is wake him up. And if he gets a stiffie when he wakes, you will suck it like you just did. Then, once he's taken care of, you may beg for some house clothes if he allows it. When you leave for work, he will give you work clothes at the door. You can dress in front of him."

I turn back to Micah. "You may allow this whore whatever you wish for house clothes. I wouldn't give it anything. But if you finally get disgusted by its ugliness, you can give it lingerie, or whatever. Even a bag to put over its ugly face. Anytime your cock gets hard, if this wench hasn't noticed and taken care of you, you will spank her bottom five swats, then tell her to take care of it. You do not want to disappoint me.

"You will call me every night and I will ask about this wench. It tends to misbehave so I'm sure sooner or later I'll have to come whip it into shape for you. You will never allow this wench to pleasure itself. Never. That's my pussy between those flabby thighs, and I don't want anything touching it.

"If you behave you little butt, I will text Tabitha to call you," I say with a huge grin. "If you disappoint me, I will punish you. I can lose Tabitha's number. I'm very forgetful when I'm disappointed." As I threaten to take Tabitha away from him, I see a look of true fear and horror on his face. Obviously, my designated date has been doing what I told her to. Micah is totally infatuated with her.

I send Micah home with Billie again.

I send Joanne to her kennel for the night.