

A photograph of a woman with dark hair, sitting on a bed with white linens. She is nude, with her hands clasped over her knees. She is looking towards the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a simple wall with a dark headboard.

# **Bare Before Her Daughter**

**Nadia Saran**

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<https://mistressnadezhda.wixsite.com/website>

[MistressNadia@Yandex.ru](mailto:MistressNadia@Yandex.ru)

## Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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Bare Before Her Daughter

## 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

## Bare Before Her Daughter

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

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

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

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

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

## Bare Before Her Daughter

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!



# Chapter 01: Phone Home, Bitch

## Chapter 01: Phone Home, Bitch

My toy this evening is Nicole. She's a 38-year-old paralegal. She's also the single mother of a newly-18-year-old daughter, Raven. She has what I call a "part-time boyfriend," a man she's been dating for about two years now, but hasn't moved much beyond dating.

She talks to him daily. She sees him about twice a week. She sleeps with him about once a week. But she never spends the night with him. Or hasn't yet. She's always claimed that she wouldn't only because she thought it would be wrong with Raven in the house.

It's just one of the countless contradictions that are Nicole. She was raised as a preacher's daughter, and, in my professional opinion, it scarred her for life! She's very concerned with appearances. Far less so with her desires.

There's no doubt that Nicole is bisexual. It's something she absolutely refuses to consider, let alone admit to herself. While she publicly scorns anything "alternative," and truly believes that it's "unnatural," it didn't stop her from coming to me. Or at least allowing her boyfriend to bring her.

That was about five months ago, her first visit to me. It took me all of five minutes to figure her out. I've seen enough women just like her before. So concerned with appearances that they can't even see their own desires. Hers read like an open book to me. She honestly, and very deeply, believes that she's an inexperienced lover. A very "dull" and inept lover. The kind of lover who won't satisfy a man, much less hold onto one.

Her boyfriend mostly disagrees. He only agrees, in small part, with the "dull." But that's Nicole. She's too "proper," too conservative, to do much beyond simply having sex with him. If he even suggested anything she deems kinky, even something tame like her making a show of stripping for him, she'll turn inward and grow far too shy and reluctant for anything to actually happen.

## Bare Before Her Daughter

But that persona doesn't track with Nicole's desires. What arouses Nicole is being made to do the things she can't make herself do. All those things that she "knows" are wrong. The things she doesn't want to do, but once she's doing them, her pussy absolutely loves. All the things she hates herself for allowing her pussy to like so much.

Nicole responds best to humiliation. Not the "humiliation" of porno movies, such as a man cumming on her face or interracial sex. Real humiliation. Not any act itself, but the degrading manner in which she's made to do almost an act. The more demeaning it is to her, the hotter she gets.

But even more so, not being in control of her body arouses her intensely. I think that's because, once someone else has total control over her body, Nicole can convince herself that she's not the one doing all those obscene things. It's her body. But it's me doing the acts. I'm just using her body. And she doesn't have a choice. She's not in control. It's my decision what's done with her body. She's nothing, just a body for me to play with. She'll be "proper Nicole" again once I'm done with my toy body and return it to her.

Her previous sessions have followed a general theme. Her boyfriend willingly joined her here for them. I amused myself by "making" her do various things to him. Things she enjoyed even more than he did, and he loved them. Things she would have run from the room had he as much as thought about asking for. And the more I degraded her along the way, the better.

Like by taking total control of her body as she rides his cock. Insulting her abilities, as I do. Forcing her not just to do it, but to do it in a very specific way that so obviously excites him. My hands on her body. Even inside her body, such as my finger in her bottom where she can feel me as I feel his cock stroking inside her pussy. Me guiding her through a rhythm that she would never maintain if left on her own. By controlling every aspect of the act. The angle of her body. Her pace. When she may

## Chapter 01: Phone Home, Bitch

climax. When she may stop. Everything. And as I do that, the worse I make her feel about herself, her body, and her abilities, the better.

But it doesn't stop there. If I can find some way to degrade her even before he arrives, as she's with him, as she's getting started, as she's doing it, and after she's done, that's even better for her. The less of a woman, and the more a piece of meat, I can make her feel, the hotter she gets.

And the kinkier the things I make her do, the better, too. In her first session, she told me that homosexuality was the absolute most repulsive thing to her. She couldn't imagine how two women could make themselves do it. In her second session, I introduced her to Paige, my slave-whore. The second her tongue touched Paige's very wet and eager pussy, Nicole almost puked on it. Two minutes later, and I had to tie Nicole's hands to keep them from her pussy as she tongued Paige's. And her boyfriend enjoyed the show. Men always enjoy that show. After Nicole finally was done with Paige, I let her boyfriend take her from behind (a position she doesn't care for). I had to tie her for that, too, to stop her from being too eager. She came four times before he did. I made her kneel naked and thank Paige for allowing Nicole to eat her pussy. I demanded a long, humble, and detailed thanks. After which, Nicole needed to climax again.

I have a rule for my toys. They are not allowed to have any privacy whatsoever. Absolutely none. Everything they do, every cell of their body, and every tiny aspect of their soul are open for me, and everyone, here. There's no such thing as modesty either. No hiding anything, be it a part of their body, or some secret fantasy, or whatever. Not what they've done before. Not what they're doing now. Not what they want to do in their fantasies. Everything has to be displayed on command. Every question answered with the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I can't control and take care of a sub if I can't wholly know the sub.

But I also have a rule that toys always break. What happens at

## Bare Before Her Daughter

Mistress' stays at Mistress'. There is no discussing anything that happens here with anyone, ever, no matter what, without my permission. Not even a shrink. Not even a partner who joined you for the session. I'd bet every toy has broken that rule and told at least one of their BFFs about it. And only a fool would believe that a sub didn't discuss a session with the spouse who had shared the session. But it's still a rule. And I'm confident that Nicole has only broken it by talking to her boyfriend, and even those conversations were especially brief, vague, and uncomfortable.

This session began the way almost all of my sessions do, except for the first sessions. I summoned Nicole with no notice. Before I called her, she didn't even have a hint that I might want her anytime soon. I just called unexpectedly. I called exactly at five, the time she's just walking out of her downtown office. An office that's a mere seven blocks from my Dauphin Street apartment. But those are downtown blocks. At five o'clock.

I gave Nicole detailed, specific instructions to follow. She was to leave immediately (she was between the office and the building's door when she answered the phone). She was not to go to her car, not even to drop off whatever might be in her hands. She was to walk directly to my apartment, following St. Francis down to St. Joseph, and the cutting over the one block to Dauphin. It's a scenic route, by Mobile standards, in that it takes her along one of the downtown parks that are supposed to be scenic green places. It's also a route that she's sure to know well as it's along the Federal Courts, a place someone in the legal profession probably knows well. Should know well. She was no to stop for anything, except the obvious like traffic. As soon as I ended our call, she was to power her phone off without clicking anything else. No calls. No quick texts home. Or her boyfriend. Not even a check of her own messages. Power off. Bitch disconnected. And I warned her not to hurry, but not to drag her feet either, just to walk normally and skip the window shopping on her way.

When she arrived, Sophie, my live-in slave-girl and handmaiden,

## Chapter 01: Phone Home, Bitch

answered the door and allowed Nicole inside. Barely inside. Just enough for Sophie to close the door behind Nicole. Then Nicole was told to hand everything she had over to Sophie. Everything. Including her panties. It all goes in a drawer of a file cabinet in the playroom, but Nicole still doesn't know that. She only knows that Sophie takes her things somewhere, leaving her nothing but what she was born with, and Nicole won't see her things again until I deign to return them. Hopefully all of them, likely most of them.

A good part of my living room is taken up by two large sofas facing each other with a coffee table between. Then there's a shorter love seat that makes the sofas into a U-shape. The open end of the U faces the glass doors out to the balcony and angled in a corner, my desk. I use it mostly to do school work and write my stories. But I use it for other things, too. The other things are the reason there's a small and very plain wood stool at the side of the desk. It's top is a mere 12" across, which is barely enough for a tiny butt. Bigger bottoms hang over the edges. It's sturdy but very plain, flat, and hard. That's where I told Sophie to put Nicole.

Nicole's been here enough to know what's expected of her. She's to sit still and wait. She's not to speak. She's not to move. And she's most definitely not to touch anything on my desk. But she is allowed to blush, and just being naked is enough to get her to do that.

On her first visit, I made Nicole stand against the wall while Sophie took pictures of her, front, back, and both sides. Naturally, they were nudes. I also made her pose for "naked mug shots." They're just like they sound, mug shots. I give the sub a stiff piece of pink paper to hold up like the letterboard cops use. Mine has all the usual stuff on it, name, age, birthday, height, weight, hair and eye color, and gender. Mine also has her measurements on it as well as her bra and panty sizes. And even a description of her pubic hairstyle. I had her hold the paper up with its top edge perfectly aligned with the tops of the colorful rings around her nipples. That way it covered them as well as her nipples in the picture

## Bare Before Her Daughter

but left as much as possible of the tops of her breasts exposed. Along with all of her body from the sign up. Sophie took high-resolution pictures and then cropped them into the right size.

I know Nicole's eyes are glued to the paper on top of my desk. It has her mug shot on it. It also has a bunch of data blocks detailing a lot about Nicole, her body, her life, and her family. It's just basic data. Stuff like her boyfriend's name and phone number. More intimate details about Nicole, too, like when she's likely to have her period. It's the more often used data that I keep on my toys. The stuff I use when choosing which toy to summon for my amusement. I have the paper far enough from the stool that Nicole won't be able to read all of the data on it, just see that there's a bunch of it. But she will so see that mug shot and know all of it is about her. It will remind her about those naked pictures of her lurking somewhere in my digital vault, too. Pictures she would "die" if they were ever seen. Pictures she knows well are beyond her control. I can distribute them whenever I wish, and she couldn't stop me. But I would never do that. Those are mine.

The naked wait, along with the visual reminder serves one purpose. They make Nicole uneasy. They remind her how vulnerable she is. They remind her how completely I own her. They remind her of just how absolutely I've stripped her down to nothing. They remind her that her privacy and modesty are gone, that her wishes are meaningless here. They remind her that she's here to amuse me, and maybe please her boyfriend, but that's all she's good for.

I walk out of the back and into the living room. I go straight to my desk and take the very comfy seat behind it. I have Nicole's phone in my hands, and once I'm seated, I power it up and help myself to start looking through it. At her call logs. At her texts. At the photos she's taken (all typical mom stuff). Even at the websites that she's surfed on it. I waste a couple of minutes doing that and find nothing worthy of my attention. It's actually kind of boring. All the while, I utterly ignore Nicole, leaving her still and mute as I invade her privacy. But out of the corner of my eye,

## Chapter 01: Phone Home, Bitch

I can see her growing even more uneasy as she sits there, knowing what I'm doing. She blushes a little more. And her nipples spring up to full hardness.

I sent the phone on my desk after putting it on do not disturb. That way, should anything come in for her, she won't know it. Just like if her phone was off.

Finally, I turn my attention to Nicole. I sigh lightly as I face her. "Hello, bitch. How is my prissy little slut tonight?"

"I'm fine, Miss Rodgers, thank you for asking, Ma'am." Nicole answers in her slightly deep, whiskey-tinged voice.

"As I summoned your worthless butt, I was looking over your slut sheet here." I wave a hand casually in the direction of the mug shot page. "And I saw that Raven is now an adult. As such, she's obviously capable of understanding adult things, like sexuality. Have you told your daughter what a complete slut bitch you are yet?"

"NO, MA'AM!" Nicole blurts out very firmly, and very urgently. She blushes brighter and quivers slightly just from the thought of Raven knowing anything about this. Her voice leaves me no doubt that Raven is never going to know about it. There will a whole, and a very deep, side to her mother that will be hidden from her. At least if Nicole has her way.

But I know something Nicole doesn't. I found it a month or so ago snooping through Nicole's computer while pretending I borrowing it to send an urgent email from her house. Raven really should practice better internet security! I found a backdoor into their cell phones. Their provider has it all online, and just by logging in, I can read all of their texts. Thanks to an open password manager plug-in on their browser I had the password. And later, from here, I sated my curiosity. But Nicole's texts were too boring to sate it, so I peeked through Raven's, too. And there, I learned that Raven had a good guess her mom was up to something kinky with her boyfriend, and that there had to be someone



## Bare Before Her Daughter

else involved because it never happened at their house, and they had to be going somewhere! She'd noticed the way her mom would get a call and just hurry off and vanish. She chatted endlessly with her BFFs about it. The gist of it was that Raven thought the idea was "kinda hot." She imagined herself with a "totally wild sex life." And hoped she might have it someday. She thought the boys at school were boring and inept when it came to girls. A thought I share. She even chatted about she wished she knew what mom was up to, but no way was her "so meek" mother ever going to talk to her about that! Even if Raven were to ask.

It told me one thing that's relevant. Raven wants to know. Raven is perfectly willing to discuss sex, at least Nicole's sex life, with her mom. And that Raven would very likely not be offended if her mom were to tell her. Which it seems everyone knows Nicole is never going to do. Maybe not even with a gun to her head.

"You do want to have a meaningful relationship with your daughter, don't you, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Nicole's voice quiets. It takes on a very embarrassing note, too. I'd bet she's thinking I'm going to order her to tell Raven something about herself. A task she'll fail at without me there to make her do it. She'd try, several times. But every time her shyness would win out. I know that, too.

"Don't tell me you're so stupid that you think you can actually have a meaningful adult relationship with your grown-up now-adult daughter, without her knowing who you are! Are you that stupid, bitch?"

"No, Ma'am," Her voice mutes, and the embarrassment in it rises. But now she's fidgeting pretty urgently on her little stool, too.

I pick Nicole's phone back up. Her very wary eyes lock on the phone, watching my fingers with as much uneasiness as I've ever seen in her. And she blushes a fire engine bright red. And I haven't done a thing yet! Oh, this is going to be entertaining!

## Chapter 01: Phone Home, Bitch

"You will call Raven right now. You will tell you are at your Mistress' apartment. You will tell her that you *want* her to come here immediately. That there is something about yourself you *want* her to know. You will tell her that you will be punished if you do not convince her to come hear what you have to say. You will tell her that her 'safety' is guaranteed – no one will touch her at all and she may leave whenever she wishes. You'll call now, bitch." I add the last in my sternest tone.

As I do I click the speed-dial tile for Raven. I put it on speaker, and hold the phone up in front of Nicole. "Stay. Beg." I command.

Nicole immediately begins crying softly, even before the phone rings the first time. But she doesn't move. Not even a hand off her knees to take the phone and hang it up. She just softly weeps as it starts ringing. I know she wants to beg me to hang it up. She'd far rather beg me than say anything to Raven. But she doesn't dare. She knows I wouldn't tolerate the disobedience, and even if I wouldn't punish her then make her call anyway, Raven might hear that! So she sits.

"What, mom?" Raven answers on the fifth ring, no small amount of exasperation in her voice. Typical teen. Calls from mom are an intrusion on her life. Not welcome ones, either. But also calls she has to take. She does live in mom's house. And mom is paying the phone bill, which Raven can't pay on her own, and a phone is something no teenage girl would risk losing.

Nicole hesitates for a couple of seconds. It's long enough for Raven to ask "WHAT? Are you there?"

"Hey... Raven..." Nicole starts a light sob in her voice, and her voice as embarrassed and humiliated as it could possibly be. She quivers as she fidgets on her stool. "I'm at Miss Rodgers' place. She's my... Mistress..." Nicole barely squeaks the word out, her voice quiet enough that I wonder if Raven even heard it.

"WHAT?" Raven blurts out in a voice that's pure shock.

## Bare Before Her Daughter

"Mistress, like a woman?"

Nicole sobs heavily. "Yes... Would you please come over here right now... There are a few things... now that you're an adult... that I want to tell you... about me... I... want you to know me... Will you please come over, Raven, please! Miss Rodgers promised me that no one will touch you at all, and you can go whenever you want to... but if you won't come... I can't tell you about me... and Miss Rodgers will punish me for not telling you... Please, Raven, please come over!" Nicole's request sounds desperate.

"No F-ing way!" Raven blurts out, "you are seriously at Her house. No F-ing way!"

"I am." Nicole sobs a little more. "Please Raven, please come over."

"Is it true? I heard that *owns* a girl who goes to Theodore High."

"No." I say, "I own a girl who graduated from Theodore last year and another who goes to Murphy this year. But that's irrelevant. Talk to your mom." I turn my head away from the phone. "slave, fetch me a tea."

"Yes, Mistress." Sophie's sweet and soft voice answers. I'm certain that Raven heard it, too. And if I know teenage girls, Raven is going to fly over here. Not so much to find out her mom's secrets, although she'd likely come for that alone. She's coming to find out the truth of all those rumors she's heard. Which she will so happily gossip about. Along with her invitation here that didn't involve her playing games here. As if she's my friend.

"Please, Raven, please come over. Please don't let me get punished."

"Fine." Raven tries to sound reluctant and imposed upon. Maybe Nicole buys it. She looks as embarrassed and nervous as ever. But I don't. I can hear the tinge of eagerness that she's trying to hide. I had her

## Chapter 01: Phone Home, Bitch

pegged. "Where does she live?"

I take the phone and click it off speaker. I give her the address and directions. "If you can't find it, I'll leave your mom's phone in my pocket," Raven tells me that she'll be here in twenty or thirty minutes. "Don't, like, whip mom if I'm a minute late." But there's the faint hint of a taunting giggle in her voice as she says it.

I have Nicole turn around on her stool. It puts her facing the sofas and the front door. Then I send Sophie to make fresh pots of tea and coffee. We're having a guest.

"Nicole, you *are going to* behave your naughty butt. I hope that's very clear to you. Just because your little girl is here, don't think I'll hesitate a nanosecond to turn you over my knees, bitch. You will sit still and silent. You will not speak unless spoken to. And then you will politely – very very humbly and politely – answer whatever you were asked. You will keep those eyes forward and open, too, bitch. Now, wait, bitch."



# Chapter 02: Q & A

## Bare Before Her Daughter

Raven is here in less than twenty minutes. I have Sophie answer the door again and show Raven to a seat on the love seat. I'm waiting on the sofa. It puts Raven close to me, but also caddy-corner on another couch. Safe. And it has the added benefit, the real reason I had Sophie show her there. It will have her directly facing her mom.

My front door opens flush against a wall. The wall at the far end of the living room, from Nicole's point of view. But with it open, the living room is immediately visible. I have some silk screens to block the sightline when I want to. I'm not using them today.

As soon as Sophie pulls the door open, Raven gushes "OMG, you're HER!... Did you go to Theodore or Morgan?" She asks Sophie, her eyes locked on Sophie. It might have been a school day, but I have Sophie now dressed in her usual serving-slave attire. It's an all-lace stretchy dress, fringed in white lace, that barely runs from her breasts down to an inch below her bottom. This one is pastel pink. It has matching all-lace, knee-high, boots with four-inch heels, and fingerless gloves. And a matching, but not lace, plush horseshoe clip to hold her long honey-brown hair off her face. The dress is mostly see-through, and Sophie never gets underwear with it. Raven doesn't seem to notice that.

"I graduated from Theodore High last May, Miss Jankowski," Sophie answers very politely. Then she gestures with her arm for Raven to come along to the sofas where "my Mistress is waiting!"

That's when Raven turns her head to see the living room. And immediately catches sight of her mom sitting there fully naked. Blushing like a beet, too. And very lightly sobbing. But not saying a word. Raven freezes in her step. "OMG, MOM!!!" Raven blurts out, the shock evident in her voice as she very quickly averts her eyes.

It's enough that Nicole starts sobbing fairly hard. But she still says nothing and sits.

Raven, no longer seeing her mom, recovers a little and dumbly, as

## Chapter 02: Q & A

if adrift, allows Sophie to usher her to her seat. "Would you care for coffee or tea, Raven? My slave has fresh pots of Turkish blend with cinnamon coffee and green tea with honey and lemon available." I ask in a conversational voice as if we're just two young girls chatting.

"Uh... Yeah... uh..." Raven stutters, "The tea sounds really great."

I snap my fingers. "slave, fetch my guest a cup of tea."

"Yes, Mistress, right away, Mistress." Sophie hurries off. She's back in under a minute. On her knees, with her knees wide apart, sitting back. She holds her hands out six inches from her breasts, her palms upturned and flat, even with her nipples. Atop her palms rests a cup of tea on a saucer. "Here is your tea, Miss Jankowski." Sophie politely offers. Raven, still trying to get her bearings, take the tea and sips it. She pronounces it excellent.

I give her a minute to relax. Something that's very hard for her to do facing her naked and very embarrassed mother. Even with her eyes averted, fixed on me. I think she accepts that seeing her mom humiliated like this is going to be the price of the gossip she's after. But it shows how much Raven does not want to see anything. Especially not her mom naked.

"Raven, I know your mom already told you, but I want you to hear it from. NO one is going to touch you here. You may leave whenever you wish. You are here as my guest, not my play toy. I'm sure it's coming as a bit of a shock to find out about your mom now..."

"You think?" Raven blurts out, for the first time since she got here with a little amusement in her voice. "I mean, I thought she might, like have another boyfriend or something, but... *You're a girl!* Mom's always been like, 'that is so wrong,' and 'G-d hates homosexuals,' and 'it's so disgusting, I could never!' And now I find out she's... whatever with a girl! I never would have guessed that!"

"Then consider it life lesson number one. People's public persona



## Bare Before Her Daughter

does not correlate to their sexual persona. Does the idea of two girls together bother you?"

"No... I know a few girls like that... like you, I guess. It's like no big thing."

"I'm slightly bi," I tell her, just stating a fact. "I'm attracted to very hunky guys. But that slave there... she has a tongue that will last longer than an entire factory of bunny batteries!" I wave toward a now-widely-grinning Sophie. Sophie loves it when I compliment her devotion to me to others. "And I'm very dominant, but I'm sure you've guessed that. The thing about dominance, it's not so much about the gender of my toy. It's about the power, about its devotion and service to me. Sex is a very small part of the lifestyle."

"Note to self. Got it." Raven says. "So you aren't, like hot for me, right?"

I laugh lightly. "You're very pretty, but unless you're interested in getting on your knees and being my playtoy, no, I am not. I don't date girls."

Raven lets out a tiny sigh of relief. I'll bet she thinks, and hopes, that I missed it. "Good, because I'm into guys."

"Oh, I'm shameless!" I tell her. "If you have heard the rumors, they're probably true." I laugh again. "I don't really date much. I prefer to size a guy up and hook up for a one-timer. But only with the very well-equipped guys. And I will find out before inviting him up."

Raven smirks. She knows exactly what I mean. I ask if she's had any experience with guys, and she whispers her answer to me so mom won't hear it. It's a long-winded story about a boy she got as far as naked and touching with before someone came home and she fled rather than explain. Before she could get back with him and do it, she caught him "copping a feel" of some other girl's bottom, and that was it for him. He wasn't touching her after that. Can't say I blame her, either.

## Chapter 02: Q & A

“What do you know about Nicole’s sexual identity?”

“Apparently, ZERO.” Raven answers. “I thought she was, like, old-fashioned, you know, just so totally ordinary. One guy, one girl, common stuff...”

“We call people like that ‘vanillas.’ As in their sex life is ‘plain vanilla.’” It gets me a laugh from Raven, who agrees that what she thought of Nicole.

“Then let me tell you about Nicole,” I say. “She’s a submissive. That means that she needs someone else to be in total control of her, and her body, at least during her sex life. What arouses her is the feeling of surrendering absolutely everything that she is to another, then trusting that if she obeys, she will please her Domme, and her Domme will take very good care of her.

“She’s fairly well experienced for a modest woman. All of her lovers have been men. And I am the first Domme she’s served, so this is kind of new to her. She’s only been coming here for about six months now.

“But she also believes that she’s not too good of a lover. She won’t do anything beyond the fairly vanilla. All those things she insists are ‘disgusting.’ She seriously enjoys doing them, but because she sees them as disgusting, she needs to surrender to another first. Then it takes some... pressure for her to do them. She also needs a little guidance as she does them. She never learned anything about sex, just stumbled through it, so now she’s starting to learn the intricacies of satisfying another. And yes, that includes girls.”

Nicole burst into a loud, sobbing cry. She’s definitely listening. It’s time to torment her. I turn to her. “Nicole! Stop being such a baby. Be a very polite girl now. Tell Miss Jankowski what you begged me to do right after you ate my whore’s pussy last time.” I stare hard at Nicole, letting her know it’s not a request. She’s going to tell.

## Bare Before Her Daughter

It takes her a few seconds to stop crying enough to answer. By then, Raven is glaring at her too. Raven is just trying to keep her eyes on Nicole's. "Miss Jankowski... after Miss Rodgers had me eat her whore's pussy... I begged her to allow me... I just couldn't help myself! I begged her to let me... masturbate, Ma'am." Nicole starts sobbing again.

"OMG..." Raven mutters under her breath. She just stares at her mom, not seeing her, but staring at her. I can see the surprise and disbelief on Raven's face. Raven shakes her head for a moment... "A girl? OMG... I never saw that coming! And then, you did... yourself... with everyone watching you?" Raven's voice is quiet and pure disbelief.

"Yes, Miss Jankowski," Nicole answers through her sobs. "I had sex with a woman, and afterward, Miss Rodgers supervised me while I masturbated. She allowed the whore, and her slave, and Br-- Mr. Tinnley, to watch me masturbate, Ma'am."

"Oh, Raven, I forgot to tell you. Nicole has to answer everything anyone asks her. Fully, politely, and very honestly. Is there anything you'd like to ask her about?"

Raven glances at me for an instant, as if to say "thank you for not warning me to watch what I ask!" Still shocked, she turns back to Nicole. "And did you... enjoy it?"

"Yes, Ma'am. I enjoyed it very much, Miss Jankowski."

"And Brad knows all about this?" Raven asks.

"Yes, Ma'am... He was here and Miss Rodgers allowed him to watch me service her whore, Ma'am."

Raven pauses a moment. Then she smirks slightly. "I bet he liked that..."

"Yes, Ma'am..." Nicole answers as embarrassed as ever but finally getting her sobs under control. "After I finished with myself, Miss Rodgers helped me to give Mr. Tinnley a very good... treat... with my

## Chapter 02: Q & A

mouth."

"Stop being so shy, bitch." I don't raise my voice as I snap to sternly scold Nicole. "Give Miss Jankowski a real answer."

"I'm sorry, Miss Jankowski," Nicole offers. "After I finished masturbating and Miss Rodgers allowed me to climax, she helped me to give Mr. Tinnley a very good blow job, Ma'am... With Her help, I was able to take all of him into my throat and swallow his cream, Ma'am." It starts Nicole sobbing lightly again.

I can see that Nicole's nipples are as stiff as ever. As stiff as I knew they would be. She can't help herself. The more humiliated she is and telling her daughter what a slut she's been is definitely humiliating, the hotter she gets.

I can see Raven's eyes about pop out of her head when she hears it. I doubt she has a clue that Brad has a decidedly average cock. But I'm equally sure she can't imagine her prim mother swallowing it all like a gutter whore. I'm sure she's heard enough "guy talk" to know that any man would consider that a real treat. I'm sure she's thinking, no wonder Brad lets mom come here. He got to see girl-on-girl, a show, and then a killer blow job. What guy wouldn't want to be him?

"Is Brad coming tonight?" Raven asks me.

"Brad's been a bad little boy. He got too eager and actually asked Nicole to arrange another session for them. I'll summon him later and teach him a very good lesson about being an eager little boy. If you're interested, you're welcome to observe his lesson, too."

Raven doesn't answer that. I see the conflict on her face. Her mom hasn't been seeing Brad that long, and by the time he started, Raven was sixteen. She doesn't see him as a father figure. Just a 40-ish guy. I'll bet she's wondering what his "lesson" might consist of.

"Nicole, however, has been a good bitch," I tell Raven. "It's been

## Bare Before Her Daughter

about two and a half weeks since Nicole was allowed a good orgasm, and I know her pussy is aching for one... In fact, I'll show you just how needy Nicole is." I don't give the startled Raven a chance to object. I order Nicole to stand.

Nicole gets up to her feet. Sitting, her legs were crossed as I require. That mostly hid her pubes and pussy. But not when she stands. She has to stand with her feet open several inches, so the very tops of her thighs don't touch, and with her hands behind the small of her back. And she has to face me. Which puts her full front side on display to Raven as well.

Nicole stands 5'5" tall, which makes her a decidedly average height woman. She weighs 137 pounds, which gives her a lean body. And a curvy body.

She has a moderately oval face with soft and rounded lines. She has deep brown eyes. Along with jet-black hair that's straight, with only a modest amount of body to it, that hangs down to the bottom of her jawline. She has a wide mouth, slightly upturned at the corners giving her a perpetual smile, framed with deep-pink lips somewhere between thinly and averagely plump. And a smallish nose to top her face off. It's a face without wrinkles lines for the most part, too, despite her age.

I can her leanness at her shoulders, where the outlines of her collar bones can be made out through her skin. She has a flat chest, with lightly tanned, and taut, skin. She has lean arms, with no looseness to them, too.

And she has some ample breasts. Breasts that are nicely rounded. They hang back against her chest, their undersides curving downward as they flow out from her chest, then fully rounding over the front of her mounds, before curving back inward to her chest, then as the lines of her curve nears her chest, rising up with more of a straightness. They're topped with a pair of short, but wide, and well-rounded nipples that have a deep pink color that's tinged with a faint purpleness. Surrounded by fairly wide rings of the same color topping the rounded front of her

## Chapter 02: Q & A

mounds. Her nipples are hard now. That's obvious, despite their shortness, as they stand up like half marbles atop her mounds.

She has a flat stomach with a pronounced girly curve to her waist. And another curve to her hips. Hips that are narrow and lean, but have just enough on them so that her hip bones don't show. And then, she has a pair of lithe legs without even an extra ounce on them. A pair of shapely legs.

Above those long legs, she has flat pubes that, along with her waistline, don't show any marks of pregnancy. But her pubes do show some light, and very modest, tan lines. And a full bush, that's neatly trimmed inside the creases of her thighs, as well as trimmed straight along the top. Her fur is fairly sparse but long and curly as it tangles together. But as it flows between the tops of those thighs, it quickly grows dense as it covers her lips. She has full, wide lips, too, that seem to fully meet under that thick fur. Lips that puff downward and swell into a moderately plump pussy mound.

And then, from the backside, Nicole has a very nice pair of small cheeks that don't hang a bit. It's more like her thighs just swell out and flow upward rounding out into a pair of well-defined cheeks. Cheeks that curve just as prominently across as they do up-and-down. Cheeks that barely, but completely, meet with a defined crack. It's one of the more spankable bottoms I've seen.

Raven looks, but also tries not to see. She most definitely doesn't want to see mom naked. Yet Nicole has a very curvy, feminine, and attractive body to go with her cute face. It's hard not to appreciate how well her body is aging. How it's still so nice, despite her nearing 40. Raven's eyes look even more appraising than mine do. And that's a look Nicole notices. The way Raven is sizing up her body as if it were being evaluated, not out of interest. It's a look that no woman is ever comfortable feeling upon her. I know what Raven is thinking. *Will my body still be as toned as her when I'm her age? Maybe, I do have half her genes.*

## Bare Before Her Daughter

I give Raven a chance to really see Nicole's body. Or at least the chaste parts of it she's willing to look at. Then I snap for Nicole to turn. I leave Nicole waiting for a moment with her bottom on display, too. Then I tell her to spread her legs wide and lean all the way over.

It not only bares all of Nicole's pussy mound but almost offers it out for inspection. It lets me see the way her fur is so neatly trimmed so that it covers her lips, but nothing more. It lets me see that her lips fully meet in front, then at the back, they part just slightly to allow a small wrinkle of a light purple edge of an inner fold to rise up into the space. The ridge is even with the tops of her lips and almost hidden as the long fur on her outer lips curls atop it. It lets me see that her fur ends flush with the back edge of her lips, certainly trimmed to.

Just leaning over like this is enough for her tight cheeks to part, her crack spreading to bare her asshole to my eyes as well. Her is light pink, with a small swath of lightening pink flesh surrounding it. It's slightly funnel-shaped. And it's fairly smooth, lined with only the faintest of gentle wrinkles that flow inward. There, her muscle squeezes tight, leaving a dark line, not even ¼" long, where her muscle squishes the pink flesh together.

"Raven," I say firmly, but without raising my voice. "come over here. I want to show you how aroused Nicole's pussy is." I see Raven's face pale. I can almost see the gears spinning in her head, thinking of how she's going to get out of this view. As if just glancing at her bush, even just knowing that she has a bush, was more than she wanted to see. I don't give her a chance to say anything. I just repeat myself, telling her to come over here.

Raven gets up. She walks over to where Nicole is leaning over, her steps reluctant. She stops with an extra foot or so between her and mom.

I just spread Nicole's furry lips with my fingers, baring all of her pinkness to our eyes. "Raven, you will look at this." I actually lower my voice a little but firm it up as well.

## Chapter 02: Q & A

Now on display is Nicole's pinkness. A light shade of pink, that's now almost glowing-bright it's so flushed. As is Nicole's clit, a decently sized little nub, maybe as wide as a pencil. It pokes it's eager head up a good ¼" above its nest of wrinkly pink folds. Also on display is Nicole pussy. A fairly narrow looking tunnel, hot pink, with spongy soft walls. Its end hangs open as if eagerly waiting for a cock. And all of that is covered with a very thick layer of a creamy, slightly whitish, honey.

Raven blanches as white as a sheet. The first thing she notices, as Nicole's lips part, is Nicole's strong muskiness. It's enough that Raven can smell it without getting too close. And she wrinkles her nose.

"Raven, do you see that?" I point at Nicole's clit. It's standing up. It's clearly hard. Very hard. At the very tip, it looks as if it's so swollen that the pinkness of her flesh has started to look white. "Can you see how hard her clitoris is as it stands up right there?"

Raven waits a couple of seconds until she's sure I'm going to wait until she answers me. "Yeah..." She says.

"Can you see how wet her pussy is? Not just her vagina there, but look how her wetness is clinging to every bit of her."

"I see," Raven mutters unhappily. But I'm not saying it for Raven. I'm saying to make certain that Nicole knows that Raven has seen her most intimate places.

I keep Nicole's lips splayed wide. It will remind her that she's on display. "Nicole, is your pussy aroused now?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Nicole sheepishly admits. Not that she could deny it if she wanted to. She knows we can see for ourselves.

"Did you get aroused answering Miss Jankowski's questions?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Nicole confesses, but very quietly in a voice of pure shame.

"What?" Raven balks. "You got all hot by telling me all the kinky-



## Bare Before Her Daughter

weird things you do?"

Now Nicole sobs. But she forces the answer out. "Yes, Miss Jankowski."

I decide to spare Raven the revulsion she's feeling. I'd bet it's as bad for her as if she'd just had sex with mom. "Nicole, tell Miss Jankowski why you were so aroused to answer her questions."

"Because I really want you to know me, Miss Jankowski." it's the first answer Nicole hasn't hesitate to give. "I'm sorry Ma'am! But just knowing that you finally know who I am... I've wanted that for so long! I found it very exciting for Miss Rodgers to make me tell you. If she wasn't I never could have, Ma'am."

It seems to relax Raven just a hair, too.

I step back from Nicole's bottom. Raven quickly follow suit. I have Nicole turn around and stand up.

I hope Raven sees the little smirk on my face. Then again, it's probably better if she doesn't. It's my evil smirk. The one that tells Sophie the fun is about to begin. "Raven, would mind doing me a little favor? Just take Nicole by the hand and bring her along. I want to introduce you to the other skank you've heard about."

Raven hesitates a second. Then she decides that holding mom's hand isn't any big deal, even if mom is naked. She'll just be careful not to touch anything but her hand. Nicole stands perfectly still. She doesn't offer Raven her hand. She knows she's not allowed to move. I haven't told her to move, or offer her hand. I told her to stand.

After a couple of seconds, Raven figures that out. She steps around Nicole and reaches up for her back. Deftly avoiding Nicole's globes, Raven takes Nicole's hand from its place at her back. Nicole offers no resistance, she just lets Raven take it and move it as Raven pleases. "Uh... come on, mom." Raven finally says. Nicole comes, letting Raven lead her

back to the playroom.



# Chapter 03: Massage Time

## Bare Before Her Daughter

As soon as we get to the playroom, which is set up fairly tamely tonight, I put Nicole on the wall. I have her stand facing the wall, then take one good step back. Spread her feet wide. Lean forward, putting her hands and elbows on the wall in front of her. Then put her face on her hands. It leaves her seeing nothing but a wall. Not a bit of whatever is going on in the room. And it pokes her bottom out a little, letting me see her taut globes and the fur between her thighs.

I have Sophie fetch the "skanky whore." Paige, "skanky whore," is in her kennel, which is behind a fabric screen in a corner of the playroom. It's where she stays, locked in when I don't have any use for her. She still hasn't earned the trust for me to allow her to roam the apartment freely. She might just skank up everything! Or so I constantly tell her. Not that she minds her cage.

When Sophie leads Paige out, Paige is naked. Except for the hot pink training collar around her neck, and the matching leash Sophie has clipped to it. And her chains. But now Paige is only wearing leg irons.

Otherwise, the 5'4" tall, 117-pound, eighteen-year-old girl is completely naked. Her pert, 34-B breasts stand up from her chest, their wide, light-pink nipples perpetually hard. Her shaven pubes are fully exposed, as is her firm, small, bottom.

Paige's hands are behind her back, leaving every bit of her on display as Sophie leads her over to me. Paige doesn't show even the faintest hint of shyness, not even as she nears Raven, a fully-clothed young woman she's never seen before. A woman who looks like she could be in one of Paige's classes. Paige pays no attention at all to anything but following her leash. Not even Nicole.

Sophie hands me Paige's leash. I turn to Raven. "This is 'skanky,'" I tell her with a little giggle in my voice. "'Skanky' is a senior at Morgan this year. She's my house-slave, meaning she does all the scrubbing around here, and my slave-whore, meaning... well, you know what a whore does." I turn my head a little towards Paige. "Skanky, this is Miss

## Chapter 03: Massage Time

Jankowski. Be a polite whore."

Paige smiles. "Hello, Miss Jankowski."

"Uh... yeah, hello...skanky." Raven struggles to find the words. I'm sure she's met plenty of girls her age before, but I'm just as sure this is the first time she's met one who was naked. And so clearly not shy about showing her body off to a perfect stranger.

Raven turns to me. "She's naked!" Raven says, a little surprise in her voice. But I can tell she's not as shocked by it as she was by other things when she first got here. I think she's more surprised that Paige would allow herself to be chained, leashed, and flaunted this way.

"She's a whore!" I giggle, "whore's don't need clothes. They just get in the way of whoring!"

"So she... uh... whatever you want her to? With... anyone?" Raven asks.

I snap my fingers. It's a cue for Paige. Paige answers here. "Yes, Ma'am. This scrawny body belongs to my Queen. I will so gladly do *anything* She tells me to do, with *anyone* She wishes me to. My Queen Owns me. This is Her body to give away, not mine!"

I know what Raven is after. Gossip. For a high school girl, having the best, juiciest gossip guarantees her social status. And social status is life! I think it's the real reason she agreed to come over. At least to come over here so quickly. I think, were it just about her mom, Nicole would have to do far more begging to get Raven here.

"Raven, would you like to get a picture with me and my slaves?" I ask with enough... girl in my voice that she understands I get it. A picture is irrefutable proof of every word of her gossip. Gossip, that would ordinarily be eagerly gobbled up, but also silently doubted. As in why would Raven, of all the girls in all the high schools, a girl I don't know and don't have any friends in common with, be the one to get

## Bare Before Her Daughter

invited over for tea?

Raven doesn't hesitate. "Sure." then, after half of a second, she adds, with a little playfulness in her voice, "as long as my clothes are ON."

I smile. "I guaranteed your safety! We'll just include your privacy and modesty in that, too!"

I have Paige kneel in front of Raven, Paige's back to Raven. Sophie gladly kneels in front of me. I stand next to Raven, a little smirk on my face. I get Raven's phone, and after she unlocks it, I summon Nicole to be the photographer. It's a safe role for Nicole, one that will keep her out of any pictures. And I warn Nicole that if she snoops through the phone, I will inflict whatever punishment Raven wishes for it, even if it involves Nicole's bottom and my cat-of-nine-tails. Nicole makes sure everyone sees that she's not snooping through Raven's phone. And then, I hand Paige's hot pink, neon bright, leash to Raven. I just say "hold this for a sec. will you?" And then, once Raven has Paige's leash in her hand, I nod of Nicole to take a picture.

Then I get Raven's phone from Nicole and send her back to the wall to wait some more. While I do, I leave Raven holding the leash. Raven seems, at first, not to even realize that she has it.

Paige kneels properly. With her knees and feet wide open, leaving her pussy mound fully visible in the space between her slender thighs. Sitting back with her bottom over her heels. Her back up straight, and her hands behind her back. I just sort of inch my around Paige. It gets Raven to follow me around. Then, maybe a minute later, I've gotten Raven to stand facing the kneeling Paige, Raven's feet about a foot and a half back from Paige's knees.

"You want a really good picture? One that leaves zero doubt?" I ask Raven, my voice low and teasingly sweet. "Just reach down and touch skanky. Maybe that perky boob. With that, who could doubt your

## Chapter 03: Massage Time

story?"

Raven takes a couple of seconds to think about it. She starts reaching, slowly, her hand hesitant and tentative. She sees Paige stay put, not shying away at all as Raven's hand slowly approaches Paige's pert, firm mound. "Just... touch her... there?"

"It's your pic, girl," I tell her. "Whatever you want. But if it were me, I'd either have my hand wrapped around it, or that hard nipple pinched in my fingers. We can do both if you want! We can do a dozen if you want!" I put a little excitement in my voice, albeit teasing excitement.

Raven is clearly very uncomfortable touching Paige's breast. So much so that I have no doubt it's the first breast she's ever touched, and likely the last for a long time. She puts her hand on its top. Her fingers touching the mound about halfway between Paige's chest and nipple. I snap a picture. It kind of looks like Raven is petting a dog, not a breast.

Then I push Raven. Why not? I'm always up to see how far a girl will go. I urge her to put her hand under Paige's mound. Normally I'd just take it and put it there, but I have a promise to keep. That I won't touch Raven. So I don't. I take the long way and cajole her to do it. I get her to put her hand under the firm, spongy, mound. And I snap another picture. I cajole her a little more and finally get her to wrap her hand around it for a picture. And then more. A lot more, but it works and I get a picture of Raven pinching Paige's nipple.

Paige just kneels subserviently through it all. And smiles. But otherwise, she doesn't react at all to being touched. Not even to the light pinch of her nipple. She just stays there demure as Raven touches her breasts. And I make sure that everything is visible in those pictures. Even Paige's bare pussy mound down below.

Then I hand Raven's phone back. She immediately looks through the photos. She looks a little surprised at them, too. And she blushes slightly. She slides her phone back into her pocket. "That was weird!"



## Bare Before Her Daughter

She finally says.

"But it didn't kill you." I tease. "And you know it was worth it. Now, no one will doubt that you were here. How could they? And they should believe that you're my friend. It's not like I let just anyone pet my bitch!"

"Still weird. I mean, seriously, that was her boob in my hand!"

"It's just a boob," I tell her. With a little grin on my face.

"Here's the deal, straight, girl-to-girl." I begin telling Raven. Immediately a suspicious look sweeps over her face. "Obviously Nicole's pussy needs some attention. You saw that. Around here, she'll get that attention. But first, she'll have to earn it, no matter how long it takes her and how agonizing that ache gets before she does. I'd guess it's a decently bad ache already.

"Tonight, Nicole is going to learn how to give a very good massage. I won't worry about her pussy until after she's learned that. A chaste massage, just a simple back and shoulder rub. It's a skill that any good bitch should already know, but that one doesn't.

"Skanky is the usual practice dummy here, for everything. However, I am confident that Nicole would much rather give you a shoulder rub than that skanky thing. But only if you are willing to help Nicole out and allow her to. You won't have to expose any of yourself, and only Nicole will touch you. And I won't take any pictures of it. And Nicole will not touch you anywhere but your neck, shoulders, and back. I'll whip her little bottom if she as much as thinks about it.

"Are you willing to help Nicole out that far?"

Raven stands there, thinking for a moment. At first, I can see it on her face that she doesn't so much mind her mom rubbing her shoulders. Surely Nicole has touched them enough already, anyway. But I can also see a lot of worry on her face, as if she's thinking *is there some way this*

## Chapter 03: Massage Time

*could get sexual? Erotic? That would be so disgusting!* Then I see a little realization on her face. Now she's thinking about Nicole having to massage Paige, and how Paige might well want it to be sweet and erotic. Paige doesn't seem to mind girly touches at all. But Nicole would hate doing that. She'd hate the thought of a woman liking her touch.

"I don't have to take anything off? Just mom, right?" She cautiously asks.

"I'd recommend taking your shirt off. I'm assuming you have a bra on. And yes, Nicole will be the only one to touch you."

Raven thinks for another minute. I see her eyes quickly glance over and check out the massage table. That's very soft and well padded. I sometimes use it myself. "Fine... that do you want me to do? Just lie there?"

"Pretty much," I tell her. "If you will, go get Nicole. Take her by the hand, walk her over to that table, and just firmly tell her 'Nicole, massage my shoulders and back now.' Then pull that shirt off and lie on the table, face down. I'll supervise Nicole... slave, my crop."

Raven sighs, then starts over to her mom. Sophie hurries to bring my crop to me and puts its handle in my hand. I just watch as Raven walks over to where Nicole is against the wall. She takes Nicole's hand, not needing too much attention to get it away from Nicole's face without touching anything. Nicole offers no resistance. Nicole just allows Raven to take her hand and follows Raven over to the table. But Nicole could hear everything. It's not like this room is huge. She knew what was going to happen.

Raven recites her line exactly as scripted. She even addresses her as Nicole, not mom. Raven is wearing a simple pullover cotton shirt. She pulls it over her head, with her back to everyone. From here I can see only that her back is narrow and lean, and that her bra is soft pink. Once her shirt is off, she drops it atop a stand parked near-ish to the table and

## Bare Before Her Daughter

very quickly hops up on to it. And lie on her stomach, her arms pressed tight at her sides. Even with her shirt on I could tell that Raven has small breasts. Just not how small. Not more than a B cup, though. I still don't see enough to really guess. But they're small enough that Raven's arms cover them fully.

I stop Nicole before she can put her hands to Raven. I point out the little tray beside the table with some oil in a warming cup. I tell Nicole to use the oil on Raven. "Miss Jankowski is doing an awful lot for you tonight, bitch. Be appreciative. Give her the very best massage you can manage."

Nicole starts again, and Again I stop her before she touches Raven. I tell Nicole that she's stupid for thinking she could do it like that. I have her get up on the table as well, her thighs straddling Raven's legs. I tap Nicole's bottom very lightly with the crop and remind her "and watch that skank pit between your thighs, bitch. She doesn't want your sloppy skank on her jeans!"

Nicole climbs up and this time gets her hands, covered with the hot oil, onto Raven's petite and lean shoulders. She starts kneading them. I swat Nicole's bottom. It's not hard. It barely even leaves a pink spot on Nicole's globe. But it gets a light squeal from Nicole. "Be gentle! That's a girl, not a ball dough!"

It takes a couple of minutes, and a half dozen swats to Nicole's bottom before I get her doing it the way I want her to. Lightly and gently. Tenderly. Without a bit of hardness to her kneading. And with Nicole's hands moving very slowly, almost not at all, but not quite, along the length of Raven's short shoulders.

It takes another minute or three for Raven to fully relax. I know she's comfortable. There's no way not to be on that table. Tonight I even have the headrest on it. That's like a very plush donut for her head to lie in face down. It keeps her neck straight.

## Chapter 03: Massage Time

But finally, I hear Raven forget where she is and who is doing what to her. She melts into the tender massage and I hear the first light purr from her. Her faint purrs of bliss continue as Nicole works her way along Raven's lean shoulders, diligently kneading all of Raven's small muscles as Nicole works the hot warming oil, and its rose scent, into Raven's skin.

Raven has long, straight, hair. It's a very light shade of brown. It's soft and fine. And it's lying over her neck. When Nicole reaches the base of Raven's neck, I quietly tell Nicole to gently use the back of her fingers to brush Raven's hair up and aside to bare Raven's neck. Clearly Raven would like that massaged just as softly.

Nicole does as she's told. Raven does object. She lies there as if she doesn't even notice. Nor does Raven seem to mind a bit as Nicole's feminine hands return to her shoulders and begin, very slowly to make their way over the bend from Raven's shoulders onto her neck, or up her slightly long and narrow neck. I keep Nicole moving slowly. It takes Nicole at least ten minutes to inch her way up Raven's neck. Then I have her work back down it just as slowly.

As Nicole reaches the base of Raven's neck again, I tell Nicole to keep going down, onto Raven's lean back. I point, without touching Raven, to show Nicole the lines of Raven's shoulderblades. I want Nicole to work her way around the edges of those bones and get those muscles. They're always the knottiest, so I tell Nicole to go even slower here. Two swats later, Nicole has slowed down properly.

It takes about fifteen minutes for Nicole's hands to get down Raven's back to where they're brushing against the narrow band of Raven's bra. I gamble. I bet that Raven is far enough into the ecstasy of the massage that she's not really thinking about her modesty now. I tell Nicole to gently unclip Raven's bra and lie the straps over Raven's arms. She does it, her hands obediently being very soft as they unclip it. Raven doesn't object. Then again, it doesn't bare anything of Raven except for a tiny slice of an otherwise bare back. And I'd bet Raven is the kind of girl

## Bare Before Her Daughter

who unclips her own bikini top at the beach anyway. She doesn't impress me as the type who likes unneeded tan lines.

It takes Nicole twenty more minutes to reach the waistband of Raven's jeans. I leave Nicole there, her hands staying at the bottom of Raven's back for a minute.

I almost whisper to Raven, in my sweetest voice, as I ask her if she'd care for a very "sweet" treat, a "two bitch massage." I assure her that it will be chaste as well. No one will touch anything that hasn't already been touched. I assure her it's a treat not to be missed if she's willing.

Raven's answer is half purred, half-whispered, "oh, yeah." I snap my fingers and tell Paige to get up here. I have Paige stand in front of Raven's head and start with Raven's neck. Then I tell Nicole to start "inching her way back up." And I lightly swat Nicole on her bottom and teasing tell her "don't be jealous, this is Her treat, bitch." It's my way of letting her Nicole know I expect this massage to be just as affectionate and tender as the last.

And it is. It's new to Nicole, but not to Paige. As their hands come together at Raven's shoulderblades, Paige silently shows Nicole how to work around Raven's bones, and around each other, their hands smoothly slowing past the others. It leaves Paige's hands working down Raven's lower back, while Nicole's are working up to her shoulders. It leaves the bitches reaching under each other to get to Raven's back. It slowly brings their bodies closer and closer to each other. The sweetly purring Raven doesn't notice any of that. She just lies there, basking in the heat of the oil and softness of the massage.

By the time they've finished, Raven has been lying there for over an hour. I have Paige return to kneel beside me. Then I have Nicole very gently reclip Raven's bra for her. Raven lies relaxed and still as she does. Only then do I call Nicole off the table and tell her to wait beside it.

A slightly reluctant, and very relaxed, Raven climbs off the table

## Chapter 03: Massage Time

and hurries to pull her shirt back on while keeping her back to us. When she finally turns to face us, I ask her "did you enjoy your massage?"

"Oh, yeah," Raven says sweetly. I can see it in the casual relaxation on her face. Raven liked it far more than she thought she would. Then again, knowing her, I'm sure she thought it would be an ordeal of discomfort from letting mom touch her. She would have never imagined that it would be physically good and that she'd forget it was mom giving it to her.

I pause just a few seconds, just enough time for Raven to get fully back with us and her full attention on me. "Now, let's see if that pussy of Nicole's is ready for relief yet," I say. I am looking only at Raven now. "I'll show you how to tell if it's ready for relief, or if it's just aroused. Go ahead and tell Nicole to show us her pussy. She knows what's expected of her. Just say 'Nicole, show us your pussy, bitch.'"

"Nicole, show us your pussy, bitch." Raven dumbly repeats the line before she actually thinks about it. A second after she says it, I see her blush, a little surprise on her face, as she realizes what she just said.

Nicole doesn't hesitate. Certainly not while I have my crop in my hand. She just turns her back to us, spreads her legs, and leans over to put her back flat with the floor. Then, she pulls her lips wide apart. And stands there, her very wet pinkness displayed to us.

I hold out my hand. Sophie pulls a latex glove on it for me. I don't touch Raven, I just step a little too close to her to nudge her over close to Nicole's bottom. "You're checking for two things. Only when you feel both of them, is a pussy fully, completely aroused. As hot and aching, and needy as it can get. That's when it's ready to be relieved. Releasing the tension before that might spare this bitch some very agonizing moments as her arousal finishes building up, but it's a disservice to the pussy."

"I put my finger very lightly atop Nicole's hard clit. Nicole purrs a

## Bare Before Her Daughter

very deep and sultry moan as she feels my soft touch. And a little shiver runs through her body. I feel hardness and the heat of her blood flushing it. I take my finger away.

I put my finger to the very entrance of Nicole's tunnel. I slowly inch my finger into her tunnel, feeling the wet softness of her fiery walls cuddling around it. I let it lie still, my finger fully inside Nicole, for a couple of seconds and then inch it back out.

"This pussy is not even close yet!" I tell Raven. "Nicole's clitoris is not throbbing yet. Her vagina is nicely hot and exceptionally wet, but it doesn't have the tiny tremors yet, either. Those are like a vagina's way of begging to climax.

"Pussies are pussies, girl. Yours works the same way. And when it's desperate for relief, you'll be able to feel the very same signs in it. Hold your hand out..."

Raven holds her hand out, but well away from Nicole's bottom. I knew she would, and that's what I wanted. I just nod casually. Sophie hurries to pull a glove on Raven's hand. She does it quickly enough that by the time Raven realizes it, it's too late. She pulls her hand back, but it's already gloved up with the pastel green latex.

"See for yourself. This isn't sexual, it's clinical. You're just checking her body to see what it needs. Almost like a doctor. In fact, you're not touching anything your gynecologist isn't going to touch! Go on... go on..." Finally Raven's hand starts to move, very reluctantly.

"May I touch your hand to show you how to touch her correctly, so you can feel what you need to feel and not do anything else to her?"

Raven dumbly nods. Now that I have her permission, I take her hand in mine. It speeds things up. I grip her finger firmly and put the pad of it resting lightly atop the swollen nub of Nicole's clit. Nicole purrs another deep and needy moan, a little louder, at the touch. Raven's finger jerks hard against my hand as she tries to pull back the instant Nicole

## Chapter 03: Massage Time

purrs. I hold her finger still. Nicole's purr fades into a deep breathing that Nicole is obviously working to control. I hold Raven's finger still for a couple of seconds.

"Do you feel it pulsing, actually beating against your finger?"

Raven shakes her head.

"I didn't either. But that's what you're feeling for." I take Raven's finger away, much to her relief. A relief that instantly vanishes as I extend her first finger and hold it straight out, pointing its tip at Nicole's tunnel. Raven's arm is stiff, resisting me, as I start to move her finger.

Raven's fingertip reaches the snug entrance of Nicole's tunnel, where it's walls gape just slightly, their pulpy meatiness awaiting her. I have to pull a little harder against Raven's arm now. But her fingertip starts slipping into the narrow space between those soft walls.

And again, Nicole purrs a deep moan as a shiver sweeps over her body. Nicole's reactions beyond her control. It makes Raven tense up fully against me. And makes me really work to keep her finger slipping in slowly.

I stop only when all of Raven's finger is buried inside Nicole's pussy. Her fingers are slender, just a hair longer than mine. Not enough longer to make a difference. Raven is feeling the same pussy I just felt. I hold her finger still for several seconds, listening to Nicole straining to control her deep breath and hold back from moaning.

I ask Raven if she can feel the heat, and she nods. I ask if she can feel how "sloppy wet" it is. She nods again. I ask if she can feel any tremors, the spongy walls of Nicole's pussy twitching sharply around her finger. She shakes her head. I tell her that I didn't, either. Then I pull her finger slowly back out. And Nicole purrs a sultry moan as Raven's tense finger moves through her pussy.

I let go of Raven's hand. Raven Immediately pulls the glove and



## Bare Before Her Daughter

frantically searches for a garbage can. Sophie comes and takes the glove from her. Then Sophie takes mine off for me before taking both off to the trash.

Nicole obediently stands with her lips spread and her pussy displayed. She hasn't been told to move.

This is getting rather entertaining to me. I started out just to humiliate Nicole to new depths of shame. That's the only reason I invited Raven over. But now, Raven is becoming such a willing, and reluctant, amusement herself! I love the way she hates what she's doing. Yet she does it. When all she has to do is say no. I start to wonder if Raven might have inherited some of her mother's submissiveness. And obedience.

I have Raven tell Nicole to stand up and face her. Nicole almost springs up and turns to face Raven. Then she stands.

I whisper instructions in Raven's ear. And this time, I make them detailed, but I don't just give her a script. But I do tell her to address Nicole only as bitch or Nicole, not mom or anything else.

"Nicole... your pussy is not aroused enough yet," Raven says firmly, but her voice laced with unhappiness and a trace of disgust.

"Yes, Ma'am," Nicole replies, just as she would be were it me checking. Which I've done enough times. I prefer to make my toys suffer as they wait for that climax. "Thank you very much for checking my pussy for me, Miss Jankowski. I'm sorry for moaning like a cheap whore while you were trying to be so good to me, Ma'am." Nicole blushes to a new depth of beet redness. And she cringes as having to say it. At having to admit that she just let her daughter check her pussy. And moaned. I'm sure that a reminder to Nicole just how that finger slipping over her sensitive walls stimulated them, despite her ardent desire that it not. Proof, to Nicole, that her body is not her to control. Because she couldn't control it.



# Chapter 04: The Depth Of Her Sluttiness

## Chapter 04: The Depth Of Her Sluttiness

"I'll just have to let Nicole get hotter..." I sigh aloud.

I point to a chair. "Skanky, sit, and offer out that slop pit of mine."

"Yes, my Queen," Paige says with a grin on her face. She licks her lips as she rises off her knees. A step later she's lowering her tiny bottom onto the edge of the chair and leaning back. This cheap fabric director's chair has armrests on it, and Paige puts her arms on them where her hands can grip the ends. Then she spreads her legs wide, baring the slightly puffy, smoothly-shaven, mound of her pussy to us all.

I snap my fingers. "Nicole, show Raven what a complete lesbian slut you really are. Get on your knees and eat that skanky thing. Now, bitch." I swat Nicole's bottom firmly with my hand to punctuate the command.

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Nicole obediently answers, every ounce of the shame and humiliation back in her voice. She kneels between Paige's wide feet. And she lowers her mouth to Paige's pussy, her lips gently parting Paige's thick lips as they slip into the wide gash between them.

A second later Paige is breathing out deep, and very urgent, sweet moans. Unlike Nicole, Paige isn't shy about showing her pleasure. About show us just how well Nicole's tongue is teasing her pussy.

Raven refuses to look. She looks away and will not turn her head back. I guess she really doesn't want to see her mom having sex, especially with a young woman. Who is so clearly loving her mom's tongue.

With a little wave, Sophie fetches two more of the chairs and sets them to the side, close, and facing the action. I take one. Then I tell Raven, "have a seat. Care for another cup of tea? Skanky has been a good whore, so I'm going to allow her a good long tonguing as her reward."

Raven accepts the tea and Sophie hurries to fetch two cups. She very reluctantly accepts the seat. I saved her the better one, the one more

## Bare Before Her Daughter

to Paige's hips than to Nicole's shoulders. It has a batter view. A view Raven wastes by keeping her head turned and her eyes off the pussy licking.

I let it be. Sophie serves the tea. We sip for a couple of minutes, which gives Raven a chance to relax a little. She still keeps her eyes off the action, though. Well off.

Which I imagine isn't easy to do. Paige sits there, as stiff as steel, squealing her head off with loud, desperately needy, girly moans. I imagine she's having to struggle to keep her legs open, not just spread fully so that we can all see her pussy as it's eaten. I can see her hands have a death grip on the ends of those armrests, too. So far, she's behaving. She knows that she's not allowed to climax. She's only allowed to do that when I specifically tell her to. So she fights her impulses and holds her orgasm back, a fight that's clearly taking all of her strength.

Nicole obediently keeps her hands behind her back, too. But already I can see her hands fidgeting, straining to get to her pussy as Nicole makes them stay away.

"As you can see, Nicole is getting rather good at tonguing pussy. As good as a lesbian should be!" I tell Raven enthusiastically, but I'm saying it so Nicole can hear me, not Raven.

"So it sounds," Raven replies with disgust in her voice. I'm sure she's referring to Paige's loud squealing moans. "Skanky ought to just cum and get on with it!"

"Oh, Skanky isn't allowed to!" I tell Raven. "She's a whore! Just a pussy for me to use now. She can only cum when I tell her to... although it certainly sounds as if she'd gladly cum now, doesn't it? Too bad for her I wish for Nicole to practice her pussy licking some more."

Raven just shakes her head. And still isn't looking at the show.

I give it several more minutes for Raven to get used to hearing

## Chapter 04: The Depth Of Her Sluttiness

Paige's squeals. Which isn't easy. They're loud, and they're very needy sensual squeals.

Raven still hasn't as much as glanced at the action, and that's taken some doing on her part. And it's piqued my interest. Not that Raven doesn't want to see it, that's obvious. I wouldn't either. But to me, it's become a challenge. Can I get Raven to look at it?

I lean over and whisper to Raven. "Feel free to get a good video of this if you want. Just think about it for a second. Picture the next time Nicole gives you a hard time about something. You whip your phone out, hit play, and she sees herself doing this. You say something slick, like 'I wonder what all your friends at church would think if they saw this...' Imagine the power you'd have..."

It finally gets a little smirk from Raven. She thinks about it. But not too long or too hard. And she's still smirking. "She definitely wouldn't argue about my bringing a boy home again..." a few seconds later, I see her phone come out. She toys with it in her hands for a moment. But eventually, she opens the camera and clicks up the video function. She aims it in the direction of the action, without really looking at what she's videoing.

"Oh, you want the best video for blackmail!" I tell her in a conspiratorial voice. "Suck it up, go up there, stand over skanky and aim down so it shows her full face and skanky's pussy." I have tongue Raven a couple of times to get her to do it. But she does, the image taken down and at an angle. Even from here, I can see that it very clearly shows Nicole's face meeting Paige's pussy. And all of Paige's pussy, her hips, and the tops of her splayed thighs. I don't have to worry about the soundtrack, that's going to pure Paige squeals.

I stand and lean to Raven's ear to whisper very quiet instructions, really more of a suggestion, to her. I see her cringe at the idea.

Then Raven takes the suggestion. "Nicole. Spread skanky's lips

## Bare Before Her Daughter

wide and open your mouth so I can make a good video of your tongue *in* her pussy."

Nicole's hands come up and pull Paige's lips wide. Then Nicole's mouth stretches wide open. It lets Raven see the swollen tip of Paige's clit. And Nicole's tongue lying against the side of Paige's nub, slowly swirling around the stiffness. Swirling around rhythmically.

Raven looks for the first time, her eyes focused like lasers on Paige's clit. That way she doesn't see Nicole, just the tongue-on-clit action. I'm pretty sure that's curiosity on Raven's part. I know that she's never had this done to her yet. Thus hasn't a clue how she might like it, how she might want some boy to do it to her. But Paige is very clearly deeply enjoying it the way Nicole is doing it. I'm sure Raven has decided to ignore the repulsion for a few seconds and make a few notes for future use. Like when some boy wants to lick her pussy, and like most boys, really has no clue what Raven might actually want him to do down there.

I let her peek. Then, after a moment, before Raven loses interest, I suggest that she frame the video at an angle, from the side and front. And angle that will show all of Nicole's face, so no one can challenge who is eating that pussy, and also show her tongue circling around that eager clit in vivid detail, so there's no doubt about what Nicole is doing. And no way Nicole can claim it was an act, or photoshopped, or whatever. Raven likes that idea. She gets the image and records a good half-minute of it. Then she tells Nicole, "enough, bitch, just eat it." The words I'd given her. They send Nicole's hands behind her back again, and her mouth closing around the nub.

Paige squeals and squirms on.

I make Paige endure a good twenty, maybe even thirty, minutes of it before I simply snap for Nicole to stop. Nicole obeys, immediately rising back up. It leaves her kneeling in front of Paige. And it leaves a very frustrated Paige panting as she tries to calm herself back from the edge of climax.

## Chapter 04: The Depth Of Her Sluttiness

I give Paige a moment. I know that Nicole is ready now. I can see it. I can see the very slight squirm in her hips and the way she's resisting the fidgeting in her hands. I can also see a good glaze of Paige's clear, oily honey slinging to Nicole's face, all around her lips, the bottom of her nose, and her chin.

I don't know if Raven sees that or not. So I point it out to her and ask if she'd like a photo of Nicole's "pussy covered face." She decided she does. I'm certain she has more blackmail in mind.

As Raven is getting her camera out, I make Nicole kneel demurely before Raven and ask her to take it. "Miss Jankowski," Nicole asks, the humiliation flooding into her voice, "will you please take a picture of me so that you will have it to remind me how much I enjoy eating pussy, whenever I'm being unfair, Ma'am?" I wanted Nicole to know how this picture is going to be used. Raven takes it, showing all of Nicole, naked and on her knees, her face glistening with Paige's honey.

"Would you like to diddle that pussy now, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Nicole answers firmly, eager, and very embarrassingly.

"Ask Miss Jankowski to check and see if that pussy is ready to climax. Ask humbly, like the bitch you are, bitch."

Nicole takes a deep breath. Her voice shamefully quiets as she asks. "Miss Jankowski, will you please check my pussy very thoroughly for me and see if it is ready to climax now? Please, Ma'am, please check my pussy! Please, Ma'am, it's throbbing so bad it's killing me!"

Raven blanches at the lewdness of Nicole plea. I give Raven a few seconds, and then I give her the bad news. "She knows she won't be allowed until some responsible person verifies that her pussy is ready."

Raven grumbles. Then, in a very reluctant voice, mutters "fine. Whatever." and looks over to me. I just wave for Sophie to bring Raven a



## Bare Before Her Daughter

glove. Which Sophie does. And Raven elects to put on herself. I tell Raven to just "order Nicole to show it to you."

"Nicole, show me your pussy." Raven unhappily grumbles.

Nicole almost eagerly gets to her feet, turns her back, and spreads her legs as she leans over. She opens her lips, displaying an even wetter pinkness to Raven. With Raven sitting, it has Nicole's pussy right at eye level, too.

Raven again looks to me. I tell her to just go ahead and check for what I told her to, just like she did earlier. She moves very hesitantly, very reluctantly. But she puts her finger to the tip of Nicole's clit. "OMG!" Raven blurts out, "Gross! I can feel it pounding like... a little hammer!"

"Ah, then her clitoris is ready. Check her vagina."

Raven groans. Loudly. She moves especially slowly as she extends her finger and puts it to Nicole's pussy. She gets less than ¼" of finger inside those cuddly-snug walls before Nicole lets out a moan and shivers again. Raven freezes. Once Nicole's shiver subsides, Raven, her voice pure disgust, loudly scolds Nicole, "Can you please control yourself long enough for me to do it without getting off on me?" Then Raven's finger starts moving again. The scolding does nothing. Nicole shivers and moans out again. A very hungry moan.

Raven doesn't need much time to feel it. Even before her finger makes it all the way inside, she announces "This is so disgusting! I can feel her pussy snapping all around me. Like it *LIKES* my finger!"

That makes Nicole start sobbing. Maybe it's the thought of her pussy. Which definitely does like the soft stroke of Raven's finger. Then again, it's just a pussy, it doesn't have any taboos. It doesn't even know that it's Nicole's daughter's finger!

Raven's finger is quickly out. I stop her before she pulls her glove

## Chapter 04: The Depth Of Her Sluttiness

off. Then I have Sophie fetch me a glove as I tell Raven “there’s one more thing we have to check. Now that you’ve felt what you have. Feel the tremors again, and that pussy is as ready as it is able to get.

“Show me your anus, bitch.” I give the command firmly, but without raising my voice or sounding cold. Just firm.

Nicole spreads her cheeks, displaying the tensed ring of her tight little asshole to our eyes. And stands there, her butt offered up to us, holding her cheeks wide to offer unhindered access.

I take hold of Raven's hand for this one. I straighten her finger out and put its tip flush against the clenched ring of Nicole's asshole. Raven shirks back, flinching from the touch. Nicole just stands submissively. I pull Raven's finger back into place. I hold it there. And I tell her what to do.

Raven looks like she’s about to be sick. “Nicole, relax your anus now, bitch.” Raven recites a rote line. Then her face wrinkles up more, as much as it possibly can, as she feels Nicole’s asshole loosening under her finger. Quickly, Nicole’s ring turns to rubber and pushes back, against Raven’s finger. Clearly inviting the finger inside. Almost trying to swallow it, or so it seems to Raven who does not want to do this.

“Just keep your finger stiff, Raven.” It doesn’t take me much pushing on Raven’s hand. Her finger, greased by the thick coat of aromatic honey, slips easily through Nicole’s relaxed muscle. And it keeps sliding, Raven cringing hard her more of her finger glides right into Nicole’s bottom. I push Raven’s hand until all of her finger has slipped inside.

“OK, can I get it out NOW?” Raven urgently asks in her grossed-out voice.

“Not quite,” I tell her. “First you have to see if those tremors you felt in her vagina are at their full strength.”

## Bare Before Her Daughter

I hold my finger up for Raven to see it. There's no way I could show Raven how to do this, just talk her through it. She'd have to see up Nicole's butt for me to show her. And that's a sight Raven isn't going to allow me to make her see. I show her how to press gently down with her finger, how to curve it just a little. With my finger, I press on Raven's arm just so she knows how much pressure to use. Then I tell her to push, but lightly.

I can see the tendon in her hand move, so I know her finger has shifted. A second later Raven says, "Yeah, I feel it, it's like pushing on a rubber band. Am I done, NOW?"

I show Raven, my finger in the air over Nicole's bottom, how to move her finger. Slightly. A very light pressure. Just kind of wiggling it against "that rubber band," while keeping enough pressure that she feels it pushing lightly back, but no more. "As you do, count to ten slowly. And pay attention to what your finger can feel."

"You mean besides this giant turd!" Raven blurts out so unhappily.

"Oh, just ignore that. Maybe someday someone will toilet train her."

I nudge Raven's hand to get her finger moving. She counts a little quickly, but not too fast.

It wouldn't matter. Raven only makes it to three. Nicole cries out, almost screams out, the sluttiest of moans. A hard shudder racks her body with its crispness.

Raven stops immediately. "GROSS! I mean, seriously, mom! For G-d sake, my finger is up your ASS! Please, don't tell me you like it up your ASS, too! OMG, that is totally disgusting! Now control yourself, BITCH!" Raven's voice is unadulterated revulsion. Laced with a good dose of anger, too. She almost screams the "bitch," and I didn't tell her to say that. I didn't tell her to say anything. But I couldn't have planned much better.

## Chapter 04: The Depth Of Her Sluttiness

Raven starts counting over. She gets to three again, and Nicole cries out another desperate and slutty loud moan. And shudders. Only this time, Raven keeps going. She stops counting long enough to say "Shut up!" Which Nicole does not do.

Raven gets to about five. Then she blurts out, in her normal voice, "OMG! I feel those hard snapping tremors again!" She almost heaves, the disgust coming right back into her voice, "IN HER ASS!"

I tell Raven she can stop now. She does and yanks her finger out of Nicole's bottom. "Actually, that wasn't her rectum twitching, Raven." I decide to have mercy on Raven. "Rectums are very thin, like Saran Wrap thin. You were feeling the backside of her vagina. And now we know that her vagina is stimulated thoroughly. All the way through those spongy walls."

Raven freezes for half of a second. "That was her pussy?"

"Yeah, it was. That's why gynecologists do rectal exams. You can feel all of the backside of her vagina, and if you put your finger a little differently, you could feel her uterus and ovaries. Take it from a nursing student. If she were a guy, you could feel his prostate and bladder from there. It's pretty easy, once you know what you're feeling."

"Whatever. Just tell me that's it." Raven says as she yanks her glove off, not waiting for the answer. Sophie takes it and trashes it again.

I have Nicole stand up facing Raven. And I make her stand there.

"I'll leave it up to you. You can decide if we allow Nicole to relieve that pounding ache by supervised masturbation, or if she has to go home as she is and suffer." Raven starts to answer. I shush her. "Take a moment to think about it."

A moment is far too long for Nicole. Especially after that butt tease she just endured. I can see her hips starting to squirm just a little. I can the way she's subconsciously trying to get her pussy against her inner

## Bare Before Her Daughter

thigh and rub herself. I let Nicole get away with it for a second or two.

"See that?" I point at Nicole's furry mound. "Can you see how she's trying to be a bad girl and rub that pussy herself?" It makes Nicole sob, even before Raven reluctantly admits that she can see it. I scold Nicole to be still while Raven considers allowing her relief. Relief is only for good girls, so she wants to be good right now. Then I point something else out to Raven. I point out how wet Nicole's fur is, how there's honey clinging in the creases of her thighs, too.

Then I tell Nicole to get back on her knees. She has one chance to convince Raven to watch her masturbate with proper supervision.

Nicole begs shamelessly. "PLEASE! Please, Miss Jankowski, please will you please watch me masturbate, Ma'am. Please, I'll never ask you for anything ever again, but please, please, watch me masturbate, Ma'am. Oh, G-d, please! I have to cum so badly I can't even think! Please, Ma'am, Miss Rodgers will supervise me so I don't act like a gutter whore. Please, Miss Jankowski, please just watch me. Please, for me!"

"UGH!" Raven balks. "Whatever. Fine, do it." Then she averts her eyes.

I tell Nicole to stand back up. And I have Sophie put my crop back in my hand. I tell Nicole that if she tries to "squirm herself to climax again, not only will she be punished for it, but she won't be getting to masturbate." She weeps silently as she stands very still.

I tell Raven what to expect. That Nicole must stay still as she masturbates. Still meaning her feet flat on the floor. Her body not just unmoving but still enough that even her breasts don't jiggle a bit. That she may "make noise," but she may not say a single word. She must look straight ahead with her eyes open. She must rub her clit my way, slowly, with little circles. She may not speed up. Nor may she climax. She will be told when to climax, and she's expected to do so immediately when she's told to.

## Chapter 04: The Depth Of Her Sluttiness

"You can tell her when to cum." I grin as I say to Raven. "Just keep an eye on your watch. Wait five full minutes. Then, after that, wait some more, until you think the ache is so intense that Nicole isn't able to hold it back any longer. Then count to fifteen, slowly, and tell her to climax."

"Nicole, masturbate," I tell her firmly. Nicole is already standing in front of Raven with her feet opened about halfway to make sure that Raven, and I, have an unhindered view of her pussy and how she's touching herself. She puts her finger to her clit, exactly the same way Raven did. And she starts moving that finger in a slow, tiny, circle.

It doesn't take long, maybe a whole second, for Nicole to start crying out deep, and deeply urgent, slutty moans of ecstasy. And it only takes a couple of seconds after that for Nicole's body to tense up so hard that her muscles start vibrating.

And then, a couple of more seconds, and I see Nicole's hips start to squirm. I crack the crop, landing it hard across Nicole's bottom. It's loud as it lands and sears a long pink stripe across Nicole's cheeks. She cries out as it hits her, then goes right on moaning. Her hips still.

Raven jumps back from the stroke. But she relaxes a little when she sees that it hasn't stopped Nicole. Nicole doesn't even show the sting that's shooting into her cheeks, just the screech of pain as it hit, and that's it.

Raven tries hard to watch her watch, not Nicole's pussy. But the loud crack of the crop landing again and again on Nicole's firm bottom proves too much of a distraction. Raven can't help but peek. Especially sitting with her eyes close to Nicole's pussy where she can tell herself it's Nicole, it's someone else. She doesn't have to see the face, so she can lie to herself.

Nicole's probably had about ten strokes. And maybe made it about three minutes. I'm not timing her. I'm trusting Raven to do that much.

## Bare Before Her Daughter

Raven suddenly gags and coughs. Then she groans “OMG! She’s DRIPPING!” I’d seen it already. The little drops of honey falling from Nicole’s mound to the floor as her pussy just weeps its honey too fast for her lips and fur to hold it in.

The disgusted, and disbelievably-excited/amused blurt from Raven is enough for Nicole. She drips several more drops quickly. Her fingers are suddenly at warp speed. My crop snaps hard. Nicole screams. Her fingers slow. She drips more. I see Nicole’s toes curl so hard that it arches her feet. That earns her a stroke on each foot. Which get those feet on the floor. Which gets some more drips.

Finally Raven stops looking at her watch. She doesn't need to think about how badly Nicole needs to cum. The dripping gives that away. She starts counting silently. She recites the line. "Nicole, climax now."

“Yes. Miss. Jankowski.” Nicole struggles to get the words out. They’re more of screeched moans than words. But Raven hears them.

And then Nicole lets go. She stops holding her orgasm back. It hits her hard, like a tidal wave crashing over. One second she’s standing there, tensed up impossibly hard, moaning and masturbating. A fraction of an instant later, her body is shuddering hard, her hips thrashing, her shoulders thrashing as she screams. It’s a loud scream, one with as much pain as pleasure in it.

Then her knees give out and she falls all the way down to her bottom. Which does nothing to ease the crisp shudders rack her. Sitting on her bottom isn't an option, not with her hips and shoulder thrashing every which way so powerfully. It throws her to her side. And she lies there, the tremors shuddering over her body, making it snap sharply as each new wave flows over.

She lies like that for a couple of minutes, as the intensity of the tremors slowly ebbs. And then, Nicole lies there, still, limp, loose, and spent. Breathing lightly, but fast, her eyes closed, adrift in the afterglow

## Chapter 04: The Depth Of Her Sluttiness

of her orgasm.





# Chapter 05: New Rules

## Bare Before Her Daughter

I left Nicole lying there on the floor, lost in her dreamy bliss. Raven and I went to the living room to chat for a few minutes. I think it came as a huge relief to Raven to have a few minutes without "naked mom" staring her in the face. I left Sophie to stand over Nicole until Nicole was ready to open her eyes again. She has instructions for then. And instructions to hurry "then" along.

I decided to give Raven a "reward" for being such a good sport. Mardi Gras is only two weeks away. While Mobile isn't New Orleans and Mardi Gras here is especially lame, it's still a huge event. Everything closes for it. There are some unbelievably awesome parties, but none at any of the "public" venues, such as the clubs. All the fun parties are private.

I have an "in" with a couple of the frats and sororities on campus. Including Alpha Gamma, a sorority known for having the girls who take both academics and parties to the next level. More so the fun than the academics. I asked if Raven might be interested in attending their Mardi Gras party. She exploded with enthusiasm, as I knew she would. What high school girl wouldn't want to party at a college, especially at a sorority known to be fun. Especially Alpha, whose pledge party several months ago is now legendary. Like all the "cool parties" it's invitation-only, and the invitations are only going out to the party animals on campus. In short, no one in high school has a prayer of getting through the door.

Except for Raven. It took me one phone call to Alpha, where I learned Justine, a senior I know well was in charge of the guest list. I just asked her to add Raven. She gladly did it right then. She knows that I'd never send a girl who wouldn't be fun. And, lucky for me, Sabrina was the one who answered their phone. She just turned 19, so she's less than a year older than Raven. She promised me she'd "introduce Raven around."

Raven is absolutely thrilled to be going. And equally amazed that I could make "the impossible" happen with just a phone call. And now

## Chapter 05: New Rules

stressed over who will be her “plus one” for the party. I’m betting her BFF gets the job. Why bring a date when there will be a frat’s worth of cute, and for Raven, older guys there just so eager to meet girls? The idea was enough to make Raven completely forget her mom.

It's about ten minutes later, ten minutes Raven spends peppering me with questions about college party etiquette when Sophie and Nicole finally come in. Both carry a cup of tea. Sophie comes to me.

Nicole goes to Raven. She kneels before Raven, holding the cup out atop upturned palms, just as Sophie does for me. When I tell Nicole to speak, she offers it politely to Raven. “Miss Jankowski, will you please accept this cup of tea as my thank you for helping me to masturbate properly and fully relieve the ache in my pussy, Ma’am?”

Raven says “Sure. Thanks.” And takes it. Nicole stays put. “Thank you, Ma’am. I apologize for being so slutty, Ma’am.” And Nicole waits. She hasn’t been dismissed, so she’s to stay there. And stay quiet. Raven just sips her tea.

Now that Nicole is here to hear it, I have a few things to tell Raven. Really to tell Nicole, but I’ll say them to Raven as if Raven is her guardian. I want Nicole to hear them like this. I want her to hear Raven make all of the choices for her, and know that she will be the one living with Raven's choices. Some very intimate choices. That Nicole will sit silent and listen to but have no say in.

I begin by telling Raven that I've decided that Nicole has been "faking" for far too long. After all, even her own daughter didn't know who she really is. Thus, Nicole needs a lesson in self-discovery. A lesson she'd never get if left to her own. She needs to be Nicole for a little while. She needs to live as "the bitch she actually is."

To do that, Nicole will have a babysitter for a few days, starting now. Her new guardian will be in complete charge of everything. Including Nicole’s body. Nicole will have no say in anything, not the

## Bare Before Her Daughter

tinest detail. No matter how private an actual person would consider it. Or how meaningless. All of her choices, every last one of them, will be made for her by her guardian. Just as I make Sophie's choices for her.

I tell Raven that I know a couple of people, guys, and girls, whom I use as "bitch sitters." I'd be glad to find one to come fetch Nicole and bring her home. After which she'll "belong" to her babysitter until I say otherwise. Like any babysitter, they're paid for their time. By Nicole, not me. Or, I offer with a touch of slyness in my voice, if Raven is willing, I could tell her what needs to be done and she could be Nicole's guardian for the next few days.

"So like, I'm in charge, and like she has to do whatever I say?" Raven clarifies with a very sly smirk on her face. As if she already relishes that idea. I tell her yes. But also that she'd have to take care of Nicole. "Do I have to... do anything more than I've already done?" She cautiously asks. I'm sure she's wondering what more there could possibly be.

"Not really." I tell her, "physically. But you'll have to make all of her choices, and pay attention to her and what she needs, too." I'd planned to stick Nicole with a babysitter, at the babysitter's place or a hotel, for the weekend. But the way Raven eased into it, I realized that leaving Nicole in her care would not only be far more degrading for Nicole but safe to do. Raven will look after her. So I offer it to Raven.

"OK... What exactly do I have to do?" Raven asks.

I tell her that Nicole now has a loose daily schedule. But the times are inflexible. Nicole will spend her nights on her stomach, her wrists and ankles bound to her bed. Naturally, Nicole will sleep naked.

Nicole's day, seven days a week will begin exactly at 6:00. Her guardian will begin by taking Nicole's temperature. Rectally. Then Nicole will be unbound and allowed out of bed. Before doing anything else, Nicole will neatly make her bed.

## Chapter 05: New Rules

Then her guardian will take her by the hand and walk her to the bathroom. Nicole will use the toilet, brush her teeth, shave, wash her hair, and shower. All of which will be done with her guardian's eyes constantly on her. After fully washing, Nicole's body will be thoroughly checked by her guardian to ensure it's clean and properly groomed. No dirt. No razor stubble. No "skank" moistening her bush. Clean.

After her shower, Nicole's guardian will choose some "house clothes" for Nicole. Something casual, like jeans or shorts and a blouse or a sundress. With a bra and panties, socks, and shoes. Nicole will wear whatever is chosen for her.

Her guardian will tell her what to do. And make sure that Nicole has a good breakfast. She will tell Nicole to prepare it, what to make, and even how much goes on her plate. Nicole will clean that plate. Naturally, Nicole will also make breakfast for her guardian, then, or whenever her guardian fancies something. And be told to do the dishes.

Nicole belongs to her guardian. She will tell Nicole what to do after that. She will find some chores for Nicole to do every day and tell Nicole to go do one of them. When Nicole is finished, she will check Nicole's work. And then tell Nicole what to do next.

Nicole doesn't get to pick her "goofing off time activities" either. Those are up to her guardian. She can just tell Nicole to "go watch American Idol on TV," and Nicole will go watch that show. Or "go read this book." Or "go knit me a scarf." Whatever, it's not up to Nicole.

On workdays, Nicole leaves the house at 7:30 to be at work by eight. At 7:20 her guardian will take Nicole by the hand and walk her to the door. There Nicole will strip off her "house clothes," fold them very neatly and give them to her guardian. Then, when told to, Nicole will "twirl," a command I've taught her that shows every bit of her body to someone, to show that she has nothing but body. Nude, she will step out into the garage. Her guardian will follow, shutting the door behind her. Then Nicole will be given "work clothes," and her guardian will watch her

## Bare Before Her Daughter

dress in them. Dressed, she'll be given her purse which will have only \$20 for lunch in it, plus her IDs, and the keys to her car and office, plus other truly needed items, such as tampons when appropriate. And she'll be given her phone. But once Nicole puts on her work clothes, she's not allowed through that door and into the house for anything. Her guardian will watch Nicole leave for work.

Nicole will then go to work. She will text when she arrives. She will text again before leaving the building, for any reason. Running papers over to the courthouse, going to lunch, coming home. Any reason. She will eat a real lunch every day. She will text a picture of her lunch before eating it. And she will text again before leaving for the day.

When Nicole returns home, the door from the garage is to be locked. And Nicole won't have keys to her house. She'll have to knock and wait. And she will not be allowed into her house. Her guardian will go to Nicole in the garage.

Nicole will be told to hand over her phone. Then her purse. Then she will strip naked and twirl. Now she's allowed to walk naked into the house. Once inside, the door locked behind her, her guardian will give her house clothes to her. It doesn't matter if it's the same ones she had before work, or not.

Nicole still belongs to her guardian. Who will tell Nicole when and what supper will be. And ensure that Nicole does some chores after work. And ensure that Nicole gets a little rest time, too.

Nicole's bedtime is ten. At ten, her guardian will take her by the hand and walk her to the bathroom. Nicole will strip and hand over her clothes. Nicole will use the toilet, brush her teeth, and take a quick shower before bed.

Nicole's guardian will then walk her by the hand to her bed. There she will check Nicole's pussy for the signs of arousal. If she finds Nicole's nipples hard, her clit hard, and her pussy hot and wet, twitches or not,

## Chapter 05: New Rules

Nicole will masturbate, and she will be fully supervised as she does.

Then Nicole will lie on her stomach in bed. Her guardian will bind her to the bed for the night. Tuck her in. Turn the lights off and shut the door. Nicole is not to be allowed out of bed for any reason. And there are to be no electronics of any kind, nothing with a plug or a battery, in her bedroom. Especially not a clock.

"So, uh, like, if she moves while she's... playing with herself, I have to whip her?" Raven asks hesitantly.

"Yes. Just remember when you do, that it's for Nicole's own good. It's very hard to stay still as arousal builds. Bodies like to wiggle. It takes the edge of the arousal. When she stays still, it takes away the main thing her body does to distract her from the sensations in her pussy and that leaves her to fully feel them. I want that. I want her masturbation to push her arousal high enough that her climax will release most of her tension. She'll never climax as she just did without a partner to "nudge" her arousal up. I mean a partner like skanky to offer a pussy for eating, not a supervisor. But still, if she's going to do it, it should be as intense of a climax as possible. Since I doubt you have a crop, I'd suggest a narrow leather belt.

"The main thing is to think of Nicole constantly. Every aspect of her life and body belongs to you. For example, she only goes potty when you take her and tell her what to do. So you have to remember to take her a few times a day, especially about 45 minutes after she has a good drink of something. I'll show you how to tell when she needs to go. And she'll only have that drink of water, or tea, or anything when you give it to her. So you have to make sure she gets enough."

"God, it's like she's two!" Raven sighs.

"Kind of, yeah."

I tell Raven my house rules. Rules that Nicole will have to live by for her guardian as well. Rules like always being very humble, polite, and



## Bare Before Her Daughter

respectful. No potty mouth. No questioning her guardian. No stalling. Only doing as she's told.

And I tell Raven that she has to enforce her rules. If Nicole breaks one, the Raven has to punish Nicole for it. Otherwise, the rules are meaningless. Nicole would be free to do as she wanted. Punishment may be whatever Raven deems proper. I only offer a few suggestions. Like washing Nicole's mouth out with soap for using bad words. And spankings for disrespect. Or time outs in the corner. And a few other ideas. Or anything else Raven makes up that she thinks will motivate Nicole to obey the rules, not injure Nicole, and not be any worse for Nicole that it needs to be.

After thinking about it for a minute, Raven agrees to be Nicole's guardian until next Sunday. Then, immediately after church services, Raven will bring Nicole here for me to see. And I will decide what happens with Nicole after that.

I tell Raven that Nicole now belongs to her. Sophie fetches Nicole's things and sets them on the coffee table. I tell Raven that she may give whatever of them she wishes to Nicole whenever she wishes. And when Raven is ready, she may take Nicole home. I add that I had Nicole walk here, so Nicole's car is still at her office. If it was me, I'd just leave it there and drive her to work Monday. Nicole doesn't need a car. She's not allowed to be out of the house unescorted, except for work. Just like she's not allowed to be less than fully dressed unless her guardian's eyes are locked on her the entire time. Which means, she's not allowed to use the bathroom by herself, since that obviously involves lowering clothing. She'll have to be taken, except when she's at work.

And then, I send Sophie for a refill on my tea. And I chat with Raven. About parties and college life, not Nicole. Nicole only gets to refill Raven's tea.

Before Raven leaves, I remind her that Nicole fully belongs to her for these days. Feel free to make use of Nicole as she fancies. As a

## Chapter 05: New Rules

servant. Or for a massage if she wants. Or whatever she wants. And I add that Nicole is not allowed to talk to Brad. No calls. He's not allowed over. No letter or email. Feel free to snoop through Nicole's phone and email to make sure she's behaving.

Nicole looks pitiful as if she knows her life just ended. But she sheepishly follows Raven home.