

Backdoor Bitch

Nadezhda Sarankhova

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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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Backdoor Bitch

Backdoor Bitch

Introduction:

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

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

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

Backdoor Bitch

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

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

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

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

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

Backdoor Bitch

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

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

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

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

Backdoor Bitch

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

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

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

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

Backdoor Bitch

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

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

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



Chapter One - A Naughty Butt Whore

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About six weeks ago I “met” two new toys. Bailey, a girl who just turned 18 the first of the year, and her 49-year-old father, Larry. It was a first session for both of them with me. Bailey attends school with Joey, another of my toys who is also 18. They're both finishing the last year of high school and will graduate in less than a month now. Bailey spent most of the school year badgering Joey to introduce her to me. Then, around Christmas time, Bailey started asking Joey if I'd be interested in her father since I'd so far refused to even talk to Bailey.

I'd been avoiding Bailey because she hadn't turned 18 yet, and I absolutely refuse to discuss anything with anyone who isn't 18. I didn't tell Bailey that. That would have involved discussing it with her. I just completely ignored Bailey. I can see how she might have gotten the idea that I wasn't interested. And I wasn't, until her 18th birthday.

Then I invited them along for an overnight cruise on a sailboat captained by one of my other toys. It is not the usual way I see a toy for the first time, but with Joey telling me a little about Bailey, I figured they might have fun. And they did. Even when I made Larry walk the plank at the end of the cruise.

Since then, I've only had time for one other session with each of them. But those times, they didn't share the session. And it was a more pedestrian session. It was more of a typical first session where I get to know my toys. Every session can't be a pirate-themed scene on a fancy sailing yacht. I can only “seize” Ciara and her boat about twice a year. The rest of the time, it's on actual cruises for paying customers.

Larry, until about October, had a long-time girlfriend. She left him. She was also his girlfriend by day and his owner by night. He tried to hide it from Bailey. She'd figured it out long ago. He'd been miserable since she'd left him.

Bailey simply didn't know much about her sexuality. She wasn't a virgin, but she wasn't that experienced either.

Backdoor Bitch

She was definitely curious, though. She was eager to be taught. More eager to just be taken and taught.

I also learned that both got very aroused by being humiliated. That's a good thing for them because I enjoy humiliating my toys and if it didn't arouse them, I would have sent them on their way.

Most importantly, I learned that neither of them is opposed to playing with the other in the scene. Sometimes fathers and daughters are. Other times, like with these two, I've found that when both believe that they have no control over their bodies - I have it all - their taboos go out the window. It's as if they believe it's not them doing it, it's me.

Since that cruise, Bailey has been required to email me daily. Larry hasn't been allowed to contact me at all. Instead, he's required to tell Bailey everything, and she relays it to me. Then, sometimes, when I feel like it, I give Bailey instructions for one or both of them. Bailey is responsible for ensuring that both of them carry out my instructions and emailing me a video to prove it. She's done well.

Until I read her email this morning. Larry was behaving. Bailey told me that he confessed to waking up with a hard cock, but that's an every-morning thing for him. He didn't touch it. He's not allowed to touch it, not even a tiny touch for any reason, if it's even half hard. He just has to wait until his cock decides to behave.

Bailey isn't allowed to touch herself either. Never. Instead, when I decide that it's time for Bailey to have an orgasm, I send her instructions. The usual method is the one I stumbled into on the cruise. She has to go ask her father to undress her and tie her hands. Then she lies on her stomach. He uses his finger in her bottom to tease her to orgasm. She's yet to have one that could be called anything close to tame. They've all been wild and thrashing hard orgasms. I've stuck with what works for her.

Chapter One - A Naughty Butt Whore

Bailey's last orgasm was five days ago. I know she's getting rather eager by now, and it's close to the time for me to send her to get another. I was just thinking of doing that and thinking about how I might add a fresh touch of humiliation to it for her when I got her email this morning.

Bailey broke one of my rules. The rule that she's not allowed to hint, much less ask, for permission to have an orgasm. She's to demurely wait in silence. When I wish her to cum, I'll send her to get her bottom fingered. Her father gets the job since he's there. Bailey doesn't care about that. She might hate the idea of him giving it to her, but once his finger is there, teasing the backside of her pussy, she forgets everything and screeches her way to a nice orgasm.

But this morning, Bailey's email included a very humble beg for an orgasm. She told me how her pussy has been aching so badly that she can feel it pounding and throbbing. Since yesterday! She says she can't stand it. She just has to cum. Will I please allow her to ask her father to relieve that ache for her?

Of course not! Orgasms are for good girls. Good girls don't break my rules! If she had just been good, I would have sent her on that very mission this evening. But now she's been bad! Bad girls get... spankings, not orgasms! Now I can't send her on that mission. That would be like rewarding her misbehavior!

I don't answer her email immediately, but that's nothing new. By now she's used to my answers coming whenever. That's when I answer those emails, whenever I'm ready to deal with it. I never rush for a toy.

Instead, I spend about half the day stewing on it. I have no doubt that Bailey needs to learn a lesson. Nor that I will have fun teaching her that lesson. It's my schedule. Wednesdays aren't my busiest days; those are Monday and Tuesday. By Wednesday, I'm usually tired and ready for a lazy evening, then a toy or five later in the week. But I hate to leave Bailey uncorrected! She's a new toy. I

Backdoor Bitch

wouldn't want her to think misbehavior would bring her anything other than swift correction!

In the end, I decide that I'm not too tired. I should be home around five today. So, I ignore Bailey until about five o'clock. Then I send her a terse text telling her that she knows better than to beg me for an orgasm as if she's some trashy gutter slut. Thus, she is to have her father bring her at seven so that she can be punished appropriately.

I've only summoned her here once before, but that time I did tell her what I expected when I summoned her. She's to very politely ask her father to bring her here. And this time I've added that she's to tell him what her misbehavior was and that she's coming to be punished for acting like a whore.

She's to bring Larry everything he needs. She's to ask him to tie her hands behind her back. Then she's to ask him to blindfold her. And then he is to take her to his car and bring her here. Like that. Neither comes off, for any reason, until I take it off. It makes him drive down the streets with a blindfolded passenger. And that usually gets a few stares. I'm sure Bailey will be sitting there, unable to see anything, and praying that none of her friends happen to see it. At least I certainly hope she is!

Larry knocks on my door right at seven. Like all of my toys, I've taught him that I expect them to be on time. Exactly on time. I don't care if they have to stand out in the hall and wait. I don't care if they're embarrassed by being seen by the neighbors. The few neighbors I have close by all know me. They all know what I do for fun. They're used to seeing my playtoys in the hall. And in one case, they hope to borrow those toys.

I send Sophie, my live-in slave-girl, a rather pretty and petite 20-year-old blond, to answer the door. She always answers the door. It's kind of her job as my personal slave. I just wait on my sofa, still sipping my after-dinner coffee. Sophie can handle the light work.

Chapter One - A Naughty Butt Whore

Sophie lets them both in. With Bailey blindfolded, Larry has to put his hands on her hips and guide her through the door. Bailey must be expecting it. She can definitely hear Sophie opening the door for them.

I've been making them work as kind of a team. When Bailey comes to play, Larry has to bring her. But when it's Larry's turn to come to play, Bailey has to bring him. It has them alternately dependent on each other. I'd started it mostly to degrade them a little. But I've noticed that neither minds it too much. In fact, they seem to have rather eagerly accepted their roles as my playthings. And accepted the idea of allowing the other to take charge for me when I want it. Interesting.

Sophie points them to the empty place along the wall. It's just inside the front door, between the door and the coat closet that stands out from the wall. I keep it empty for one purpose. It makes a good place for toys to wait. And for them to strip before I play with them.

"Dickless," Sophie begins, using the pet name I'd made up for Larry. I have pet names for all of my toys and very rarely use their actual names. "Lift butt whore's hair so that I may collar her for my Mistress."

Bailey is a very slim girl. She stands 5'5" but she weighs only 115 pounds. It gives her a figure as if someone stretched a petite woman up to average height. She's also moderately curvy. The leanness gives her slightly bony-looking hips, though.

Tonight, Bailey is still dressed for school. It's another of my rules. When summoned, toys aren't to change unless I tell them to. They're to come here just as they were dressed for the day. I'm sure some cheat. They should hope that I never catch them. If Bailey is cheating, she's still wearing "school clothes." Clothes that meet any school's dress code. She has on snug-fitting jeans and a black silky blouse.

Bailey has a fairly oval face. It's not harsh. It has soft, flowing, rounded lines to it. Even at her jawline. She has brown eyes over a nose that's only slightly long, but

Backdoor Bitch

also slightly narrow. And she has a huge, wide smile framed with plump, deep-pink lips. She has long, moderately wavy, flowing black hair that's full of body and hangs down to about the bottom of her shoulder blades, too. It's silky soft and fine.

Larry reaches over and gently brushes Bailey's hair to the center of her back. Then he lifts it up, holding it well back to fully bare Bailey's neck. He holds it up as Sophie takes her time slipping one of my training collars around Bailey's narrow neck. It's one of the inch-wide, pink leather collars I keep for the toys. I have them in baby blue for the male toys, too. They're just basic dog collars that I bought at PetSmart. Once Sophie has it buckled, she threads a small shiny brass padlock through one of the extra holes and the buckle, locking it around Bailey's neck.

Sophie steps back and nods to Larry. He lets go of Bailey's hair. "You may undress the very naughty butt whore now, dickless," Sophie tells him with a wide smirk on her face. She knows why I named him dickless. He doesn't have the biggest cock. She knows. She's seen plenty of it. I like to flaunt it while reminding him how small it is. Not that it's really that small. But guys are just so sensitive about that!

"Undress" is a specific command for my toys. It tells Larry not just to take Bailey's clothes off, but also the way I want them to come off. He's to start at the top and take the highest thing off of her first. He's to fold it neatly and present it to Sophie. And then move down, stripping her naked from her head down to her toes. It's not the way most anyone would undress themselves. People do that in layers, saving their undergarments for last. But not here.

Bailey doesn't flinch as her father puts his hands on her shoulders. I didn't expect her to. By now she should be relatively used to being undressed by him. Larry unbuttons her blouse and slips it off her shoulders, letting it fall down her arms to the sash binding her wrists. It's one of the exceptions in the undress command, a command that he's had plenty of practice following by

Chapter One - A Naughty Butt Whore

now. When hands are bound, he may leave the blouse hanging from her wrists at her back until everything that has to be slipped over her wrists is down to them. That way he only has to rebind her wrists once.

It reveals Bailey's bra. I don't know about before, but when I met Bailey, she wasn't modest with her undergarments. Every time I've seen her, she's had on some rather sexy ones. Which is fine by me. Tonight, it's a royal blue bra with mere half cups. All of it trimmed in lace. With only narrow ribbons as straps over her shoulders. But it does have a slightly wide, maybe a full inch wide, band around her narrow back.

Her bra is a 32-C. That I know. I've measured. Considering just how narrow her chest, and body, are, Bailey has a pair of rather ample breasts. But unlike on wider women, the C-cup doesn't have her breasts so large they start to droop. Oh, no. Bailey's breasts are perfectly perky.

Her mounds rise straight off her chest, having only a gentle rounding to their undersides. They rise up 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ full inches from her chest. There's no crease at their underside, not even a faint one. Her mounds stand out straight. But then, they have a fully rounded front with soft and flowing lines to them. From there, they flow, sloping gracefully up and back to her chest.

Her mounds are topped with a pair of hugely wide rings. They're a dark shade of brownish pink and seem to take up about the top $\frac{1}{3}$ of her mound. Not just the front of them, but around onto the side, the bottom, and the top as well. Centered in each of those wide rings is a nipple the same shade about as wide as the tip of my pinkie finger. It's a nipple with a fairly well-rounded tip that rises from her mound like a half-marble.

I sit back and watch as Larry reaches around behind Bailey's back to unclasp her bra. He puts his hands to her sides, avoiding actually touching her breasts. It takes him a minute to work the bra over Bailey's head where it can slip down to her wrists.

Bailey is basically a prisoner being delivered for her punishment. At least that's the aura I want to create for them. Thus, she's not allowed to have her hands freed, even for an instant. Sophie hands Larry a pair of police-issue handcuffs. But not a key to them. Larry locks them around Bailey's narrow arms, just above the sash binding her wrists and the clothes hanging from them. Then he unties the sash. The handcuffs hold Bailey's hands securely. Larry slips everything off Bailey's wrists and begins folding it to hand it over to Sophie.

It leaves Bailey standing there, waiting. And nude from the waistband of her jeans up. There's just something so sexy about that. I can't resist taking a couple of peeks at those pert mounds.

Then, after politely handing Bailey's blouse and bra over to Sophie, Larry is on his knees taking off her sneakers and socks. And that leaves Bailey nothing but her snug jeans and panties. She might not be able to see what he's doing, but she can definitely feel her clothes coming off. And I know she heard Sophie's instructions.

Larry is very diligent about trying his best not to touch Bailey anywhere too intimate as he unbuttons and unzips her jeans. Far more cautious than I would think of being. It gets me wondering if maybe Bailey has asked him not to touch her any more than he has to obey my instructions. Or if maybe he's just uncomfortable touching his daughter that way. Either way, it's obvious that he's trying to avoid it. I already see something I want to explore tonight. And make them work through.

Larry puts his hands to the waistband of her jeans at her hips. Almost perfectly at her sides, where he won't be touching her pubes or her bottom. The jeans are snug enough that it takes him a minute to work them off her bony hips. And to expose a pair of royal blue "boy shorts" panties. Except these have a lace ruffle that hangs over the front of them from the top. And it looks sexy. They also cover little more than her pubes in the front.

Chapter One - A Naughty Butt Whore

Larry folds Bailey's jeans and hands them over. Then he slips her panties down the same way. It lets me see Bailey's flat, and silky smooth, shaven pubes. It also lets me see the fairly small mound of her pussy puffing its plump little lips down nicely between the tops of her very slim thighs. Larry folds her panties. "Here are my daughter's panties, Miss Slave. My daughter is now completely naked for Miss Rodgers, Miss Slave," Larry humbly tells Sophie.

Sophie just takes the pile of clothes and quickly heads for the playroom with them. I keep a four-drawer file cabinet in there for just this. I even call it the "worthless clothes closet." It's where all of the worthless toys' clothes go while they're here. The drawers are all ajar now. Sophie pulls the top one open, drops all of Bailey's things into it, and pushes it shut. That locks it. I have the only key. Bailey won't be seeing those clothes again until I decide to give them to her.

Sophie returns and clips a leash to Bailey's collar. I'm pretty sure Bailey feels it. I see a slight shudder run over her body as she feels Sophie bring the leash taut.

Sophie pulls on a pair of latex gloves. It's Sophie's job to ensure that all of my toys have absolutely nothing when she brings them to me. And I mean nothing, not even a hairpin. Even though I know Sophie isn't going to find anything, she's still required to check Bailey's body thoroughly. Inside and out.

Sophie starts at the top, running her fingers through Bailey's hair. She moves down, looking in Bailey's mouth and probing around inside of it with her finger. My diligent little slave even peeks in Bailey's ears and up her nose. It's not about actually searching Bailey; it's about making Bailey know she's been searched. That she hasn't earned even enough trust from me for me to believe she's not hiding anything inside her body like a skanky dope fiend.

Sophie works her way down Bailey's front side. Then she has Bailey turn around and works her way back down Bailey's backside, all the way to her feet. Sophie even lifts

those feet to see the soles of them and moves each toe to check between them.

It leaves Sophie only two places. She has Larry help Bailey to lean over and brace her since Bailey doesn't have the use of her hands to brace against the wall. Bailey gets to spread her feet wide on her own. That gives Sophie perfect access to the puffy mound of Bailey's pussy.

Sophie starts with Bailey's thick lips and pulls them wide apart. She lifts them up as she does, checking their undersides. It lets Sophie see every bit of the hot, almost red-flushed, pinkness. It lets her see Bailey's short inner folds that rise only gently off that pinkness. And it lets Sophie see the narrow entrance of Bailey's tunnel. It's one of the narrower tunnels that I've seen. And her plump mound makes it look as if her tunnel sits back, a bit inside of her body. It's also a tunnel that's flooded with honey.

Sophie has slim fingers. Almost as slim as mine. She puts the tip of a finger to the entrance of Bailey's tunnel. Sophie's finger is wider than the entrance of the tunnel. Sophie presses, not taking any care to be gentle, but not trying to be rough either. Just efficient. Her finger pushes into Bailey's tunnel.

"uh-MMM!" Bailey purrs out very sweetly, and almost as urgently, as Sophie's finger slips into her pussy.

Sophie gets to feel the fiery hot heat burning in Bailey's pussy. She gets to feel the thin layer of spongy softness lining the firmer muscle of Bailey's pussy walls. And I'd bet she can feel little twitches running through those walls already. That purr tells me that Bailey is very needy.

Sophie just slips her finger all the way into the depths of Bailey's pussy. She moves her finger around, using it to explore every speck of Bailey's pussy that her finger will reach. She pushes firmly, but not hard, against Bailey's walls, teasing them as she ensures Bailey feels her probing around. And then, once Sophie has checked everywhere, she slips her finger back out.

Chapter One - A Naughty Butt Whore

Sophie doesn't have to spread Bailey's very firm, full, and rounded globes. They're firm enough that Bailey bending forward pulled them so taut that Bailey's crack stretched open to bare Bailey's asshole for Sophie.

Sophie just puts the tip of her honey-slickened finger to the outside of Bailey's tiny little ring. It's a ring not even quite the size of a dime, lined with countless faint wrinkles all flowing to a pinprick of darkness at the very center. It's a ring that's flush with the valley of Bailey's crack, neither puckering out nor tunneling in. It's a deep shade of pink-brown, like her nipples, only a bit darker.

Sophie presses. Her fingertip pushes against the hard muscle of Bailey's ring. Then Bailey relaxes. It lets her muscle turn rubbery, and that makes it very easy for Sophie's finger to stretch Bailey's asshole open and slip right into it.

Sophie wiggles her finger inside Bailey's rectum. It lets her probe around. More importantly, it makes Bailey feel Sophie poking around in what has to be the one place she least wants to be explored.

Sophie takes care. I've given her a special instruction for Bailey because I've already discovered how sensitive the backside of Bailey's pussy is. Sophie probes against it, once, very quickly, before moving on and probing somewhere else. The walls of a rectum aren't any thicker than a sheet of paper, and that ensures that Bailey feels Sophie's probing finger not just with her rectum, but also just as fully against whatever lies beyond her rectum. Including her pussy walls.

"AH!" Bailey suddenly shrieks out every time Sophie's finger probes and thus teases, the backside of Bailey's pussy walls. As she shrieks, I can see a hard, crisp, tremor shudder her entire body.

Sophie takes her time, probing one little spot atop Bailey's pussy walls, then moving her finger off to somewhere else until Bailey settles down and the shudder fades. Then probing her pussy walls again. Until Sophie

Backdoor Bitch

has probed every bit of the backside of those walls and teased Bailey to a heightened arousal.

Sophie pulls her finger from Bailey's bottom. She pulls her gloves off and tells Larry to turn Bailey around.

The only other time Bailey came to play, this was when the blindfold came off. Instead of taking it off, Sophie just holds the leash close to Bailey's collar. Shortening it like that makes it much easier to follow. It will pull against Bailey's collar much quicker, and more directly than it would if the leash was longer.

"Come, butt whore," Sophie tells Bailey. Sophie doesn't give Bailey a chance to answer. She starts leading Bailey across the room to where I'm waiting. Sophie keeps the leash taut.

It's a first for Bailey, being led along on a leash while blindfolded. It forces Bailey to trust Sophie and rely only on the collar pulling against her neck for guidance around the furniture.

Sophie leads Bailey over and stops her in front of me. "Kneel before your Queen, you worthless, naughty butt whore!"



Chapter Two - Dickless

Chapter Two - Dickless

Larry expects me to send him away now. It's what I did last time he "brought" Bailey here. I made him leave her here and go wait somewhere else until I summoned him to come to fetch her. That way it was her session, not their session as the cruise was. Since he was back quickly when I summoned him, I doubt he went any farther than one of the clubs below me on Dauphin Street.

I leave Bailey where she is, naked and on her knees before me, blindfolded and handcuffed. I turn my attention to Larry. "Do you have any idea what a complete slut this butt whore has been, dickless?" I ask him.

"Uh... No, Ma'am..." Larry actually hangs his head slightly as he gives his sheepish answer. Of course, he doesn't. But I'll bet I have him wondering just what Bailey has done that I've been calling her a slut all day. I'll bet he's thinking she did something with some guy.

"Undress, dickless," I switch to a rather firm voice to give him the command. I watch as a look of surprise comes over his face. I think I see a little flinch sweep over Bailey, too, but she hides it well.

Larry almost quivers. It's been several weeks since I've seen him, and he's definitely due for a little obedience lesson. I'll bet he just wasn't expecting it tonight. I'll bet he wasn't expecting to share his lesson with Bailey again, either. Judging by his face, it looks like he's a little uncomfortable with the idea. I can't imagine why. He's so enjoyed the teasing way that I've taught Bailey to make him cum using nothing but her perky breasts. And that's been the only way I've allowed him to cum since he joined my toybox. He should be looking forward to sharing this lesson. I have less than zero doubt that he lusts after Bailey's lithe body. Maybe he's just so ashamed of himself for liking his daughter's body and doesn't want anyone else to know.

"Yes, Ma'am," Larry obediently answers. He straightens up.

I wave a hand to Sophie. She hurries over to stand in front of Larry and get his clothes, too. Larry isn't the most

Backdoor Bitch

handsome of men, but he's not bad, either, considering that he's 46. He's 6' tall and 200 pounds, but those aren't all muscle. They're not all fat, either. Tonight, he's wearing jeans and a t-shirt. He clearly did not dress up to bring Bailey to me.

Larry has a decently oval face. It also has a fair bit of fullness to it. And it has softer, more rounded lines instead of the sharper, stronger lines I prefer on men. He has short, slightly unruly, black hair that's gone decently gray. He has a short, but wide nose under brown eyes. He has a fairly narrow mouth framed with fine, deep pink lips, that makes me think Bailey got her luscious wide mouth from her mother. He also has a little bit of stubble on his chin, as if he forgot to shave this morning. Uh, oh... that's not allowed in my realm.

With his shirt now in Sophie's hands, I can see his mostly hairless chest now, too. He has a figure with straight sides, and a very slight looseness to his stomach, that makes his chest look almost like a tree trunk. With loose bark! His skin isn't that loose, not enough to sag or hang, but enough to show. He has a pair of small rings, the size of quarters, around tiny little nipples. Those are a deep brown pink and stand out against his pale chest.

Larry squats down to get his shoes and socks off. Then he stands and starts unbuttoning his jeans. In a moment those come down, too, letting me see decently shaped legs. Their skin is a bit loose, too, but they don't look to have any extra pounds on them. And they're not hairy. They have only a fine fur of light gray hairs on them. It also lets me see the rather ugly pair of boxer shorts that he's wearing. Plain white. He is so not getting those back! I hate boxers. And plain white? That doesn't amuse me at all.

Those come down quickly, Larry blushing slightly as he does. I just wonder if he's more embarrassed to reveal his tiny cock, or over those ugly boxers! Probably his little cock, I decide.

Chapter Two - Dickless

His cock isn't really that small. It's five inches long, which puts it just a fraction of an inch under the average mark. It's also decently narrow, less than an inch across. But it is circumcised, baring its light pink head. He has a pair of decent-sized balls hanging under that stiff cock, though. And he has a light, sparse, black fur surrounding his cock. It's about the manliest hair on his body.

He quickly hands his boxers over to Sophie and stands with his hands behind his back. And with his cock sticking straight out at its full hardness. I guess that's eager for a lesson tonight!

Sophie hurries off to lock his clothes in a separate drawer of the file cabinet. She's pulling her gloves on as she returns. If Larry had any doubt that he was in for the same inspection that Bailey got, the glove should dispel those silly ideas!

Sophie puts a blue-collar on his neck and locks it. Then she starts checking his body just as completely as she checked Bailey over. I love that strained little grunt Larry makes as Sophie checks his bottom. She leashes him and walks him over to kneel beside Bailey.

"Here is your dickless toy, Mistress, it has been very naughty, Mistress! It's not smoothly shaven and it has the filthiest little bottom, Mistress! May I clean this *dirty* boy up for you, Mistress?" Sophie adds a touch of disgust into her voice on the word "boy" as if she's referring to a lower, and despised life form. Maybe Larry will start, if he doesn't already, assuming Sophie is into girls. He couldn't be more wrong. I know Sophie. She likes guys. She loves getting his cock in her hand, even if it was just to inspect it.

"Hmm..." I hum softly as if thinking. "No, slave, don't bother," I tell Sophie in a rather sweet, and teasing voice. It's a voice that tells Sophie that I have a much better idea. Something far better than shaving, scrubbing, and enema she feels that he deserves for showing up here so unkempt! I see a little grin on her face, too. She might not know what I have in mind, but she knows it will be

amusing. Maybe not for Larry, but definitely for the rest of us.

"Besides, I didn't give this eager little dickless boy permission for an erection! Obviously, it's too filthy minded for even a skanky gutter. I think I'll start by teaching it to behave in my palace." I grin.

Sophie is smirking wide now.

"Come along, dickless," I tell him. Since he's not blindfolded or bound yet, there's nothing to slow him down from following along. I snap his leash to get him moving. Larry follows me back to the playroom.

I take Larry to the chair. It's just a plain wooden chair with armrests and a few custom modifications I've had made. Actually, I have a few add-on pieces for it as well, so it does change from toy to toy. The biggest modification that I've made is the slots for the straps to tie a toy to the chair. And there's a fair-sized hole cut in the seat of it. But otherwise, it's a simple chair.

I lead Larry over to stand with his back to the chair. I tell him "sit, dickless" at about the same time I give him a little push to drop him back into the chair.

I start at his ankles. I have some leather straps fastened to the legs of the chairs for those. I did that because I almost always bind the ankles to the chair. I just wrap them around his ankles and pull them snug. They lock in place. Then I have Sophie fetch me a few thick, heavy plastic tie straps. I put one of those around each leg just below his knees. They will hold his knees spread. Another of the long straps goes around the top of his thighs and through little slits in the seat. Those straps don't just hold his thighs down, they pull his bottom back as well. It will hold his bottom down to the seat and back against the chair's backrest. Two more of the straps go around each arm, one at the wrist and one just below his elbows, both binding his forearms flat to the armrests. The last two go through his underarms and over his shoulders, pulling his shoulders back against the chair's backrest. It will hold his back up straight and flat against the chair.

Chapter Two - Dickless

It leaves his decent-sized balls dangling down through the hole in the seat. His cock would hang down, too, except that's as hard as a rock and standing out straight from his pubes. It's not even hanging down enough to touch the seat of the chair between his spread thighs.

One more modification I've added to the chair is a little mirror on the cross brace between the front legs. It's angled for a girl of my height so that as I stand behind the chair and look at it, it reflects a good, full view of his dangling balls and asshole for me. It's much easier than lying on the floor and looking up!

I get one of my favorite add-ons for the chair. It's just a cheap, simple mousetrap. The basic wood kind that has been around forever. The only thing I've done is add a little strip of metal to the bottom of it. I bring it up under the chair. The little metal strip spans the hole in the seat and locks into a couple of clips. It has the mousetrap standing up on its end. With its end flush against Larry's body along the little strip of flesh between his asshole and balls. And that has his balls dangling over the dangerous part of the trap. I set the trap very carefully. There's a tiny fraction of an inch between the backside of his balls and the trap's trigger. None of which Larry can see. He doesn't know what I now have his balls hanging in front of.

"Skanky, get your skanky little butt in here!" I call out.

"Yes, my Queen!" Paige calls out her answer, already almost running from the kitchen to the playroom. She's through the door in well under a minute.

Paige is my 19-year-old live-in house-slave and whore. She has two main jobs here. She does most of the chores, leaving Sophie free to closely attend to me and my countless whims. And she's the whore. Whenever I wish to use a body to tease a toy, it's Paige's body I use. However, I wish to use it. It allows me to keep Sophie a virgin, as a handmaiden should be.

Paige is nude as she steps into the playroom. She always is inside the apartment. Unless you count the pink collar around her neck and the police-issue leg irons around her ankles. Otherwise, she is never allowed any clothes in the house.

Paige is 5'7", but she only weighs 119 pounds. It gives her a somewhat stick-like figure with the gentlest of a curve to her waist. She's rather cute, too, with an oval face and a wide mouth framed with honey-brown hair. But it seems to me that Larry is more focused on Paige's rather pert 34-B breasts with their wide, light pink, nipples.

"Skanky, taunt this naughty dickless boy," I tell Paige what I want her to do. She answers with her usual "Yes, my Queen."

Paige steps in front of Larry. She already knows what I want her to do. Exactly. "Taunt" is a specific command, but not one of the basic ones all my toys learn. It's one I've taught Paige and a few other of the toys I use more often. It tells her that she's to entertain Larry with her body. She's to touch him. She's to use everything she has. She's to be erotic and seductive. But she's not to suck his cock for more than one single stroke. She's not to put it in her pussy at all. Or in her bottom. The rest is all fair game. She can do whatever works as long as she keeps him interested and his cock stiff. I doubt that's going to be much of a problem for Paige. Larry's cock looks rather eager already.

Paige smiles at him. She faces him. Paige leans forward and starts kissing him. Larry eagerly returns her kiss. Paige lets her fingers lightly stroke down his chest, all the way to his cock. She strokes her finger very tenderly along the length of his shaft. Paige leans forward a hair, putting her nipples against his chest.

A moment later Paige has slithered her breasts down his chest, over his cock, and along his thighs. She puts the tip of her tongue to the head of his cock and swirls it around the soft head. Larry's cock twitches hard, jumping

Chapter Two - Dickless

away from her tongue for an instant. Larry purrs a very needy moan.

I giggle. "You just sit there, dickless, and try to behave while I teach this naughty butt whore to try harder not to be a complete gutter slut!" I tell Larry. The look on Larry's face tells me that he's forgotten about Bailey. He's entranced by Paige and what she's doing to him.

Paige slithers back up Larry's front. She steps back a hair and turns to put her rather firm bottom to his eyes. Paige leans over, reaches back, and pulls her cheeks wide apart to show him her tight asshole. She only gives him a glance. Then she turns back.

Paige leans forward and starts bringing her nipple to his mouth. She moves very slowly. The tip of her hard nub touches his lip. Larry tries to lean forward, squirming his head to get that nipple in his mouth.

SNAP!

"OW!" Larry screeches, his voice high-pitched and girly. "OW! GET IT OFF! OW!"

The mousetrap did its job. It snapped shut, cracking its little wire bar up hard. It snapped against his sack, just above his so-tender balls. And it stayed put.

I glance in the mirror to get a good look at his balls. They're bulging out a little with the wire so tight and close above them. His sack looks to be darkening a little, too. His face seems to be scrunched up from the pain of it, too. Not badly, the wire seems to have closed above his balls as it's supposed to. But I'll bet it hit them on its swing, pushing them out of the way.

"I told you to sit still, dickless!" I laugh. Sophie and Paige are both smirking now, too.

Larry is almost in tears. He sits up straight. And now he's going to sit very still for Paige. If he tries to squirm too much, it will pull on his balls. It will pull them up, trying to squish them between the wire bar and the base of the trap. The strong spring will hold them firmly in the trap's grasp. He can just feel that squish.



Chapter Three - The Depths Of A Butt Whore's Sluttiness

Backdoor Bitch

Bailey is still blindfolded and leashed. It takes me a minute longer to walk her back to the playroom since she has only the collar to guide her down the hall. And she is definitely not used to being walked this way. Blind. It forces her to fully trust whoever is leading her. And to pay close attention to the way the collar is pulling her neck. Bailey is nervous about walking like this, and she lets it show.

I ignore Bailey. I've led countless toys like this. I know how it will work. The collar will pull hard into her neck. When I turn, the collar will shift around her neck and pull her to the side instead of straight ahead. All Bailey has to do is keep it pulling against the back of her neck and she'll be fine. I walk fast enough that Bailey doesn't have any time to think about anything. Just to follow the collar. Instinct keeps her moving in the right direction.

I have a brace set up and ready for her. It's not one of the fancy ones. But it's perfect for what I have in mind for her. It's just a sawhorse traffic barricade. It even says "City of Prichard, Police Line - Do Not Cross" on it. A couple of frat boys "found" it for me. I didn't ask where. Given the reputation, and frequent federal indictments, of Prichard Police Officers, I wouldn't be the least bit surprised if a couple of cops sold it to them. It's that kind of department. If you want to know, just Google them. And let me know if they ever found the money missing from the city treasury, it's kind of like a local treasure hunt around here.

I lead Bailey over to the sawhorse, standing her facing it. She's just tall enough that the crossbar is flush against her waist, its top about even with the tops of her hip bones.

I have Sophie fetch me a couple of lengths of rope. It's the same rope I often use to bind my toys. It's a simple, old-fashioned, hemp rope that's $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick. It's fairly coarse and rough. It adds a realistic dungeon feel to the rope.

Chapter Three - The Depths Of A Butt Whore's Sluttiness

I pick one of Bailey's ankles and start by wrapping three loops of the rope around her bony ankle. I tie that off. Then I do the same with the other rope and her other ankle. I lace the free ends of the ropes through a pair of big screw eyes threaded into the legs of the sawhorse. I start pulling those ends. The screw eyes act as pulleys, forcing Bailey to spread her feet wide. Once her lithe legs are nicely stretched wide, I tie the ropes off. Now those legs will stay wide.

I already have a rope tied across the screw eyes in the other pair of legs. That rope is pulled taut. I pull Bailey's leash down to it. It bends Bailey over the cross beam. But it doesn't pull her body taut, it just bends her over. Her hips can still squirm a bit. Her shoulders even more. It lets her arch her back. It just doesn't let her stand up. I tie her leash off to the rope to make sure she stays bent over.

And that has her bottom very nicely poked out and displayed for me. It has her pussy almost jutting out for me. It has her firm globes spread decently wide. Wide enough apart that the tiny ring of her asshole is easily seen at the valley of her crack.

With Bailey's hands bound behind her back, she's not going anywhere. Nor is she going to argue about anything. There's really not much she can do besides whine, squeal, and squirm. All of which is fine by me.

"Slave, bring me the anal dilator, I want to see just how skanky slutty this butt whore's butt is," I say to Sophie. But I'm talking to Bailey just as much. I want her to hear me. She does, and I see a touch of nervousness start flowing over her body. There's not much doubt what an anal dilator is used for. I'm pretty sure Bailey doesn't have much doubt whose bottom is about to be its victim, either.

Sophie hurries to get it. There's a little giggle in her answer and a little bounce in her step. I'll bet she thinks this is going to be amusing. She likes a good show as much as I do.

I have several implements to stretch assholes wide open. The anal dilator is an actual medical implement. It has two “blades” that are about 1½” long and ½” across that are curved slightly. Those blades are attached to a metal ring about 1½” across with a thumbscrew on it. Turning the thumbscrew moves the blades apart and that stretches the asshole open. Now those blades are closed, their edges flush against each other. Combined, they’re no bigger than my finger. And I have slim fingers.

Sophie brings it over to me with a touch of lubricating gel atop the tips of those blades. She’s never been generous with the lubricant, especially for the toys. She hands it to me with a little grin.

I put the tips of the blades flush against Bailey's tiny asshole. They're slightly wider than her ring and definitely wider than the pinprick of an opening at the center. A little pressure gets them pushing against Bailey's muscle. It gets the muscle opening slowly.

“OOH!” Bailey blurts out her voice far more nervous than uncomfortable. By now, I hope, Bailey has gotten used to being entered here. I know this implement is new for her, as are the steel blades, but they're just pushing into her now. I doubt she's stopped to consider what they might do once they're inside her bottom. Or what it might be.

I ignore Bailey and steadily push. I watch as every bit of the blade's short length pushes into Bailey's dark little asshole, opening it slightly as it does. There's just enough space for me to see between the blades, but not to actually see anything more than darkness there.

I hold the dilator in place as I slowly begin twisting the thumbscrew. It moves slowly anyway, gently parting the blades. That allows Bailey's asshole a little fraction of a second to get used to being more and more open. As her ring stretches, her muscle turns rubbery. It thins out, too. It's probably around ¼ to ½ inch thick when it's fully clenched. It will thin considerably as I keep stretching it wider.

Chapter Three - The Depths Of A Butt Whore's Sluttiness

"OOH!" Now Bailey is starting to sound nervous. I have her asshole stretched open just barely. Not quite wide enough for my finger to slip between those blades yet. But it is enough for Bailey to feel what's being done to her body. She can definitely feel her asshole starting to gape open. And now, she knows what I'm going to do to her. At least what those metal blades in her asshole are for.

I ignore her squeal. I just keep twisting that thumbscrew and watching as her asshole keeps so slowly opening up for me. The blades don't pull it round as they open it. Instead, they stretch it in an oval, the blades along the narrow sides and nothing but bare flesh along the longer sides.

Bailey squeals a few more times as she feels her asshole being stretched wider than she's had it opened before. I'm sure she's wondering why I want it so gaping-wide open. It doesn't really hurt her, this is definitely one of the more comfortable ways to have her asshole stretched, but she definitely feels it. I'm sure she can feel the very light burn as her muscle is stretched nearly to its limit. I'm not known for stopping halfway at anything. I keep going until I can see the pink-brown flesh of her ring pulling taut across the blades. It has her asshole stretched only about $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ inch high, but a little over an inch across.

And that leaves me a nice big opening to see right through her asshole and into her rectum. I don't even need a light. And I can see everything. I can see the pink walls of her rectum, now flush, a hot red, and lines with thick, knotty veins. I can even see her waste, fairly deep inside her rectum. Luckily, for Bailey, there's plenty of empty rectum between the mess and her asshole for me to use, otherwise, Bailey might find herself getting cleaned out right now.

I can even see the bottom of her rectum, the part lying loosely atop the backside of her pussy walls, twitching slightly. It's not actually twitching. The pussy

walls under it are twitching rather sharply. The filmy loose walls of her rectum are just quivering as her pussy spasms under it.

Those are some thin walls, too. The wall itself is nothing more than a thin membrane, like a sausage casing. Behind that is a paper-thin layer of smooth muscle. And then the firm, spongy-hard walls of her pussy underneath. Those pussy walls are lined with the very same nerves that run through the “front” side of her pussy, too. And nerves don’t know which side of them is being teased. I’m pretty sure they don’t care, either. Pussy nerves just like to be teased sweetly.

Bailey fidgets lightly as she stands there, bound bent over the beam. She can’t go anywhere. She can’t even straighten up. Her spread legs keep her hips and bottom from moving too much, too. Mostly it lets her stand there at my mercy with her asshole gaping wide.

I hold my hand out. “Slave, fetch me an anal tester.” There’s no such thing. But Sophie knows what I want. She gets it for me. I asked her for a feather. A long, thin one with silky fine fur on it. Sophie knows, rather intimately, just how much I like teasing a bottom with these feathers. Sophie knows one thing I don’t, too – just how intense those teases can get.

Sophie puts the shaft of the feather in my hand. I very carefully thread it between the blades of the spreader, making certain that I don’t let the feather touch Bailey’s asshole as it passes into Bailey’s bottom. I put the tip of the feather about two inches into Bailey’s bottom. That’s about where the top of her pussy walls is. Past that those rectal walls lie against her uterus, and that’s not nearly as sensitive!

I put the tip of the feather very softly against the inside of Bailey’s rectum, letting just the tip of it touch her.

“OOH!-EEEE!” Bailey screeches. At the instant the feather begins moving, its silky tip stroking over the inside of her rectum and teasing her nerves, goosebumps erupt atop the taut flesh of her asshole. They race outward from

Chapter Three - The Depths Of A Butt Whore's Sluttiness

the dark flesh covering her crack and spreading onto her cheeks. In under a second, they're racing up her spine, too.

Bailey squirms, her body instantly snapping hard, and thrashing against the ropes that hold her in place. Her bottom keeps squirming, grinding her hips against the beam. Her shoulders squirm, too, wiggling and jerking wildly as they try to stand up. But the collar keeps her leaning over. Her toes curl under her feet, her legs straining to full tension. Her hands squirm around hard, more flying and pounding, and just thrashing against whatever they can touch, which is just a tiny slice of her back. They try to get to her bottom and get nowhere near it. Bailey's head thrashes, too, sending that dark black hair of hers' flying wildly around.

I ignore every bit of it. She can't move enough to interfere with my teases, and that's really all I care about. I don't feel those icy cold, intense chills shooting through her pussy and along her nerves right up her spine. I don't feel the hot sparks erupting and twitching her pussy hard. I don't feel the fiery burning in those aching walls. I don't even feel the ache in that throbbing clit. So there's nothing to distract me from teasing even more!

And that's what I do. I just keep stroking the feather along the nerves lining her rectum. Those nerves atop her pussy walls, where the feather can tickle her pussy, too.

Bailey keeps on shrieking and squirming. Her body snaps with every motion as she thrashes against the bonds that keep her in place for the teases. The ropes snap. The wood of the sawhorse creaks. Her long hair flies around. Her pussy walls twitch even harder, and that makes the loose walls of her rectum twitch crisper, too.

I'm pretty sure that Bailey's pussy keeps on aching and burning with its urgent need, too. I know her clit keeps on throbbing hungrily; I can see that pulsing hard. I have little doubt that Bailey's nerves go on tormenting her with those icy erotic chills, too. And I know Bailey's honey flows, I can see it covering her mound and flowing down

towards her pubes. Her thrashes get a little of it into the creases of her thighs, too.

I make Bailey endure about five minutes of it. I'm sure it feels like five years to Bailey. She thrashes just as energetically through every last second of it.

Larry has a prime seat for it, too. I made sure that the chair I tied him to was positioned so that he'd have a good view of Bailey but from the side of her hips. It gives him an excellent view of Bailey's breasts hanging down under her chest and jiggling every which way as her chest thrashes. Her breasts are the only part of her that I've allowed to touch his cock so far. And they've never failed to make him cum quickly. He must love those breasts. And he must love watching them jiggle around despite their firmness. Plus, he has Paige teasing him mercilessly.

I move the feather to Bailey's asshole, using it to tease the taut flesh stretched between the blades. That gets just as much of a reaction from Bailey. She shrieks and thrashes for my entertainment. And now I get to see her asshole snapping, spasming against the spreader, too! It's worthy of another minute of teasing here.

Then I stop. Bailey stops shrieking. She fidgets, quivering as she does. Her head hangs and she pants hard.

"Oh, this bottom is being just such the slut today!" I comment aloud.

"Slave, bring me... a nice big egg!"

Sophie giggles as she goes to fetch me the toy I've asked for. I don't have any huge eggs. The biggest one I have is about an inch at its widest, maybe even a little less. Sophie glances at Bailey's gaping asshole, still held wide by the spreader and hurries to fetch it for me.

It's a vibrating egg, of course, not the kind chickens lay. It is about the same size as the jumbo eggs I get at the grocery store, though. Except this one has a little wire, about two feet long, sticking out of its rounded end. And a little control pad on the other end of the wire, but that's mostly a box for the batteries with an on/off switch on it.

Chapter Three - The Depths Of A Butt Whore's Sluttiness

I tell Sophie to bring me a few strips of adhesive tape while she's at it. She brings me everything, dropping to her knees to offer it all to me.

I take the tape first and use that to tape the dilator to Bailey's globes. It can hold the dilator in place for me while the dilator holds Bailey's asshole wide open for me.

Then I take the egg. It's just small enough to fit through the ring of the dilator, leaving a little space around it. But only a small fraction of an inch. I put the tapered end through the metal ring. It's nowhere near narrow enough to fit through the oval-stretched ring of Bailey's asshole, though. It quickly presses against the taut flesh spanning the blades.

I just keep pushing on it. The tapered end pushes in, shoving the flesh of Bailey's stretched asshole aside. It pulls her ring, even more, letting her feel a little more of a burn in that muscle as it's pulled wider. Then the sides of the egg touch the blades of the spreader. It makes me take another turn or five on the thumbscrew to stretch her ring a bit more. It gets a slightly uncomfortable, and rather nervous grunt from Bailey. But then the egg almost jumps forward, diving into Bailey's rectum. It slips a good inch past her asshole before it stops.

I have no doubt it would have dove even deeper into Bailey's bottom if the waste inside her wasn't in its way. But it is, filling her rectum and blocking the egg from going any deeper. The walls of her rectum cuddle around the egg, holding it in place. Even with her asshole stretched wide open.

"Now you be a good butt whore, and don't even think about cumming like a completely skanky gutter whore!" I tauntingly tell Bailey in a rather sweet voice. Sweet enough that it should be a warning to Bailey that it's not going to be easy not to cum.

I turn the egg on. It starts vibrating as it stuffs her bottom and presses lightly against the backside of her pussy walls.

Backdoor Bitch

“AH-EEEEEEEE!” Bailey screeches out. Instantly she’s back at full thrashing mode, too.

I take the feather and start stroking over the inside of Bailey’s rectum just behind the vibrating egg. This time I let the edge of the feather stroke against the taut flesh of her asshole at the same time. And now that flesh is even tauter, making those nerves a hair more sensitive.

“UH!...EEEEEEEE!” Bailey screams, “OH! I CAN’T! STOP! I’M GONNA CUM NOW, MA’AM!”

I giggle. “You really don’t want to do that, butt whore!” I warn her.

“EEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!” Bailey shrieks.

Then my doorbell rings. “slave, go fetch the dildo at the door.”

“Yes, Mistress,” Sophie answers. With a grin on her face, she grabs some latex gloves and heads for the front door.

I stay where I am, teasing Bailey’s asshole with the feather.

Larry stays where he is, too. He watches Bailey thrashing like she’s on fire and screeching out just as urgently. He watches her chest thrashing about so much that it wiggles her firm breasts, too.



Chapter Four - The Dildo And The Slut

Chapter Four - The Dildo And The Slut

It takes Sophie about fifteen minutes to fetch the “dildo” that I’ve summoned. That’s fine with me. Bailey spends the entire time amusing me with her shrieks and thrashing squirms. Larry spends the entire time watching Bailey squirm while groaning at the intense teasing Paige is giving him.

When Sophie returns she’s leading the “dildo” by a leash. The “dildo” tonight is Jeff, a 46-year-old man who recently became my toy. And my property. He, along with his son Quentin, were gifts from my mom. She doesn’t care much for father-and-son pairings, so when it became too obvious that Quentin wanted to play as well, mom simply brought them over here and asked me if I’d care to own them for a while. She’s willing to take Jeff back anytime. She’s not so eager to own Quentin as well. Then again, mom prefers her toys older. I can’t remember her ever owning a toy as young as Quentin. Maybe when she was my age, but I wouldn’t remember that!

Sophie is also leading Kelly along by a leash. Kelly used to be mom’s toy as well. Mom had given her to Jeff as sort of a girlfriend. So, when I took Jeff, Kelly came with him. Kind of like a three-for-one package deal. It was fine with me. Kelly is my kind of toy. But the first thing I did was decide that Jeff wasn’t her boyfriend anymore. Instead, since that first night, Kelly has been more my “designated girlfriend.” I give her a new boyfriend almost daily, whenever I wish, and whoever I wish, and Kelly is expected to be a perfect girlfriend for whoever I say. Including Quentin, who was her first “daily boyfriend” after she became my property. Kelly seems to have grown into her role and loves it.

Jeff is her assigned boyfriend for the day. I have whoever I’ve decided to give her to for the day just show up at her house at 8:30 in the morning. Then Kelly is his girlfriend until 8:00 the next morning. I decided to summon them today for a couple of reasons. One of those being I don’t want them to start thinking they’re safe from being summoned just because she’s being someone’s

girlfriend for the day. I want her to know those summonses won't be predictable.

Sophie walks the pair of them to the wall alongside of the door. I have a little plain wood bench there. It's a simple one, with a 2×12 for a seat. It's rough and unfinished, too, just sanded down enough that no one will get splinters in their bottom. She puts both toys on the bench, as I've told her to do. Kelly sits with her legs crossed. Jeff sits beside her with his open enough that his thighs aren't touching his cock and balls. Both sit with their hands behind them, silently waiting for my instructions. Sophie lets their leashes dangle down their chests.

Neither Bailey nor Larry can really see them. Bailey still can't see anything. And Larry is facing the same direction they are, so they're mostly to his side, and just slightly behind him. Not that it would matter. Bailey's thrashing lithe body has his full attention, as does Paige's teasing.

But I'm sure both hear Sophie tell me "here is your dildo, Mistress!" And that's the second reason I summoned Jeff. With his seven-inch long, and rather thick, cock, he makes a very good dildo. I'm certain that Kelly enjoys that cock on the rare occasions that I allow her to use it. I know she's not the only one to have enjoyed it since Jeff became mine, either.

Bailey barely lightens up with her shrieks as I take the feather from her bottom. I leave the vibrator in place. Bailey keeps squirming wildly, so I decide that the vibrator is doing its job nicely. Its job is to tease her mercilessly.

"That's enough, skanky," I tell Paige, lacing a touch of faked disgust into my voice. "Just look how skanky that slop pit between your legs getting, whore." I'm sure Paige doesn't have to look. I can see her honey glistening on her smoothly shaven mound. I'm sure she can feel the sticky warmth of it. She so loves entertaining me.

Paige quickly stands up and forgets all about teasing Larry.

Chapter Four - The Dildo And The Slut

Larry pants a few miserable groans of frustration. His cock twitches hard more than a few times. But now I can see a tiny droplet of his cum sparkling atop the tip of his cock. And I can see the wetness of Paige's saliva sparkling along the length of his shaft. I'm pretty sure I can see some of Paige's honey dried on his chest, too. Clearly, she has been teasing him... enthusiastically.

I send Paige back to the kitchen. She has kitchen duty. I take my supper seriously, too.

The main problem with Jeff is that he cums rather quickly and easily. It doesn't take much. It makes it hard to tease him too much. He can't endure too much before he cums whether I want him to or not. It has some advantages, though.

Now that Paige is gone, I go over to the chair I have Larry tied to. "I hope you can see just how needy that butt whore's bottom is!" I mockingly tell him. "It doesn't look like that fat finger of yours is doing too much to satisfy your tiny daughter's butt, does it? I guess you really are clueless about what to do with a female, even a tiny little girl."

I start untying Larry. I start with his legs, and then his shoulders, leaving his arms for last. As soon as I free one of them, I see it start creeping towards his overly hard cock. I swat the arm with my crop, and it jumps back up to the armrest. I guess Larry got the hint. I shouldn't have had to remind him! He knows better than to touch *my* cock.

Larry is still wearing his leash, too. Paige moved it, letting it hang down behind the back of the chair. His hands are free, though, unlike Bailey's. I take hold of Larry's leash and lead him over to the bench. I designed it for three toys, knowing that I would seldom have a reason for more than three to use it. There is a limit to how many toys one girl can play with at once. I also designed it to be uncomfortably tight for three, leaving them just a hair less space than they should have.

I point Larry to sit on the bench beside Jeff. I hadn't told Sophie to put them on it in any specific way. It doesn't matter, with two of them, both have one side open. I know Larry would rather sit close beside Kelly. Especially since the bench is short enough that he's going to be flush against the side of whomever he's next to. That's why I put him next to Jeff. I know he'll be more uneasy pressed so snugly against another naked man.

Larry hesitantly takes his place. Both Kelly and Jeff scoot over, until Kelly's side is at the edge of the bench, to make some room for him. It still doesn't leave Larry much. Even less since both he and Jeff are decently wide men. It has all three of them sitting flush against the others. Perfect.

I tell Larry and Jeff not to move. To stay. By now both know well that stay means not to move at all. Not even to scoot over enough that their sides aren't touching anymore. I don't want them to. I like the view. Both of them are sitting the same way, with their legs opened about half of what they could open. Just wide enough that their thighs aren't touching their cocks or balls. Which leaves both pairs of balls hanging down and lying atop the wood between the tops of their thighs. And it leaves both cocks standing out straight from their pubes, between their parting thighs, and up off the bench a bit. Naturally both cocks are as hard as steel.

I'm pretty sure Larry has noticed the difference, too. Jeff has a cock that's at least two inches longer. And at least 50% thicker. It kind of makes Larry's cock look small next to Jeff's much larger one. But both cocks look equally eager for some attention.

I let go of Larry's leash, letting it dangle down along his chest. Then I take hold of Kelly's leash and bring her up to her feet.

Kelly is a slightly petite woman. She stands 5'4" and weighs around 130 pounds. She has long, black hair down to her shoulder blades. It's silky and fine, but also has some body to it fanning out a bit as it hangs along her

Chapter Four - The Dildo And The Slut

shoulders. She has brown eyes on a face that's slightly round. She also has a slightly narrow mouth framed with rather plump and soft lips that are deep pink.

Kelly has a lean figure with a rather noticeable feminine curve to her waist. She has slim, lean, legs, too. She has a pair of smallish 34-B breasts. Those are moderately soft, but also still well-rounded. And they're topped with a pair of wide, decently long, dark brown-pink nipples.

I lead Kelly over to where Bailey is still bent over the beam. I firmly tell Kelly to drop to her knees behind Bailey. It puts Kelly's face about even with Bailey's bottom. It gives Kelly a good view into Bailey's wide-gaping asshole, too. Although there's not much to see inside there now. About 1½" inches of Bailey's rectum, and then the big,, rounded end of the white egg stuffing it full.

Kelly's eyes are on Bailey's asshole now. And they look slightly wary as if she's wondering why I'm putting her down to her knees behind this wide-open bottom. What I might be thinking of making her do.

I put my hand to the back of Kelly's head. I start pushing it forward. I see Kelly's nose wrinkle up as she feels me pushing her head towards Bailey's asshole. But Kelly is a very experienced submissive, and she knows far better than to fight it or argue. I'm sure mom taught her that would only ensure that her experience was... more demeaning for her before it was over.

"Lick it, slut," I tell Kelly just before her lips reach Bailey's asshole.

Kelly's lips are closed, her mouth almost puckered up. It works to my advantage. It lets me push those lips right through the ring of the spreader. It lets her lips land atop the dark flesh of Bailey's asshole. Kelly's lips touching the bare flesh stretched between the open blades. But Kelly's mouth isn't so wide as to cover it all, leaving tiny slices of Bailey's gaping ring, and the darkness beyond, exposed at the sides.

Kelly opens her mouth a little, stretching her lips up past the rim of flesh. Then she sticks her tongue out a bit. Enough to put it to the rim of the wide stretched hole. The dilator holds Bailey's asshole open enough that Kelly's tongue touches only one side of it at a time. She starts along the top. She draws her tongue slowly along the taut flesh.

Bailey shrieks loudly and shivers violently. It's all she can do to show the added arousal Kelly's tongue is giving her. But I know Bailey feels it powerfully.

Kelly keeps going, stroking her tongue along the top side of the wide oval first. Then drop it down and using the underside of her tongue to caress along the bottom rim of the gaping ring.

Bailey can't move. She just stays there, squirming desperately against her bonds, and shrieking out loud, urgent, sultry cries. And I'm sure, feeling the vibrations from that egg.

I know that Kelly is keeping her delicate tongue along the rim of Bailey's ring. I give Kelly a little thump on the back of her head. "Use all of that tongue, slut. Stick it right up her butt and lick inside her, too. Be the filthy slut we both know you are, slut."

A fraction of a second later, Bailey's head snaps back and thrashes from side to side. Her back snaps, arching up and thrusting back down, hard and fast. Over and over again. The snapping movements of her chest have those pert breasts dancing wildly. But none of it has her bottom moving away from Kelly's tongue.

I'm sure Kelly is doing what I told her to do. She sticks her tongue out as far as she can. As far into Bailey's wide-open asshole as it will reach. She's curling her tongue, getting the soft warmth of it caressing over not just the rim of Bailey's ring, but the inside of it as well. All the more nerves for that smooth tongue to tenderly tease!

And these are nerves that I'm sure Bailey has never felt teased before. It's a sensation that her body isn't quite sure how to process yet. All it knows is that those nerves

Chapter Four - The Dildo And The Slut

are being softly teased. It sends icy chills shooting through the muscle of her asshole. And then shooting up along her spine. Chills far more powerful than the last ones. It sends those same chills shooting right into her pussy as well. And in her pussy, they're so intense that they have her pussy snapping hard with contractions.

I watch the way Bailey's reflexes have her bottom pushing back hard against Kelly's face. The way Bailey's globes grind against Kelly's cheekbones. Even the way Kelly's nose rides in the crack of Bailey's squirming bottom.

And I watch the first drop of Bailey's creamy honey fall from the mound of Bailey's pussy. This should make a nice lesson in horniness for Bailey!

Now I can turn my attention back to Larry. I cross the two steps back over to where he's waiting on the bench. I put my foot up on the edge of the bench. It's not that deep of a bench, a mere 12". It has his balls sitting close to the front of it. I roll my foot forward slightly, letting the sole of my sneaker roll its toe onto his balls. His cock lies along the top of my toe, pointing out at my ankle. I use just enough pressure for him to feel it and know I could squash those tender orbs.

"It seems like my butt whore needs a good orgasm, doesn't it dickless?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Larry sheepishly agrees.

"Too bad you obviously aren't man enough to take care of your little girl, dickless."

"Yes, Ma'am," Larry's voice hushes with shame.

"Luckily for you, there's a nice manly dildo right there!" I point to Jeff's larger, and equally stiff, eager cock. Jeff's cock seems to twitch in anticipation. Then again,, his eyes have been on Bailey's young, and shapely, body since he got here. They still are, watching her thrash against Kelly's tongue. His cock looks to be twice the size of Larry's, even though it's not. Or I guess technically it is, at least by volume. That extra width, about $\frac{2}{3}$ ", really adds to the volume of it. "Isn't that such a manly cock, unlike your toothpick, dickless?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Larry answers reluctantly. He blushes slightly, too, as I point out his "shortcoming." He barely glances at Jeff's cock.

This I know is going to be new for Larry. I've yet to pair him with another male toy. And from what I've found out about his past his girlfriend/Mistress never did, either. I would have on the cruise, but he was the only male on the boat.

What is immediately clear to me is that Larry is uncomfortable sitting flush against Jeff. And Larry definitely does not want to look at another man's cock. Especially one that's hard and eager, presumably for his daughter. It tells me just where to take this session. Where I will find some nice amusement for me!

"I think that cock is just manly enough that it might just be able to make that tiny girl cum, unlike you, obviously. What do you think, dickless, is that cock manly enough for that butt whore?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Larry answers me. Only now do I hear a tinge of nervousness in his voice as well. As if he's wondering if Jeff's larger cock might be too much for Bailey. But his voice isn't isn't that nervous, and that tells me he's only thinking about it going in her pussy. A pussy that I've found to be slightly narrow and tight. A pussy that would love Jeff's cock.

"Do you think your daughter might want that nice big cock to make her really cum like a woman... well, like a filthy gutter whore anyway?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Larry sheepishly, and rather reluctantly, agrees.

"Mmm..." I hum softly as if thinking it over. "I don't know... you're a good daddy, aren't you, dickless?" I ask him in a rather teasing, coy voice. As I do I let my hand stroke up his bare chest almost to his collar. Casually and slowly, my hand finds his leash. My hand slips atop the leash a few inches from his collar.

"Yes, Ma'am," Larry answers, his voice telling me that he's puzzled by the seemingly sudden change of topic.

Chapter Four - The Dildo And The Slut

"Then be a good daddy, even if you are a dickless daddy," I tell him. My voice is still teasing and coy, but now it's also icy hard, and stern. I grab the leash and give a sudden hard yank on it. I move my foot, too, letting his balls free to move.

The hard yank on the leash surprises Larry and pulls him forward. He comes fast enough that he doesn't have time to stand up. Instead, he drops onto his knees facing me. I keep the tight hold on his leash as I put another hand to the back of Larry's head.

I shove Larry's head around, yanking him around by the leash at the same time. It makes him shuffle to scoot around on his knees. I drag him around until he's in front of Jeff.

Now I feel Larry tensing up hard. He uses the muscles in his neck and back to resist me as I push his head forward towards Jeff's jutting cock. I see Larry's eyes going wide, almost as if they're going to pop out of their sockets, too. And then I feel him tensing up even harder as if to resist more. And more. He definitely does not want to get too near that cock.

It's not like I'm going to ask him what he wants! I keep shoving, leaning into it a little to shove him forward harder. And it helps that Jeff's cock is sticking out on its own, rock hard and ready. Jeff helps it along by staring at Bailey's body, her dancing breasts, and Kelly instead of Larry.

"NOOO!" Larry screeches out desperately urgently.

As Larry is protesting what he thinks is coming, I put a hand under his jaw. The same hand that I have a grip on his leash with. I use it to pinch the corners of his jaw, forcing his mouth to stretch wide open. It dulls his "no" into more of an indistinct grunt.

And I keep pushing his head forward. The tip of Jeff's cock bumps against Larry's bottom lip. His lip knocks the spongy soft head of the cock up, and that lets his lip slip under it. It makes Larry tense up more. I even see his

knees starting to move and shuffle backward. Or try to, my feet are behind his, blocking him from scooting back.

I feel him trying to close his jawjaw, too. I can feel it on my fingers, the ones pinching it fully wide open. I keep shoving, using most of the strength I have. His head keeps going. Jeff's cock pushes between Larry's lips. The underside of the cock lies along Larry's tongue, slowly inching its way deeper into Larry's mouth.

Jeff obediently sits there. It's far from the first time he's had another man suck his cock. I've even made him do it before. I'm not sure if he's ever seen, or had, another man basically forced to do it before, though. But he's experienced enough to know to obey his last command, and that was to stay put. So he stays put.

And I keep Larry's head unwillingly moving forward.

Larry starts to raise his bottom up. His timing couldn't be better. For me. As his bottom rises, his shoulders, still firmly under my control, stay put. It cranes the angle of his neck for me! I should thank him for saving me the work.

Jeff's cock keeps moving, too. The wide, spongy head of it passes through Larry's wide open mouth. Larry's lips glide along the sensitive flesh. The cock slips along Larry's wet tongue. Its head stuffs Larry's mouth full as it slips deeper into Larry's mouth.

I keep shoving Larry's head forward. Larry gags, hard. I can see the tremors flowing over his body as he does. I can see his eyes getting even wider. I can feel the tension in his body stiffening. I can feel his mouth trying to close and bite down on the steely shaft. I can see the white flesh of Jeff's cock sliding steadily through the darker pink flesh of Larry's lips.

I keep Larry's head moving. Larry chokes as the cock pushes past the back of his mouth, stuffing it fully. The cock is stiff and hard as it slides into the funnel toward Larry's throat. Larry chokes hard. Hard enough that I can see his stomach snapping with spasms. I can see his bottom snapping upward with each one. I see his toes curl

Chapter Four - The Dildo And The Slut

up, too. It is so adorable! I see his hands gripping each other behind his back, too.

I feel the hard resistance as the tip of Jeff's fat cock presses against the top of Larry's throat. It's like a firm, rubbery wall. Or so it seems. The entrance of Larry's throat is narrow compared to the cock. Narrow like Bailey's pussy. But tighter than a pussy.

I keep pushing. The rubbery wall gives almost immediately. The spongy head of the cock pushes into the narrow opening of Larry's throat, stuffing it full, and guiding the steely hard shaft to press squarely against the top of Larry's throat. The tube of his throat stretches, and the thick shaft starts slipping into it.

Larry chokes even harder. And I see a look of panic sweep his face. His reflexes try to bite down, but my fingers hold his jaw wide and block it from moving. The rubbery tight tube of Larry's throat squeezes hard around the sides of Jeff's cock. The cock keeps going, pressing even deeper into Larry's throat. The sides of Larry's neck, along his windpipe towards the front, start to bulge outward, as if a huge bite of food is making its way down his throat. Only it doesn't move down his neck. It moves down, pushing more throat out while holding it out above.

Now I see the look of panic sweep over Larry's face. He must be realizing just how fully the cock has his throat stuffed. That he can't breathe with it there. I know he can feel the thickness pressing even deeper into his tight tube. His throat is tight enough that I can feel the resistance as his rubbery tube drags along the sides of the shaft.

And I keep going. I keep pushing Larry's head forward until his lips are flush against Jeff. Larry's top lip in the wiry curls of Jeff's bush and against Jeff's pubes. Larry's lower lip flush against the loose sack of Jeff's balls that still lies on the bench under Jeff.

And then I stop. I hold Larry's head in place. And I keep his jaw pinched, holding it wide open. Larry squirms hard, still resisting me, and still trying to raise his head up and get the cock out of his throat. I lean into it, putting my

weight behind my arms and holding Larry's head snugly in place.

"slave, tap this naughty bitch," I tell Sophie. I'd prefer to do it myself, but I can't. I don't have a third hand. And the two I do have are needed to hold Larry's head in place and ensure he doesn't bite Jeff's cock.

Sophie knows what to do. She runs to the cabinet and grabs a strap. It's my generic strap, one of the ones she's allowed to use with my permission. Unlike, say, my favorite pastel green crop. No one but me uses that. It's about 2" wide and made of a stiff leather. It's a generic man's belt without the buckle. Sophie doubles it over in her hand.

Sophie steps up beside Larry. She aims the belt, holding it just slightly behind Larry's bottom. Then she brings it way back and up. Sophie isn't a big girl, either. But she puts everything she has into her swing. "This is for resisting my Mistress, worthless dickless bitch!" Sophie tells him why she's whipping him. She can see why I'm having him whipped.

Sophie swings. The belt lands with a loud, splitting crack that's at least as loud as lightning. It sears a light red welt stripe across Larry's loose bottom.

Larry doesn't make a sound. Not that he could with Jeff's cock so fully stuffing his throat. It makes a perfect gag that fully mutes the scream I know he wants to give me. I feel his body tense up fully to steel. It's sudden. It's powerful. I feel his jaw first wanting to stretch open to scream, then wanting to bite down from the pain stinging into his globes. It doesn't move. I hold it steady.

"Now behave and suck cock like the disgusting little creepy pervert we both know you are, dickless! Since you don't have enough cock to be a man, it's high time you learn to be a girl! Suck cock!" I scold him harshly in my sternest tone.

Now I start moving Larry's head again. I'd prefer to hold there longer, but I can't. It's been about twenty-five seconds. By the time Larry can suck another breath of air

Chapter Four - The Dildo And The Slut

through his nose, it will be more than half a minute he's been holding his breath. I'm sure he could go longer. But I don't want him to truly panic and think he's going to suffocate.

Larry definitely does not resist as I slowly let his head rise up. He'd never fight anything that got the cock out of his too-tight throat. That stopped him from choking on it.

I bring him up all the way until only the head of Jeff's cock is left in Larry's mouth. Larry is sucking fast, noisy, almost panicked breathes through his nose.

I feel him tense up again as I start reversing the stroke and pushing the cock back into Larry's throat. He's tense, resisting the entire time as I push all of Jeff's cock back into Larry's throat. He fights me so much that I would think he hates this and doesn't want to be doing it, except for one thing. His hands aren't bound, and he obediently keeps them behind his back instead of using them to fight this. It tells me that he secretly wants to suck Jeff's cock. He just hates himself for wanting it.

I stop him again when all of the cock is in Larry's throat. I hold his head down and tell Sophie to tap him again. Sophie scolds him just the same and gives him another hard stroke of the belt. It's hard enough to send Larry's body snapping to a hard tension and quivering.

On the next stroke, Larry accepts his place. He doesn't fight me. And he saves himself another stroke of the belt.

I keep going. It takes me about three long minutes before Larry finally loosens up, fully relaxes, and just lets me stroke the cock with his head. Until Larry has gotten past enough of his gag reflex that he no longer chokes on the shaft. To when I finally feel comfortable releasing Larry's jaw and letting him keep it wide open.

"There, dickless!" I tell him in my false-sweet voice as I keep his head stroking the cock. "See, you can suck a cock like a girl! Do you hear him purring those sweet moans? He likes your hot, wet mouth sucking his cock!"



*Chapter Five - Use The
Dildo, Daddy*

I make Larry suck on Jeff's cock for a couple minutes. By then Larry has gotten into it. His sucking, if not eager, is definitely interested. Jeff doesn't cum. He knows better. I haven't given him permission to. I'm still thinking about if I want to allow Larry the pleasure of tasting fresh cum in his mouth.

I decide not to. My inner imp comes up with a better idea, and I never argue with my imp! She has the most creative ideas!

I grab hold of Larry's hair. As he finishes a stroke, before he can reverse it and start taking the cock back into his throat, I start pulling. I pull his head back, watching as Jeff's stiff cock slips from Larry's lips. The cock glistens brightly with a heavy coat of Larry's saliva on it, all the way down to Jeff's balls. Larry just takes a few fast and deep breaths.

"Well, dickless... is that cock good enough for that slutty butt whore you call a daughter?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Larry answers, slightly reluctantly. As if, now that he's felt it in his throat, he's wondering if Bailey can handle such a thick cock.

"Then get on your feet and bring this dildo. We'll just see if a real cock can make her disgustingly slutty bottom cum." I don't wait. I'm already pulling Larry up by the leash.

Larry gets to his feet and just stands there, unsure what more I want him to do. I guess he doesn't understand how to bring the dildo? Dummy. I swat his loose bottom with my hand. "I said bring the dildo, dickless!" I scold him sternly.

Then I start telling Larry what I mean for him to do. I tell him to reach down and take hold of Jeff's cock. Larry's reluctance is instantly back. He moves hesitantly as he leans over enough to get his hand to the thick, hard, shaft. But he obediently wraps his hand around it, holding it in a light grip. As Larry straightens up, Jeff follows his cock and rises to his feet. I leave Jeff's leash dangling. I don't need it. I have Larry's leash in my hand now, and Larry will

Chapter Five - Use The Dildo, Daddy

follow it. As long as Larry hangs onto Jeff's cock, Jeff will follow along as well.

I lead Larry the two steps over to where Bailey waits. Well, more to where Bailey suffers. Kelly is still tonguing Bailey's stretched asshole. And Bailey is still squealing and thrashing as energetically as ever.

I put a hand to Kelly's long, black hair, and give it a good yank, pulling her head back from Bailey's bottom. Kelly looks relieved to get her tongue out of Bailey's rectum. Bailey barely shows it. The vibrating egg keeps teasing her, and that keeps her squirming nicely. I motion Kelly to kneel off to the side for a minute. For the next few seconds, I don't need her.

I tell Larry to get a hold of the dildo so he can use it on Bailey. He hasn't a clue what I want him to do, and I know that. So, I go on and tell him to stand close to Jeff, behind him.

Then I take hold of Larry's hand. It will be far easier for me to show him how to position it than to tell him how to do it. I put Larry's hand up, between Jeff's legs from the back. I put Larry's hand where Jeff's balls are lying against Larry's palm. But that's not the hard part of it.

The hard part of it is positioning Larry's thumb. As I move Larry's hand into position, I put the tip of Larry's thumb to the gently funneled ring of Jeff's asshole. And I make sure that Larry's thumb presses into Jeff's asshole as I move Larry's hand into place. All of Larry's thumb. Then I close Larry's hand around Jeff's balls.

It has Larry gripping Jeff rather intimately. It also leaves Larry able to nicely control Jeff. And fully control Jeff's movements.

I leave Larry holding onto Jeff for a second. To grip Jeff the way he is, Larry has to lean close to him. Close enough that Larry's chest is touching Jeff's back. And it's clear that's uncomfortable for Larry. He definitely doesn't like being too close to another man.

I grab hold of the wire dangling out of Bailey's stretched asshole. I start pulling it very slowly. The egg

almost reluctantly slips back toward Bailey's asshole. Bailey purrs a loud, needy, moan as it moves through her bowels. While it's moving along, I turn the thumbscrew, stretching Bailey's already taut asshole just a bit more. I open it maybe another $\frac{1}{8}$ inch. That's as far as I'm comfortable stretching her tight muscle. I don't want to strain it or tear it.

Eventually, the egg slips from Bailey's asshole. I catch it, holding it by the wire. I toss it off to the side. I'm done with it now. It gives Bailey just a second to relax after suffering the teases for so long.

I quickly return my attention to Larry. It's time for him to fuck his daughter's bottom. I tell him, "go on, dickless, use that dildo to fuck this butt whore's bottom!"

Larry hesitates. I grab hold of his arm. I push his arm forward, shifting it for aim as I go. With Larry's very tight and intimate grip on Jeff, Jeff follows Larry's hand. And I move Larry's hand to aim Jeff's cock right for the dilator stretching Bailey's asshole wide open.

Jeff has a rather thick cock. I aim it so that Larry's hand guides Jeff's cock into the ring of the spreader. And then I watch as the pink-purple head of Jeff's cock slips through the ring and glides up to the oval-stretched ring of Bailey's asshole. The head of the cock squishes between the taut lines of Bailey's ring and slips right into her bottom.

I'm fairly sure Bailey can guess what's being put to her bottom. She just can't be sure if it's a real cock or a high-quality dildo. And she definitely can't know whose cock it might be. But the size of it should be enough for her to know it's not Larry's. Maybe. It is the first cock she's had in her bottom, so she might think it feels much bigger than it is. Plus, the spreader is still in place, holding her hole wide open, and that deprives her of a lot of the sensations she could use to judge its size.

Jeff's cock keeps moving forward. It's not long until the steely hard shaft of it is pressing firmly against the taut

Chapter Five - Use The Dildo, Daddy

oval of Bailey's asshole. And stretching it a bit more as it starts pressing through the ring and into Bailey's bottom.

Larry can't help himself but to watch Jeff's thick shaft slipping through the blades of the spreader and into Bailey's bottom.

"OOH!" Bailey squeals nervously as she feels the huge cock stuffing her bottom full. It stretches her insides further than she's ever had them stretched yet. But it doesn't hurt her. It is, however, about the weirdest feeling she's felt back there. She can just barely feel the thickness stroking over the ring of her asshole. But she can really feel it stuffing her to her limit. And feel the "stuffing" slipping deeper and deeper into her bottom.

I make Larry push all of the "dildo," Jeff's cock, into Bailey's bottom. Until Jeff's hips are flush against Bailey's firm globes. Jeff has enough cock to fully stuff Bailey's bottom all the way back to about an inch from the very back of Bailey's rectum. And it's thick enough that it leaves no room for anything else. That compacts Bailey's waste into the final inch of her rectum, stretching that inch just as fully as if there were cock there. I doubt Bailey can tell the difference. All she can feel is that her rectum is stretched wide and stuffed full.

Now I start Larry moving his hand. I have him pulling back. That has Jeff moving back, his cock starting to stroke out of Bailey's bottom. Jeff really doesn't have a choice in it. Larry's grip on Jeff's balls doesn't leave Jeff a choice. He has to follow his balls.

I have Larry bring Jeff's hips back until only the head of Jeff's cock is left inside Bailey's bottom. Then I have Larry reverse the stroke, leisurely pushing the shaft back into Bailey's bottom. Jeff doesn't have a choice now, either. Even if Larry didn't have such a grip on Jeff's balls, Larry's thumb in Jeff's bottom is pushing Jeff forward. I have Larry push Jeff all the way forward until Jeff's hips are flush against Bailey's cheeks again and every bit of Jeff's cock is inside Bailey's bottom.

“UH!” Bailey grunts out as the cock reaches her very depths. The goosebumps still cover her bottom and her sopping wet pussy mound. Her pussy still glistens with a fresh layer of honey, too. “OOH!” Bailey shrieks out as the cock starts stroking back out of her bottom.

Bailey starts trembling. Her moans, deep “UH!s” as the cock plunges into her, followed by squealy “OOH!s” as it pulls back out, steadily, and very quickly, grow loud. And squealy. And very needy. Bailey squirms hard against the ropes. Her head thrashes. The trembling steadily grows more and more powerful as it sweeps over her body with every fresh thrust of the cock.

Jeff is doing nothing. He can't. Larry has total control of Jeff's cock. It essentially turns Jeff's real cock into a big, thick, dildo. A dildo that Larry is using to fuck Bailey's bottom. But it does let Jeff feel the snugly tightness of the walls of Bailey's rectum cuddling around the sides of his cock and stroking it for him.

But neither Jeff nor Bailey can feel one thing. The biggest part of anal sex. Bailey's asshole gripping tightly around Jeff's shaft. The spreader stretching her ring keeps Bailey's asshole from squeezing around Jeff's cock. And his cock is thick enough that it barely fits through the ring and blades of the spreader. I'm sure Jeff can feel the warm steel of the blades against the sides of his cock, too.

I make Larry keep going. I have him steadily, and leisurely, stroke Bailey's bottom with the thick shaft. At first, Larry is rather tentative about it. But after he hears the hungry and sweet grunts and moans from Bailey, his reluctance fades. He watches Bailey's bottom, trying to avoid the sight of the cock at the same time. I can see him watching the wet mound of Bailey's pussy, too.

Larry, with me watching him, my crop in hand, keeps his rhythm steady. It's not long until I hear the muted, very sweet and hungry, groaning moans from Jeff, too. But his are nothing compared to Bailey's. Her's are shameless cries by now.

Chapter Five - Use The Dildo, Daddy

I don't know how long Bailey is going to be able to stand it without cumming. As the trembling flowing over her body grows more and more powerful, I can tell that she's close to losing control. Her cries grow hungrier and sweeter, too.

It's only been about two minutes when Bailey screams out "PLEASE, MA'AM, PLEASE! I HAVE TO CUM! MAY I PLEASE BE ALLOWED TO! I CAN'T WAIT!"

I'm not one to be that generous. And I know Bailey well enough to know that she can wait a few more moments. But I also know that her pussy is aching and throbbing as hard as it ever has. Bailey is really liking this.

I give Larry the slightest swat on his bottom with my hand and warn him to keep going. Not to slow down or speed up. Just to fuck Bailey's bottom with his dildo.

"Don't be silly, butt whore!" I laugh at Bailey. "Whores don't get to cum until they're cummed in! Don't bother asking until that dildo is finished with your filthy bottom, whore."

"FUCK ME! DADDY, PLEASE, FUCK MY ASS WITH THAT DILDO! FUCK MY ASS!" Bailey screams out, anxious for Jeff to finish so she can. Her voice betrays it. Her voice is almost begging Larry. It's why I warned Larry to maintain the rhythm.

I wait a few more moments. Larry obediently keeps fucking Bailey's bottom with Jeff's cock. And he keeps watching Bailey, and the way she trembles as she cries out. He's watching, with growing interest, the sopping wet mound of her pussy, too. Not only does it shimmer in the glare of the light, but those lips seem to quiver along with the rest of her body. Goosebumps cover those, too.

"Oh, go on, dildo, squirt some filth in that disgusting poop-filled butt," I tell Jeff. But I also hold up a finger to silence him. If he doesn't make a sound, Bailey won't hear him. No sense in giving Bailey any clue whose cock is fucking her bottom. I'd prefer she wonders. Larry doesn't know, either. He can see Jeff, but that's all. He has no idea who Jeff or Kelly is.

Jeff doesn't need any further encouragement. He grunts. His hips try to thrust forward and drive his cock into Bailey's bottom, but he can't. Larry still has his grip on Jeff's balls. And with Larry's thumb in Jeff's bottom, it gives Larry a very controlling grip on Jeff's hips. All Jeff does is twitch his hips. And move them in time with Larry's leisurely stroke.

Jeff groans out hard as if it almost hurts him. His head falls back. His cock twitches sharply, spurting his cum into Bailey's bottom.

"MAY I PLEASE CUM, NOW, MA'AM? PLEASE, MA'AM!" Bailey screams out as she feels the first spurt of hot cum inside her bottom.

I ignore Bailey's desperate plea. I just keep my eyes on Larry to make sure he keeps going as I told him to. He does, but I can see that he wants to speed up and finish Bailey off. I can see Jeff's hips twitching as they test Larry's grip over and over again, too. That cock wants to pound her tiny bottom.

Jeff goes on groaning loudly. His cock twitches crisply. It would be jumping around, but it can't. Not with the tip of it never leaving Bailey's wide-stretched bottom. And this isn't even tight on his cock. The tight part of anal sex is the asshole, and I've taken that out of the equation. All Jeff has is the loose, filmy membrane of Bailey's rectum lying softly against his leisurely thrusting cock. It's different, looser, and slower than anything he's used to. Or anything he'd do if left to his own. But it definitely did the trick.

It takes Jeff a good minute to finish cumming. As soon as Jeff is done, I tell Larry to get the dildo out of Bailey's bottom. I can see a look of surprise on Larry's face. And it's more of a shocked, unhappy surprise. As if he actually expected me to allow Bailey to cum on Jeff's cock, after all the teasing she's had to endure tonight. Isn't that so silly?

I watch as Larry reluctantly, but obediently, guides Jeff's hips back until his still-hard cock slips out of the

Chapter Five - Use The Dildo, Daddy

dilator still holding Bailey's asshole wide open. Then I quickly grab Larry's leash.

I give the leash a sharp tug downward, ordering Larry to his knees. I push him down fast enough that his dropping shoulders end up roughly pulling his thumb from Jeff's bottom. It gets a grunt from Jeff.

It also drops Larry onto his knees mostly facing Jeff. It puts Jeff's thick cock, now glistening with a fine coating of Jeff's cum freckled with dark brown spots that could only have come from Bailey's bottom, right at Larry's eyes. It has Larry staring head-on at the cock.

I tell Larry, in my iciest and sternest voice, to clean "his little girl's filth off my dildo." I quickly grab hold of Larry's head, one of my hands atop his head and the other pinching his jaw to open wide as I shove his head forward. I'll bet Larry figures it out.

If not, he should as Jeff's cock presses between Larry's lips again. I keep Larry's head moving forward, pushing all of Jeff's cock back into Larry's throat. Larry chokes and gags again as it pushes into him, but not nearly as powerfully as he did before. This time it's a light gag. I push Larry's head all the way down and hold it in place.

I tell Larry that he's to suck hard as he releases Larry's cock. He's to keep his lips and tongue against the cock, using them to clean all of Jeff's cum and Bailey's "mess" off of Jeff's cock. Then I release Larry's head and watch as he slowly releases Jeff's cock from his mouth. Obediently, Larry sucks everything off of the thick shaft, leaving behind only a thin film of his saliva.

I grab Larry by his shoulder and, slightly roughly, turn him around to face Bailey's bottom.

Bailey is still where I left her, leaning over the beam. Quivering hard. Squirming eagerly. And groaning very needy "OOH!...OH...UH!" squeals that are as whiny as they are urgent.

Bailey's asshole is still stretched wide open by the dilator, too. It leaves me a good view into her rectum. I can see how her insides are now flushed to a bright, blood

red. I can see how the waste inside her has been pushed all the way back to the depths of her bowels, leaving far more of her rectum accessible. And mostly I can see the lines of gooey white cum sticking to her insides. There's plenty of it lying along the bottom of her rectum. And more of it clinging to the sides where it splattered as Jeff spurted it into her.

"Pucker up, dickless!" I tauntingly tell Larry. I'm already nudging his head forward. And aiming his lips for Bailey's wide-open asshole. I wonder if Larry can figure out what I have in mind for him now. "Stick that tongue out! It looks like you made a big mess in my whore's bottom. Clean up after yourself, dickless. Clean every drop of that icky boy cum out of her tight little bottom. With your tongue."

Larry wrinkles his nose up. That's about all he has time to do before I push his lips through the dilator's ring and up against the taut flesh of Bailey's asshole. I push his head firmly. Bailey's asshole gapes wide enough that his puckered lips actually press into her bottom a bit. Just enough that most of his pink lips vanish inside her.

"Good dickless boy! Now lick up your mess! I like my whore's clean." I tell him in my sternest voice.

Bailey screams. It's a loud, urgent, pleading, and too-needy scream. She snaps back into high gear, her body thrashing against the ropes hard enough to make the wood creak.

"Oh, screw it!" I mutter, "I am so tired of your shameless screeching. Just cum, whore!"

Bailey doesn't answer me. But I'm fairly sure that's because she's too busy cumming. I can see the honey flowing from her mound fast enough that it almost seems to rain down to the floor. I can see the goosebumps that seem to cover every bit of her body. I can see the intense quivering. I can see the hard snaps of her thrashing body. I can see her hair flying around wildly. I can really see her pert breasts dancing under her chest, too.

Chapter Five - Use The Dildo, Daddy

I keep a hand to the back of Larry's head just in case he's thinking about stopping. I don't want him to stop, whether Bailey's bottom is cleaned out or not. I want him to make Bailey cum with his tongue in her bottom, and he's doing that nicely now.

I hold Larry's head in place for at least a minute before I take my hand away. Bailey stays in full squirm the entire time. But I figure she's had long enough. I take my hand from the back of Larry's head and warn him that he needs to have "his baby girl's butt" fully cleaned out when he stops.

He goes on another minute or so. Bailey thrashes and screeches for every second of it. She's so energetic that I can't tell where one orgasmic wave ends and another begins. It's like the orgasm has her in its grip and holds her right at the most intense point of it.

Larry finally backs his head off. The first thing I notice is how his lips glisten. Both of them have a fair coat of Jeff's cum on them. And, like the cum coating Jeff's cock, it's flecked with plenty of little brown flakes. Enough that Larry has got to be tasting that as well as Jeff's cum.

Bailey falls limply over the beam. She lies there, not really moving. But she quivers. And every second or three, a powerful spasm hits her, snapping her entire body hard against the ropes for a fleeting instant. She purrs the softest, most satisfied "Umm!s" over and over again.

I take a good look into Bailey's bottom. Larry missed only a small bit of Jeff's cum, the cum that's all the way back into her bowels, clinging to her insides and her waste. It's too deep for him to have gotten to it, so I'll let him get away with leaving that. Otherwise, Bailey's rectum has been licked spotlessly clean.

I slowly take the dilator from Bailey's asshole.



Chapter Six - Daddy's Turn

Now it's Larry's turn. I wouldn't make him do all of that and not get some relief of his own. Especially not since his cock is steadily weeping tiny droplets of cum. Not enough to do anything, like drip, but enough to keep the tip of his cock head wet with their sticky sparkling glow. Well, at least not if he behaved, which Larry has done.

I'm just deciding what to do with Larry. I'm wondering if he'd like a blow job from Kelly or Jeff more. Probably Kelly, I think, so I'm leaning toward having Jeff give it. But then my inner Imp pokes her naughty, evil, little head up. The Imp inspires me with a much better idea. And I've never been able to resist the Imp. Imp's ideas are just too good at amusing me.

I grab hold of Larry's leash. I use it to yank him forward with a hard, sharp jerk on the leash. It's hard enough that he more stumbles forward than steps. There's only one step for him to cross. He quickly bumps against Bailey's very firm, sweaty, bottom. It's where I want him.

I shove Larry forward, lying him over Bailey. I put him with his chest flush against Bailey's back. And his hips atop her bottom. It has his smallish, and too-stiff, cock pointing down at the floor. And it has the topside of that cock lying flush and snug against Bailey's dripping wet slit. I use my feet to nudge Larry's feet wide.

It also has Larry's bottom poked out. He's leaning over just as fully as Bailey. Only he's not exactly bent over the beam. Bailey still is. And he's bent over his daughter. I order Larry to wrap his arms around Bailey. He does, trying to fold them over her chest just beneath her perky, hanging breasts.

And luckily for me, Jeff's cock has always been very slow to soften after he cums. Well, at least after the first time he cums. It's still almost fully rock-hard. Then again, Jeff has had the sight of Bailey to keep him interested.

I grab hold of Jeff's cock, wrapping my hand around the base of it. That way I can feel its stiffness. And it's hard. I pull Jeff forward.

Chapter Six - Daddy's Turn

I guide Jeff forward, more dragging him up by his cock. I aim the spongy head of his cock, watching as it pushes against the deep crack of Larry's bottom. Larry's cheeks aren't nearly as firm as Bailey's. But they're not so bad, either. They are a little loose. Enough that his crack fully closes, the insides of those cheeks lying flush against each other. As I pull Jeff forward, the head of his cock pushes the inside edges of Larry's globes aside and starts pushing into Larry's crack.

I keep pulling Jeff forward. He keeps his hands behind his back. In a second or so, I feel the hard resistance as the tip of Jeff's stiff cock begins pushing against the ring of Larry's tight asshole. The tip of Jeff's cock is far wider than Larry's asshole. Maybe twice as wide. Enough that it's covering the entire ring of muscle, and then some.

I don't give Larry the chance to relax and accept the cock. He wouldn't know how to anyway. This is going to be his first time. Nor do I give him any advice.

I see Larry's body tense up hard as he feels the thick cock pressing against his asshole. I see his face wrinkle up nervously. I see his hands squeeze tighter around Bailey's mostly inert body. And I ignore every bit of it.

I just keep pulling Jeff forward by his cock. Larry's asshole is moderately funneled inward. Now that funneling acts as a guide to center Jeff's fat cock over Larry's asshole. I can feel the rubbery resistance as the hard shaft starts pressing into the funneling.

"UGH!-OWWW!" Larry screeches as Jeff's cock stretches Larry's asshole wide and starts pushing into Larry's bottom. Larry pants a couple of very nervous, and strained breaths. I'm sure his asshole is burning as if it were on fire by now. That happens when that muscle is stretched far wider than it's ever gone before. I'm fairly sure he can feel the thickness stuffing his bottom full and stretching his insides taut to make room for it. I wonder if he's even thinking about Bailey now. Maybe wondering how Bailey could get off on something this big in her tiny

bottom. Or more likely, judging by the pained scrunching on Larry's face, wondering how Bailey could stand it being there at all.

Now I don't have to guide Jeff's cock for him. The tip of his shaft, and all of the squishy head of his cock, are already inside Larry's bottom. His cock will follow the tunnel of Larry's rectum as it pushes even deeper into him. So, I let go of Jeff's cock. And I give Jeff a little swat on his bottom as I tell him "stuff that worthless bottom."

It's enough of an instruction to keep Jeff going. To get him to push every bit of his thick cock into Larry's virgin bottom. And that's enough cock to have Larry grunting hard, and almost crying, as it pushes deep into him.

Once Jeff has every bit of his cock into Larry's bottom, I have Jeff stop with his hips flush against Larry's bottom. I have Jeff just stand there with his stiff cock stuffing Larry's bottom.

"There, dickless!" I laughingly say to Larry. "Since you can't be a boy without a cock, we'll make you into a real girl!"

It only takes me a few seconds to step back to the cabinets and get out a plastic zip tie. It's one that's about 10 or 12 inches long, but not especially thick or strong. It's plenty strong enough, though.

I step up behind Jeff. As I do, I thread the end of the tie strap through the little clasp, making a big loop with it. Then I slip that loop over both Jeff's and Larry's balls. I lift it all the way so that it's around the tops of their sacks. I pull it tight, snugging it down. It pulls their sacks even snugger together. The front of Jeff's balls had already been dangling against the backside of Larry's. Now they're snugly held together.

It will stop Jeff from actually fucking Larry's bottom. He can move, but only a little with the strap around the tops of their sacks, over their hanging balls. It will allow a little give, but those balls aren't pulling through it. Maybe,

Chapter Six - Daddy's Turn

at most, about ½" of a stroke. Not enough for me to worry about it.

I tell Jeff to lean forward just a little and "get hold of" Larry. Then I watch as Jeff leans over enough to get his hands around Larry's sides and grip Larry by his ribs. Jeff isn't so shy about touching another man. His touch is gentle and soft. But his hands have that masculine roughness to them. I'm sure Larry feels that strong, manly touch as it strokes over his chest.

I have Jeff stand up straight. And I have him bring Larry up with him. Larry grunts out loudly, and uncomfortably, as Jeff's strong arms leave the soft Larry little choice but to straighten up. It also pulls Larry's balls forward a bit. Not much, not more than they have give in their sacks, but it does angle Jeff's balls forward and Larry's backward so their balls can dangle against each other's.

I have Jeff straighten Larry up fully. And then I have Jeff wrap his arms around Larry's chest, hugging the man from behind. Jeff's cock stays where it is, fully inside Larry's bottom. Its angle changes a bit, Jeff's cock points more up and out now instead of straight out. It presses firmly against Larry's insides as it shifts around, and Larry really feels that. But that's all it does. It stays fully hard and stuffing Larry's bottom. Jeff holds Larry snugly.

"That's better, dickless girl," I tell Larry. One glance is all I need to see that Larry's cock is as stiff as it's ever been. And it's glistening with a fresh droplet of Larry's leaky cum. So, I'll just assume that he doesn't mind that thick cock in his bottom nearly as much as his pitifully wrinkled-up face wants me to think he does. The cock never lies!

I snap my fingers. "get over here, whore," I say to Kelly.

In an instant, Kelly is over to me. Kelly has some pretty nice breasts, too. She's a 34-B, but it's a full B-cup, just a hair too small to be a C-cup. Her mounds have a touch of softness to them, but most any woman her age would. They're still firm enough to hold their half-melon

shapes. And firm enough to rise off her chest with only the faintest of creases at their undersides.

But even more importantly, for this, her mounds are topped with some fairly large nipples. Nipples that rise at least a full ¼" off the well-rounded tips of her mounds. And nipples that are as wide as the tip of my finger. Her nipples are a decently dark shade of purple-brown. They're surrounded by rings of the same color that are about the size of silver dollars. The nipples look to take up half of those rings. They just might, too.

"Be a good whore, use those flabby tits to tease this old girl," I tell Kelly.

"Yes, my Queen," Kelly answers. She immediately steps close to Larry. She's already naked. She steps close enough that her nipples are lightly touching Larry's chest. She starts moving sinuously, using those rock-hard nipples to caress over Larry's chest. All the way down until they're touching his cock before she starts working them back up again. She keeps going, teasing him as she waits until I decide he's had enough and tells her to stop.

Mostly I'm just wasting time now. Bailey isn't in any shape to do anything more than just lie there. It's been several long minutes since she came, but she's still gone. Lost in the blissful afterglow. Her mind drifting in the fog of sweetness. She lies limp and spent over the beam, breathing softly now and still quivering lightly. So, I have Kelly tease Larry to make sure his eagerness stays up.

I tell Larry that he's to keep Jeff's cock stiff, too. I don't tell him how I expect him to do that, though. It's not like he can do much. He can barely move his bottom to stroke it with his butt. And he's not getting anything but his bottom to the shaft, it's buried too deeply in him. Plus, his bound balls will ensure that Larry doesn't move much.

Luckily for him, as I knew would be the case, Kelly's breasts are able to quickly excite him. But I knew Larry has always liked breasts. And Kelly has some nice ones. She excites Larry enough that his body starts quivering slightly. And fidgeting, almost as if trying to get more of

Chapter Six - Daddy's Turn

those breasts to rub him. Or to keep those breasts rubbing over his cock, something both Larry and I know will end with him cumming on them. It always has before.

It takes a while for Bailey to come around. I spend the time watching Kelly to make sure that she keeps her breasts and only her breasts on Larry. Before they were mine, Jeff and Kelly were pretty much a couple. Now Kelly is just my whore and designated girlfriend-for-a-day. I'm sure that she still likes Jeff, but apparently, she likes this role at least as much as she liked being Jeff's girlfriend. But I make sure that she completely ignores Jeff for now and focuses her slutty attention on Larry. She does. Nicely.

But once I notice Bailey is starting to move around, to fidget and feel out if she's still tied, I step over and untie Bailey from the beam. Now it's time for Larry's relief.

But first I have to free Larry from Jeff. That's pretty easy to do. I have Bailey kneeling off to the side and out of the way. I just reach up behind Jeff, between his thighs, and snip the plastic strap binding their balls. I doubt Larry even notices me doing it. He's definitely focused on Kelly and her breasts.

Then I tell Jeff to step back and pull his cock from Larry's bottom. Jeff moves his hands down to Larry's hips and uses them to steady Larry and hold him in place. Then Jeff just takes a step backward. His long, thick cock slips out of Larry's tight asshole.

"UGH!" Larry grunts out hard as he feels the shaft pulling through his bottom. But he breathes out a deep sigh of relief as it slips from him. Otherwise, with Jeff steadying Larry's hips, Larry stays still for Kelly to tease.

I tell Jeff to step back up and hold Larry snugly, from behind. Jeff doesn't hesitate. His cock is still stiff, too. The fidgeting of Larry's body was enough to very faintly stroke Jeff's cock and keep it hard. So as Jeff presses his stronger body up against the backside of Larry's body, Jeff has to do something with the huge cock jutting straight out. He wiggles a little and his cock slips into place, pointing

upward and lying in the crack of Larry's bottom. Jeff wraps his arms around Larry, holding the man tightly.

"Would you like a little tongue job to cum, dickless?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Larry blurts out eagerly. He stares at Kelly with a twinkle in his eye, too. He definitely wants Kelly to make him cum. Licking his cock is like a huge bonus to him. So far, I haven't allowed him to cum anyway except one, by Bailey's breasts teasing his cock until he came. I haven't even allowed him to masturbate. Just to beg Bailey to make him cum with her breasts.

"Or would you like a nice blow job?" I ask him in a rather taunting voice.

"YES, MA'AM!" Larry instantly blurts out with utter eagerness in his voice. And I'm fairly sure I can already see a wide grin on his face, too.

"Too bad you don't have a dick for a girl to suck then, *dickless!*" I laugh hard. After a few seconds of laughing at Larry's cock, I wave Kelly to step back.

I quickly grab hold of Bailey's leash. I snap a firm command for Bailey to stay on her knees and come. Then, holding her leash almost up at her collar, I pull her around. She shuffles her knees quickly, not having time to think or do anything but follow the leash. I guide her around so that she's on her knees in front of Larry. Then I guide her forward until the very tip of Larry's cock is just barely against Bailey's lips. Just touching her lips enough to share the little coating of his cum that's sticky wet on the tip of its spongy head.

I'm sure, after hearing what I've said, that Bailey is thinking I'm going to tell her to suck Larry's cock. Especially now that his cock is touching her lips and she's on her knees. I'm sure most any woman would think that in this position.

"I'd tell you to suck his cock, butt whore, but this *girl* doesn't have enough cock for an ant to suck!" I laugh again. "tongue his balls, butt whore."

Bailey knows what to do. I taught her that command last time she was here without Larry. I'd been planning it

Chapter Six - Daddy's Turn

as the next step for Larry. And for Bailey. It's not a blow job. But I'm betting Larry is going to love it.

Bailey obediently feels her way forward. She scoots up just a little. As she does, she lets her face push Larry's cock up. Soon her lips find Larry's balls dangling at the root of his little shaft. Bailey stretches her mouth wide open. She squirms her head around, getting her lips mostly under Larry's dangling sack. Then Bailey moves those lips up just a hair, taking all of Larry's balls into her mouth. She lightly closes her lips around the top of his sack.

Bailey lies her tongue along the front of his sack. Slowly, and rhythmically, Bailey starts stroking her tongue over his sack. She licks over the front of it. Then she swirls her tongue around to stroke her tongue over the backside of his sack. And repeat. And repeat. Endlessly. Her tongue steadily swirling around and tenderly caressing Larry's balls.

"OH!" Larry blurts out as he feels the softness of Bailey's delicate feminine tongue. "uh... OOH!" Larry starts fidgeting and squirming hard as Bailey's tongue works his balls over. She sucks very lightly, too. It only takes a few seconds for the light quivering on Larry to turn into a hard trembling. He goes on purring out the neediest, and sweetest of moans.

"Do you like your daughter licking your balls, dickless?" I teasingly ask Larry.

"YES, MA'AM!" Larry blurts out, urgently, "I THINK... I THINK I'M GOING TO CUM, MA'AM!" Larry adds, his voice needy and pleadingly urgent.

A half-second later, after about a minute, certainly no more, of Bailey's teasing, his cock explodes. A thick, heavy stream of his creamy cum shoots up from his cock. It falls, most of it landing on Bailey's face, close to her eyes. Her forehead, and a few drops on the bridge of her nose. Larry groans out a very tense and satisfied, purr of sweetness as his cock lets go.

Backdoor Bitch

Bailey obediently ignores the cum falling on her face. She keeps going, teasing his balls with her tongue. Larry's cock keeps going too. It twitches crisply. There's nothing holding, or even steadying, his cock. Just Bailey's face along an inch of its underside. But it's barely lying against Bailey. It jumps around wildly, twitching sharply, and spurting more cum up. All of which falls down and most lands on Bailey's face.

THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"

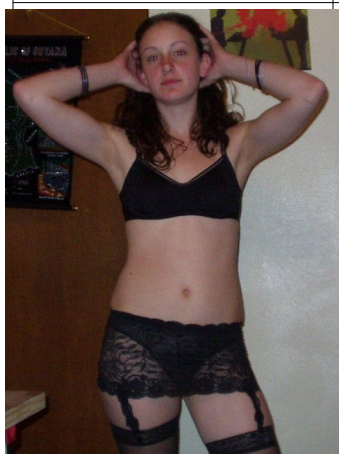
My friends, family, and slaves who appear in this story and numerous others. Only those in this story are shown.



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

Age	Height	Weight
19	5'4"	121
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	26	34

Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"



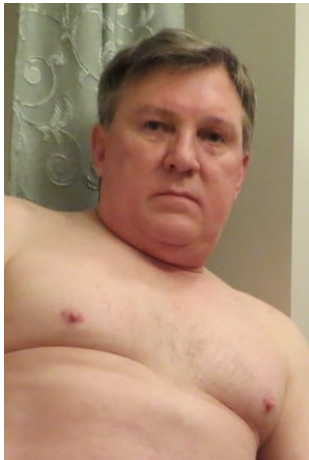
Slave-whore ("Paige")

Age	Height	Weight
19	5'7"	118
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	29	34

Debuts In: "Paige: From College Girl To Slave-Whore"

GUEST APPEARANCES

My other play toys who make an appearance in this story



Dickless ("Larry")

Age	Height	Weight
46	5'11"	215
Hair	Eyes	Penis
Gray	Brown	5½" x 1"
Debuts In: "The Pirate Cruise"		



"Jeff"

Age	Height	Weight
48	6'1	210
Hair	Eyes	Penis
Black	Green	7" x 1½"
Debuts In: "2 Plus 3"		



"Kelly"

Age	Height	Weight
42	5'5"	137
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Black	Brown	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-A	28	36
Debuts In: "2 Plus 3"		