

Two Toys

Nadia Saran



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MistressNadia@Yandex.ru

Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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Prologue:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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put on a show on their account.

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

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

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Veronica is a 28-year-old toy that's been in my toy box for the better part of a year now. In her "regular" life, she works in investor relations at one of the huge shipyards here in Mobile. She's also a single mother with a six-year-old son at home.

At work, she's what I affectionately call a "power bitch." She has a decent status at the company and several people who answer to her. She's middle management, but she has the attitude of a CEO. And she's not shy about bossing around those she can.

Of course, none of them know her secret. That about once a month she comes to my realm and worships her Queen. Me. On her knees. Where she's nothing. Where she doesn't even have the status of maid, peasant, or whore. Where she's nothing but a playtoy, to be shamelessly used without a thought. It gets her aroused. Far more aroused than anything else ever has. And the more she's owned, possessed, dominated, and disciplined, the hotter she gets.

She goes through boyfriends rather quickly. A few dates are as long as most suitors last. It's because her assertive manner carries over into her personal life. A life she hates. The guys don't know her well enough to see through the image she projects. They just deem her a bitch and move on. Too bad for them. They don't know her secret. Show her that you're stronger, that you can and will take control of her, and she becomes an exceptionally devout sub that's just as exceptionally eager to please, and very happy to do whatever she believes will please. It just takes some firm, unyielding discipline to remind her of her place, and your power.

I have a zillion little rules for my toys, although I don't ask all of them to follow all of the rules. Some of them, like my personal grooming standards, often vary for an individual sub. Especially those in a relationship. Then I have to worry about his/her partner being kept happy too.

I demand that my subs follow those little rules 24/7. Whether they're in my presence or not. After all, a sub never knows when I decide to summon her to come entertain me. And when she does, I expect her

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to be looking her best for me. The way I want her to look, not the way she wants to look. After all, her body is mine, not hers. It exists only for the pleasure of its owner, me. Her tastes, her comfort, are irrelevant. She doesn't matter. I do. And only I do. Constantly following those little rules serves as a constant reminder to the sub that she's my property. That her everyday life is just a holding pattern where she waits until I have some whim she may cater to.

Veronica is one of those subs who is always testing her boundaries as a teenager would. I think she likes it. That she likes to see if she can get away with something. Anything. To see if she can assert some control over her life, or her body. But what she really wants is to get caught and be punished for it. She wants to feel the unbending firmness of those rules. She wants to know that she's truly owned, and obedience is her only choice.

It makes me pay close attention to Veronica during her sessions. To watch for little tiny clues as to what she might be doing. Misbehaving. That way I can catch her at it. I can show her that she's mine.

The last time I summoned Veronica was two weeks ago. It was late in the afternoon, and I had her come here straight from work. She did. And she was perfectly groomed when she undressed. Too perfectly. She was shaven so smoothly that it looked as if she was fresh from a shower. She couldn't have been. It should have been a full workday since she could have showered and trimmed herself up.

I guessed that she cleaned herself up in the ladies' room after work. And I guessed that there was some reason she felt the need to do so. It's something I've never noticed that she's done before. It leads me to guess that she wasn't groomed properly when she got the summons and knew that she'd punished sternly if I saw that. So she fixed it before coming and thought that would get her by. She cheated! But I never said a word. I let her think she'd gotten away with it.

I know Veronica fairly well by now. Well enough to know that now that she thinks she got away with it, my grooming standards will be

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ignored. She'll do as she wishes, which for her means taking shortcuts and not worrying about the appearance of places no one is going to see, and plan to fix herself up again when summoned. I know the life of a single mother is a busy one, but still... that's no reason for her to cheat me!

Just because I let Veronica think she got away with it, doesn't mean she got away with it. I figured it out. And right then I knew what I'd do about it. Veronica needs a very good lesson. And I am going to enjoy giving it to her. So I planned a lesson that she will never forget.

It was a simple matter to ask my friend Nikolai to find one of his countless buddies who's company is an investor in Veronica's shipyard. It's a huge defense contractor. Nikolai's buddies, mostly Russians, seem to have a finger in any pot that's loaded with money, and defense is the most heavily loaded pot of money there is. It took him less than an hour. Or more likely took his slave less than an hour. She's the one who called me back and told me that, as I'd asked for, Nikolai's buddy had set an appointment with Veronica on the pretense that his company had some questions about how their investment was being utilized. Questions it is Veronica's job answer in a way that ensures the money stays invested where it is. I doubt it's entirely an accident that they hired an attractive younger woman for that role... Men can be so easily distracted!

His appointment is in ten minutes. But he's not going to make it. Veronica doesn't have a clue that he won't be coming. He's blocked off an hour of her time. An hour I plan to use. Won't Veronica be so surprised? I've never even tried to visit her at work before. It takes some doing just to get through the door – something about security for those defense-type-things. And it's beyond silly! A college girl goes through heck getting through the door, but they will eagerly take money from Nikolai's Russian buddy who probably has too many ties to the Kremlin to count. I wouldn't be even the tiniest bit surprised to find out he has some title in the FSB. Isn't that silly?

But I got in. He called the gate, not Veronica, and explained to them that he was running late, but his assistant, me, would be arriving

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separately and on time. Please let her in. She can bombard Veronica with questions for him until he gets there. Sorry, his plane was late getting in. They told him no problem, and when I got here my name was on the list. After an ID check and a walk through a metal detector, I was allowed into the admin building. The lowest security building here. But the one Veronica's office is in.

I just told her secretary that I was his aide, and he was on his way. The secretary didn't really care. I got through the gate, and thus I am who I say I am. She just marked us as here. And left me to do something I almost never do. Wait!

It's only a couple of minutes until I see the secretary go to the door of Veronica's office and usher two guys in fancy suits out. Then she invites me to head on in.

Veronica is standing up, about halfway between her desk and the door as I step in. Then instant she sees me, she freezes in her tracks. The fake smile on her face vanishes. A mask of shock and horror replaces it. She definitely did not expect to see me. I'll bet she thought I couldn't get in the building without her seeing my name on some list! And thus, I wouldn't be surprising her here. I know she expected Nikolai's buddy.

"Mr. Sokolov has been unavoidably detained," I say in my sweetest voice with a huge grin on my face. Veronica stutters for an instant. "You'll be dealing with me." I hope she gets the message. It buys me enough time for the secretary to get the door closed. Now she won't hear what I'm saying. "fucktoy."

"How did you..." Veronica stutters, her voice now laced with a nervous edge to it.

Obviously, Veronica needs to be reminded of her place. And her place is to not question me. I slap her face. It's a hard slap, too, one that rings out through the room. And one that tosses her head to the side. I'm sure it leaves a pink handprint on her cheek, too, but it's too hard to see through her makeup. It has the effect I knew it would. It shuts her up.

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Now she just looks at me with absolute shock on her face. It's a look that screams out how much she never expected. And how nervous she is. Especially now that she knows I'm not here just to say hello. She's in for something. Here! At work! A place where her status is the most important thing to her. A place where her secret is buried so deep it's closer to the Earth's core than the surface. Or was, until a minute ago. Now it's on the surface where just anyone might barge through that door and see it. See Veronica being owned by another. By a younger, girly, girl. And that, I am certain, is a horror she never even dreamed of.

She stands dumbfounded. Her jaw moves slowly, but no words come out. I can almost see the smoke coming out of her ears as those metaphoric gears spin in her head and tries to figure out a way out of this. Whatever this is going to be.

"Stand, fucktoy!" I snap very firmly, but without raising my voice. "You know better. Behave in the presence of your Queen, fucktoy."

Veronica nervously pulls herself up to stand properly, her hands at the small of her back, and her feet just a little ways apart. She faces me, her eyes forward. She closes her mouth, no longer daring to speak. And she looks up at me with fear in her eyes. She's not afraid of me. She's scared to death of her secret getting out. I know that.

"You must think I'm half as stupid as you are. Do you really think I didn't notice that you had to trim that shabby bush up before you came to amuse me last time?" As I scold her I see the hint of surprise on her face. It tells me that she did think she'd gotten away with it. She didn't think I'd noticed that. Oops.

"Obviously your worthless butt knows the rule, or you wouldn't have bothered to try and cheat like some gutter skank. And I'm sure I've made it clear that my rules are to be followed 24/7. Since I so clearly can't trust you not to let your inner gutter skank out, I'll just see for myself how naughty you are when you stupidly think I'm not watching. Turn around."

Veronica, slightly hesitantly, turns around. It puts her back to me.

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I put her facing her desk, but still several feet back from the front of it. And a few feet behind the comfortable-looking leather chairs in front of it.

Now that her back is to me, she doesn't see me take two quick steps back. I reach behind myself and very quietly ease the door lock to locked. That way no one will be barging in on me. But Veronica won't know that. I walk around to her desk and lean against the front of it so that I'm facing Veronica again.

I point to the chair at my left. Veronica's right. "Undress. Put your things there." I give the commands firmly.

Veronica pales slightly. And she looks exceedingly nervous. Now she has no doubt. She will be getting naked, right here in her office. And naked, should anyone come in, there won't even be a prayer of covering up what's going on.

As she always does for work, Veronica is wearing a fairly nice skirt suit. I'd guess it's on the high-end of some department store's line. It's the European designer label that I have on, but it's nice enough. Especially for middle management. Hers is navy blue, with a fairly modest skirt that comes down enough to cover her knees. And I can see a white satin blouse under the matching blazer. I can see plenty of jewelry, too.

Veronica is a decently tall woman. She's 5'9". But she's also a rather lean woman, a mere 139 pounds. It gives her a cute, lanky shape. She has close to zero body fat, too. It adds a slight boniness to her appearance. Especially at her hands and forearms.

Veronica has a fairly oval face with prominent, but gently rounded, features and a jawline to it. She has unique eyes that are a light shade of gray-green. And pretty. She has short brown hair that hangs down midway between the bottom of her jaw and the tops of her shoulders. It has a moderate bushiness to it and a good bit of a kinky wave to its fine tresses. That makes it hang loosely, puffing out at its bottom to give it a full look. She has a prominent nose, slightly long and wide, with strong, but also softly rounded lines. And she a wide mouth

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framed by a pair of fairly thin, light-pink lips.

But now as she squats before me to get her low-heeled shoes off, what I see on her face is pure nervousness. I don't want Veronica to drag her feet and waste time, an idea I know is already taking hold in her brain. After all, I only have an hour with her body! If I were to keep her any longer than the planned appointment, someone might notice. I reach into my oversized purse and take out my crop. I just hold that in front of me where Veronica can see it. And I grin as I glare at her.

She easily gets her shoes off and neatly sets them on that chair. Then it's earrings that come off. "Undress" is a specific instruction that I've taught Veronica and all my toys. It tells her that I want her to get fully naked, absolutely nothing left on her body, but that I want her to do it a specific way. Shoes first, those just get in the way. After that, from the top down. It's not the way a woman normally will undress.

Her blazer easily comes off. But I'm sure she's used to having that off in her office. Probably her shoes too, at least when no one will see. I'd slip those pointy toes monstrosities off my feet, too. Just having that off, should anyone see her, won't raise any questions.

But now it's time for that satin blouse to come off. And having that off will certainly raise questions if she's seen. She knows it, too. As she starts unbuttoning her blouse I notice that her hands slow down a little. They fumble a little, too. But they get the buttons undone. She pulls the blouse from the waistband of her skirt, then slips it off her shoulders. It reveals a light pink bra to my eyes. A fairly lacy one with half cups that leave a fair amount of her breasts and most of her cleavage bared. But I've seen her dresser. All of her undergarments are sexy ones.

She has a necklace on, so that's the next highest thing on her body. It comes off fairly quickly, even with her slightly fumbling hands. And then, it's time for her bra to come. Its straps over her shoulders are the next highest thing on her body. She reaches up behind her back. She takes a deep breath, then closes her eyes as she unclips it. She opens her eyes as she lets one narrow strap fall free to her side. Her

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eyes quickly dart around the room, as if anything might have changed in the half-second they were closed. She pulls the thin straps off her shoulders and the bra falls free, hanging in her hand by one strap.

It bares her small breasts to me. Very nicely shaped breasts, too. I happen to know that she's a 34-A. Her breasts rise off her chest with gently curving, fully rounded undersides that have no crease at all where they meet her chest. At the front, right where her nipples are, the gentle rounding takes on a slight straightness as her mound flows back to rejoin her chest. Her mounds are full and firm. They're also slightly wide on her chest, almost to her sides, leaving a little strip of flat chest between the small mounds. Those breasts are topped with a pair of proportional nipples, maybe as wide as a pencil eraser or a little wider. Nipples that are the same shade of light pink as her lips are. Nipples that are now standing up hard, poking their well-rounded tips out to me. Nipples that are surrounded by fair-sized rings of color, the same shade around her nipples, that begins to fade near their edges. Nipples that stand straight out at me.

It leaves Veronica naked from the waist up, and fully dressed from the waist down. She fumbles to get the belt off her skirt. I just let my eyes roam over her flat chest, her pert mounds, and her taut stomach. She's not so lean that her ribs show, but I can make out the lines of her collar bones along her shoulders. And her leanness gives her a slightly stick-ish look. Not so straight that she doesn't have a girly curve at her waist. She does. It's just that her curve is as lean as everything else about her.

Once she has the narrow belt off, her skirt is next. She unzips it and lets it fall down her legs, her hand keeping it off the floor. It shows me that she's wearing the matching panties. They're pink, too. And just as lacy. Their waistband is cut slightly low on her hips, putting it even with the top of her bush. And they have inch-wide sides of all lace around her hips. And it shows me that she has a decently-matching pink garter belt on, along with dark tan stockings that come up to her mid-thighs. And it lets me see her narrow and very-gently-rounding hips. Above a pair of narrow, lean, and shapely legs. Long lean legs.

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She gets to stall for a minute as she takes some more jewelry off, her watch, and a gold bracelet. But then it's time for her to keep stripping. Obediently she unhooks the stockings from her garter and pulls the garter off. It leaves her panties for next. When it's time for those to come down, I can see the blush creep onto her face. And her hands slow down again. But they come down and go on her neat pile.

It bares her bush to me. Which I'm certain is the part she was most dreading showing me. And not just because it leaves her very exposed to any interlopers. Because it's not trimmed up to my standards. Just as I knew it wouldn't be. A bush takes some precision to trim, and that takes some time. And time is a very precious commodity to a single mom. So, as I thought, she's taking a few short cuts and saving some time in her morning showers. Like not fully trimming that bush.

It's dense. That's allowed. Her furs is a medium-dark shade of brown. It's long, her hairs tangling together throughout the rough triangle of fur. Its lines are slightly irregular, and at the very edges of it, there are some shorter hairs. Hairs that look as if they're sometimes trimmed. Hairs that creep into the creases of her thighs, but not beyond. Hairs that destroy the straight lines of a triangle.

I can see her pussy, too. From the front, it looks like there's nothing to see, just pubes under a dense fur coat. She has short lips that are heavily furred. Lips that are moderately narrow and only puff downward slightly, giving her a noticeable, but very slight puffiness to her pussy mound. Lips that leave a wide gash between their edges, not even coming close to meeting. And through that gash, her wrinkly pink inner folds hang out, reaching down a good half-inch at their longest, and parting her fur around them. That's so visible from the front. And it's something that veronica is self-conscious about. Although there's no reason for her to be. It's a common enough look.

Now Veronica has to get a couple of rings off her hands. It leaves her standing in her stockings, and nothing but, as she does. Her fumbly hands hurry now. And then they hurry to slip those stockings down her

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lithe legs.

Veronica rises back up to stand and face me. “Miss Rodgers, I am completely naked for you, Ma’am.” She obediently tells me, her voice full of nervousness that shows on her face. I’m sure she’s praying that now that I’ve caught her, I’ll let her put her clothes back on and deal with punishing her later. It’s not like I can really punish her here, in her office, right?



Chapter 02: Spanked

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I point the nude Veronica to sit in the other chair, the one in front of her desk that doesn't have her clothes piled in it. She reluctantly takes her seat. It might even be the first time she's sat in that chair, facing her desk instead of at her desk. She sits up properly, the way I've taught her I expect to see her. With her back straight, her legs fully crossed right over left, and her hands folded in her lap.

Then Veronica watches me with slight cautious eyes, wondering what I have in mind. She watches me slip around her desk and take the very plush chair that's hers. I take it as if it's mine. I kick back in it, too.

Then I take my time, hunting through my purse far longer than I need to. I get my phone out. I use it to take a quick picture of the naked Veronica sitting so primly in her office. She looks as if she's about to be interviewed for a job or something. Only nude. She cringes hard as she sees the flash and knows that I will forever have that picture. A picture that, in her mind, no one can ever see.

"Is that jungle you call a bush properly groomed, fucktoy?"

"No, Miss Rodgers, it's not," Veronica admits, her voice turning moderately sheepish, and still nervous.

"I did warn you that I was likely to pop up just anywhere, anytime, and if I did, I expected you to be properly groomed. It's not asking you to take care of that body, my body is too much for me to ask. I won't ask why you've been a bad bitch. I just don't care. You've been naughty. And, so obviously, you will be disciplined for your naughtiness." I sigh heavily.

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Veronica quietly resigns herself to her fate.

"When is the last time you played with that pussy?"

"I played with my pussy last night, Ma'am."

"Did you allow it to cum?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I allowed my pussy to cum."

"Did you at least bother to wash the skank out of my pussy after

you abused it, fucktoy?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I washed the skank out of my pussy this morning, Ma'am."

"Who's pussy?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Rodgers, I meant to say your pussy, Ma'am."

"Show me, fucktoy. Come over here and show me that pussy."

"Yes, Ma'am," Veronica answers reluctantly. Then she comes around her desk, turns her back to me, and spreads her feet wide. She leans all the way over, reaches around the outside of her thighs, and pulls her lips wide apart to fully display her pinkness to me. "Here is your pussy, Miss Rodgers." She tells me once her most intimate places are on display.

With those loose, wrinkly folds pulled taut and wide, it leaves her fully exposed. I can see the pea-sized tip of her clit poking its eager head up from the nest of soft, pink folds. I can see her narrow tunnel, its walls lying against each other and only the very rim of it gaping open for me. And I can see a moderate amount of creamy honey clinging to everything. More of that creamy honey steadily weeping from the rim of her tunnel, too.

"I thought you masturbated this pussy! Did you?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I masturbated this pussy, Ma'am."

I sigh out. "Then why is it so sloppy wet? Never mind, the answer is obvious. Because you're a skanky fuck toy!"

I leave Veronica standing there for another half minute or so, her pussy on full display as I pretend to consider what I'm going to do with her. As if I didn't have a good idea before I came. Finally, I tell her to stand back up and face me. As she's rising, I slide the chair back a few more inches, leaving plenty of space between it and the desk. Then I scoot my butt up a little to the edge of this plush leather chair.

I reach back into my oversized purse. I bring out a smallish paddle.

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It's wooden, maybe 12" long and 4" wide with a blade that's only about ¼" thick. But it's the biggest paddle I can get in this purse, so it's the one I brought. I didn't want to tote too big of a bag through those security checks. I could just see some security guard asking, loudly, why I needed a paddle for my meeting with Veronica. That would be fodder for the rumor mill for the next eon!

Veronica sees the paddle in my hand. As any sub would, she knows why I have a paddle in my hand. It's pretty obvious. It's for her bottom! Just seeing the paddle is plenty for Veronica to start getting very nervous. Not about the spanking, she's endured plenty of those. She knows me well enough to know that I will "set her bottom on fire" with my paddle. It will sting, and sting badly. And the sting will last for a few hours, during which sitting is going to be a very uncomfortable reminder of the need to behave.

What has Veronica so edgy is the thought of the paddling. The sound of the loud crack it will make as it swats the bare skin of her fully exposed bottom. She's thinking about her secretary sitting just beyond that wall and wonder how much she's going to hear. The slaps of the paddle? Maybe. Veronica's screeching squeals as she's spanked? Likely. How thick are those walls? Who else might be beyond them? And so much worse, who might barge in if they hear Veronica cry out? The scene they'll see! Veronica getting her spanking!

I just crook my finger towards Veronica, motioning for her to come over. And I grin wide. She's been spanked enough that she can guess what I'm going to do. Especially here in her office. I'm going to spank her in the most demeaning way possible. Just in case someone does barge in, they'll have to most humiliating view possible! Besides that, Veronica's firm little bottom looks so good turned over my knees like a naughty little girl!

I don't let Veronica stall, which she's fairly good and trying to do whenever she sees humiliation coming. As soon as she's close enough, I reach up and grab hold of her breast. I pinch all of her small mound firmly in my hand, holding it tight as I use it to pull her down to her

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knees at my side. Then I grab her hair and use that to pull her forward and across my slightly parted thighs.

Veronica squeals quietly, mostly from surprise at the suddenness of it, as I turn her over my knees. She squirms, not hard, not really fighting me, but more just fidgeting as she thinks about what's beginning. I ignore everything. I just put a hand firmly against Veronica's taut cheeks to steady her and nudge her forward just a little until my thigh is fully up in the bend of her waist. I already have my other thigh where I like it, along her lower chest with the small mounds of her bare breasts snug against the outside of my skirt. It has her tender stomach lying over my skirt. And Veronica has enough "girl-sense" to feel the fabric and notice that my suit is a higher-class than hers. Mine is true designer, not department store.

I don't waste any time. I lie the hard blade of the paddle firmly against Veronica's globes. She stills as it touches her. She knows that she's required to hold her bottom still, or close to still, for the entire spanking. On penalty of my starting her spanking over again until she does behave. As I've said, obedience isn't an option for my toys. They will do as I say. Eventually, if not immediately. But do it just the same. "This is for not grooming your skanky pussy like a lady, fucktoy," I tell her. I believe a sub should always know exactly why she's being punished. Ten strokes."

I feel a brief, but sharp, tremor sweep through Veronica's body as she hears her punishment.

Then I lift my paddle, bringing it up as high as my short arm will go. I bring it down with about half the power I could put behind the stroke. I have a very specific goal in mind. I don't want to bruise Veronica's bottom. I want it red, but I want a redness that will fade away in a couple of hours. I want a soreness that will take longer for its sting to ebb. I want Veronica to feel that sting, sharply, every time she sits for the rest of the day. But by morning, I want her bottom to feel no more than a faint reminder when she sits on it. She has far more coming than just a spanking for all of her... naughtiness.

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I wonder just how thick these walls are. They looked pretty thick to me. I figure a defense contractor will have sturdy walls in its buildings, right? I know I couldn't hear anything through them when I was in the waiting room. And I'm sure now Veronica is praying they're nice and thick!

My paddle lands with a good crack, about as loud as the loudest clap of a pair of hands. The kind of clap you'd hear if... say Alabama was down by two, then kicked a 50-yard field goal with one second on the clock - against Auburn! A really loud clap! It lands square along the center of Veronica's taut cheeks. With her small bottom, that means it covers most of those cheeks, too. I'm watching her bottom as it lands, so I get to see the way it flattens out the curvy rounding of those tight buns, too.

Veronica tries not to cry out. She grits her teeth hard and manages to get through this stroke with just a mutely grunted "UH!" as it lands. But I know she feels it. I can feel her body suddenly tense up hard over my legs as it lands. She stays tensed up for a second, then the tension quickly ebbs from her body. As it does, she groans out a muted "OW!" under her fast breath.

"One spanking, Ma'am," Veronica obediently counts off her stroke. She knows my rule. She has three seconds after it lands to count it, or it doesn't count. "I'm sorry for disobeying you and not trimming my skanky pussy properly, Miss Rodgers. Thank you for spanking me to remind me that I have to behave for you, Ma'am." She sounds truly sorry, too!

I just lift my paddle off her globes, revealing a light, but bright, pink stripe across those hard, white cheeks. It's pink enough that I know Veronica's bottom already stings like she's sitting on a beehive or something.

I snap the paddle down again, landing an identical stroke. Veronica's cheeks are too small for me to have much room to vary where the strokes land. It's fine with me, I just adjust the count accordingly. And I love small, tight butts. But I'm sure Veronica wishes she had a

bigger bottom right now, somewhere for this stroke to land other than atop her already stinging pink flesh.

Veronica stiffens immediately, so quickly that it feels almost like her body snapping over my legs. She grits her teeth hard, too. But this time she can't make herself mute her cry quite as well as last time. It's decently quiet, only a little louder than a talking voice. But it's full of pain and shock. A cry that sounds like "UH-OW!" followed by a few quick, and quieter, "OW!s" under breath. Then she counts off her second stroke.

And I give her the third stroke. It's easy for me to land it just the same. My arm won't tire too quickly. And definitely not nearly as quickly as Veronica's bottom wishes it would.

"EE-OW!" Veronica cries out, fairly loudly, but not nearly screeching loud. Not yet. She stiffens immediately, as fresh needles of pain lance into the slender muscles of her cheeks. Cheeks that are already on fire from the first two swats. She pants a single, and quieter "OW!" before counting off her third stroke. Then she pants a few more, and quieter "OH!s" that are pure groans.

The fourth stroke cuts off her chant of pained "Oh!s" under her breath. And it gets her cry up to the level of a screech. Or at least the level of a loud yelp. It also leaves her cheeks glowing an angry shade of red now. Oh, how those must be stinging!

Her chair is a little higher than I have mine set. It's just high enough that it has her knees off the floor, so only her feet have anything to perch on. And her hands, she has those braced against the floor, her fingers spread wide. Her legs stiffen along with the rest of her body, tense enough that it very slightly lifts her waist off my thigh for an instant. Then, as she starts to relax and count her stroke, it leaves her legs starting to squirm, too!

The fifth stroke brings tears to her eyes, along with a decent screeching yelp from her lips. It's loud enough of a cry that, were her brain thinking of anything beyond the pain in her bottom, she'd be trembling as she thought about her secretary hearing it. It's enough

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that she would with cheap walls... weren't these built by the lowest bidder?

It also gets her hips rocking. Veronica tends to do that when it really hurts. Her left side, the side at my waist, lifts up a little, turning her bottom slightly away from me. Of course, by then it's too late. The swat has already landed. As her hips lie back on my thigh, they're not exactly still. She squirms, her waist grinding against my thigh, as she groans her chorus of muted "OW!s" And sobs lightly. I know that now Veronica is only struggling not to cry. She just hates for me, or anyone, to see her cry. It's humiliating for her. I'll make sure she knows I see it later.

She gets the sixth stroke. It turns her (formerly) milky-white globes to a bright fire-engine red. But so far I don't see any bruising on them, just the painful redness. I'm trying not to bruise them. That will show for days. I just want her cheeks to sting. And by now, judging by the yelps and the way she's fidgeting against my leg, her cheeks are stinging her like a zillion needles stabbing into them.

I give her the seventh stroke. She screeches. She squirms. Her left cheek rises maybe two inches off my thigh as she tenses up. When she counts the stroke off, I can hear the sobbing cry in her voice. It tells me that she's crying hard enough that her face is going to be teary wet when she finally gets off my knees. And her globes glow a little brighter shade of red! They're nowhere near loose enough to jiggle, though, despite the hard fidgeting squirm of her hips.

The eight-stroke pushes her towards her limit. Not the limit of what she can bear, but the more important (to her) limit of what she can bear and still show some semblance of pride. The limit I'm hoping to push her just slightly beyond. I love it when she knows that she's lost that last shred of composure! I love it when she forgets she's some almost-important person and knows she's acting like the submissive, and naughty, fucktoy that she is. Shameless before her mistress.

The ninth stroke has her on the edge of composure. It has her bottom lifting up, squirming hard atop my thigh. It has her head

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thrashing from side to side. It gets a good yelp from her. And it has her crying hard between. And now, when she counts off her stroke, her voice sounds truly sorry. Not sorry that I caught her, but sorry that she disappointed me. Sorry that she was disobedient. And definitely sorry that I am seeing her cry like a baby as she's spanked like a naughty toddler.

I land the final stroke. It pushes her over the edge. As she screeches her yelp, there isn't a part of her body that's not squirming around hard, trying to cope with sharp stinging in those cute cheeks. And she's crying like a baby. I can hear it in her voice as she counts the last stroke. She makes it in the three seconds allowed, but not by too many nanoseconds. It takes her even longer to still herself. And she never fully stills. Her hands fidget, her fingers gripping against the floor. Her feet fidget, rising up as her knees bend to protect her bottom from another stroke. She soon gets her feet back on the floor, though. Quick enough that I won't punish her for them being in front of her cheeks. That's interfering with her punishment, and that's something I so do not allow.

Once she's stilled, I grab her hair again and use it to lift her shoulders up. As I do I pull her back slightly, dropping her onto her knees at my side. Then I swivel my chain so I'm facing her, looking down upon her as I stare into her eyes. She knows what I expect of her.

"Miss Rodgers," veronica sobs out, her voice more crying than speaking. Her face is the wet mess I expected. I can see the tears running down her eyes. I can that her makeup is ruined. And her face is so adorably scrunched up. Her eyes are even a little red and puffy! "I am really so sorry for not trimming my slutty pussy properly, like a good bitch, Ma'am. Thank you so much for punishing me to help me remember that I have to follow the rules like a good girl, Ma'am. I promise to try my hardest to trim my pussy from now on so you won't have to spank me again, Ma'am."

I sigh, "go back to your chair and sit, fucktoy."

A look of pure horror immediately sweeps over Veronica's face.

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The horror of just thinking about sitting on her fiery, stinging bottom. And knowing that she will have to endure that pain. I won't tolerate her sitting differently, or even showing the pain too much. I said sit. I expect her to sit. The burning sting in her bottom is her punishment for her disobedience. I won't accommodate it. That's part of her punishment, living with the so-sharp stinging for however long it lasts. Not lying on her stomach. Going about her life just as she would have she not been spanked. Only with a very sore bottom. A bottom that will continuously remind her that she has to behave. And that I'm smart enough that she can't cheat me. And remind her how high the price of trying to cheat me is. It will ensure she doesn't try anything for several more weeks.

I watch as she walks over to the seat on nervously wobbly legs. She sits a little slowly. The chair looks rather soft and comfortable, but it is intended for rich investors, not employees. Even so, I hear a sharp, sucking, intake of breath as her bottom touches the leather. And I see her face wrinkle up tight. She sits. I hear the strain in her breaths as she sits there.

I let her sit and wait a minute or so. It's enough time for the sting to really make its way all through those cheeks. Then I start. I tell Veronica to go through the pile of clothes on the other chair and get all of her jewelry together. And give it to me.

Veronica obeys, very happily. At least happy that it gives her a chance to roll her hips as she reaches over, shifting her weight onto the side of her globe and her hip instead of her fiery bottom. She moves a little quickly shifting that weight, then a little slowly as she picks through her things. When she's gotten everything, I tell her to bring it to me.

She doesn't mind that at all. It lets her get up from the chair and off that beet red bottom. She walks around behind her desk, where I'm sitting, and kneels. She kneels with her knees spread wide apart, her feet just as wide, and her bottom sitting back between her heels. With her back straight and rigid, she holds her hands up six inches in front of

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her pencil-eraser wide light-pink nipples. She has her hands level with her nipples, her palms upturned and flat. Her jewelry is resting atop her hands as she offers it to me.

I take it all. I leave her there, silently kneeling and watch as she sees me toss her things, some of the nicer things she owns, into my purse. She can't see that I have a little bag in there that I'm dropping them into. But she knows what it means. I'm taking them from her. She might get them back. But only whenever I decide to give them to her. And she knows that if she asks for them, I will donate them to charity (in her name). She's not allowed to ask for them, or anything. Her place is a toy's place. To accept whatever her Queen wishes her to accept. I can see the unhappy reluctance on her face as she watches them go. I know she's wondering when, and especially if, she'll see them again.

I send her back to sit in the chair. Then I tell her to bring me her bra. She does, and it joins her jewelry in the little bag in my purse. I send her back to the chair again. I'm doing it purposely. I'm making her sit on that bottom over and over again. Making her refresh the sting. Make her really feel it. I'm sure she's smart enough to realize I'm doing it, too. And smart enough not to say anything. Maybe she thinks I'm doing it, something I don't do often because I eased up the spanking a little since she's in her office where (she thinks) neither of us would want her to scream out loudly enough to bring anyone in. I tell her to bring me her panties.

"Here are my panties, Ma'am," Veronica humbly offers them to me atop her upturned palms. "They are the same ones, fresh off my naughty bottom, that I had on my untrimmed pussy, Miss Rodgers."

I take them. "And I can smell your skanky pussy on them, fucktoy! You really need to stop skanking your panties up so much, or everyone is going to start smelling that slutty pussy between those thighs! Go back to your chair."

She sits, sucking in yet another crisp and strained breath as her cheeks touch the seat. I stuff her panties into the bag.

The phone on her desk rings. "Behave yourself, fucktoy."

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"Yes, Ma'am," Veronica answers, already struggling hard to compose her voice.

I hit the speaker button and point for her to answer the call, but also to stay sitting right where she is. And I stare at her hard. "Veronica Hathaway," She answers. I can hear the edge of the pain in her voice, like a slight whining, or sobbing, hint. I guess her secretary doesn't notice it or more likely doesn't care. "Grigori Ulanov is on line three, Ms. Hathaway," she says, "I'll just put him through."

Before Veronica can say anything, Grigori is on the line. "Ms. Hathaway, I'm sorry, but I still haven't made it out of the airport. It is just impossible to get an Uber here! I can't understand why Mobile built the airport so far from downtown! There is nothing here!"

"Anyway, I assume my aide has arrived?"

"Yes... She has?" Veronica answers unsurely as she wonders if I'm his aide, or if I just slipped in instead of a tardy aide. I would so do that, and she knows it. I guess she thinks her secretary wouldn't notice either. I guess maybe she needs better help, too.

"Thanks, Grigori." I pipe up. Then I turn to Veronica and look straight into her eyes with a very harsh and stern look. "Veronica, tell Mister Ulanov what we've covered so far."

Veronica pales. Her eyes go wide. She hesitates a second, wondering if I am kidding. How could I seriously expect her to tell him that she just got spanked! He's not a play-friend. He's an important investor. That she knows because the unimportant investors don't get her time. I'm sure her employer equates an investor's importance with his investment. She trembles, once. And she fidgets on her bottom. And the fidgeting brings a harder wince to her face!

I just firmly glare at her. It lets her know that I am serious. She already knows what I expect. No modesty. No shame. No privacy. She's to tell him everything. Honestly. Fully.

"Miss Rodgers made me strip, Sir. Then she saw that my slutty pussy wasn't properly trimmed," Veronica says in a very embarrassed,

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and quiet, voice. "and she turned me over her knees and spanked me for it, Sir."

Grigori laughs. "You have a very nice butt, Veronica... now I wish I was there to see it spanked. That would have been a good show. Does your boss know that his investors have to spank that pretty butt for coming improperly attired to meetings?"

"NO! Sir!" Veronica blurts out with panic in her voice. "Please, Sir, please don't tell him!"

Grigori is a true Russian, not an American Russian. He was born and raised in a suburb of Moscow. In Russia, especially in the upper echelons of business, it's not unheard of for female employees to be... used as their male bosses wish. It won't be in any job description, but at some levels, it's expected. And in some places, refusal is not really an option. It might get her fired. In a few (Kremlin-quietly-backed) companies she might disappear. He does a lot of business over here, and he knows that over here, it's not expected, and even hinting that it's wanted is likely to get you sued. I'm sure it still happens, just very quietly and far more expensively. But he doesn't mind teasing her.

"Maybe I will not tell him... but I will expect your very best from now on. Your very best... Good afternoon." and then, just before he hangs up, I hear him slightly quietly, under his breath, but certainly loud enough for Veronica to hear, say "slut." I grin widely.

Veronica cringes in her seat. I hold up my camera and snap a quick picture of her demurely sitting there nude. On the "wrong" side of her desk. I text it to Grigori. I haven't a clue where he actually is. He was never coming to this meeting. All I know is the number Nikolai gave me for him is a New York number. But that doesn't mean a thing. He could be in L.A. He could be in Moscow.

Wherever he is, it doesn't take him long to text me back. In Russian, which is fine. My Russian is excellent. "Very perky breasts. I must see them next time I am in her office." I don't know if Grigori plays or not. I don't know if he's a Dom. I don't know him. I just know that he's a friend of Nikolai's. IN Russian, "friend" means that he'll do

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whatever little favors Nikolai asks. I know enough about Russian business to stay out of it. One misstep into the wrong area, or on the wrong turf, and you might disappear. Russia will forever be Russia, land of the Tsars.

I leave veronica to sit another minute or so and just dwell on the fact that I just sent that picture to Grigori. That he now has proof of what slutty things she does in her office. That he has a naked picture of her that might end up anywhere. Or be used to blackmail her later! Finally, I tell her, "he thinks you have very perky boobs. The next time you see him, you will offer to show them to him. You will not wait until he asks, or hints, to see them. Offer your boobs to him, is that clear, fucktoy?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Veronica answers in a very humiliated voice.

"Good. You leave here at five. You will come straight to my apartment. I will teach you about walking around with such a skanky pussy! Do you understand, fucktoy?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Good. After I leave, you may dress in whatever clothes you have left. Maybe you'll even get some of them on before your next appointment. Until that door closes behind me, you will not move from that seat. Is that clear, fucktoy?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Now she sounds nervous and embarrassed. She must be thinking about her office is visible from a narrow slice of the waiting room if I open that door. And how her secretary will likely barge right in the second I'm out that door.

I get up and take my time coming around her desk. I pause beside the naked woman and look over her body. It'll do for this evening. As an afterthought, I reach across her and pick up her blazer. Then I walk out. Veronica is far too nervous and fidgety to notice it, but I casually flip the lock as I'm opening the door, so that the door will relock when I close it. And I make sure it's closed before I move away from the outside of it.

I'm sure Veronica nervously scrambles to pull some clothes on.



Chapter 03: Bringing A Bad Boy

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Emily isn't my toy. Not really. She's an 18-year-old high school girl. She impresses me as more than a bit of a bimbo. And as a "hanger-on." And almost as a groupie. I mean that she's so eager to be with the older, and so much cooler, college crowd. And definitely to be able to call herself my friend. Even if deep down she knows she's not really my friend. Maybe an "associate," and definitely an "acquaintance." But not a real friend.

She thrives on and lives for, juicy gossip. And she gets plenty of that when I allow her around us. Which isn't often.

I first met Emily about six weeks ago when I allowed her to "bail" her father out of my playroom. Her father, a 40-year-old widower named Ken, is my toy. He'd been secretly coming to see me for a couple of months before that evening. That evening he was here for his punishment for being an especially bad boy. He'd played with himself, with *my* cock, without my permission. Obviously, he needed a very good, and very humiliating lesson in minding his Mistress!

His lesson was to suffer the agony of not being allowed to cum. For a couple of days. I didn't want to keep him here the entire time. And I figured nothing would be more humiliating to him than to have to beg his daughter to come fetch him. He did. Emily was eager to come, albeit more for the gossip and social status of claiming to know me personally than to retrieve her father and spare him more of that sweet agony.

Once Emily got here I realized very quickly that not only was she a bimbo, she was also rather flighty. And I realized that she would be willing to play if she nudged slowly into it. I nudged. She jumped in headfirst. I doubt she had a clue what she was getting herself into. But she jumped right in.

I started by telling her that she had to post "bail" to take him home, just to ensure that she'd watch him as she was promising to. "Bail" was a video of Emily having two orgasms. She was rather embarrassed when she made it. But she came very hard when she did. With Sophie's fingers delivering those orgasms. And she was very nervous about ensuring she got that video back. Which she did.

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I pity her father. Emily supervised him rather diligently. Then again, she had a lot on the line.

She kept him in line. When she returned him, I had Paige, my house-slave and whore, tease him to the limits of what he could bear. He had just been so bad! Emily missed that, having tea with me and a few of my friends. But she got to see the ending of it. Ken was utterly miserable in his too-sweet agony. He was rather pathetic. I left his relief, if any, up to Emily. She surprised me. She relieved him herself with a blow job. It wasn't a very good one, either. Definitely amateurish and inept. But it easily did the trick for Ken. Okay, maybe I nudged her to help him out... I'd thought she'd use her hand, maybe.

Since then, Emily has imposed a rule on him. If he ever speaks of it, especially to her, she'll "kill him." More accurately, I think, she'll kill his credit limit at every boutique in town. And she'll call me to punish him for it.

He's obeyed the rule. At least in a strict interpretation of it. He hasn't mentioned any of it. But according to Emily, he has been different. He's always complimenting her, telling her things like how pretty she looks today. Looking at her. Wanting to spend more time with her. And definitely asking if she's spoken to me. If she thinks maybe I might want her to bring him to see me again.

Emily isn't too happy about it, either. Like any girl would, she knows what he wants. Another one of those blow jobs. Hopefully with a good dose of humiliation and discipline to go along with it. Things Emily has no intention of delivering. I know she wouldn't have even done it that once if she'd thought about it. Which she didn't. She just got carried away with the slutty scene unfolding all around her and his pitiful pleas. I'm sure she's glad I don't have that on video. Or so she thinks. I do. She doesn't know it.

Before that session, I had been allowing Ken to come about once a month. It was plenty for him, even though if he had the chance, he'd move in and serve me 24/7. Since then, I've stuck to that same schedule. I saw Ken once, about two weeks ago. I made Emily drop him off, take

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his clothes, and leave him here. Then, return for him when I tired of him. But otherwise, I didn't use Emily in that session.

During these six weeks, I've spoken to Emily a couple of times when she called me. Always supposedly about her father, but I think she just wanted to be able to say she could call me when she wants to. I'm sure it's a status thing for her. So I never said anything about it.

Now I've decided to surprise Ken with a little treat. Of course, it will be given in a very humiliating way. And he will suffer greatly. And I have the perfect treat in mind for him. It will be so amusing! To me, that is. I've decided that it's also time to give Emily another nudge. She's the one who I truly find entertaining. And I want to see how far she can be nudged. I'm pretty sure I could nudge her all the way. If her friends didn't find out about it, that is.

So I called Emily this morning to ask about how Ken was behaving. She told me that he's obeyed my edict and never mentioned anything that happened here. Nor has he asked her directly for anything. But he still looks at her with that puppy-dog hopeful look on his face, and won't stop complimenting her.

I tell her that we'll take care of that. I have a little idea... I ask if she'd be willing to do just a little extra this afternoon. She says she'll gladly do whatever I want if it will get him to stop ogling her! I assure her that I will put him in his proper place.

Then I tell her what I want her to do. I want her to tell Ken, very directly to come with her. She's to take him to her bedroom, not his, and tell him firmly to strip. Then she's to put him in her shower and stand there watching him as he cleans up to come see me. She's to watch closely and I want him to shave, shampoo, and wash. He can just use whatever girly things are in her shower to get ready. Those little pink razors don't care if they're shaving off leg hair or beards! Once he's cleaned up, she's to give him underwear, a shirt, pants, socks, and shoes. Her choice of items. She's to watch him put them on. Then she's to immediately walk him to her car and bring him over here. I'll tell her the rest of it when she gets here. She's invited for supper.

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She arrives right at 4:00, as I'd asked. I have Sophie answer the door. It's kind of a slave's place to handle the mundane for her Mistress! As I've asked, Sophie shows the pair in. She points Ken to his place. The toy's place. An empty little place along the wall, just inside the door. I keep it empty just for this. For toys to have a place to stand and wait demurely until I am ready to play with them. And that's what Sophie does, she tells Ken to just stand there until I say otherwise. Then she shows Emily to a seat on the sofa.

I join Emily on the sofa and immediately offer her tea. It's my caffeine source of choice for afternoons. Today Sophie has made a nice green tea with lemon and honey in it. Emily takes a cup.

"So has that dickless little boy been behaving its naughty butt?" I ask Emily. Even though, from her daily emails, I already know the answer. I just want Ken to hear her say it.

"Like, kinda, mostly." She says, a trace of a giggle, and a trace of petulance in her voice. Since his last visit, Ken hasn't been allowed to contact me. He has to go through Emily for that. Which means that he has to tell her some very embarrassing things so that she can email them to me.

Things like how he's watched some "soft" porn twice. Emily made him tell her all about what he watched, so she could tell me. I'm sure he blushed so brightly when he told her that he was watching clips of men getting turned over the knees of pretty young women and spanked. And he's had to tell her when he was horny and wanted to masturbate. I had been allowing him to do that about twice a week, which is how often he really feels the urge to. But these last two weeks I've only allowed it once in 15 days. And that was eight days ago. Since then, he's been suffering, not wanting to endure another punishment for doing it without my permission.

And he's had to tell her about a very pretty woman at work who is also very nice to him. But married. But whom he wishes wasn't. He's had to tell her all the naughty thoughts he's had about that woman. And once she got to tell him that I said, since he was thinking about "some

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skanky whore” instead of his owner, he would not be allowed to touch himself for three more days.

“He still has that so horny look in his eyes! Like some creepo!” Emily tells me. “Like, YUCK!... As if I'd ever touch that tiny thing again! Like, hello, can you say pity suck?” She giggles. I've found that Emily enjoys taunting him. I love her for it!

I sigh, “well, I guess we ought to teach him a lesson about minding that teensy little pecker. Do you mind getting his things? He won't be needing them.”

“I guess... after I finish this tea.” She smiles. I nod, letting her know that we have time. She sips.

Once she's done, she returns her cup to Sophie and rises to her feet. She walks over to Ken and just, very casually, says “time for your lesson, dad. Strip and give it all to me.” and she holds her hand out.

Ken starts taking off his clothes. As he takes each piece off, he hands it over to Emily. She just tosses it into a heap on the floor. Slob. I'll have Sophie collect it and put it up later. But I won't spank Ken for it. Emily doesn't know the commands, so she hasn't a clue what she told him to do. She only knows that she told him to get his clothes off. And that's what he's doing.

Ken isn't the most attractive of men. He's slightly on the tall side, around 5'11" and equally thin. Maybe 165 or 170 pounds. He's moderately hairy, too. But it's not an especially manly hairiness. It's a fairly spares fur that's moderately dense on his pubes and thighs, then thins out as it flows up to his chest. But at least it's a dark black hair. It matches the short hair on his head.

He saves his briefs for last. And he's slightly reluctant as he slips those down and hands them over to Emily. It leaves his cock standing out hard and straight from his pubes. It's not much of a cock, and that's something I've never hesitated to ridicule him over. His shaft is only about four inches long, and just over 5/8th of an inch thick. But at least it's circumcised, showing off its light pink-purple head. And his balls

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aren't much better. They're moderately small, and they hang in an equally small-ish furry sack that's now pulled up snug against the underside of his pubes. He blushes slightly as he bares it. Probably because it's already hard and eager.

I have Sophie take Emily a pair of latex gloves and a single-use packet of lubricating gel. She already knows what it's for. The last time, the only time, she brought him here, I nudged her to "ensure" that Ken was absolutely naked. I did it then because I knew Ken would find it nicely degrading to be closely inspected by his daughter. He did. So I see no reason not to make him do it again.

Emily just sighs unhappily as she takes her gloves and pulls them on. She makes Ken open his mouth and show her that he's not hiding anything there. She has him lift his arms so she can see under those. Then she lifts his cock and gives his balls a quick, and hopefully for Ken, light squeeze. She has him turn his back to her and show her the bottoms of his feet. Then she has him bend over with his feet spread wide apart.

I can see Emily spread his cheeks. She's not especially gentle. I can see her nose wrinkle up as she catches sight of his tight, fairly hairy, purplish asshole. She puts some of the lubricant on the tip of her finger and puts it against his tensed ring. Then she shoves. Not as much roughly, as uncaring. As if she doesn't care at all how it feels for him. Which I doubt she does. He grunts fairly hard as her finger pushes through his tight ring. Then he grunts again as she wiggles it. He sighs with relief as she pulls it back out. She snaps her gloves off as she tells him he can stand back up now.

Emily tells me "he's naked."

I ask her to walk him to the stool beside my desk where he can wait. She takes his hand and walks him over. She tells him to sit, and he does. And he sits properly, the way I've taught him that he's expected to sit in my house. Up straight, feet and knees a foot apart, hands behind his back. It leaves his cock standing out in thin air, fully exposed. Emily leaves him there and returns to the sofa.

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Ken obediently sits still, his side to the side of my desk. It has his back mostly to us. A mercifully lightly hair back. But hey, Ken's an accountant, not a linebacker. And it shows.

After a few more minutes of chatting with Emily, I offer for her to wait on the sofa while I take Ken back to begin his lesson. His lesson in being too shameless with young women, like Emily. She says she'll wait and asks Sophie to get her another cup of the tea. Sophie hurries off. She knows I like my guests well-tended.

I take Ken. He walks with his hands behind his back, as he knows I insist he does. It keeps them out of my way. And his stiff little cock standing out leaves me an easy reach to grab his balls. I hold them gently and snugly in my hand, using them for a leash, as I walk him back to the playroom.

I have a chair ready for him. It's just a plain, simple wooden chair that's been beefed up and made sturdier. I tell him to face his chair and bend over, spreading his feet fully wide, and resting his forearms on the seat. I tell him to pick his head up, too. It makes him stare at the wall. And makes sure he sees nothing that I'm doing behind him.

I get my a vibrating dildo out of one of the cabinets along a wall. The one I've picked for him dwarfs his real cock. It's about ten inches long, and 1 ½" across. I smear a fine film of lubricating gel on the tip of it, coating it all of about ½" down its fake purple head.

Then I return to Ken. I use one hand to spread his cheeks, the backs of my fingers against the inside edge of one cheek, my thumb against the opposite cheek. I push his loose, but not flabby-loose, cheeks wide apart to fully bare the dime-sized deep-purple ring of his tensed asshole. I've always preferred female assholes. Men tend to be hairy between their cheeks, as Ken is, which just looks gross to me. I just imagine using that hole with all that fur around it! Otherwise, there isn't much difference between male and female backdoors. Just like any asshole, Ken's is tightly cinched, a ring of purple covered with gently wrinkled flesh. And every one of those wrinkly lines flows into the dark little point at the center of the shallow funnel.

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I put the fat tip of the toy against his tensed ring and watch as it tenses up even harder. I push gently, just enough for the full roundness of the head to press against his crack. It's far wider than the ring it's trying to push its way into. It completely covers the ring of muscle and most of the dark flesh around it.

Ken tenses up. Not just his asshole, but his entire body stiffens. I guess he's feeling how huge it seems to be, and anticipating just how uncomfortable it will be should it push it into him. I give it a tiny wiggle. Mostly to smear the lubricant over his flesh, but the tease to him is a definite plus to me. He shudders.

"Oh, don't be such a baby, dickless," I scold Ken. "You said you always wanted to try anal sex! Consider this your chance!" He wanted to try it with a woman. It was one thing his wife never would even discuss his desire to try. I'm sure he didn't imagine his first anal experience would be from the woman's point of view. Oops... Evil Mistress is coming out to play!

I press, slowly, steadily, ramping up the pressure against his ring. Ken doesn't have a clue how to relax and ease its entry. And I'm not advising him. He doesn't deserve it to be easy. He's been so naughty! Ogling his daughter like some kind of lecher! I take it very slowly as I up the pressure.

As I expect it to do with him resisting, his asshole clenching its hardest to block the shaft, it happens quickly. His muscle isn't nearly strong enough to stop the toy. Once there's enough pressure, and it's not that much pressure, the rounded tip just shoves his muscle aside, stretching it quickly to almost its fullest. It pulls his muscle tauter than it has ever been. The stretch makes his muscle burn hot. And the suddenness of it hurts. It feels like hitting your toe with a hammer, only it's the asshole that throbs hard like that.

"OW!" Ken screeches out loudly, his voice a little higher than normal. "OW!..." He pants hard and deep, "OH!-OW!!!" I see his hands clench up into fists, too. His bottom reflexively moves forward, to get away from the invading shaft. It does nothing for him. I move the shaft

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the inch or two right along with his bottom. And it keeps it slipping slowly into his bottom. It keeps Ken grunt out loud and pained "OW!s"

I put a good part of the toy into his bottom. Maybe about seven inches of its ten-inch length. It's enough to leave a fair little shaft of its base sticking out from between his cheeks when I release them.

"Sit," I tell him. I snap the command especially firmly. And I swat his hairy, spongy-soft, cheek with my hand to make sure he has no doubt he's going to be sitting down. He tries to straighten up. As he does, he feels the shaft. It's hard and rigid, and it holds its shape even as the geometry of his bowels try to change with the angle of his waist. He cries out a pained groan as the shaft pushes around inside his body. He makes it halfway up, then quickly spins and starts to sit.

He freezes with his bottom about two inches off the seat. It's when the base of the dildo hits the seat. It's when he feels his weight on the shaft. Not his cheeks on the seat. HE realizes that if he sits, his weight is going to drive that toy even deeper into his bottom. And he definitely does not want to do that.

I snap my crop, taping its tip very lightly down on the head of his cock. The cock head that's sticking right up. It's enough to snap his cock head to the side as he yelps out a girly squeal of pain. And it's such a light stroke that it doesn't even leave crop print on his cock! Men! "I said sit!" I repeat sternly.

Ken takes a deep breath and starts lowering his weight. The dildo has nowhere to go. So it stays put and forces his body to lip down along its length, impaling his bottom on the hard shaft. Ken cries out as it begins moving, pressing deeper into his bottom. And deeper.

By the time Ken is finally sitting, his weight has the tip of the dildo pressing firmly, and rather uncomfortably, against the very back of his rectum. It has his face wrinkled up tight. And it has him moaning very unhappy and even more uncomfortable moans. Groaning moans. It looks to me as if Ken is about to cry!

He sits the way he knows he must. Which leaves him no way to

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support any of his weight with anything besides his bottom. It has his full weight on his bottom, driving the shaft into him. He's tensed up rigid and sits very still.

I use heavy and long plastic zip ties to secure each of his ankles to one of the chair's legs. Then another at the top of his calves, just beneath his knee, and also just beneath the seat. Then I use another one for each wrist, pulling his wrists up behind the chair's back and crossing them before binding them. That's plenty to ensure that he stays put in that chair and that his hands don't do anything I don't want them to. Like, touch that eager little cock of his.

In one corner of the room, there's a fabric screen that blocks off a piece of the room. I step behind it. It's where I keep Paige's kennel. I let her out of it. "come, skanky. I have something for you to skank up."

"Yes, my Queen... I'll get it especially extra skanky for you, my Queen." Paige answers.

Paige, or "skanky whore" as she's known around here, is my live-in house-slave and slave-whore. She does the more menial housework to free Sophie up to attend to me more closely. And I use her whenever I wish to do something to a toy. Sometimes, like now, they need that body to fully appreciate the lesson I'm teaching them, and it is most certainly not going to be my body getting ogled by a... toy! As if any Queen would allow some peasant stable boy to gaze upon her regal body. Not.

Paige is almost nineteen. Almost. She's the youngest in my house. She's 5'5" tall and a mere 120 pounds. It gives her a lean, almost stick-like figure with sides that have a gentle feminine curve at her waist, and a curve just as gentle at her slightly bony hips. She has a fairly oval face with features that are strong, but also gentle and feminine. She has some pretty green eyes, too. And a nice wide mouth framed with full, plump light-pink lips. Her stomach is flat and taut. Her legs are narrow and lean. Her pubes are fully shaven, and that's my choice, not hers. It shows off the long, wide lips of her puffy pussy mound. And a pair of small, but also full and rounded, firm cheeks in the back. But it's Paige's

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pert 34-B breasts that have Ken's eyes. They have a slight pointiness to their tips but otherwise, swell straight off her chest with a plush and firm roundness to them. And they're topped by a pair of wide, rather light pink, nipples that are already standing up hard.

Ken knows who Paige is. Well, he knows that "skanky" is my whore, and that whenever anything intimate is to be done to a toy, almost certainly not satisfying the toy, she's the one whose body delivers the tease. He's gotten to enjoy her too-sweet teasing at length before.

"skanky..." I use my most teasing, sugary-sweet voice, to tell Paige what she's going to do. "see that tiny little cock? Entertain it."

"Entertain" is a specific command I've made up for Paige. I always want her to know exactly what she's going to do. It tells her to dance erotically in front of him. To offer him frequent lap dances. To caress her breasts over his body. Her globes and her pussy as well. To use her hands to caress him. Everywhere. To kiss him. To lick him. And even to tease his cock with her mouth. But just to tease. Despite doing all of that in random, unending order to him, she may not allow him to cum. Basically, it tells her to tease him as erotically, as slutily, as she can without allowing him to cum, and without allowing any part of him to enter her pussy or asshole. Otherwise, to make it as intense as she possibly can for him.

"Oh, so gladly, my Queen," Paige says with a grin. She steps close to him and leans forward until the tips of her nipples are against his chest. She doesn't say anything. She plants her lips on his and gives him a long, sensual kiss. Then, as she breaks the kiss, she licks her lips. And starts slinking down his chest, caressing that with the mounds of her breasts.

I leave her at it.



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"OK, please tell me that you don't have some horror for me, too!" Emily asks as soon as I return without Ken. I'd left the playroom door open, so I'm sure she heard him groaning loudly as I put the toy in his bottom.

"Define horror..." I answer with my evil grin on my face. I even bat my eyes innocently.

Emily sighs as she squeals "I knew you wanted me to hang around for a reason... What are you going to make me do? I am so not doing dad again, like EVER!"

I giggle, "not your type?"

"So N- O-!" Emily squeals. "It's like, now he thinks I *like* him or something! So, *gross!* I should have so left him suffer."

"Well, then you'll be glad to know I don't have that in mind. I really didn't last time, either."

"I so didn't! But he just looked so miserable after what your girl did to him..."

"I'll tell you a secret. He likes being miserable that way. Of course, he needs for it to end sweetly, or it's just miserable... Let me tell you what I'm thinking. I have a plan for tonight. He will totally love it, and it will most certainly leave him wrapped around your little finger. And you don't have to have sex with him to do it."

"OK..." Emily accepts with a heavy note of caution in her voice. "What do I have to do?"

I tell her. Actually, I tell her about a tenth of it. I just love surprises! "I have a woman coming in about half an hour. She will do whatever I tell her to do. What I have in mind is that we let Ken have her, but with proper supervision..."

"So I have to watch him do her, like a show?"

I just grin. Then I ask about her friends. It works. She gushes as she dishes out the gossip about every girl she's ever met. And

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completely forgets about Ken in the next room.

It's more like forty minutes later when Veronica rings the doorbell, and Sophie lets her in. Sophie has her stand along the wall. I can see that Veronica has fixed her makeup, but she had to after that spanking a couple of hours ago. I'll bet she's glad to be standing, too. And I'll bet not a second went by this afternoon that she didn't feel "weird" walking around without her bra and panties on. More her bra. Her breasts might be smallish, but they're not so small that she won't feel the soft fabric caressing over her nipples with every tiny movement. And worse for her, spend every second thinking that everyone else can see she's braless! It's why I took her blazer. So she couldn't button it over her blouse as an added layer of cover for her breasts. But objectively, it's very hard to tell she's braless.

I whisper to Emily. "We both know that Ken needs some feminine attention in his life. I'd like to be able to send a woman to see him on a few rare occasions when he deserves a reward. But for me to do that, I'd have to know that not only will Ken be properly supervised while she's there, but she will, too. I just can't have my whores running wild! That means you'd have to supervise them both while she was there. Are you up for learning a few things so you can do that?"

Emily cringes a little and lets out a huge sigh. She says nothing for a second, then grumbles "I guess... maybe then he'll leave me alone."

"Come with me," I tell her eagerly. She rises and follows me across the living room to where Veronica is standing. I stand in front of Veronica, a little to the side, and Emily stands loosely at my side, a little less directly in front of Veronica. "This is fucktoy." I proudly tell Emily. "Unfortunately fucktoy has been fairly naughty, as that very red and sore bottom of her will attest to."

Emily glances at me as I tell her that Veronica's bottom is sore. "I had to spank her earlier," I tell Emily.

Veronica blushes a fairly bright shade of red as she hears me so openly tell Emily that I spanked her. I know that Veronica is wondering who Emily is and more importantly why she's here. Emily looks rather

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young, which is she at just a few months past her 18th birthday. But she doesn't have the demeanor of a Domme. She carries herself more like a typical, and slightly younger, schoolgirl. All giggles and gossip. With a healthy dose of bimbo mixed in.

"fucktoy, undress," I tell Veronica firmly.

Veronica blushes a little more. But there's nothing else she can do. Her back is literally against a wall. And after this afternoon, she doesn't have any extra clothing to stall with. I took it all and left her just the basics. Her eyes dart back and forth between Emily and me. She keeps a wary eye on me. But I can see that Veronica can't decide what to think of Emily. Or why I have her stripping in front of her. But I think she can figure out that Emily isn't too interested in seeing her strip. Yet, Emily is watching.

Veronica starts unbuttoning her blouse, her hands moving just a little slowly. As they did in her office. She stands mostly still, but her eyes still dart back and forth between us. And she blushes a little brighter as think about how I am so casually exposing her body to Emily. A girl I didn't even introduce. Whose name she hasn't even overheard yet. Just a nameless girl... watching her as she strips.

Veronica isn't going to dare to disappoint me again, at least not for a few weeks. I know that. It's how she is. Once I remind her of her place, she's very obedient for a while. She slips her blouse off, baring her pert breasts to our eyes. She folds her blouse up neatly and offers it to me. I take it and call for Sophie to "come fetch these rags." Sophie hurries over, drops to her knees, and offers her upturned palms for me to set Veronica's clothes on.

Emily's eyes get a little wide, and the tinges of a smirk appear on her face when she sees that underneath the fancy business attire, Veronica is braless. As if Emily is silently saying "Oh, that's slutty." Veronica sees it on Emily's face and blushes even redder.

Veronica doesn't even have her belt. I took that, too. So she has nothing left above her skirt. But she does look rather cute as she stands there in her professional-looking skirt, fully dressed from the waist

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down, and nude from the waist up. With her pert mounds standing up at the sides of her chest just above the centerline of her ribs. And with her nipples perked up to their full hardness, something Veronica is unable to hide. And this room isn't cold.

Veronica reaches behind herself and unzips her skirt, allowing it to slide down her slender legs before stepping out of it. It lets Emily see her in her garter belt, stockings and shoes. Without her panties, it lets Emily see her bush, and the mound of her pussy between her thighs, too. She folds her skirt and offers it to me.

Emily smirks just a little more as if her opinion that Veronica is a slut has just been confirmed. The tall Veronica looks rather sexy now, too, in just her garter and stockings. I'll bet Emily is thinking that Ken would love to be seeing this show. Or at least to be seeing Veronica like this.

Ken is 40-years-old. And he looks it. He looks like a very slightly effeminate stereotypical accountant to me. Veronica, on the other hand, has a lithe body. She's 28-years-old, but her face has just a tinge of tiredness to that that would make me guess her age at around 30. Still, that makes her a decade younger than Ken. And with a very firm body.

I've seen pictures of his wife. It's hard not to. They're all over his house. In my opinion, there are far too many pictures of her. As if he's still in love with her. She does not have the face or the body that Veronica does. She's shorter, more average height, and slightly overweight. I'd guess around 5'5" and 175. I'd rate her as about average for attractiveness.

But I'm sure Ken knew that she was "in his league." That with the way he looks, like a wimp, he doesn't have much chance of getting a 20-year-old cheerleader for a girlfriend. Especially not one who is dominant or willing to allow him to visit a Domme on the side.

Veronica, I think, will be the prettiest woman he's ever so much as gone on a date with. Add in that she's obviously younger and pert, and I think he won't believe his luck. Just as I'm sure Veronica wouldn't date him if she had a choice. She's too concerned about appearances. Too

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superficial for her to consider that she might actually like him. But now, I'm going to just give her to him! And she's going to eagerly allow it.

Veronica takes her garter off, then squats down to get her shoes off. It leaves only her stockings to come off. She hands those over, and then demurely tells me "Miss Rodgers, I am fully naked for you now, Ma'am."

I send Sophie to take Veronica's clothes away. They'll go in a drawer of a file cabinet I have in the playroom just for sub's things. The drawers lock when Sophie closes them, and I have the only key to open them and return the sub's things. I've left the drawer with the stuff I took from Veronica earlier ajar for Sophie. She grabs Veronica's purse off the floor and hurries to lock everything away.

Sophie returns with a box of my pastel green latex gloves and several packets of lubricating gel. I'd told her we'd want them, just not how many to bring. So rather than risk displeasing me by not having enough for me, she brought an entire box of gloves and a strip of the packets. Isn't she so good?

I pull on a pair of gloves and motion for Emily to do the same. She grumbles under her breath, but get a pair from the box. I'm sure has a clue what's next. Probably the same kind of thing I do with Ken. I make sure he has nothing left.

Emily isn't surprised when I tell her that she can check Veronica and make sure "the naughty bitch" doesn't have anything on its skanky body. She just sighs, grumbles once again, and kind of harshly snaps at Veronica to open her mouth. I shine a little light into Veronica's mouth, making it so much easier to see everything. Emily barely glances into Veronica's mouth. Seriously, this isn't a jail, and Veronica isn't a criminal, so there's about zero chance she's hiding something in her body.

But that's no reason not to check. A good, thorough, strip, and cavity search is definitely a degrading experience. A little humiliation can be good for a sub! I know Veronica will love it. I hand Emily my light and quietly tell her "this skanky bitch is very naughty. So naughty that she couldn't even get this far through the day without getting her

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bottom in trouble. I even had to go to her office just to spank her earlier. You'll see when you see her butt. You'd better check it *very* closely."

Emily gets the message. She shines the light into Veronica's mouth and looks a little longer. Maybe around five seconds. I doubt she's actually seeing anything, though. Just that she's looking into a mouth, not what she's actually seeing in there. I doubt she really cares either.

I have Veronica turn around and show us the bottoms of her feet. Then I run my fingers through her short, wavy hair, letting the soft strands run through my fingers as the tips of my fingers stroke along her head. I run the tip of a finger behind each of Veronica's ears, too. As I do, I give Emily a running commentary, letting her know exactly what I'm doing.

Then I have Emily repeat it. She does. She's diligent in doing what she's told to, but also uninterested. She definitely goes through the motions, every one of them, but so unenthusiastically.

Now I have Veronica spread her feet all the way open and lean over with her back flat. It lets Emily see every speck of Veronica's pussy. It's long, plump lips, and the ridgeline of Veronica's inner folds rising prominently from the slit between them. Her furry lips.

I open Veronica's lips wide. I can see the nub of her clit, as hard as ever, rising up front it tight nest of folds. I can see the open entrance of her tunnel. I can see hot hotly flushed and bright her pinkness is. And I can see a coating of honey clinging to every that's far thicker than I saw earlier.

It tells me two things. First, obviously, Veronica is aroused. Second, that Veronica obviously enjoyed being spanked at work and made to feel like a slut afterward. I'd bet that every second she sat there, through some dull meeting, squirming in her seat as she thought of her breasts being naked under her thin blouse, and definitely wondered if the men across her desk could tell, she was getting hotter. I guess I'll have to cheapen her again, and a little trashier to boot. She's

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going to love it!

I push my finger casually into Veronica's pussy. I'm neither slow nor fast. Neither am I gentle nor rough. Just casual, as if I'm slicking my finger into a hole in a wall or something, not into Veronica's most sensitive and intimate place. Immediately I feel the fiery heat of her walls as they snuggle around my finger. And I hear a slight purr creep into Veronica's breaths.

Once my finger is fully inside her pussy, I wiggle the tip of it around as if I'm inspecting it. As if I'm trying to feel every bit of it. What I really do is tease those hungry nerves throughout her spongy, soft walls. And I know Veronica feels it. As soon as my finger moves Veronica sucks in a crisp breath laced with a very urgent and sultry purr to it. I feel her walls snuggle my finger a little tighter, too. So I pull my finger back out just as casually as I slid it in.

"Your turn," I tell Emily with a nice big grin on my face.

Emily pales slightly. "You want me to look at her pussy, like up close?" When a second passes without my saying anything, Emily just sighs and squats down behind Veronica. She sighs again before pushing Veronica's lips, and her loose folds, aside to see everything. "Oh, gross!" Emily blurts out with unbridled disgust in her voice. "She's like so beyond sloppy wet! No wonder she wasn't wearing any panties, they'd be soaked! Ugh!"

I see Veronica blush beet red and cringe as she hears Emily's opinion of her pussy. An accurate opinion. I'd bet Veronica knows just how wet she is, too. No way she doesn't feel it. I'd bet she's been feeling it all afternoon. Just as I'd bet every time she got up she couldn't help but to check the seat nervously and make sure she didn't leave a wet mark on it. I know she's wondered if she had one on her skirt that showed, too. She would have been so embarrassingly nervous about that. Unfortunately, that nervousness would just make Veronica even hotter.

I watch as Emily slips her finger into Veronica's pussy. She's not gentle. I can see she's not trying to be rough either, but she's a little

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rougher than I was. As if she just wants to get it done, and definitely doesn't care a bit how it is for Veronica. And that's probably exactly what Emily is thinking.

Emily grimaces as her finger pushes into Veronica. Veronica, on the other hand, starts breathing out sultry purrs the instant Emily touches her. And that so obvious sign that Veronica is liking it, makes Emily cringe even more! I'll bet Emily hates it!

I use my finger to show Emily how to "check," and by that, I mean to tease, the inside of Veronica's pussy. Emily clearly does it, even though I can't see her finger and wouldn't know if she cheated. At least not from watching her. But Veronica blurts out a very sudden, and just as urgent, throaty-deep purring moan. And it's as loud as is it eager. That tells me Emily is teasing Veronica's pussy.

The hard grimace on Emily's wrinkled up face tells me that Emily isn't being too gentle about it. She must have heard Veronica's little moans when I teased her and thought Veronica liked it. And thought that if she was rough about it, Veronica wouldn't like it, and thus wouldn't moan while Emily did what she has to do. I know that's not true. Veronica prefers it slightly rough. Oops... I must have forgotten to tell Emily that...

Emily teases her quickly and pulls her finger out of Veronica's pussy even quicker. She lets go of Veronica's lips even before her finger is completely out of Veronica's pussy. She breaths out deeply, "there. I did it." Her voice is relieved that it's done, and equally disgusted.

I push Veronica's cheeks wide apart. As I touch Veronica's now-faintly-pink cheeks, she sucks a sharp breath and winces to tell me that they're still very sore from her spanking. I ignore the soreness and Veronica's comfort in general. I just push her cheeks as wide apart as they'll go.

It bares Veronica's tiny little deep-purple asshole to my eyes. At least she's trimmed the hair from her crack. That would be so gross! Her asshole is small. It's tightly cinched, too. And it's flat, even with the skin at the valley of her crack. Like a swath of pink-purple flesh, shaped like

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an irregular triangle, that darkens as it nears the pinpoint at its center. And it's wrinkly. But the wrinkles aren't big, just gentle lines, as they flow inward, all suddenly turning inward and diving right into the tight little pinpoint.

Veronica is slightly unique about her bottom. She's never been able to make herself relax it, despite instructions on how to do it. It will relax, I've proven that, but she can make herself follow the instructions. She gets too nervous as she thinks about it, knowing that her very tiny, and very private, back door is about to be violated. Too nervous for any part of her to relax. That doesn't stop me from using her asshole whenever I fancy it. It just makes the entry unpleasant for Veronica. I don't care. After all, it's Veronica's disobedient failure to follow instructions that are making it hurt when it doesn't have to. Her problem, not mine. But I also know that Veronica doesn't really mind it hurting. At least her pussy doesn't. She "hates" anything being done to her there. But it also gets her hotter than fire as she "suffers" through it. She thinks I haven't noticed that. Or, more likely, pretends that it's not obvious and prays I won't point it out. That I'll pretend her pussy hates it as much as she does. So far I have rubbed it in her face. Yet.

I squirt a little drop of the lubricant right onto the tip of my finger. Then I put the slickened tip of my finger lightly, but firmly, against the tensed up ring of Veronica's asshole. I hear Veronica breathe out a little mumbled, "Oh..." that's pure unhappiness as she feels the touch and knows what's coming. And not coming at some abstract moment in the future, but right now.

I don't try to be gentle for her, but I'm not rough here either. Just all business as I increase the pressure against her resisting ring until I feel it giving way under my finger. Veronica stands still and tightly tensed up. Her entire body as well as her asshole. My finger is slender so it doesn't take much at all for the greasy tip of it to stretch her firm ring the little bit it needs to slip into her body.

Veronica grunts a loud and squealy "AH-UH!" in a voice that's full of her discomfort as it stretches her ring. Then she quiets and breathes

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squealy “Ow!s” that aren’t so loud as my finger slides into her bottom. Naturally, I slide it all the way into her bottom, using every bit of finger.

Then I press the pad of my finger down very lightly against the insides of her bowel. I feel the filmy thin membrane, lined with firm veins, and the paper-thin wall of smooth muscle just beyond. And beyond that, I can feel the soft sponginess of her pussy. And the fiery heat burning in her pussy. I can feel her asshole, too, as it cinches hard, squeezing against the base of my finger with all its strength as if it's trying to keep my finger still.

Veronica continuously mumbles her squealy, muted “ow!s.” I wiggle the pad of my finger, stroking it against the backside of her pussy walls. The instant I start my finger moving, Veronica stops squealing. She tenses up even hard, her entire body going rigid. She stays like that for several seconds. Then she breathes out a very loud, very throaty, and very urgent “UM!” as her entire body shivers hard. I feel a little twitching spasm as it racks her pussy. I lift the pad of my finger.

Not that her pussy isn’t feeling my tease anymore, Veronica goes loose and relaxed for an instant, breathing of a very relieved sighing “Ah!” As I feel her body loosening up, her asshole no longer so tightly gripping my finger, I quickly pull my finger from her bottom. No matter how many times I do it just like that, it always takes Veronica by surprise. She screeches a very erotic and throaty “OOH!” as my finger pulls from her shivering body. But the instant it’s out of her bottom, she takes a breath and mutters another “ow!” then she pants a few breaths, relieved that it’s over.

I step aside and hold out a packet of the lubricant to Emily. She wrinkles her face up as she takes it and squirts all of it onto the tip of her finger. It makes a little pile of gel. She quickly pushes Veronica’s firm globes apart again and puts the tip of her finger to Veronica’s asshole. She looks away. Veronica squeals another “Oh, no...” as she feels Emily’s hard touch.

Emily doesn’t really have any idea how to make it comfortable or uncomfortable. She’s only done it a few times, and all of them to Ken.

Chapter 04: Showing Off A Toy

He might not like it much, but he allows it, and it's not really uncomfortable for him. Emily just shoves her finger forward, wanting to do this as fast as I will let her get away with doing it. I'm sure she'd skip it if she could. Just as I'm sure she doesn't know this is just to degrade Veronica, and thus arouse her, a little more.

Veronica cries out a loud "OW!" as Emily pushes hard into her bottom, "UH-mm-OW!" It sounds as if Emily is a little more uncomfortable for Veronica than I was.

Once Emily's finger is all the way into Veronica's tight bottom, I put my hand on Emily's wrist to stop her from doing what I know she's about to do, pulling it right back out. I whisper instructions into Emily's ear. Her face wrinkles up a little more.

And then Veronica screeches a loud, urgent, "UH!" Only there's no pain in her cry, just sultry neediness. "UH-UM-MM!" she squeals loudly, her body already fully tensed and shivering so hard it's vibrating.

Emily teases her quickly. I know when she stops because Veronica breathes out a very urgent and sugary "AH!" in her throaty voice. I hold onto Emily's wrist, keeping her finger fully inside Veronica's bottom.

"OK, now what does your finger feel inside her butt?" I already know what's inside there. But I know it will embarrass Veronica to hear Emily report it.

Emily answers in a voice that rings with disgust. "Crap. Her butt is full of crap. And it is so gross! My finger is in crap!"

It does exactly what I thought it would do. Veronica blushes again. She cringes. She tightens back up. She just looks so embarrassed!

I release Emily's wrist and jerks her finger out of Veronica's bottom as quickly as she possibly can.

Veronica definitely feels it. She cries out a squealy, "OW!" as she shivers hard. Then she breaths out a very sugary "MM!" as Emily's fingers slips out of her ring. "ow... ow..." Veronica pants.

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"Are you satisfied that fucktoy is naked, as in has absolutely nothing but skin?" I ask Emily.

"Unless you count *crap*, yeah." Emily answers.

"Well, if you want we could give her a nice enema and clean her bottom out." I offer with a taunting sweetness in my voice. I watch Veronica cringe hard as I mention it. So hard that she's almost crying. I decide that she will soon be getting a very filling enema here.

"No thanks," Emily answers surely.

I tell Emily fine then. She can have Veronica stand and face her. She tells Veronica to do it, and Veronica is quickly up, relieved that her bottom is no longer offered up for the poking.

Following my instructions, Emily buckles a hot pink training collar around Veronica's neck. Then she locks it in place. And then, she clips a matching leash to it.

Emily willingly walks Veronica over to the little stool beside my desk and snaps a cold order for Veronica to sit. Veronica does, and Emily unclips the leash. Then she joins me on the sofa.



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I have Emily join me on the far side of the sofa. And I talk quietly, almost whispering, so that Veronica won't hear what I'm telling Emily. I'll raise my voice a few times, just enough for Veronica to pick up a word or so as she sits there. It'll be her only clues as to what we're discussing that certainly involves Veronica's body.

Otherwise, veronica will sit uncomfortably with her sore bottom on the hard stool. It has her back to us, too, so she can't see anything but the wall in front of her. And naturally, she's naked. She's also the only one naked in this room. And she won't be getting clothes back until I'm ready to dismiss her.

"We'll do tonight just like you'll have to do it if I send you a bitch for Ken." I softly tell Emily. I wouldn't want Veronica to know she's about to be given away. There's no reason to excite her this soon! "That's the very first thing you do. As soon as the bitch gets there, take absolutely everything she has, and tuck it away where she won't know where it is, and won't get it back until you give it to her. And don't let Ken see any of it. He'd like watching it *way* too much."

Emily giggles a little. Then she says "don't worry, no one is ever going to see me do that! Ever, ever, forever!"

"Now that you are certain the bitch doesn't have anything at all, just her body, you are to evaluate that body and decide for yourself if it will do what you want it to for Ken. We can discuss it when I call to tell you I'm sending *you* a bitch. It's up to *you* what you allow Ken to do with it. And *you* have to ensure that he does everything you want him to do, and nothing you don't want him to. Regardless of what he wants to do with it. And it can be anything humanly possible. She can cook his supper and leave, or she can spend the night in his bed doing everything you can find in a porno. Anything is allowed, so long as it's *your* choice, not Ken's.

"And most certainly not the bitch's choice. My bitches don't get choices. Do not listen to anything the bitch says. Don't even pay attention to its cringes or whines. Just tell it what to do, and punish it if so much as says a word about it. Bitches are just so skanky! They will lie

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to you. They will beg you not to make them do something their pussy is dying for them to do, just because their brain tells them it's too slutty for them to do. Just ignore a bitch. It does whatever you tell it to, or else. If a bitch gives you any trouble, just call me, and I'll deal with it.

"When you decide what you want it to do, remember that you have every bit of its body to use. No matter what it wants. It can suck Ken. It can fuck Ken. It can masturbate Ken. It can masturbate in front of Ken. It can give Ken anal. It can get him off with a lap dance. It can make his supper or do his laundry. It can lick your toilets clean if that's what you want it to do. It can do anything.

"You just need to think about Ken. Consider how well he's behaved lately. Think about how horny he is. Think about what he might like from the bitch. I'll tell you this much. He'd die for anal. He'd be in heaven with her pussy. He would love her mouth. And her hand would be just fine with him. The more teasing he gets before his relief, the more he will like it. The better he's behaved *for you*, the better his treat should be. The naughtier he's been, the less his treat should be. And if he's been a bad boy, then just let her tease him and not finish him. That would be a harsh punishment for him.

"He knows that I am the boss. He will understand that I have sent the bitch to you. You need to make sure he understands that you have some power, too. You can make his reward as good, or as miserable, as you chose to. Once he knows that, you will see, he will behave perfectly for you. He won't ogle you like some pervert. He will be polite to you. He will be humble. And he will do whatever you tell him to.

"It will quickly reinforce that if you are willing to tease him a little, now and then. Every day would be great, but even twice a week would be fine. You don't have to do anything. Just do some simple things like making him strip and show you his body. Or make him masturbate in front of you. Preferably not the way he wants to, but the way you tell him to. Punish him when he does things you don't like. Send him to the corner for most little things, but if he does anything really bad, pull his pants down and take a belt to his butt. You need him to feel that you

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are the boss. That he has no say. You do. In his house, you have all the power. He only gets whatever scraps you toss him. You'll just have to trust me for now. I have a plan for him, something that will take care of his needs so you can go be a college girl come September. Okay?

"I guess... as long as I don't have to... do him again."

"You don't. I have enough bitches you don't have to. I have cute young ones, and I have not-so-cute older ones and everything in between. He should think that you get some say in which bitch I send, too. When he's especially good, he gets a prettier bitch. Like any man, how pretty the bitch is matters to him.

"You know how good Ken has been. He hasn't gotten laid since your mom left. I was thinking that he could have a nice massage, then he could play with her body for a bit of foreplay, and then she could fuck him. It's far more treat than he deserves, but you can use that. Make it clear to him that he doesn't get it again unless he really behaves from now on, and we will so stick to that."

"I guess... I mean, like I know what he wants... other than the so obvious, what every guy on Earth wants." She answers.

"That leaves only one small matter between you and me..." I let the taunting sugar seep back into my voice. Emily catches it and instinctively shies away. She guesses that I'm going to make her do something she doesn't want to do. "Since I'm trusting you with my bitches, I'll need a little collateral to ensure that you supervise them properly and don't let Ken get away with doing whatever he wants with it. Nothing big..."

"O.M.G." Emily blurts out, "you're going to make me make another video, aren't you?" Her voice is nervous and reluctant. And not happy. "Please don't make me do that... I about went insane last time. All I could think about was you having that video, and how it would just so be the end of my life if anyone saw it! Please don't make do that again!"

"Sorry, girl, but I like videos... But I'll make it easy for you. How

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about a video of you evaluating fucktoy over there to decide if she's slutty enough for Ken to use."

Emily is shirking back fairly hard. Putting as much space between herself and me as she can manage. But not yet running away. "Do I have a choice? Let's see, either I make a video that's going to just kill me, or I put up with pervert dad ogling me and fantasizing about my butt for eternity. You could, you know, like cut a girl a break once in lifetime... fine, I guess I'll do it... it's better than living with a lecher!"

"Okay." I have Sophie set the camera up again, aimed right at the sofa Emily is sitting on. But this time I don't tell her to do any kind of introduction when the video starts. I just have her print out a big sign and hold it up for about twenty seconds. It reads: "EMILY ALLISON PORTER; 31709 Hwy 98, McLain, Mississippi, (601)-246-1234; Senior, Robert E. Lee High School; 5'4" 120 pounds, Bra: 34-B, Panties: size 4; I have only had sex with three guys; this is my first time doing anything with a girl; Mistress Rodgers of Mobile will be supervising me with her bitch 'fucktoy'; Please call me and tell me how sexy or slutty I look."

Emily blanches a pale, almost ghostly white as she writes out her sign. I have her sit on the edge of the sofa and hold it up. It's on poster board, so it's huge. She tries to hide her face with it, but I won't let her. I make her show her face. And I see her start to quiver slightly as those words run through her head over and over again, and she thinks of everyone reading them.

She quickly tosses the sign away when I tell her she can. Far away, and face down. Then she obediently takes the leash off the coffee table and walks, very tentatively, over to Veronica who has no clue what's going on behind her back. She slowly clips the leash to Veronica's collar and snaps "come," in a very stern and harsh voice.

Veronica almost leaps to her feet. Sophie, manning the camera, has to turn it slightly to get all of Veronica in the frame. She follows Emily with the camera as Emily walks a naked and leashed Veronica over to the sofa.

I tell Emily what to do and say. I'm not shy about having this video

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out there. Most who know me know I'm dominant and that I play. I have nothing to hide. It's not my bare body in the frame.

"fucktoy," Emily says. Her voice is stern and cool. But it also breaks with a deep nervousness. "sweetly take my clothes off for me, everything except my panties. Now, fucktoy, and be very sweet."

"Yes, Ma'am," Veronica answers, not having any name to address Emily by. Not even having a clue who Emily is. Only that I've clearly given her to Emily for something. That Emily has her leash tells her that much.

Emily sits on the edge of the sofa. Veronica drops to her knees in front of Emily. Emily quivers nervously. Shyly. I can see what Emily is thinking. If this video goes like the last one, she's going to enjoy what's done to her body, no matter how little she wants to. And the camera is going to show it. In all its sluttiness.

Veronica starts by untying Emily's sneakers, loosening the laces, and slipping them off of her feet. She tucks the laces in, then starts a neat pile of Emily's clothes beside the sofa. Then she slips Emily's socks off. It really gives Emily the first hint of what she just told Veronica to do to her. Veronica's hands slide up under the leg of Emily's jeans, gliding up slowly and softly until they find bare skin above her socks. Veronica's thumbs hook under the top of the sock, the rest of her hands staying gently against Emily's skin. The sock comes down slowly, Veronica's delicate skin tenderly caressing Emily's skin as it's bared. All the way down, even over her foot until the sock is fully off. Veronica folds the sock and adds it to the pile before getting the next one-off.

Veronica leans over and plants a soft kiss atop each of Emily's now bare feet. "Thank you for allowing me to take your socks off, Ma'am. You have very pretty feet." Veronica plants another soft kiss on each foot, taking her time with it. Then she plants another kiss on each of Emily's toes. A slutty kiss. The kind of kiss where Veronica briefly takes each toe into her mouth and sucks very lightly, her lips caressing the toe as it slips out, then a "kiss" on its tip as her lips get ready for the next toe.

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Emily is surprised. For a few seconds, she looks shocked and horrified to have her toe in another woman's mouth. Then she relaxes. By the third toe, Emily's eyes are closed.

Veronica walks forward a little on her knees. She puts her hands to the top button of Emily's blouse and starts slowly unbuttoning it. She works downward to the waistband of Emily's jeans. She pulls the blouse out, softly, all the way around. Veronica reaches under Emily's blouse, putting her hands to Emily's shoulders. Emily flinches hard. Emily keeps her eyes closed. Veronica's hands start moving slowly, gliding along Emily's shoulders, then down her arms. As Veronica's arms move, the backs of her hands push Emily's blouse along. It falls down Emily's arms. Veronica lets go, her hands still tenderly caressing Emily's arms. Only when Veronica gets to Emily's hands do her hands come off of Emily. She gets the blouse and folds it. Once it's on the stack, she thanks Emily for allowing her to take the blouse off her "young and pretty chest."

Veronica puts her lips to the base of Emily's neck, where it joins her shoulder. She plants a long kiss there, gently nibbling the flesh as she kisses it. Emily purrs as she shivers and goosebumps sprout up along her shoulders. Veronica, as she was told to do, kisses and nibbles her way along Emily's shoulders. As she does, Veronica lets her hands caress Emily's back. She spends three or four minutes so sweetly kissing and caressing Emily's body before finally moving on.

Veronica goes for Emily's bra, slowly letting her hands glide over Emily's back, exploring Emily's firm and lean body until they find the clasp. She unclasps it, leaving the straps hanging free at Emily's sides. Veronica's hand go back to Emily's shoulders. They take forever, maybe half a minute, they move so slowly as they glide over Emily's shoulders and push the straps of Emily's bra off. Once the straps have fallen from Emily's shoulders, hanging around the tops of Emily's arms, Veronica leans forward and puts her lips to the very center of Emily's bra. She grips the fabric between the cups with her teeth and slowly backs off, pulling the bra along with her. The bra gets folded and added to the pile.

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It bares a pair of perfectly rounded, petite breasts that rise off Emily's chest like half oranges. Mounds that are a light white, as is the rest of her skin. Mounds that are topped with a pair of decently wide nipples that are light pink. Nipples with flat tips that are standing up hard, rising a good ¼" off the tips of Emily's firm mounds. Nipples that are surrounded with a wide, light pink ring of soft color.

"Thank you, Ma'am, for allowing me to take your sexy bra off, Ma'am. I am so jealous of your beautiful and firm breasts, Ma'am." Veronica doesn't hesitate to put her lips right to the tips of those breasts. She takes the nipple into her mouth, holding it snug with her lips, and swirls her tongue around the tip of the nipple.

Emily gasps out a very sultry purr. Veronica responds by stretching her wide mouth fully open and slowly lowering it, taking more and more of Emily's perky mound into her mouth. She gets almost all of it before the mound has her lips stretches wide, their pinkness lying flush against the base of Emily's breast. Veronica sucks very softly. As she holds the breast in her mouth, her tongue leisurely explores Emily's mound, taking its time to caress every bit of it. Veronica finally releases it very slowly, her tongue teasing it as she does. When Veronica gets to the tip again, only the nipple let in her lips, she gently closes her teeth on the steely hard nub, pinching it ever so lightly. Once she has the nipple steadied, she flicks the tip of her tongue over the tip of the captive nipple. Emily purrs out loudly, her body shivering hard. Veronica gives Emily a long moment of that tease. Then she moves on to the other breast. Finally, Veronica thanks Emily again, "for allowing me to kiss and suck your perky, delicious, breasts, Ma'am."

Veronica unbuttons Emily's jeans. Then she lowers her mouth to Emily's crotch, taking the zipper in her teeth. Veronica's hands go to Emily's waist and caress her there. She uses her teeth to inch Emily's zipper down. Only when she has it all the way down, does Veronica raise her head up. Her hands slowly make their way down into the waistband of Emily's jeans. She starts lowering Emily's jeans, her hands still tenderly caressing Emily through her panties as they move. She gets the waistband all the way down to the sofa in back, exposing almost all of

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Emily's panties there, before asking Emily in her softest and sugariest voice to "please lift your beautiful bottom a little so that I may get these jeans off of it for you, Ma'am."

Emily doesn't really move. She just sits there, her eyes closed, almost numb as she allows Veronica to do whatever to her body. But also liking what Veronica is doing. The goosebumps and frequent purrs are proof of that.

It doesn't deter Veronica. Her bottom is still constantly reminding her that she needs to obey. She was told to get those jeans off. She has to work hard to do it, but she manages to slowly work them around, under Emily's bottom, until she can inch them down Emily's legs and off.

It leaves Emily with nothing except a baby blue pair of cotton panties. They're cute! They have a slightly darker blue lace trimming them. And they have little blue hearts embroidered on them. But they're also fairly modest panties. They cover all of her pubes and bottom. They have decently wide sides to them. And they have a waistline that's neither especially low nor high, that leaves on the very tops of her hips bared.

Emily looks her age, or even a year or two younger. She has a pretty, ovalish face, with gentle features to it. She has brilliant brown eyes if she'll ever open them. She has medium-brown, straight hair that hangs down onto her shoulder blades. And she has a wide mouth with a natural smile to it. A mouth that's framed with a pair of plush, full, medium-pink lips.

"Thank you very much, Ma'am, for allowing me to undress your beautiful body. How else may this slutty fucktoy be of pleasure to you, Ma'am?" Veronica sweetly offers herself for more. I've taught her so well!

"Massage me, fucktoy." Emily tells her. Only now Emily's voice is slightly breathy and very... erotic. She allows Veronica to lie her on her the sofa on her stomach.

"fucktoy," I say firmly, "there is some warming oil on my desk.

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Fetch it so you can make your massage bearable for Miss Porter.”

“Yes, my Queen,” Veronica answers. She stands and walks over to the desk to get it. The leash hangs down, dangling between Veronica’s pert breasts as she walks.

“OOH!” Emily purrs very sweetly as Veronica’s hands begin very softly kneading the warming oil into her shoulders. “OH... OHH... that’s good... OOH... I have got to get some of that oil... OOH...”

Veronica has given massages here before. I even once treated Sophie with a massage, using Veronica’s hands. I wouldn’t my hands to cramp from such... manual work! She knows how to give a good one. And she knows that if Emily, or anyone, gets anything less than her very best here, her bottom will pay dearly for it.

Veronica takes it very slowly, thoroughly kneading every muscle in Emily’s shoulders as softly as possible. Emily lies there, purring softly, her body getting very loose and relaxed as she does. I’m sure she’s long since forgotten that there’s a camera here.

It takes Veronica about half of an hour to work her way down to Emily’s waistline. She knows better than to go below the waistband of Emily’s panties unless she’s told to. But Emily doesn’t know that Veronica needs to be told. “fucktoy, do her bottom, then her legs. Just behave your slutty self and resist your skanky desires to touch that pussy.”

“Yes, my Queen,” Veronica answers. Her hands start their way down again. And they move just as slowly. Only now, very slowly, the tips of Veronica’s fingers slip under the narrow lace waistband of Emily’s panties. She massages. Doing what I told her to do, giving Emily’s cheeks a massage too.

Emily doesn’t seem to mind Veronica’s hands softly caressing and kneading the obviously toned and firm cheeks of her bottom. I can see that Emily has a shapely and firm bottom, even through the thin cotton of her panties. As Veronica’s hands make their way down, the waistband of Emily’s panties rides along her wrists, steadily baring a little more of

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Emily's globes. Which lets me see that they are as firm and rounded as I'd expected. And that they have very soft skin of them. Skin that now shines with a coat of oil that's being worked into it. The oil that is gently warming the flesh. Emily just purrs right on.

Veronica behaves. It's not hard for her, either. Despite what I say, I know that Veronica is not interested in women. She finds it disgusting. And the disgust will excite her, but only after I make her do it so that she can be disgusted. Left to her own, there is no way Veronica would touch a woman. So she gladly avoids Emily's pussy. And forty minutes later she reaches Emily's toes.

I tell Veronica to roll Emily over. It turns into a chore for Veronica, which is fine with me. Emily is so relaxed that she doesn't want to help, she just wants to lie there and bask in the bliss of the massage. So Veronica ends up doing all the work. On a sofa that's nearly wide enough to just roll her. But she manages. Especially after I snap for her to get it done.

I tell Veronica to massage Emily's stomach for a minute. Then I leave her at it for about ten minutes. Emily purrs loudly as Veronica works, so I don't see any reason to hurry Veronica along. Let Emily relax.

I tell Veronica to "play" with Emily's body. To caress her softly. To tease her with her hands and lips. And her tongue. Foreplay. And to take her time doing it.

Veronica cringes as I tell her what to do. But then she just does it. She knows what will happen if she doesn't. After I punish her for the disobedience, I'll tell her to do it again. Eventually, she'll give in. And now her bottom is too sore to play around.

Veronica caresses every bit of Emily's body that's not covered by the panties. With her hands. With the tips of her fingers. She kisses everything softly with her lips. She teases even more softly with her hot tongue.

Emily lies there, purring sweetly. And shivering a few times when Veronica's tongue finds an especially sensitive place. I make note of

those.

Then, after a good half hour of foreplay, I tell Veronica to tease Emily's panties down. That tells her to take them off but to use only her mouth to do it. It's not easy. It's a lot of shifting from side to side, her tongue caressing its way along Emily's pubes as it does. It very slowly bares Emily's well-trimmed bush. Her hairs are black, and they're trimmed neatly well inside their creases of her thighs, into an immodest bikini line. They're also trimmed short, which gives her bush a sparsely furred look. But I can see that even her lips have the light fur on them.

Emily doesn't even realize what I have Veronica doing. Not until she feels Veronica nibbling the center of her pubes and teasing them right through that light fur, with her tongue. She only shudders hard to let me know she feels that. She doesn't even flinch as Veronica slips her panties down. Or away.

"Eat pussy, fucktoy." I tell Veronica very softly so as not to disturb Emily. I give Veronica's bottom a firm squeeze as I tell her. It reminds Veronica of the price of disobedience as the squeeze stings her stinging bottom.

Veronica gently nudges Emily's legs open enough for her to get her head between Emily's lean thighs. She lowers her lips right to the mound of Emily's pussy. Then she uses her lips to part Emily's plump pussy lips. As soon as Veronica's lips are in Emily's slit, fully between them, the encircle Emily's very prominently swollen clit. I only get a glimpse of it, but it's the size of a marble. And it is poking its rounded head above its nest.

Veronica takes the nub into her lips and sucks very gently on it. She lies her tongue against the hardness and slowly swirls it around the nub.

Emily screeches a loud, urgent, and especially slutty, "AH!" Her thighs instantly slam shut, crashing hard against Veronica's head. And then squeezing even hard against Veronica's head to hold it in place. Emily's hands grip the cushions under her, squeezing hard and pulling even hard upward. Emily's mouth gapes, as she cries out "OH-MM..."

She squirms energetically. Every bit of her. She goes on, her screeches quickly growing more urgent and higher-pitched until they're mousy shrieks.

Emily's hands give up on the sofa. They fly to Veronica and grab hold of Veronica's short, wavy hair. With the tresses laced through her fingers, Emily yanks hard, pulling Veronica's head tightly against her pussy. She keeps pulling, but not steadily. She couldn't manage to be that still. She pulls Veronica's hair every which way.

It didn't take Emily long to cum with Sophie's fingers doing the work. That was in her first video. It takes her even less time to cum with Veronica's tongue doing the work. It happens slowly. Emily's body tenses hard and just hangs for a second or so. As it does, Emily cries out a long "MM!" through tightly clenched teeth. Then Emily explodes. She screams out "AH!" as she sucks air into her lungs. Her arms snap, her hands jerking hard on Veronica's hair. Her hips snap just as sharply up and down but wiggle as they do to grind her pussy against Veronica's face. Even her head and shoulders are beating hard against the sofa.

I haven't told Veronica to stop. Nor did I even hint at how many orgasms Emily was expected to have. So I don't have any promise to keep to Emily. SO I can do what I want and make Veronica fully satisfy her. I don't tell Veronica to stop. She doesn't. She pretends that she doesn't even notice that Emily's came. She just keeps on swirling her tongue around Emily's captive clit while sucking on it softly.

Emily goes right on screaming out screeching mousy shrieks. And thrashing around wildly. And trying to yank Veronica's hair out apparently. She looks to be completely out of control, her body merely responding to the torturous sweet teases to her nerves. Responding with crisp and wild thrashes to the hot sparks shooting along every nerve line in her body. And screeching.

She doesn't last much longer this time, maybe all of two minutes before I see her cum again. As the first wave of the climax crashes over her, Emily squirms a little more wildly. More energetically. It takes maybe twenty seconds for Emily to stutter out, her works broken into

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barely recognizable sounds, mixed with her mousy high shrieks “That’s two! That’s all! Stop!”

I tap Veronica’s bottom to remind her who is in charge. It’s plenty. Veronica goes right on tonguing Emily’s clit. And Emily goes right on testing the springs of my sofa with her energetic wild thrashing. And testing my eardrums with her shrieks.

I don’t know if Emily figures it out or if she’s stopped thinking. I’m going to make her cum more than twice.

It doesn’t take her but about three minutes of thrashing as wildly as if she were on fire for Emily to have a third orgasm. I see her tense, quiet for a second, and then cut loose again as she does. But once she’s over that edge and the waves of another fresh, powerful orgasm are hitting her, she’s squirming just as eagerly as she was while it built.

She goes another twenty seconds or so. She suddenly screams out in a voice that’s impossibly mousy and high “It hurts! It’s too much! I can’t! Stop!” Her feet kick wildly now. Her hips thrash with all their strength, wiggling and grinding her pussy hard on Veronica’s face at the same time. And she shrieks away. But her thighs don’t loosen their grip on Veronica’s head. SO I let veronica go on and tongue Emily along.

Emily screams that it hurts again. But only once. Then she just shrieks away. For about a minute, maybe not even that long. She tenses back up, her body locking stiff and this time she hangs there, fully tensed, vibrating, and not moving. I can hear the agonized “MM!” as she cries out through her clenched teeth. And hangs there. And hangs there longer.

Finally, her lungs run out of air. So she hangs there quietly, unable to suck a breath in. She hangs about ten seconds like that. Then she just drops. The tension vanishes from her body and she lies there loose, relaxed, and still. She doesn't cry out. She doesn't thrash. She lies there, her thighs falling as they yield their vise grip on Veronica's head. Even her hands give up and slowly slip from Veronica's hair.

I can see that Emily is so done. I tell Veronica to “stop eating that

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pussy." She lifts her head up but stays on her knees beside Emily's thighs. Veronica waits for instructions.

Emily lies quietly. But she's breathing now. Slowly, deeply, and softly. Her eyes are closed. There isn't any tension in any part of her body. She just lies there fully spent and satisfied.

I let Emily lie there. The camera videos it all. I'm sure it can see the very heavy coat of glistening honey drying to stickiness on Veronica's face. And there won't be any doubt where that honey came from.

Five minutes go by before Emily's eyes open. And they only open a narrow slit. "Did you enjoy your four orgasms?"

"Four?" Emily repeats dumbly in a low, breathy voice. "I had four? Oh... I feel so good..."

I grin. "Do you know what would be perfect after those orgasms? A hot cup of tea and a shoulder rub!"

"Yes..." Emily more breathes her answer than says it.

I send Sophie to fetch the tea. When Sophie is back with two cups, I have her serve me first. Then I have Veronica lift Emily up to sit. I tell Veronica to massage Emily's shoulders. Sophie serves Emily the tea. It takes a minute or so before Emily reaches for it. And then she takes it, holding it in both hands. Hands that tremble lightly and are far from steady. She sits, lying back against the sofa, her legs shamelessly spread open, and naked, sipping the tea and enjoying the massage, while basking in the afterglow of her orgasms.

I give it a minute. Then before Emily gets too much of her senses back I ask her "Have you ever cum like that with a guy?"

"No..." Her voice is still a breathy purr, and it's soft. "Not even close... Oh, that was so good..."

"Do you like girls?"

"No..." Emily breathes out. She hesitates a second, then goes on,

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"I do now... Oh, I can't believe how good that was..."

It's about ten minutes later, when Emily finishes her hot tea, that she realizes she's sitting here naked. She instantly blushes a beet red. "Can I have my clothes back, *now*?"

I snap my fingers. "fucktoy, dress her."

Emily sighs but doesn't argue. She just lets Veronica slowly and softly put her clothes back on for her.

Then, once Emily is fully dressed again, Veronica kneels before Emily. "Thank you very much, Miss Porter, for allowing me the pleasure of eating your very delicious pussy, Ma'am. I hope you enjoyed my tongue as much I enjoyed licking you and making you cum all over my face, Ma'am." It makes Emily find a new redness to blush to.

I mercifully end the video.



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It takes Emily another ten minutes or so to fully come back from the bliss she's basking in. Once she does, I get the session moving along by asking Emily if she was "satisfied" with Veronica's "slutty abilities."

Emily blushes and averts her eyes as she softly answers "oh, yeah..." And that makes Veronica cringe just slightly as she remembers what she just did. And can likely still taste.

I tell Emily that she should "check out" Veronica's body again, this time thinking of Ken and what he might enjoy. She should "check" the relevant parts to see how they'd "fit" and "service" what little Ken has to work with. That gets a giggle from Emily. Until she realizes that I mean for her to play around Veronica's pussy again. Then Emily just starts looking uncomfortable, but also reluctantly accepting of her role.

Emily agrees that Ken will be extremely happy if he gets Veronica's pussy. She defers to my judgment that Ken will enjoy some teasing first, and agrees to some good foreplay. The kind where Ken plays with Veronica's body, but can't do what he really wants to do and have her. I think she knows that Ken will have to be watched closely, too, or he'll try to help himself to Veronica if she'll let him. Men.

Veronica kneels mute at Emily's feet while we discuss how we're going to give her body, and her pussy, away to a man she's never laid eyes on.

I tell Emily what to do. She hesitantly reaches over and gives one of Veronica's breasts a little squeeze. I have her stroke the mound softly, including the hard nipple. I even have her give the nipple a little pinch to see how hard it is as if we can't all see that it's as hard as a rock. As I ask her to do, Emily takes a couple of minutes to fully explore Veronica's breasts with her hands.

I'm sure she can feel that Veronica's mounds are firm, yet have a little squishy sponginess to them. And that the skin on those mounds is silky soft. Except for the nipples which have a slight roughness to their taut pink skin. She pronounces "they'll do," with a bit of resignation in her voice.

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She again checks Veronica's pussy. I tell Emily to use the command "show me your pussy." With a good bit of disgust in her voice and unhappiness, Emily tells Veronica "Show me your skanky pussy, fucktoy." Veronica does as ordered. She stands, turns around, bends over, spreads her feet wide, and then reaches around outside her hips and pulls her folds wide open to bare every bit of her pinkness to Emily's eyes. "Here is my skanky pussy, Miss Porter."

I tell Emily to get a close look at it and imagine Ken's cock inside it. "Since he has so little of a dick, make sure she's not too worn out and loose to actually do anything for him."

Emily surprises me by closely checking it, and taking a little time to do it. I thought she'd just make a show of it. But then again, she does have some "expensive" collateral put up to ensure she does her part. And checking the toy is part of her role in this scene. She grabs the edge of Veronica's tunnel with gloved fingers, pinching the spongy soft end of her walls tightly with two fingers, and pulls Veronica's pussy fairly wide open. Wide enough that I can see a good ways into Veronica's tunnel, almost all the way to her cervix at the very back.

What I really see in Emily's eyes is curiosity. I'm sure she's wondering if she looks just like Veronica down there. It's not like she can actually see into her own pussy! Maybe she's wondering if her pussy, which is definitely sloppy wet now, looks as wet as Veronica's does.

Emily even uses a finger to poke the insides of Veronica's walls, feeling their sponginess. She strokes a finger over the pink flesh lightly, feeling how slippery Veronica's clingy honey is.

Then Emily lightly touches Veronica's clit. Veronica immediately moans out a very throaty and deep sensual purr. And she shudders lightly. Emily just silently shakes her head. Then she tells me that Veronica's pussy is "so skanky wet." But she also deems it "small enough" for "needle dick," and comments how "eager" it seems to be "whored out." I grin. Emily is catching on.

I leave Sophie to watch Veronica for a minute while Emily follows me back to the playroom. She stops when she Ken tied to the chair. And

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Paige on her knees, teasing Ken's throbbing hard cock by stroking the tips of her hard nipples over his shaft. I call Paige off, sending her to wait along the wall. Then I turn to Emily and tell her "needle dick is all yours."

Emily sighs heavily, her face wrinkling up. She looks down on her seated father. "I will untie you... and you are going to be a good little pervert boy. Don't touch that dick, or you will so never get the treat Miss Rodgers has for you."

"Yes, Miss Porter," He sheepishly agrees.

Emily cuts the plastic tie straps. Ken sits there, trying to be very still, and trying even hard to resist the urge to relieve the ache in his cock. And since I can see it throbbing, it has got to be aching for some attention.

"Show me your butt. And hurry up, I don't have all night, I have a life, you know."

Ken starts to stand. He cries out a deep groan but keeps moving. He tries very hard not to change the angle of the bend at his waist. He turns his bottom to Emily and pulls his cheeks wide apart for her. It gives her a full immodest view of his dark asshole, stretched so wide, around the thick shaft of the toy sticking maybe an inch out of his ring.

Emily stands well back. She grabs the base of the toy with one hand, her arm almost fully extended, and yanks hard. The toy pulls quickly, and somewhat roughly, from his bottom. Ken grunts hard as she yanks, then sighs happily once it's out of him. Emily just holds the dildo far from her body with two fingers. I have Paige get and set it aside to be sanitized.

Emily has Ken kneel before her. She looks down upon him. She reaches down, clamps her hands firmly on his jaw, and lifts his head up so that she's looking down straight into his eyes. "We've had a long talk about you..." She tells Ken. "We both agree that you are far too perverted to be left unsupervised. So from now on, you will listen to me. Every minute of every day, you will do as I tell you."

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"And you are so, most definitely, never to be looking at my body again! That is like so creepy! You can't actually think I'd want that old and so little dick of yours! Ugh!" OK, I've told Emily what to say to him.

"If you behave your perverted self, I might, eventually, ask your Queen to allow you a little reward for behaving. If you're a bad boy, she will so certainly punish you so badly. And I will laugh as she does!

"Your too-kind Queen has a reward for you tonight. I tried to talk her out of it since you've been staring at my butt like some freak, but she talked me into giving it to you anyway. If you can manage to behave for it. We will both be watching closely. Misbehave once and your reward is so over. Got it, freak?"

"Yes, Miss Porter," Ken answers, his voice so eager.

Emily tells him to stand. It makes him put his hands behind his back, where he can't touch himself easily. I watch him for the minute while Emily goes to fetch his "reward."

Emily is back in about a minute, leading a naked Veronica by her leash. As soon as Veronica enters the room, Ken's eyes feast upon her slender, lithe, and curvy body. He definitely noticed her pert breasts, firm bottom, and pretty face. And he notices that she's young for him. He can't stop a little smile from creeping onto his face.

Emily just walks Veronica over to the massage table and tells her to lie on it.

Then she walks back to Ken. She grabs hold of his stiff cock, squeezing it very tightly in her hand until Ken starts to wince. She keeps the tight grip and uses his cock for a leash to walk him the two steps over to where Veronica is lying there, nude, on her back.

"You may touch this fucktoy's body. You may not touch its pussy. And you may not use that useless little dick of yours to touch it. Just pretend you don't have a dick. As little as it is, that shouldn't be a big thing to pretend! Kiss it. Feel it up. Just touch it. And be nice to it!"

Emily releases her grip on his cock. She gives him a firm swat on his

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bottom. "Go on, play with this fucktoy."

Ken doesn't need the encouragement. His hands are quickly on her breasts.

Emily giggles, "such a man!" She says to me, "always going right for the boobs." She gives Ken a moment to play with Veronica's small breasts. Then she scolds him, "I said play with it, not *just* its boobs." she grabs his hands and pulls them off Veronica's breasts and puts them at Veronica's sides. "There. It has a whole body for you to feel up! Get on with it."

Ken's hands rove over Veronica's body, feeling the softness of her taut, silky, skin. He has to stop himself a couple of times as his hands near her bush.

Emily swats his bottom again. "I said kiss it, too! G-d, you men haven't a clue what to do with fucktoy, much less an actual woman! Put those lips on its chest, not just its boobs, and kiss just everything! Softly." She swats his bottom again.

Ken plays it safe. He starts kissing Veronica's body up near her shoulders. But he quickly works his way down. Lying on her back, Veronica's breasts look a little smaller, and pulled a little tighter, than they do with her standing. But her nipples stand up just the same from her mounds. Ken tries kissing a nipple.

I crack his bottom with my crop. He yelps. Emily scolds him, "Do you have any clue what to do with a boob? Like at all?"

I tell him to put his lips to Veronica's mound, surrounding her nipple, then use his teeth not to bite her, but just to steady her nipple. And then to lick his tongue around it slowly. He obeys.

Veronica lets out a little purr as he does. It lets him hear her voice for the first time. To hear that her moans are deep, sultry, and very throaty. Very erotic and enticing. He licks her nipple again, and she purrs again as goosebumps erupt all through the pink ring surrounding that nipple.

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Emily swats his bottom, "it has two of them!"

Ken moves to Veronica's other breast and does the same. Veronica purrs again.

Emily continues, having Ken kiss down her stomach. She stops him as soon as his lips are brushing against Veronica's fur. She keeps Ken toying with Veronica for around half an hour.

Ken spends the time enjoying Veronica. Almost as much as he's suffering. His cock stays fully hard. It twitches too many times to count. Emily makes sure his hands stay on Veronica instead of touching his cock, as they clearly want to do. His eagerness shows. His eagerness to cum. But also his eagerness to have Veronica's body. A body he deems prettier than any he would have gotten on his own. A body that I am giving him, and clearly giving him as a favor to Emily.

Emily never lets him touch Veronica's bush or pussy. She always does as I asked her to and stops him just short of it. It drives Ken crazy. Like all men, that's where he wants to touch her. And Emily won't let him. He's smart enough to know that if he does anyway, Emily or I will take this fucktoy away from him, too. And I will so leave him unsatisfied. After Paige spent about two hours getting him so fully aroused.

She finally tells him that he's played with Veronica enough. She tells him to step back and stand. He very unhappily obeys her. He wants more of Veronica. Once he's a step back from the massage table, Emily crisply tells Veronica to get up. Then she tells Ken to take Veronica's place on the table.

Emily sternly reminds Ken to behave as she tells him that he's not allowed to do anything, and especially not allowed to touch *anything*. He's to lie there. He says he will.

Emily tells Veronica to get over there and get up on the table. She has Veronica straddle its head. It puts Veronica's pussy directly over Ken's eyes, offering him a full view of her dark, and now rather wet, fur. And of the ridge of Veronica's inner folds sticking out through her slit. Emily tells Veronica to caress Ken's "sorry body."

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She gets busy. Her hands very tenderly explore his body. Everywhere except his cock and balls, which are off-limits to Veronica for now. She does hesitate to lean over, putting the tips of her hard nipples against his body as she kisses some part of him. It doesn't take long for Ken to start purring.

It doesn't take much longer for Ken to start squirming either. Or for us all to see his cock jumping as sharp twitches tease it. I watch Ken's hands, wondering how long it will take for him to reach for Veronica.

Emily doesn't hesitate to make full use of Veronica. She even has Veronica suck Ken's toes. I'm sure she never would have thought of that had I not made Veronica suck her toes earlier. It has an effect on Ken. He can't lie still for it.

He gets fifteen or twenty minutes of Veronica's teasing before Emily tells Veronica to straddle Ken's hips. Veronica does.

Emily very softly asks Ken, "would you to cum now?" While she's asking him, Veronica keels still, her pussy and inch above his cock. And Ken knows where that pussy is.

"Yes, Miss Porter," He answers eagerly, a lot of hope in his voice.

"Would you like me to use its skanky pussy to make you cum?"

"Yes, Miss Porter, PLEASE! Miss Porter!"

"How long has it been since that tiny dick has been in an actual pussy?"

"It's been years, Miss Porter, please, Miss Porter, will you please allow me to feel a pussy again! Please, Miss Porter!"

Emily sighs out, "stop begging... you will behave, or I swear, I will so laugh as I take my pussy away. Lie there. Do nothing else."

"Yes, Miss Porter, thank you, Miss Porter, I'll be a good boy, Miss Porter, oh, thank you, Miss Porter!"

Emily refuses to look at Ken. He sounds so pitiful. She just reaches over and takes his cock in her hand, slipping its head between

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Veronica's loose folds and aiming it right for Veronica's tunnel. "Take it, fucktoy." Emily holds onto Ken's cock for a second as Veronica begins slowly lowering her hips, impaling herself on Ken's rigid shaft. Veronica breaths out a soft purring "MM..." as his small shaft slips into her.

Ken moans out a very eager, and very overjoyed, "OH!" as Veronica's pussy begins swallowing his cock.

Emily does what I've told her to do. She puts her hands to Veronica's hips and leaves them there as Veronica slowly lowers her hips. Emily makes sure that Veronica goes all the way down, taking as much cock into her pussy as she can. With Ken's little cock, that's all of it. Then Veronica sits still, waiting for more orders. Emily's command only told her to take it into her pussy, not to do anything more.

Emily has Veronica lean forward, lowering her body until her nipples lightly touch Ken, while keeping her back straight as she does. It puts her breasts at his shoulders, her mounds just grazing his jawline. Veronica has to stretch her arms out a little, gripping the edge of the table above Ken's head to brace herself. Emily makes sure that Veronica keeps all of Ken's cock in her pussy as she leans.

Ken can't quite hold still. Nor does he come close to hiding the absolute thrill on his face.

Emily quickly, and unhappily, pulls a glove onto her hand. She squirts a dollop of lubricating gel on the tip of her finger, then pushes Veronica's cheeks apart to bare her asshole. She doesn't have Veronica's globes stretched fully apart, but she has plenty of room, and unhindered access, to Veronica's tightly cinched asshole. Emily pushes her finger onto Veronica's asshole. Veronica cries out a loud, "UH-OW!" as Emily shoves into her tensed ring. Emily ignores it. She just presses down, barely at all, which is all she needs to feel Ken's rock hard cock through the walls of Veronica's pussy.

Emily says what I told her to say. But she says it in her own way. She laughs. "OMG, really, freak? That dick is so little it doesn't even come close to filling this fucktoy's pussy! No wonder no woman will fuck you! You don't have enough dick to do anything for a woman!" She

laughs again.

It takes Emily about half a minute to stop laughing. Then she lets go of Veronica's cheeks. But she leaves her finger deep inside Veronica's bottom. She lets Veronica's cheeks lie against the sides of her hand. She puts her other hand to Veronica's hips.

"Stroke... that half-cock, fucktoy." Emily changes the command to add a touch of humiliation for Ken.

The command tells Veronica to ride Ken's cock. But to do so as slowly as she can move herself. And to use full strokes that swallow all of his shafts, then rise up until only the soft head of his cock is left in her pussy before going down again. She's also to keep her body positioned as Emily has it. Her back rigid and straight as she does.

Veronica starts moving herself. It has her body slinking up along his. As she rises, it moves her breasts up, stroking the sides of his jawline with her mounds. Ken immediately tries to turn his head to catch one of those breasts with his mouth. I grab his balls in a tight squeeze and tell him to behave. He abandons the idea of sucking a breast.

"So... gross!" Emily comments under her breath, "I can feel it inside fucktoy! Gross!" She keeps one hand on Veronica's hips, a firm grip to guide her through slow strokes.

She keeps her finger inside Veronica's bottom, too. It lets Emily feel every bit of the fucking Ken is getting. His cock sliding slowly in and out of Veronica's pussy. Veronica's pussy burning with fire as she does it. And more importantly, it lets Veronica feel Emily's finger and know that Emily is closely monitoring what Veronica is doing. Ken can feel Emily's finger, too. He can feel how diligently she is monitoring his fuck. How fully Emily, not Veronica, is the one in control of this, even if it is Veronica's body doing it.

The first stroke along leaves Ken cock glistening with a thick coat of Veronica's clingy honey.

Emily uses her finger to feel when only the soft head of Ken's cock is left inside Veronica's pussy. That and her eyes. She can see his cock as

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it emerges from between Veronica's wrinkly loose folds and furry lips. She uses the hand on Veronica's hips to nudge Veronica to reverse. It's as if Emily is the one fucking Ken, only with Veronica's pussy instead of her own.

Ken moans very eagerly, and loud, sweet cries. He squirms. He would squirm a lot, but I won't let him.

Veronica moans as well, eagerly, and loudly, in her sultry throaty voice.

Emily focuses on her job of keeping the fuck moving steadily. She keeps Veronica in constant motion, and keeps her strokes slow, even as both Veronica and Ken's eagerness urges them to take it faster and climax.

Soon, Emily can feel Veronica's body tensing up as Veronica holds back an orgasm. She's not allowed to climax unless she's told to. So she holds it in. Emily can even feel Veronica's asshole tensing harder as it squeezes against her finger with all its strength. Emily obediently ignores Veronica's body and keeps her moving steadily.

Ken doesn't last long at all. But even Emily knew he wouldn't. He's far too eager for the fuck to last. He, too, knows that he's not allowed to cum unless he's told to. Nor is he allowed to ask. Or even to tell me that he's ready to.

I leave it to Emily. She's watching the fuck. She can see his cock start to twitch sharper and sharper as it slips slowly in and out of Veronica's very wet pussy. She can hear how strained and agonized his moans are becoming. She can see him stiffening up. She can see his hands gripping the sides of the table he's lying on. She knows how badly Ken doesn't want the fuck to end. And how badly he wants to cum. I nod to her, reassuring Emily that she sees what she's seeing. Ken's readiness.

"Oh, go on, freak, just shoot your disgusting cum in this fucktoy."

"Yes, Miss Porter!" Ken answers eagerly in a voice that carries the strain he's suffering under as he tries not to cum before he's told to.

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Ken stops fighting, a battle he was only seconds from losing anyway. He cums with a very loud and satisfied moan.

"OH! Gross!" Emily blurts out. She feels the sharp jerking of his cock inside Veronica's pussy as he cums. As his cock spurts his cum into her pussy. She can feel the twitching of the icy-hot sparks erupting all over the walls of Veronica's pussy, too. She can even feel those spongy walls firming up a little as they squeeze against his little shaft, too. It tells Emily that Veronica is holding back a climax, too.

Ken takes about half a minute to finish cumming. During which Emily diligently keeps Veronica moving as if Ken hadn't cum. And she tries hard not to see the creamy white cum sticking to the shaft of his cock as it emerges from Veronica's pussy. Or as it leaks from between Veronica's loose folds and sticks in her fur.

When Emily feels the twitches of Ken's cock ebb away, she stops Veronica and has her rise up. She tells Veronica to get off that cock, "not like it's enough to satisfy a pussy anyway... well, maybe like a total whore!" She finally slips her finger from Veronica's bottom just as Veronica is trying to rise up.

As soon as Veronica is off of Ken's cock, Emily has her get off the table and stand with her thighs squished together so she "doesn't drip cum like a sloppy gutter whore." OK, I might have told Emily that line, too.

She doesn't allow Ken to bask. She snaps firmly for him to get to his feet. He does. After that, he's going to eagerly do whatever Emily tells him to. He won't risk missing out on another treat like Veronica.

As soon as Ken is off the table, Emily orders Veronica up onto the table, leaning back and gripping the side behind her as she braces herself. And with her legs spread wide, her feet on the edge of the table. It gives a very good view of Veronica's pussy mound and the cum-soaked fur on it.

Emily just puts her hand to the back of Ken's head. She pushes his head forward. She even giggles as she tells him "be a good boy, clean up

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your mess." She drives his lips right to Veronica's pussy mound. "Now." Emily snaps, "lick every bit of your filth from this fucktoy's pussy." She swats his bottom to impress upon him that she's serious.

Ken grimaces hard. He very reluctantly starts licking his cum, and a good bit of Veronica's honey, from her slit and fur. Emily lets him get that. Then she pushes a little harder, pushing his lips into Veronica's slit, and scolding him to lick it from *all* of her pussy, not just the outside."

Ken is so conflicted. I can see it. He loves being made to eat Veronica's pussy. But hates tasting his own cum as he does it. I can see that his cock, still covered with a drying coat of mixed cum, is as stiff as ever. He licks Veronica's pussy.

Veronica lies there, and she moans very urgently, and loudly, as he does it. She fidgets, too. Her legs try to close, but Emily slaps them and tells her to leave them open, her pussy offered up. It makes Veronica moan even more urgently. And it makes Emily slap those thighs a few more times.

Emily holds Ken's head, so Ken can't lift it up from Veronica's pussy. She gives it a couple of minutes before deciding it's been long enough. "Oh, go on, fucktoy, go ahead and cum on this dickless boy's face."

Veronica cums instantly. With aloud scream and a very hard shuddering squirm to her hips.

When Emily finally lifts Ken's head from veronica's pussy, his face is covered with a thick coat of Veronica's honey. And Veronica's pussy is sopping wet again, only with mostly her honey now.

In less than a minute, Emily has the pair of naked toys standing, facing each other. Ken is just such a man! He still can't take his eyes of Veronica's body! So Emily has Veronica turn around slowly so Ken can get a very good look at the body Emily just allowed him to have. Then she makes him stand, silent.

I give Emily Veronica's clothes. Even the stuff I took from her earlier in the day and tell her how to allow Veronica to dress. One piece

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at a time. But in whatever order Emily wishes to give her clothes to her in. Emily decides to be kind. She holds out Veronica's panties.

"Miss Porter, may I please have my panties now, Ma'am?" Veronica asks politely. Emily just tosses the panties to her, making Veronica catch them before they land on her head. Veronica holds the panties out in front of her. "Thank you for my panties, Miss Porter, may I please have permission to put them on my skanky bottom now, Ma'am?" Emily nods. Veronica pulls her panties on. Then Emily gives her the stockings, garter, and shoes. Then it's her jewelry, leaving Veronica looking sexy in her stockings for Ken's eyes to feast upon. A reminder to him of what is possible, if he behaves for Emily. Emily has Veronica dress fully. It lets Ken see that she has nice clothes, not cheap clothes. Hopefully, he's able to recognize that means Veronica isn't some "trailer park tramp," of which we have plenty in Alabama, but a classy professional woman. The kind of woman he should be dating or married to. The kind of woman who seldom will talk to him on a dating level. The kind of woman he craves.

Emily takes hold of veronica's leash and walks her up to the door. There I take her collar off and send her out the door with a stern warning "don't you dare misbehave again fucktoy." Veronica assures me that she won't. In a voice laced with sugar.

I know she enjoyed tonight. I know my toys. Veronica has always had a fantasy about being given away for an anonymous fuck. And nothing excites her more than being fully controlled, the more intimately the better. As the door closes behind Veronica, she still doesn't even know Ken's name. She knows nothing about him. Nothing. Yet his cum is still in her pussy. She'll get hot before she gets home thinking about it.

Fifteen minutes later a fully dressed Ken is following Emily out the door. And very humbly assuring her that he will follow all of the new rules I can hear her laying down. Rules that benefit her. I think as they're in the hall now, I hear her tell him that he has a curfew and she does not. It's a teenager's fantasy – making the rules for dad!