

# *Used Bitch*

**Nadia Saran**



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## Author's Note:

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

The 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 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

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

put on a show on their account.

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

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



# Chapter 01: Meet The Bitch

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I'm between classes, around 2 in the afternoon, when I get a call from Jenny. She's one of my mom's BFFs. And she's the mother of my BFF #1, Izzy. Izzy who was born a mere two months after I was, and who grew up with me. We were always back and forth between our houses, so I know her mom well. And she knows me.

She tells me that her husband called her and asked for a favor. A man he works with has a request. She knows him, too, and his wife. They've been friendly for a while now.

But she didn't know his wife has a "kinky side," as she puts it to me. But she's not surprised they hid it from everyone. She was the toy of a man in the next county over, which means Escambia County. That puts him in Pensacola, Florida. Until yesterday, that is. She had been telling him that she wanted a session. Finally, he emailed back and told her that he'd grown bored with her and wasn't interested in seeing her any longer. Since she read that email, she's done nothing but cry. She didn't even make her two children breakfast this morning, just sulked and cried.

Her husband knew that Jenny and her husband knew my mom, who is rumored to be a Domme. She is, she's just a little quieter about it than I am. He asked his friend if he would do two things. Ask, or have Jenny ask, my mom if she would see his wife or refer him to someone who might be interested. And second, never mention it to anyone, ever, even under torture!

Jenny says she called my mom first and asked. Mom's willing, but she's not available until the weekend. She suggested that Jenny call me. I might have time sooner. And from what little she'd heard, I might be a better fit for the woman anyway. Plus, I'm in Mobile now, not Baldwin county where she, and mom, live.

Jenny asks if I'd be interested in talking to the woman, or at the least if I'd do her a favor and mention her to "the kinky girls." It's what Jenny calls my, and mom's, Domme friends. I tell her to have the man call me. No promises, but I'll talk to him. I doubt I'd get anything more than

marginally coherent pleading from his wife. I tell her that I have 30 minutes before my last class. He may call now, or this evening. She thanks me and quickly gets off the phone, saying she'll pass the message immediately.

Her husband must pass it just as quickly. It's only three or four minutes before my phone is ringing again. And this time it's a number I don't recognize that's calling me. I can guess who it is. And I'm right. He quickly introduces himself, and cautiously asks if I know what he's calling about.

"Well, Jennifer didn't give me your name, but I will assume you're calling because your wife has a need for a little dominance in her life, and you're being a good husband and helping her to find it." I think that about says it.

He must, too. Now that he knows I understand, he becomes comfortable talking to me about his wife. He tells me about her previous owner and how just abandoned her. But I have to ask a lot to get any real information from him. Not that he's particularly shy about telling me, he just doesn't know what to tell me.

According to him, his wife seems to "get the itch" about every two or three months. When she does, she'll email him and warn her husband that she has. Then, he'll summon her for a session, or rarely tell her to be available in her home for it. She seems to enjoy, according to him, spankings, kneeling, being verbally humiliated, being "shown off naked," but privately, being penetrated "everywhere," putting on little shows, being tied, being teased, being humbled "like a servant," being embarrassed, begging shamelessly, "things being done to her breasts and other places" (which apparently means things like nipple clamps), and especially very strict discipline during her sessions.

He knows that much because he usually is allowed to watch the sessions she's had in their home. But he does not participate beyond being her audience. Nor does he wish to. However, a few times, He left

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her unsatisfied for him to “take care of” after He left. And he loved that. She was “especially active” then. I’m sure he means that, in guy-speak, she “fucked him like a minx,” he just doesn’t want to say that to a girl and sound like a pig. As if I haven’t heard it before.

He tells me that his wife is a total basket case without a Dom in her life and that he would like someone to “see” her ASAP. Then he asks a little about me. Good boy, at least he cares who he’s asking to whip his wife.

I tell him the essentials. That I’m a 20-year-old Domme, originally from Foley, now a student at USA. That I have a number of my own toys, many like his wife who only likes to play every so often. That I have four years of experience. And that for over a year now I’ve owned a 19-year-old slave who will be accompanying me to visit his wife. I add that the majority of my toys are his wife’s age. I prefer them between 30 and 45. He must like that. He asks if I’m willing to “meet” his wife, and how soon I can make the time.

I ask about her schedule and their kids. Because their kids are little, and thus I won’t visit her while they’re in the house. Not even asleep. He tells me that the kids have some church function on Wednesday nights, which is tonight, from 5 until 7. A neighbor usually takes them and returns the after ice cream, around 7:45 or so. And he tells me their schedules for the next couple of days.

I ask what time he’ll be home. He says he gets off a 4:00 and will be home by a quarter till five. But if it helps, he can take an hour or two off and be home earlier. I tell him not to. But I am free tonight. I don’t tell him that I was planning a long, relaxing soak in a bubble bath while Sophie washed me, and attended to me.

I tell him that I will be over shortly after five. But he is not to mention anything whatsoever to his wife. Not even that he tried to find someone to see her, much less that he did. I will text him about two minutes before I arrive. When I do, he is to find her immediately,

wherever she is, whatever she's doing. He is to tell her, very directly, "Miss Rodgers is coming to meet your worthless butt. You are to come with me and wait for Her." Take her to a chair in the kitchen, with nothing in her reach, and tell her "sit here and wait for her. She said you will not move, nor will you speak until you are told to." Then he's to leave her there. As in go somewhere where she will neither see nor hear him. And meet me at the door.

I warn him that I can't say what's going to happen after that. Not that I care if he knows, but I don't know. It will all depend on how she reacts to me and things. When I can see something has a good effect on her, I'll continue in that direction. If it doesn't, I'll move another.

Then, I call Nikolai, a Dom I know in Pensacola, and ask if he knows the man she used to serve. Nikolai laughs and calls him a "sooka." Literally, it translates to "bitch," but in Russian, it can mean so much more. Like "asshole," or "fuckhead." I speak Russian well. I'm half Russian, and I've spent some time there. I get it. I get that I'll never see him at one of Nikolai's parties, too. And likely don't want to. Nikolai tells me that the man is basically a control freak who wants women to worship him, not a Dom. I get that, too. He doesn't care about his subs. He just wants them to stroke his ego. Not to share a mutually enjoyable experience. Yeah, "sooka." I don't bother to get his number, as I first planned to. I no longer care what he thought of her.

They live in Daphne, which is fine by me. I know it just as well as Foley. It's not far from Foley at all. And it has some good shopping. A few minutes after five, I text him. Mike: I am assuming our phones have the same time on them. I will be at your door at exactly 5:15, please open it before I have to knock. Thanks, Pepper. A minute later I get his reply. Dana is heading for her chair now. Thank, Pepper.

I'm there two minutes early. Several seconds before the time, he's waiting with the door open as I'm walking up to. Sophie, off her leash but wearing her collar that never comes off, follow me with a small duffle

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bag of toys for the night. I greet him and introduce myself just as "Miss Rodgers" in case Dana can hear me. I introduce Sophie only as "my slave." But that's all I ever call her. "slave," not Sophie. He accepts that, and I think he remembers that I told him he's not to tell Dana anything about me, not even my first name, now or ever. He agreed to that.

He shows me to the kitchen. It's not huge, but it is decently sized. Then again, this is Daphne, and poor people don't live in Daphne. I don't think they build especially modest houses here either. It's that kind of city. He has a chair about smack in the middle of the room. With it's back to the archway into the kitchen. It has Dana staring at the range! Oh, it is so perfect! Maybe he sees the grin on my face when I see it.

I take my time walking around to where Dana can see me. Letting her hear my footsteps coming, but not see who is coming. Finally, when I'm in front of her and she can see me, I see some surprise on her face. I know she just assumed that I'd be older than I am. No one ever thinks of a college-girl Domme, except guys making porno movies, that is. But the truth is Domme is what I am. I always have been and always will be. It's me. I just understood myself a little earlier than most do. Plus I haven't changed, so I'm still dressed like a college girl. Casually.

I like to set the tone right from the first word. "I am Miss Rodgers. You are the utterly worthless bitch Dana Jacqueline, who just got herself left in the gutter by being so worthless. As of now, I own you, bitch. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Dana says softly, her voice having a decent accent that sounds to me like a mid-western farm girl.

"Good," I tell her firmly, still keeping voice soft, too. "I don't know what Mr. Dobbs taught you. He is not part of the local Dom and Domme network. You will listen closely. I will tell you *once* what to do. You *will* do it. I will give you instructions the first time only that even a goldfish has the brains to follow. Hopefully, you can somehow manage, too. Is that clear to your stupid bitch brain?"

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"Yes, Ma'am," Dana answers. Her voice is still soft. But not I can hear the first tinges of nervousness and excitement in it.

"Stand. Rise to your feet. Spread them about a foot's-width apart. Stand up straight. Eyes forward. Hands at the small of your back. And behave. Behave meaning stand quiet and still. Do that now, bitch."

"Yes, Ma'am," Dana answers quickly as she begins to rise. She stands exactly as I told her to.

"Good bitch. Now you know what I expect when I tell you to stand. Do not stand any other way. Ever. Unless I tell you to.

"Now undress. That means to squat down and take off your shoes and socks. Tuck the laces in your shoes and put them neatly beside that chair, then fold your socks neatly and start a pile on top of your shoes. Then, start at the very top of your head. Take off the highest thing on your body. Fold it neatly and add it to the pile. Then start again at the top of your head and go down to the highest thing you have left on your body and take it off. And so one until you are as naked as the day before you were born. You may not leave *anything* on your body. Not so much as a hairpin. Not even those wedding rings. Nothing at all. You will not turn your back. You will not make any effort to cover, hide, or shade any part of your body. You will undress at a normal, every day, pace. When you are naked, you will tell me you are naked and stand until you are told what to do. Is that too much for you, bitch, or do you understand what you are going to do now?"

"I understand, Miss Rodgers," Dana tells me. I hear both the nervousness and the excitement starting to rise in her voice, too. I guess she likes me so far.

Dana, I can already see, is a fairly average 30-something housewife and soccer mom kind of woman. Or so she looks. She's about average height, a hair on the tall side, maybe 5'7" I guess. And I'd put her weight at "proportional," maybe 145 pounds or so. She has straight hair the color

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of honey hanging down to her the tops of her shoulders. At the bottom, it seems to develop a little body that makes it look fuller than it is. It frames a slightly ovalish face with very soft and gently-rounded features. I can see some deep green eyes beneath honey-colored eyebrows that tell me this is clearly her natural hair color. Then a slightly small and softly-rounded nose. And then, an average mouth that's neither wide nor narrow. But it is framed with some soft and plump full lips in a rather light shade of pink.

I can't see too much of her figure yet. She's wearing slightly loose-fitting faded jeans and a bushy black blouse today. But I can see that she's not too heavy. And that she has a curve to her waist. And a very ample chest. All of which I'll soon be seeing in fully-immodest detail.

She actually puts her hands on the top of her head and starts moving them down her body after she gets her shoes off. They stop at her neckline, where they meet the blouse. She unbuttons it, not showing much shyness yet, and slips it from her shoulders. She folds it, squats down, and adds it to the pile. Without her blouse on I can see a little necklace on a thin chain around her neck. And I can see that she's wearing a deep blue bra with enough lace to it that it looks like something she'd wear for her husband. It nicely accents her breasts, leaving a lot of cleavage bare. I just can't tell if she's as pert as she looks, or if the bra is holding those huge mounds up. We'll see. Soon. It won't take her long to get that necklace off.

It doesn't take long. And then, her hands are back on the top of her head, moving down again. It's slightly amusing to see how literally she's following the instructions. But I am so not going to fault her for her diligence. Her hands stop on her shoulders when they reach the narrow straps of her bra. She slips the straps off her shoulders. Then I see her hands going up behind her back. She hesitates for a fraction of a second as her eyes suddenly avert to the side. Then she unclips her bra. I see it fall from her body to hang in one hand as she brings it to her front and starts folding it.



It leaves her naked from the waistband of her jeans up. Which is not the normal way a woman undresses. She'd leave her bra and panties for last. Especially now. Especially since Dana can see that I am clearly inspecting her now-bare breasts with my eyes. That's something that no woman cares for. To have her body so openly sized-up by another woman with a critical eye. Like any woman, it makes Dana feel a little shy and uneasy. And on Dana, it shows. Her hands, not quite fumbling, do take on a slight unsteadiness as she folds her bra up.

Dana has a very lightly-colored body. The skin of her chest is almost milky white. It looks fairly soft, too. And it looks to be rather youthfully-taut, too. I can see that her chest, and her stomach above the waistline, are flat and smooth.

And I can see that her breasts are as large as they looked. Their pertness does not come from the bra either. Her mounds are moderately pointy, but also just as fully rounded. They rise off her chest, their curved bottoms hanging down just enough to make a tiny crease along her chest. Then they angle slightly as they continue rising toward her nipples. Their sides are fairly taut and full, which gives them a bit of straightness to them, but not so much that they've lost their roundness either. Her mounds are topped with a pair of decently-wide rings of a very light shade of pink. Those rings are topped with a pair of wide and prominent nipples, a somewhat darker shade of pink, that rise a good ½" above her mound. They have gently rounded tips, and sides that are straight, like little rods poking out. And now, those pink buds are standing up hard atop those mounds. The length of her nipples, and the stiffness they've already pulled tight to, adds to the pointy appearance at the tips of her mounds.

Dana hesitates another fraction of a second now. She hangs her arm down at her side and compares the height of her watch to the top of the waistband of her jeans. The jeans win. And they come down. Dana is being very diligent in following her instructions. Good bitch.

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And it shows me a pair of long, and mostly lean legs. There doesn't seem to be much extra weight on her legs, which is slightly, and pleasantly, surprising considering she's carried, two children. I see one or two extra pounds, no more, at the very tops of her thighs. It doesn't make them look fat at all. It's just enough that her thighs completely cover the crotch of her panties.

And now I can see the only blemish so far on her body. A very faint wrinkle, more like a stretch mark really, that runs along the lower part of her stomach just above the waistband of her panties. A pair of lacy, moderately cut, panties. It also lets me see that her waist has a very nice girly curve to it. And that her hips are full, but lean, and curvy. I can see that her navel is deeper than most, like a deep little funnel on her flat stomach.

She hesitates again long enough to hold her arm at her side and check. The waistband of her panties is just above her watch. Obediently she doesn't shy, just blushes ever-so-slightly and slips her panties down as I watch.

It bares a full, natural bush to my eyes. A bush of the same honey color as her eyebrows. A light honey color, almost blond. And it shows me that under a fur too light-colored to hide anything, she has a decently puffy pussy mound that her thighs don't fully hide. It's what I call a modest pussy. One with long, wide, and rather plump, lips that fully meet. It leaves only a narrow line of a slit between those lips. And it hides all of her intimate pinkness.

I am openly checking out Dana's body. I want her to know it. I even want her to see glimpses of it. I want her to have to make herself ignore it. Even as her womanly nature nags at her, making her wonder how I'm sizing her body up. Does she make the cut?

As she's finally taking her jewelry off, I walk around her and check out her bottom. It's a shapely and cute bottom, with well-rounded cheeks. Cheeks that care softly. Cheeks that don't sag or hang, but instead

prominently round outward from the tops of her thighs. Cheeks that fully meet as they form her crack, but meet only enough to close her crack, and don't squish against each other excessively. Cheeks that look to be decently firm. Cheeks that will likely soon be sore. They look so spankable!

"Miss Rodgers, I am completely naked for you now, Ma'am," Dana tells me sweetly.

Once she's nude, I tell her to pick her pile of clothes up and take them to her husband. Then I instruct her how I like girls to kneel, with their knees and feet spread wide, their bottom sitting back between their heels, and their backs up straight. I have her hold her clothes out, atop her flat, and upturned palms. Palms that are even with her nipples and six inches out from the tips of those hard nubs.

Her husband helped himself to seat at the table, off to the side of the kitchen. Dana kneels down, mostly at his side. He turns to face her. "Here are my clothes, Mr. Fulbert. Will you please hold them for me until Miss Rodgers wishes me to have clothes, Sir?" She asks him. Her voice is pure sugar, laced with a decent dose of excitement. I see from the look on his face that he didn't expect it. I guess her previous owner never had her ask him anything. I wouldn't expect a creep like him to. But Dana's voice tells me she likes it. I figured she would like involving him, and I didn't think he'd mind being involved as long he didn't actually have to do anything. I'm sure, over their marriage, he's had every piece of clothing she owns in his hands. It shouldn't bother him a bit. And it doesn't look like he minds that much. He just says "sure," and takes the pile off her hands. It finds a new home on the table beside him as Dana returns to me.

I point to a blank space along the wall and tell Dana to go stand with her back against it. She goes. I wait until she's standing up flush against the wall. "You will obey my slave for a moment, bitch." Dana says she will. I snap my fingers. Then I go take a seat beside her husband

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and lean over to whisper to him. I warn him what's happening, and that I only do this the first time I meet a sub. Dana won't hear any of it.

Instead, she watches as Sophie brings out a digital scale and tells her to stand on it. Once Sophie has her Dana's weight, to the gram, she gets Dana's measurements, taking them with a tape. And then she sends Dana back to the wall. I'm sure Dana thinks she's done.

Sophie gets out a clipboard. She asks Dana a few, but very intimate questions. About her period. When was the last time she had sex? Has she ever had oral sex? Anal sex? Lesbian sex? It only takes Sophie a couple of quick minutes to get the answers. And it only makes Dana blush moderately. A new note of embarrassment steadily creeps into her voice as she answers, but it doesn't dull the excitement in her voice.

Sophie quickly fills in a little sign. I preprinted what I knew about Dana on it, but I'd never trust a man to give me clothing sizes or measurements of a woman. Sophie just prints that in neatly with a sharpie. The sign is just like a kinky version of the letterboard for a police mug shot. It has all the standard information on it, plus her measurements, bra and panty sizes, and even a description of her pubic hairstyle. Sophie has Dana hold the sign up, its top edge even with the line of the top of the rings of color around her nipples. That way it completely covers her nipples, but otherwise leaves the whiteness of her breasts bare on their topsides. Sophie takes pictures from the front and side. Then Sophie takes another set of four pictures, all showing Dana full-body, fully-naked, from the front, back, and both sides. Then Sophie comes over and tells me she's done as I instructed her.

"Now, I guess I'll just play with my new toy bitch..." I muse softly, knowing Mike hears me, as I get back up to my feet.



# Chapter 02: Slut Inspection

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I stand behind the chair, then turn it sideways, to where Dana would be facing the sink if she were to sit in it. But it will also give Mike a side-on view of Dana's coming inspection. A very intimate inspection. I take a step back from it. Then I summon Dana to come stand in front of me.

"Do not act like a total slut. Stand still, bitch," I tell her. Then I reach my hand out for Dana's breast. Her left one first. As my fingers touch the top of her mound, about halfway from her chest to her nipple, I turn to Mike long enough to say "now we'll see how soft Dana's breasts really are."

I turn my attention back to Dana, or specifically to her firm breast. I start by stroking it with the tip of my fingers. I have very soft, delicate, and feminine skin. Even on my hands. Apparently, Dana likes it. The first stroke alone is enough that I see little goosebumps erupt on Dana's mound. All over the top of it, flowing down onto both sides. And all around her hard nipple, make the nub pull even tighter. I stroke more, caressing the sides, and even the bottom of her mound.

Then I take my hand and lightly cup her full mound. I give it a soft little squeeze, feeling its hard sponginess. Like a stiff, wet sponge. Firm, but also not taking much to squish in my hand.

I use the tip of one finger to caress very tenderly around Dana's long nipple. It lets me feel the slightest trace of roughness to its rock-hard flesh. And it sends a shiver racking Dana's body. I feel the tip of it as well. That has the same faint edge of roughness to it, but also a little roundness. Enough that I can feel it. And then, I use my thumb and first finger to very lightly pinch the sides of its length. At first, my pinch is very gentle and soft. Just enough for me to really feel its hardness. And it is rock hard. Then I pinch a little tighter, feeling the hardness start to resist being pinched. And then even harder. I see the faintly-pink flesh surrounding her wide nipple suddenly tense up. As it does, it almost wrinkles up. Not quite, but almost. But it does pull tight enough that

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more goosebumps spring up throughout, and these are bigger and more pronounced than any others on her mound.

I'm "inspecting" Dana for two reasons. First, it's definitely an experience that she'll find embarrassing, and will make her self-consciously uneasy. Second, I don't know what I'm getting. What better way to find out than to see for myself?

I pinch her nipple harder. Hard enough that I see her face begin to scrunch up as she winces. Not badly, but enough that I can see it. It's enough to tell me that she's really feeling the discomfort of having her nipple pinched hard. But that's the only effect it seems to have on her body.

I pinch it even harder, about as hard as I can with my two slender fingers. Dana suddenly sucks in a sharp breath as her face scrunches up tightly and fully. At the same time, a little shudder racks her body. I hold her nipple tightly pinched for a couple of seconds. Dana breaths deeply, her breaths starting to pick up their pace as she does. I'm so close to releasing that nipple. I'm glad I didn't already. Finally, and very suddenly, Dana exhales a full, very fast, deep breath. It comes out with a soft, sugar, and very hungry, moan to it.

I release her nipple. Then I quickly slap her face. It's not a hard slap. Just enough to leave the faintest of hands prints that will be invisible in a minute or so. But it's enough to make certain that I have Dana's full attention. I see her eyes, shocked wide, on me. "I said not to act like a slut, bitch! That was just so slutty!" I scold her in a stern voice, but without raising my voice to her.

And then I move my hand to her other breast. "Now behave this time, bitch. No one likes a gutter slut."

Dana behaves. But it is not easy for her. As I steadily pinch her nipple harder, I can see her tensing up. Before I get to full-pinch, I can see her jaw clenching tightly and hear that she's holding her breath. It makes



it worse for Dana. Worse as in stronger shudders flowing through her body as she stands there and struggles to hold that moan in. But she lasts long enough.

I pretend that Dana doesn't exist. As if she's not standing demurely silent as I discuss her body intimately with her husband. I want her to feel it. It will reinforce the feeling that she doesn't matter at all. That's she nothing more than a hunk of meat being sized up. Maybe a pot roast. Or in this case, a slut roast.

"Dana's breasts are rather slutty, aren't they?" I comment to him, "did you notice how she could even behave for a few seconds while I tested their firmness? I'd rate them fairly low myself. I'm sure you've felt how soft they are when you squish them. Another year or so, they'll sag to her knees." I've already warned him that I planned to invent insults for her body. To just never mind them. I'm only insulting her body to make her even more self-conscious about it, which is what I want. And apparently, Dana needs.

"Yeah, they are squishy," he agrees, with a very slight uncomfortableness in his voice. As if she's his and he's not quite comfortable openly discussing the more intimate aspects of Dana's body. I make a note of that. This session, I've already figured out, is as much for him to watch as her to experience.

I turn back to Dana, quickly run my eyes up and down her nakedness, hesitating only for a fraction of a second on her bush. It's plenty long for Dana, her eyes carefully watching me, to notice it. Then I look her straight in her eyes. "Now let me see your pussy, bitch. Say 'yes, Ma'am,' then turn your back to me. Then spread your flabby legs as wide as they'll go. Then bend over and rest your forearms on the seat of that chair. Now, bitch."

Dana does it exactly as she's told to. She says "yes, Ma'am," before she moves a muscle. She says it in a voice that's pure sugar, laced with a decent bit of excitement, and a very noticeable edge of nervousness. The

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turns her back, spreads, and bends.

I get my crop from Sophie. I use it to lightly swat the tender insides of her thighs, high up, maybe a couple of inches down from her pussy mound. I use light swats. Ones that lands with a crack like hands clapping softly and sear only light pink crop prints onto her very white flesh. She yelps a slightly squealy and girly "YE-OW!" as each lands. I scold her that I said to open her feet all the way.

Dana very quickly spreads her feet another six or seven inches. And now I can see the tendons at the tops of her thighs straining from the spread. Now they're wide apart.

It fully displays her mound to my eyes. It lets me see that I was right about her pussy. Her mound, even with her leaning over, puffy out decently. More than average. And her slit is no more than a fine, pink line the entire length of her mound. It also lets me see the almost-blond fur covering those plush lips. It's dense, her hairs long and tangling together. But the lightness of its color keeps it from hiding anything. And makes it looks less dense than it is.

I'd never pass up a chance to embarrass Dana. I ask her husband, "you've seen Dana's pussy plenty, I'm sure." After all, they do have two kids together. "Is it always this poorly tended? I mean, look, she hasn't even bothered to trim the hair from the creases of her thighs. That's like so '60s-hippie! No one goes around like this anymore! Would you mind terribly if she trimmed herself? I don't mean shaved herself, unless you'd like that, I just mean trim this unruly jungle's edges a little? Here, let me show you what I mean." I wave for him to come over.

He comes, a little reluctantly. I suspect his reluctance is only because he doesn't know what's happening. Not really. I'm sure that loser was the extent of his D/s knowledge. Which means he knows nothing. But he looks. It might be his wife's, but it's still a man's favorite thing to look at. A pussy.

I'm tiny. I have tiny hands, with slender fingers. But I also have decently long, about an inch, nails on them. Nails that I have painted a deep crimson red today. I'm showing my support for Alabama's Crimson Tide. I use one of those nails, putting only its tip to Dana's body. I use it to slowly trace a light line along Dana, just barely inside the crease of her thigh right alongside of her pussy mound. I show him where I would like to see Dana's bush trimmed.

He agrees that it would "nice."

Dana purrs a few faints moans and shivers a couple of times.

He sees it. I know. I see it and look to him with a silent smile on my face. He smiles and winks at me. I think now he gets it. That I'm doing this for Dana. I'm definitely embarrassing and degrading her. But clearly, it's starting to arouse her nicely. Which is what he asked me to do after all.

I hold my hands out, my eyes still on Dana's mound. With my fingers spread apart. It's Sophie's cue to pull a pair of latex gloves on my hands for me. She does. "Now we'll all see just how skanky Dana's pussy is," I tell him, but only for Dana to hear.

I put the tips of my fingers to her lips and pull them wide open. I spread them as far as the moderately-puffy-thick lips will go. It bares ever bit of Dana's most intimate places to everyone's eyes. And now it's time for her to really feel me apprising those intimate places with a very critical eye. She'll hate that so much she'll love it.

She's a fairly light shade pink. But now it's almost glowing brightly it's so hotly flushed. And it is definitely glistening under a liberal coat of a watery-thin, clear, honey. Honey that sparkles. Honey that has only the faintest, and a rather sweet, muskiness to it.

I don't have to open her inner folds. They parted on their own as I spread her lips, almost offering her pussy to me shamelessly. They're soft and wrinkly, decently short, but also long as they run beside her tunnel

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and up over her clit.

It's a clit that's easily seen. It's not especially tall nor wide. Maybe no wider than the eraser on a pencil. And it's the same shade of pinkness as the folds that nestle it. Folds that flow together into what looks to be a tight knot with a thin flap of pink fold over it. Its' a tight little nest, from which her clit eagerly pokes its head up a little, pushing the edges of her folds apart as it rises above them. It looks like it wants to scream "here I am, play with me!"

Beneath that obviously hard nub, is Dana's tunnel. The rim of it puckering the very edge of her pulpy, soft, slightly-irregular, rim out just a hair as if offering me that, too. It's a tunnel that gapes slightly, hanging open all they to her depths, but only, maybe, as wide as that pencil is thick. It's enough for me to see that her walls are rather meaty and pulpy. But they're also going to be spongy soft as they cuddle around something, too. Like cuddle around a cock. I can't see the muscle just beyond that softness, though, so I can't yet tell how tight she'll feel on that cock. But I can see how hotly flushed that softness is. And how sopping wet. It's definitely not a normal wetness. It's a highly-aroused fuck-me-now wetness.

One thing at a time. I'll start with her clit. I warn Dana "do not be a total gutter slut again, bitch." Then I lightly lay my finger atop her nub. Already I can feel the hardness in it. And I see the little shiver sweep over Dana as she feels my touch. Were it skin instead of latex touching her, I doubt she could control herself. I put my thumb to it as well, moving my fingers to "pinch" around it so lightly she shouldn't really feel it. But I feel the slight quiver run through her hips that tells me she does feel it. I slowly, steadily, pinch it tighter. Immediately I can feel it's hardness. It's hard enough that this has to be her full hardness, too. And a second later I hear Dana purr out a very loud and hungry moan as her hips are racked by a hard shudder. I hold my pinch.

Dana stills, mostly. But I can still feel the light quivering flowing

endlessly through her hips. And I can hear it in her very deep, sultry breaths. That slight edge of a hot purr that she can't hide. As I pinch a little tighter she cries out another moan, this one pure, unbridled desire. A crisp shudder racks her hips. A shudder that takes her a second to still. "Dana, you told my slave that it's only been two days since this pussy orgasmed. Were you lying to my slave, bitch?"

"NO! Ma'am," Dana answers. Her voice has changed. It's still as soft as ever. But now it's laced with total excitement. Eagerness. And the nervousness of not knowing what will come next. But if that's not enough of a clue to me that Dana is fiery hot, I notice a very slight twitch at the rim of her tunnel. And I know that her pussy is desperate for some attention now.

"Then would you mind telling me why you are such a skanky *slut*" I emphasize "slut." Something few women want to hear that other women think of her as. As Dana hears the word, I see another twitch at the rim of her tunnel. Mike was right, she does like being insulted! "that you're about to cum all over me while I'm examining your useless clit so I can see for myself that it's too small to be of any use?"

"I don't know, Ma'am!" Dana quickly blurts out, the nervousness picking up a little in her voice.

I release her nub. Then I touch the tip of my first finger to the open entrance of her tunnel. I hold it still, not entering her, just touching her enough for her to feel what it is and where. I keep it there, not pressing it into her. "Listen carefully, skanky bitch." I tell her firmly, but still not raising my voice. I want her to know I'm not angry with her yet. I'm just giving her non-negotiable instructions. And I expect them to be followed.

"I am going to examine your pussy, all the way back to its very depths. More thoroughly than your doctor does. It will take a moment. You will stay still the entire time. You will not move hips. You most certainly will not squeal out slutty moans like a cheap whore. You will breathe deeply, and steadily. Nothing more."

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Then I start pressing my finger very slowly into her tunnel. It doesn't take me but a second for the tip to press into the little space between her walls. That's plenty for me to feel the burning, fiery-hot, heat in those walls. And to feel just how plush and spongy they are. I don't even get my knuckle into her before I feel Dana's body tense hard, her muscles turning to steel. So hard that the stiffness makes those muscles in her legs and back quiver slightly.

I hear her breathing, too. Obediently she keeps it kind of steady. And deep. But it very quickly takes on a raspiness that she can't hide. It's not quite a moaning, but it might as well be. Her hands ball into tight fists, too. I keep slipping my finger into her tunnel.

I make it all the way into her. At least as far as I have the finger to reach. I don't have to do it anymore. I can feel the spongy walls around my finger as the twitches rack her muscles just beyond the thin layer of walls. Lots of twitches. As if a million little pinpoints randomly snap, one at a time, all around my finger. I press the tip of my finger down gently. Only until I can feel the thin wall of toned muscle just beyond that sponginess.

I am evil. So I unnecessarily give that finger the slightest little wiggle as it's pressing against her muscle, squeezing her nervy walls against it. It is far too much for Dana. She screeches out a squealing, girly moan as a sharp shudder hits her body. A very sharp shudder. One that even has her head snap back and her toes curl. It happens as I feel her pussy snap tight around my finger, those twitching walls squeezing hopefully against it. As soon as her moan ends, Dana pants a few very fast, squeaky, and hungry breaths.

"Slut!" I scold Dana. But Mike can see the smirk on my face and I think he knows that I made her do it intentionally. I'm evil like that. I slowly inch my finger back out of Dana's pussy. As I do, she's able to control herself as she did while I entered her. Except that now her breaths are far raspier. And it's an urgent raspiness.

Once my finger has fully slipped from Dana's hungry tunnel, I let go of her lips and allow them to close over her pussy.

I put my hands lightly atop the rounded bend of Dana's globes. One light squish is all it takes for me to feel what I want to feel. Her muscles are firm and taut. Not exactly rock hard and toned, but pretty nice. She has a lean bottom, with a layer of body fat over her muscles about as thick as a sheet of paper. It's just enough for her cheeks to have a soft squishiness to them.

Then I spread those globes wide. "Ooh," I coo softly, a little evil hint in my voice that I doubt anyone other than Sophie catches. "Dana's anus is just so tight and tiny," I add a little excitement to voice. Dana told Sophie she's never even thought about trying anal sex. Mike's already told me that her previous owner left her butt alone, too. But he did that because he deemed her too squealy, too big of a cry baby about her butt. Not because he wasn't interested in it.

Now Dana is going to learn what it's like to really be truly owned. She going to learn that her cry baby routine won't make a bit of difference. That a true owner won't care one iota if she wants her butt "messed with" or not. It doesn't matter. Dana doesn't matter. Only what I wish to do with her body matters.

I don't need any lubricant. My finger is still covered with a good layer of honey from Dana's pussy. It's thin, but it's also very slippery and clingy. It will work as well as a lubricant.

Dana's asshole is tiny. And it is definitely cinched tight. A little tighter, as tight as it will clench after she heard me say that. Her is a tight ring on muscle no bigger than a dime amid a swatch of medium pink flesh with a slight purple tinge to it. It's inset just a hair, leaving the lines of equally tiny wrinkles to flow in as they flow towards the little pinprick of darkness at the center of her ring, and disappear into the darkness. There are a few stray hairs back here, but none are close to her ring.

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I put the slick tip of my finger against her muscle. I don't even push the slightest yet. Dana immediately fidgets hard. Her breathing changes, too. Her breaths take a panicked, ragged edge to them as they hasten. And they take on a light, whiny, note. I already feel her body quivering nervous under my fingertip.

"You will behave, bitch, while I see if this bottom is as slutty as the rest of you. Is that clear, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Dana's voice is now pure panic. It's still soft, but it does have that squeal to it.

It tells me it's time to tease up her anxiousness another notch. "Say it, bitch. Promise me that you will behave while I put my finger all the way up your filthy little bottom and see for myself if it's slutty, too."

"I promise, Miss Rodgers," Dana squeaks out, her words coming fast and running together in her nervousness. "I will behave while you put your finger up my bottom and see if my bottom is as slutty as I am, Ma'am."

Then I have mercy on Dana, knowing that she's a complete novice with this part of her body. "The instant you feel pressure against your anus, you will take a very deep breath and hold it in. Press back, like you're constipated and straining to use the toilet. You will feel my finger slide through your anus. It will feel very weird. You will keep pushing until I am fully inside your bottom, no matter how weird it feels or how uncomfortable you are. That will ease it for you. I won't feel a thing."

I give her about two seconds to process the instructions. Then I slowly start pressing against her ring. Immediately I hear Dana suck in a panicked-fast, and very noisy, breath of air. Then I feel her pushing back against my finger. She has to feel it, too. As she pushes, it forces her muscle to relax and turn rubbery. It also pushes her ring back against the tip of my finger. Biologically it's exactly what happens when she is using the toilet, her ring opening to allow exit. But with my finger there,



nothing is coming out that exit. Instead, her ring presses against it, allowing my finger to effortlessly stretch the rubbery muscle around it. Once her muscle has stretched just that little bit, there's nothing left to block my finger. It starts slipping easily through her ring, gliding along her wrinkly skin atop a layer of slick honey.

I see her pink-purple flesh as it lightly snuggles around the pastel green of my glove. I see her skin glistening with the film of honey now coating it.

Dana feels my finger sliding along the flesh over her muscle. And she knows that it's sliding through her unwelcoming asshole and into her bottom. She blurts out a nervous cry. "UH!... OH!-OH...OW!" in a very squealing voice. She sucks another fast breath and squeals again. But she never stops pushing back against my finger. It doesn't take my short finger very long to slip all the way into her bottom and stop moving.

As soon as Dana feels it stop moving, she stops pushing. Her asshole tightens around the base of my finger. It doesn't matter. It won't feel any different to her. And just a little tighter to me. I hold my finger still for a few seconds, giving Dana time to get used to feeling it. Ninety percent of which is feeling it clamped in the ring of her asshole. Beyond that muscle, her rectum is loose enough that she barely feels it.

She pants fast, panicking breaths. And she whines out, "OH!-OOH-OOH...OW!" I feel the nervous quiver running all through her body now. And I feel her asshole snapping hard as it squeezes around my finger.

"Dana... now that my finger is all the way inside your bottom... Am I going to find that your bottom is just as slutty as you are?"

"NO, MA'AM!" Dana firmly assures me, quickly, her voice is still pure squeak, breaking with nervousness. "I HATE anything up my butt, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am, hurry up and see for yourself, and GET IT OUT OF ME! PLEASE!" She cries as she pleads for me to get it out.

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I wonder how long Mike is going to let me go without saying something. It wouldn't surprise me, the way his wife is whining so desperate for me to get out of her butt.

I slowly curve my finger just a hair. Just enough to put a very light pressure against the inside of her bowels. It lets me feel the sausage-casing like membrane of her rectum and the paper-thin wall of smooth muscle beyond. And it lets me feel the denser layer of spongy soft muscle and pussy wall beyond that. I can feel the same fiery-hot heat that I felt in her pussy.

I feel a single little twitch in those walls already. Just one. But it's a sharp one as if a hot spark shocked a single nerve.

Dana can feel the pressure, too. It doesn't hurt. It just feels like something's there. It's a sensation Dana clearly has never felt before. She cries out a loud "OOH!" drawing it out, before ending with a squealy "UH!" She fidgets, struggling to keep her bottom still enough not to displease me. She keeps crying out.

I wiggle that finger. It very lightly glides over the inside of Dana's rectum, tenderly caressing the walls beyond.

Dana immediately snaps to full vibrating stiffness. Her whines vanish as she stops breathing, holding her breath. She stays like that for a couple of seconds.

I feel her asshole cinch to its full straining tightness as it squeezes against my finger with every bit of its power. I feel the vibrations in her muscles making her body tremble. And I feel her walls exploding as a zillion hot sparks erupt like machine-gun fire all through her spongy walls. Sharp sparks that have those walls snapping hard as twitches rack it.

And then Dana screams out the loudest, sluttiest, most desperate cry. But she stays tensed up impossibly hard. She screams out again, with even more sultry desire and urgency in her voice. Then her hips

snap back a little, bucking crisply against my finger. She screams a third cry.

And then I lift my finger, taking the pressure off her walls. I can still feel them snapping with twitches, but the twitches steadily ebb now that I'm not teasing her any longer.

After a couple of seconds, the tension flows out of Dana's body. She breathes again, panting fast breaths. Breaths that are as raspy as they are hungry. I give her about one more second. "Well, I see I was right. Your bottom is every bit as slutty as you are! You prissy little bitch, trying to pretend you're not just a total slut!"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," Dana squeaks out in a voice that's a mixture of equal parts humiliated shame and erotic excitement. A quiet, soft voice.

I slip my finger out of her bottom. Slowly. Which instantly gets Dana whining nervously again.

"Stand, bitch," I snap firmly, adding a little distaste to my voice.

It gets Dana's attention. She almost snaps up, anxious to please me, and relieved that my finger is out of her butt. She spins quickly to face me. She stands.

"You know, you really are a filthy, disgusting slut, bitch!" I scold her scornfully. I hold my hand up, extending the gloved finger fresh from her bottom so that it's right in front of her eyes, about three inches away. "You promise to behave. Then you squirm and squeal like a gutter whore. But no, that's not enough for your slutty butt. Just look at my finger, bitch! You pooped all over it! That is so filthy disgusting! Here I am kindly checking your butt for you because we can all see you'll lie about its sluttiness, and how do you thank me? By pooping all over me!"

Of course, she did. There's a reason health care professionals wear gloves for this. Rectums are supposed to have it in them. Right where I was just poking around. There's no way I couldn't get a little on my

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glove. But that's about all I got. Enough that she can easily see the little spots on it, but not much.

"Fine, you want to be a filthy butt slut, then I'll treat you like the disgusting butt slut you're acting like. A nice enema will fix your butt right up."



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"NO!" Dana screeches out in a voice that's pure panic. She takes a slow, tentative, and short, step back from me. "OH my G-d, NO! Please, I don't need an enema! Please, Ma'am, Please, I don't need an enema!!!" Her hands come out from behind her back and she hugs herself tightly. She inches back another baby step.

I just glare hard at Dana.

"Oh, my G-d..." Dana bursts into tears. "I don't want to do this anymore! You're not giving me an enema! NO!" Dana trembles. The quivers are hard enough that they show. From head to toe. She cries for another couple of seconds as I keep staring at her. "PLEASE!" she screeches out, panicked, desperate, and loud, "Leave me alone! I don't want to do this! I don't want an enema! I don't want anything up my butt! PLEASE leave me alone!"

I stare at her hard. And I take one real step forward, closing the space that just too her a couple of trembling baby steps to open.

"NO!" Dana screams. It's an outright scream, too. Fully of a desperately nervous, panic. "I'm not letting you give me an enema! PLEASE!!! I want to stop! I don't want to play anymore! Leave me alone! Just go home! PLEASE! I don't want an enema! I won't do it!"

I sigh. Then I move. I move fast, my hand coming up like lightning. I grab hold of her hair, take a big handful of her silky soft tresses, and letting them run through my fingers as I grab hold. Then I just yank. I yank her forward. Her head follows her hair, tilting towards me for a brief instant. Then her feet stumble forward.

It only takes me one yank to get her moving. Then I step back, dragging Dana along. Her feet are unsteady and clumsy as she stumbles to keep up with the fast pace I set. But it's a short walk. I stop beside the chair.

I'm not going to tell Dana to do anything. I doubt she'd do it. I think she just stands there, shocked and nervous, while she cried and

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begged not to have an enema. I tap the back of Dana's knee with my foot. As unsteady as she is on her feet, it's enough to buckle the leg. And that's enough to send her down to her knees. Which is where I want her.

I still have a hold of her hair. I'm holding it tight, and I'm keeping her up on her knees, not letting her sit back. I sit in the chair, my knees parted slightly. As I sit down, I bring Dana's head forward and down. It pulls her shoulders and chest forward, leaning her over my legs. I keep pulling her forward, letting her shoulders lower as they come across my thighs.

I pull Dana until she's over my knees. I have one of my thighs snug in the bend of her waist. My other thigh is under her chest, the undersides of her ample, firm, breasts lying flush against the outside of my thigh. Dana's tall enough that her knees are very lightly brushing against the floor. Not quite on it enough to support any for her weight, but touching it. Her hands are on the floor, squirming around to brace against something. She squirms, too. Especially her hips as her feet find the floor.

I give her head a little shove downward as I let go of her hair. I use that hand to pin her down on my knees by pressing firmly, but not too hard, on the small of her back. It doesn't stop Dana from struggling. Her feet find the floor and she tries to lift her bottom off my knees.

I hope Dana can guess what's coming. But somehow I doubt it. The panic I feel in her tells me she's thinking that I'm turning her over my knees to give her that enema. I'm not going to make the enema that easy for her. I'm putting her over my knees for the obvious reason.

The way she struggles against it makes me wonder if she's ever been spanked like this. In her adult life. There are countless ways to spank a woman. Any position that offers access to her bottom will do. Somehow I suspect that her previous owner wasn't the type to tun her over His knees. I'd bet, if I had to pick one, that he was the stand-up, bend over and touch your toes for your spanking kind of guy.



Not me. I like turning a woman over my knees. Especially a 30 or 40-something woman a generation older than I am. It arouses me to turn her over my knees as if she were a misbehaving two-year-old. And I know the subs find it a little more degrading to be spanked like this. Which is another plus to me.

I expected Dana not to be eager for an enema. Not too many are. Dana should have been less eager than most. I know she doesn't like anything in her butt. Or so her brain insists. But her pussy seemed to love my tiny finger in there. She'll deny it. But she can't hide those hard twitches I felt erupt throughout her pussy. She can't lie to me. Her pussy was quickly getting ready to cum.

It's obvious that Dana is scared to death by the thought of an enema. I just wonder if she is truly scared of the idea. Or if she's "slut scared." As in scared that it's going to have an effect on her that she won't be able to hide from me and her husband. An effect that she's convinced herself it shouldn't have. Like exciting her. Most likely, I think, it's some combination of both. As in that Dana is scared it's going to be miserably uncomfortable for her, and on top of that, it just might arouse her pussy a little too much for her to act like her body is as unhappy about it as she is. I am certain that she does not want her husband to know that her pussy likes anything that involves her bottom.

And I think a good part of it is her cry baby attitude. Maybe it served her well so far. I can't see her husband ignoring it. I'd bet this is going to be a first for Dana. It will be the first time she hasn't been able to control what happens to her by crying loud and pitifully. Although I don't think resistance is the reason for her crying routine. I think she subconsciously wants to be seen as a little girl and treated that way when she's scared or uncomfortable.

I hold my right hand out. Sophie scrambles to pull the dirty glove off of it. "hairbrush, slave," is all I have to say. As soon as the glove is off my hand, Sophie puts the handle of the "hairbrush" in my hand. It's just

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what it sounds like. An old-fashioned wooden hairbrush. Minus the bristles. Just the wood base. It's oval-shaped head measuring about four inches long, and just under ½" thick of nicely varnished wood. It's my third favorite paddle. And, if I'm right about Dana, the perfect one for her bottom. Being turned over my knees and spanked with a hairbrush is such a stereotypical, "leave it to beaver," kind of punishment for a bad little girl.

I give her a hard swat on one cheek with the paddle. It lands with a decent crack against the taut flesh of her cheeks. The cheeks that are now pulled tight as she lies over my legs, her waist fully bent. It leaves a bright, angry, and fairly light, pink oval seared onto her milky skin.

"YE-OW!" Dana screeches with the swat. Her bottom fidgets. She pants a few very nervous breaths. She cries her "cry-baby" tears. "Ow! That hurts!"

"Shut up, bitch," I tell her firmly. "It's a spanking, it's supposed to hurt. Now, you want to act like a naughty little girl, you'll be spanked like a naughty little girl. And you have a whopper coming, bitch. This is for being a disobedient little cry baby bitch and stupidly thinking that I care if you want your filled up with a nice enema. I don't care. I don't care if it's uncomfortable for you. I don't care if you like it. I just don't care! You're nothing. You don't matter. Only one thing matters, bitch. What I want. And after you pooped all over me, you are going to have an enema. *That* will teach you not to poop on your betters.

"But first you will be spanked for your disobedience. You don't get to say no. You only get to obey. You will behave for your spanking. You will not speak. Not a single word. You will lie there and leave that sorry bottom of yours still for me to spank. You will not cover that bottom with your hands, feet, or anything else. Just lie there and feel the sting of my paddle on your naughty little bottom, bitch."

I don't give her time to do or say anything. I swat her other cheek, searing a matching paddle print on to that cheek. Dana screeches out

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another loud and whiny “YE-OW!” as it lands. And her hips fidget against my thighs.

I swat her again, this time back on the first cheek. Her small bottom doesn't have that much room on it, so a good part of the paddle lands atop the already stinging flesh. She screeches a little louder and cries a little hard. I swat her other cheek.

Then I swat her first cheek again, the third stroke. This one starts her pale white flesh looking more red than pink. She screams a loud, whining “OW!” Dana sobs once then cries out “STOP! IT HURTS TOO MUCH!”

“Bad bitch!” I snap as I scold her. “I told you no talking. Now I’ll just start over. Maybe this time you’ll be a big bitch for your punishment.”

“NO! Please don’t spank me anymore, Ma’am! I’m sorry, Ma’am! I’m sorry! Please, it hurts so bad it’s hard to think! Please don’t make me start over! Please! I’ll be a good bitch!”

I swat her bottom again. She screeches. “No,” I say firmly. “You were bad. You will be punished by starting over. Now stop acting like a baby, bitch.”

I swat her again. It gets her crying hard, like a baby. Not the nervous cry she was sobbing when I turned her over my knees, but a bawling cry of pain.

I swat her bottom again. And again.

Then I swat her bottom again. But now I have both of her cheeks glowing a very bright shade of red. I’m sure Dana feels the heat in those cheeks as they begin to burn. And I know she feels the sting, like a million needles stabbing into her.

I know she’s a little nervous, too. She has to be. It’s not her first spanking, but it is the first time I have spanked her. I’m confident that

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Dana is smart enough to know, and have realized by now, that I am different from her previous owner. She can't be sure how I am going to spank her. Will I bruise her bottom? Will I make it to where she can't sit down for a couple of hours? Or a couple of days? Will I hurt her? Or will it just be a tiny tease of a real spanking? She doesn't know.

But I know what she craves. She craves a good spanking. A real one. One that hurts. But doesn't injure her. Or bruise her bottom. One that teaches her. One that leaves her no doubt that she has to behave for me. In other words, true discipline. Just like a little girl needs.

I swat her again. She screams a very pained "OW!" She tenses up. Her hands are braced against the floor. Her feet come up, kicking wildly for a second. Then they park in front of her bottom. Not still. They wiggle around. Right in front of her globes. Her hips fidget hard at the same time, her bottom moving with them, squirming around atop my thigh.

"Bad bitch!" I snap firmly as I deal with those feet blocking her bottom. Or rather trying to. They might be squirming in front of it, but they wouldn't stop me from getting the paddle to it. I swat her, fairly lightly, on the sole of one of those feet. It's a very tender place to be swatted. It leaves only a very light pinkness to the arch of her foot. But it gets a scream from Dana. And it gets that foot kicking wildly every which way. "I warned you not to cover your bottom, bitch. You still haven't learned to mind your owner. Fine. I have far more time than you have bottom. We'll just start over, *again*."

Dana bursts into a more infantile, bawling cry. She quickly puts her feet down, too. And she lies there, crying as hard and pitifully as she can.

I swat her bottom again. She screeches a pained "OW!" She stiffens up hard, squirming around energetically for a couple of seconds before she gets control back and lies on my lap. She still fidgets fairly energetically. And nervously. But her feet don't come up. They just

squirm around the floor.

I swat her bottom again. And again. By now I have her bottom a bright, medium-deep shade of red. But I don't have it bruised. I'm not swatting her hard enough for that. But this way, it's worse. Fewer harder strokes are always easier. More, lighter strokes hurt worse as each stroke lands atop already stinging flesh. And Dana's glowing cheeks have got be stinging so badly.

I keep on swatting her bottom. She keeps on screeching pained "OW!s" and crying hard. Her bottom keeps glowing. And getting redder by the stroke.

Finally, she makes it. All ten swats. She lies decently still for them, squirming and fidgeting around rather actively, but also not really moving her bottom. And not speaking, just screeching. And her feet don't come up again. It tells me that she's in control of herself. That her misbehaviors were subconscious tests for me. To see how it would be handled. How firm I would be with her. If she can whine her way out of things that are unpleasant for her, or if she'll have to submit to them. How strict I will be with her. How fully I will possess her body.

I give her a minute or so, leaving her to lie over my knees and feel the stinging fire in her bottom. "Are you ready to be a good bitch now, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Dana sobs out a quiet answer, her crying voice still laced with an edge of nervousness, and full of resignation.

"Are you ready for your enema now, bitch?"

Dana bursts back into a full blow bawling cry at the mention of it. She sobs hard for several seconds. "Yes, Ma'am..." She very reluctantly sobs out in a voice that's pure resignation.

I take hold of Dana's shoulders and lift them up, pushing her off my thighs and setting her on her knees. She hesitates there for a short

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moment, then she spreads her knees wide, sits back, and pulls her hands behind her. Like a good girl.

Now that Dana has gotten herself positioned like a good girl, I stare hard at her. "What does a sorry bitch say after her spanking?" I ask in a teasingly soft voice. Then I tell her what to say so she won't have to guess and there won't be any doubts. But I don't give her a rote line to recite. I just tell what to say.

"Miss Rodgers," Dana begins. She's still sobbing hard. Her voice is now one of shame and humiliation, full of resignation that tells me she's accepted her fate and place in life, but also still has that edge of excitement that's never left her voice. "I am so sorry for being a naughty bitch and fussing about my enema, Ma'am. I know it's not up to me, Ma'am... It's your choice if you want to make me have an enema, and it's my place to obey you and let you do it to me... Thank you for spanking me so hard, Ma'am. I'm sorry I made you spank me, Ma'am... thank you for teaching me that I don't decide what's done to my butt, Ma'am."

I smile at Dana, letting her know that her apology is acceptable to me. I believe it. Just as believe that she's still scared to death to get that enema. Only now, I'm leaning toward Dana being "slut scared" to get it. Afraid that she's going to put on a show she'd so prefer her husband not to see. And I believe even more fully that Dana got just what she needed. What her body craves. A strict discipline that left her with an honest feeling that she doesn't have a choice. That I own her. And then the knowledge that I am not going to put up with anything but obedience from her.

"Show us all that you're ready to be a good bitch. Ask humbly for your enema, bitch."

Dana quiets. At the same time, she sobs harder than she's ever sobbed, just quieter. Almost silently. She trembles hard, her entire body showing it. Showing it so vividly that I'm confident that even her husband doesn't miss it. She hesitates a second or two. And then she

asks, her voice so low that I can barely hear it. "Miss Rodgers, " Dana begins. I can hear absolute shame and embarrassment in her voice. That tells me that Dana, until five minutes ago, was certain she'd never ask for this. Ever. I hear the resignation, too. It tells me that Dana accepts, and believes, that she has no choice about anything. Not about submitting to it. Not about asking for it. And there's that tingle of excitement. It tells me that Dana likes being put where she is. She likes not having a choice. And she knows that however unpleasant the enema is, submitting to it will arouse her.

"I'm sorry for being a cry baby, Ma'am... Will you please give me my enema now, Ma'am?"

I glance over to see the surprise on her husband's face. While Dana objected to the enema, I could see that he was about to object himself and rescue her from it. He relaxed a little as she was spanked. That he's seen before and knows how Dana will react to. He knows what to expect. But I've yet to see the honest surprise on his face that I see now. I can't blame him. Dana asking for an enema contradicts everything he thought he knew about her. It's something he never would have imagined her doing. And she's doing it. No bonds hold her. No hands hold her. There's nothing but Dana stopping Dana from running off, either. But she just kneels naked and submissively and asks for the unimagined.

"Will you be a good bitch this time, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Dana's voice breaks with nervousness now. "I promise to behave and be a very good bitch for you while you give me my enema, Miss Rodgers."





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"Stand, bitch." I firmly tell Dana.

It takes Dana a second to make herself stand up. When she does, her legs are somewhat unsteady. But she stands properly. I point her to stand beside the table. She walks over there, a whole step away, with tiny baby steps on nervous feet. But she goes.

I look Dana in the eyes. "Watch my slave set up for your enema," I add even more firmness to voice, letting her know that I am not asking. This instruction is just like every other instruction. Including the instruction to submit to an enema. Dana has only one choice. Whether she will obey, or be punished and then obey. Obedience is not a choice. Only how much punishment she'll choose to endure before submitting.

"Slave... I think a number 16... yellow..." I say to Sophie with a good amount of satisfied teasing in my voice. I hope the tone of my voice alone is enough to make Dana even edgier. She seems to thrive on being edgy and uncomfortable.

Dana obediently watches. Her face is an open book. I can see the relief on it that, for the instant, nothing is being done to her. Then, as Sophie takes the enema out of the duffle bag and sets it on the table, I can see pure horror sweep over Dana.

It's the only enema I brought along, a general-purpose one. I hadn't really planned on giving Dana one. But once I saw how she reacted and felt the overly-aroused reaction in her pussy, when anything was done to her bottom, I decided to give it to her. It's a good thing I believe in always being prepared. But the fact that it's the only one I brought doesn't mean I can't make Dana think I have an entire collection of them in that bag.

It's a syringe-type enema. And the syringe is the size of a bottle of water. It should be! It has just as much fluid in it. 16 ounces. Only it's not water. It's mineral oil tinged yellow with food coloring. The color is my way of knowing exactly what's in the syringe. Unlike water or

glycerin, the mineral oil won't add any water to whatever is in her bowels. It won't soften anything. It will just fill her up.

Dana's eyes go wide as she sees it and the thought that all of that liquid is soon going to be in her bottom fills her head. It gets her trembling vividly again. But she still stands there, her eyes glued to it.

"And maybe a number... ten tip," I say to Sophie. I brought two tips for the syringe. A short fat one and a longer thin one. It's the longer one I asked for. It's about as thick as a pencil. Thinner than my finger. But it's a full ten inches long. Sophie sets it beside the syringe on the table, forcing Dana to see it as well. "That should get the enema all the way to the very depths of her bottom and flush every last speck of filth from this dirty slut!" I tauntingly add.

Sophie sets a pair of latex gloves beside it. Then a single-use packet of lubricating jelly. Then a packet with a little disinfectant wipe in it. Everything I will use to fill Dana up. And every new addition makes Dana show her nervousness even more.

I leave Dana to watch as I screw the nozzle onto the syringe and slip the cap off of it. Then I set I back down. I hold my hands out for Sophie to pull my gloves on for me. Sophie snaps them on. As each one snaps, Dana jumps, knowing that her time is running out.

I point to the empty place along the wall. The same place where Sophie took her picture earlier. I tell her to go face the wall, standing back a few feet from it. She does that, a hard tremor hitting her body as she takes her place and puts her backside to me. I tell her to open her feet halfway, about 18" apart. Her foot creeps slowly along the tile floor as she stretches everything out as much as she can. I tell her to bend over and put her back flat with the floor. I tell her to put her hands on the wall, her arms straight, to brace herself. She's just an inch or two too close to the wall. I have her spread her hands out to the sides just a little until she in place. In place with a full ninety-degree bend at her waist.

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It has her bottom nicely poked out toward me with her globes pulled tautly. Globes that still glow a very bright, and deep, red from the spanking. Globes that have got to be killing her with their sting. A sting that will serve to remind Dana that she doesn't have a choice. The enema might be worse, and definitely is worse to her mind, but even worse than that is another spanking and the enema. And worse than that is the idea that another Domme might toss her aside. Especially one who is so much younger than her.

"Dana. Listen," I tell her in my firmest voice. "You will not say a word. You will hold your bottom still while I give you the enema you deserve for pooping on actual people. You've already disappointed me with your disobedience. You do not want to disappoint me again. Do you understand, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Dana squeaks out in a breaking voice. "I promise, Miss Rodgers, I will stand still and not say a word while you give me my enema, Ma'am." As she stands there, she trembles enough that even her firm cheeks have a bit of a quiver to them.

I get the lubricant and rip the packet open. I squirt about half of it, a decent-sized, but not too big, dollop of it onto the pad of my first finger. Dana hasn't a clue what I'm doing. She's stuck holding her head up which has her staring at a blank wall. I made her do that so that there nothing to distract herself with. Not even cracks in the tiles to count. Just pure emptiness to stare at.

I gently part her cheeks a little to fully bare the tightly-clenched ring of her asshole. It snaps to its tightest before I have those cheeks close to open enough. She mews a very edgy whine. "Relax, bitch, while I lubricate your anus. Unless you don't want to be lubricated. I don't care how easily that nozzle slides up your butt."

Dana freezes. She stiffens hard. And she stays still. I put the pad of my finger, not the tip of it, against her tensed muscle. It squishes the greasy gel over her ring. Dana obediently pushes back hard as she feels

my finger touch her muscle. It forces her muscle to soften to rubber again and stretch slightly open. Her ring opens, but barely. The pinpoint of darkness expanding to maybe 1/8<sup>th</sup> of an inch. But with my finger snugly pressed over it, that's plenty. The grease squishes right into the narrow tunnel through her ring, filling it. I take my finger away. Dana sighs deeply as she exhales a very deep and even more edgy breath. As she does her muscle snaps back to its full tightness. And that gets it to squeeze some of that gel right back out through her clenched ring. I'm sure a little more squirted out the other way, into her bowels. Now her entire ring, maybe 1/2" deep, of muscle and the flesh over has a thin film of gel on its skin to ease the nozzle's way into her bottom.

I put the tip of the nozzle against Dana's tight ring and watch it cinch even tighter. Dana mews a pleading "OOH!" under her breath as she realizes that the time has come. There's nothing left to stall or delay with. The enema is about to begin. And begin by that tip, which seems a mile long to Dana, going up her bottom.

"Relax, bitch... it's thinner than my fingers are. Just relax and it will slide all the way to the very back of your rectum."

I put a little gentle pressure against her ring with the tip. The tip is slightly stiff, but also flexible so that it will curve a bit as it slides through her bowels, easing gently around any slight bends or obstacles in its way. Dana relaxes her asshole again, just the way I taught her earlier. Even rubbery her ring doesn't open very wide at all, but the tip is narrow. And it would press through even if she were to resist. With her muscle relaxing it slips through as if there were nothing to stop it.

"OOH!" Dana squeals out loudly in a panicking shriek as the tip enters her. There's no way it's hurting her. It's barely stretching her at all. It's sort of barely touching her at all, too. Just gliding along on the thin film of gel.

I don't hurry it along. But I don't drag it out either. I just press it casually into her bottom. It takes all of two or three seconds to slip fully

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inside her bottom. Dana manages to squeal out another "OOH!" as it's entering her, this one with even more nervousness in her voice, but one more is all she has time for. After that, she feels the wide end of the syringe pressing against the inside edges of her cheeks. The nozzle is fully inside her bottom.

I start pushing the plunger. Slowly. I push about an ounce every three seconds into her bowels. I'm not trying to drag it out, just to go slow enough that her bowels have time to adjust as they fill.

Dana shrieks "EE!" as she feels the first cold drop of it squirt onto her fiery hot insides. A shiver runs through her body.

"It's not cold, bitch. Your insides are just burning hot. And that your fault for getting all hot like some gutter whore!"

She takes all of two ounces or so before she cries out the first "OW!" After that, it seems as if she cries out another "OW!" for every drop that fills her. Each one getting louder and more strained.

She doesn't quite make it to the halfway point before she screams out a very strained, very panicked, "OW!" She immediately pants a few nervous breaths, then she starts crying hard again. While screeches more "OW!s" between sobs.

She takes maybe another ounce. Then I see her knees buckle for an instant. I can see the tension in her body. I can see that her hips want to squirm. Her feet want to run. I can even see her fingers, spread wide against the wall, "gripping" against the wall until their knuckles turn white. Now I see her toes start to curl up, too.

She takes maybe another ounce, then she screams out a pained "AH!...UH!...OH, OW!" As she cries out, I see her stiff back arch up a little. I know what she's feeling. She's feeling not just the fullness, but the first little cramps hitting her low, behind her bush.

She takes it all. Not well. By the end, she's crying like a baby. And

squealing the loudest chant of "OW!-OW!" over and over again.

Dana's asshole clenches tightly as she strains hard to hold the liquid in. I slowly pull the nozzle back out through her tight muscle. Dana cries. Finally, the nozzle slips from her ring. She doesn't even show it.

I teasingly, and very lightly, let the tip of my finger brush along Dana's furry slit for a fraction of a second. It's plenty. It sends a hard shiver racing over her body. As I do, I notice something else. The fur tangled together atop that slit is sopping wet. And it wasn't when I started.

Then I get the wet wipe and rip open the packet. I shake it out to unfold it. Dana shrieks as I touch it lightly to her asshole. All she feels is the coldness of it. She shrieks again, a little quieter, as I wipe her bottom with it, cleaning the lubricant from atop her tightly clenching ring. I'm sure she can feel what I'm doing. But she doesn't know why, or what might be next. I'm sure she worries that I might put it, or something else, into her bottom. She won't know that this is a kindness to her. If I leave that gel there, it will dry to a sticky gooeyness that will feel miserable between her cheeks.

"Dana, stand," I tell her in my firmest voice.

For a split second, Dana is relieved. Then she starts to straighten up and it hits her. As she does, the angle of the bend in her waist changes. And that changes or tries to change, the angle of her rectum. It's too full and firm to flex, so it just stays firm as it is. Dana feels it as an unbearable fullness, low down, behind her bush. As if not just her bottom wants to explode, but all of her pubes. Probably all the way up to her waistline. Then, more tiny cramps spring up deep inside her pubes. She screams out as she stands up.

But once she's standing, her body quickly adjusts to the new geometry. The cramps fade away. The fullness doesn't. That strains her,

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making it feel as if every bit of her body from about where the waistband of her panties would be down is swollen too-full. Like a water balloon that's going to burst. And she feels the pressure pushing harder than she's ever felt before, against the inside of her asshole. Her asshole wanting so badly to open up and allow whatever is filling her out. She feels a very light burn in her asshole, too, as she strains the muscle harder than ever to hold it shut.

She stands and turns to face me with her feet together. And her thighs squished tightly together. Even her cheeks are tensed and clenched together. It takes her a second, with me just glaring at her, to realize what's expected of her. She puts her hands behind her back. Then she hesitates another second. She realizes I'm not going to allow her any slack. Very slowly she inches her feet apart until she's standing properly.

"Would you like me to take you potty now, bitch?"

Dana looks utterly miserable as she stands there. Her face is wrinkled up. Her muscles are tense. Her teeth even chatter.

As I ask, I see it on her face. She hears what I'm saying. She hears me say "take you potty" not "go potty." She blushes brightly as her eyes pop wide for a moment. I know what she's thinking. *Take me potty? Seriously? I'm 35 years old! I've been going potty for a decade before your parents ever laid on each other! And you... child, are going to take me potty like I'm a baby!* "Yes, Ma'am," Dana eagerly answers in a voice that's muted by the absolute shame in it. Not just the shame of thinking about being taken potty like a baby, but the shame of knowing that she's going so willing allow herself to be humiliated like that. And that her husband is going to see her eagerly allow it.

"Too bad." I laugh, "do you know what I want, bitch? I want a cup of coffee... and Oh, LOOKIE! Your husband has a very nice Mr. Coffee over there!" I laugh again. "Let's see... should the bitch go potty or should the person get Her coffee... what do you think, bitch?"



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"You should have your coffee, Ma'am..." Dana reluctantly sobs out.

"Good bitch. Go make a pot and serve me a cup."

Dana freezes, shock evident on her face. After a couple of seconds, she very tentatively raises her hand like she's back in grade school. I grin as I see it. I sigh out, heavily, as if I'm under a terrible burden. I know what she wants to say. "I said go make it bitch. Are you so stupid that you think I care how uncomfortable your bottom is - AGAIN?"

"No, Ma'am..." Dana squeaks out in a mute voice that would do a mouse proud. "I mean, yes, Ma'am... I'll go make your coffee, Miss Rodgers."

"Good bitch." I tell her.

Dana lowers her hand. I guess I answered her too-obvious question. She walks with the very tiniest of baby steps. Her feet move no more than a couple of inches with each step. She keeps those cheeks clenched tightly together, too. And her muscles tensed just as stiff. Her hands balled into tight fists. And she breathes deep, fast breaths that are definitely "OW!s" with every exhale.

I send Sophie to supervise. I'm very serious about my coffee and I want it my way. I help myself to a chair next to Mike. He's watching Dana, too. But his face is as unsure as it is curious. I know he didn't expect any of this. I really didn't either. I hadn't planned to give her an enema tonight. But I'm sure what has him confused is how subserviently his wife is struggling through her discomfort to obediently cater to me. And not objecting to it. Crying, but she seems to do a lot of that. I wonder if that's why her previous owner tired of her. He tired of listening to her cry.

She makes a full pot. And she pays very careful attention to what she's doing. Almost comically intense attention. As in carefully checking the side of the bag and then using a measuring cup to put the right

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amount of coffee in. And measuring out the water just as diligently. Bottled, purified water from a gallon jug on the counter, not the tap. I know she's never so diligent. I can tell by the amused and surprised look on Mike's face as he watches her work.

Then she stands there, fidgeting desperately, as she impatiently waits for it to brew. I watch, amused by the way she's clenching her cheeks so tightly together. As if that will hold the torrent back.

Just before the pot is brewed, I give her instructions. I tell her to wait until it's fully done brewing. Then pour a cup, preferable a "nice cup" with a saucer, to a finger's-width from the brim. To stir in one teaspoon of real sugar and one tablespoon of real milk. And one drop of vanilla.

As the pot finishes, Dana gets a can of sugar and the milk out. She hunts through her cabinet, bypassing a bottle of imitation vanilla until she finds a small bottle of the real vanilla. She sets it on the counter beside the pot. Then she gets out some measuring spoons. All the while she's very careful not to change the angle of her body.

Mike watches with surprise at the diligence Dana is showing. I'm sure he's only seen it before when she wants to impress a guest. And he certainly did not expect her to show it now. I'd bet he expected her to run for the toilet. Or to make my coffee as fast as a human could make it and get her relief. Instead, she's showing true care in catering to me at her own expense. The disbelief on Mike's face tells me her previous owner didn't get that from her.

When it's ready, Dana brings it over. I tell her to hold her hands flat, six inches out, and even with from her nipples, with the saucer atop her upturned palms. When she gets to me, I tell her to kneel. She does, crying out loud groans as she moves, but not spilling a drop. Even as she spreads her knees wide and discovers very unhappily that doing so pulls her cheeks apart. And stretches on her asshole, making it even harder for her to keep it shut. Making the pressure against it even harder.

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"Here is your coffee, Miss Rodgers," Dana humbly offers it to me. Her voice is squeaky and strained, but also demure and laced with a sultriness. "Thank you for allowing me to make it for you, Ma'am."

I take the coffee and leave Dana kneeling for a second. I sip it. It tastes right, but I knew it would. She took too much care in making it for me. "Now be a good bitch and go fetch your husband a cup. After all, he had to sit here and watch you get your bottom pumped full!"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Dana squeaks out. Then she slowly rises, groaning loudly, and makes her husband a cup. She adds extra cream and sugar to his and skips the vanilla. But she should know how he likes his coffee. They've been married eleven years. Surely she's made enough cups for him by now!

Dana brings his cup over the same way and kneels before him. "Here is a cup of coffee for you, Sir. Thank you so much for being patient and waiting while Miss Rodgers filled my bottom up, Sir." Her voice is just as strained and squeaky. And sultry.

Mike seems to catch the sultriness in her voice. He takes the coffee and sips it. Then he thanks Dana for making it, telling her it's perfect.

I wait for about half a minute. Then I sigh again. "Bitch, I'd rather sit here and sip this coffee... you may go beg my slave to take you potty."

"Yes, Ma'am," Dana says eagerly. She rises with a long, hard grunt. She turns to where Sophie is standing and drops back to her knees. She takes just a second to make sure she's kneeling properly.

"Miss Slave, would you please, please, please, do me a huge favor, Ma'am? Please, Miss Slave, will you please take me potty, Ma'am? Please! I'm sorry that I've been so naughty that Miss Rodgers can't even trust me to go potty by myself. Please, Ma'am, please will you please take me potty? I swear I'll be a very good bitch you, Miss Slave. Please, please, will you please take me potty, Miss Slave?"

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Sophie doesn't answer her. She saw me nod slightly, a cue to her that she's to take Dana. And she's taken enough women to know what I expect her to do. Sophie leans forward and reaches behind Dana's back. She takes hold of Dana's hand, holding Dana's tense hand gently.

"Come along, bitch," Sophie tells her firmly.

Dana has to stand quickly. Sophie doesn't give her a choice. Nor does Sophie offer Dana any concessions to her full bowel. She forces Dana to walk normally to the bathroom. It has Dana squealing loud groans the entire way. But obediently going with Sophie.

"You were right about Dana," I tell Mike. "I know neither you nor Dana imagined this. I didn't plan it either. But right now, she's so excited that she can barely control herself. I don't know if you saw the glistening between her thighs or not, but she's leaking honey she's so wet. If she were wearing panties, they'd be literally drenched. You'll see after I leave.

"Right now, Dana is going to be blushing as red as you've ever seen her. And she's going to be getting even hotter as she does. My slave is going to stand right over Dana and watch Dana very closely. She'll see everything Dana does. And she will make sure Dana knows that she is paying that close of attention. It will be utterly humiliating for Dana. And that will arouse her. You'll see. Her body told me she wants this."



# Chapter 05: Plugged Up

## Used Bitch

It's several minutes later, almost ten, when Sophie walks a still-blushing Dana back into the kitchen by the hand. She brings Dana to me and tells her to kneel. Then Sophie kneels down and waits. I tell her she may speak.

"This bitch used all of her five minutes, Mistress. It made a very big, and stinky, mess, Mistress. This slave watched it clean its bottom, and checked it after. It is clean for you, Mistress."

"Good slave," I tell Sophie in my sweetest voice.

I don't care what Dana did in there. But I do want Dana to feel the added little humiliation of kneeling there demurely as she hears Sophie give me, and her husband, a very detailed report about her potty trip. I've already told Mike what Sophie would do. How she would make Dana sit up with her knees spread wide so Sophie could see everything coming out of Dana. That Dana would be limited to five minutes. That afterward Dana would have to stand up and spread her cheeks so Sophie could watch her wipe. And then, before bringing her out, Sophie would closely inspect Dana's asshole to make sure it was clean. It's about as humiliating of a potty trip as is possible. Almost. And now Dana has been reminded of the embarrassment.

"slave, fetch me a number six plug," I tell Sophie.

"Yes, Mistress." Sophie answers. Then she gets it for me. I've asked for a "disposable" butt plug. I call it disposable because I buy them in bulk from China for less than a buck each. It has a shaft that's six inches long and 1 ¼" across. Then it has another ¾" of shaft that curves inward gently, narrowing to ¾" thick at its lowest point. After that little bit of shaft, there's a wider end to it, about ¾" long, with the side facing the body curving quickly outward in a shape like the bottom of an egg until it's about two inches across. That will stuff the space between Dana's cheeks nicely.

The shaft starts with a fairly narrow rod of rigid, but flexible,

## Chapter 05: Plugged Up

plastic. Around that is a layer of a very dense foam that squishes, but not much. Over that, there's a thin layer of latex, like a condom. I put a little bit of lubricant on the bullet-shaped tip of the shaft. Then I set the toy on the table beside me on its base, its greased tip pointing up.

Dana's eyes lock on it. I'm sure she knows exactly what it is. Or can guess. And I'm sure her mind is already alive with imagined horrors of that thick shaft being shoved into her bottom. Just as I'm sure that Dana realizes that no matter how much it hurts, she's going to allow it into her bottom. Because I said so.

"Dana... would you to climax?"

Dana blushes as red as a beet. She answers in an embarrassed, mousy-shy voice. "Yes, Ma'am." I can see that her answer surprises Mike, even though I told him Dana was getting hot.

"Would you like that nice big penis-sized toy all the way up your tight little bottom, bitch?" I ask Dana teasingly.

She cringes. She trembles once at just the thought. Then she resigns herself to it. "If you wish it in my bottom, then yes, Ma'am, I want you to put it all the way up my bottom, Ma'am."

"Offer me your butt, bitch," I tell Dana.

She remembers what to do. She stands, faces the chair, and bends over to rest her forearms on it. With her feet stretched to their widest. And then she waits, staring ahead at the sink.

I don't hesitate. Nor do I move reluctantly as Dana did. I pick up the toy and step right over to Dana. I spread her cheeks fully apart, baring her asshole. Her recently used asshole. The one that just had to hold that enema in a good fifteen minutes. I put the tip of the fat shaft to her muscle.

I see Dana push back as I've taught her to do. I see her muscle turn to rubber and start to open. I see the tapered tip of the shaft starting to



stretch her. I decide to reward Dana for her obedience. I tell her to push much harder. It's her asshole that about to stretched "a mile wide," she might want to relax it for that.

Dana pushes with every ounce of strength she has. It's never going to open her, or anyone's, asshole nearly as wide as this toy. But it will take the tension out of her muscle and allow it to be stretched easily. The tip slips forward, stretching her ring as it starts to enter her body. I take this part fairly slow, allowing Dana to stretch gently instead of quickly. It's easier for her. She gets about half of the taper into her bottom, stretching her ring about half of what it's going to stretch.

Dana squeals out a very panicked "OOH!" and draws it out as the tip keeps pulling her ringer wider. "OH!-UH!...EE-OHH!" Dana cries out as the toy finally stretches her far enough that all of the wrinkles flowing into her asshole are gone, her skin now taut. "OW!" she squeals as the tip finally slips the last little bit into her. Now she's stretched as widely as she's going to be.

"OH!-OOH!" Dana's squeal is loud and very nervous, but not especially pained. It's more like she's uncomfortable, and very far beyond the envelope of what she knows. Lost. And this is a very weird feeling for her. And uncomfortably filling. She pants a few fast "OH!s"

The toy is plenty wide enough to stretch Dana's insides out. It doesn't take long for the thick shaft to do just that. It has the shaft, as it slides along, stroking over her taut insides in every direction. And that has the toy pressing lightly against the backside of her pussy walls, too. And stroking those as it glides along, reaching for her depths.

"OH!...AH! AH!... OH!...AHH!" Dana is screeching out as her entire body shudders hard. Almost as hard as if she were climaxing. She keeps shuddering, screeching out "OH!-AHH!s" that grow extremely erotic and needy as the toy inches into her bottom.

I slip the toy all the way into her until the "bowled-in" narrower

## Chapter 05: Plugged Up

shaft is at her asshole. I can see her ring tighten as it slips into the narrower space, no longer required to stretch quite as fully. That indent will ensure that the toy stays right here. Her asshole will resist any attempt to stretch wider, and the shaft can't move without stretching her back wide. I release Dana's cheeks, letting them close around the wide, curving, end of it. It's wide enough to hold her firm globes apart. But short enough that it doesn't stand out beyond the top of her crack.

I tell Dana to come kneel before me and her husband. Then I sit back and watch.

Dana starts to stand. Her body's geometry changes. Only this time it doesn't cramp her. Instead, as her bowels try to shift, they're shifting against the backside of her pussy. Filled full and firm with the toy, her bowels stroke those nervy walls. Dana screams. It's a very sensual, erotic, and desperately needs scream. Not a scream of pain. A scream of desire.

It takes her forever to cross the single-step over to us and get down onto her knees. Moments that Dana spends crying out ever-stronger squealing "AH!-OH!-EE!s" of delight. Agonizing delight. By the time she's on her knees, goosebumps are covering a decent part of her body.

I point between Dana's spread thighs. I ask Mike if he "can see just how soaking wet this bitch's fur is?" He looks and admits it does look like she just got out of a shower. It makes Dana blush. It just shattered her world. She can no longer lie to her husband. He knows that she likes her butt "messed with," no matter how much she insists otherwise and cries about it.

"Bitch... do you *need* to masturbate and climax right now?"

"Yes, Ma'am... Please, Ma'am, please allow me to masturbate!... Oh G-d, Ma'am, PLEASE! I can't stand this! That toy is killing me! I have to cum right now Ma'am!"

"That toy will stay right where it is until you've climaxed, no

matter what. Is that clear, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Dana answers very eagerly. And it's not just her eagerness to cum. She's eager to cum with it in her butt and see what's that like for her. She's just going firmly insist that's not the case, and cry if anyone says otherwise. "I promise, Miss Rodgers, I won't even think about getting out of my butt before I've came, Ma'am! May I please masturbate right now, Ma'am?"

I can see that Mike is slightly shocked by the shamelessness of Dana's pleas to masturbate. Publicly. I doubt he'd mind the show, though.

I stall for time. "Listen carefully, bitch. You are *never* to contact me. No way, not for anything. What you will do is this. Every Saturday and Wednesday night, you will ask your husband to email me. You may not write, or type a word. Not even type out a file for him to cut and paste from. You will *tell* him exactly how your pussy is doing so that he can tell me. You may not read anything he writes to me. You will tell me about every orgasm it has. Whether he generously gives it to, or even if you have to masturbate for it. You will tell him how aroused you are right then. You will tell him every sexual fantasy or daydream you've had. That is all. Do not ask him to arrange a session for you. You will get a session whenever, and only whenever, it amuses me to toy with your whiny butt. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Dana firmly answers. She blushes just the tiniest bit as she thinks about what she's going to have to tell him. I'll bet he's in for a few surprises.

"That begins Saturday night. No later than seven am tomorrow morning, you will write me a polite, formal, thank you letter as if you have some actual manners. Handwrite it. Give it to him. He will take a picture of it and he will transcribe it into an email to me. I suggest asking him very politely to do that for you. You'll be the one to pay for it if it's late. Not him. You. Is that clear?"

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"Yes, Ma'am! I'll beg him to get it to you on time, Miss Rodgers!"

I turn to Mike and tell him that he's welcome to email or call me whenever he wants, or if he has a question. As long as it's for him, not Dana. She only gets what I've given her.

That's all the time I have to waste. I hear the chirp of Mike's cell phone. While she was in the bathroom I asked him what the earliest his kids would be home was. He told me not to worry. He told the couple who took them that they were having company this even, to please text him as they left the ice cream store. It gives him five minutes warning, in the best of traffic. It's not 7:32, so I'm sure the text he just got is the one I've been stalling until he got. The five-minute warning.

"Uh, oh!" I blurt out with a lot of taunting excitement in my voice. "I guess you were just too naughty tonight, bitch! All that time I wasted spanking you could have been spent masturbating! But not now! Your kids will be here in just a couple of minutes! That was the warning they're on their way! If I were a skanky slut bitch like you, I'd beg my husband to return my clothes now. I wouldn't want anyone to see me naked and on my knees... especially with my butt stuff full! Would like to beg him for your clothes, bitch?"

"YES, Ma'am!" Dana blurts out very nervously. And with as much embarrassment as I've heard yet. I'm sure she's thinking of their friends stumbling in on this scene. Long before sunrise, she'd be the talk of the neighborhood. "Please, Ma'am!"

"Beg him, bitch. If he returns them to it, it is to be one piece at a time, in the exact order they are in the pile. Which will be opposite the order they came off in. Beg for each piece, bitch."

Dana turns to him, crying out a very hot squeal as she does. And she begs him utterly shamelessly for her wedding rings, the last thing to come off until he holds them out to her.

Dana hurries to dress. Even when she has to stand to put

something, like her panties, back on. She screams out her sultry cries with even the tiniest of movements, but she also forces herself to hold her desires in check as she dresses.

And she almost makes it without too much of a show. It happens as she squats down to put her socks on. Finally, the stimulation becomes unbearable for her. Not only does she cry out the neediest squeal yet, but she shudders hard. So much that she drops the last couple of inches onto her bottom as she's still shuddering. That pounds the toy into her bottom, and the shudders, with her weight holding the toy's base against the floor, have the toy stroking against her pussy hard. She comes very close to climaxing right there, fully dressed, just from shuddering against the floor. But she manages to get back off the floor before it happens.

She barely has her shoes on when the kids barge in. She's still tying the last one. She gets it done before the kids, followed by the other couple, make it back to the kitchen. They only see Dana standing, Mike, Sophie, and me, sitting. There's not even a toy in sight. Just coffee cups.

Dana quickly gets rid of the other couple. She just as quickly introduces Sophie and me to her kids. As "Miss Rodgers" and "Miss Slave" the only names she has for us. The kids just assume "Slave" is Sophie's last name. I nod, and Sophie entertains the kids. She makes instant friends with them by asking the most important question: who had what flavor of ice cream, and how yummy was it? The kids gush out a full report.

"Dana," I whisper in her ear, "remember that toy stays put until you climaxed. You do not want to disappoint me again. You'll just have to wait to take care of your slutty pussy until you've put those adorable kids to bed."

And then, I excuse myself. Sophie and I leave. I firmly tell Dana to walk us to the door like a polite lady. It's the first time she's moved since the kids got home. And it about kills her. She walks with tensed muscles and gritted teeth as she struggles with all of her will power not to cry out

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another hungry erotic shriek. As I leave, I tell her “and don’t dump your life on your husband just because your slutty pussy is throbbing, bitch. You can take care of your kids.”

“Yes, Ma’am...” Dana squeaks out, her voice now pure needy desire.



# Chapter 06: The Bitch Speaks



Pepper;

I hope I don't offend you, but something tells me you won't be offended by sex talk.

I don't know what to say. As I was sitting there watching tonight, I didn't understand anything. To me, it looked like you just sort of played with Dana's body for half the night. And then spanked her, which looked awful and painful. I don't see any bruising, but her bottom is still very red. And I haven't seen her sit yet! Then the enema. I thought that was... bad.

I thought for sure as soon as you were gone that toy was coming out of her bottom. But she never once even hinted about it, so I didn't say anything. Even though I could hear her struggling so hard just to do anything for her kids.

The very instant they were in bed, not yet asleep, Dana came right to me and in the sexiest voice ever, said "thank God, they're in bed. Now hurry up and fuck me!" even as she said it she was pulling her clothes off. I didn't expect it. I figured she'd want to finish alone, with that thing in her. I didn't see how she could have sex.

She did. I thought I'd feel that toy, but I didn't actually feel it. I think. Dana was a lot tighter, so I guess that was the toy. I'm not complaining.

I have never seen Dana like she was. I have claw marks on my back, sides, and chest. Dana came very quickly, maybe a minute. I immediately asked her if she wanted that toy out of her bottom, and all she did was roll us over so she was on top and keep on going. As energetically as ever. Wildly. I don't think she even heard me. She came four times before I did.

And then she just sort of fell over and lie there in a dreamy state. She didn't even flinch when I eased that toy from her bottom. She looks so satisfied right now. I guess I'll find out in the morning when she writes your letter.

## Chapter 06: The Bitch Speaks

I admit, when I heard you were going to give her an enema, I thought it was going to be the last time Dana wanted to see you. I guess maybe not. I hope she enjoyed it as much as she made me enjoy it afterward.

Mike.

## Used Bitch

Dear Miss Rodgers;

Thank you very much for being so kind as to come meet me last night, Ma'am. I want you to know how satisfying your visit was for me, Ma'am.

Honestly, Ma'am, it was far beyond anything I have ever dreamed of. Mr. Dobbs has never done anything like that with me, Ma'am. And I didn't have a clue what I was missing. You taught me so much, Ma'am.

From the first second you spoke to me, something in me knew that needed to please you. That I wanted to. That I needed for you to be pleased with me.

As I stood there taking my clothes off for you, I knew you were checking my body out, deciding if you wanted my body or not. I thought you wouldn't. You are so young and you are pretty. You could have so much more than I have to offer. Like your pretty slave girl... Oh, what I wouldn't give to be her! I was getting aroused right then. And I was extremely embarrassed, Ma'am.

I am still blushing as I think about those pictures you had your slave take of me. I know you have them. And I know I don't have any control over what you do with them. You could put them online where everyone at my church would see them and know I am not a... proper woman. I can't stop thinking about them. It makes me feel very vulnerable, Ma'am as if I am completely at your mercy. That you can utterly humiliate me at any moment, and I am powerless to stop it. I want to beg you not to do that to me. But I know that I just have to pray you don't.

I honestly didn't know that my butt was that sensitive. When your finger was in there, and I felt it, I was shocked! I felt in my... privates, not in my butt. And I loved it. I guess you noticed that hence the enema.

## Chapter 06: The Bitch Speaks

I admit I've never had one before in my life. I'm sorry I was so scared of it. I was half scared because I thought it was going to hurt. And I was half scared because I had no clue what it was going to do to me. I guess you noticed I cry a lot. Especially when I'm embarrassed or afraid. And I was right to be scared, Ma'am! It was awful. I've never had to go so badly. It about killed me it was so bad. And at the same time, I could feel myself burning so hot... down there, that I wanted to scream. And I was throbbing I ached so badly. I would have died for a touch right then.

And serving coffee with my butt full? So bad that I wanted to cry. And yet I wanted to please you, so I tried so hard to make it right. And while I was, every little movement made me throb even harder down there!

And then, you humiliated me in a way I wouldn't have dreamed up in a million years. You made me ask your slave to take me potty. That was the single most degrading thing you could have done to me. She stood so closely over me. She commented on what I was doing. What was coming out of me! It made me think about how much of what I was doing that she was seeing! Do you have any clue how humiliating it is to sit there naked on the toilet while a much younger slave tells you how "good" you are doing because a huge log of poop just came out of your butt so easily? I cried I was so humiliated. Do you know what your slave said then? She told me to pay attention to pooping, not my privates, which she knew I was doing because she could see them getting so wet!

I really thought you were going to make me put on a show for my husband. I thought you'd make me touch myself on my knees and let him watch me do it. That would be so embarrassing for me. He's never seen me do that before. He doesn't even know I've snuck a few times in between nights with him. And now I'm going to have to tell him if I do! I will cry. That will be so embarrassing.

## Used Bitch

But we ran out of time. I think you planned it that way, too. I just barely had my clothes on when the kids came home. All I could think was how was I going to take care of them when I couldn't move. And I couldn't move because if I did, I was going to scream out another moan! I somehow made myself do it, but it was the hardest thing I've ever done. I have teeth marks on my tongue from biting it, Ma'am! Every little move, no matter how small, and the ache down there went from unbearable to unbelievably unbearable in the blink of an eye. It killed me down there! And I had to keep from showing it!

By the time I got the kids in bed, I couldn't wait a second. I went right to my husband and told him to take me immediately. He didn't object...

I barely remember the sex with him. I remember feeling him so much stronger than ever before. It was like private took over and my whole body became them. All of me felt that ache. And all of me felt the delicious tingles of the sex. I remember it felt like I was on fire. Not down there, but everywhere. Like my entire body burned and ached, as was about to explode. For a second the pain was unbearable. I wanted to scream. Then, nothing. Just sweetness flooding through me. And these hard tremors hitting me. I don't remember anything after that.

Not until the alarm went off this morning. When I opened my eyes, my entire body felt like it was floating on a cloud in heaven. It took me a minute to remember your toy, but when I reached back to my behind it was gone. I only found out later that he took it out for me after I passed out. Which I apparently did after four screaming orgasms, three of which I don't remember at all. I swear for a moment I thought he cheated on me last night - he has these claw marks all over his chest, and I have never done anything like that to him before! But I guess I did. He said he's not complaining. Then I remembered that I had to write this letter. I had intended to

## Chapter 06: The Bitch Speaks

write it last night. Then I was so... hot that I figured I do it after we had sex. I guess I was so wrong! But I've never passed out before. I've always been fully alert afterward. I panicked, thinking that I had so little time, and there was no way I was going to disappoint you!

I felt you like knew me far better than I know myself, and you taught me a lot about myself last night. I also felt, and still feel, like you truly own me. The enema did that. The way you made me allow you to give it to me. You didn't tie me for it. That would have been better. You made me allow it. You made me stand there, knowing I wanted nothing more than not to do it, and do it without complaint. That made me feel like you owned me because you so easily made me do what you wanted me to, and I couldn't make myself do what I wanted to instead. And you made me feel like I was nothing but a doll you were playing with. That I wasn't a person with feelings. That you didn't care about me. Just that you could play with me. But at the same time, I knew you weren't going to hurt me.

I knew that even when you were spanking me. That hurt. Badly. I almost couldn't stand it, it hurt so much. I was about to lose it and beg when you decided I had enough and stopped. As if you could tell that I had suffered all I could bear. I'll say this: I: didn't bother to look at my behind last night. But I couldn't resist this morning. It's not even red! But I am writing this standing up! I don't think I'll sit today, either. I can still feel the dull throbbing pain in my bottom. And all I can think is how much I disappointed you to get spanked like that! Please accept my apology for being so bad and disappointing you. I am sorry I am such a cry baby!

I just hope I wasn't such a big disappointment to you that you don't want me anymore. I guess I won't know for a while, will I? I'll just have to have a very embarrassing conversation with my husband twice a week, and pray that you will

## Used Bitch

eventually give me another chance to please you 1/100th as much as I was pleased last night.

So thank you very much for meeting me, Miss Rodgers. You taught me so much. And you made me feel like a fool for seeing Mr. Dobbs for so long! He couldn't have imagined a tenth of last night. And He always let me out of something when I cried too much. You don't care if I cry, beg, or scream. Just that I obey.

Please come see me again, Ma'am. Please, Miss Rodgers, let me try again to please you just a little, Ma'am?

Your bitch forever,

Dana Jacqueline Fulbert.

### Author's Note:

These are the actual emails I received from the toy (and her husband) who actually endured this session. I have changed only the names in them, and replaced the name of her church with "my church." Otherwise, they are "cut and paste" as the epilogue to this story. Well, that and run through spell check.