



A Lesson For All

Nadezhda Sarankhova

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

MistressNadia@Yandex.ru

Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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Introduction:

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

My name is Pepper Rodgers. I'm a 21-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

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

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

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

Sophie is my 21-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 118 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest. Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she

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finished high school.

Paige is my 20-year-old house-slave and slave-whore. It's a role she definitely loves. She lives with me, too. In a kennel, in the playroom. Like Sophie, she came to me during her final year of high school, just after her 18th birthday. Paige does most of the chores around the house, which leaves Sophie free to cater more closely to me. Paige is also my whore. Whenever I need a female body to torment one of my toys, it's Paige's body I use. And Paige definitely doesn't mind it.

Paige is a rather lean girl. She stands about 5'7" tall, but weighs only 112 pounds. It gives her a slightly stickish figure, with only the gentlest of feminine curves to her waist and hips. But she does have a pair of rather perky, and slightly pointy, 34-B breasts with wide nipples. She has honey brown hair that's long and curly with green eyes.

I believe in taking good care of my slaves. Including their education. Sophie is now a junior at USA where she's studying to become a vet technician. Paige, is also in her junior year at USA. Before they became mine, both girls were mediocre students, and neither had the grades to get into a four-year university. Now they're straight-A students. I wouldn't accept anything less. Both transferred to USA this year for their last two years of college and will earn degrees that would allow them to actually get a decent job. They might not need to work while they're mine, but I want them to have their education and options down the line.

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

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I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommies as well. Andrea (29), Janelle (37), Colette (41), Diane (48), and Olive (47). 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!

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

I have dual citizenship. That's a benefit the Russian government bestowed upon me because my father was a

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



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My Domme friend Olive asked me for what sounded like a simple favor. Olive is one of "my kinky friends," as most people refer to them. There are six of us, and we try to get together about once a month just for coffee. And to swap stories or ideas. There are a few other Doms and Dommes I've done favors for, but I'm not as close with them.

The six of us often loan our toys to each other. Sometimes we'll swap one or give one away. Mostly we do it for variety. That's the one thing that I truly crave: variety. Doing the same things with the same toys gets boring to me. And toys all have things they like or don't like. Too many of the things they don't like, and they're not coming back. So it makes sense to loan the toys to each other. I know my toys will be safe with the others, and they know theirs will be safe with me. I know my toys well, too. I know what each likes and doesn't. I know how each will respond to each of my friends. I know their styles well enough, and everyone's style is a bit different. To make things easier we've all agreed on a short list of standard commands for our toys. That way, if I tell one of Olive's toys to get on its knees, the toy only needs to do as it has been doing all along to give me exactly what I want.

Olive told me about the couple. Beth and Fred. They've been married for 11 years now. And they play together. Olive's owned them for about five years now, seeing them somewhere around once every six or eight weeks. Obviously, it's working out well for all of them.

It's been five weeks now since Olive has seen the couple. During that time, she's "popped in" on them twice. That's something I do with my toys as well, at least as my scarce time permits. It means she randomly showed up at their home, giving them no notice she was considering coming. They just answered the doorbell, and there Olive was.

Such sessions shouldn't even be called sessions.

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They rarely, if ever, last more than a half hour. I've been well known to surprise a toy somewhere other than its home for a little "pop-by" too. Even public places. The idea is just to gently remind the toy that it is my property. That I own it and will use it when, where, how, with whom, and for what I fancy. That I don't care what's going on in the toy's life at that moment. When the whim strikes me, the toy gets used without regard for the toy. Or so goes the illusion. In reality, I'm extremely careful about what I do so as not to ruin anything in a toy's vanilla life. Yes, I've stripped toys naked and spanked them in the middle of a restaurant at supper time. But everyone in the restaurant was in on it. The toys just didn't know it. I'm sure they figured it out or guessed it at some point, but I still haven't told them. See? Illusion.

According to Olive, the last time she popped in on the couple was a Friday morning. At 05:45 in the morning, specifically. As she intended to, she caught the couple asleep in bed. As soon as Beth answered the door, Olive scolded her for taking too long. It made as good of an excuse as any. It earned Beth a quick spanking. A spanking she was first made to go fetch her husband to come watch. A spanking that despite lasting under a minute, left Beth's bottom on fire and glowing red. Olive decided that Fred also deserved a spanking for sending his wife to answer the door to "G-d knows who in the middle of the night." That left his bottom matching Beth's. It also left his penis rather stiff and twitching.

Beth, now on her hands and knees, was just as aroused as Fred was. Olive didn't allow them to take care of each other. She didn't have the time for that. Instead, she had them stand beside each other, like soldiers at attention and scolded the pair of them. While helping herself to some rather intimate "inspecting" of their standing bodies. Just as I would do, Olive scolded the middle-aged couple as if they were toddlers caught with their hands in a cookie jar.

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Then Olive had the chastised couple stand facing each other, one's hands on the other's hips. Fred first was told to use his left hand – he's right-handed – to slowly stroke his penis. He was not given permission to cum. Instead, as he stroked his penis, Olive scolded him even more, this time for getting aroused while over her knees for his spanking. She scolded him graphically, often referring to his penis. By the end of his scolding, about five minutes he spent touching himself and staring into Beth's eyes, his cock was oozing thick droplets of pre-cum. That's when she stopped him. Beth got the same treatment, and it left her sloppy wet. She sent Beth to choose a pair of underwear for Fred, and then to put them on him. Fred got to fetch a pair for Beth. They were then told why. The last part of their punishment was that the underwear would stay on until Olive told them otherwise. There would be no relief.

Otherwise came by video call that evening. Beth first. Fred was told to remove her panties and immediately hold her pussy wide open and displayed for Olive to see. It was still sopping wet. Fred was allowed to masturbate her, and after an excruciating ten minutes, Beth was allowed to climax. All of it with Olive watching. Then Fred got the same treatment. After which, they were again forbidden to touch each other.

She tells me that Monday, after a rather uncomfortable weekend for the pair, she allowed them to relieve each other orally. Except Beth wasn't able to finish Fred in the ten minutes allotted, so she was told to use her hand to finish him off. Since then, the pair hasn't been allowed any kind of sex. Not even masturbation.

Olive tells me that both crave stern discipline. That's rather common. Another thing they crave is a touch of safe danger in whatever they do. It's why Fred was so ready to cum when Olive was there, and almost didn't

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when Olive wasn't. Or part of it. Obviously Olive would have demanded he cum when instructed, and punished him strictly if he so much as took too long to do it.

But even more so was that Grace, Beth's 20-year-old daughter was in the house Friday morning. When Olive had the pair in their living room, a room Grace might well come into without a thought. A place where there was a real, albeit slim at that time of the morning, chance that Grace would walk in and see everything. A chance of being caught. Monday Grace wasn't home, and it wouldn't have mattered anyway with the couple in their bedroom.

Not that any of it would have come as a surprise to Grace. Young adults are fairly perceptive about what's going on in their homes. Grace has likely known about their playtime for years. All it would take would be for Grace to hear Olive's voice and she'd hide in her room until she knew Olive had left. It's probably not a sight that Grace is eager to see. But still, the possibility of being caught is there, and that's all it takes to excite the couple.

The other thing the couple truly needs is humiliation. That's fairly common in subs, too. But, according to Olive, this couple has been playing long enough that they've already been degraded in so many ways. Like anything else, the more something happens, the more they get used to it. The first time getting caught is humiliating. The hundredth is just another item on the list. It takes variety. It takes new ways to humiliate them, preferably a little deeper than the last. And humiliation is something I've always specialized in.

All of which makes a good reason for Olive to send them to one of us. It will be different for them. They will endure humiliation simply by being at the hands of a total stranger. I'm sure my age is another reason Olive wants me. I'm a scant year older than Beth's daughter. It won't be lost on either of the forties-plus couple that they are, at least temporarily, owned by a woman young enough to be

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their daughter. That kind of status reversal tends to work well.

There are two more reasons Olive wants me to see the couple. The first, and biggest, is that Beth has an interest that Olive isn't skilled enough to fill. Beth has always had fantasies about a "naughty medical exam." Olive has no medical training. I'm a licensed nurse working in a trauma center. On top of that, I'm well known for fully examining those, in near-absurd depth, who join my toybox. Olive, like all of my friends, has seen the results of those exams on my ShameBook. I take pictures of places that sometimes even their doctors haven't seen. And show them off on ShameBook. I have no doubt that Olive intends to point that out to them. That pictures of the inside of Beth's pussy and cervix are displayed to anyone Olive or I chose to allow to see them. Will be forever. And there's nothing Beth can do about it. Except pray that no one who knows her gets to see them.

The other reason Olive wants me is that I have a few non-Dommes that love to participate. A few are friends. Most are toys of mine who enjoy getting in the action on both sides of the whip. A few more are escorts of my toys who enjoy playing with more than the toy they escort. More so if their "other" gets in the fun, too. It leaves me with a lot of options that just aren't available to Olive. Actually, they are, she knows that she can borrow any of my toys anytime she wants. And she knows enough about them to know which one she'd want for what. If she had a doubt, she could ask, I'd recommend one or two.

The reason Olive is doing this now is simple. For the last year or so, Fred has been getting harder and harder for Beth arouse when Olive isn't there. It's not, in Olive's opinion, that anything has changed or that Fred has his eye on another woman. It's what I call the "LTBs." that's Long Term Blahs. They've been together so long that they know each other so well by now that everything between them

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has become routine. Not exactly boring, but uninteresting. Unvaried. The only variety they get is when Olive comes by. Then there's no telling what will happen.

Olive's ask is straightforward. She wants Beth to get a very naughty exam. The same exam I give the toys entering my toybox. That's not a problem for me. It won't even take me that long.

But on top of that, Olive wants me to "change things up for them." She wants me to break them out of those blahs by doing something unexpected, and very arousing, for the pair. Something that will have them seeing each other in a new light. Something that will have them wanting each other again. That's not so hard as it sounds. At least not with full control over the pair.

She tells me that Fred owns the business he works at. He can get away with anything there, including skipping a few days of work. Whatever comes up, there are others to handle it. He only works there to save himself the cost of hiring another employee.

Beth used to be a hairdresser. She lost that job when COVID hit and the state shuttered all the salons. By the time they'd reopened, she had a job working from home answering customer service calls for a fair number of businesses. It's a job that pays by the call, with no set hours or other demands on her. And she makes about the same. She can work as much or as little as she wants, from anywhere with a laptop and WiFi. Plus the family isn't so broke that Beth missing a few days would mean much to them. So I can tie her up, too, if I chose to.

I ask Olive about Grace. She tells me that she's met the girl several times, but so far Grace has deftly avoided having to see anything, even when she was in the house while it happened. She describes Grace as quiet and slightly timid, at least around her. She tells me that Grace has never challenged her or balked at anything. When Olive appears, Grace simply rolls her eyes and vanishes at

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the first opportunity.

Olive tells me that Grace only “kind of” lives with her parents. She has a boyfriend that she’s been dating for a couple of years now. She spends more nights at his place than at home. She has a fair part of her things at his place as well. It’s as if she’s moving in with him very slowly. Which is probably what she’s doing. No one knows why she’s taking her time about it. At least no one over the age of 30. I don’t either. I’ve never met Grace.

Olive has met her boyfriend twice, and then very briefly. Both times were times she popped up unexpectedly. Both times Grace quickly nudged him to leave and take her with him. From what she's seen, he's a decent guy. A few years older than Grace. A man more like Fred's public persona than his private. Strong and manly. She doesn't know if he'd be interested in any playtime but says that if he was, he'd be the one holding the whip, not feeling it. She's seen him be slightly direct with Grace, and the girl didn't object. Then again, at the time, Grace was probably only thinking of getting out of there.

I told Olive that Saturday morning was the only time I could free up for the couple. I asked her to wait until early Friday evening to tell them anything. And then, she was only to tell them that since Beth was having such a hard time arousing her man, Olive wanted to make sure that Beth was “sexually healthy,” and thus the problem was just her worthlessness. To accomplish that, Beth would be given a complete “sexual health exam.” No mention of when it would be. Fred would be required to accompany her, and both of them were expected to “be on their best behavior for the nurse.” That’s a simple cue to them, one both of them should fully understand. It means they’re to obey me no matter what. Just as if they were being given to another Domme. Which they are, they just won’t know that yet.

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Olive was to tell them only that "the nurse," no names used, has some stringent rules they will be required to obey. Disappointing me with misbehavior was not something they wanted to do. The most important of my rules is that, since Beth is an utterly worthless bitch, she must have a responsible party bring her to the exam. She should select someone she trusts completely since that person will be making all of the decisions for her. Beth will not be allowed to make a single decision about anything, not even her body, here. Her escort will do so for her and she will endure the consequences of whatever choice he makes. Fred, being as worthless as she is, will not be allowed to be her escort. Instead, he will also be under the escort's authority while here. He will be expected to mind me and Beth's escort equally. Again, misbehavior will not be tolerated.

The requirements for an escort are few. It must be a responsible adult. Anyone over 18 will do, except a worthless tramp. It must be someone in Beth's life – someone she sees at least a few times per week. It must be someone she's known for no less than a year. It may not be anyone she's ever dated or been intimate with outside of Olive's direction. It must be someone who knows her at least well enough to know her full name, phone number, address, birthday, and age. It must be someone who has been in her house within the last 60 days. And it must be a male.

I added the last condition to eliminate the most obvious choice: Grace. I also wanted to rule out her BFFs. They likely already know something of her playtime, but not likely any details. Those are all people Beth would be most comfortable asking and allowing to have that power over her. I want her uncomfortable asking someone. I want her less than at ease with the person she chooses.

Olive is to give Beth only my phone number. Not my name. Beth has until 9 pm to choose someone and have

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that person call me outside of Beth's presence. To ensure Beth isn't eavesdropping, something I can guess she's dying to do, the person must call me from anywhere but Beth's home and both Beth and Fred may not leave the house until they are given permission. For any reason. Olive makes it clear to Beth that none of it is a request. It is what Beth is going to do. Olive, like me, doesn't bother to add an "or else." There's no need to. Beth knows well that the "or else" means that Beth will be punished strictly, and then it will be worse for her when she ends up doing it anyway. She won't get out of it. No matter what. She's been told what her Queen wishes her to do, and now she's going to do it. Olive, no one, cares what Beth thinks of it.

It's 8:40 when I finally get a call. That tells me a lot. It tells me that Beth isn't going to disappoint Olive, no matter how bad it is for Beth. It tells me that Beth spent as much time as she could racking her brain, going through everyone she knew, thinking of who fit the requirements and who didn't. Maybe even how far outside of them a couple of guys were and if she could get away with someone close enough or not.

The man who calls me is named Garrett. He immediately tells me that he's at his house and Grace is with him, but Beth and Fred are at their house. He asks if that's OK or if Grace needs "to make herself scarce for a minute." I tell him Grace has no role in this, it's up to him if she stays or goes. I don't care.

Garrett tells me that he's been "with Grace" since her last year of high school, which is over two years now. He's known her mom for all of that time. He's at Beth's house "a couple of times a week" dropping off and picking up Grace, seeing Beth many of those times. He knows the information about her that I specified her escort must. He tells me that Grace's parents have always been nice to him, but he doesn't know them "like friends or anything." He asks if he's "qualified" to escort Beth to her exam. I tell

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him he is.

Then he asks me exactly what it entails. Beth, he says, tried to explain things to him, but more babbled than told him much. Grace has filled in a few blanks for him. He adds that he knows Beth's "Mistress" is the one arranging this, so he gathers that it's not in a doctor's office. I guess he's figured the basics out on his own!

I explain to him that he will be in complete charge of both Beth and Fred while they are here. They will be expected to obey him. He will be the one making any decisions that arise for the both of them and doing so without any hints or input from them. Obviously, Beth will be fully examined. Since his role is both to make her decisions for her and to ensure that she's safe, he will have to be present for it. In the room, where he can see Beth. Where he knows exactly what's being done to Beth.

I warn him that this is a "sexual health" exam, and thus there will be a strong sexual component to the exam. And that there may be more than a simple exam. A "treatment" may be offered, meaning further kinky fun for Beth if he chooses to accept it for her. If so, it will be something that I am certain Beth will enjoy deeply, even if it sounds like she won't.

I tell him Beth and Fred are not allowed to speak. Not a single word while they're here. That's an absolute and it's his place to ensure they understand that rule beforehand. I will not tell them. But if either makes a peep, they will be punished for breaking it. The other rule they should know in advance is that both will mind me. They will be expected to do as they are told by me and him. Period. Just as if Olive was the one telling them to do it. And neither is free to leave. He is, however, free to take them out if things go too far for his comfort. It's his decision to end things early, not theirs. Their place is to obey him. And me.

I warn him that I can't offer any hints of what, beyond

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an exam, might happen with them. I don't know them yet, and that's something I have to see about. I have to figure out what they like and want and make sure they're kept interested. As their escort, he will not be expected to do anything of an intimate nature, although there may or may not be an opportunity for him to choose to do so. If that's not to his liking, he may simply decline at the time.

I tell him that I do not want Beth and Fred to know anything. He should NOT call Beth back. If she calls him, he shouldn't answer. If she calls Grace, then Grace may say that she knows you made the call, but she has no idea what was discussed. Period. If that's going to be a problem for Grace, then she should stay at his place tonight, an idea I assume she would prefer anyway. She can hand her phone over if he thinks that's necessary.

He says no, but when (not if) Beth calls her, Grace will be speaking to Beth only in his presence. Otherwise, Beth would just "nag it out of her." I assume he means it won't take much for Grace to give in.

I tell him that Beth's appointment is at 10:00 in the morning. He should not tell anyone, especially Beth. As of now, both Beth and Fred are restricted to their house until given permission to leave. Thus they will be there in the morning. I would like them at my door, downtown Mobile, right at ten. He should leave himself enough time to make sure they're not late, but not too much extra.

In the morning he should go to Beth's house. He should not tell her anything. Not a single detail. Nothing more than he is there to take them to Beth's exam now. Effective immediately, Beth is expected to mind him, and not ask a single question. As is Fred.

Beth is allowed to wear a bra and panties, a top and a bottom, socks or stockings, and shoes to her exam. Absolutely nothing else. She is to go to her room, without a word, and fetch him a pile of clothes. A neatly folded pile

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of exactly that and nothing but. When she has it, she's to bring it to him and give it to him.

Once he has her clothes for the exam, he's to ask Beth to stand up properly. Beth will know what that means. He's to ask her a few personal questions, not telling her the reason why. Before the question, he's to tell her that she's expected to "answer properly." Beth will understand what that means. It means humbly and politely, fully and honestly, without any modesty.

The questions are only because I will want the answers, and since Beth may not speak, he will need to know them. He's even free to make notes if he wishes so that he doesn't forget. The questions are:

1. What date did her last period begin?
2. When did she last have an orgasm, and how did she have it?
3. How many children does she have, and how many times has she been pregnant? If the numbers are different, how did the pregnancies end?
4. Is she taking (or has she in the last 72 hours) any medications, including OTC?
5. Is she allergic to anything?
6. How many sexual partners has she had? Male? Female? (Do not count Olive). What are their names (first names) and when was she with them?

He should expect answers such as "yes, Sir" when possible or "my last period began on June first, Sir," when yes or no won't work. If she answers differently, the first time only, he's to remind her that "proper answers are required." She knows exactly what that means. If she doesn't answer properly when he repeats the question, he's to punish her. I tell him that her punishment is up to him, I don't care what he does to her for it. However, I suggest two options that will remind Beth of her place.

Chapter One - Mistress Olive's Toys

First, he may tell her that "since you won't behave and answer like a polite bitch, you will stand in the corner while your husband gets ready. That will give you time to think about how a proper bitch should answer her guardian." The other, more effective and direct for Beth would be to tell her that "since you seem confused about your place, you may answer as a proper bitch. Naked. Give me all your clothes and we'll start over." She should not be allowed to undress privately or cover herself as she does. And once naked, she stands with her hands behind her and answers his questions.

And then, he's to look Beth squarely in the eyes and glare at her. He's not to waiver or flinch. He's to very calmly tell her "here are the rules for your sexual health exam, you are expected to obey them starting right now." If anything, she's to be addressed only as Beth. Nothing else, even though she's his girlfriend's mother. Then he's to give her the rules.

1. She will immediately do whatever he or "the nurse," tells you to do. There will be no questions. There are no options. You will do as you are told.
2. She will be on her best behavior, just as if Mistress was standing over her, at all times.
3. She is not free to leave or end the exam. When it's over he will bring her home. Until then, she will be examined, and whatever else, as he sees fit.
4. She may not touch anyone. Period. If there's any touching to be done, someone will touch her.
5. She may not say a word. Not a sound. No nods or shakes of the head either. Nothing.

All of which begin immediately. After each question, he should ask her if she understands it and to expect a "yes, Sir" in response. None of it will be new to her. After the last rule, after she tells him that she understands it,

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he's to remind her that those are the last words she may speak.

Then he's to tell her that after she's done, he will bring her back here. Until he does and dismisses her, all of the rules remain in full effect and she will be "sternly punished" if "she's a naughty bitch." He should add that there will not be another warning.

Then he's to tell Beth to strip completely naked and give him everything she currently has on. It's up to him how that's done. He's free to tell her to strip in front of him if he wishes. He's free to allow her to strip in another room if he wants. He's free to demand she shows him her nude body to prove that she's followed instructions, or not. It doesn't matter to me. As long as she gets naked and gives him her clothes.

Then Beth is left to wait. Now it's Fred's turn to do the same thing. Fred obviously doesn't get a bra, but otherwise, the clothing limits are the same. Fred also gets the same questions and rules as Beth does, with the obvious exception of the questions about her period and pregnancies. If Garrett allows them to undress in another room, out of his direct sight, Fred is not to be allowed to use the room Beth is in. He's to hand over his clothes and wait as well.

Once Fred is nude, Garrett may give Beth the clothes she brought to wear and allow her to dress. As soon as she's dressed, and that does not include doing her hair or anything more than putting on the six items, she's to come out. Garrett is to walk her to the front door and have her stand there in silence and wait for him. Then Fred is to be dressed and put in line behind Beth.

If Grace is present, she's to have no part in anything. She should just sit off to the side and be quiet while Garrett does the favor that Beth asked him for. For this, Grace is irrelevant. She's not to be consulted or to do anything to help. Nor should she object to anything. She should stay

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out of Garrett's way. Beth chooses to place her trust in Garrett, and it's not Grace's place to interfere in that choice. What Grace sees or hears is up to Garrett. He may allow Beth as much or as little privacy from Grace as he decides to.

And then. All he has to do is bring Beth and Fred, properly dressed and behaving, to me.



Chapter Two - The Couple

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Garrett is a few minutes late, but not by much. Maybe about three minutes late. I'd never allow a toy to be anything less than punctual (it's not uncommon to see them standing in the hall outside my door waiting until the appointed time to knock). But Garrett isn't a toy. And I was cutting the time close anyway, so I don't mind the extra couple of minutes.

I send Sophie, my live-in slave-girl, to answer the door. Basically, Sophie is my handmaiden. She caters to me and does little else. Paige, my live-in slave-whore gets the chores. And when I need a female body to use with my toys, it's Paige's body that I volunteer. Sophie touches no one. She's my personal slave.

For today I have Sophie wearing a set of her scrubs. They're light green. She's a vet assistant, not a nurse or CNA. But scrubs are scrubs. Hers simply say "veterinary assistant" on them. I'm wearing my scrubs too. Mine are deep crimson and say "USA - University Hospital" on them. I plan to leave them on since I have to be at work at 14:00.

As Sophie answers the door, I can see that everyone assumes she is the nurse. They see the scrubs but not what's on them. Nor, apparently, do they notice the collar around her neck. Sophie quickly dispels that idea. She greets Garrett, as I've instructed her to do. It's obvious who is who. Garrett is at least two decades younger than Fred.

Sophie immediately tells Garrett to please have the bitch and its floppy dildo stand on the wall. She points to a place just inside the door where the wall is empty. I keep that spot empty for just this. It provides a place for the toys to stand, and usually strip before I get to playing.

Garrett doesn't need any more instructions. He tells Beth and Fred to go stand on that wall and wait. He waits as Beth and then Fred steps in and into place. Both already know to stand with their back to the wall. Olive would demand it, so they do it now as well. They leave a

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little space, maybe five or six inches, between them so there's no chance of them touching.

And then Sophie ushers Garrett in. He steps in. Grace silently follows right on his heels. I didn't know she was coming. I specifically didn't invite her. However, I also thought it very likely that she would come. She's a link in the chain between Beth and Fred, and Garrett. Fred is Beth's husband and Grace's step-father. Beth is Grace's mother. Garrett is Grace's boyfriend. Neither Beth nor Fred, no matter what they say, really knows Garrett that well. They more know him as Grace's boyfriend. Most of what they know about him comes from Grace. Both are certainly far more comfortable putting themselves in his hands with Grace around. So I assumed that she was likely to come.

Which doesn't mean that I have to let on that I expected it. I don't. Instead, I wait as Sophie shows them to a seat opposite me on the other sofa. Then I wait as Sophie offers both coffee, which Grace quietly accepts. Sophie quickly, and very humbly, serves it on her knees.

Then I wave Sophie off. I have another task for her. It's her job to get Beth and Fred's clothes. To make sure both have only what's allowed on. She'll do that by very thoroughly inspecting both of their bodies. Then she's to measure and weigh Beth before bringing her to my desk. By the time Sophie gets Beth there, I'll be ready for her.

For the moment, I have the Grace situation to deal with. I turn my attention to Garrett. I tell him plainly that "Grace wasn't expected to have any part in this, so I did not invite her to come. There's no reason for her to be here since both Beth and Fred are in *your* care.

"However I don't mind if she's here. I'll give *you* three options. First, Grace may leave and wait downstairs. There are a few coffee shops that are open and very good.

"Second, Grace may stand in that corner, in

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complete silence, and wait on you. I mean stand there, do nothing, not move and not make a sound. She may listen to what's going on, but that will be all. Or daydream away.

"Third, Grace may stay at your side throughout. However for her to be allowed to do that, she must place herself in your hands. She may not speak or make a sound. She will stay close at your side. She will obey you fully. And she will not be allowed to make any decisions. You will have to make hers for her as well.

"The choice is *yours* to make. Please do not ask or even look to Grace for a hint. Make her choice for her. Just as you are expected to make Beth and Fred's choices for them. Does Grace trust you enough to place herself in your hands until you all leave? Would she rather wait in the corner, where she'll know what's happening to her parents, but not be able to offer you any hints about them or what they might want you to do? Or would she prefer to leave and let you handle her parents on your own? What is your choice?"

I pause for a second. Garrett says nothing, considering the options present. It lets me see how wide-eyed and shocked Grace is. This she never imagined might happen. I'm sure she expects to see what happened to her parents. Maybe she even thought she could coyly give Garrett a few hints along the way. But demurely, as I hinted, Grace doesn't say anything. She just stares at me with near-panic on her face. And she fidgets slightly. None of which tells Garrett which choice to make. Only that Grace has a choice in mind and hopes he picks the right one. I know, if Grace were allowed to speak, she'd have a million questions. I'm surprised a few haven't blurted out already. "Look Grace in the eyes and tell her the choice you've made for her," I tell Garrett.

Garrett hesitates for a long moment. Behind them, Beth is steadily pulling her clothes off and handing them over to Sophie. Although Beth's full attention should be on

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Sophie, I can see that she has a very nervous eye on Garrett and Grace now. Unlike Grace, Beth's face is easy to read. She does not want Grace to leave her alone in Garrett's hands.

Garrett turns to face Grace, He puts his hand softly under her chin and looks her right in her eyes. "Grace, you will stay at my side. That means you must do what I say and you may not make a sound. It's important you remember that. If you don't, she's going to punish you and I don't want that."

Grace looks even more nervous. A quick, light tremor flows over her body. Still, looking at Garrett, Grace nods a quick yes. It's a fast nod with the tiniest of movements.

Garrett takes Grace's hand. "Just remember the rules, Grace, and I promise I won't let anything bad happen to you." It relaxes Grace about halfway. Garrett turns his attention back to me.

I tell him that Olive has told me that Fred seldom gets an erection when Beth tries to arouse him, and that's why Olive wanted Beth to have a sexual health exam. I tell him that I think it is better that both of them do since clearly, the problem could be Fred's penis just as easily as it could lie with Beth. Even though his penis seems to be eager to become erect anytime it's in the same room as Olive. Then I ask Garrett "do I have your permission to examine Fred as well?"

"Uh, yeah, you can..." Garrett answers. There's no arguing the logic of it. And if an exam is good for Beth, it's hard to say it's not for Fred as well. "Should I tell him?"

"Not necessary," I tell Garrett. "You told him to obey while he's here, so my slave will just have him undress as well. He can go right after Beth does."

"OK." Garrett sounds slightly relieved that he

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doesn't have to tell Fred. He's probably glad to skip any interactions with them that he can. Especially now. It's clear that Beth is undressing behind them. And by now she's had plenty of time for most of her body to be showing.

"It's going to take just a few minutes for my slave to have Beth ready. Would you mind if I got a little information from you about Grace as well? She can keep her clothes on. I'm asking only because she's the only other adult in the house, so it won't hurt for me to know a tiny bit about her as well."

"That's fine," Garrett agrees. I can tell that he doesn't see how a few questions with her clothes on will be much of an issue. Even if they are the questions I had him ask her parents. Questions Grace very likely heard the answers to.

I sound pleased with the answer as I ask Garrett to have Grace come over to my desk. Then I ask Garrett to have Grace sit on the stool "properly, as a girl with perfect manners would." I know manners are a lost art, so I tell him that means with her back straight and her eyes forward, not roving around to see everything. It also means with her left foot flat on the floor and her legs fully crossed, right over left. Her hands should be folded softly in her lap.

Garrett doesn't have any problems with asking Grace to sit that way. He gets her quickly into position. I doubt he's thinking about Beth now, about how Beth is soon to be in the same position, only fully naked.

The stool isn't comfortable. I didn't want it to be. It's small, its round top a mere twelve inches across. It's made of a hard wood. It has four legs to support it. But its seat is slightly lower than would be comfortable for the average woman. More so for Grace. She's a rather tall girl. It makes her thighs angle slightly, lifting her knee up. I'm sure Grace is wondering why she's sitting there like that.

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"Great," I tell Garrett, "would you mind reminding Grace to just sit still and be very quiet while we do this? I really don't want her to have to be punished."

That's enough for Garrett. He very quickly reminds Grace to follow the rules. To just sit there and pretend we're not talking about her.

I open a blank file on my laptop. I already have the program up for my toys and all the others that come to play even once. It's a database I keep of them. With one-time toys, sometimes I don't get all the info, but I do put in what I get. Either from the toy or from its owner beforehand. I ask him Grace's full name.

Garrett doesn't need any notes to tell me it's "Grace Marie Bennett." Nor does he need notes to tell me that she's 20, her birthday being October 17, 2001. A few months shy of 21. He knows that Grace is 5'11" tall, but he doesn't know exactly what she weighs. I glance over her at her and guess about 140-150, so I put in 150.

The next blocks are for objective items. I don't ask. I just look over and deem Grace's hair to be brown. I look in her eyes and deem those green. Then I ask Garrett whether Grace shaves her pubes, trims them, or leaves them natural. He says they're neatly trimmed. I see Grace blush very slightly. I ask him if he knows her bra size.

"She's a 34 double-D," Garrett tells me. One look at her very full chest, and I don't doubt it. She has rather large breasts. An attribute I'm sure Garrett has fully appreciated by now. He doesn't know her measurements, so I leave those blank. Although I think he has a very good guess as to them, no man would want to be so much as an inch off. His girlfriend might not be so quick to let him forget his mistake.

Then I ask him if he knows when her last period was. He does because it just ended. It began on the 20th. I ask when Grace last had an orgasm. He tells me last night

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they had sex. I put it all in. Grace is not allergic to anything either.

I hit print. The printer shoots out a page with all of Grace's information on it. There's even a small picture of Grace that I got from Olive. It's a nice table of data besides the picture, with pink highlights to some of the rows. I hand it to Garrett. A souvenir.

Then, much to Grace's relief, I tell him that I'm done with her and he can get her up now. He takes her hand, and the instant he tells her to get up, Grace is off that stool. She's still blushing a deep, but light, red, too. He nudges her over to stand close at his side.

Behind them, as Grace blushed over the information Garrett was choosing to share about her, Sophie has gotten Beth naked and inspected. She's already moved Beth off the wall and over to where the scale waited. She must have Beth's weight by now because I see her with a tape measure in hand getting Beth's measurements.

I just wait at my desk. It doesn't take Sophie long to finish with Beth. Then she takes Beth by the hand, as if Beth were a little girl, and walks her over to Garrett. She politely offers him Beth's hand, which Garrett slightly reluctantly takes. Sophie hurries off to get started on Fred.

There's a fair bit of resemblance between Beth and Grace. But there are some obvious differences as well. Clearly Grace has a decent amount of her father's genes. Beth is modestly tall, although a few inches shorter than Grace. Like her daughter, Beth has a narrow and lean frame. Unlike Grace, Beth has obviously small breasts. Beth's hair is cut short, its end hanging onto the tops of her shoulders. It's also dyed platinum blond. I can see just the faintest hint of a dark brown, the same shade as Grace's hair, at the roots of Beth's.

I remind Garrett that "Beth is now in his charge," and suggest he have her take the seat that Grace just vacated.

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I don't have to tell him how to have her sit. She already knows. Olive demands she sits properly as well. Beth takes the seat, and once Garrett releases her hand, she puts them behind her back.

Beth fidgets just slightly. But as experienced as she is, that tells me she's very uncomfortable right now. And that's what I wanted. Beth is completely nude. Both Garrett and Grace are standing close beside her, although both are trying hard not to look at her body. Garrett has already discovered that he can't avoid it. He had to look to make sure Beth was sitting properly. He had to see her nakedness when Sophie brought her over.

I can see that Garrett is uncomfortable seeing Beth nude. I'm sure it's only because she's Grace's mother. I'm sure he's wondering just how this is going to change the relationship between him and her parents. I'd bet he thinks Beth is going to be very uncomfortable around him now that he's seen her nude. And knows a lot about her.

Beth is definitely an attractive woman. A lot of what I had Garrett ask her I already know from Olive. But neither of them knows that. And I wanted Garrett to know it all. Mostly I wanted Beth to have to tell him.

She has a slightly roundish face. She has a good complexion as well with skin that's mostly smooth, although it's lost a bit of its youthful tautness. I don't ask Garrett the objective questions. I just take a close look at Beth's face, letting her see me looking. She has wide, but well-tweezed, eyebrows over blue eyes. She has a smallish nose with soft lines to it. She has a modestly wide mouth framed with a pair of light pink, plush lips. She has a very slightly angular jaw line. I see a few small wrinkle lines underneath her eyes, which are faint and almost hard to spot, and a few barely more noticeable running from her nose to the corners of her mouth. But those are it. And I see a faint little dimple on her upper lip.

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I long ago noticed just how lean Beth's body is. I can see the lines of her collar bones at her shoulders. I can almost make out the lines of her rib cage at her sides, although not individual bones of it. She has a flat stomach as well. And a pronounced girly curve at her waist. She has slender arms, too. What I most noticed is that there's a very little looseness to her body anywhere. Her hips are slightly full, but also rather curvy and rounded. Her pubes are flat and smoothly shaven bare. Her legs are long and lean. They're firmly

toned as well.

Beth has small breasts. I'd guess A-cups, maybe barely B-cups, but I'll know for sure soon. Her breasts are the only thing on her body that shows a bit of softness. They're fully rounded, but also droop slightly against her chest, making a small crease at their undersides. They seem to angle out to her sides a bit, leaving a wide cleft of cleave between them. As she stands nude, her breasts free, they don't touch. There's close to an inch between their inside edges. Each mound is topped with a hugely wide ring of dark almost brownish pinkness. Her rings are so wide that they appear to cover the entire top of her breasts. Centered in each ring is a disproportionately small, narrow nipple. Her nipples are obviously hard, standing up around $\frac{1}{4}$ inch above her mounds. They're about twice as long as they are wide.

As Beth sits in silence I ask Garrett her full name. He tells me it's "Elizabeth Marie Burke." I'm only slightly surprised he knows her middle name. He's been with Grace long enough that he might have picked it up. He tells me her birthday and that she's 46. her January birthday makes her halfway to 47. I don't ask him her

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height and weight. Sophie has already measured her, so I know that she's 5'7" and 132 pounds. Instead, I tell Garrett. I tell him that Beth wears, or should be wearing a 34-A bra. And that her measurements are 34-30-37. I doubt he'll remember much of it. Maybe her bra size. Men tend to remember those.

Then I ask Garrett, and he tells me that Beth's last period began on the 3rd. Her last orgasm, which I already knew, was orally on the 21st. The orgasm that Olive allowed her Monday.

While Garrett and I are openly discussing her, Beth tries hard not to show anything. To just demurely sit and wait. She almost pulls it off. Maybe she would have if Grace wasn't standing right beside her hearing everything. I wouldn't say she's uncomfortable, but she's clearly slightly embarrassed. Just slightly. She's far more uncomfortable seeing Garrett standing there, knowing that her nakedness is on full immodest display for him. And worse for her, Beth has to keep her eyes forward so she can't see, and doesn't know if Garrett is looking at her or not.

I don't print a form for Beth yet. I just click over to the next form on the laptop. The one that asks about Beth's sexual history. I could have already filled it in. fully. Olive has all the answers. But it's blank. And not because I wanted Garrett to tell me the answers. I wanted Beth to tell him and hear him telling me. Even better for Grace to hear them.

I ask the questions that I had him ask her. He tells me that Beth has had five lovers. I have him name them off in chronological order. A high school boyfriend. Then another boyfriend. Then Grace's father. Then a brief boyfriend before her husband. She's only been pregnant once, and that resulted in Grace. Obviously, that doesn't count anything Olive had her do or anyone Olive gave her to. I excluded that. If Olive had done that, which she

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hasn't, it wouldn't matter. It wouldn't have been Beth sharing her body. It would have been Olive using it. For Olive's enjoyment, Beth's desires and feelings about it are immaterial.

Now I have Garrett put his hands on Beth. I don't care where, as long as he touches her. He puts his hands on her upper arm at her shoulders and nudges her to rise up to her feet as he instructs her to stand. Beth obediently gets up. With Garrett keeping his hands on Beth, I have him bring her forward a step and then turn her around to "show me her bottom."

It lets me see a pair of softly, and smoothly, rounded cheeks. Her globes are full and obviously, their muscles are toned. Their inside edges fully touch, closing off her crack, without squishing against each other. And there's a small, but noticeable, curve to their bottoms. Her bottom is smallish but full, and very spankable.

Now that I've seen all of Beth, I have Garrett take her back to the wall. To the spot where she undressed. I have him stand her there, facing the wall. Properly, with the tips of her toes against the baseboards, and nothing else of her body touching the wall. Her hands behind her. Her eyes open and forward, staring at the emptiness of the blank wall. Garrett, as instructed, tells her to wait like that until he returns for her.

While I was "interviewing" Beth, Sophie was busy measuring Fred. By the time Garrett is back to the desk, where Grace waited for him, Fred is ready. I quickly remind Garrett, really tell him since I haven't mentioned it before, that gender is immaterial here. While he is obviously male, the others, Beth and Fred, are subservient bitches. Bitches don't have a gender. The entire concept of gender only gets in the way of my making full use of those bodies to amuse my fickle whims. Thus, I expect Fred to be treated no differently than Beth was.

Slightly hesitantly and uncomfortably, Garrett takes

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Fred's hand from Sophie. Maybe it's because Garrett is less comfortable holding hands with another male. Maybe only because Fred is nude. Maybe more so because Fred's penis is rock hard and sticking straight out. It had to be for Sophie to accurately measure it. But Sophie didn't have to get it stiff. It's been hard since before his boxer shorts came down. Whatever, I see Garrett flinch hard as he takes Fred's hand and Fred's cock twitches sharply as Garrett grips his hand. All of which I ignore.



Once I tell him to, Garrett quickly has Fred sit on the stool. Fred sits with his hands behind his back, and his back up straight. Eyes forward just as Beth did. But he also sits with both feet flat on the floor, his knees and feet spread wide. It's the proper way for a male to be sitting. It gets his thighs well away from his cock and balls. The balls that are now sitting atop the seat. His cock, however, is standing straight out, extending well past the edge of the small seat, and into empty air.



Fred has a fairly oval face with soft lines to it. His head is shaven smoothly, not bald. He has wide, sparse eyebrows over brown eyes. He has a slightly large nose over a wide mouth that appears slightly down-turned at the corners. He has light pink, full but not plump, lips. He has a long, well-trimmed, mustache on his upper lip, too.

Fred has a fairly hirsute body. Not too much, but enough. There is a layer of sparse, dark black fur

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covering almost all of his chest and stomach. He looks to be in fairly good shape, but given his job, I'd expected that. I don't see much looseness or flab anywhere on his body. Even his breasts are almost flat. They're topped with small rings of a deep purple, not much bigger than nickels, with small nipples. Stiff nipples that barely rise off the rings. Those rings are also the only part of his chest that doesn't have any fur on it.

As he sits there, I have a full view of his cock. I can see the skin of it bunched up at the base of his cock head, telling me that he's not circumcised. I can see the thick veins winding along the stiff length of it. I can see the spongy soft, deep but light, purple head of it swelling out for attention.

I have to lean over to get a good look under the hard shaft. But that lets me see a pair of balls just slightly smaller than I'd call average. Those rest atop the edge of the seat as if it were a tray to display them upon. It lets me see the furry sack holding those balls up close to his cock.

Fred's interview goes exactly as Beth's did. He sits still and in silence as Garrett tells me that his name is "Frederick James Burke" He's 49. Sophie has already measured him, so I know that he stands 6-foot tall and weighs 221 pounds. I know that he measures 40-40-42 as well. I recite all of that as I enter it, telling Garrett. He has a sparse, but full, bush of fur on his pubes. It's black, so with his head shaven, and his mustache a mix of black and gray, I put his hair down as black.

And then I slightly raise my voice as I announce that Fred's penis is a mere 5¼" inches long and ¾" in diameter. That's measured from his pubes, along the top of the shaft, to the very tip of the cock head on his fully erect shaft. The width is measured at the center of the shaft, halfway between the base of his cock head and his pubes. That's close to if not, the thickest part of his shaft. The head of it

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will be a little wider, especially at its base, but that's also spongy soft, not hard. Now I see Fred blush as he hears me announce the size of his manhood in clinical detachment. I can see that Garrett considers that to be small. Grace must as well, she almost giggles as she hears it, but stops herself before she gets in trouble.

"The chuckling smirk on Grace's face tells me she considers that to be a rather small penis for a man. Which it is," I add even though it's almost exactly the average size for a caucasian male. It gets Fred blushing hard and cringing in the seat. Nothing humiliates a man more than making fun of his manhood. More so with his daughter right there. OK, Grace is his step-daughter, but he's been raising her for about a dozen years since she was nine. Close enough to his daughter in my book.

"Obviously Grace has never seen such a small penis before. Why don't you show it to her? Closely, let Grace get a good look at how tiny her step-daddy is. That way maybe she'll understand why her parents are having such sexual issues."

I see Grace blush deeply. She almost shirks back from where she's standing, beside Fred's right hip. But then Garrett's hands are on her and she almost melts. Most of the tension ebbs from her body. "Go ahead, Grace, lean forward and take a close look at his dick. It's OK." Garrett nudges her head over. Reluctantly Grace lets him lean her most of the way over until her eyes are about a foot from his shaft. It brings Grace's narrow frame into Fred's vision. It lets him see the fully dressed young woman leaning over to see his small penis. It lets Grace's long, curly hair fall down and dance over his bare thighs.

After about fifteen seconds I cue Garrett that it's long enough. He tells Grace to stand up. Fred is blushing as deeply as he can now, so.... Mission accomplished. I know that Grace has limited experience. The fact that she's been dating Garrett since high school tells me that she

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likely has had only one or two lovers in her life. Most likely, only Garrett. This means that Garrett's is the only cock Grace has ever gotten a decent look at. The look on her face, the smirking, tells me that Garrett has more to offer than Fred does. Or at least looks it. It's a humiliation that Fred will never forget. I doubt Grace will let him.

Then I move on to Fred's sexual history and Garrett recounts seven lovers for him. He wasn't married before Beth, so he had a little more time to have fun. As Beth's lovers were all male, his have been all female. He too had his last orgasm Monday. Garrett tells me, and Grace, that Beth was supposed to give it to him with her mouth, but failed and ended up doing it with her hand. The wink on Garrett's face, and the little grin on Grace's face, tells me she hasn't run into that problem with Garrett. Either she hasn't tried to finish it with her mouth, or she hasn't ever failed at it. I don't know which. But she's only here to watch.

I have Garrett return Fred to the wall, standing him a bit further away from Beth, but in the same position. With only the tips of his toes touching the baseboards. It has the tip of his cock lightly against the wall, and that's how he stays. Only now there are about three feet between him and his wife, making it so that they can't see each other without turning their eyes. And that's not allowed.

When Garrett returns to me, I ask him "with your permission, I will have my assistant nurse take those two to the exam room and sit them on the waiting bench." Garrett says that's fine, so I send Sophie to move them. Beth first.



Chapter Three - The Exam Begins

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I give Sophie about two minutes to get Beth and Fred into the playroom and settled. It shouldn't take long. I pass the time making idle chit-chat with Garrett and utterly ignoring Grace as if she weren't even there. That should help her remember her place here... or should I say not here, since she has no place in this session. Although I must say, so far, despite looking extremely uncomfortable, she's doing the demure girlfriend rather well.

Then I lead Garrett back, again ignoring Grace and leaving him to usher her along with us. When I step in, Garrett is right behind me, and Sophie already has the couple seated on the bench. Sitting properly, just as they did on the stool, side by side.

The bench is small. It's long enough for two to sit on comfortably, albeit closely. With a third on it, they'll be squished snugly together. A fourth would have full cheeks hanging off the ends, and that if they were all narrow. It's Amish-built, made of plain wood. It's hard. Like the stool, it's simple. It's just a plank for a seat with legs to hold it up. It's also several inches out from the wall so that those on it can't use the wall for a backrest.

Both sit with their eyes forward. Both are still. This is and was supposed to be Beth's session. That's how Olive presented it to them, even though she knew Fred would be participating. It explains the slightly puzzled look on Fred's face as if he's wondering why he's sitting here naked for Beth's exam. Beth, on the other hand, wears a look that's slightly nervous, and very uneasy as if she's dreading the exam to come. Yet as if she knows there's nothing she can do about it. I can tell that she's wondering what exactly this exam will entail, too.

In the center of the room, there's a portable massage table. Today it will double as the exam table. It's covered with an old sheet. There are a pair of small rolling tables like you'd see in an operating room on TV, sitting beside it. Those have cloths draped over their tops as well, but

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there's nothing on them yet. Along the wall to the left of the door, there is a row of cabinets where I store the supplies and a walk-in closet that I use for storing the larger toys such as stands and braces for tying toys to.

Across from the door, there's a window that overlooks the alley and a parking garage. In front of the window, I've had Sophie set out two folding chairs. One for Garrett and one for Grace. I've turned the table so that the chairs offer a view from its side. That also has the other side facing the bench where Beth and Fred are waiting.

I show Garrett and Grace to their seats. If the table wasn't between the pairs, it would have them directly opposite and facing the couple. I'll settle for them being across the room, which is as much space as I can put between the pairs for now.

I squat down to put myself level with Garrett, instead of standing over him and talking down to him. I want Garrett to feel as if he's truly in charge of the couple. As if he's my equal, for now, not as if he's one of my toys. Quietly, my voice low enough that Beth and Fred will have to strain hard to hear anything, I tell Garrett what's next.

I tell him that Beth and Fred are in his care. It's up to him what is done with them. He doesn't have to allow anything he's uncomfortable with them doing, however, Olive does expect Beth to have a full exam. Olive might not be so happy if Garrett blocks too much of it. Then again, Garrett doesn't belong to Olive, so there's nothing Olive could do about it. I think Garrett has the idea. He's not really here to decide what's done, only to make sure Beth believes that he is making choices for her.

"First we'll start with a very superficial check-up. Things like Beth's temperature, BP, pulse, listening to her heart and lung sounds, glance at her throat, eyes, and ears, that stuff. While I have her on the seat for that," I wave my hand in the direction of a wooden chair, a very basic one, at the foot of the table, "I'd like to get a blood

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sample from her. Is that OK with you?"

"Sure," Garrett doesn't hesitate to allow it. I'd bet that's all stuff he expected an exam to include. Grace shows very little.

I send Garrett to get Beth, adding that I want him to use her full name in this room. Olive has told me that Beth hates being called Elizabeth. She was called that when she was little, but since she was a teenager she hasn't used it since. Thus, I'll use it.

Garrett gets up, glancing at me for direction before deciding to just leave Grace where she is for now. He walks around and over to Beth. As I've instructed him to do, he puts his hand to Beth's shoulder. "It's time for your check-up, Elizabeth, come with me," he tells her.

I see the grimace on her face as she hears him use her full name. Reluctantly, and slightly sulking, Beth gets to her feet. Garrett shifts one hand to her back, about halfway up her spine. He urges her to walk over to the chair and take her seat. And sit properly.

Sophie sets a bunch of stuff on one of the tables, then pulls on a pair of latex gloves. She rolls the table over to where Beth is sitting. I have a pretty good selection of medical implements in the house. Enough to take care of most minor things. On people or my two furry kids, Princess Lilly and Prince Butt Monkey. I have the latest point-and-click thermometer. But I also have a couple of oral thermometers (about 2 generations back, digital and analog) and a few rectal ones. Sophie is only following the detailed instructions I gave her earlier. She has one of the older oral ones on the table. The table whose top is just high enough that's about $\frac{1}{2}$ " over the line of Beth's eyes, keeping Beth from seeing what's on it.

"Open your mouth, Elizabeth," Sophie firmly tells Beth in a soft voice. Beth opens her mouth. Sophie slips the thermometer into Beth's mouth and under her tongue.

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She nudges Beth's mouth shut.

Sophie reaches down, behind Beth, and takes hold of Beth's arm. She brings Beth's right arm up front and takes her pulse. She lies Beth's hand atop Beth's bare thigh for a moment and notes Beth's pulse. Then she takes and notes Beth's BP. She puts Beth's arm back behind Beth's back. Sophie pulls the thermometer out and notes Beth's temperature. Then Sophie rolls a nice padded stool over beside Beth for me. It's a stool like you'd find in any doctor's office.

Beth is sitting with her back to the foot of the table, about a foot out from it. I've asked Garrett to stay close to Beth, so he's standing at her right shoulder, just behind her. Otherwise, I've only suggested that Garrett be firm with Beth, but also extra nice to her when she's behaving. I want Beth to truly believe that she's his charge for now. That he will be kind and take good care of her, but also that his decisions are final. That she must obey them without any wiggle room.

I take the seat in front of Beth. I do a lot of triage in the ED, so I've gotten rather quick at basic exams. It doesn't take me more than about a minute to check Beth's ears, nose and throat, as well as feel her neck. About another minute or two to listen to her heart and lungs as she breathes deeply.

Beth sits through it all. None of it is really uncomfortable for her, but she still looks as if she wants to say "really? We're doing all this?" As if she thinks it's completely unnecessary.

I bring Beth's left arm up. The instant I wrap the latex band around her upper arm, Beth grimaces hard. She obviously knows what's coming now. Her veins pop up nicely for me. I swab the crook of her elbow with an alcohol wipe, and Sophie hands me a 16-gauge needle. Beth stares at her elbow, watching as I bring the needle over to her vein. At the last second, she turns her head

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away. A tiny fraction of a second later, the sharp needle pierces her skin. I don't miss. The needle slips right into her vein. Beth grits her teeth and mews a muted "UH," as the needle sticks her. She stays tensed up. I push a tube onto the needle and pull the band from her upper arm.

Beth sits there with her face scrunched up tight, her muscles tense. Her hands are in tight fists. She looks as if she's about to cry.

Garrett, seeing the discomfort on her, tries to soothe her a little. He puts his hand to her shoulder and softly kneads it at the base of her lean neck. "That's a good girl, Elizabeth. Just relax and it will be over soon..." He tells her in a surprisingly sweet soothing voice.

It has an effect on Beth. She relaxes about halfway. It doesn't affect me. But clearly, it has an effect on Beth. She breathes out a deep "Ah..." as I slip the needle from her arm and replace it with a band-aid.

"Let's do a quick breast exam while Beth is sitting here," I tell Garrett, only subtly asking his permission. I pause for about a second, and Garrett doesn't say no, so I reach for Beth's breast. It takes me about a minute per breast. I do a complete and medically accurate breast exam, feeling nothing worthy of note.

But mostly it gives me an opportunity to feel her breasts. I feel that their skin is silky and smooth. Her mounds are moderately soft, squishing easily in my hand, but also firm enough to hold their shape when free. Like soft wet sponges, easily squeezed but quick to pop back into shape. Her nipples are narrow, but about average length. Those are stiff, as hard as rocks, with a slightly rough texture to them.

Beth sits still. She stares ahead, a blank expressionless look on her face. But at the end I see the goosebumps starting to rise up on her mound. It tells me that Beth feels what I'm doing. That it feels good to her to

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have her breasts gently touched. And that she's trying her hardest not to show it.

I ask Garrett to help me out. I have him hold Beth's hand and stretch her arms straight up high. That pulls the skin on her chest taut. It pulls her small mounds into her chest, stretching their skin and flattening the muscles. Her breasts almost vanish now, rising no more than an inch off her chest. I repeat the exam, this time feeling toned muscles under the now-taut softness of her breasts. Then I have Garrett lower her arms.

Now I want Beth to hear what's coming. She won't like it. And that's all the reason I need. It will have her thinking about it, imagining what's coming. She'll be silently screaming for Garrett to say no, even though she knows he's going to allow it. So I stand up, in front of Beth and face Garrett. I completely ignore Beth as she sits there, staring at the front of my scrubs. I talk literally right over her head. "Elizabeth needs to be clean for the pelvic and rectal exams," I tell Garrett. "Before we change anything, I'd like to get her rectal temp and a stool sample. Then we'll give her a suppository to dissolve her stool. A few minutes after that, she'll be ready to clean up. It will make Elizabeth a bit uncomfortable for a minute, but it won't really be painful. Would you mind having Elizabeth stand up and bend all the way over the table for me?"

I've told Garrett what's next. I haven't asked his permission, but I did ask him to help with it. To me, in my world, that's his cue to object if he wants to stop it. "Uh, sure..." Garrett says rather reluctantly. I don't think he minds that being done to Beth. I just think he's unsure of what to do and would prefer to just stand aside while I did everything.

He looks down to Beth, bringing his hands to her upper arms just below her shoulders and getting a light but snug grip on her. "Come on, Elizabeth, stand up," He tells her.

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Beth grimaces hard again, wrinkling her face up. She quivers very slightly as she rises to her feet. She tries to move very slowly as Garrett guides her around to the side of the table and stands her against it.

That has her facing Grace, who so far is still sitting obediently in her seat. Grace has her eyes locked on Beth and Garrett. Very wide eyes. She looks slightly repulsed, but also she's clearly unable to turn her eyes away. She watches as Garrett puts a hand to Beth's back, just below Beth's neck, and nudges her over the table.

Garrett nudges Beth all the way over until her chest is flat against the table. She stands with her feet together, and Garrett leaves her that way. Obediently, Beth still has her hands at the small of her back. She looks down, her eyes staring at the floor.

I whisper a few quick instructions to Garrett. Clearly, he has no clue why, but he doesn't seem to mind. He uses one hand to grab Beth's head - not her hair - and tug it up. "Elizabeth, keep your head up like a good little girl," he tells her. His voice has a trace of firmness laced in the sweet softness of it. "Behave and I'll hold your hand..." He reaches his free hand over to Beth's and slips it into her grip. It has Garrett standing close at Beth's hip.

With my latex gloves on, I casually, as if utterly unconcerned about Beth, push her firmly toned cheeks aside to stretch her crack open and expose her asshole. I use the fingers of one hand to hold them apart. My other hand slips the tip of a rectal thermometer into her asshole. I hold it still.

Rectal temps are always a degree or so higher than oral temps. It's a method that's seldom used any longer unless there's a specific and rare reason. I don't expect to learn anything. I'm only doing it so that Beth can stand there and feel it in her asshole. But it does give me a good chance to peek at, and a perfect view of, Beth's pussy

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mound. It lets me see the fine line of her slit. And it lets me see just how wet that slit is now. And so far, nothing much has been done to her.

Once that's done, I announce that "Elizabeth's rectal temp is 99.4 degrees," and Sophie notes it. Then Sophie hands me a collector for a stool sample. It's just a plastic stick, about as thick as a soda straw, and a foot long. At one end there's a football-shaped eyelet. I put the curved tip of the eyelet against Beth's tightly clenched asshole.

I watch as Beth reflexively clenches her asshole even tighter. Then I press firmly. The tip easily pushes right into her tensed asshole, stretching it briefly as the eyelet passes into her bottom. I go slowly to make Beth feel the hard rod slipping through her clenched ring and inching its way deeper and deeper into her bottom.

It's about fifteen seconds before I feel the light resistance as the tip of the collector touches the filmy back wall of her rectum. "UH!" Beth blurts out a muted grunt through clenched teeth. I see Beth's hands squeeze tightly, gripping Garrett's hand hard. She keeps exhaling slowly, breathing out a strained "UHM." Her face wrinkles up more, showing her gritted teeth. She's feeling the uncomfortable pressure of the collector against the very back of her rectum.

Grace flinches hard as she hears Beth cry out, even though it's a muted cry. I ignore Beth and twirl the rod slowly. That lightly drags the eyelet over the inside of her rectum, scraping the freshest stool into it. I pull it out just as slowly. Beth breathes out a sigh of relief the instant the unpleasant pressure is off of her rectum, long before it's out of her bottom.

I hand the collector to Sophie. She drops it in a tube and seals it as if I'm going to do more with it than toss it in the trash. Which is what I'm going to do. I don't want a stool sample, and I'm certainly not sending it to a lab without a reason to. But I did want Beth to experience the

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deep and invasive collection.

Sophie opens the packet of a suppository. I take the inch-long, half-inch wide, waxy pill from the packet and put its bullet-shaped tip against Beth's asshole. I use my fingers to hold it steady. I put the tip of my first finger against its back end and slowly press on it. With its film of lubricant, it slips almost too easily into Beth's bottom. My finger follows it, staying against the back of it.

Now I can feel the tightness of Beth's asshole as its muscles squeeze hard around my finger. My finger keeps going, slipping steadily into her bottom and pushing the suppository even deeper into her. I have small fingers. When I stop, my finger is fully inside Beth's bottom, the suppository is about three inches into her rectum. Not quite halfway to her very depths. But plenty deep enough. I leave my finger there, holding it still as her asshole spasms around the base of it.

Beth, slightly emboldened by not being punished for her previous grunts, mews a soft "ewww!" as she feels the suppository pushing through her asshole. A slightly deeper and more uncomfortable "Umm" follows as she feels my finger follow it into her bottom. I'm sure her face is scrunched up. Just as I'm sure she'd do about anything to be able to avert her eyes. Instead, she's staring right at the seated, fully dressed Grace, seeing her daughter staring at her as she leans over the table for me to stuff it up her bottom. And she knows that Grace knows exactly what's happening to her.

I stand there with my first finger fully buried inside Beth's bottom. With the inside edges of her firm cheeks lying against my hand as it fills her crack. Feeling her asshole snapping tightly around my finger. Feeling her waste inside her body. And feeling the suppository slowly starting to melt inside her.

"It will take this a few minutes to do its work," I tell

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Garrett. My finger is still inside Beth. I know Beth feels it. Just as I know, in spite of her softly mewed discomfort, she's hearing every word I say to Garrett. "You can just have her sit on the bench *and behave herself* while it dissolves her stool. It seems to have plenty of work to do. Once that's done, I'll give her a warm enema to make sure she empties her disgusting bottom completely, and then my slave can clean her up for the rest of her exam."

"Uh... OK," Garrett accepts her fate. As Beth hears the word "enema" I feel her asshole snap to full clenching tightness around my finger. I see goosebumps erupt over her cheeks. I feel a crisp, but faint, shivering quiver flow over her body. And I feel the nervousness overtake her.

Now that I feel the suppository is nothing but a mass of gooey cream, I pull my finger out of Beth's bottom. Her cheeks quickly close her crack once my hand is gone. I pull off my gloves. "If you wouldn't mind, she can go sit and wait now. I'm a little short on time, so if you wouldn't mind, bring Fred over to the chair and we'll start with him while this one waits."

"Sure..." Garrett doesn't sound too thrilled. I didn't expect him to. He's been reluctant and very hesitant to do anything with Fred. Probably because Fred is another man. At least Beth is female. It doesn't stop Garrett, though. He keeps hold of Beth's hand. He doesn't have a lot of choice with her death grip on it. "Come on, Elizabeth, let's go wait for the suppository to work..." He puts his other hand on her back, above her hands and studiously avoiding touching her any place intimate, and nudges her back to the bench. Beth walks with the tiniest of baby steps, more shuffling her feet. But he gets her sitting properly. "Listen to me, Elizabeth, you are to sit still and silent. You have to behave while you're waiting. I don't want you to get punished right now, so it's very important that you be a big girl and behave..." He has to pull his hand from Beth's grip.

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Beth sits, her legs crossed and her back straight. Her face is still scrunched up tightly and now she's breathing fast, almost panting, breaths with little grunts to them.

Garrett shifts a step over to Fred and hesitates a half second. Then he takes a deep breath and puts his hands to Fred's bare shoulder. "Come on, Frederick, let's go start your check-up." He tells Fred. Fred rises and follows Garrett.

Fred looks very slightly nervous, but more still puzzled. I'm sure he thinks he's in for exactly what Beth got, minus the breast exam. Garrett guides Fred into the seat. Very quietly he tells Fred "I'll be with you, just as I was for Elizabeth, but I want you to be a man for it." In other words, please don't whine like the girl did.

Fred gets the same exam. He obeys Garrett and takes it well, flinching only slightly as the needle pierces his arm. Throughout, as he sits on the hard chair with his legs spread wide, his cock stands at full attention and juts out into the empty space between his thighs. I see it twitch once, and sharply, as the needle sticks him.

And then it's time to get his rectal temperature. I ask Garrett to do exactly as he did with Beth and bend him over the table for me. I just add one instruction, to please make sure that Fred's feet are spread about 18" apart so that "there will be room for his erect penis to hang down without being uncomfortable." Garrett does it. He even studiously, and very quickly, peeks between Fred's legs to make sure his cock is free.

As I slip up behind Fred, I can see that it is. This is one of my favorite views of a man. As Fred stands there, his modestly furry thighs part into a V. In the center, from an inch-long bush of sparse black fur, his stiff cock juts straight down, pointed at the floor. In front of that, from my view, his balls dangle freely in their sack, the far side resting against the underside of his cock. They dangle

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down far enough to cover about the top three inches of his cock, leaving an inch or of shaft and the spongy purple head exposed.

His bottom is looser, slightly flatter than Beth's was. And there's a sparse layer of black hair covering all of his cheeks. I push his cheeks aside, and see that the hair continues right into his crack and covers everything except the light pink ring of his asshole. Not my type. I'd have him shaven. But he's not mine, so... I press the thermometer into his snug asshole and wait while it gets the reading.

And then it's time for Fred to give his stool sample. I press the collector into his asshole, and Fred doesn't make a sound. Garrett holds his hand, as he did for Beth, but averts his eyes so that he's not seeing anything. Fred stays quiet until the tip pokes against the back of his rectum, but then he mostly manages to mute his grunt. That's the first time I see a reaction from him. The instant I feel the resistance, and Fred tenses, the faint grunt escaping his lips, I see his cock start jumping. It twitches constantly, and very crisply. I take my time twirling the collector, holding it firmly against his bowels as I do. His cock keeps jumping around. And then it's out. It takes another second or two for his cock to stop twitching.

I put the suppository in place. As I do I see that now his sack is covered with goosebumps, even as his balls dangle down. It's not cold in here either. I press the suppository into his bottom, feeling a crisp flinch from him as my finger starts pushing into his asshole. His muscle isn't snapping around me as Beth's was, but I can feel it squeezing steadily around me. And I hear Fred measuring deep breaths as my finger enters and stills inside him.

I repeat the instructions for Garrett just to waste a few seconds while I wait for the pill to melt. Then I slip my finger out of his bottom and ask Garrett to return him to the bench.

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Garrett walks Fred over to the bench. Fred's cock is still rock hard, and now it's lightly twitching as he walks. Garrett puts him beside Beth.

Beth is obviously very uncomfortable. The suppository has clearly done its job and now the urge to empty her bowels is overwhelming. I can see her fidgeting as she sits. I can see the tension in her body, her clenching teeth, and that face that seems to be always scrunched up. I don't see any tears yet, but her eyes are wet. Her nipples are fully rock hard, too, and now there are prominent wrinkle lines of goosebumps in the dark rings around them.

I tell Garrett "Elizabeth is ready. Would you mind putting her on the table, on her hands and knees, for her enema?"

The instant I say "enema" a tear runs from both of Beth's eyes. I'm sure that, feeling the swelling pressure in her bowels now, Beth is wondering how I think she could possibly stand anything else in there. Yet also knowing that more, maybe a lot more, is going there. Now. And that she doesn't have a choice about it.

Garrett puts his hands to her shoulders, gripping her firmly. It looks to me as if he has to almost lift her up to her feet. As she begins to rise, I see her cringe inward, rolling her shoulder forward, and start trembling. Her legs aren't much steadier as he walks her over to the table. She doesn't walk. She slides her feet over the floor, never lifting either, and then moving them only a couple of inches at a time. It takes Garrett a moment, but then he gets her over there.

He gets her up onto the table. I've asked him to put her body into a very specific position. With Beth trembling so much, it takes him a minute. But he gets her as I asked. With her back flat, parallel to the table. Her arms locked, her hands at the side of the table and out forward just

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enough for her back to be flat. With her thighs straight up and down, her knees mostly to the edges of the table. And the tops of her feet resting on the tabletop. With her head up, too, even though now she's staring at the wall instead of Grace.

I have Sophie bring me an eight-ounce disposable enema with the tip already attached to it. Beth is staring in the direction of the cabinets, so she can't help but see the bottle Sophie gets from the cabinet. I'll bet it looks like a gallon to her right then.

I very quietly whisper to Garrett. I tell him that it's his job to "keep Beth quiet and calm," which won't be easy since she seems to panic more than is warranted by what's happening. I suggest he touch her and offer soft reassurances to her. And I let him know that Beth will regret it if she doesn't stay put and accept the full enema.

Beth's globes part again easily to reveal the tight, dime-sized swath of light pink around her pea-sized asshole. The pinkness is lined with countless wrinkly lines, all flowing into a tiny pinprick of darkness at the center. I put the tip of the nozzle, about the size of a pencil, against her asshole and push. Pre-lubricated, it glides right through her resisting ring. I push the entire five-inch length of the nozzle into her bottom, stopping only when the top of the bottle is pushed flush against the outside of her asshole. That lets her feel the wide top and know that the entire length of that nozzle she saw earlier is now inside her bottom. I let her cheeks lie against the sides of the bottle.

I can see the prominent goosebumps covering her cheeks. They seem to have started at the outside edge of her ring, covering her crack before flowing out. And now they cover her very wet mound, too. Her mound is obviously much wetter than it was when I gave her the suppository, which tells me that Beth's pussy is enjoying this no matter what she seems to be showing.

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I pause, letting the nozzle just lie there inside Beth's rectum. "I'm going to give this to her slowly," I tell Garrett. There's no reason for me to go slowly, other than to make Beth feel it a bit longer. And that's my reason. "Once I'm done, and the nozzle is out of her anus, I'll nod to you. Count off ten seconds. Then you'll need to help Beth to get up to her feet. It's going to be very unpleasant for her to try and move with her rectum so full, but she needs to. Have her stand up straight. It's important that her back and legs be straight. Count off another ten seconds, and don't rush it. You can comfort her however you want. After you count those ten seconds off, walk her across the hall to the bathroom and stand her in front of the toilet. Then we can show her how to completely evacuate her bowels. Got it?"

"Yeah," Garrett doesn't sound too thrilled by the idea. He slips in front of Beth, dropping down to one knee to bring his face even with hers. It has her staring into his eyes now. "Elizabeth, it's almost over now," he tells her in a very sweet and reassuring voice. "I need you to be a very big girl for just a little longer and then it will all be over." He puts a hand on her back and starts stroking it over her spine. He takes his other hand and slips his fingers under Beth's palm, now flat on the table. He grips her hand as she grips the table. "I'll stay here with you, Elizabeth, just behave for me..."

I start squeezing the bottle. "OOH!" Elizabeth sucks in a noisy, squealing breath. It's fast and sharp. Her body trembles hard. I'd guess about three drops have entered her. But those drops will feel icy cold against her fiery bowels. I keep squeezing. Beth trembles sharper with every drop. Beth pants faster, noisier, breaths. She grips the table with every ounce of her strength. Tears roll from the corners of her eyes. Her bottom shudders from the trembling. I keep filling her.

Her breathed "OOHS" steadily fade into squeakier,

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breathed “MMS.” Her face scrunches up even more. Her mouth hangs open.

Garrett, seeing how pained Beth looks, tries his best to calm her. He strokes her back. He holds her hand. He stares into her barely open eyes and softly, in a voice that’s pure sweetness, reminds her “it’s almost over Elizabeth, just a tiny bit longer. Come on, Elizabeth, you’re being such a good girl for me, sugar... that’s it, sugar, just a tiny bit longer...”

I doubt Garrett notices the signs I’m watching for. Beth quivers and shivers as she fidgets. Her pussy stays sopping wet, the honey still flowing into her fine slit. The goosebumps stay high. Her nipples stay as hard as rocks.

She definitely feels the enema. The suppository already had her bowels feeling full, urging her to empty them. Instead, the enema slowly filled them more. That stretched the filmy walls of her rectum, even more, pulling them more tautly, and strengthening her urge to run for the toilet. Now she feels a nearly unbearable pressure swollen inside her bowels, straining both her inside and her asshole as it tries to burst out of her.

She also feels Garrett's affectionate reassurances. She feels as if he's truly looking out for her. That he's trying to make things easier for her, not harder. I'm sure she knows it's not really the case, but for the moment at least, she believes that he cares for her. That she's something to him. It motivates her to want to behave for him, even as her bowels strain harder and more unpleasantly.

And then I finish and slip the nozzle from Beth’s tightly clenched asshole. I set it on the table beside me as I nod to Garrett.

“OK, Elizabeth, that’s all of it... listen to me... one... two... three...” Garrett counts off, stroking Beth’s back and holding her hand. “Nine... ten... that’s it, Elizabeth. Come

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on, let's get you to your feet... I know it's going to be hard for your to get up, sugar - I'm going to hold your hands for you, OK? The sooner you get to your feet, without having an accident, the sooner I can take you to the bathroom... come on, sugar, it's only a few more seconds, Elizabeth, let's go..."

Garrett shifts his hands to her shoulders and starts nudging her to move. Beth starts trying to move. She doesn't know how to move, how to get off the table without making it worse than it has to be. I whisper to Garrett.

Garrett stops her. "It's OK, Elizabeth, stop... I'm going to get you up, so all you have to do is hold your potty while I move you. I'll be gentle with you, Elizabeth, just please be a very big girl for me so you don't have to do this again, OK?" Beth is still on her hands and knees. Garrett puts his hands to her shoulders. He steadies himself and then lifts her shoulders up, bringing Beth up to kneel on the table.

"AHH!" Beth cries out as she's moved. Movement, any movement, is enough to shift the angles of her bowels inside her. Or at least try to. Now stretched full, her rectum is fairly rigid and resists moving. That sends cramps shooting through her body, just behind her bare pubes.

Moving Beth as little as possible is the only thing that will make it easier for Beth. I told Garrett that he could move her instead of making her get up. That's something I rarely allow a toy. I do so now for Beth. She needs to learn something. She needs to learn how to trust someone new like Garrett is to her. She needs to feel as if he's truly taking care of her.

Garrett sighs deeply as Beth cries out. He imagines it's worse than it is. "I've got you, Elizabeth," Garrett says. He finally gives up on the idea of touching her as little and chastely as possible. He slips one arm under her bottom,

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the silky skin of her cheeks gliding over his forearm as he does until it's under her thighs. He wraps his other arm around her, just below her shoulders. But he does take care to keep his hand on her arm and not so much as graze against her breast. He lifts Beth up, holding her in his arms for a second as he swings her over and off the table. He slowly lowers her feet to the floor.

"OW!" Beth chants over and over with every panting breath she takes. Garrett quickly stands her on her feet. She leans forward as if she wants to double over.

"I have to straighten you up, Elizabeth... just a few more seconds, OK? I don't want this to be for nothing, sugar, so hang on to me and let me straighten you up." He moves her body. Beth does nothing but keeps squeaking out "Ows" with every rapid-fire breath. He straightens her up fully. Then he stands in front of her, facing her. He has her holding his hand with both of hers. She grips it tightly, almost crushing it in her grip. His other hand rests softly on her bare shoulder. His thumb nudges her head up so her eyes are forward. "That's it, Elizabeth, this is it. After this, I'll get you to the potty, OK, just be good a few more seconds Elizabeth..."

Beth stands trembling almost violently hard. She grips his hand. The goosebumps stay. Her nipples strain to stiffen even more. I can see that I've figured Beth out. I know what she wants today.

She makes it through Garrett's count. He keeps her hands holding his and starts walking her across the hall. Beth cries out another panted squeak with every tiny step but eagerly follows him across the hall.

Garrett does what I asked. He stands Beth straight up in front of the toilet. With the backs of her shins lightly against the seat. I followed them across the hall. That let me enjoy the view of Beth's small bottom. With her muscles so tensed up that her bottom was tight, her crack clenched shut.

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I have Garrett help Beth get into position. That's seat up, not down, leaving the bare skin of her thighs on the narrower rim of cold porcelain. With her bottom centered over the elongated opening, an equal space behind her bottom and in front of her pubes. With her back up straight, head up, and eyes forward. Her feet flat, not on the floor, but on little plastic blocks that are about $\frac{2}{3}$ the height from the floor to the rim of the bowl. Her feet and knees spread wide. He brings her hands up for her, putting them to the back of her neck where they'll be completely out of the way of any view.

Garrett stands to Beth's right, and I'm at her left knee. I have Garrett give her instructions. He tells her that she has five minutes to empty herself completely. She should push hard, and keep pushing until she can't possibly go anymore. "Don't be shy, Elizabeth," He tells her sweetly, "don't worry about who sees what or how embarrassing it is. The only thing that matters is that you completely empty your butt. The last thing I want is for you to have to go through this again, so please, Elizabeth, don't be shy about it. It doesn't matter if we see it, just empty your butt out for me, OK? You may potty now, Elizabeth..."

If Garrett was going to say anything more, it's lost. The minute she's given permission, Beth's bottom explodes, a torrent of dark brown shooting from her asshole like water from a fire hose. "UHMMMM!" Beth moans a deep breath. The cramps come back, hard. I can see the flesh of her pubes rippling slightly as they flow through her. She keeps going. Garrett keeps holding her hands, too. She doesn't think about that. She just gratefully grips them hard.

It's about forty seconds before Beth finally sucks in a fast breath. Then she's groaning out another breathed "UHMMMM." the cramps fade to nothing quickly as the fluid drains from her bowels. The mess keeps coming, spewing

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out of her bottom as fast as it can.

It's about two minutes before Beth has fully calmed down. She still keeps her grip on Garrett's hands. The torrent slows but keeps coming without a pause. Only now Beth is starting to think about what she's doing. To realize that both Garrett and I are not just standing here, which would be humiliating enough, but closely seeing everything she's doing. Seeing the mess as it shoots out from between her cheeks. Even seeing the pee flow from her pussy.

She uses all of the five minutes, but when Garrett tells her time is up, she's done. She's empty.

Garrett does as I've asked. He keeps hold of her hands and stands her up without giving her a chance to clean her bottom up. "You're doing good, Elizabeth," Garrett reassuringly tells her. "Miss Skanky is going to come and clean you up for your pelvic exam now. You are going to be on your very best behavior for her. She's not going to do anything but clean you off. You'll be fine, Elizabeth." Garrett has to tug on Beth's hands a little to get her away from the toilet.

He moves her two steps into the shower. I seldom use it, but I seldom have use for it. In this shower, the same one Sophie and the other girls use here, there are restraints. Or at least places to attach them. On the bottom, there's a wooden plank that spans the length of the shower. It's usually not there, and it just lifts out. It's almost as wide as the shower's floor. And it has ankle cuffs attached to the sides of it.

Garrett stands Beth with her back facing the shower head. He stretches her feet out to the sides of the tub and quickly buckles the cuffs around her ankles. Then he brings her hands up. There's a single hook in the ceiling, a chain dangling down from it. At the end of the chain, there's a metal bar about two feet across. At either end of that, there are cuffs for her wrists. He locks her wrists into

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the cuffs. It holds her hands well above her head and spread apart. Her elbows are bent slightly. Her hands and her arms aren't getting anywhere near her body.

"Be a good little girl Elizabeth while Miss Skanky gives you a bath and cleans you up. I'll be back for you soon, and I hope I get a good report from her." Garrett tells her before following me out and leaving Beth chained up in the shower with a very messy bottom.

"Skanky!" I call out from the hall. "Go give that thing a bath and clean it up."

"Yes, my Queen," Paige answers as she's already stepping into the hall. Around here, Paige gets all the crappy jobs. Garrett chuckles at the sight of her. She's almost always completely nude in the house. But for this, I've given her a rubber apron to wear. And rubber dishwashing gloves. And a hair cap so her hair doesn't get wet. Other than that, and the collar locked around her neck, Paige wears only the leg irons she always wears around the house to remind her that she's a slave. As Paige passes by us, Garrett realizes she's naked under the apron. Paige is a tall, lithe girl. Despite her narrow frame and hips, the apron leaves her bare bottom exposed. Garrett gawks at the firm, well-rounded curves of her bottom as she passes.

Then he follows me back into the playroom where Fred is waiting.

Fred looks to be about as uncomfortable as Beth was, although he's trying hard not to let it show. He's forcing himself to sit up straight and still, and not squirm despite the burgeoning pressure in his bowels. And the nervous edge of anticipation as he awaits his enema. The same enema he just watched Beth suffer through. Beth made it look beyond miserable. And Fred knows he's next in line for the very same.

I have Garrett put Fred in the same position as Beth.

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And I gently remind Garrett that both are equal here. Both are toys here for an exam, and both are his wards. I expect him to show Fred the same kindness and attention as Beth got, despite Fred's gender. That seems to be an issue for Garrett. But I don't have any problems with Garrett. He might be a little reluctant with Fred, but he doesn't let it show. He's also very careful to keep his hands on Fred's back and shoulders, avoiding straying to his chest and especially to anywhere near Fred's bottom.

Garrett does keep Fred quiet, and mostly calm, as I give Fred the enema. It frees me up to pay closer attention to Fred's body and how it reacts to the enema. It lets me watch as his sack, already covered with goosebumps, now pulls up, drawing his balls up along the underside of his stiff and hanging cock. It lets me see his cock twitching, but that's nothing new. I think it twitched away the entire time that he was sitting there, albeit lightly. Now it jumps crisply. And then, as the last drops strain to flood his rectum, I see the glistening stickiness bloom around the tip of his cock. That first drop of precum has flowed, clinging to the tip of his purple head. His cock keeps twitching.

I'm not sure Garrett could lift Fred off the table. He weighs close to double what Beth does, and she wasn't light for him. Garrett doesn't try. He does hang onto Fred, steadying him, as he instructs Fred to rise up to his knees and then to slide one knee off the side of the table and put the foot to the floor. He's still holding onto Fred's hands as Fred gets to his feet.

Fred is definitely feeling the pressure of his full bowels. Garrett has to straighten himself up to stand properly, as he did with Beth. As Garrett pulls him gently into position, Fred finally lets out a good groan. I don't see the ripples of cramping, although I'm sure he's feeling some. All I see is that glistening tip of his cock twitching sharply and dancing around. Only now I can see the tension in his stomach as well, pulling his muscles tight

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and making his chest and stomach look even more toned. I can see his bottom, his soft cheeks now clenched tightly shut, too.

Garrett stands in front of him, looking Fred in the eyes as he counts off the ten seconds. Fred stands rigidly tense. His cock twitches away. Twice, as Garrett counts, I see a fresh glistening atop his cock head. I'm sure Garrett misses that. I see the muscles in his bottom tensing more and more until his cheeks are squeezing so tightly together that they're quivering.

He holds Fred's hands and walks him across the hall to the bathroom. As I've instructed, Paige has left the shower open, leaving Beth on full display as Paige scrubs her body. I have Paige doing a "complete cleaning" of Beth. That includes shampooing and conditioning her hair, washing off her makeup, brushing her teeth, shaving her legs, underarms, and pubes, and scrubbing every bit of exposed skin.

The look on Beth's face is one of unhappy shame. I have no doubt that being bathed like a small toddler is a rather demeaning experience for her. And one Olive would never subject her to. I'm sure the thought that Beth has been bathing herself for over 40 years now is running through her head. More so is the thought that Paige had to clean her bottom. Beth will definitely be cringing from the humiliation of knowing what mess Paige must have seen. And of what Paige had to clean off of her. And now there's the added embarrassment of so many people in the room to see her bathed.

I have Garrett help Fred onto the toilet. To my surprise, and unhappily to Garrett's, putting his feet up on the blocks proves to be very difficult for Fred. He tries, and I see him cringe hard as sharp cramps rack him. He stops, puts his foot back to the floor, and breathes out a heavy sigh of relief. After another attempt, and without me saying a word, Garrett simply tells Fred, "relax, big guy, I'll

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get you," then he kneels down and picks Fred's foot up and sets it atop the block. A deep, "UGH!" explodes from Fred's mouth, and a ripping cramp shoots behind his pubes, as Garrett does it. A tiny droplet of his whitish creamy cum falls from the tip of his cock into the bowl below, too. It's the same as Garrett moves his other foot into place.

It puts Fred in the same position as Beth was in. But there's one problem. Fred's cock is rock hard and starting to ooze cum. There's no chance of it going soft anytime soon. So hard, his cock is pointing straight ahead, its tip aimed over the rim of the bowl. And it's twitching fairly sharply. That means if Fred should pee, which he almost certainly will, his pee would shoot not into the toilet, but right over the front of it and onto the floor. That's something I would never allow.

Now it's time for a test. The secret kind of test. My favorite kind. I want to see what Garrett will do for Fred since I know he's far more willing to help Beth this way than Fred. At least, for his sake, Grace isn't here to see. I tell him "there's one problem with Fred. Unfortunately, the horny little boy can't make his penis behave while he has his enema. See how stiff it is? See where it's pointing? He will pee when he empties his bowels. That's unavoidable. With his hands at his sides, there's nothing he can do about it. We could wait until his penis calms down and goes soft, but with him so obviously enjoying the enema, that might be a few hours..." I leave it open, allowing Garrett to ponder the problem and possible solutions to it. With Fred sitting there, his bottom and bowels in the perfect position to empty, his asshole straining hard to contain the torrent, Fred won't be able to wait hours. A few minutes would be a stretch. Sooner than later his bottom is going to explode, earning him punishment. The growing strain in his breathing, the grunts edging into them, and the light quivering taking hold of his body are all signs that his need is blooming fast.

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Garrett sighs heavily, a loud note of unhappy reluctance in his voice. He sees only one solution since Fred's hands must stay where they are. He leans over and puts the backs of his fingers against the top of Fred's twitching shaft. He pushes down until the tip of it is below the rim of the toilet. He holds it like that. The rippling in his pubes around his shaft tells me that Garrett can feel Fred's cock trying to twitch against his hand. Garrett gives Fred the same instructions Beth got. And tells him to use the toilet.

Fred explodes just as powerfully as Beth did. It's about 30 seconds later when a powerful stream of golden pee jets out from the tip of his cock and splashes down into the bowl. Garrett leaves his hand where it is, against the top of his shaft behind the head. The stream doesn't last that long, about 15 seconds before it trickles off to nothing. Garrett keeps holding his cock down.

It's far easier to see when Fred is peeing than when Beth did. It's an immutable fact that an over-full bowel makes it hard to pee. The bowel just presses against the urethra letting only the strongest, most urgent, stream flow through. As Fred's bowels empty, the pressure lessens. About halfway through, his cock suddenly shoots out another stream of bright pee. This time it goes on for almost a minute, his bladder fully emptying.

While Fred is emptying himself, Paige finishes up with Beth. I have Sophie unlock her and bring her out of the shower. Paige gets a towel and dries Beth off, Beth not being allowed to do anything for herself.

Then, when Fred's time is up, Garrett moves him to the shower and locks him in the place Beth just vacated. I tell Paige to wash him as well. Garrett takes Beth and leads her back to the playroom for part two of her exam.



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I have Garrett walk Beth directly back to the "exam table." With Fred already in the shower, and Paige washing his body, I don't have time to play around. He'll be done before I am anyway. If I didn't have to work, I might make her wait, but there is a firm time limit to this session. I will not be late for work. I worked too hard to get that job.

I ask Garrett to "lie Elizabeth on the table" in a specific position. I don't tell him how to go about doing it, but since Beth is unbound and no longer struggling, she can just get up herself if he tells her to. Garrett very sweetly tells Beth how to lie, and then helps her up onto the table. He's still very carefully avoiding touching her anywhere close to intimate, though. But he does seem to be softening towards her.

Beth lies as I want her. Flat on her back. She has her head straight, her eyes staring up at the empty ceiling. Her legs and feet are together, her toes pointing upward. Her hands are at her sides, touching her body lightly, palms turned up and hands open. She looks almost relaxed and comfortable now. Except her nipples are still sticking up hard, looking almost pointy, and I see the goosebumps on the very top of her pussy mound. I can see the faintest hint of her honey at the top of her slit as well, despite Paige having just thoroughly washed her pussy. I know Paige cleaned every bit of honey off of those lips and folds, meaning the honey I'm seeing now is fresh. Beth's pussy is still hotly aroused.

Garrett stands at Beth's left shoulder. But he's looking over her, not down at her nude body. As if he's trying to offer her some tiny shred of modesty. That won't last. I won't let it. I'm having too much fun pushing him to be sweet to his future mother-in-law. And his future step-father-in-law.

I start with my stethoscope and just listen to Beth's bowel sounds. It only takes a moment. There's not much to hear, and I don't care about them anyway. Although, if I

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did hear anything noteworthy, I would recommend to Olive that Beth see her GP sooner than later and tell Olive why. After all, Beth is Olive's property. Olive will take good care of it. And it gets Beth used to being touched.

I leave Beth where she is, lying flat on her back at about waist level. I look over her to Garrett and tell him we're going to begin the "sexual health" portion of the exam. "I'll be checking Elizabeth's mouth first since she uses that for oral sex." Garrett just nods. I tell him that this will be "slightly uncomfortable, but not unpleasant" for Beth. His job is the same as it always has been. He's to keep her relaxed and calm. If she's not, and she resists anything "it will only make it worse for Elizabeth. I won't feel a thing. Nor will you."

The oral exam is fairly straightforward. I start by getting a dental gag off the table beside me. It looks like two thin metal bars, stainless steel, curved like dentures, and connected together. I use my fingers to squeeze the corners of her mouth and open it. Then I slip the gag into her mouth, fitting the bars under and around her teeth. A simple thumbscrew allows me to crank the gag open, spreading her jaws along with it. This is where the only skill needed comes in. As I crank it open, it spreads her jaw. The thumbscrew gets harder and harder to turn as her jaw muscles are stretched further and further. The skill is knowing how wide I can stretch her jaw apart, straining those muscles, but not injuring them. When I release the gag, there should be no lingering effect on Beth. I have to guess by the resistance of that thumbscrew. And a few visible signs. I can see the tendons and ligaments in her lean neck as they're pulled tight. Those offer a good clue as to when her jaw nears its safe limit.

When I stop, I get a metric ruler. I use metric for this because millimeters are more precise than inches would be. Unless I wanted to use 32^{nds} of inches. I measure the distance between Beth's teeth, from sharp tip to sharp tip,

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in the front where it's going to be the least. I measure 34 mm and note that. It's about $1\frac{1}{3}$ ". That's the widest her jaw will open, and thus Beth's mouth can accommodate any cock thinner than that. That wide it will be scraping her teeth. Wider and it won't work well at all. That's about average for a jaw to open. And it will accommodate about 90+% of actual men's cocks. With time, those muscles could be trained to open a bit wider, but that won't be necessary. I've seen what Fred has to offer. Beth can accommodate it easily.

Now that Beth's mouth is spotlessly clean (no one likes to work in a dirty mouth, any dentist will tell you that). I take another moment to get a good look inside. I push her cheeks out to see her gums and the outsides of her teeth. I use a tongue depressor to lift her tongue and see under it. I glance at the insides of her teeth. And even the bottoms of them. I see nothing that requires attention. I'm not really interested in that, but I do want Beth to feel me checking her mouth in absolutely complete detail. I want her to know that there's no tiny bit of her body that I haven't seen. That I now know her body better than she does.

Then I check her throat. I use a scope for that, the same kind any doctor would. You can buy them pretty cheaply on eBay. It's little more than a curved tube, with a blade like a curved tongue depressor on the end, with a mirror and light attached. It slips in, over her tongue, pushing it down and out of the way, then makes the curve at the back of her mouth. With the mirror for the bend, it leaves me looking down her throat. It lets me see everything along the way, too. And it lets me measure. Beth is a moderately tall woman, so I'm not surprised to learn that her mouth is 15.0 centimeters deep. That's measuring from the tip of her teeth to her epiglottis, the flap of meaty skin that closes off her windpipe when she swallows. That's just under six inches. To push through her epiglottis and into her esophagus, a cock would have

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to be longer than that. I could easily find a man so endowed. But Fred isn't. It means that his cock should be easy for Beth to accommodate fully without serious choking. I snap a couple of pictures for Olive. And because the "form" I use for these exams has boxes for them. If I'm going to do a full exam, I'm doing it and I'm keeping the pics. Then I take the scope out and release Beth's jaw. There's nothing more for me to do here.

Garrett does what I asked him to do. He squats down to lower his head closer to Beth's. He reminds her, in his reassuring and tender voice, to stay calm and still. He has his hands on her head, close to her ears. It's just enough physical contact for her to feel him and know that he's really there with her, watching over her, as she stares up and sees nothing.

I tell Garrett, "we'll just start at the bottom and work up." I wonder if he realizes that I mean Beth's bottom. I don't have stirrups on my massage table. They're not exactly standard equipment. I start by moving Beth's legs for her and bringing her feet up close to her bottom, spreading them wide as I do. It puts her into a missionary position. I might not have stirrups, but I do have rope. I grab a length with a noose tied in one end and slip it over Beth's foot, up to her knee. I use the rope to pull her knee back, towards her breast, and tie it off to the steel rail under the table's top. I do the same with her other knee. It brings her feet up off the table, leaving them hanging with their soles pointed back at me. And her legs spread wide. That has her bottom pulled tautly, her globes fully stretched, and her crack starting to spread wide. Wide enough that I have a clear view of her tiny pink asshole. And that asshole is now positioned almost perfectly in front.

I get an anal dilator off the table. It's similar to a gynecologist's speculum but smaller for the smaller opening. It has two surgical steel blades opposite each

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other. Both are curved and angle slightly inward. They're about an inch long. At their tip, they're more like $\frac{1}{4}$ " wide, from outside edge to outside edge. The other end of those blades is anchored to a wide, steel ring, that's maybe $1\frac{1}{2}$ " or almost 2" across. And it has a thumbscrew. Mine is ready for Beth, a thin film of lubricating gel on the tips of the blades.

I hold it up just above Beth's pubes where Garrett can see it but Beth can't even come close. "This is an anal speculum. I'm going to use it to dilate Elizabeth's anus fully so that I can check her rectum, those are the parts she uses for anal sex. This will be slightly unpleasant for Elizabeth, so please keep her relaxed."

I put the tips of the blades against Beth's asshole. Actually around her asshole. She's tiny, so the tips are touching the ring of muscle that's her asshole. Beth flinches hard as she feels them touch her and feels that it's wider than her opening. I wiggle the blades from side to side. The first wiggle is enough to get the tip of one blade in place. It slips into the opening at the center of her asshole, pushing in a scant fraction of an inch, and now pushing against the inside rim of her ring as well. As I wiggle the spreader in the opposite direction, that blade pushes against the inside of her thick ring, stretching it slightly. But that's enough for the tip of the other blade to slip into the opening as well.

Assholes are decently thick when cinched shut. I'd bet around $\frac{1}{4}$ " deep. The blades are nearly that deep. Nor are they stretching her ring much. At the deepest, her asshole is still shut. I push gently. The slickened blades move forward, pressing deeper into Beth's tight asshole and starting to stretch it. "UH!" Beth moans under her breath, a squeak of nervousness to it, as she feels it pushing into her bottom. I push the entire length of the blades through her asshole, stopping only when the ring at the base is flush against the outside of her asshole. That

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has her asshole stretched slightly open.

I ignore Beth and start turning the thumbscrew. I'm not rushing. Slowly, the blades separate, stretching Beth's asshole wider as they do.

Beth lies still at first. I'm sure she feels her bottom being stretched open. I hear Beth groaning a faint "UH" with every breath. Her breathing is quickly speeding up to a panting. I feel nervous quivers start racing over her, too. I see the goosebumps around her ring snap to their most prominent, too. And, just above her asshole, I can see the fresh honey sparkling at her slit.

I don't have to tell Garrett anything. He can see that Beth is starting to panic. He puts his hand on her stomach, angling his arm to keep it far from her breast. He rubs her stomach tenderly as he tells her to relax and lie still. It mostly calms Beth. The trembling eases to where her bottom is still again.

I watch her asshole as I twist the thumbscrew. Steadily, and slowly, the light pink flesh of her ring is pulled taut. The countless wrinkle lines vanish as they're stretched away. I can see her muscle steadily turning firmer as it's stretched wider. I can feel the thumbscrew getting harder to turn. I can see the darkness inside her asshole slowly growing wider, too.

When I judge her asshole to be stretched near its limit and stop, I have 3.1 cm of separation between the blades. That's the diameter of the open space at the center of her gaping ring. It tells me that Beth's asshole is capable of opening more than wide enough to accommodate most cocks.

Beth is clearly uneasy as she lies there. She's uncomfortable, too. Her asshole is stretched further than it is used to being opened. Wide enough that her muscle will be burning and aching lightly. That will fade in seconds once her ring is released. But for now, she's feeling it.

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She's probably imagining her asshole pulled wide enough for a telephone pole to slip into her. She quivers now, the tremors flowing over her powerfully enough that it has her body squirming gentle fidgets. She breathes lightning fast and shallow pants, each laced with a deep "UH!" as she lies there. As she was told to, she keeps her eyes open, and that stops her from scrunching her face up as much as she'd like to. It also forces her to see Garrett standing just beside her head.

"Anal dilation is 3.1 centimeters," I tell Garrett, "or about 1¼ inches. That's the widest penis her anus can accommodate." Beth blushes brightly as she hears Garrett told, my voice utterly detached as if I was relating the most insignificant fact. Now, she thinks, her future son-in-law knows exactly how big her asshole is. "Have her breathe deep and slow, it will ease it for her," I tell Garrett and then move on. It's up to him to calm her or not. As I told him, I'm not feeling a thing.

Garrett uses a hand to lightly stroke Beth's cheek now that there's no makeup on it. "Elizabeth, I want you to relax. Breathe slowly and deeply for me, sugar..." I notice that he calls her sugar again. I doubt he's called her that before today. For his sake, I hope he's never called Grace sugar, too. She would not only catch it but kill him for it. "Slowly..." He reminds her. Beth tries, but her breaths don't slow back to near normal. "Breathe with me, Elizabeth," Garrett tells her, looking down onto her face and placing a trace of firmness into his voice. He strokes her cheek as he starts taking a slow deep breath and making it loud enough for Beth to hear. Beth starts breathing with him. It takes her about two breaths to get fully in pace with him. Instead of reassuring her, he smiles to her and keeps pacing her breaths. It takes a few more seconds, but then I see most of the tension fade from Beth's body. She lies still now, breathing deeply. I still hear the "UH" in her breaths, but it's well muted.

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I shine a penlight between the blades of the spreader and into Beth's bottom. Maybe now Beth understands why she was made to endure the bowel cleansing enema. I'd bet she's glad her bowels are clean, too. She knows I'm seeing them. A rectum isn't that interesting to see. It's mostly a pink tunnel. The walls of it are filmy and thin, like a sausage casing, with a thin layer of pink smooth muscle lining the outside. The membrane is lined with thick, dark veins. It's loose, the walls sagging inward. "Elizabeth has a good coloring to her rectum, a nice bright shade of red pink," I tell Garrett. I doubt he pays too much attention. I know he doesn't care. It keeps Beth blushing as brightly as the flashing lights atop a fire engine, and about the same shade of red. She hadn't a clue what the color of her rectum was. She'd probably never even thought about it. And now Garrett knows.

I get my "butt cam" off the table. It's actually just a cheap "borescope" inspection camera I bought at Harbor Freight. But it's perfect for this. It's even designed for it. It has a narrow (maybe ¼" thick) flexible shaft about two feet long. At one end there's a lens with a little light. At the other end, there's a view screen and a simple low-res LCD display. It is marketed for looking into pipes, tubes, and engines. All dark tunnels. And that's what I'm looking into - Beth's dark tunnel. It works as well as a colonoscopy, although it's not as long, which costs about 10,000 times as much.

I slip the lens through the spreader. It doesn't even touch Beth's asshole. Inside her, it lies against the bottom of her now open and clear rectum. I start pushing the camera slowly into Beth's depths.

Beth's breaths suddenly take on a very antsy squeal. Garrett must hear it. He strokes her cheek a little more tenderly.

The tip of the camera inches its way to the very back of Beth's rectum. I stop when I can see it before it's

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pushing against it and making her very uncomfortable. She should barely even feel the camera. She'll definitely feel it enough to know it's there. That it's all the way into the depths of her bottom. But that's about all. Like a thick snake just lying inside her, moving, but not really pushing against anything or doing much to make her uncomfortable.

"Elizabeth has a normal, healthy rectum. I measure 201 mm to the back of it." I tell Garrett "that's about eight inches before a penis bottoms out. Not only does that keep Beth blushing, but it also gets a cringe from her. I can see it flow over her body. And I can hear it as her breathing stops for a split second. I doubt Garrett cares one iota. But I know Beth cares that he now knows exactly how deep her bottom is. I start backing the camera out, snapping a few quick pics for Olive as I go. I get a good view of the point where her colon joins her rectum, and tell Garrett "I can already see the feces starting to refill Elizabeth's rectum." so far it's only a few drops. For a colonoscopy, they would have flushed her colon as well, but there's no reason for me to go nearly that deep. I slip the camera back out of her bottom. Then I release the spreader slowly, allowing her asshole to tighten up with the narrowing blades. I slip it out, and in a couple of seconds, her asshole is cinched fully shut. I snap a pic of that as well.

Seeing Beth's obvious relief, Garrett knows that I'm done. "There. See, Elizabeth? That wasn't so bad."

I grab a disposable plastic speculum off the table. It's the standard, generic, cheap ones most doctors have in their offices. The very same ones we have in the ED. I use my fingers to spread Beth's long, slightly narrow, and thin, pussy lips wide apart. That bares every bit of her pinkness to my eyes. It lets me fully see her long, shallow, thin, light pink inner folds as they surround her pussy and rise up to the thick knot that nestles her clit. All of which is

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sloppy wet, covered with a fresh and thick layer of creamy honey. Beth might be "hating" this, but her pussy is so clearly loving it. I spread her folds apart as well, exposing the narrow entrance of her tunnel. Her tunnel is fairly narrow and looks to be snug. I can see the light pink walls of it, their meaty insides swelling inward and closing her tunnel... I can see those walls flushed bright and hot. I can see the thickness of the honey clinging to everything and coating it. Her tunnel is definitely not stretched out. It should feel snug around most cocks, and that's something men like.

I put the tips of the speculum's blades against the entrance of Beth's tunnel. A couple of wiggles has them starting to slip into her channel. Beth doesn't show any anxiety now. This isn't new to her. Like any woman her age, she's had dozens of pelvic exams. She knows what's going to happen and that it won't be bad for her. She stays relaxed as I stretch her pussy wide open.

Now I can see all the way to the back of her pussy. I can see her pulpy walls, now stretched tautly, but still soft and meaty between the blades. I can see the lighter, unflushed, pink knot that's the tip of her uterus. It looks like a tiny volcano rising into the widely stretched tunnel. Only the crater at the tip of the mound isn't perfectly round. It's more of a tiny line. Straighter. That's a sign of childbirth, which is no surprise to me with her daughter sitting here. Even that's covered with honey. I use the tip of a gloved finger to touch her walls so that I can feel the heat burning inside them. And the sponginess of them. I snap a few pics with her pussy stretched wide.

"Elizabeth's vagina is slightly narrow, meaning it will feel snug around a man's penis. Her walls are spongy soft with a good muscle tone to snuggle him as well. Her honey is clear, creamy like... pudding, and rather slippery. All in all, it's a vagina that a man would enjoy putting his penis into. She's able to accommodate anything anyone

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might have for her. I've noticed that right now her walls are deeply flushed, and hot. That, along with a very liberal flow of honey, indicates that her vagina is very eager for some attention." It keeps Beth blushing brightly. I slip the speculum from her tunnel.

I've kept my fingers in place holding her inner folds wide apart. Her tunnel instantly relaxes and returns to its unstretched size. I can see the opening of Beth's urethra now. It's actually easy to miss, especially if you don't know what you're looking for. It's just above her tunnel. It's tiny, no wider than a coffee stirrer would be, and it has a couple of wrinkles of pinkness around it, which makes it blend in with the meatiness of her tunnel.

"A drug test is mandatory for all those who come here, except escorts such as yourself. I do not allow my toys to use any drugs, and to smoke or use alcohol only with direct permission. I know Olive has the same rules, so there should be no reason Elizabeth can't pass one. I know Olive tests her property, but rarely, using a commercially-available pee-in-the-cup test kit. I don't. I use an unbeatable test that involves draining her urine from her bladder by catheter." At the mention of the word, Beth cringes. "Is there any reason Elizabeth can't pass a test now?" I ask Garrett. I know he doesn't know what Beth was up to last night. But he should know her well enough to know if she's the type to smoke a little dope or not. I mentioned that my tests were unbeatable so Garrett would know, if she is, she won't pass it. I'm confident she's not, though. By now Olive would have caught on and banished her.

"She'll pass," Garrett tells me.

"Great," I tell him. I pull a 22-French Foley catheter out of its packet. It's a latex tube slightly thicker than $\frac{1}{4}$ ". At one end there's a cone-shaped tip, and then a latex band around the tube where it joins the tip. At the other end, there's a Y, a narrow tube splitting off from the thick

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main tube. The narrow tube, not much wider than a needle, runs into and through the wider channel all the way up to the band. Both tubes have a "port" on the end. The wider channel just has a screw-on port, otherwise leaving the channel open. The narrow tube has a screw-on port for a syringe to connect to, and a one-way valve that's closed if the syringe isn't there.

I put the point of the cone-shaped tip to the entrance of Beth's urethra and watch her flinch hard as she feels it. "Big stick coming for Elizabeth," I tell Garrett.

"OK, Elizabeth, just stay calm... Be a very good little girl for me, sugar..."

"AH!" Elizabeth gasps out a squeal as I push the tip of it into her. She scrunches her face up tight. Her hands quickly ball into fists for the second it takes the tube to push into her, then open again as the light pain vanishes. She prays I didn't notice it. I did, but I let it go. Now that it's not moving, she'll barely know it's there.

The pointy tip pushes right through her rubbery tube, stretching it easily, and into the tightness of the opening of her bladder. Once I feel it slip into place, I hold it steady, releasing her folds to free a hand. I twist a syringe full of sterile water on the port of the narrow channel and push the plunger. The water flows through the tube and inflates the band around the tip inside her bladder. It stops the catheter from slipping out. And blocks it so that it won't leak.

There's a plastic clip-type clamp across the wider tube, near its end. That pinches the tube shut so nothing runs out. As soon as the tip enters her bladder, the tube fills with light yellow urine. All the way up to the clamp. I know Beth peed not long ago, emptying her bladder. That only means she won't have much in it. Peeing usually leaves a tiny bit anyway. And it will quickly refill to about 100 ml. That's a volume she won't notice at all. But plenty

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for a drug test.

I attach an empty bag, like an IV bag, to the end of the tube. Then I release the clip. Her almost clear, fresh urine flows into the bag. It's what makes my test unbeatable. Whatever could have been done to trick it, she peed out when she peed. Since then, she's been under constant observation, and completely nude without anything. Whatever urine I'm draining now, her body produced in the last 30 minutes or so. I get close to 150 ml. I clamp the tube shut and take the bag off. I set the bag aside.

"I'm going to fully inflate Elizabeth's bladder now so I can examine it. It will be a bit uncomfortable for her. It feels like she has to pee worse than ever." I tell Garrett. I don't wait for him to answer me. I just grab the bag of sterile water off the table. The water in it is tinged blue, but that's just generic food dye to remind me that this bag has plain water in it. It's like a double check before I put anything into anyone. I connect the bag to the tube and release the clamp.

Now I start squeezing the bag. That pushes the blue water through the tube and into Beth's bladder. At first, Beth doesn't even feel it. But then her urge to pee starts growing stronger and stronger. I keep squeezing. The bladder is just basically a muscle. As it stretches, it will resist more and more. I'll know when it's full by the pressure it takes to squeeze more into her.

With about 400 ml into her, Beth starts showing her discomfort. Lightly at first. Garrett immediately starts reassuring her and telling her to stay relaxed. She does, but she also starts tensing up more and more. I point to her hands. Garrett instantly gets it. He must have noticed those fists ball up too. He warns her to keep her hands open, not make fists. "Come on, Elizabeth, you've had to pee before, you can handle it... be a good girl for me, Elizabeth..." It takes a little over 700ml to fill her. I clamp

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the line off so none of the water will flow out of her bladder. Instead, it will hold her bladder as it is, swollen to its fullest and hard.

I put my gloved hand atop her bare pubes. I can so easily feel her hard bladder. It's smooth with a good shape to it. It feels almost like a softball under her skin. "Elizabeth's bladder feels normal..." I tell Garrett. Beth lies, squirming slightly, and breathing fast pants laced with squeals she tries to mute. I pick up the bag and hold it up to see how much water is left in it. "Elizabeth's bladder holds... 740 ml," I tell Garrett. I am sure Beth never knew that.

"I'll drain it for you," I tell Garrett. I added for him so Beth would know, or at least believe, that I don't care if she suffers with it over-full. Draining it is as easy for me as setting the bag down and releasing the clamp. The water gushes right back into the bag. It doesn't take long either. Almost instantly Beth feels her bladder draining and sighs out a huge relief. Once that's done, I use my fingers to spread her inner folds again, stretching them wide. It gives me a good view of the tube vanishing into her pinkness just above her pussy. A pussy that's about twice as wet as it was a couple minutes ago.

Once I have the catheter out of her, I pick up the camera again. "I'm just going to check her urethra for yeast and signs of gonorrhea," I tell Garrett. Before Beth can guess how that's done, she feels the tip of the camera pushing against the entrance of that freshly vacated rubbery tube.

Beth tenses up hard and cringes. The lens must feel huge against the tiny hole, even though it's no wider than the catheter. A little wiggling and pressure and it pushes its way into her tube, easily stretching the rubberiness wide. And it slips forward. Beth cries out another squeal as Garrett tries to quiet her. It doesn't take long, maybe half of a very unpleasant minute for Beth. The lens slips

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right through the tube and bumps against the tip of her bladder. I start pulling it back slowly, seeing every bit of her tube and snapping a couple of pics for Olive. There's nothing to see, just the light pinkness of her tube. And then it slips out of her.

Beth blurts out another heavy sigh of relief. This time her eyes are moist as if she was almost crying.

With her inner folds spread wide, Beth's clit is openly visible. Hers is noticeably well defined. I can see the pea-sized light pink nub, swollen harder than steel and poking up. I can see the tiny little flaps of pinkness, above it, almost pulled into a V around it as it rises well above them. I can see the line of her shallow inner folds just beneath it. With little to get in the way, her clit must be well stimulated whenever she has intercourse.

"Elizabeth's clitoris is moderately prominent, standing up 11 mm and measuring 16 mm wide. It's very hard at the moment..." I tell Garrett. Then, very casually, and completely unexpectedly to Beth, I let a finger brush over the steely nub.

"AH!" Beth gasps out. A crisp shivering shudder races over her body, squirming her body from head to toe over the table. The goosebumps that had been covering the rings of her nipples now cover her entire breasts. Her lips and the creases of her thighs as well. I see her tunnel snap with a single spasm. It pushes a large dollop of her honey out. With her mound held wide open, the honey easily runs down from her tunnel, over her asshole, and drips to the table.

"Clitoral response is normal," I announce, "Elizabeth's clitoris is fully erect and highly sensitive to touch." I put my finger flat against the tip of it, sending another shiver through Beth. "Actually it's a little overly erect at the moment - I can feel it throbbing with her pulse." It is. And it's hot. I take my finger off and release Beth's folds, allowing her mound to close up fully.

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Beth lies flat on the table, still blushing brightly. Only now she's slowly relaxing with nothing being done to her. I allow her a few seconds to calm down. Then I tell Garrett that for the moment, we're done with Beth. I ask him to return her to the bench and bring Fred over to stand beside the table. Garrett clearly prefers supervising Beth to Fred, but he doesn't argue about swapping them.

He brings Fred over, standing him where I asked. Fred has his hands behind his back, and when I tell Garrett to tell Fred, he spreads his feet wide. His cock is still fully stiff. As hard as it could possibly get. It stands straight out from the black fur of his pubes.

And now with Fred's legs spread wide, his balls dangle down into the top of the V they form. They touch nothing, leaving a fair bit of space between them and his legs. His hard cock stands out straight, just above the top of his sack, doing nothing to hide his balls. Especially not from me as I take a seat on the stool for a moment and roll over in front of Fred.

This is the best position to examine balls in. they're essentially just hanging in empty space, doing nothing, and with nothing in my way. They're also not my balls. I know they're one of the more tender places on a man, but I won't feel a thing. I reach up casually as if taking his hand or something instead of a very sensitive and intimate place. I close my hand snugly around them, not squishing them, but not leaving any room for them to move either. I take my time, feeling both of them. And then I measure them. "Frederick's testicles are normal, although slightly small in size..." I tell Garrett. He couldn't care less. Fred breathes out a tiny sigh of relief as I release them.

I have Garrett put Fred on the table in the same position as Beth was in. His exam starts the same as Beth's did. I listen to his bowels and fully examine his mouth. Then I use the ropes to put his feet up just as I did Beth's. His asshole is larger than Beth's. It's also slightly

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“tighter” with its muscle having a touch more strength. It’s light pink and just as wrinkly, but also hairy. He grunts hard and deep as the spreader pushes into his asshole. And then more as his asshole is stretched wide. He almost cries out as feels the camera slipping all the way to the back of his rectum, but doesn’t. Garrett does well trying to calm him, but it’s obvious that Fred is very uncomfortable and unhappy with anal penetration. He is. His cock isn’t. That is just as stiff as ever.

The final part of Fred's exam is obviously his genitals, just as it was for Beth. That's about all of Beth's exam Fred saw. Just before then is when Sophie brought him back from his washing. Since Fred is male, I release his knees and return him to the lying position with his legs straight. His front is fairly flat with him lying, chest, stomach, and hips all roughly the same height. His stiff cock lies back, its top side against his pubes and stomach. But still fully hard.

The way my gloved hands touch it, it might as well be a hot dog. I know Fred can feel the lack of any interest or affection in my hand. It's purely business to me. I take hold of his cock and feel its stiffness. It's rock hard. His skin is thin, allowing me to easily feel the "wrinkly" texture of the hard tube underneath. I can feel his cock straining hard to twitch in my grip as well. I use the tip of one finger to press firmly against his cock head and feel the softness of its sponginess.

I tell Garrett that Fred will also be given a drug test. He's here and naked, and that's all it takes to warrant one in my Queendom. Then I grab hold of Fred's cock in my left hand. With my right hand, I pick up the catheter. The very same catheter I used on Beth. Yes, it's gross to reuse them. And unsanitary. However, given the decade-long exchange of bodily fluids between them, it doesn't matter. If either has so much as the hiccups, so does the other. I don't care about the cost of them, it's negligible. It's just

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another way to degrade them. To show Fred that he's so worthless he doesn't even deserve a clean catheter. Instead, he gets a used scrap one. I use my thumb, pushing against the underside of his cock head lightly, to open up the hole at the tip of his cock. I just set the pointed tip of the catheter into the opening. Fred won't feel that much. Just enough to know what I'm doing.

I don't have to tell Garrett to keep Fred relaxed. He's already at it. He must have noticed that Fred is a little squirmy with uncomfortable things. I doubt Garrett has any illusions that Fred won't hate this. I glance to Fred's hands. It's a warning to Garrett not to let him make fists as Beth did. Garrett puts his hand atop Fred's to stop him.

And then I push. The catheter slips easily into Fred's steely hard cock. For the first instant, maybe $\frac{1}{4}$ ", it doesn't hurt at all. It just slips in and starts to stretch his rubbery tube. Then Fred suddenly tenses, his muscles going hard. His hips shudder as if trying to pull his cock from my firm grip. The tube keeps pushing easily into his cock, stretching his tube wide and pushing it against the hard tube of his stiffness.

"UHHMMMM..." Fred blurts out a strained cry that he half manages to mute. The catheter keeps going, pushing the rest of the way down, all the way through his cock, past his balls, past his prostate, and into his bladder. When it stops, Fred breathes out a very deep sigh of relief before his body loosens up. Once he stops squirming I can feel his cock twitching sharply against my hand.

It doesn't take more than a few minutes for me to finish his internal exam. It's the same as Beth's. His bladder is drained, and the urine is saved for a drug test. Then it's filled to capacity, felt - which brings tears to his eyes and drained again. And yes, I used the same bag of water. Once the catheter is out of his cock, the camera goes in, showing me a perfectly clean and healthy tube.

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"Just one more thing to check, and that's Frederick's prostate," I tell Garrett. "Will you get him on all fours, exactly as he was for the enema?"

Garrett doesn't even grumble. He just instructs Fred into position. He reminds Fred to keep his head up, as he had to for the enema. And then Fred grunts out a deep "UHM!" as my small gloved finger pushes casually into his tightly resisting asshole.

I crook my finger inside his bottom, getting me another, deeper grunt from Fred. It puts the tip of my finger next to the inside rim of his asshole. I put a few fingers, the pads of them, flush and flat against the little bit of space between his asshole and the top of his hanging sack. Then I press firmly, but moderately lightly, with my finger inside his bottom. It takes me about a second to find the hard nut of his gland.

His gland feels slightly large, but I can't really tell this way if it's enlarged or just big. I know it's enlarged slightly, not from the digital exam, but from the visual exam of his cock. With my camera, I could see where it surrounded his urethra and pushed slightly in on it. A little bit of enlargement is more common than not on a man of 50, and Fred isn't far from 50. Months away. Nothing catches my attention as noteworthy.

At least not with his gland itself. It's hard not to notice his cock. The instant my finger moves, stroking over his gland, his cock twitches so powerfully that it snaps up, slaps against his stomach, then flops back down, knocking against his dangling balls to hang free, its hardness sticking straight down. Any movement of my finger against his gland gets me another twitch just as strong. Obviously, it does something for Fred.

I can't resist. "Frederick's penile response is a bit elevated today. Come around here so you can see what I'm talking about..." I tell Garrett. He definitely doesn't want to see, but he does come around and look. I wiggle

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my finger. Two little strokes. It gets me three powerful twitches from his cock. "Do you see how his penis is jumping every time I try to palpitate his prostate? It is a sure sign that the nerves in his penis are overly eager for his penis to be stimulated. Those nerves run all the way from that purple head, through the length of its shaft, along his prostate, and behind his scrotum. Most males wouldn't show much response to this faint touching, especially in light of the discomfort of feeling my finger moving inside his rectum. The fact that Fred's nerves are feeling such intense stimulation from it tells me just how eager those nerves are." Garrett definitely doesn't care. But I hit my mark somewhere else. Out of the corner of my eye, I see Grace's face wrinkle up in disgust. And I see that her eyes shift for a fraction of a second. Just long enough for her to see his hard cock jump once. Then she's looking ahead again, hoping curiosity doesn't get her. I am so pretending I never saw it.

But I do take my time "examining" Fred's prostate. At least another ten seconds. That's when I see the sharp twitch of his cock toss off a droplet of precum. Then I stop, knowing that if I go on, Fred may well cum. I don't want him to cum now. I pull my finger from his bottom and have Garrett take him over to the bench.



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Sophie has a little work to do now. She's doubling as my lab assistant today. That means she gets to test the blood and urine samples I just collected. With urine, test kits for a lot of things are easily available. Almost every kind of drug. Pregnancy. Ovulation. Nicotine. Alcohol. And so on. With blood, it's fairly limited to what tests are readily available to the average consumer. ABO typing is. I think we did that in middle school. As is glucose level. While most any test can be done at home, it's getting the supplies that are not so easy. In reality, I'm not that concerned with much of it. I more want them to see their sample tests and know it. If Olive wants any other tests done, such as hormone levels, or any stool tests done, she can pay for the lab work and I'll ship them off to the lab of her choice. G-d knows there are hundreds of them eager to test anything for anyone, no doctor required. Google it, there's a home test kit for it.

I have Beth and Fred sitting side by side, and rather closely, on the small wooden bench. Sitting properly, too, which has their eyes forward to stare at Grace, not at each other. It will serve as a constant reminder to both of them Grace is seeing not only every bit of their nakedness but everything they're doing. And it will stop them from seeing each other.

I have Sophie run the simple tests. I have a form for this, too, with little blocks for her to fill in the results. When she prints them, they'll have the toy's full name and file number on them. Along with a full-body nude photo of the toy. Garrett will be getting copies of them for "his records." Maybe I'll think of some amusing thing to do with that.

But for the moment, while Sophie does the tests and they wait, I quietly ask Garrett to follow me out to the hall. I assure him that nothing will be done with the couple while he's with me. They'll sit and that will be it. He doesn't think twice about following me to the living room. I have

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Paige, now fully nude except for her collar, fetch me a coffee. This time Garrett accepts one as well. His eyes are on Paige the entire time.

Paige is tall at 5'7" but exceptionally lean at 112 pounds. It gives her a very narrow frame with girly curves to it. She also has long light brown curly hair, green eyes, and a wide mouth. She has rather pert B-cup breasts that have a slightly pointy look to them and are topped with wide, light pink nipples. She has shaven pubes. And she has a small, but very rounded and firm bottom.

Garrett watches as she brings his coffee over and drops to her knees. She holds her hands out, side by side, with her palms upturned into a little tray. She has them positioned even with her hard nipples and six inches out to allow a good view of her breasts. The coffee is atop her hands. She politely offers it to him and he takes it, but his eyes are on Paige.

Once that's taken care of, I tell Garrett that I wanted to discuss something with him out of the hearing of the others. He doesn't seem to mind that. I tell him that I've noticed he does well in "the position of power." I ask if he's enjoying the idea of having total power over another. He reluctantly admits he does.

"Here's why I asked. I've noticed something else. Grace is being rather demure this morning. She's clearly quite happy to allow you the power over her. Have you noticed that she's sitting silently and still, as you told her to, merely because you told her to and she was told that she's expected to mind you?"

"Uh... yeah, she has been quiet..." I can tell Garrett never realized it. But now he's thinking about it. And I'm certainly wondering just how far Grace would be willing to take it.

I backtrack for a moment, asking him a few questions about Grace. He readily answers, telling me a little private

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information about her. I learn that she's allowed him to take pictures of her. Naked pictures. That's not really uncommon nowadays. But it serves my purpose. I ask if he has them with him, and he shoots me a couple from his phone.

I use it to make my point. I ask him to tell me how it went. Did he ask her? What did she say/do? He tells me that one day she was dressing to go somewhere, he doesn't remember where. He told her that she looked hot. She dropped on the bed and lifted her leg up, lying on her side, to flash her pussy for him. He said that he'd love to have a pic of that. Grace did it again, this time holding her leg up. He snapped a picture. He had a few more before it ended. Grace never said a word about it. Not even the usual warning not to show them to anyone.

"That's exactly what I'm pointing out to you. Grace learned that nude pictures of her would please you. She didn't think about it. She posed the way she thought you wanted her to pose so that you could have your pictures. She didn't want to discuss it or put conditions on it. She trusted you to do the right thing. To take care of her. She wants to please you, and she would happily do whatever she thought would please you.

"Grace is just as submissive as Beth. I can see it. What she really wants is for you to plainly tell her what you want from her. She doesn't want to guess. She wants you to tell her so that she can do it. It wouldn't matter to her what it was, as long as it made you happy with her, not only will she do it, but she wants to do it. She'll do it well, too. For now. If you don't eventually stop asking her things, and start telling her directly, you'll lose her to someone who does.

"It's like her moving in with you. I know she's been playing around for a year now. She wants to be there, or she wouldn't have her stuff there. What she needs is for you to tell her. Just say "Grace, get the rest of your things.

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You're moving in with me. I've told your parents.' and I promise you, she'll be packed in minutes. She's dying inside for you to do just that. Stalling and dragging her feet is just her naive way of trying to get you to tell her.

"If you'll trust me, I will prove it to you. Let's give Grace a shortened exam. I'll skip the suppository, enema, and cameras. It's not about examining her, that's just something to do. It's about you telling her to do something and watching how she reacts to it. Something that will not be easy for her, such as undressing in that room and knowing her parents will see her exam. I promise you, she'll be very embarrassed, but she won't hesitate to obey you if you don't present it as a choice for her."

Garrett thinks for a moment. "You wouldn't put her through the bad parts, like stretching her butt hole a mile wide?"

"No, I'd just do a digital rectal which is a part of any pelvic exam. If she relaxes for me, it's not even uncomfortable, just a little weird feeling. Just as with Beth and Fred, you are her guardian. If there's something you don't want to be done, say so."

"What... would I say to her..." Garrett sounds almost embarrassed to ask.

"Don't make the mistake of thinking of her as an equal. You are her guardian, she is your ward. It's just as if you were her parent and she was a young girl. Tell her directly and plainly what to do. DO NOT explain anything, or tell her why, or what will happen. Just tell her what you want to her to do.

"The most important thing for you to master is voice. You want to be firm. But you also want to be sweet and soft. You want her to know you care about her and she's safe in your hands. You also want her to know that you are not asking her. You are telling her what she's expected to do. And let her hear it in your voice that you are pleased

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with her obedience.

“Try this. When we go back in, just go to her, look her in the eyes, and then softly, but with a hint of firmness, say ‘Grace, stand up.’ Once she’s on her feet, tell her ‘Grace, undress and give me everything you have on.’ then hold your hand out for it. Watch, she will hurry to get naked for you.”

Garrett asks about Beth and Fred if they're done now. Mostly, it sounds to me, like he's stalling for time. I tell him we'll discuss them later, in the room with them. I make it a point not to say a word about those two. He slowly finishes his coffee. More stalling. I don't ask his choice, either. He knows what to do if he wants to see her submission for himself.

I lead him back to the playroom. By now Sophie is finished with the test and waiting for me to return. She’s keeping an eye on Beth and Fred, too, making sure they sit still. As we enter I walk him over towards Grace. He stops in front of her instead of taking his seat.

He hesitates a long moment. Then he turns and looks down into her eyes. She turns her head up, smiling as she looks back up to him. "Grace, stand up," He says softly. Grace is on her feet in one second.

“Grace,” he says, trying hard to put the firmness he so easily found for Beth in his voice. “Undress and give me everything you have on.” He holds his hand out.

Grace doesn’t move. She looks into his eyes. Her eyes start to dart over to her parents, but she stops them. A very bright blush explodes in her cheeks. Silently she squats down and pulls her shoes off. She’s not wasting time. Her socks quickly follow. As she rises back up, she hands them to Garrett.

In about one minute, Grace stands before Garrett, and the rest of us, completely naked. She blushes brightly, as brightly as Beth ever did. She quivers ever-so-slightly.

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She's obviously nervous, wondering what is going to happen to her. Imagining herself subjected to the same full examination that her mother just got. The one she watched. Despite the anxiety, she stands calmly awaiting Garrett's instructions. And I see the faintest smile on her face, as if she's thinking "OMG, the boy finally gets me!"

Garrett looks decently surprised by how readily Grace obeyed. More so that I, who has known Grace for maybe an hour, could see this side of her, and he did not.



The first thing I notice about Grace is that she's a very curvy girl. She's tall, I'd guess close to six feet. She's also lean. She has a slightly oval face, framed with long dark brown and wavy hair. Hair so long that it reaches most of the way down her back. She has big green eyes over a long, slightly narrow nose. She has a slightly narrow mouth, framed with thick, plump, and plush deep pink/red lips. Those lips look to be silky, too. She has a slightly angular chin.

Grace's body isn't quite as lean as Beth's. Grace has just enough on her to hide the lines of her collarbones and not an ounce more. It gives her body a slightly softer look. Otherwise, her chest and stomach are flat with moderately toned muscles. She has a narrow waist with narrow hips that look slightly wider. Rather curvy, well-rounded hips with smooth flowing lines to them. Her pubes are flat as well. Her legs are shapely without any fat or flab to them, and with toned muscles, although they look slightly softer than Beth's leaner ones. There's just enough to them to hide the lines of her muscles instead of showing them.

Grace's most noticeable feature is her breasts. There's no missing them. They're outright huge. They're

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also very plainly natural. They're so full that they look as if they'll be slightly hard to the touch. They're fully rounded, like half grapefruits. Or maybe more like watermelons given their size. As any breasts so large will, hers have a slight bit of hang to them, lying back against her chest with a moderate crease at the undersides. Like Beth's breasts, Grace's seem to angle out to her sides, leaving a deep V, wide at the bottom, of cleavage between them. But there's no space between Grace's ample mounds. Each mound is topped with a wide ring of a light shade of brown-tinged pinkness slightly wider than a silver dollar. Despite their wideness, they're proportional to the size of her breasts. Centered in each is a nipple about as wide as my little finger. Her nipples are rock hard now, standing up a good $\frac{1}{4}$ " from her rings. They have rounded tips, emphasizing the look of a little fingertip sticking up.

And unlike Beth, Grace has a fairly full bush on her pubes. Its black hairs are, however, well trimmed. There are neat lines inside the creases of her thighs. The top is mostly straight. And her fur is cut short, with hairs no more than an inch long, keeping it from tangling up and looking jumbled. It's plenty to give her the darkness of a bush, but not so much as to really hide her pussy.



She also has a very well-rounded bottom. Her cheeks aren't much larger, proportionally than Beth's. They're full, but with flowing curves to them. They stand out behind her just enough to have clearly defined bottoms to those globes. Their inside edges are flush against each other but now squished together, to fully close off a slightly long crack. There's the shallowest of dimples right at the top of her crack. Her cheeks have a soft look to them as if they'll be squishable and spongy, not

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as if they're flabby. All of which only enhance the hourglass shape of her figure.

I gave Garrett instructions before we came back in. enough so that I won't have to whisper to him while he's close to Grace. I want her to think that he's instructing her on his own, without my telling him what to do with her. As if this is him, not me. Now that Grace is naked, Garrett just sets her clothes on her chair.

He puts his arm around her tenderly. "Come on, baby doll," he tells her. He starts walking her towards the end of the table where the chair is still sitting.

Grace doesn't object, hesitate or resist. She willingly allows Garrett to walk her over to the chair and sit her in it with her hands behind her. Grace has had a full view of both previous exams, so she has to know what's coming next for her. She must be assuming that the very uncomfortable-looking enema isn't far behind, too. Yet she doesn't shy away from submitting at Garrett's instruction.

Her basic exam is the same as Beth's was. I start with her vitals, all of which are unremarkable. Then I draw a blood sample for slave. Then I spend a couple of minutes doing a very thorough breast exam. Grace has a lot of breast to examine. As I thought, her breasts are firm. They feel like hard wet sponges to my hands. And they hold their shape well. Her mounds also have skin as soft and delicate as a baby's bottom. Her nipples feel almost like stones. That hard, with a moderately rough texture due to their being pulled so tight. I notice that any touch to her nipples sends a hard shiver rushing through Grace.

I tell Garrett to "get Grace up on the table." He knows what to do. Grace does, too, after watching it twice before. She almost does it all herself, leaving Garrett only to guide her the last bit into a perfect pose. And that's only because she can't see how flat her own back is.

Grace's asshole isn't very big, either. It's a very light

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shade of pink tinged with a faint hue of deep purple. It's a bit smaller than Fred's was, and about the same bit larger than Beth's, maybe the size of a dime with a wide swath of color around that slowly fades away. It's well lined with modest wrinkles, trading off more of them for shallower ones. It's slightly funneled inward. At the center, the opening is more of a tiny, and tight, little line than a pinpoint. At least now with her on all fours and her bottom pulled tautly.

I hold her cheeks apart, feeling both the softness of them and the firmness of the muscles just under that softness. It's a bottom that's going to hold its shape well. Grace doesn't flinch the least as she feels me push the tip of the thermometer into her asshole. I do see her asshole tighten, clenching firmly around the glass shaft, the instant it starts to enter her body. I hold it in place, the thermometer's bulb squeezed in the ring of her asshole. Then I tell Garrett "Grace's rectal temperature is 99.6." I just want her to hear it.

I've already told Garrett what to tell Grace. And promised him that, if Grace follows his instructions, this won't bother her at all. She'll barely know it's happening. He knows, and she does not, that the stool sample I'm about to take will be taken far more gently than Beth's was. That's for a simple reason. This is essentially Grace's "initiation" into D/s. I don't want to start out with unpleasant sensations for her. I don't want her thinking it means nothing more than pain for her. I want her to learn the true ways, that it's about power, not causing her pain. Before I did anything too intense with Grace, I want to see how her body reacts to things. Plus, I know Garrett will be far more receptive to things that don't hurt Grace. He cares for her too much, and the idea of accepting discomfort for her is too fresh for him.

Instead of the collector, this time I'm using something that looks like a foot-long Q-tip only with foam

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tips instead of cotton ones. It will swab the walls of her rectum far more softly, and I won't go as deeply. It's not like it matters where I get her stool from. It's going in the trash anyway. There is no reason why I'd pay for lab testing of hers or the others, and I already know Olive doesn't see a need to.

"Grace," Garrett squats down in front of her, putting his face even with hers and looking her in the eyes. He puts his hands to the sides of her face, lightly holding her head. His voice is soft and overly sweet. Even sweeter than he was with Beth. "Listen to me carefully. This is what I need you to do. Stay very still while the nurse gets your stool sample. Keep your butt hole fully relaxed until she's totally done back there. You'll want to tense it up, but I want you not to. Do that for me, baby doll."

The foam tips are soft and porous, but there is a hard plastic shaft behind most of those tips. I put one tip squarely against the line at the center of her asshole. Grace doesn't flinch. Nor does she tense up. She just stays put, letting it touch her ring.

I press gently. The foam squishes against her ring for an instant, and then the hard shaft starts pushing it through her asshole. For a lightning-fast instant, I see her asshole starting to squeeze around the tip. Almost immediately it relaxes, loosening back up and allowing the tip to slip rather easily through it and into her bottom.

I want Grace to feel it. I don't want her thinking this is just for show or play. I want her to think that she's giving an actual stool sample for some purpose. I also don't want it to be uncomfortable for her. I just want her to feel the swab inside her bottom, stroking her walls, and collecting the sample. I want her to know, to a certainty, that it's really happening, and more so that Garrett and her parents are watching it done. I want her to believe that Garrett has chosen for her to allow this invasion into her most restrictive of intimate places. That none of her is out-of-

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bounds for him to exercise total control over. And know that she was not consulted. She's had no input, much less a choice, in this.

I push about four inches of the swab through her asshole. Her ring stays relaxed the entire time, neither loosening up nor tensing, as the shaft slips through it. As Grace feels the soft tip slowly gliding along over the inside of her rectal walls, stroking them softly as it goes. That way she can feel it inching deeper and deeper inside her bottom.

I stop. I don't twirl the collector as I would with others. Instead, I move the other end, the end in my hand, in a small circle. The end inside Grace will follow along. That draws the foam swab around in a circle, stroking it around the sides of her rectum. It also makes Grace feel the shaft wiggling where it passes through the rubbery muscle of her asshole. Then I slowly pull it back out. Grace stays relaxed for that as well.

I hold the foam collector up as I step around toward Garrett. I wave for Sophie as I go. I show Garrett the tip of the swab. The light yellow-white foam is now a light muddy brown color, clearly covered with a thin coating of pasty stool. I hold it about even with Grace's head, in front of the young woman, forcing her to see her poop covering the tip. I do it only to reinforce the fact of what Grace was just subjected to. It ensures that there's no way Grace can tell herself that anything different happened. I hand it off to Sophie.

Grace looks rather surprised when Garrett has her get off the table. But she doesn't hesitate to obey his instructions. She stands beside the table, putting her hands behind her back before Garrett can tell her to. She faces Garrett, offering him a full frontal view of her body.

"Grace," Garrett tells her using his sugary sweet voice. "You will go with Miss Slave. You will obey her as if she is me. I want you on your very best behavior for Miss

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Slave.” As I asked, he tells her nothing of what’s going to happen to her. Only what she’s expected to do.

I see a tiny bit of anxiety on Grace’s face. She stands still and silent, as required of her. She waits as Sophie comes over. She doesn’t flinch as Sophie takes hold of her upper arm. “Come, Grace,” Sophie tells her. Grace obediently lets Sophie walk her out of the room.

Garrett knows what’s going to happen to Grace. She’s going to be measured, just as the others were. While it will be embarrassing for Grace, it won’t be unpleasant. Then Grace will be bathed, just as the others were, before being returned here for the rest of her exam. As were the others, Grace will be required to use the toilet with slave watching, and that will be “rather embarrassing” for her, but I’ve skipped the suppository and enema to cleanse her bowels out. That left the others no choice about using the toilet – their bodies needed to. Grace will have to go on her own.



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Health Information																														
	Elizabeth Marie Burke																													
	Birthday	Age	File No.																											
	00 Jan 1976	46	A123																											
	Height	Weight	BMI																											
	5'7"	132	20.7																											
	Pulse	B/P	Resp.																											
	78	85 / 121	19																											
	Temp	Last Period	Grav. / Para.																											
	98.5 (O) / 99.4 (R)	03 Jun 2022	1 / 1																											
NKDA																														
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Grace's measuring gives me a chance to move Beth and Fred along as well. Although, as both sat demurely on the bench and watch as Garrett assumed control of Grace, I'm sure both cringed hard. It's only natural for a parent to be uncomfortable allowing another person such intimate power over her child. I hope, watching Garrett take control of Grace reminded Beth just how utterly powerless she is here.

I have Garrett follow me over to where the pair waits on the bench. I've warned Garrett, in the most general of terms, what's going to happen. I've told him that we will discuss Beth's health and body. I omitted any specifics so he wouldn't hesitate.

I ask Garrett to have Beth stand up and bring her one step forward. Obediently Beth waits for Garrett to put his hand on her shoulder and guide her. She stands, hands still behind her, and her eyes forward. I cue Garrett to bring her another step forward leaving us room to walk behind her.

I hand Garrett a paper. Beth's "health information." Mostly it's Beth's embarrassment information. I wonder if, in that moment, Garrett realizes that soon he will have the same information on Grace. I doubt it, he's still lost, looking at the paper, unsure of what most of it means, and wondering why I've given it to him. I tell him that it's for "his records," and not to worry about Olive getting it, I'll send her an electronic copy as soon as we're done.

"As you can see, Elizabeth tested negative for all drugs, alcohol, and tobacco use, at least for the last week or so. That's about the limits of a urinalysis." I tell Garrett. If she'd failed the drug test, she'd be on her way out the door now. The alcohol and tobacco use would be Olive's to deal with. I didn't ask what Olive allowed them.

"She measures five foot seven with a weight of 132, and that gives her a BMI of 20.7. That's in the lower half of

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the normal range, which is good." As I tell Garrett, he's looking down at the paper and seeing all of it. I'd bet he could guess what those numbers were.

"Elizabeth is not pregnant, that's what hCG means. Nor is Elizabeth ovulating - that's the E3G hormone - which means her vagina can be used freely without worrying about her getting pregnant. She has type A-positive blood, not uncommon, and her blood sugar is 91, which is well within the normal range." Garrett, as I'm telling him, fishes a pen out of his pocket and notes "preg" next to the "hCG" and "get preg" beside the other hormone. I guess he wants to remember what those tests are for.

"Elizabeth's vitals are slightly elevated. That's not surprising, I'm sure she was slightly anxious sitting in that chair. However, to be safe, I'd monitor them over the next month or two and make sure they go down a little. A few points on her BP is all it would take." I tell Garrett.

"Now, let's move on..." I tell him. "As you can see, Elizabeth's breasts are slightly soft and sag down a bit..." I reach up to Beth's chest and use my hand to push one of her small mounds up. Then I pull my hand away, letting it drop back down. It doesn't have far to go, but enough to be noticeable. And that's all it takes for Beth to cringe hard. Objective proof that her breasts are sagging. More so that I'm openly showing Garrett, a man she doesn't even know that well but will have to see almost daily.

Garrett watches me fondle Beth's breast. I see a trace of interest on his face, as I'd expect on the face of any heterosexual male looking at bare breasts. But he doesn't appear to be anxious to touch them. And I've already seen that he's reluctant to touch Beth. Not because he doesn't like her body, but because he's thinking of how it might affect their future interactions. The more he does to her now, the more uncomfortable she's likely to be around him in the future, and that would strain things. While he's involved with Grace, there's no

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avoiding Beth. He's right in that it will make Beth uncomfortable. He's wrong in that will strain things. That's completely up to him. If he's strong and firm with her, she'll accept that and mind her place. If not, he's in trouble.

"Go ahead, see for yourself," I tell Garrett. Before he objects, I use my hand to bump his up and over to Beth's breast. His hand touches it and immediately pulls back. I glare at him. It takes about a tenth of a second for Garrett to get the hint. Tentatively he puts his hand back to Beth's breast. At first, only the tips of his fingers touch the side of her mound. Beth stands demurely still as he does.

"Give that flabby thing a little squeeze and feel how loose it is," I tell him. He cups her breast in his hand and gives it the lightest squeeze. Beth doesn't flinch at all. She blushes. I see her nipple stiffen, or at least perk out a little more, as the flesh of her rings tightens with taller goosebumps. Beth doesn't mind his touch. At least her body doesn't. It takes him a moment of seeing Beth not objecting, cringing, or pulling away. But finally, and slightly reluctantly, he gets a decent feel of her breast.

"Soft and loose, isn't that flabby thing?"

"Yeah, pretty much..." Garrett agrees. Most breasts would be compared to Grace's firm mounds. Beth immediately blushes a deep red.

I move down, talking about Beth's stomach and its muscles next. It gives me an excuse to nudge Garrett to touch those as well. Then I talk about her pubes. By now, Garrett has figured out that I want him to touch her at least where I do. So he touches her bare pubes, keeping his hand clear of her mound. He agrees that Paige has them shaven "smoother than a baby's behind." Her legs are rather anticlimactic to discuss after her breasts and pubes.

I have Garrett turn Beth around, putting her back to us. I start at the top, pointing out how lean Beth's

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shoulders are and having him feel the lines of bones in them. None of that's new to him, and he doesn't hesitate. Nor does he hesitate to put her arms at her sides and feel her back and ribs.

And that brings me down to Beth's bottom. I start with a discussion of her "flabby cheeks." which hers are not really. There is a thin layer of softness, but it's over well-toned muscle and that keeps her bottom rounded and firm.

Garrett hesitates, but not enough for Beth to notice. Then his hand is on her bottom, caressing and squishing her globes. She stays still, demurely allowing him to feel her bottom up.

Now I have him "bend Elizabeth over." I tell him to take her hands and bend her at the waist. As she moves, he brings her hands out and puts them to the bench for her to brace herself. Then I have him instruct Beth to slide her feet wide apart until her back is flat. Garrett tells her when to stop. He tells her, without me reminding him, to pick her head up and look forward, too. That has her seeing Fred as well as the wall behind the bench.

I have Garrett join me behind Beth. Standing like this has Beth's pussy mound not just displayed to him, but poked out between the tops of her thighs as if it's an offering. Garrett gets a very full, and very immodest view, of his future mother-in-law's pussy.

Beth is very obviously as hot as ever. I knew she was. I noticed the small wet spot on the bench right where her pussy was. That tells me that while Beth had to sit quietly and watch as Garrett subjected Grace to a very invasive and embarrassing exam, she was fidgeting around on that bench. Enough that her pussy, and her hugely swollen clit, were grinding against the hard bench. Obviously, Beth found it exciting to see her subjected to it. More so so see Garrett taking charge of her.

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There's no missing it, either. Beth's slit is sopping wet with fresh, creamy honey. Her honey has wept from her slit and now covers her entire mound. I'm sure some of that is from her squirming smearing her pussy against the bench. But some of it is too fresh for that.

"Before you and I discuss any treatment options for Elizabeth, You need to get a very good look at her vagina and clitoris, since those are the parts of her primarily affected. Go ahead and use your hands. Open her lips up and get a good look at her. Go ahead and touch her clitoris and inside her vagina as well. You have to know what we're talking about!" I tell Garrett.

I see a strong reluctance, but it's clear that he's concerned about how Beth is going to feel about having so much of her intimacy laid bare for all to see. Not a reluctance to touch a pussy. Especially with Grace not here to see it.

Garrett does it. He opens her lips wide, exposing her pinkness and the prominent nub of her engorged clit. Everything is covered with a thick layer of her aromatic honey, giving him a good whiff of her muskiness as well. I see a bit of surprise on Garrett as if he's wondering how she could be so fully aroused now. But the evidence is undeniable.

He touches her clit first. It sends a very powerful erotic shiver racing through Beth, just as it did during her exam. Only now she's on her feet, so it's easier to see her torso shuddering. It's enough for another dollop of honey to suddenly emerge from her tunnel, too. Garrett takes a minute to touch her clit. Every touch sends another shudder through her body. After the second one, they have her nub twitching as well. Beth has got to be aching so badly to cum.

This is as much for Fred as it is for Beth. Beth has to stand there, feeling Garrett's touch as he examines, and

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toys with, the most intimate places on her body. Places that a mere day ago Beth could never have imagined letting him see let alone touch. And now he has full access to them and Beth has no say about it.

Fred obediently sits properly. With his eyes forward he has a full view of Beth's body, at least from the knees up. With her holding her head up, he can see her face too. He sits silent and still, not permitted to object as another man so shamelessly invades Beth's most private places. Parts of Beth that few, if any, men would want to share with another man. More so a man he has no choice over. More so a much younger man. A man who, for now at least, has complete power over them. Even the power to strip away the last, most intimate, shreds of Beth's privacy. He's not even allowed to turn his eyes away, instead being required to watch everything. It's a sight he'll never forget.

Finally, Garrett's finger eases into Beth's tunnel. "Holy cow," Garrett blurts out, "her snatch is on fire! It's like snapping on my finger!" I guess he's surprised at the height of Beth's arousal.

It's hard to tell for certain, but I can see Garrett's hand and wrist so I'm pretty sure that his finger is wiggling inside Beth's pussy. "UM!" Beth blurts out loudly in a very needy, primal moaning. Her body shudders hard. A single drop of honey falls from her pussy. Goosebumps now cover most of her intimate places. "OH!" She gasps as she sucks in a breath. "UM!!!" there's no missing the sensuality, or the hunger, in her moans. Her face is loose, not scrunched up, her jaw now hanging open, and I see a faint dreaminess in her eyes. I see her toes trying to curl against the floor as her hands grip the edge of the bench.

And I know Fred isn't missing a thing. He knows just how hot his wife is. He knows just how close to orgasm she is. He can see, albeit not directly, what Garrett is doing to her. And he knows he gets no say in it.

Once Garrett gets his fill of Beth's pussy and pulls his

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finger back, Beth pants hard to catch her breath. I ignore Beth and tell Garrett "You should get a good look at Elizabeth's anus while you're there. Just pull those cheeks wide open so you can see it."

Now Garrett doesn't hesitate. He pulls her cheeks wide, stretching open her crack, and baring the tiny pink ring of her asshole. I point out how tightly clenched it is. Then I suggest that he feels the muscle tone of it. I have him put the tip of his finger against her ring and press lightly. A few seconds later I have the very tip of his finger starting to push into her asshole. But I can see he doesn't really want to put an ungloved finger up her bottom. So I don't push him to go on.

"Yeah, Elizabeth's butt hole is really tight," he agrees with me. Then he takes his finger away. Now that there's nothing left to examine, other than Beth's feet, it goes quickly. He has her stand up. Then I have him look at her feet, one by one so he can see the sole of it as well. Then Beth is back on the bench.

Grace still isn't back, but I didn't expect her to be yet. Sophie has too much to do with her.

We move along, Garrett bringing Fred up to stand as Beth was. Fred's cock is still rock hard, and there's a tiny bit of fresh wetness sparkling at the tip of it. There's no disputing that he's as horny and aroused as Beth is.

I know Garrett has zero interest in Fred's body. He's clearly attracted to females, and not to males. From what I've seen, I doubt, but don't know, that he's not opposed to male-on-male contact, at least when he's not one of the men. I think he's more concerned with what impression of him others might get if he were to touch a man, than with actually touching a man. I think he just doesn't want anyone to get the idea that he has any interest in men. I don't know if that's because it could lead to a misunderstanding with someone, or because he's put off

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by the concept. But I'll find out soon enough.

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Health Information																						
	Frederick James Burke																					
	Birthday	Age	File No.																			
	00 Nov 1972	49	A125																			
	Height	Weight	BMI																			
	6'0"	221	30.0																			
	Pulse	B/P	Resp.																			
	72	80 / 127	17																			
	Temp																					
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Sub:	Escort reports Gene has difficulty becoming aroused by Kathy, otherwise there are no reported issues.																					
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A Lesson For All

Garrett might not have guessed it yet, but he should. I've made clear to him that a toy's gender is not relevant here. It's a toy, a thing, period. None are male or female. Some have pussies and some have cocks. They're just toys with different things to amuse others with. I've also made clear that if he agreed to escort both, I expected both to be treated equally. Neither to be shown any preference or nicer treatment. Both should be equal to him. Not a man and a woman, but merely two things in his care, of which he should take equal care. He agreed to that. Although I doubt he imagined the level of care he'd be taking.

Fred should know what's coming. I think he does. He doesn't show much surprise when I start telling Garrett that he passed his drug, alcohol, and tobacco tests, his blood type, and blood sugar. Or when I mention that his vitals are slightly elevated, but not concerningly so. He does flinch a bit as I tell Garrett that Fred's BMI is 30, which is right on the line between overweight and obese. It's really not an exact measurement, since it was computed solely by height and weight. Fred's muscle tone affects it. Muscle is heavier than fat. And he's got decent muscles. More so, I'd say Fred could lose a few pounds, but not so many. Of course, I don't mention that part to Garrett.

Just as Garrett probably is dreading, the "overview" goes the same as it did with Beth. I start at Fred's breasts, pointing out that they're reasonably flat. And having Garrett feel them. Fred's chest and stomach as well, an opportunity I use to point out Fred's muscle tone while simultaneously berating the "layer of body fat" that covers those muscles. It's fairly thin, not surprising on a 50-year-old man, but enough for me to make it sound like he's the Pillsbury dough boy.

And then we're down to 's pubes. I show Garrett how those are soft, but not fat. And then I'm pointing out to Garrett how "fully engorged and firm Frederick's erect

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penis" is. Garrett rather reluctantly reaches down, his hand slowing slightly before it touches Fred's cock. As I want him to, Garrett wraps his hand around the shaft and gives it a gentle squeeze to feel the stiffness. I instruct him to hold it steady as he's gripping it, which he does. His hand is wrapped around the shaft close to Fred's pubes. I have Garrett use his other hand to squish the spongy soft head of the cock. He does it, his squish very light as if he's afraid of hurting Fred. I tell Garrett to stroke a finger along the head of it as if it were "a female's clitoris" to judge its texture and responsiveness.

As Garrett does that, I see, and I know Garrett feels, a sharp twitch snaps Fred's cock against Garrett's hand. It's obvious enough that I see Garrett's face wrinkle slightly in disgust. But he goes on. Next, I have Garrett pull Fred's foreskin back, stretching it tautly just to see it.

I'm not sure if Garrett is going to balk or not. I tell him that Fred's cock is "overly sensitive" as is Beth's pussy. I tell him to just move his hand along the hard shaft, loosening his grip slightly, to feel the "ridged texture of the erect tube beneath the skin of his penis." Now Garrett's face shows more disgust. He hesitates a moment, but not so long. He starts stroking the cock, taking care not to touch the cock head. But his stroking does that for him, pushing Fred's foreskin up and partly over the head with each stroke.

"UHMMM!" Fred blurts out a deep, manly, and hungry moan. Just as if he was having sex with a woman. A crisp shuddering flows over Fred's body as well. Garrett cringes but keeps going. I think he mutters "faggot" under his breath. I think Fred might hear it, too.

"I see what you mean," Garrett quickly says. "His dick is shameless." I can't help but grin. Garrett stops stroking it. I ask and he tells me that he did feel the "knobby texture" under the skin. He can't get his hand off Fred's cock fast enough.

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Unfortunately for Garrett, the next thing to address is Fred's balls. I have Garrett reach under Fred's cock, between his thighs, and cup them in his hand. I tell him to "squeeze Frederick's testicles until they're snugly in grip and have nowhere to move." As Garrett's hand tightens around them, Fred's face scrunches up a little and he sucks in a sharp breath, letting us all know that he feels the grip. I hope he feels a manly hand with a firm grip on his balls. I tell Garrett to feel their squishiness, when he does, and for size. He agrees they feel small to him. He agrees they're slightly soft, not rock hard, too.

Fred stays still, allowing Garrett to feel his balls. But, as Garrett feels the captive balls, squishing them to gauge their softness, Fred lets out a few light grunts that tell us both he's really feeling the uncomfortable pressure of Garrett's grip. As Fred stands, moaning his grunts, I see faint shivers flowing over his body. And I see goosebumps flowing out from under Garrett's hand and into the creases of Fred's thighs. Garrett doesn't shy away, even though he's clearly not enjoying this. He gets a good and full feel before releasing Fred's balls.

It's easy, and chaste, for a moment as Garrett turns Fred around. Then Garrett gets to Fred's bottom. He doesn't even look surprised or make me tell him, to feel it as well. Nor is he surprised when I tell him to bend Fred over exactly as he did Beth. He just does it.

But then I hand Garrett a latex glove. He looks surprised. Unpleasantly so, since he can guess why he'd need it. But he just pulls it on. And uses his other hand to push Fred's cheeks wide apart and expose Fred's pink asshole. I'm certain this is the first time Garrett has had this view of a man. My view, with Fred's stiff cock pointing straight down and his balls dangling against the underside of it, all between widely spread legs. And now with Fred's asshole bared just above.

Garrett already knows that I want him to assess the

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"tone of Frederick's anal sphincter," and he pushes his finger against the muscle to do that. He tells me "Frederick's butt hole doesn't feel as hard as Elizabeth's did." True, his muscle isn't as well toned, but not by much. And it's larger. I'm fairly surprised that Garrett noticed it. I didn't think he'd be paying that much attention to Fred's body. I decide he's taking his role seriously.

Then I tell Garrett that he needs to feel Fred's prostate. It's part of a male's sexual health. I seriously doubt Garrett has ever done this before, and if he has, he definitely simply shoved a finger into someone's bottom. I tell him to stiffen his finger, hold it straight, pointing at Fred's navel, and just press it in. All the way in, until he can't push any more finger in. I tell him not to worry about Fred, he can handle the tiny discomfort of it.

Garrett isn't the gentlest, but he's far from rough on Fred. I sense Garrett just wants to get it over with. I'm sure Fred does, too.

Fred grunts hard as Garrett's finger pushes into his bottom. His face scrunches as well. Which is perfect. With him bent over, Beth has no choice but to watch as Fred's face snaps into a mask of discomfort when he grunts out. Seeing his body, and hearing Garrett and me, she knows what's being done to Fred. And Fred has to see his wife watching him submit to the amateur prostate exam.

I instruct Garrett how to curl his finger inside Fred's bottom. Fred grunts again as he feels the finger moving inside him. Then Garrett's other hand is against Fred's body, between Fred's asshole and the top of Fred's sack. Garrett takes care not to touch anything more than he has to.

I tell Garrett to press firmly with his fingertip, and then to "wiggle" it over the loose and rubbery wall he'll be pushing on. That's the bottom of Fred's rectum, just inside Fred's asshole. I tell him to feel for two things. First the

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end of the rock-hard tube of erectile tissue that stiffens Fred's cock. Second, the hard, nut-sized gland. Then I hear a couple of grunts from Fred. "Found it," Garrett tells me.

I tell him to just stroke his fingertip over the gland, pressing hard enough to feel its firmness.

Fred lasts a half second. Then I hear a deep, guttural moan slowly purr from his lips. I'll bet Garrett hears it, too. At the same time, Fred's cock starts twitching sharply and jumping up as it did for me. It jumps hard, falling back hard enough to knock against Fred's balls and get them bouncing a little. Fred's purr takes about one second to deepen into a full-blown needy moan.

"Just ignore that twitching penis," I tell Garrett, "the nerves that run through his penis also run through his prostate, and obviously they're overly sensitive now."

Garrett rolls his eyes at me, but no one else can see it. Fred's cock twitches about half a dozen times. Then I see a couple of drops of his milky white semen fly from the tip of the bouncing shaft. A couple more come with the next twitch. Garrett stops, telling me "yeah, I feel a bit of softness, kind like the rubber of a tire or something, to it." He pulls his finger quickly out of Fred's bottom.

We finish the exam. Then Garrett has Fred turn around, intending to take Fred back to his seat. He stops, seeing the tip of Fred's cock. The top half of Fred's cock head is covered with a thin film of glistening cum. A huge droplet of cream hangs from the tip, falling as Fred moves. Another drop oozes from the tip, and falls, only to be replaced by another. And another. Garrett looks down and sees the tiny little spot of cum that has dripped from Fred's cock. He knows it means that Fred was very close to cumming during the prostate exam Garrett gave him. The disgust and relief on his face tells me he's glad that didn't happen. He returns Fred to his seat.

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Sophie has Grace waiting patiently at the door. I know Garrett was distracted, but I did see her come in as Garrett was examining Fred's chest. It means Grace got to see Garrett handle Fred's cock, balls, and prostate. Now Garrett turns to follow me and sees Grace standing there. He immediately wonders what, how much, she saw. The little grin on her face doesn't tell him that, but it does tell him that she's OK with whatever she saw.

I knew she would be. I already explained it to Garrett, although I'm not so sure he believed me. Grace knows that Garrett is escorting Beth and Fred "for her" not them. If she wasn't his girlfriend, he would never have agreed. But now that he is doing it, he's doing his best. He's ignoring any discomfort he might feel, and instead trying hard to be attentive to Fred. As he should. It tells her that he will be attentive to her and her needs as well. Any uneasiness he might feel won't deter him from doing what's best for her. Or her parents if they're in his care. Or anyone else who might be in his care. That he'll take care of them and their needs, regardless of his comfort with what needs to be done.

I immediately notice that Grace looks a few years younger. Her makeup is gone, letting a few more light freckles show on her face, and giving it a more youthful appearance. Less adorned.

With a nudge from me, he goes to get Grace. He walks her over to the exam table and lies her down, hands at her side, palms up and open, eyes straight up, feet together. Exactly as he positioned Beth.

Grace's exam starts the same as Beth's. A quick once over by me and a listen to her bowel sounds. There's a little more to hear with her bowels not flushed. All Sophie did was measure her and have Paige wash her. Then I bring Grace's legs up using the ropes to hold them in place.

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I did tell Garrett that Grace's exam would be in the opposite order that Beth's was. That's because I won't use the camera on her. Garrett knows that's the part both Beth and Fred had the hardest time with. So I start by opening Grace's lips wide to expose her inner pinkness and folds.

Just spreading Grace's legs wide is enough to open her slit a little, from a fine line to a narrow gash. Now, with her long, plump lips spread, I can see her folds are similar to Beth's, short, shallow and thin. And covered with a clingy layer of oily thin honey that has a moderately sweet muskiness to it. I can see that Grace has a prominent clit as well. It's standing up, fully hard and eager.

I did tell Garrett, during Beth's exam, that the drug test was required of submissives in this house. I intentionally "forgot" to address it when we discussed Grace's exam. I didn't want him to think about Grace being catheterized. He'd assume that feels worse than it does. It looks like it. It will hurt Grace, but no more than a needle stick would, and only as it goes in and comes out. In place, she won't even feel it.

So as Garrett stands beside Grace's head, I move quickly to grab a fresh, clean catheter. The same size. It's one of the larger ones, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way up the size scale. That means it will be a little more unpleasant for Grace than the narrowest ones would be. And now, I want that discomfort for her.

I'm quick enough to have the tip of the catheter touching the opening of Grace's urethra before Garrett realizes what's happening. I guess he could blurt out for me to stop. He doesn't. Instinctively his hands go to Grace's. He lies them atop her open palms, sort of holding her hand for the stick.

"UH!" Grace sucks in a sharp breath as she feels the tip start pushing into her tube. "AH!" She blurts out a quick, squeaky, squeal. But she doesn't move. She stays still, holding her breath, as the catheter quickly slides into

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her tube, stretching it wide, and finds her bladder. Grace breathes out a deep sigh of relief as I inflate the band to hold it in place.

Garrett ignores me, focusing on Grace. He tells her to relax, the stick is over now. He doesn't need to, but his soft voice is clearly soothing to her. He tells her it's part of her exam, and he wants her to be healthy. It's more than I would have told her, but nothing she didn't already know and feel. In about half a minute, Grace's pee, a moderately golden yellow, is filling a bag. I get 170 ml from her.

Then I attach a bag of fresh water to Grace's catheter. "OK, baby doll," I hear Garrett telling her in a very tender voice. "The nurse is going to fill your bladder up so she can check it. You're going to feel like you have to pee so badly that you can't possibly hold it. I want you to stay relaxed. Don't tense up. Don't try to hold it. Just lie there for me, stay loose and relaxed, and let the nurse take care of your bladder. Do that for me, baby doll, OK?"

And then I'm squeezing the bag, and Grace's bladder is steadily filling with the blue-tinged water. Grace does exactly as Garrett told her to. She doesn't question him, not even about not trying to hold her pee. She obeys him. It tells me a lot. She completely trusts him. With everything. He tells her to breathe deeply and paces her breaths with her. Grace stays in time with him. I see her face tightening up a little. I can see faint little tremors as her muscles want to tense, but she stays still. I see her asshole tightening and loosening just under her pussy, as if she's fighting herself hard not to tense up. She stares at Garrett. And then, with about 600 ml in her bladder, I see her honey start to flow. It weeps, moderately quickly, from her slit. It doesn't take long for it to flow down her slit, and cover her asshole.

When I stop, Grace has 790 ml of water filling her bladder. I put my hand to her pubes, and through her light bush, I can feel the hard softball of her bladder just under

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her skin. It starts almost right at the top of her longish slit. It's almost rock hard, telling me it's full. Otherwise, it's smooth as it should be.

I ask Garrett to give me his hand and he does. I put it to Grace's pubes and guide him to press very lightly, but firmly, against her over-full bladder. I guide his hand to slide over the ball, feeling as much of it as he can. "Grace's bladder holds 790 ml," I tell him leaving off that the volume is so uncomfortable for her that she would pee her panties before it was that full. I ask Garrett if he can feel it, and he quickly says he does. He agrees with me that it's hard now. He agrees with me that it's smooth. I tell him that's what he's feeling for. Lumps or bumps are signs that she needs to get to a doctor sooner than later. I also tell him that bladder exams aren't a part of the standard check-up unless there's a reason for it, but that I like to go the extra mile to make sure "my things" are in the best of health.

And then I flip the clamp off the line and Grace's bladder starts quickly draining back into the bag. Grace breathes out a deep sigh of relief. Once she's fully empty, I pull the catheter from her, getting another gasped squeal from her.

I move to Grace's pussy, spreading her lips and folds wide to expose the entrance of her tunnel. Hers is fairly narrow. Light pink, but now flushed a bright, almost a fire engine shade, of red. Her walls are spongy and meaty, but with firm muscles behind the softness. And her tunnel is flooded with oily, almost watery thin, honey. So much so that as I spread Grace's tunnel wide, the honey pools at the bottom of it.

I don't know if Grace has had a pelvic exam yet or not. She is young enough that she might not have yet. She should have, but young adults aren't always so diligent about such things. Either way, she's staying calm while I do it. It shouldn't be unpleasant for her, though.

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Her ease with it allows me to have Garrett come around to where I am. I show him how wet her pussy is. I show him her cervix, explaining to him that it's the entrance of her uterus. I show him the perfectly round little pinprick of darkness at the center of the smooth pink muscle and tell him that its roundness is evidence that Grace has never been pregnant. He knew that already, but now he has medical evidence of it. More so, Grace knows that he's seeing her pussy in far more vivid detail than anyone ever has. Even more than she has.

I don't bother with any lubricant. Grace's honey is so slick I doubt I could grip sandpaper in my hand after examining her pussy. Instead, I just put the tip of my finger to Grace's asshole. Garrett sees me do it. Automatically he tells Grace to stay calm and repeats the advice he gave her when I got her stool sample. It's the same advice I'd give her now. He puts a hand to her stomach, stroking her very affectionately, and his other hand atop hers.

He watches Grace, not seeing as my finger vanishes into Grace's asshole. I slip my entire finger into her bottom, stopping only when I can't reach any deeper. With my short fingers, I'm no more than three inches into her bottom.

Grace is on her best behavior for it. She stays still. Her asshole never once tightens around my finger. That allows me to slip easily through it, and the easy gliding through makes it far more comfortable for Grace than it would be if my finger had to push through a tight, resisting ring, dragging along it. Even once my finger stops, she's rubbery loose around it. She breathes deeply, measuring steady and slow breaths.

Now it's time for me to embarrass Grace. She needs it. She needs to know that there will be absolutely no secrets from Garrett. None of her is off-limits to him. She has no privacy or modesty. She is his. And he may know absolutely everything about her.

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"Grace seems to have evacuated her bowels fairly well. Her rectum is mostly empty. As empty as any would be." I tell him. "There's only a small amount of feces left inside her bowels." Hint: When Sophie told Grace to use the toilet and empty herself, Grace did her best to do as she was told to do. She didn't do as many would and do the bare minimum to get it over with and avoid punishment. She tried to do as she was told to do.

I already have the pad of my finger pointing upward. That's how my finger entered her bottom and I haven't moved it. I use my finger to push up slightly. Almost immediately I can feel the firm muscles of her pussy walls through her filmy thin rectum.

"AH!" Grace blurts out in shock. A hard, and erotic shudder racks her body, almost snapping it around the table. Goosebumps erupt over the entirety of her pussy mound. Garrett must know that squealing moaning, breathy sound. He doesn't mistake it for discomfort. He glances down quickly to see if my finger is where he thinks it is. Seeing that it is still in her bottom, he wonders just how I made her moan out like that. That's enough of a rectal exam for me. I pull my finger out of her bottom. Then I give Grace a light pat on her thigh. "There, that wasn't so bad, was it?" I smirk at her. She gets the hint. I know what she felt. I know how, when I teased her pussy, I stroked the tingling, starving nerves lining it. And sent the hottest of sparks shooting all through her body just as if Garrett's cock stroked her pussy.

I put Grace's legs back down. Garrett relaxes now that he knows her exam is basically over with. I won't be subjecting Grace to anything else questionable.

Even with Grace flat on her back, and her legs together, the top of her furry slit is easily visible. Only now her slit is closed again into a fine, and very wet, line. I gesture for Garrett to watch. He splits his eyes, half on me, and half on Grace as he tries to see what I'm going to

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do to her. I put my finger to her slit, about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the way down it, almost exactly at the point where it vanishes between her closed thighs. I don't even have to push. With no pressure at all, I can still feel her clit pounding hard under my finger.

I just give my finger a little wiggle. It shouldn't surprise Grace. She already can feel where my finger is. But she definitely feels the wiggle. Her body snaps hard. So hard that she thrashes her bottom and feet up off the table for an instant. "AH!" She almost screeches out a very urgent primal moan. She falls back onto the table, her body shuddering hard as tremor after tremor flows over it. A fresh coat of honey flows from her slit, liberally covering her entire mound and the tops of her thighs. Enough to dampen her fur. She pants fast, now squeaky, breaths as she quivers.

"Well," I say to Garrett, "as you just saw, Grace's clitoris is very sensitized now. Her clitoral response is rather excessive to even a light touch." Garrett smirks. I'm sure he knows Grace well enough to know what I do - that she just came very close to cumming. Grace, on the other hand, blushes as she lies there trying to catch her breath. Now her milky white, light skin is flushed a bright and light shade of pink, too. It should be very obvious to Garrett that the exam, and even more being under his power, has gotten Grace over aroused and needy.

I have Garrett get Grace up off the table. "Since she's still nude, please take her over and sit her on the bench next to Frederick with the other naked things. It will only be a minute while my assistant gets her lab work done.

Garrett takes her over to the bench. As short as it is, I follow behind Garrett. I immediately tell Beth to scoot all the way over, as far as she can go, to make room for Grace. She does. Then I tell Fred to do the same thing. He does. It leaves barely enough room for Grace, and that

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is after Fred scoots over squishing his side against Beth's. Grace has to squish against Fred, too. Perfect.

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Health Information																														
	Grace Marie Bennett																													
	Birthday	Age	File No.																											
	00 Oct 2001	20	A124																											
	Height	Weight	BMI																											
	5'11"	149	20.8																											
	Pulse	B/P	Resp.																											
	69	71 / 109	16																											
	Temp	Last Period	Grav. / Para.																											
	98.7 (O) / 99.5 (R)	20 Jun 2022	0 / 0																											
NKDA																														
Sub:	None.																													
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It's about three or four minutes before Sophie is done and the form printed. It's time they spend in silence, still not allowed to speak. Garrett stands there, simply watching his charges. Beth looks slightly nervous as if she's uneasily considering what might be next for them. Fred looks very uncomfortable as if he would give anything not to be sitting flush against his step-daughter with his stiff cock still twitching. Grace looks relaxed, her attention focused on Garrett. As if she believes that whatever is next, Garrett will make sure she's fine. As if she doesn't have a care in the world, having given those cares to Garrett to worry for her.

I give Garrett Grace's sheet. I go through it with him, pointing out that Grace is in the best health of the three. Every single number is well within the normal range for a young woman. I point out that it demonstrates that Grace was not tense or nervous as her vitals were taken, even knowing what would likely come next. Both Beth and Fred, he knows, were antsy. I think he understands that Grace was relaxed because she trusts him to take care of her. And she doesn't mind being where he put her.

Even though Garrett already knows Grace's body rather well and fully, I make her stand as we review her sheet. And I have Garrett explore her body. It goes as expected, and Garrett seems quite comfortable with her body. Up until he bends Grace over. I want to emphasize to Grace that she's not being treated any differently than her parents. That she's no different to me at least. So I have Grace bending over exactly the same as they did. With her hands braced against her seat on the bench. It has Fred staring at her side, looking right at her huge breasts as they hang down from her chest. Both he and Beth can see every bit of Grace's body. And enough to see what Garrett is doing to her. Grace, on the other hand, is seeing almost exclusively Fred staring back at her. She'd have to turn her head a little to see Beth, and she's been told not to do that. So she stares ahead and sees her step-

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father.

Grace quivers the instant she feels Garrett's fingertips touch the outside of her plump pussy lips. It's a decent shiver, enough of one to jiggle her freely dangling ample breasts.

Fred notices that; I see a sharper twitch from his cock. From what I can read on his face, even though he sees Grace constantly, he's somewhat surprised by her breasts. As if maybe they're a little larger than he imagined them. Or firmer and rounded. Definitely more arousing than he'd envisioned them. He's blushing slightly as he tries hard not to let it show. He really does not want anyone to know that the mere sight of his step-daughter's huge, firm breasts arouses him. Too bad for him there's almost nothing he can do to hide it now. Not with his overly-stiff cock on full display. There's no mistaking that twitch.

Grace breathes, almost blurts, out a deep breath. As if she's holding back another moan. She stays still as he pulls her lips wide open to bare her pussy and clit.

Garrett very lightly puts the pad of his finger to Grace's hard clit. It's already swollen up even larger than Beth's, poking its head well above its nest of folds. It's so hard that I can see it pulsing as it throbs. It has got to be so sensitive that just the air blowing on it will feel so intense that it will almost hurt. Almost.

"AH!" Grace squeaks out another squealy moan, but it's fast and blurted out, not drawn out. Her body shudders hard, her knees buckling slightly, her bottom snapping from side to side before bucking back slightly against his finger. Her displayed tunnel snaps especially crisply, squeezing a good-sized dollop of her oily honey out. It doesn't quite squirt, but it does end up on Garrett's hand. She stills, then starts shivering hard. Her breasts jiggle under her chest.

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Garrett smirks wide. He knows how hot Grace is right now. I'm sure he's thinking about taking care of that for her at the first opportunity, too.

Fred has no choice but to watch. He blushes deeper. His cock twitches several more times, each one a little sharper than the last.

Garrett moves his finger and slips it into Grace's pussy. That gets about the same reaction from her, another too-urgent moan and some hard shuddering thrashes. Garrett tries to go quickly, but also to be very light for Grace. He knows that if she cums, she'll face a harsh punishment for it. He doesn't want to get her punished, and it looks like he realizes that he could easily push her over the edge into orgasm. Once his finger is out, it's covered with a good layer of her honey.

He spreads her cheeks to see her asshole. I doubt it's the first, or hundredth, time he's glimpsed it, but I'd bet it's the first time he's really looked at it. It's cinched tightly now, a result of the shivers flowing through her. He puts his fingertip, covered with her honey, to her ring. He starts to feel her muscle, as he did with Beth's asshole.

I whisper to Garrett to "put it all the way in like you did to Fred's bottom. Don't curl it, just press down very lightly and rub inside her. Trust me on this, Grace isn't going to mind."

Garrett looks half convinced as if he's wondering how anyone could want something shoved up her bottom. But he also saw how I teased Grace rather effectively in her bottom. "Grace, keep your anus relaxed for me," he tells her. I see her ring loosen slightly as soon as he says it. As if Grace just didn't realize that she was tensed.

Garrett starts pressing gently. Far more gently than I would have. Not that it matters. Grace's asshole stays rubbery. His finger pushes into the shallow funneling and then starts pushing the elastic muscle aside. Nothing

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resists him. His finger slips easily into her ring. The clingy coating of slippery honey lubricates it well, keeping it from dragging against her skin even the tiniest bit. Her pink ring looks to just lie there inert as his finger stretches it and slips through. It doesn't take him long to bury his entire finger inside her bottom.

It encourages Garrett that Grace barely reacts to the intrusion. All she does is measure out a very deep and slow breath as goosebumps erupt over her pussy mound. But then he presses down against the backside of her pussy. I doubt he even has time to start stroking her insides.

Grace instantly blurts out a very loud "AHHH!" Her body snaps to tension, her asshole clamping tightly around his finger. Her bottom snaps, thrusting back as it shudders hard. Slamming back, as if trying to ram his finger even deeper into it. Her pussy snaps, too. I see her lips jiggle from it. It's the sharpest snap yet. It squirts a dollop of honey out, a big dollop, that splatters against Garrett's forearm. She freezes tense, her body vibrating for several seconds. Garrett holds his finger steady. Eventually, the tension ebbs, Grace's asshole loosens, and she starts to be still. She sucks in a deep breath and purrs out a very needy sigh.

Garrett hesitates. I think he's trying to give her a moment to calm down for fear of bringing her to orgasm. I know, as much as he'd love to do that, he won't get her in trouble. At least not if he can avoid it. I should spank her anyway, just for the fun of it.

Garrett very slowly draws his finger out of her bottom. It's actually worse for Grace. I can see it, but apparently, he misses it. Her asshole does stay rubbery for him. But the goosebumps still stand up and her body still quivers. Her breasts jiggle. She's holding her breath to stop herself from moaning out. Her pussy is spasming, I can see the little droplets of honey appearing suddenly

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atop her slit.

Garrett's finger slips from her asshole. Grace lets her breath out. It comes out as a fast, deep, sigh laced with a needy squeak. She shudders hard as she sighs. But so far, she hasn't cum. I'd bet anything that's going to be loud, thrashing, and very messy. Not to mention very intense for her. A good show for me.

Once Grace's "inspection" is over, Garrett returns her to the bench as I ask. She squishes in tight against Fred. His cock is still twitching from the show. And Garrett sees it.



MISC ELECTRICAL
AND LIGHT BULBS

HOMER

BIKE

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Again I leave the three of them squished on the bench for a couple minutes of silence. Just enough for them to start feeling ignored. And to wonder what might be next, why I've left them sitting there naked. It's also more than enough time for them to start feeling uncomfortable. The bench doesn't really have quite enough room for them, and they're squished so snugly together.

After about two minutes I tell Garrett "Clearly there's nothing physically wrong with Elizabeth that would keep her from arousing a male. Nor do see any erectile or penile response deficiencies in Frederick. In fact, his penis seems rather eager for some attention, and it's obviously indiscriminate where it gets it." I smirk a little. Garrett rolls his eyes, but I see enough of a smirk to know that he catches what I'm implying. Both Beth and Fred are blushing, so I know they're hearing me, too. I want them to. I want them to hear everything and know the discussion, and choices, are very intimately about them, yet they're not being offered the tiniest shred of input in either. And I want them to know that both Garrett and I consider them sexually inadequate, whether that's actually the case or not.

"At this point, so that we can both get a rather complete picture of things, I want to do a little 'sexual abilities test.' It's simple, and it won't be painful for them. It just demonstrates their sexual abilities, that way we can evaluate them objectively before deciding what treatment is called for. Since they're in your care, it's up to you if we add the test on. Do you mind?"

"Go ahead," Garrett tells me. His voice tells me that he's getting the idea, correctly, that his primary roles here are to add to Beth & Fred's humiliation and to agree with me. I'd bet anything he thinks that I'd planned on this test all along. Probably that Olive asked for it, too. At the least, that Olive knows I'm going to do it.

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“OK,” I tell Garrett. “I know Grace doesn’t have any performance issues, but since she’s already nude and on the bench with the others, why don’t we give her one, too. She won’t mind it, and then I’ll have objective observations of her to rely on when I offer you some advice.” I glare at Garrett, hoping he gets the message that he should agree to Grace joining in as well.

Garrett seemed fine with allowing it for Beth and Fred. But now he seems a bit unsure about allowing it for Grace. It’s clear to me that he cares what she’ll think of the idea. Whether it’s something she’ll mind doing. And Garrett doesn’t know what the test might involve. Then again, Grace is very plainly extremely aroused right now. I’m sure that Garrett is thinking whatever is involved, as long as it doesn’t involve another man, he’ll enjoy seeing Grace do it. “I guess that would be OK,” Garrett tells me with just a little bit less confidence in his voice.

I summon Sophie and tell her to “set up.” As I stand waiting, Garrett beside me, Sophie spreads a sheet out on the floor. She adds a few pillows in case they’re needed for support. Then she fetches a chair for Garrett and me and sets those out at the edge of the sheet. As if for an audience. Once she has that done, I tell her to fetch me “number eight.” Sophie gets it from the drawer, hurrying to bring it over to me. I take the seat, and Sophie kneels down to offer me the toy.

Number eight is just one of the dildos in my collection. As its name hints, it’s eight inches long. It’s black and made to look exactly like a black man’s cock. It even has a pinkish cock head on it and veins lining it for texture. And a set of fake balls at the base end. It’s also moderately thick at just over 3 cm. Which makes it one of the widest toys in my collection that Beth will be able to accommodate. I don’t know about Grace, since she wasn’t measured that fully. But it’s no larger than the average black male, so it shouldn’t be out of her ability.

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I take the dildo from Sophie's hands and hold it up for Garrett to see. The look on his face tells me the dildo is big in his eyes. It must be bigger than he is. I haven't a clue how well endowed he is, but I'd guess somewhere between Fred and Number Eight. I'd bet he knows how experienced Grace is, too, and that he believes Number Eight is bigger than anything she's had before. I wouldn't be surprised to find out that he's the only thing she's ever had. They've been a couple long enough.

I tell Garrett to fetch Beth and have her get on her knees in the center of the sheet with her right side facing us. It will give us a good view of her and more so what she's doing for part one of her test. It will also give Fred and Grace a good view from her left side. And I so want Grace to see this.

Garrett walks over to the bench and puts a hand to Beth's shoulder. "Elizabeth, come with me," he tells her. His voice is sweet and soft, almost as tender as it was with Grace. Almost. I doubt Beth would notice the difference, she doesn't know him that well. I'd bet Grace does. He keeps hold of Beth's shoulder as she gets to her feet. He drops his hand to her side, gripping her very softly at her waist, just above her hipbone. I guess after intimately touching her body, some of his self-imposed boundaries are falling. Good. He guides her to the center of the sheet.

"On your knees, Elizabeth," he tells her exactly what I said for him to. "On your knees," is a specific command Olive and I use with our toys. It tells Beth not just to kneel, but to get into a specific posture. Garrett doesn't know that. But Beth knows the command. She should, if she's behaving, assume it has the same meaning when Garrett gives it.

And she does. Beth drops to her knees quickly. She opens her knees as wide as they will go. Then she opens her feet to the same width, putting her shins straight and parallel. She sits back, letting her small bottom hang

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between her up-pointed heels. She gets her back straight. And her eyes forward. Her hands stay behind her back. They belong there since she wasn't told to use them.

Garrett steps back to me. I hold the dildo out to him. He takes it. I tell him to have Beth demonstrate her oral skills, as she would if it were Fred's cock.

Garrett steps back to Beth and holds the dildo out to her. "Take this, Elizabeth. Suck it and show us exactly how you suck Frederick's little penis." Yes, I told him what to say. But there's a little smirk on his face as he belittles Fred's cock, so I think he agrees with my assessment of it.

Beth brings her hands up and takes the dildo from Garrett. I don't see any anxiety on her face. I didn't expect to. I know Olive has a good collection of toys, several of them this big and bigger. I'm sure, as long as Beth has been Olive's, Beth has gotten to know those toys intimately. This one won't be anything she hasn't seen before.

She takes a deep breath as she shifts her grip to hold the dildo by its fake balls in both hands. Garrett returns to me, as I suggested, and takes his seat. Beth stretches her mouth wide open. She puts the tip of the dildo to her bottom lip.

I don't know what to expect from Beth. I never asked Olive how skilled, or how well trained, Beth is. With Olive, there's no guessing either. I would have trained her just because. But Olive doesn't always. Especially not the married ones she's not planning to use much with partners other than their husband. Or when the husband seems happy enough with her current skill level.

I watch closely as Beth holds the shaft steady and starts moving her head. The head of the fake cock starts slipping into her mouth. Almost immediately her fine pink lips are stretched tautly around the dark shaft. I watch as the shaft starts slipping into her mouth, vanishing into

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those lips.

Garrett watches closely. Fred and Grace have no choice. They're both required to keep their eyes forward, and that has them seeing Beth rather fully. Neither can avoid seeing the black shaft slipping into her lips. Fred shows only a little interest on his face. He definitely enjoys the show, but I'd bet he's seen it before.

Grace, on the other hand, I'd bet has never seen anything like it. Her face shows a bit of interest. And a bit of surprise. But mostly it's a look of embarrassment as if seeing something she shouldn't be seeing. Like her mom having sex, a sight I can tell Grace would prefer not to see. Yet she sits still and silent, watching, simply because Garrett has left her there.



Beth keeps going. The dildo keeps slipping into her lips. Her pace is slow and steady. Deliberate. Garrett watches, his interest growing, as each inch of dildo vanishes. She gets about half of the shaft into her mouth. Maybe four inches, maybe not quite. Then she reverses her head and begins backing off.

It tells me that Olive hasn't trained her in oral skills. Four inches isn't that much, even with a thick dildo such as this one. It tells me another thing, too. That despite a decade of practice, Beth still won't take all of Fred's cock. Four inches is about an inch short of it. Maybe she would take a little more of a thinner cock, but not much more. Just a small fraction of an inch.

Beth keeps going, backing the cock out until just the head of it is left inside her lips. And unseen. Then she reverses again, moving her head steadily forward to

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swallow more of the dildo again.

I watch as her rhythm steadies. I was hoping that her first stroke was just a warm-up and she'd start taking more of it into her mouth. She doesn't. Her strokes stay consistent. She takes about half, or a hair less, of the thick dildo into her mouth on every stroke.

I'm also watching the others, trying to gauge what they think of Beth's performance. Garrett seems slightly entranced watching Beth so shamelessly give the dildo a blow job. Maybe more so because she's doing it exactly as she would a man, not as if it were a toy. She holds the toy still and steady, not moving it at all. Instead, she bobs her head as she would with a cock. I'm sure Garrett has never seen a show like this before. A fully naked woman on her knees sucking a dildo as if it were a man. I'd bet the fact that it's his future mother-in-law doing it, someone he should not be thinking of intimately much less watching as if she were a carnival sideshow, just makes it more captivating for him.

Fred looks as if he thinks it's arousing to see, but also as if he's slightly disinterested. As if it's a sight he's seen before. He almost certainly has. It would probably interest him more if it wasn't his wife doing it. Someone, he's less familiar with. Nonetheless, I still see a few faint twitches from his cock. It's not going to soften up anytime soon.

Grace looks outright embarrassed to be watching her mother suck a dildo like a slut. She's a big girl, with a relationship of her own now. I have no doubt she's sucked Garrett more than a few times. Nor do I doubt that she could easily guess her mother does it for Fred. Most women do, and most women know it. But still, she's seeing it. It's almost like watching her mother have sex. A sight she doesn't want to see. A sight most women would consider gross to see. I'd bet she's slightly surprised by the slutiness of Beth's blow job. I know she's rather shocked that Beth is so shameless as to not even flinch

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about putting on the show. And more shocked to see the demure manner in which Beth allowed Garrett to tell her to do it. How she didn't hesitate to obey when she should be humiliated beyond belief to put this show on. It tells me one more thing that I don't think Garrett has realized. Grace isn't yet thinking about what's coming up. Her turn. That she's likely to be doing the exact same thing.

I let Beth go on for a good minute. That's long enough. She hasn't done anything more than she did on the first stroke. If she were going to, she would have long ago. This is all the sucking I'm going to get out of her. I'd bet, if it's not the best she can do, it's very close to it.

I can see that, when she reverses her stroke, she's close to choking. I can't see the shaft pushing her neck out, she's not swallowing enough of it for that. But I can see how much of it has slipped through her lips. And I've seen her mouth rather closely. I know that when she stops the stroke, the tip of the dildo's cock head will be deep enough into her mouth to have started pushing around the bend and slipping into the funneling towards her throat. Maybe even enough of it that it's just starting to stretch her rubbery hard throat a bit. I doubt quite enough to cut her air supply off. Or to really choke her.

I just wave to Garrett, letting him know I've seen enough. Garrett rises to his feet and steps back over to Beth. "That's enough of that, Elizabeth, stop now," Garrett tells her. He still keeps his voice soft and affectionate with her. I make a note to remind him I expect the same tenderness with Fred. That's going to be difficult for Garrett.

Beth Finishes her stroke, this time letting the tip of the dildo slip from her lips. She lowers it, keeping it gripped in her hands, and holds the shaft, glistening with a thick layer of her saliva, out in front of her breasts. She takes a few deep breaths as she waits for Garrett to give her another instruction.

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"On all fours, Elizabeth," He tells her.

It's another command that tells Beth exactly how I want to see her. Garrett doesn't exactly know it, or the position it will put Beth in, but I have told him to use exact words as they're commands Beth will understand. It tells Beth to lean over, putting her hands on the floor, palms down and flat with her fingers spread. Her thighs are straight up and down, her knees spread wide and her feet in line with her knees. She should move her hands forward and out the same amount to bring her shoulders down even with her hips. And then to pick her head up and look forward. She's always to keep her mouth closed and her eyes open. She gets in position. It forces her to set the dildo down on the sheet in front of her. It ends up roughly under her neck once she's in place.



"Good girl, Elizabeth, put that dildo in your pussy," Garrett tells her. Beth hasn't been told to move from her position. She's still sort of as she was, with one of her sides to Garrett and me, and the other to Fred and Grace. But not perfectly in front of us, now that she's moved. Her bottom is now roughly even with Fred, giving both Grace and I a slight rear view of her as well. Mostly I wanted her on all fours when she put the dildo in her pussy so everyone could see exactly what she's doing. And how large Number Eight is.

Beth doesn't hesitate to obey Garrett. She moves one hand to pick up the dildo, this time by the shaft. She brings it under her chest, and then up between her thighs. She has to lift her shoulders a little and flex her back to reach far enough to get its tip to her sopping wet slit. Her honey, far creamier than Grace's oily honey, has yet to

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drip. But it is flowing, and it does have her slit and mound covered with a thick layer. It's slippery as well, greasing everything for the spit-slickened shaft to slip into her.

It takes Beth a few seconds of wiggling the shaft to get the head of the dildo positioned at the entrance of her narrow tunnel. The head alone is wide enough to fully eclipse her tunnel. But it is bell-shaped, narrowing the tip enough for a little bit of it to fit into her tunnel. And then, as she pushes it into her, the head stretches her tunnel taut around its sides. About five inches of the shaft slips into her pussy. Slowly, as her tight tunnel clamps around it. By then, the tip of it is bumping against her cervix. That's all the pussy she has for it. Beth stops, holding the toy now by the fake balls. On all fours, the end of the shaft sticks out, straight back from her, about three inches before the fake balls.



“Sit up on your knees, Elizabeth,” Garrett tells her.

A second later Beth is moving, albeit a hair slowly. She starts shifting her bottom back, bending her knees as she goes. Her bottom lowers toward the floor, between her wide-spread feet. Her shoulders start to rise. Before she's even halfway to sitting up, the base of Number Eight is against the floor. Her bottom is never going to make it all the way to the floor. It gets close, leaving about three inches of the dildo spanning the gap between the floor and her pussy mound. She keeps going, now bringing her hands off the floor as her shoulders rise. She comes all the way up until her back is straight. Then she brings her hands behind her back and stares at the wall in front of her.

I've told Garrett what to say. Now that Beth is up,

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essentially in a cowgirl position with the dildo serving as her man, Garrett hesitates for a second. I think I'm not certain, that I see a quick blush on his face. But then he steps around and kneels down close in front of Beth. He's taller than she is, but not so much that she's not looking him in the eyes now.

Garrett puts his hand on Beth's bottom. In silence, he starts caressing her cheek. It looks to me as if he's being rather tender, too. I asked him to be. When he speaks, his voice is soft and very sweet. More like a lover's voice than an owner's. But he does get the wording right.

"Elizabeth... pretend that's my big, thick dick and show us all how you would fuck it..." Garrett reaches his other hand to one of Beth's breasts. He uses the tip of a finger to softly caress and tease her narrow nipple. Instantly goosebumps erupt over the entire mound. I hear Beth's breathing start taking on a needy, hungry, and raspy tone. After a second or two she shivers lightly, but sharply. "Show us all how you would fuck me, Elizabeth, now."



Beth probably doesn't need the encouragement. As soon as Garrett tells her to ride the dildo, Beth starts going. She doesn't hesitate. She uses only her legs at first, bringing her body up. The dildo, gripped in her snug pussy, starts to rise with her body. She uses one hand to hold it down, pressing the base of it against the floor. The dildo is long enough that, even with Beth up on her knees, her thighs almost straight up and down, the very tip of it is still inside her tight tunnel.

The fat dildo strokes her pussy powerfully, sending intense icy hot chills flooding her pussy walls and then

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tingling as they shoot along her nerves. Just as a real cock would. If it was this thick and had her taut walls stretched wide.

On the second stroke, I can see Beth's jaw chattering. Already the dildo is completely covered with a thick coat of her honey. Honey that's thick and creamy, with a faint white tinge to make it very obvious on the dark shaft. Honey that's fresh and hot, filling the air around it with her muskiness.

"Uhmhhh!" Beth can't stop herself from moaning out. Shivers are flowing over her body. She rides the dildo especially enthusiastically. Even after Garrett takes his hands off of her body so they don't interfere with her motions. It seems like every stroke is a little faster and harder, Beth's bottom thrusting down on the dildo.

Beth manages about ten strokes before the shivering gets hard. Her free hand, the one not bracing the dildo, comes around to her pubes. As if she wants to rub her clit and hurry herself to climax.

I wave to Garrett. He looks away, but not fast enough. I know he saw my cue. He sighs, deeply, but quietly. He brings his hand back. He swats Beth's bottom, spanking it hard with his hand. I see a medium-light hand print on her tight globe. I'm a little surprised that he spanked her so hard. Pleasantly surprised. It is a punishment for Beth, so it should hurt. I just didn't think he, a novice, would be so firm. "UH!" Beth grunts out in pain as his hand slaps against her bare bottom.

"Bad girl, Elizabeth," Garrett quickly snaps. His voice is still sweet, but now I can hear a scolding tone to it. "I did not say to touch your pussy. Hand behind your back. Fuck my dick, nothing else, Elizabeth."

Beth's hand flies behind her back. A crisp shudder flows over her body. Her pink bottom thrusts down hard on the dildo, almost ramming herself onto it. She moans out

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twice as urgently.

Garrett's eyes flash wide. He clearly didn't expect the spanking to have that effect on Beth. I knew it would. I know that Beth craves discipline and humiliation. Both will arouse her more intensely than anything physical could. And that's what she just got. Unexpectedly, making it even better for her.

Even though Beth was warned that she would be punished for misbehavior here, and she knew that Garrett would be her "guardian" while she's here, she didn't expect him to punish her. She thought his involvement would be minimal, Garrett not wanting to be any more involved in it than necessary. Now, she's just learning that he's not going to allow her to get away with anything. He will punish her. Properly.

On top of that, there's the humiliation of being spanked by a man young enough to be her son. The man who is dating her daughter. In front of her daughter and husband, whom she knows must have seen it. And knows it was a real spanking. The crack of his hand left no doubts about that.

With every stroke, Beth's need grows more urgent. And it shows. She's thrusting down harder and harder, putting everything she has into fucking the dildo. She starts moaning out loud "UH!s" with every thrust. Very needy and sensual grunts, not pained ones. She shudders constantly. Fresh honey coats the dildo, making sure that it sparkles brightly between strokes. Her nipples stay rock hard, jiggling atop her soft breasts as her body bounces.

I wait a moment until I'm sure that Beth is struggling to hold an orgasm back. Then I nod to Garrett.

Garrett steps over to Fred. "Frederick, look at Elizabeth. I want you to see how slutty she is. See how she wants to ride my dick like a shameless whore." Garrett puts his hands to Fred's head, getting a good grip on it, and

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turns it so that he's staring directly at Beth's hips while she rides the dildo. "Look at her pussy juice all over that thing. That cheap whore must really want to fuck my dick..."

Garrett pauses for several long seconds, leaving Fred to watch Beth's overly-eager thrusting. The humiliated look on Fred's face tells me it's been a long time, if ever, since she's rode his cock so energetically. Now Fred's cock is twitching hard again, jumping up and down in the empty air between his spread thighs. His side is still squished firmly against Grace's, too.

"Too bad you don't have a real dick, or maybe she'd want to fuck it, too." Garrett easily manages to put a little chuckle into his insult. "And wouldn't be so eager to fuck her daughter's man like some filthy whore." He holds Fred's head still for several seconds. Garrett glances down a few times, and sees a couple of little droplets of cum weep from the tip of Fred's cock. He pushes Fred's head back into place, eyes forward, where he's seeing Beth but more in the corner of his eyes.

Garrett steps over to Grace. She doesn't flinch the tiniest bit as he takes hold of her head. He turns her head to the side and down, forcing Grace to stare directly at Fred's jumping cock with its glistening head. "Look at how weird your step-father is, baby doll. Sitting right next to you, watching his wife fuck a dildo because she can't get a real man, and his twisted *tiny* cock is starting to cum!"

Fred's cock twitches violently, snapping up against his stomach. As it bounces back down, a huge droplet of cum shakes from the tip and falls to the floor. "See, just hearing how disgusted you are to see his *tiny* pecker makes him dribble more cum!" It gets another violent twitch and drop of cum from Fred.

Garrett turns Grace's head to Beth, giving her a full view of how energetically her mother is riding the dildo. He pauses a few seconds, giving Grace time to take in the

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sight. "See what a disgusting whore your mother is, baby doll? See how she wants to fuck my real dick? If I'd let her, that would be my dick right now instead of a hunk of plastic? Isn't that so cheap and trashy to want to fuck her daughter's boyfriend? I guess she's just been without a real dick to fuck for so long she's lost her decency. She doesn't even care if you watch her fuck me."

Garrett knows Grace very well and intimately so. He doesn't miss the clues her body gives him. She cringes her head, a mask of utter revulsion on her face, laced with a touch of hatred for Beth. But he notices her hips. The movements are tiny, but they're there. They're crisp and snapping, too. Grace is grinding her pussy, and thus the rock-hard clit standing out in her mound, firmly against the bench.

Garrett holds her head in place, making her watch Beth even longer. "Disgusting to watch your mother fuck some hunk of cheap plastic isn't it?... doesn't look like she cares, though!" Garrett tells her as if Beth's pleadingly urgent moaning doesn't. He holds her head for several more seconds, making sure that Grace obediently watches Beth's show. Then he returns it to the proper position, shifting Grace to a more oblique view. He returns to stand beside Beth.

"Elizabeth, you're acting like too cheap of a whore. Get off that thing." Garrett firmly tells her.

Beth stops riding it. She stays in place for several long seconds, the dildo stuffing her pussy fully. Her body shudders hard. Her face twists into a pained mask of abject frustration. She almost cries as she slowly, and very reluctantly, lifts her bottom up easing the shaft out of her pussy.

Garrett tells her to set it on the sheet in front of her body and get back on all fours. She does, moving a little slowly. Once she's down, Garrett leans over to get a close look at her pussy. Her mound is covered with goosebumps

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and a thick layer of sparkling honey. Honey that's oozed through the creases of her thighs and onto the tops of them. Up to her asshole as well, coating the inside of her crack as it went. Her slit is flushed to a bright, deep, almost blood red now, too.

I send Sophie to fetch "a six." She knows what I want and goes to get it from the cabinets. It gives Garrett a minute that he spends gawking at Beth's pussy. I think he's surprised by how obviously aroused she is. How sloppy wet her pussy. Sophie fetches the toy, and I point at her to take it to Garrett.

Garrett takes it and looks at it. It's smaller than the dildo. It's a simple, and cheap, white vibrator. One with a bullet-shaped tip. Its shaft is six inches long, from the tip to the knob at the bottom that turns it on. It's thinner as well. It's a mere one inch thick. Garrett knows what it is for. His eyes tell me it's far bigger than he expected it would be. Big enough that he's wondering if it's too big. He casually drops it to the floor, letting it land in front of Beth.

Beth doesn't really see it. Not holding her head up. She just gets a glimpse as it falls past her face.

"Elizabeth, you're being such a shameless whore that it's clear to me there's absolutely nothing you wouldn't enjoy doing. Pick up that vibrator and shove it up your ass." He tells her.



Beth glances down to see what vibrator he's talking about. She doesn't hesitate to pick it up. She brings it up, lifting her arm over her hip, and puts the tip of it into her crack. She can't see, but she can easily feel where it is. She pulls it slightly through her crack, lining the gently pointed tip of it up to press

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against her tight asshole.

Beth takes a deep breath. I see her jaw tighten as she obviously grits her teeth. Then she's pushing. She doesn't exactly shove it into her bottom, but she doesn't hesitate either. She pushes firmly. The rounded tip of the pointed end instantly pushed into her ring, starting to stretch it. Then the taper of the tip takes over, quickly stretching her muscle wide. The shaft starts slipping forward, vanishing into her crack and disappearing between her cheeks.

I probably have the best view of Beth's bottom. I can see her glistening pussy mound below the hard shaft. And I can see the toy steadily plunging into her crack. Even with her small bottom, her cheeks would have to be stretched for her asshole to be visible.

"UGH!" Beth grunts out in discomfort. She doesn't slow down. She pushes more and more of the toy into her bottom. Her face tenses up hard. I'm sure she's praying Garrett will tell her to stop. He doesn't, and in a few seconds, every bit of the toy's six inches is inside Beth's bottom. The dial knob at the end is the only part of it visible, and that's squished into her crack, the inside edges of her cheeks holding it in place. Now Beth moves rather slowly and cautiously as she brings her hand back down, returning to the position on all fours. She pants fast, edgy breaths laced with strain as she kneels and waits.

I hold up a hand, telling Garrett to wait. It will give Beth a moment to stay there and feel the hard shaft stuffing her bottom full. And to think about how Grace and Garrett just watched her shove it up her own bottom as quickly as she could stand to. All because Garrett told her to. Her pussy stays covered with goosebumps. Her honey stays flowing, too. I can see a tinge of fresh cream clinging to her slit every couple of seconds.

"Elizabeth, stay," Garrett tells her when I cue him to go on. Then he reaches down to Beth's bottom and turns

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the vibrator on.

"OOH!" Beth blurts out a very needy moan with a fair bit of squeal to it. Pleasant squeal. The toy already had her bottom stuffed full, making her feel as if she needed a toilet. Not badly, though. It filled her enough that it was pushing firmly against the backside of her spongy pussy walls with only the too-thin walls of her rectum in between. Now the toy vibrates, sending its vibrations flooding into her pussy.

Beth shudders hard at the strange sensation. She feels her bottom full. She feels her pussy tingling sharply as if the vibrator were inside it and teasing it well. She feels her pussy snapping hard. And she feels her pussy empty, nothing in it or even near it. Her meaty walls grate against each other with every twitch. Tease each other, sending even more icy chills through her body.

"OH!" Beth moans out. It's a quick moan, coming atop an exploding breath as her body shivers. She sucks in another and blurts out another, even more erotic, "OH!" And then another. She stays on her hands and knees. She tries to be still, but she's shuddering too hard. Enough that it shows, her body trembling as each fresh wave of sparks shoots through her nerves.

I hold my hand up, telling Garrett to wait. I give Beth about twenty seconds. She spends the shuddering and moaning, each moan seemingly more sensual and urgent than the last. Then I bring my hand down. Garrett's cue to move it along.

He leans over and casually reaches under Beth's chest. He wraps his hand around her soft, dangling breast, catching it as it jiggles. She's small enough that he can close his hand fully around her breast and not even the tip of her nipple is visible. He squeezes lightly. Beth shivers hard, her moan taking on a new height of urgency. He squeezes it a little tighter and Beth cries out a needier

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moan. He squeezes hard, not quite crushing her breast, but definitely squishing its softness firmly in his hand and bunching it up. Beth cries out a pleadingly-urgent moan as she shivers.

Garrett releases her breast. He puts his hand to the center of her back and slowly, taking his time, caresses his way down to her bottom. His hand glides over Beth's globe and stops atop it. He gives her bottom a little squish, too. "Damn, Elizabeth, your pussy is beyond sloppy. You must love it up your filthy ass." He tells her, his hand again very affectionately stroking her bottom. He strokes her globes, both of them, not showing the sore one any favoritism, for several long seconds.

"That slutty pussy wants to cum badly..." He tells everyone in a soft voice.

Garrett steps around and leans over in front of Elizabeth. As I told him to do. He grabs her hair and uses it to nudge her eyes up a little more so she's looking in his. "You're just being too shameless, even for a cheap whore." Garrett tells her. "You can wait to cum. Get up to your feet, now."

Beth's eyes go wide. She imagines how it's going to feel moving with that vibrator humming away in her bottom. Garrett doesn't give her the chance to stall or move slowly. He puts his hands to her shoulders. "Up now Elizabeth," he repeats as he starts pulling her shoulders up.

"UHHHHH!" Beth moans out more desperately than anything she's let out yet. Garrett forces her to rise up to her knees and doesn't let her go slowly. The hard, inflexible shaft in her bowels stays rigid. Her bowels don't want to. They want to bend as the angle of her waist changes. It takes the hard shaft and grinds it against everything beyond her rectal walls. That's mostly the backside of her pussy. And it presses the toy hard against those soft, spongy walls. It's as effective as any fucking

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would be at pushing Beth closer to orgasm. The orgasm she's been fighting back seemingly for an eternity already.

Garrett pulls Beth up to her feet. Or at least makes her stand up as if there was nothing stuffing her bottom. He does well at ignoring the pleading moan she screeches out. He has her put her hands behind her back.

Garrett very gently puts his hands to her hips. This time, at my request, he doesn't shy away from touching her intimately. His hands are about $\frac{1}{4}$ on her bottom. He nudges her along, forcing her to walk the two steps normally. Beth screeches out more pleading moans as she goes. Her honey inches further down the insides of her thighs as Garrett ignores her and makes her go.

"Sit, Elizabeth," Garrett adds a little firmness to his voice. He keeps his hands on Beth's hips and uses them to keep Beth moving. She cringes hard, her face scrunching up, even as she cries out another sensual moan. Garrett forces her to sit properly. It has her body weight pushing her down onto the vibrator, bracing the free end of the toy against the hard bench.

Beth sits. She trembles hard. That grinds her pussy against the bench. It also wiggles the base of the toy, making the toy stroke her insides. The toy strokes back and forth over her pussy walls, pressing firmly into the sponginess of them. That sends even more tingly sparks flooding her pussy, making it twitch more sharply, and then out, racing along her nerves and up her spine. She cries out even more needy moans.

"Shut up, Elizabeth, you sound like a porno," Garrett tells her.

Beth cringes hard. She clenches her jaw tightly. I see her toes trying to curl as well. Her body tenses, her shoulders pulling inward. Her face wrinkles, even more, squeezing her eyes shut for a second before she catches it and forces them partly open. When she does, her eyes are

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wet. She trembles even more now. She breathes noisily, sucking breaths in. then she holds them for several long seconds before they explode from her lungs. She mutes her moans. It makes the feeling even more intense for her by taking away the instinctive mechanisms her body uses to ease the sensations. To make them easier for her to endure. Instead, it leaves those sensations flooding her body, and every nerve in her feeling them fully. It drives her so sweetly crazy. I'd bet her pussy is the only part of her body she can feel.

Garrett looks down on her for several seconds, waiting as she settles into a very squirmy routine. He uses one finger to stroke her cheek. "Behave, Elizabeth," and he steps back from her, leaving her to sit there with the vibrator in her bottom.

Garrett doesn't hesitate to step over to Fred. He knew it was coming. He frowned and grimaced hard when I told him what to do, but he didn't object. I think he's realized that I really don't care about a toy's gender. At least not in the way he does. I see my toys as something to be used for my amusement, which is the place of a toy. He still sees Fred as a man, and in his world, there are things men don't do. It actually makes the session better for Fred. He'll sense Garrett's disapproval of him, of the things he willingly does, even though Garrett is the one telling him to do them. As if Garrett's only trying to see how low Fred will go.

Garrett reaches out to Fred's chest, taking hold of Fred's shoulders exactly as he did Beth's far more delicate ones. I've now reminded Garrett about ten times that I expect him to treat his wards the same. None should be given any special treatment. None should get any additional kindness, or coldness, from him. I can tell that's a little uneasy for Garrett. He still wants to treat Beth as he'd treat a vanilla woman, and Fred as he'd treat a vanilla man. He's slowly learning to treat both as toys. But I

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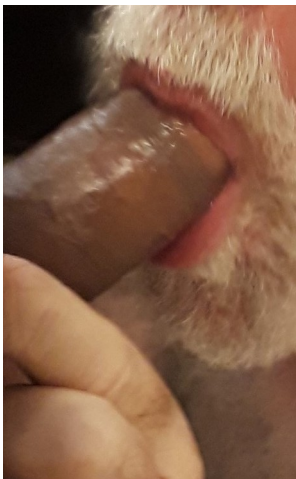
doubt he'll ever be fully at ease touching some parts of Fred.

He tells Fred to get to his feet. He guides Fred over and tells him to get on his knees. He has Fred in the center of the sheet, almost exactly where Beth was. That has the dildo, Number Eight, in front of Fred, well within his reach.

Fred kneels exactly as Beth did. With his knees and feet wide open., sitting back with his bottom between his heels and up straight. Eyes forward. He has one side to me, and one side to Beth and Grace. There are only two noticeable differences. First, it doesn't take much twisting around for everyone to see his balls dangling down between his feet. They don't reach the floor, but with only a few inches between his bottom and the floor they hang maybe halfway to it. The second thing is his cock jutting out straight from his pubes and standing in empty air. It's twitching crisply, and there's still a sticky-wet coating of his cum on its tip.

"Frederick," Garrett gives him his instructions, "pick up the dildo and show us all just how a tiny boy sucks a manly dick. Go on, suck it, Frederick."

Fred picks up the dildo. Garrett may be shy about telling Fred to do it, but Fred isn't hesitant to do it. He holds it the same as Beth did and puts its tip, still glimmering with Beth's drying wetness, to his lips. He stretches his mouth wide and starts moving his head forward.



The dildo steadily vanishes as it slips through Fred's dark pink lips and into his mouth. He has a mustache, but it's well trimmed and doesn't block my view of his lips. I love the sight of pink lips around the dark shaft of the toy. And the toy plunging deeper into those lips. Fred moves

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smoothly, sucking the dildo into his mouth as if it were a cock. A cock much larger and more manly than his own.

No one can miss Fred's eager cock twitching crisply between his thighs. As more of the dildo pushes deeper into his mouth, his cock twitches more sharply. Before he gets half of it into his mouth, every twitch has his cock knocking against his stomach. And it's swinging to the sides as it bounces. Rising up above the line of the tops of his hairy thighs, both Beth and Grace will see it. Garrett has an even better view.

Fred keeps going. He brings his head forward until close to 5 inches, almost as much cock as he has, is inside his mouth. It leaves about three inches of the shaft between his lips and the fake balls. There are maybe one or two whiskers grazing the top of the shaft, but that's it. I see Fred start to choke. Not a full-out hard choking, but enough that I see his stomach muscles snap inward and his face scrunches up.

Fred instantly reverses his stroke. He's already gone further than Beth did. She stopped just before she choked on it. He chokes, but only moderately hard. Still, it's obvious that he's trying to take as much as he thinks he can. Like any man, he thinks the owner of a real cock would prefer him to swallow as much as possible. I'd bet he has fantasies about some woman swallowing his entire length. Maybe not about that much cock shoving its way into his throat, though.

I just watch as Fred steadies his rhythm. As did Beth, Fred holds the cock still and moves his head. As he would do if the cock were attached to a man. It gives Fred almost a minute to demonstrate his cocksucking skills. It takes me all of one stroke to see that it's far from a first for Fred. I knew it wouldn't be. Olive has a few strap-ons that she loves to use, making men get on their knees and do to it what they wish she'd do for them. But, unlike me, Olive doesn't find it erotic to see two men together, so I doubt

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she's brought in another man to offer Fred a real cock to suck. Then again, D/s is more about the sub's needs than the Domme's, so she might have just for Fred.

Garrett, as I asked, watches Fred closely, too. He shows no interest, no arousal at the sight. But he does watch and pays attention as he should. I see Garrett cringe every time Fred starts to choke on the dildo. Garrett's face tells me he thinks this is something no man should be doing. Good, that will just humiliate Fred even more.

I nod and Garrett tells Fred to stop. Fred finishes his stroke and then lets the dildo slip from his lips. He holds the toy out, showing Garrett the sparkling wet film of saliva now covering it. Most, if not all, of Beth's honey, is gone from all but the last inch or two of the shaft. I'm sure Fred at least enjoyed that taste. Garrett tells Fred to put the dildo on the sheet, as it was.

I send Sophie to fetch another 6" vibrator. When Fred hears me call for a six, he should know what I'm ordering. The same as for Beth. And he should be able to guess where I'm going to make him put it. There's only one possibility left. Sophie brings the toy to Garrett and he takes it. Garrett drops it in front of Fred.



Garrett orders Fred down to all fours, the same position as Beth was in. Just as Garrett did with Beth, he leans down and nudges Fred's head up so that Fred is looking him in the eyes as he tells Fred what to do. He tells Fred to pick the vibrator up and "shove it up your ass." Then Garrett lets go of Fred and stands aside to watch.

Fred doesn't hesitate. He picks the vibrator up. Just as Beth did - it's by

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far the easiest way to reach – Fred brings the toy around the outside of his hip and puts the tip of it to his crack. He starts a little high and draws the toy down his crack until he feels the hard plastic against his rubbery ring.

And then Fred takes a deep breath and holds it. He pushes firmly. For an instant, the toy doesn't move. Then it jumps forward about $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch. About $\frac{1}{3}$ of the total length of the taper. Fred's breath explodes from his lungs with an uncomfortably hard grunt. He doesn't take another breath. He doesn't stop pushing, either. He knows better. His face scrunches hard and his body tenses as the taper slips forward, uncomfortably stretching his resisting rubbery ring wider to accommodate the full width of the shaft. I measured his anal dilation during his rectal exam, so I already know that he's capable of accommodating a decently thicker shaft.

I can tell that this is a rare experience for Fred, albeit not a first. It doesn't really surprise me. No matter what he said or did, Olive would wonder if he didn't secretly like it. If he wasn't just praying that she'd use one of her strap-ons to fuck him. A lot of male subs would be. I see Fred's cock twitching and jumping around as hard as ever. I see it knocking back against his dangling balls enough to have those jiggling. So I know Fred would like it. No matter how uncomfortable it was for him. Physically and otherwise.



Fred pushes the entire length of the toy into his bottom, stopping only when the knob is squished into his crack with the inside edges of his cheeks holding it in place. Obediently he returns his hand to the floor in front of him and waits demurely. Finally, he breathes again, too. Only now he's measuring his breaths, taking steady deep ones and I can hear the strain on him with

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every exhale.

Garrett turns the toy on. And then he steps back, letting Fred feel it. As soon as Garrett switches it on, it vibrates away. It's thick enough to have Fred's rectum stuffed and feeling full as if he needs the toilet. Just like Beth was. I can see the pink-purple ring of his asshole pulled tautly and stretched wide around the light shaft. There isn't a wrinkle line left in that flesh. I can see his small balls and cock hanging down to the floor. The very crisply twitching cock, all hanging in the empty air far from his widely spread thighs. The shaft has his bottom full enough that it's pushing against the top side of his prostate. More so, as Garrett learned during his inspection of Fred's body, the hard tube of Fred's erection extends past his cock, behind his balls, and most of the way to his asshole before anchoring to his body. The thickness of the shaft has the vibrator pressing against that blood-gorged tube as well. As it vibrates, it sends its vibrations flowing through his prostate and directly into the very deepest, never stimulated, part of his erection. Both are places loaded with now-eager nerves.

The vibrations are enough for those nerves. Especially since the sensations are alien to his body. All it knows is those nerves are being teased. Tingles shoot through those nerves now in both directions, racing not only through his body and up his spine, but down the length of his cock into the head of it. It has his cock jumping wildly around. And it drives Fred crazy. His cock aches and swells just as it would if he were fucking Beth as fast as his hips would thrust his cock. But now there's no pussy around his length. Nothing even close to it, let alone touching it. Nothing to hold it snugly as those tingles shoot into and flood it. It jumps hard. It aches harder. More intensely than it has inside a woman.

Garrett watches Fred. We both hear Fred's breaths take on a primal, deep, and manly moaning as he kneels.

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We see his body snapping as wave after wave of shudders rack him. I even see the muscle of his asshole tighten hard to squeeze around the shaft and hold it still. After about ten seconds, Fred's balls are bouncing around almost as wildly as his cock is.

I nod to Garrett. Garrett puts his hand to Fred's back and starts stroking it. He strokes down, his hand finally, and reluctantly, gliding onto Fred's globe. He gives Fred's bottom the same little squish that Beth got. It sends a powerful tremor racing through Fred and that brings a look of utter disgust to Garrett's face. But it doesn't make Garrett stop.

When Garrett has toyed with the trembling and moaning Fred as much as he did Beth, he gently moves his hands up to Fred's strong shoulders and tells Fred to get up. He doesn't wait for Fred. He starts lifting Fred. Almost the instant Fred is moving, the vibrator seemingly shifting around uncomfortably inside his bottom and knocking against even more nerves, Fred cries out a loud groan. Garrett ignores it and keeps Fred moving. Fred keeps crying out his grunt, scrunching his face as tight as it will go and tensing up hard. All of which only makes the vibrations tease him more effectively.

Garrett gets Fred about halfway up. Fred's cock suddenly twitches more sharply than ever. A small, but fair-sized, drop of cum spurts out the tip of Fred's cock. It shoots forward, missing Garrett by scant inches, and lands on the sheet about three feet in front of Fred's cock. Before Garrett gets Fred to his feet, a second drop spurts from Fred's cock. And then a third as Garrett marches Fred back to the bench. It's so close. Anything more and Fred would have cum. Instead of drops flying it would have been full spurts of cum.

Garrett tells Fred to sit and then nudges him firmly down. As Fred slides back onto the bench, his hips and sides brush, dragging lightly, against both Beth's and

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Grace's sides. I'd bet Fred can feel the chills sweeping over Beth and quivering her body hard as she sits there.

Fred tenses hard, offering a heavy resistance to Garrett as the base of the toy barely touches the bench. Fred feels the tension and forces it from his muscles, allowing himself to lower the last couple of inches. To shift his weight onto the toy, his own weight driving it firmly into his bottom.

In two seconds, Fred is quivering right along with Beth. Another second has his measured deep breaths sounding like soft, but deep, guttural moans. His cock twitches hard bouncing all around in the empty air. The tip steadily, but mercifully slowly, oozes fresh cream that clings to the tip, keeping it sparkling.

Garrett steps back from Fred.

Garrett moves over to stand in front of Grace. Now I see nervousness on Garrett's face. As if he knows that he's condemned Grace to this experience, and wonders if she's going to hold it against him. I'd bet a tiny bit of him is wondering if she's going to slap him and leave, especially now that she can guess she's going to end up sitting on the bench, squished against her step-father, with a vibrator in her bottom.

I'm not wondering. I can read Grace's face. She might not be allowed to speak, but the loving-but-edgy look in her eyes says volumes for her. I hope Garrett can read her eyes. They're telling him: "I trust you. If this is what you want me to do, I'll happily do it for you. I'm trusting you not to make it so much that it kills me. Or worse, that I cum and disappoint you. I'm not scared. It's new to me, but you're going to make sure it's OK for me."

Garrett very sweetly tells Grace to get up as he takes her shoulders and guides her up. He takes her to the same spot and tells her to get down on her knees. As I warned him, Grace won't understand the command. So now that

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Garrett has seen the position, he waits for Grace to get down. She's decently close, her knees mostly spread and her bottom most of the way back. Garrett softly tells her what to fix, item by item, until she's in the perfect position. "Grace, when you are told to get on your knees, from now on, you will position yourself *exactly* like this. You will not be told again." Garrett tells her but his voice is too soft and sweet for my taste. Enough so that I think Garrett still half thinks this is just a one-time game for Grace. That she'll never get down again.

Garrett tells Grace to pick up Number Eight and show us all how she would suck his cock.

Grace doesn't hesitate. She picks it up. Garrett tells her to hold the dildo still and move her head, not the other way around. Grace stretches her slightly narrow mouth and brings the dark shaft up to her hot red lips. She lies the tip of it against her silky bottom lip. And then she holds it firmly in place and starts pushing her head forward. She goes slightly slow. Almost immediately, as the shaft slides along her tongue and into her mouth, her plump lips are stretched taut around it. She keeps her head moving and the dildo starts vanishing into those soft lips.

It keeps vanishing into her lips. She keeps going, her eyes wide, but not worried. She tries to shift her eyes up, to see Garrett as he stands beside her watching her show. She keeps going.

She gets about five inches of the shaft into her mouth. Then she chokes. Unlike Fred, Grace doesn't immediately reverse her stroke. She stops briefly as her reflexes try to snap her head back. Then she tries again to get her head moving forward again. She chokes a little harder, her stomach snapping hard inward. This time she reverses, deciding that she can't force any more of the dildo into her mouth. It's clear to me that she wants to impress Garrett. She wants to take more of the large dildo

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than either of her parents did. Maybe she even does, it's close.

It takes her a moment to get a rhythm going. Once she accepts that she's not going to be able to go past a certain point, she allows herself to reverse as the choking spasm begins to rack her body. Her strokes steadily begin to pick up speed. It's a "rookie mistake." Most men don't want it rushed. They want it leisurely as if the woman is enjoying doing it as much as he is enjoying receiving it.

I don't offer her any advice. I want to see what she does now, on her own. I want to see her skill level, not what I could teach her. So I give her a full minute, maybe a little more, until I'm confident I've seen what she considers her best blow job. Garrett's face tells me it's as good as any he's ever gotten from her. Then I nod for Garrett to stop her.

Garrett stops her. Grace instantly obeys him, even though her eyes say she'd gladly go on. He tells her to get down on all fours, and once she's down he instructs her to the proper position.

Then Garrett tells her to put the dildo in her pussy. Again, Grace eagerly picks it up and brings it up underneath her body. Quickly, she has the tip of it against her tunnel. And then slipping slowly into her tunnel, stretching her firmly spongy walls wide and taut.



Garrett takes a moment to reach under her chest and cup his hand around one of her huge, dangling breasts. Unlike Beth and her small soft breasts, Grace's are almost the exact opposite. Hers are huge. And they're full, holding their shape as they hang down. They're firm as well. They're so full that hanging down, looking from the side as I am,

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it looks as if her nipples are slightly off center now that her mounds aren't leaning back against her chest. It looks as if both nipple and its wide ring are slightly offset to the top of her mound, pointing a few degrees off of straight down. Garrett's hand isn't close to big enough to fully surround her breast. Or long enough to span its length. Her ring and nipple are fully exposed beneath his hand, along with a sliver of her mound. He squishes gently. Her mound almost resists, its firmness holding its shape. Grace breathes out a faint, and sweet, purr as he handles her breast.

Garrett takes his time stroking his hand so tenderly down her back to her full, firm, and rounded bottom. He affectionately caresses her bottom as well, clearly feeling the firmness of her globes.

And then Garrett tells her to sit up. To show us all how she would ride his cock. This looks to be new to Grace. Not the cowgirl position, she's clearly familiar with that. But the idea of doing it by herself with a toy instead of a man. She fumbles slightly for a stroke or two, the dildo gripped snugly in her tunnel moving with her body. Garrett finally tells her that she can use a hand to steady the toy. Grace immediately reaches behind her, down, and grips the toy at its base. She pushes the base down firmly against the floor.

Now she rides it steadily. As did Beth, Grace uses only her legs to move her hips up and down, stroking the shaft with her tight pussy. She strokes it quickly, but not quite as quickly as she did with her mouth.

In about one stroke I can see Grace's oily thin honey starting to flow down the sides of the dildo. A stroke later I hear Grace breathe out the first squeaky "AH!" as she thrusts herself down on the dildo. Her plaintive moans quickly grow loud, squealing, and urgent. It doesn't slow her down. She keeps riding the dildo as energetically as she can.

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"Good girl," Garrett reassures Grace. Since this is her first experience as a toy, I know that Grace won't know any of the rules. So I've told Garrett what to tell her. "Listen baby doll, it's very important that you do not allow yourself to cum. I don't want you to yet. I know you can do it, baby doll. Do it for me. Let me watch you ride my dick." His voice is soft and tender, but there is a faint hint of firmness that Grace may or may not have caught.

Either way, she heard the instructions. She keeps riding it. Her body quivers harder and harder. Her squeaky moans grow more urgent, more desperate, and far louder. They start to shorten as she starts breathing faster and faster. I see her teeth chattering, too. And her toes curling up. I think everyone sees her honey. It's flowing heavily, all but running down the sides of the dildo. Enough that there's a small pool of it around the base of the shaft, and a sparkly coating of it on her hand.

Grace's face wrinkles up as if she's in agony. She moans, a little more urgently. She keeps going, not even slowing down. It's now clear to me that Grace is killing herself just because she thinks this is what Garrett wants to see. Her show is by far the sluttiest of the three.

Finally, Garrett tells her to stop. He doesn't cheat. He makes her go the full time, just as he did Beth. He tells her to get back down on all fours and then to slip the dildo from her pussy. As the dildo slips from her fine slit, it hangs open, her lips slowly closing for a second. And a huge gob of her runny honey follows it out, falling to the floor. It's big enough that it makes an audible plop as it lands. Grace pants some squeaky, deep breaths of relief.

I have Sophie fetch another six-inch vibrator. It's the real reason I went with the six-inch ones. That's the only size I have three of. Honestly, how often does a girl need three identical vibrators? She takes it to Garrett.

He drops it in front of Grace. He tells her the exact

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same thing he told the others: to "shove it up her ass." Only with Grace, I hear a touch more sweetness in his soft voice.

It doesn't seem to matter. Grace already knew it was next. She's seen both of her parents told to do the same thing. And I think she's smart enough to figure out she wouldn't be spared. She picks up the vibrator and clumsily brings it around the outside of her hip as she saw the others do. She has to stretch a little more, slightly twisting her shoulders and arching her back to reach all the way behind her and get it lined up with her crack. She slips it into her crack, then she moves it up and down, slowly, a few times before settling on a place.

"Baby doll," Garrett tells her. Grace freezes in place, holding the toy against her asshole, and listens to Garrett. "You know what to do, baby doll. Push it in steadily and do not tighten your anus up. Keep it loose and relaxed for me. Fight the urge to tense up when you feel it going in. do it now, baby doll."

Grace doesn't hesitate. She just takes a deep breath. Instead of holding it, she completely empties her lungs. Before she sucks in the next breath, she starts pushing the toy into her bottom. I can see it moving almost easily. The tapered tip stretches her asshole wide, but it looks as if she stays rubbery, allowing her muscle to be pulled tautly around the shaft. She finally takes a breath once about half the shaft is into her bottom.

When she exhales, most of the toy now inside her bottom, I hear a faint "MMM!" purred sweetly under her breath. I see the surprise flash across Garrett's eyes as well, so I know he caught it. Grace pushes every bit of the toy into her bottom. Her firm cheeks grip the knob between them as she obediently returns her hand to the floor and waits.

Garrett takes his time, caressing her bottom briefly as his hand slips over to the knob. He switches it on. It

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hums. Its vibrations flow through her rectum and right into her pussy.

In less than a second Grace's pussy snaps a violently hard twitch. It shoots a dollop of her honey out of her pussy and back several inches before it lands on the floor. Grace's entire body starts vibrating with quivers. She tries hard to stay put on her hands and knees. Her pussy keeps twitching, squirting now tiny dollops of honey from her slit each time. Steadily, and quickly, Grace's breaths pick up into lightning-fast pants. And now, each exhale is a squeaky "AH!"

Garrett puts his hands to her trembling shoulders. He tells her to get up and starts lifting her shoulders. Grace rises up. She doesn't freeze or hesitate as she feels the immovable shaft shifting around unpleasantly inside her. She cries out a loud "OW!" but forces herself to keep going. Garrett cringes as he hears her cry out.

But then he gets her to her feet. She can barely stand she trembles so hard. Honey dribbles steadily from her puffy mound. Goosebumps cover everything. Garrett tells her to take her seat and walks her over to the bench. She cries out once more as she walks, but immediately returns to panting very sensual "AH!s"

And then Garrett helps her to sit. She sits, not showing anything as her weight drives the toy into her bottom. She doesn't seem to even know that she's squishing against Fred. She sits there, trembling hard, trying to mute the panted moans that escape from her lips. Her skin flushes to a bright pink as a layer of sweat covers her. Her moans steadily find new heights of urgency and hunger.



Chapter Eight - The "Treatment"

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All three of them are back in place, squished tightly together on the bench. As I face the bench, Beth is on my right, Fred in the center, and Grace to my left. Only now all three of them have identical vibrators in their bottoms. All of which have their bottoms full enough for them to feel moderately stuffed. All of which reach six inches into them. And all of which are humming away, teasing their overly-sensitive nerves from the back side.

None of the trio is going to last forever like this. Sooner, not later, all of them will cum no matter how hard they try to resist their urge. Beth quivers and moans softly. She fidgets hard as well, trying to hide it. I figure she might be able to last as long as ten minutes, but no more.

Fred quivers rather lightly, but his cock is twitching sharply and still weeping tiny droplets of cum that cling to its tip and keep it glistening. He won't last much longer than his wife.

Grace is a complete mess. She fidgets, grinding the base of the toy against the bench and that has the long shaft inside her bottom stroking the backside of her pussy. Her honey flows fairly liberally. Enough so that I can see the bench, where she's been sitting for a mere minute, already glistening with a coating of it, fresh honey smeared around with every shudder from her. And she shudders constantly. She's panting lightning fast sultry "AH!s" too. I see the waves of tingles flowing along her nerves, each one trembling her muscles, tensing her body, and then relaxing as it moves along. She'll be the first to misbehave and have that naughty orgasm.

I know that I don't have much time to waste now. Not if I want them all to hold their orgasms back. Which I do. I turn to Garrett and tell him "None of these things have very good sexual skills. We'll discuss their abilities in a minute. First, I want to show you what good sexual skills are for a bitch. You'll need something on the proficient end of the spectrum for comparison."

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I don't wait for Garrett to say anything. This isn't his choice to make, since none of his charges are involved. They're merely the audience for this. I raise my voice slightly. "Skanky, get your skanky bottom in here, whore."



"Yes, my Queen," Paige calls out from the kitchen. A few short seconds later I hear the chain around her ankles rattling as she shuffles in. Paige is a tall girl at 5'7", but not nearly as tall as Grace. She's also rather lithe at a mere 112 pounds. By comparison, that gives Paige a BMI of 17.5, which is considered healthy, but slightly underweight. It looks good on her, though, at least if you like narrow girls. She has tiny, narrow arms and legs. She has an oval face with a rather wide mouth framed with light pink lips and green

eyes. She has longish, wavy brown hair that flows down to the bottoms of her shoulder blades. She has narrow hips, giving her body a slightly stick-like appearance, but she does have a noticeable feminine curve at her waist. She also has a pair of rather pert B-cup breasts that have a slightly pointy look to them, topped with a pair of wide and light pink nipples. Her nipples are pierced. It seems to keep them perpetually stiff, and they look good standing up hard. Paige is completely nude, except for the pink collar locked around her neck and the leg irons, standard police-issue ones, locked around her ankles.

Paige hurries into the room, shuffling her feet as fast as the 18" chain will allow her to. She comes directly to me. Before she gets to me, I point to the center of the sheet. "On your knees, whore, facing the dildo," I command her, my voice soft but also firm.

"Yes, my Queen," Paige immediately answers. And

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then she's dropping to her knees in the center of the sheet. She takes the same place as the others. Then she waits. Paige doesn't show even the faintest hint of anxiety. She's been mine far too long for that. She knows I won't abuse her. She doesn't have a clue what I might want from her, and nor does she care. She just calmly and demurely awaits another instruction. She's still and silent, her eyes forward and open. She doesn't feel the need to look around, nor does she care who is looking at her nude body. She knows that no one is seeing it that I don't want to show it to.

"Show this man how a skanky whore sucks a cock, skanky whore. Use the dildo."

"Yes, my Queen." This time I hear a tiny hint of a tease in Paige's voice. As if she's figured out that I am about to awe Garrett by flaunting Paige's skills. She'd be imagining his eyes popping out of his head and he's lusting after her twiggy body. She might even wonder if I will give her body to Garrett. He is a rather cute boy.

Paige reaches out and picks up the dildo. She grips it by the very base, her hands so far back that they're holding only the last half of the fake balls. The front of those rubbery balls and the entire length of the shaft are untouched. Paige brings the tip of the dildo up. It still glistens with the fresh coat of Grace's half-dried honey. Paige ignores it and puts the tip of it to the center of her lips as if she were kissing it.

Paige opens her mouth slightly. Her tongue slips out and lies against the cock head of the dildo. Her tongue slowly swirls around the head once. Her mouth doesn't stretch wide open. Her lips surround the very tip of the shaft. And then her head starts moving forward. Her jaw steadily opens, parting to keep her teeth off the shaft. It stretches wide. Her lips stretch wide and taut as well but never leave the shaft. I see the sides of her cheeks pulling in, telling me that she's sucking as the shaft slips into her

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mouth.

Garrett watches her closely. I think he figures he's going to see something worth seeing, especially after the way I described the other's skills as deficient. Skills he considered pretty good. The others don't so much watch Paige as have no choice but to see what she's doing. They're still required to be looking ahead. Although I doubt any of them are paying any attention to anything besides their own mushrooming neediness. Those throbbing pussies and that twitching, aching cock.

Paige goes slower than any of the others. Not exactly slowly, but she's definitely unrushed to swallow the dildo. She steadily moves her head forward. The dark shaft steadily slips through her lips.

Garrett watches closely. At first just as he watched the others. Then, when Paige has about half of the length into her mouth, I see him watching her for signs of choking. This is about the point where Beth reversed her stroke. He's wondering when Paige will.

Paige never shows the slightest hesitation or flinch. Her head keeps moving steadily, its pace unbroken. Another inch of the shaft disappears into her fine lips. It's now as deep as any of the others managed to take it, and unlike Grace, Paige isn't choking.

She keeps moving. The shaft steadily slides forward, even more of it gliding through her lips and disappearing. By now there's less than three inches left, and the fake balls are nearing her lips.

Paige keeps going, her head not even slowing for a fraction of a second. More and more of the dark dildo disappears. The balls leisurely inch closer to her silky lips. With about an inch and a half of shaft left, I see the sides of her neck pushing out just under her jawline as the shaft dives deeper into her throat. By now it's pushed firmly into the narrowing funnel atop her throat and stretched that

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wide. It's starting to push against the rubbery hard wall that's her throat. But her head doesn't flinch or miss a beat. She shows nothing. The shaft keeps sliding into her lips and now stretching her throat wide.

The shaft pushes through the resistance of her throat. Paige manages to keep her pace steady and not let her head jump as it does. It starts pushing into her esophagus, stretching that rubbery tube wide. To her, it feels as if she's swallowed a huge bite of food. A long bite that just keeps coming. Just behind her windpipe, the dildo pushes the sides of her neck out as its thickness pushes into the tight narrow space. Her rhythm is unchanged, the shaft steadily sliding forward. By now her throat is so stuffed that she can't breathe.

Garrett finally notices the fat shaft stretching the sides of her neck wide. The bulges there are hard to miss as they steadily grow, reaching down toward her shoulders. And her head keeps going smoothly. Garrett stares, now in wide-eyed awe.

Garrett watches intently as the last of the dildo slips into her lips. The fake balls push flush against her silky lips. "Holy..." Garrett mutters under his breath as he watches. With the fake balls snug against her lips, Paige's tongue slips out between the shaft and her bottom lip. It sticks out far enough for its hot, wet tip to push against the fake balls. She strokes her tongue over the fake balls before pulling it back into her mouth. And then, with nothing left to do, she reverses her stroke.

Just as smoothly as the dildo slipped into her lips, it now slips back out. It glistens with a fresh layer of her saliva. It slides steadily, slipping back and showing the shaft until only the pinkish head of it is left inside her lips.

To make sure Garrett sees what she's doing since he won't be able to feel it himself, now Paige stretches her mouth wide open. She lies her wet tongue along the underside of the rubbery cock head. As the dildo slips the

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last fraction of an inch back, to the point where the base of the bell-shaped head is even with her gaping teeth, her tongue swirls around the head. As it does, the dildo reaches the shallow point of her stroke and her head reverses to start swallowing it again. As soon as her swirl is finished, Paige lets her lips close around the shaft again.

Paige keeps going, making stroke after stroke. Each one is exactly the same. Except that only on the first stroke does she stretch her mouth open to show him the tongue swirl. She still does it. And she still licks the fake balls at the deepest point of every stroke. Her head never stops moving, and never varies from the leisurely pace she set.

The others clearly notice Paige taking the entire shaft into her mouth. And more so how she doesn't seem to choke at all as she does. Beth has a slightly scornful look on her face as if she's wondering if Paige is a prostitute or porn actress, the type of women she'd think capable of such slutiness.

The look on Fred's face is a mixture of lustful delight and envy. He assumes that someone, probably a fair number of someones, has gotten to experience that unbelievably slutty blow job. He wishes it had been him. His cock twitches even sharper now.

The look on Grace's face is an unusual mixture of curiosity, jealousy, and interest. It's as if she wonders how Paige could do it, wishes she could do it for Garrett and is suddenly disappointed with herself for not having the skill to do it for him. Seeing it, I know she's imagining herself on her knees doing it like that for Garrett, and that thought gets her even hotter. I see the honey smearing over the bench a little more liberally as her hips fidget more and her body quivers more crisply. The idea of swallowing everything Garrett has definitely excites Grace.

With Garrett captivated by Paige's show, I wonder if

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he notices the reactions of his charges. I hope he does. He should. I let Paige go on for over a minute, long enough, I hope, for Garrett to at least peek at the trio. Then I tell Paige to stop. Once she has the dildo back on the sheet, I dismiss her.

Now I ask Garrett to take his seat beside me so that we may have a "serious conversation about his charges." Garrett takes the seat. It has him facing the tight trio on the bench, all of whom are so clearly suffering in the sweetest, and most intense, of erotic agony. I wouldn't be surprised to learn it's the most intense suffering yet for any of them.

"Let's start with Elizabeth," I tell Garrett. "What do you think of her sexual abilities?" It takes me a few pointed questions, but I get Garrett to tell me that he thinks Beth's blow job was about "average" for a housewife. Definitely nothing worthy of bragging about, but likely good enough to get the job done. Nothing worth going out of his way to get, either. He deems her cowgirl abilities as average also. He describes her body as slightly soft, decently shaped, but definitely showing more age than he'd care for in a partner. I mostly agree with his assessment. To me, Beth, and her abilities, are "typical housewife." They're on par with what I've seen from average women. Not sluts, and not women who have any training in sex, but far from the worst, too.

We move on to Fred. Garrett tells me that "he sucks dick like a bitch." He tells me that now, after seeing Fred so readily suck a cock and seeing how "obviously freaky hot" Fred gets with the vibrator in his bottom, he wonders if Fred isn't "a closet fag." He says it would definitely explain why Beth has a hard time exciting him. Most men, Garrett thinks, would get excited when offered most any naked woman. He deems Fred's blow job skills "barely better" than Beth's. And he deems Fred's body to be "kinda flabby and old with a tiny dick" that few women

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would exactly lust for.

And then we move along to Grace. I ask Garrett to be objective in his assessment of her and, for the moment, forget that she's his girlfriend. To forget that he's in love with her, and just clinically evaluate her. I wonder if he'll be able to do that. I see Grace's eyes shift slightly, her head staying still, as she tries to watch Garrett's assessment of her.

Garrett deems her body to be firm and rather shapely. That's hard for me to argue with. He says she's pretty. She is. He deems her blow job to be "slightly better than average," telling me that she gets points for trying so hard, and taking so much that she choked herself. It's obvious to him that she tried so hard to do as much as she possibly could. He says about the same for her cowgirl abilities. Slightly better than average, mostly owing to the utter enthusiasm she put into it. It's hard to argue. She did put everything she had into it. Her skills are probably average as well, but she was slightly better than Beth. Plus, Garrett agrees, Grace's pussy is tighter and that would feel better on his cock.

I know all three of them are listening to every word we say. None of them are happy with the clinical, detached assessment of their most intimate abilities. I can see all three of them thinking hard, trying to decide if it's accurate or not. After Paige's show, it would be hard for them to convince anyone, even themselves, that they're on the top end of the spectrum.

The deep embarrassment, both of hearing the assessment, and knowing that the others have as well, serves to heighten their already-unbearable arousal and sweet suffering.

I turn the conversation back to Beth. "I would suggest that Elizabeth be given a lesson in making the best use of what limited assets that she has to be as enticing as

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she can make herself. That should help her to be more interesting to Frederick. While Elizabeth is 'in class,' she can learn some sexual skills that she should have learned a few decades ago. That way, if she can better please a man, a man might actually enjoy being with her. Who knows, maybe she'll even be able to keep a man with a cock instead of a toothpick happy." I remind Garrett that as Beth's guardian, it's his decision to enroll her in training class or not. Obviously the decision must be made now, because if he does enroll her, then I will notify "my contract instructor" to come fetch Beth for her lesson. I tell Garrett that it will be "boarding school" for Beth, that she will stay with the instructor until she learns to use her body to the fullest whether that's one day or the rest of her worthless life. I tell him that Olive won't care what choice he makes, and I'll square whatever with her. It's his decision to make. Would it be better for Beth, and her relationship with Fred, if she learned to be more alluring to men, and to be a more pleasing "fuck?"

Garrett considers it. Seriously. He asks me a few questions, such as what would be expected of Beth. I tell him "nothing more than Olive would demand of her if Olive were here." I know, it doesn't tell him exactly, but it does tell him there won't be anything that Beth hasn't willingly submitted to 100 times before. Thus, nothing too bad for her, or she wouldn't keep submitting to it. He finally decides that Beth will get the lesson. I quickly shoot Emily a text. She answers back that she'll be here in 30 minutes. "Ms. Reynolds will be here in 30 minutes to fetch Elizabeth for her lesson," I tell Garrett.

Then I turn the discussion to Fred. "As you can so clearly see, Frederick has a rather tiny penis," I tell Garrett, "so it's important that he's able to use it as well as is possible, and that he has some other sexual skills to compensate for his important shortcoming." It gets a blush and a hard cringe from Fred as well as a sharp jump from his eager cock.

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I tell Garrett that Fred has far more to learn than just "husband skills." He needs to learn obedience as well. I explain to him that last Monday night Olive instructed Beth to perform oral sex on Fred. She did. However, Fred didn't cum in her mouth as a man should have when his cock is sucked. Obviously part of that is Beth's lack of ability to perform beyond "minimally average." But more importantly, is Fred's disobedience. He was told to accept her blow job and permit her to bring him to orgasm. He did not orgasm as Olive told him to. And that's completely his failure to obey Olive. The desirability or effectiveness of the blow job is immaterial. He was supposed to do as Olive wished.

I recommend "obedience school" for Fred, along with a good lesson in sexual abilities and how to "please a woman." I tell Garrett that I have an instructor for him as well. An instructor who will be able to stay with Fred 24/7, even at work, to ensure he learns the lessons he needs to. And she will "fit in" in his office, not raising eyebrows as she accompanies him. I don't wait for him to ask, I tell him that, like Beth, there will be nothing expected of Fred that Olive hasn't demanded countless times before. In other words, nothing Fred would object to.

Garrett agrees to send Fred for a lesson as well. I text the "instructor," Penelope, and tell her to come fetch him. She says she'll be here in about 45 minutes. She's actually a bit closer to me than Emily, but Penelope has to pack some things since she'll be staying with Fred.

I chose Penelope, one of my better-trained toys, for this for a long list of reasons. First, Penelope is better than most at asserting dominance over others. Secondly, she's young and attractive. Third, she is an "office girl" so she'll know her way around his office. Fourth, she does the perfect persona for Fred: the very prim, prissy, and classy, extremely stern and demanding bitch, rather well. Of course, she also does the gutter slut even better, but Fred

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won't be seeing that persona from her. More the ritzy, classy, very expensive, Nazi bitch. I think he'll love it.

It leaves us only one person to discuss. Grace. And that's where I direct the conversation. I tell him that it's time for him to make the hard choice. I want him to think about Grace, not himself. Not at all. This is about Grace and only Grace. I tell him that Grace is very obviously a submissive, and if he doesn't accept that and treat her as such, he won't keep her.

Then I tell him that Grace wants one thing, and one thing only. She wants to please him as fully as she possibly can. If he tells her to do something, she won't hesitate, she'll do it, and she won't even think about what it would be like for her. She won't care. She'll only care about the smile it puts on his face.

I tell him that Grace, right now, is ashamed of herself because she couldn't give him the blow job that Paige obviously could. She, like any woman, knows that any man would go crazy for that. The look on his face tells me he knows it, and he would do about anything for it.

I tell him that Grace needs gentle, kind, affectionate firmness from him. She needs bright line rules and clear expectations. She needs to know, and truly believe, that if so much as the tip of one toe crosses the line, there will be a swift, stern, unpleasant, and fair punishment for it. She needs to believe that Garrett is never asking her anything. That he's already made her choice and is simply telling her what she is going to do for him. But she also needs to believe that by obeying him, she will fully please him.

I tell him that Grace can not go back to her parent's house until Beth completes her lesson and returns home. That's because Ms. Brinkman will be using the house for Fred's lessons. He has a choice to make. He may take Grace to his house since she's his girl, not mine. If he does, I would strongly suggest that he keeps her on a chain for the duration, and fully nude. He can try to teach her

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whatever he wishes to the best of his novice abilities.

Or, if he wishes Grace to be "properly educated," she may go with Fred. Ms. Brinkman is "fully capable" of teaching Grace "advanced sexual skills that he will find utterly enjoyable." She's also capable of teaching Grace obedience and "general wife skills." All things that Grace should know.

I tell him that I have zero doubt Grace would love to learn all of that. To have those skills to put use "pleasing him better than any man could dream of." I glance to Grace, hoping Garrett's gaze does too. I can see the hopeful look on Grace's face, even as it scrunches up hard and she pants out squealy "AH!s"

Then I tell Garrett the downside. To really learn to be a wife, she'll need to be a wife. There's just no substitute for it. So, if she goes with Fred for Ms. Brinkman to teach, she will stand in for her mother as Fred's wife. Under Penelope's "intense supervision" to ensure both act properly at all times. And naturally "wife skills" includes sexual skills, since a wife is expected to be "sexually enticing and satisfying" to her husband.

I warn Garrett that Grace will have to obey Penelope. Penelope "isn't going to play any games with either of them." If Grace misbehaves, she will be instantly punished on the spot. Punishment may be a wide range of about anything Penelope dreams up. He should expect her to be spanked, and she will not enjoy that. The only real rule for punishments is that Grace will not be injured. There will be no marks that last more than a few hours. There will be no blood. There will be nothing for a doctor to tend to. There will be no scars, or anything else. Nor will there be anything that would "come back to haunt her" in her vanilla life, present or future. I don't allow that. Following her lessons, she will be returned to him exactly as her body is now.

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This time Garrett is very reluctant to agree. He asks several good questions about what Grace will have to endure. He asks me again if I think this is what she'd want. I tell him that I do. I think, when it's over and he takes her home, she'll thank him profusely for the lessons. He glances to Grace a few times, seeing her as she quivers and suffers to hold back her orgasm. I can see her eyes urging him to send to her.

Maybe he sees it on her too. Or maybe he just can't get the idea of Grace doing what Paige did out of his head. Reluctantly, he agrees to send Grace.

I tell Garrett that leaves only one person to talk about. Him. "While Grace is away learning to be a pleasing wife for you, I can arrange for you to learn some manly skills as well. Some things you'll need to know, such as how to properly handle Grace." I tell him I mean skills like properly presenting things to her, when to punish her, what punishments might be appropriate for what sins, and such. Things like what he should expect from Penelope.

"And, as a bonus, your 'practice dummy' could fill in for Grace as your girlfriend while she's filling in for her mother as Frederick's wife," I tell him, letting him know that I'm not thinking of some Domme to offer him advice or something. I'm thinking of an experienced sub to show him how subs act.

Garrett says "I guess that's kind of fair..." then he asks "what kind of girlfriend I have in mind for him..." He asks coyly. I know that he's asking what the girl I have in mind is like before he agrees. Is she pretty enough? I doubt he'd welcome a comely girlfriend. He also asks if there are "restrictions on her" such as not being seen together.

I tell him no. He may "make full use of my bitch as he sees fit. In whatever way, and however intimately, he wishes to." I'm not beating around the bush with a novice. I want him to understand that not only is she available to

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fill in as his girlfriend, but her body is his as well.

Then I tell him that I will offer him a choice of "substitute girlfriends." I have Sophie bring me a tablet and call up some pictures.

	LeighAnne Age 29		Amber Age 28	
	Hailey Age 26		Bailey Age 21	
	Gretchen Age 20			

I ask Garrett if any of "these bitches" would be a satisfactory substitute for Grace. Garrett stares at the screen, fully taking in each picture. All of the pictures are nudes, showing the woman at her most immodest. And showing Garrett exactly what she has to offer him. I hope it also reminds him just what I mean when I say her body is his to use as well. Garrett looks to be in his early-to-mid

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20s, so I've selected women near his age. I skipped over one or two younger ones, not because 18 or 19 would make a difference, but because they won't be as well experienced. That experience will be important.

Garrett takes his time. Finally, he taps Bailey's picture and asks if "this one is available." I tell him they are all available, is "that bitch the one you wish to fill in and keep your bed warm for Grace?" I want Grace to hear it. I want her to know that while she's learning her lesson, Garrett won't be lonely. Or horny. I know Garrett would never think to tell her that. He'd think it best never mentioned. I know that Grace will be glad to hear it. To know that while she's learning he won't be suffering without her. After all, it's her fault she needs the lesson. She should know those "womanly things" already.

He nods. I send Bailey a message merely commanding her to hurry over. She tells me she'll be here in under an hour. She has the longest drive so that's about right.

Then I tell Garrett that it's time to "tell his wards what decisions he's made for them." I stand and he follows me over to the bench. I lead him over to Beth. I don't have her stand up. I leave her right there, sitting on the toy, suffering the vibrations. We stand over her, looking down upon her.

I tell Garrett to tell her what she's going to do. "Elizabeth, I have decided to send you off for a lesson in being a desirable woman. Ms. Reynolds is coming to get you. You will go with her, and you will obey her. She will teach you what you need to learn. You will be on your best behavior for her." He does as I suggested and tells her plainly. He tells her what she needs to know, but no more. She doesn't need to know how long the lesson will be. Or what it will involve. She needs to know that she's expected to do as Emily tells her. Emily will tell her what she needs to know. For the time, however long, she

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belongs to Emily.

We step over to Fred. Garrett looks down on him. I hear a faint mocking note to his otherwise firm voice as he tells Fred his fate. "Frederick, I have decided that you need to learn what to do with a woman. Ms. Brinkman is coming to fetch you. She will take you home and begin your lesson. You will obey Ms. Brinkman." And then he adds a little taunt that I offered him. "I suggest you make that tiny dick behave before Ms. Brinkman sees what a filthy little boy you really are, Frederick."

We move down to Grace. I know this is going to be the hardest one for Garrett. He doesn't want to offend her. He wants to make her happy. He doesn't want her to think he doesn't want her or hasn't been happy with her. He'll worry about her taking offense, maybe dumping him, over the decision. Yet, he needs to be firm with her.

"Grace," Garrett tells her. "You will go with Ms. Brinkman as well. She will teach you to be a good woman. I expect you to be on your best behavior and mind Ms. Brinkman. Do not disappoint me."

I see the grin trying to creep onto Grace's face. It's hard to see with her face scrunched so tightly and her body shuddering. Her squealy "AH!s" coming so fast, probably faster than one per second. And with the vibrating tension flooding over her body. But it is definitely there. Grace heard the conversation. She knew what choice Garrett was offered. In her mind, he made the right one. To miss her for a little while as she learns to be so much more for him. I think Garrett sees it as well.

I nudge Garrett. "Tell her the rest."

"Grace... You will fill in for your mother as Frederick's wife. Ms. Brinkman will teach you to be a good wife. He can be your practice dummy."

Garrett pauses for a second, letting Grace think

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about it. Then he tells her to stand, not giving her a reason. Grace almost springs up to her feet, despite the hard toy still in her bottom. She has got to feel it shifting around inside her, but she doesn't show it. Once she's up, we can see a spot on the bench almost the size of a dinner plate sparkling wet with her honey. And more honey dribbling down from her mound.

Garrett puts his hands to her hips, he nudges her to move around and stand in front of Fred. He stops her with her feet back about a foot and a half from his. He nudges her head down, instead of her looking ahead, so that she's staring at his sharply twitching cock. He tells her to drop to her knees. Grace obediently drops quickly, ignoring the vibrator in her bottom as she gets down. Garrett keeps her head staring at his cock.

"Grace, I expect you to be a very good wife for Frederick. In every way. So there is no misunderstanding about how fully you will fill in for your mother, you will explain it to Frederick now. Suck that teeny little dick."

Grace doesn't hesitate. Even with the bursting need squishing her face up, I see a look of utter revulsion sweep over it. She quickly stretches her mouth wide open and lowers it to Fred's cock. In about three seconds, she manages to trap the tip of his cock head in her lips, stilling his twitching shaft. Grace keeps going, slowly bringing her head forward towards Fred's pubes.

Fred's cock slowly vanishes into Grace's rosy lips. She goes slower on Fred than she did before with the dildo as if she was closely watching Paige's performance. And noticed the leisurely, unhurried pace Paige set.

Grace keeps going, her lips slipping down the length of Fred's overly hard shaft. I don't see her cheeks pulling in, but that would have been hard for her to notice. Especially considering how distracted she must have been. As she lowers her head, her breasts jiggle hard. She keeps going.

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Grace's lips almost reach the base of Fred's cock. There's definitely less than half of an inch of stiffness left showing between his pubes and her lips. Already the fur of his pubes is tickling her nose and lips. Grace starts to choke hard.

Garrett watches, expecting Grace to reverse her stroke. She doesn't. She hesitates a second. I see her muscles tense slightly. Then I see her push her head forward, forcing her lips further down his cock. For a fleeting instant, the tip of her lips bumps his pubes. Then a violent choking spasm hits Grace, snapping her stomach muscles and pulling her head back a little bit. She starts reversing the stroke, releasing his cock from her mouth.

Grace rises up until only the head of his cock is left in her mouth. Fred cries out a deep and begging, urgent groaning moan. As if he can't stand another second of it without cumming.

I wave to Garrett, cuing him. "Frederick, be a good little boy while Grace explains to you how good of a wife she's going to be. Do not let your tiny little penis ejaculate down her throat unless I tell you that you may. You do not want to disappoint me, Frederick."

Fred groans again, far more pleadingly, heavy with frustration, and full of the most sensual agony. His body shudders hard. His bottom squirms even harder. That has the vibrator wiggling around wildly deep inside his bottom, but he seems not to notice. Or at least not to show it. His legs vibrate, constantly trying to snap shut around Grace's head, as he struggles to keep them wide open.

Grace has got to feel his shuddering squirming. She ignores everything and keeps going. She tries to match Paige's casual pace. And, on every stroke, She forces herself to go all the way down, taking every bit of his short cock into her mouth. It chokes her hard enough to snap her head back every single time. But that doesn't stop her

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from doing it. I see her eyes shifting around in her sockets, always toward Garrett as if she's trying to see if he notices it. Notices how hard she's working to take every bit of Fred's cock. How she doesn't care if she chokes herself badly every time.

We just stand there and watch as best as we can. Grace has long, bouncy, hair. As she moves her head, her hair bounces around flowing over Fred's thighs, pubes, and sometimes even part of his cock shaft. Grace goes on, holding the pace leisurely and steady as she sucks Fred's cock.

Fred squirms hard with every stroke. I count off about a minute. It's about as much as Fred can stand. Very soon, he's going to cum, no matter how hard he tries not to. I cue Garrett. Garrett reaches over to Beth's head and turns her head, angling it down, so that she's staring at Grace as she sucks Fred's cock. I see Beth start to cringe. There's no missing how eager Fred is with his cock in Grace's mouth. Maybe a hundred times what it was in Beth's. That should nicely humiliate her.

After maybe fifteen seconds, Garrett turns Beth's head back to where it is. Where she can hear Fred groaning desperate moans and feel him squirming wildly, but not see what Grace is doing with him. It has Beth envisioning what little she saw: Grace going all the way down on his cock.

We leave Grace to go for about two minutes total. Then Garrett simply tells her "I think Frederick has figured it out. On your feet, baby doll." Grace finishes her stroke, letting his cock slip from her soft lips. She keeps her head moving, backing it up from his cock.

Fred's cock twitches so powerfully that it's jumping around in the open space between his thighs. A tiny, fine rivulet of his thick cum steadily dribbles from the tip of his cock. It takes about two seconds for it to reach the floor. By then his cock is bouncing around so much it's tossing

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droplets of cum around. Another fine rivulet, this one of Grace's saliva, dribbles down from the base of his cock head. It gets tossed around by his jumping cock, too. But unlike the fine trickle of cum, that one isn't endless. It seems as if the sharp twitches, however, are endless.

With Grace standing, and not obviously objecting to what she just had to do, Garrett is slightly emboldened. I asked him to do one more thing. He tells Grace to turn around, putting her back to Fred. Then he tells her to open her legs and bend over. Finally, he tells her to reach around and, with her fingers, pull her lips wide open to bare her light pinkness.

Grace doesn't hesitate. She doesn't even grunt from the movement. She leans over and goes right on panting too-fast squealy moans. She pulls her lips wide, pulling the plump flesh taut. It shows her pinkness. It shows the narrow entrance of her tunnel, its spongy walls leaking a trail of honey. As she opens herself up, a large dollop of her oily honey falls to the floor. It doesn't get a flinch from her. It lets us all see her tunnel twitching crisply and her prominent clit pulsing as it throbs. She stands there, displaying herself before Fred's eyes. Soon her sweet muskiness seems to fill the air.

After about ten seconds, Garrett tells Fred, "Get a good look at your substitute wife's pussy," Garrett tells Fred. It's unnecessary, Fred's eyes locked on the sight of Grace's sloppy mound the instant it was in view. And they stay on it as she opens it for him. "I know that tiny little dick would love to fuck that hot, wet pussy," Garrett goes on.

Garrett grins. "That will be up to Ms. Brinkman. She will decide if you are allowed the reward of Grace's mouth. Or of Grace's pussy. Or even just to play with Grace's huge tits. Or anything else. Maybe you'll be so good she'll give you Grace's bottom. That dick will fit, it's not half the size of that vibrator!" Garrett chuckles as he insults Fred's

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cock.

The tease has an effect on Fred. He blushes deeply with shame. I can see him struggling to avert his eyes, yet unable to take them from Grace's so eager and inviting pussy. But the taboo sight of his step-daughter's pussy proves too alluring. He can't take his eyes from it. Nor can he stop his cock from dribbling a few fresh droplets of cum.

But the words aren't for him. They're for Grace. She can hear Garrett tell her that her pussy and her bottom are "on the table." That he is allowing Penelope to decide whether she fucks Fred or not. That, if Penelope tells her to, Garrett expects her to obey.

"Grace," Garrett tells her, "if Ms. Brinkman gives you to Frederick, and I don't care if it's your mouth, your pussy, your ass, or anything else, you will do the very best you can possibly do to make the best fuck that tiny little dick will ever get."

Garrett puts his hand to her bottom and gently caresses her cheek. "I expect your very best. Your best behavior, your best manners, and even your very best fucking if that's what Ms. Brinkman says. Fuck Frederick as you'd fuck me. Do not disappoint me, Grace." Garrett gives her bottom an ultra-light tap, as if he were spanking her, but not.

Garrett tells Grace to stand back up. Then he returns her to her place on the bench, beside Fred.



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There's really only one thing left to do before their instructors arrive to fetch the trio. As aroused as these three are, it would be cruel to send them off without the *chance* for relief. Especially since I know that neither Emily nor Penny will offer her charges the chance for relief before this evening. They, like I, will insist that relief be earned, not granted merely because the toy desires it. No matter how badly the toy desires it.

I quickly, and very quietly, explain this to Garrett. I tell him a lot. How the three of them are so aroused that it's almost painful for them to endure the throbbing ache as they wait. How I never allow relief unless the sub first earns it through obedience. How when I do allow it, I don't often allow it to be in a way the sub would choose to relieve itself, such as by having sex with another. I tend to make the experience degrading for them, which is something the subs hate even though it arouses them far more fully than anything else. How I set strict rules for it, and punishment is harsh for the smallest infractions.

Then I tell Garrett, in some detail, how I usually allow my toys to masturbate. With proper supervision. I tell him enough for him to be able to supervise the trio, but not all of it. I hold a few things back to spring on him later. I tell Garrett that we will go toy by toy, bringing each up front, and he may decide whether or not to allow the toy to masturbate before sending it off for its lesson. I tell him the three of them will not have another chance, at least not before this evening, and waiting a fraction of that time will be a rather miserable experience for them. Especially since the lessons they're going to get will arouse them.

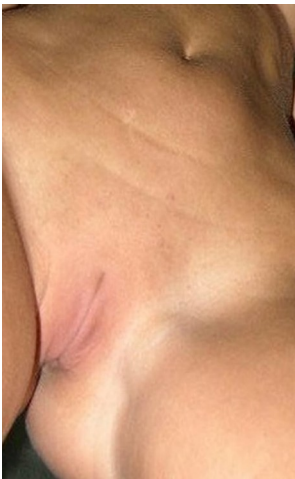
I tell Garrett to start with Beth since her instructor is the one I expect to be here first. In fact, considering where they live and the time they'll spend to get ready, I think Emily is likely to have left with Beth before Penny gets here for the others. If Fred and Grace behave, I wouldn't be surprised if she's gone with them before Bailey arrives for

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him, either.

Garrett steps to the bench. He puts his hand on Beth's shoulder and grips her lightly. He tells her to get up, nothing more. Then he drops his hand to her bare hip and guides her forward as he tells her to come forward. Then he puts his other hand to her bottom, gently cupping her globe, and turns her around to face the bench. As he's doing that, I walk around and stand beside the bench so that I have a good view too. I want the others to see this. To have a good view of what Beth is about to do – or not do.

Garrett steps around in front of Beth, letting his hand flow from her soft bottom to her hip. Now he has a grip on both of her hips. He stands facing her and as close as he can, invading her personal space and leaving maybe an inch between their chests. He puts his feet outside of Beth's and opens them until they're a bit over 18" apart. With his nose almost touching Beth's, she can't see anything other than his face. He looks her straight in the eyes. And tells her to leave her feet on the floor and slide them apart until they're against his. Beth already knows how to position herself to masturbate; she doesn't need Garrett to walk her into place. But Garrett can use the practice before he gets down to Grace, who'll know nothing.



I set a camera beside Beth. It's just an old phone, so it's not the best, but for this, it's plenty good enough. It has a small stand on it, almost like a selfie stick, except with legs to hold it up. More like a miniature tripod. It's slightly on the flimsy side, but it'll do. It holds the phone with its screen facing up and on a slight angle. That way the screen will show Garrett what the camera is seeing.

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Garrett grabs the camera and brings it over. He sets it between Beth's spread feet. Then he adjusts it so that it shows a good view of Beth's pussy mound.

Garrett takes one step back, putting a bit of space between him and Beth. He takes his hands from her hips, leaving her to stand. He tells her to "give me your left hand." Beth brings her left hand around front and offers it to him. I can see the light trembling in it, especially her fingers. The same quivering trembles that flow over the rest of her body.

Garrett takes her hand and balls it into a fist, except for leaving her first finger fully extended. Then he moves her hand and arm, taking her finger down to her creamy wet pussy mound. He puts the pad of her finger to her slit about halfway along its length. He pushes her finger slightly, nudging it into her slit just enough to push her thin lips aside around it. And to gently press it against the tip of her hard clit.

"UH!" Beth sucks in a sharp, squeaking breath as her finger barely touches her clit. A crisp shudder snaps over her body. She stills but goes on quivering lightly.

Garrett, as I've told him to do, ignores Beth. He starts her finger moving, holding her hand firmly in his grip so that she has no control over it. He's stroking her clit with her finger. She's not doing anything.

Beth's mouth drops open the instant her finger starts moving. She breathes deep, now slightly squealing, breaths, every exhale laced with a throaty "UH!" Her hips start to squirm. Her toes curl against the floor. I know Garrett has to feel the tension taking hold in her arm, too.

"Elizabeth, you will masturbate while everyone watches you. You will stand still and behave your slutty ass. If I decide you've earned a reward, I will tell you to cum. *If* I tell you to cum, I expect you to cum immediately. If I decide you don't deserve a reward, I will tell you to stop

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and you will immediately put that hand behind your back again.” Garrett tells her, his voice soft and warm, but with a touch of firmness to it.

Garrett keeps hold of Beth’s hand for a moment, setting a slow pace. He moves her hand in a tiny circle, drawing the pad of her finger over the tip of her clit the same way. He presses her finger against her throbbing clit so lightly that her finger glides over the tip of the nub on a film of her creamy honey.

Garrett slowly counts off about twenty seconds. Then he tells Beth “masturbate properly, Elizabeth, as I’ve started you doing. Do not speed up or slow down. Do not press harder on your clit. Do not take that finger away. Go on.” Garrett releases her hand.

Garrett steps off to the side, making sure that he’s not in the way of anyone getting a full-on frontal view of Beth as she stands and masturbates.

Beth stands in position. She tries hard not to move around. She keeps her finger moving steadily. For a few seconds. The tension just steadily tightens up her muscles. Her legs, her stomach, and even her arms. As her arm stiffens it gets harder for her to keep it moving.

I know her pussy is twitching. I can see it on the camera. I can see the mountain-sized goosebumps lining her narrow pussy lips. I can see the honey flowing, slowly, but steadily. Hers is thick enough that it doesn't drip much, but it does cling to everything, slowly oozing along and covering more of her with a fresh coating. It's already inching its way down her finger. Her toes curl hard, and more. Enough that her heels start to rise off the floor.

Garrett, as I told him to do, slips back another step. I hand him a “spanky stick” as I call them. They’re thin wooden paint stirrers that my local Home Depot gives out for free. They’re about a foot long. And they are so perfect for light spankings. I don’t even bother to scrape

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the Home Depot logo off of them any longer. Garrett barely has time to get the stick in his grip.

A hard shudder racks Beth. It wiggles her shoulders powerfully enough that her soft breasts bounce around her chest. At least as much as those small mounds can bounce. It's plenty to see them flapping around. And it's powerful enough to send her hips thrashing. That's a sight to see. Her bottom is firm, but the snapping motions jiggle the soft layer of flesh over the toned muscles, making it look as if her globes are dancing. As her bottom squirms, it waves the tip of the vibrator still sandwiched in her crack.

"AH-OW!" Beth blurts out as Garrett snaps the stick against her bottom. He's careful not to strike the tip of the vibrator with it, landing the strip of wood just above and squarely across the length of the center of her cheeks. It's a good swat, as I told him to give her. It leaves a light, but glowing and bright, pink stripe across her cheeks. It definitely sends needles of sting shooting into Beth's globes.

"Bad girl!" Garrett snaps. "That's strike one. Now behave your slutty ass and stand still, Elizabeth."

Beth drops back onto her feet. Some, but nowhere near all, of the tension ebbs from her muscles. Her hips stop thrashing around. Her bottom steadies. Her breasts are steady, but not quite enough for her nipples to be still. Standing out like little sticks atop her soft mounds, those still jiggle as the quivers flow over her. She keeps moaning out with her deep breaths, too. Her moans deepen a little, taking a bit more throatiness to them. More urgency, too.

It's only a few more seconds before instinct has Beth tensed to vibrating steel. A couple more and those instincts start taking control of her. She's so close to orgasm. Holding it back is unnatural. Her body aches so intensely that she feels little more than the pounding swell in her pussy and clit, the tingles shooting along her nerves.

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Her body wants nothing more than the sweet relief ahead. It starts moving her hand faster to get there. Beth doesn't even realize it.

Garrett, and everyone else, sees it starting to steadily pick up its pace. Garrett reaches out quickly and grabs hold of her wrist with one hand. He holds it firmly, stopping it from moving. "Bad girl!" Garrett snaps sternly.

Still holding her hand still, Garrett snaps the stick against her bottom again. This stroke lands with just as loud of a crack, searing a fresh welt line across her globe just above the first. "OW!" Beth blurts out. Her bottom jumps forward about an inch, and then thrashes hard for a few seconds, jiggling her cheeks and shaking her bottom.

"I told you not to speed up, Elizabeth. That's strike two." Garrett tells her.

Garrett takes a deep breath, stalling for time. Time that makes Beth suffer, her finger touching her clit, but unable to rub it as it wants so badly. I'll bet her finger can feel the pounding throb of that too-eager nub against it. I know she can feel her honey trickling out and clinging to her finger. I can see the tension staying in her muscles now.

Garrett doesn't make her wait long. Just long enough for her to bask in the frustration and know this is part of her punishment. He starts her finger moving again, pacing her for several seconds that must seem an eternity to her. Finally, he releases her hand, letting her go on masturbating on her own.

Garrett gives her about three seconds, just long enough for him to straighten up beside her. He reaches the stick around behind Beth and very softly taps her bottom with it. So lightly that if her bottom wasn't already stinging with a thousand needles, she wouldn't even notice the little taps.

"Elizabeth, do not move. You will not get another

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chance to be a good little girl while your family watches you masturbate your slutty cunt.” Garrett tells her. It has the desired effect. I see her face blush beet red. I see the flush of pink tinging her body brighten a little. I see her quivers grow a hair sharper. Reminding Beth that her family, her daughter, was watching her masturbate definitely humiliated her, and that aroused her body even as her brain cringed hard.

Garrett puts his hand to the base of the vibrator. He tries hard not to think of Beth at all as he does as I asked. He just, almost roughly, pushes her cheeks aside to grab the short length protruding from Beth’s asshole. He gets a good grip on it. Then he starts pulling very slowly. As slowly as he possibly can, drawing it out as he pulls it from her.

Standing up straight isn't the most comfortable position with a rigid shaft in her bottom. Her rectum wants to bend at the bottom, just inside her asshole. But with the shaft inside it, it can't. That has the shaft pressing more firmly against her insides, making her feel a slight discomfort from it. Now she feels that hard shaft creeping along, rubbing snugly against her insides, pressing against the backside of her pussy and stroking that as Garrett draws it from her bottom. As tense as Beth is, her asshole is squeezing around the thick shaft with all the strength it can muster, too. That makes the shaft drag against her skin as it pulls through her too-tight ring.

All of which send powerful icy-hot sparks shooting along Beth's nerves and shuddering her body hard. Garrett watches closely, allowing her more leeway this time. Her breasts wiggle, tossing her long narrow nipples around atop the soft mounds. Her hips shudder hard too, squirming her bottom with short wiggles. Her squirming bottom only pulls herself against the rigid shaft, stroking it even more over her insides and teasing herself more. Her jaw clenches tightly, but that doesn't even start to mute

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her loud grunted moans. Garrett mostly watches her hand to make sure she keeps going steadily.

With Beth's hand at her pussy, it gives Garrett a good view of her flat mound. It lets him see when her lips quiver. It lets him see the honey slowly weeping from her slit.

"Hiya, girl," Emily calls out to me as Sophie brings her into the room. Instantly Beth tenses and shudders almost wildly as she hears the unfamiliar voice. As Beth stands, her back is to the door, so she can't see who has come in. Just a stranger, a voice she's never heard before. A young sounding, girly-high, and slightly giggly voice.

Emily isn't one of my toys. Her father is. The first time I met her she came here to fetch him from a session, me humiliating him by making him beg his daughter to come get him. I think she came mostly for the thrill of being able to tell her friends that she'd been in my apartment for a show. I'm sure the details of that show were omitted, too. Since then, she's been willing to supervise her father when he's in trouble. I know she makes him pay dearly for her services, usually in the form of a "daddy financed shopping trip." After a few months, I offered Emily another toy, a female toy, to amuse herself and her father with as long as Emily would supervise that woman as well. She did a good job, so I started letting her borrow other toys to entertain with. I'm not sure what she "charges" her father for those toys services, but if I know her, she gets something from him. Not that he wouldn't buy her things anyway. Just maybe not such expensive things. After a few months of that, she started "slut sitting" toys for me. I don't pay her anything. But I do allow her full use of those toys while they're in her care, as long as my rules are followed. I know she's never directly taken money for their services - I'd have a problem if she did that, but I do know that she's used them for her gain. I know of a few term papers she didn't write herself, instead

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"rewarding" some boy who wrote them for her. My toy being his reward.



Emily is 20. She's fairly petite as well, standing 5'4" and weight around 120 pounds. She is modestly busty, I'd guess a 34-B. She has short, dark hair today; her hair is subject to change at whim, I've seen it everything from blond to purple and green. If I had to sum her up in one word, it would be bimbo. With a big capital B. It's a person she does very well. It comes naturally to her. Today she's wearing a baby blue tank top that covers about half her stomach, over white shorts that end well above her knees. The shorts are just

slightly snug on her. She has a wide, soft leather baby blue belt on them, buckled loosely. She has baby blue ankle socks and white sneakers on. She also has giant hoop earrings dangling from her ears, and a pair of sunglasses with giant heart-shaped lenses pushed up onto her head.

I see Fred steal more than a few appreciative glances of Emily. I'll bet he's wondering, hoping, that she's here for him. She does have nicely tanned legs, smooth and toned, and she's showing a lot of them. I see Grace sneak a peek too. Since they're fairly close in age, I wonder if Grace is curious to see, or worried that she might know her. I doubt that seriously. The trio is from Spanish Fort, in Baldwin County, east across Mobile bay from us. Emily is from just northwest of Pascagoula, Mississippi to our west. It has their homes about 50 miles apart. OK, at least ten of those miles are the bay. Similarly, Penny is from the west side of Mobile, out past the USA campus and past the regional airport. Maybe 35-40 miles, or at least minutes, from Fred's house. Bailey is from Mississippi as well, about $\frac{1}{3}$ of

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the way northwest to Hattiesburg. It's one reason I picked Penny and Emily: none of them are likely to have ever met them, nor are they likely to ever see them again. There won't be any bumping into them in Publix unless one of them drives past half a dozen Publix stores to shop in a distant one. Instead, they will forever wonder who they are and worry that someday, somewhere, they're going to have an uncomfortable chance encounter.

I see Beth cringing as she hears the voice. It doesn't matter if Emily is here for Beth or not. Beth realizes that she's standing up, naked, masturbating in front of her family while Garrett pulls a vibrator from her bottom. And now this total stranger is watching it all as well. Embarrassing!

Finally, the tip of the vibrator slips from Beth's gripping asshole and beyond her soft cheeks. Garrett brings it up and holds it in front of Beth's face, letting her see the shaft that came from her bottom.

Beth quivers, flushes, squirms lightly, cringes, blushes, and moans even more urgently as she goes on masturbating.

Garrett gives her a few seconds. Then he puts his hand to the curve of her waist, gripping her lightly. Softly he says "Oh, that sloppy cunt really wants to cum... That huge clit has got to be aching so much..." His voice takes on a slight humming note. "Do I want to watch it cum or not... Hmm... Do I want to see how hard it cums for me, or not... I wonder how filthy of a show it will put on for me... I wonder if your family wants to see what a total skank you can be?"

Garrett hesitates a second or two, watching as Beth shows her mushrooming need ready to explode. "Oh, screw it, go ahead and show your daughter how slutty you cum, Elizabeth."

"UH-MM!" Beth cries out, gritting her teeth hard as

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her body vibrates. Obediently she manages to keep her hand moving almost at the slow pace. She freezes for a second.

Garrett smacks her bottom with the stick." Cum now, Elizabeth," He tells her. He's already reaching for her wrist.

"AHHHHHHHH!" Beth screams out, her head snapping back and now her jaw hanging wide open. Her body shudders violently as the first wave flows over her. Her hips snap with crisp thrashes.

Garrett quickly, before the second wave hits her, grabs Beth's hand and pulls it from her pussy. Her instinct, anyone's instinct, would be to keep going a few more moments as the orgasm exploded, stopping only when it begins to ebb. Garrett stops her masturbation just at the moment it begins. He holds Beth's wrist in a firm grasp, keeping it away from her body.

Beth stands and, for lack of a better word, shudders. Her body snaps wildly every which way. Everything is moving and jiggling. Her thighs bump against the camera recording her mound. And finally, a thick dollop of her creamy honey falls to the floor.

It's close to a minute, wave after powerful wave of orgasm crashing over Beth before she finally starts to calm down.

It's another minute before she's standing loose on rubbery limbs, panting hard to catch her breath. Her hands finally go behind her back again, her left glistening with a sticky coat of honey from the wrist down. Her head hangs forward.

I don't let Beth have any more rest. I know she's still half drifting in the bliss. Still half dreamy. She hasn't even caught her breath yet. I pretend that I don't care.

I have Emily follow me around to stand in front of

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Beth. I just point at the sweaty, panting mess. Emily rolls her eyes, smirking wide.

She puts her hand under Beth's jaw and slightly roughly, pushes Beth's head up so that Beth is looking at Emily's eyes. Emily learned that move from me. "Elizabeth, I am Miss Reynolds. You will come with me, and you will obey me, bitch. I will teach you to be a real woman. Come with me."

Emily quickly reaches her other hand to Beth's chest. As if it's nothing, Emily grabs hold of one of Beth's small breasts. She squeezes it tightly, getting a good grip while not really crushing it. "Sag-o" Emily almost sings out. She starts walking, pulling Beth by the breast to follow her.

I wave my hand, signaling Garrett to forget about Emily and move on. Garrett throws one last, slightly long, and appreciative glance at Emily, trying to pass it off as if he's keeping an eye on Beth instead of checking out the curves Emily is flaunting. Grace might not appreciate that, he thinks.

Garrett steps over to the bench and brings Fred up to the center of the room. He stands Fred facing Grace and me. Emily has Beth off to the side, by the door, mostly just behind the line of Fred's shoulders. He can't see either of them now. But as he came up, he got to see Emily standing Beth to face her.

Fred is as eager as ever to cum. And it's obvious. His cock is stiff and twitching, its tip sparkling with a sticky, but fresh, drop of cum clinging to it. He breathes deeply, his exhales still laced with the deep, manly, moaning groans.

On command, Fred gives his left hand to Garrett. Garrett doesn't look happy, but he takes hold of Fred's hand. He opens it, flattening out Fred's palm and pushing his fingers against each other, thumb out to the side. Garrett brings Fred's hand down, holding it steady about an

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inch underneath of Fred's twitching cock with the side of Fred's hand parallel to his pubes.

I see Garrett cringe slightly, his eyes wrinkling up, as he reaches out. He takes hold of Fred's twitching cock, gripping it with two fingers and his thumb. It looks like a firm grip, too, holding it still as it wants to twitch against his hand.

Garrett moves Fred's hand into place, and then quickly brings Fred's cock down, lying it across Fred's hand. Fred's hand should be in the center of his length, but Fred's short cock and fair-sized hands mean that there's little cock to spare. Maybe $\frac{1}{4}$ " to $\frac{1}{2}$ " between Fred's hand and his pubes, and the same sticking out over the other side. For a second, Garrett uses his thumb to firmly press the hard shaft down onto Fred's hand. He releases it, then quickly pushes Fred's fingers up while holding his hand steady, curling Fred's fingers around the shaft.



Garrett actually pays close attention as he adjusts Fred's fingers, loosening Fred's grip around his shaft. He gets it so that Fred's hand is just barely touching his cock. Garrett keeps hold of Fred's wrist as he gives Fred the same instructions he gave Beth: "Frederick, you will masturbate while everyone watches you. You will stand still and behave your queer ass. If I decide you've earned a reward, I will tell you to cum. *If* I tell you to cum, I expect you to cum immediately. If I decide you don't deserve a reward, I will tell you to

stop and you will immediately put that hand behind your back again."

Fred takes a very deep breath as if trying to steel himself up for an impossible task. A second later, Garrett,

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gripping only Fred's wrist now, starts moving Fred's hand. He sets a slow pace, as he did for Beth. He sets full, long strokes, Fred's hand bumping against his pubes lightly, then slowly slipping along his length until little more than the head of his cock is left in his grip. Garrett keeps Fred's grip lightly, his fingers barely touching the cock, so that Fred's hand glides smoothly along the length, stroking it, but feathery light.

Fred endures the first two strokes without showing much more than he was. By the third, the added stimulation is too much for him. His mouth opens and he moans out deeply. Urgently. Garrett keeps Fred's hand going, making sure its pace doesn't change or stop. After several more strokes, Garrett tells Fred to go on masturbating exactly like this. And to behave while he does. Garrett warns Fred not to cum, adding "I'll let that little needle dick drip like a girl, but if I see anything squirt from it, even a drop, you're done for, Frederick." then Garrett releases Fred's hand.

Garrett keeps a close eye on Fred's hand as well as his body. I know Garrett doesn't want to watch another man masturbate, much less his girlfriend's stepfather, but he is being diligent. I'd almost bet that Beth asked Grace first if Garrett would escort her, and Grace asked Garrett to agree when Beth asked him. I sense but don't know, that Garrett is doing this for her, not Beth and Fred.

Fred lasts maybe fifteen seconds. A few more than Beth did, but not much more. At first, I see a droplet of his cum fall from the tip of his cock. Then the shudder hits Fred, snapping his hips back and thrusting them forward as if trying to fuck his hand with his cock. Mostly his hand moves with his hips, but not entirely. He blurts out a very needy deep moan, too.

Almost as if Garrett had been waiting for the chance, the stick snaps firmly across Fred's hairy bottom. A loud slap rings out. It's a little louder than Beth's, but I don't

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think the swat was any harder. Fred's bottom is just a bit softer, making it louder. It sears an identically pink welt line across those hairy globes. "UH-MM!" Fred blurts out a pained grunt.

"Bad little boy!" Garrett scolds Fred. I can hear a little more distaste in Garrett's voice, but not much. Maybe a hair more firmness too. I write that off to Garrett's lack of enthusiasm to supervise another man.

It has the desired effect on Fred. I see him tense up and cringe. I see him blushing as Garrett scolds him. Garrett grabs Fred's hip to stop it, holding his hips still as he scolds. "Stop trying to fuck your hand. That's one strike. Now stand still and be a good little boy while your daughter watches you jack your dick."

Emily has Beth far enough off to the side that Fred and Grace can't see her without turning their heads, and neither is going to risk that. But both can hear everything as Emily gives Beth commands. They must know that Emily is "searching" Beth's body, inside and out, as thoroughly as any prison guard ever would. It doesn't matter that there's no way Beth could have anything. It only matters that Beth, still ebbing back from her orgasm, allows Emily to intimately search her body. To see and touch every last bit of her.

Emily asks Sophie to bring Beth's clothes over. I've already told Sophie what to give them, whenever the instructors asked for it. So Sophie brings Beth's shoes, pants, and blouse to Emily. Nothing else. No bra, no panties, no purse. Not even socks. Just the bare minimum to cover Beth for the trip.

Fred shivers harder now that his bottom is stinging from the swat. He moans more urgently as well. He's tensed, but not as tightly as Beth was. His cock, however, steadily drips little droplets of cum. He could explode any second, and we can all see it.

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Fred barely lasts ten seconds before his hips are snapping and thrusting again. Garrett immediately snaps the stick across Fred's bottom and scolds him firmly to stand still. He lets go, telling Fred to stand still so "his little girl can have a good view of him jerking off."

Maybe it's the slight edge of distaste in Garrett's voice. That disapproval seems to be doing the trick for Fred. It seems to be humiliating him to know Garrett, whom I'm sure he's thought of as a boy, not a man, scorns the amateurish way Fred is masturbating. I'm sure it adds to his humiliation to know that Grace is seeing him. I don't know of many guys who'd like an audience for that. Especially an audience with other men in it.

Garrett knows that he doesn't have much time to waste. He waits long enough for Fred to get steady again, and then reaches around behind Fred. Garrett is slightly rough, as he was with Beth, but more uncaring as he shoves his hand between Fred's loose cheeks and grips the toy. As if Fred's cheeks aren't part of a person, just things in his way. Garrett starts slowly drawing the vibrator from Fred's bottom.

"UH-MM!" Fred grunts out loudly, pleadingly urgent, as his body shivers crisply. His hips almost thrust, but he manages to hold them back at the last moment. His body tenses hard. I'm sure his asshole is squeezing hard around the shaft, too.

"UH-UHH-OW!" Fred grunts out as he feels the shaft slowly pulled away, stroking along his insides, pressing against uncomfortable places as it goes. He stands still. He keeps steadily stroking his cock. He shudders hard. He drips another couple of droplets of cum.

Emily puts a white, hard leather dog collar around Beth's neck, securing it snugly, but loosely. She slips the shackle of a shiny padlock through the leather. Then she clips a chain leash to the collar, slipping one of its links over the shackle before securing it. That way, not only is

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the collar locked to where Beth can't get it off, the leash is locked to it. Beth can't get off the short lead, either. Emily already has Beth's hands bound behind her back, Beth's wrists crossed into an X and held with two thick tie straps.

Emily waves to me. She glances over, looking at Fred's cock as he strokes it. "I'll leave you to Tom Thumb there," she giggles loudly. She snaps the leash and pulls on it, leading Beth out of the room. Beth will stay leashed until she's inside Emily's house, where she'll be stripped and searched yet again. Beth has no choice but to follow Emily out.

Fred hears the rather young bimbo openly size his cock up, and ridicule it. As if even a school girl (community college counts!) knows he doesn't measure up. It sends a hard shudder through him as Garrett keeps the vibrator slowly pulling from Fred's bottom.

Garrett gets the toy out alongside of Fred's cock. He nudges Fred's head down, showing him that the vibrator, fresh from his butt, is both longer and thicker than Fred's cock. After several seconds, Garrett brings Fred's head back up. Then he waits a few more seconds.

Softly, but also with a bit of mocking in his voice, Garrett ponders "Hmm... do I want to see a needle dick cum today... do I want to see if that tiny thing can even squirt cum like a dick?... probably not, I doubt your daughter wants to see you mess all over yourself like some creepy pervert... Oh, fuck it, go ahead and cum, little boy, let's see if that little thing even works."

"UHHHHH-AH!" Fred cries out, shuddering hard, as his cock explodes. Reflexes kick in. Fred's hips try to thrust again. Garrett grabs Fred's wrist and yanks his hand away from his cock at the same time as Garrett snaps the stick against Fred's bottom. The slap rings out loudly, leaving an identically bright pink stripe glowing across Fred's bottom.

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“OW!” Fred cries out loudly as his hand leaves his cock. I see tears run down Fred’s cheeks. He starts whining rather girly “OW!s.” His hips snap into gear, thrusting his cock to fuck nothing now. It looks silly, his hips slamming his cock forward in empty air.

Fred's cock spurts. The first one was a good, huge spurt of thick cum that shot a few feet forward. By the second hard twitch, Garrett had Fred's hand off of it. The second spurt was almost as good as the first. But now, with nothing touching his cock, Fred's spurts barely shoot a few drops of cum a few inches. He gets maybe five spurts total. He could have squirted more. His cum still flows, only now it's a fine thread of the thick cream slowly dribbling down to the floor. Steadily, but slowly.

Fred groans more “OW!s” softly, sounding miserable, as he stands there. His cock throbs hard and aches after Garrett interrupted his orgasm. It takes a couple of long, and very miserable minutes, for the ache to fade away. It leaves Fred’s cock stiff. It also leaves him somewhat relieved. Mostly satisfied, but not fully. I wanted him that way. It will ensure his cock is ready for Penny.

Once Fred’s cock stops dribbling, Garrett takes a rag and a bottle of lavender floor cleaner. It’s not the cheap stuff, but an organic one. Garrett hands them to Fred. “On your hands and knees, little boy. Clean your mess up. It’s rude to make a disgusting mess on someone else’s floor.”

Garrett stands over Fred, stick in hand, and makes Fred spray down the entire area from where he stood to the bench. Still, on all fours, he makes Fred scrub the floor with the rag until there isn't a speck of cum on my floor. Garrett works Fred hard, as I told him to. He warns Fred not to let his hand stop scrubbing, even for a second. It does once, as Fred looks to see where the mess is. In that second, Fred gets another swat across his bottom and is scolded to work, not stall.

Garrett has Fred keep his knees spread as well. That

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leaves his cock and balls dangling down to the floor. They both bounce around as Fred scrubs away instead of basking in the afterglow of his climax. His cock softens slightly, but by the time he's done scrubbing, and after earning two more swats from Garrett, it's as stiff as ever.

Garrett returns Fred to his spot on the bench, having him sit where he was, squished against Grace.

Grace barely has control of herself sitting on the bench, and it shows. She's a trembling, sweaty, flushed mess. The bench under her is just as messy, her constant fidgeting having smeared a good bit of her oily honey around on it. She looks agonized as Garrett gently stands her up.

She feels the discomfort of the shaft moving inside her, but doesn't show it. She doesn't make a peep for that. She just goes on panting, almost hyperventilating, squeaky "AH!s" as Garrett gets her up and into position facing Fred.

"Grace, you will masturbate while everyone watches you. I will teach you how I want you to masturbate. You will stand still and behave yourself. If I decide you've earned a reward, I will tell you to cum. *If* I tell you to cum, I expect you to cum immediately. If I decide you don't deserve a reward, I will tell you to stop and you will immediately put that hand behind your back again... Baby doll, I want you to masturbate properly, the way I show you to, no other way. If you misbehave, I will spank your bottom hard, and it will hurt, Grace. Be a good little girl for me." Garrett adds a warning to Grace.

Then he calls for her left hand. Yes, all of them are right-handed. I told him to make them use their non-dominant hands for this. It's just another thing I can change up, to make them feel as if they're under Garrett's control, not doing things on their own. He takes it and makes the fist, slowly moving her trembling hand down to her sopping wet mound.

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“EEEEEEEE!!!” Grace shrieks loudly the instant she feels her finger touch her slit. Just her lips. It hasn’t even pressed into her slit and found her clit yet. She shudders violently, her hips and bottom all over the place. She sucks in a sharp, deep breath. She thrashes more, as she cries out “AHHHHHHH!” Her cries are not pained. Urgent. Desperately so. Overly needy, as if her clit aches so badly that it hurt just to touch her lips.

Grace is the one that interests me. I could predict how Beth and Fred would react to everything. And I was very close to dead-on. I can't predict Grace. I can see how hot she is. Nor can I predict how firm Garrett is going to be with her? For her sake, I hope steely firm.

It takes a moment for Grace to still enough for Garrett to push her finger the last bit into her slit, pushing her thick lips aside with it, until it barely touches her clit. Grace shrieks out “AHHHHH-Ow!” as she feels the touch. Her body shudders hard. Garrett, to his credit, keeps her finger in place.

Sophie leads Penny in. Unlike Emily, Penny is one of my toys. She's just one who can very effectively switch roles to dominate others. And enjoys doing so. I've used her a number of times to "slut sit" my toys, and every time it's gone very well. It's also left Penny in need of a good spanking to remind her that she belongs to me. It's a small price to pay. Very small. She has a very spankable bottom.

Penny is also young at 21. She is slightly taller at 5'6" but also lean at 130 pounds. She's small-chested, wearing a 34-A bra. She has long brown hair and blue eyes. She's a rather attractive young woman.

I told Penny to "bitch up" as much as possible. As if to adopt her demanding, total bitch on a power trip, persona. She's dressed it. She comes in wearing a designer-label skirt suit. Her skirt is slightly snug, accenting the curves of her hips and bottom. It's a deep

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gray. She's wearing stockings with it and matching high-heeled, spiky shoes. She has a cream-colored blouse on. That's long-sleeved and silky, with a slip underneath to ensure Fred doesn't get to peek at any of her body. She has the buttons open on the front, showing a slice of her bare chest, but also not so far down as to reveal any of her cleavage. She has a blazer, matching the skirt, on. And she has an alligator-patterned light gray, narrow belt on. Her makeup is done almost expertly well.



She has her long hair pulled back and pinned up into a tight bun, leaving her neck showing. She wears a pair of glasses with thick black frames and short, long, oval lenses. I see a gold watch, probably only gold plated, at her wrist. She comes over to me and stands, glaring coldly at Fred.

Fred sees her. His cock twitches as he does. I see his eyes rove over her body quickly, then linger on her hips before going down to her bare calves, all the skirt leaves showing, and locking on her lean, toned legs. "Is this the filthy little boy who needs to be taught to make his penis behave?" She asks me, staring at Fred and watching his cock twitch at her scornful words, and her icy voice.

I see a flinch run through Grace at Penny's stern tone, too. Grace knows that she's going with Fred. She knows Penny will be "training" her as well. And now she realizes that Penny is going to be icily harsh with her.

I tell Penny yes. "That's Frederick," I tell her. Then I point to the wildly trembling Grace in front of him. "That one is Grace, Frederick's step-daughter. It will be in your charge as well. Teach it to be a very enjoyable wife to Frederick. I'll give you Ms. Speer's number. She can slut

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sit this bitch when you need to take needle-dick there somewhere, like to work."

Penny just nods. Answering me would require humble politeness from her, and she knows not to show her submission in front of these two. Penny turns her head to get a better look at Grace. At her so shameless quivering. At the liberal flow of honey coating the insides of Grace's thighs halfway to her knees. And covering most of her bottom. "What a sloppy pussy that Amazon bitch has," Penny remarks. Grace cringes hard, blushing deeply, and shudders.

I tell Garrett to go on, not to wait while I speak with Penny. He does. He starts Grace's hand moving. Instantly she shrieks out again, causing Penny to smirk as she turns her head back to Grace. Grace shivers violently, her knees buckling and almost dropping her to the floor a couple of times. Her body tenses instantly and her teeth chatter loud enough for me to hear them. She pants, as fast as ever, her squeaky "AH!s" only sounding needier.

Garrett sets the slow, steady, and very-torturous, rhythm for Grace. He keeps his grip on her wrist a second or two longer than the others, making sure Grace has it down before releasing her.

She barely lasts long enough for Garrett to get his hand away from hers. Her hips shudder hard, tossing her full, rounded bottom around. Thrashing that firm bottom wildly, jostling the shaft in her bottom hard and grinding it against the back of her pussy. She screams a long, very erotic "AH-EEEEEEEE!" as she trembles.

The stick snaps firmly against her toned cheeks, a loud crack ringing out. It sears a light, glowing pink welt across her bottom. I think it's just a hair darker than the others got. As if her spanking was just a touch harder. Grace squeaks as she cries out a loud, pained "EE-OW!" and her bottom shakes around wildly. Her face shows the pain of it. Her huge breasts bounce everywhere. Her

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pussy dribbles a good-sized dollop of honey that falls to the floor with a plop.

“Bad girl!” Garrett scolds her. His voice is just slightly softer and less critical than it was of the others. It’s still firm and strict enough for Grace to hear it and feel his disapproval. “I told you to be a big girl and masturbate while we watch you. Stop squirming around like a skank and be a good little girl for me.”

Grace goes on masturbating. Again she barely makes it a couple of seconds, maybe even three seconds, before her hand starts going faster. It’s too noticeable for Garrett to ignore it. He grabs her hand and stops it as the stick snaps another welt line across her full bottom. And holds it still as she cries out again, this time tears rolling down her cheeks. Even as her pussy dribbles twice as much honey to the floor as it did the first time. Garrett doesn’t miss it.

Garrett holds her hand still as he scolds her just as he did Beth. He reminds her that’s strike two. He holds her hand still for a full ten seconds. Then he starts it moving again, gives her a moment to get the rhythm back, and releases it.

He moves quickly, which prevents him from being gentle even if he wanted to. He's going too fast. He quickly pushes his hand into her crack, knocking her firm globes aside, and grabs the end of the vibrator. He starts pulling it, keeping it slow even though he knows if Grace can't stay still for it while masturbating, she'll lose the chance to cum. A chance she very clearly needs.

Grace cries out a squeaky “OH-OW-EE!” as the shaft is pulled from her shivering bottom. The instant the toy is moving, her pussy starts running with honey. Her shoulders shudder hard. She starts panting squeaky, needier, lightning fast “AH!s” Her body tenses, her legs so stiff that she’s all the way up on her tiptoes. Her shoulders

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snap, bringing her head forward and back – it looks like a chicken pecking at feed. She cries out squeakier “AH!s”

Garrett keeps pulling the hard shaft from Grace’s tightly clenched bottom. I can see his arm almost straining. That’s how tightly her bottom is hanging onto the shaft. Almost amazingly, he gets it out before Grace earns the last swat.

“Do I want to...” Garrett muses to himself, “let your daddy and Ms. Brinkman see that sopping wet, dripping pussy cum... do I want you to show your daddy how juicy that tight pussy is... or show Ms. Brinkman how wet and messy its orgasm will be... do I really want to see that pussy squirt juice all over the floor...” Garrett sighs. “Go ahead, baby doll, show us all how messy that pussy cums. Cum now, Grace.”

Grace immediately screams. It’s a loud, long, shrill scream. Her body trembles hard for a second. Long enough for me to see the huge dollop of honey squirt out of her slit and plop loudly on the floor. About the instant it leaves her mound, the tension vanishes and her body is everywhere. That’s the same instant Garrett yanks her hand from her pussy. At first, I think he’s being rough as he pulls it away, but then I see it’s her arms. They are so tight and flying around so hard, that it takes a yank to get it from her mound.

Taking her hand away makes her pussy snap harder. And a lot faster. Now her honey seems to run as if a faucet was opened. Her body tosses around, her feet barely staying put. Nothing else stays close to still. Her breasts bounce so wildly and hard that I see them knocking against her shoulders. And slamming against each other. Her waist bends and straightens. Her bottom goes everywhere. Her knees buckle and catch. Her arms flap. Her head thrashes, tossing her long curly hair around. All the while, her pussy snaps with sharp spasms, squirting dollop after dollop of honey.

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Garrett lets her wobble and shake around for close to two minutes. She barely stills. But finally, her pussy stops squirting honey. Maybe she finally ran out. He grabs her hip and shoulder, pulls her straight, and holds her still for a long moment while she steadies on her feet.

Now Grace's pussy barely drips. She still breaths fast and deep, panting little squeaks as she struggles for her breath. There's no doubting how intense the orgasm still washing over her is for her. I can see her body tremble as each new wave crashes over it. By now their intensity is ebbing, but they're still powerful enough.

A little jerk of my head toward Grace is all the cue Penny needs. She steps forward, putting her body a few inches from Grace's trembling form. She holds her hand out to Garrett, "May I, Sir?" she asks. She nudges with her hand, indicating the stick.

Garrett looks at it and then reluctantly hands it over.

Penny, now with the stick in her hand, taps Grace's bottom lightly with it. Grace jumps and lets out a nervous squeal. "On all fours, bitch!" Grace starts moving, but very slowly on her rubbery legs. Penny grabs Grace's long hair and tugs it down hard. Grace falls to her knees. Penny puts a hand to Grace's shoulders and shoves her forward. Reflex brings Grace's hands out to catch herself, leaving the tall woman on all fours as Penny told her.

Penny takes her foot and kicks the cleaning supplies over in front of Grace. "Get to it, bitch. Clean your skank off the floor, now..." Penny gives Grace about one second to get moving. Grace hasn't moved. Penny snaps the stick hard against Grace's bottom, searing a bright line up and down her closer globe.

"OW!" Grace squeals.

"I said clean your skank up, *skank*" Penny reminds Grace.

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Grace's hand almost flies to grab the cleaner and rag. Grace doesn't pay much attention to what she's doing. She just sprays some cleanser on the floor as fast as she possibly can and gets the rag moving through it. Grace pants hard, her breaths still squeaky. Now she glances to see the spots of honey on the floor. She aims the next sprays of cleaner. But she doesn't let the rag stop moving. Or even slow down.

It takes Grace about two minutes to scrub up the spots she sees. She starts slowing down. Penny snaps the stick again, searing a strip on Grace's other cheek. Grace squeals "OW-EE!" as it lands.

"Back up, bitch, get it all, and don't let me see you waste any more of my time," Penny tells her in an icy hard voice.

Grace starts backing up. As she goes, she sprays the floor. Her hand scrubs fast and hard. Fast enough that her huge hanging breasts bounce around under her chest. She sprays the entire floor, as much as she can reach, and cleans everything. She keeps scooting back as she goes. She doesn't think about stopping. I'd bet she won't until her feet are against the far wall.

It takes her a long moment to back far enough up. Then she sees what Penny saw long ago. The saucer-sized oily spot on the floor directly under where her pussy had been. There's enough honey there that it's still wet, not sticky dried. Grace blushes as red as a beet when she sees it. She sprays a bunch of cleaner on it and then does that spot again.

As Grace is working on that spot, I slide over next to Garrett. I hold a finger up to my lips, silencing him. We're behind Grace so she can't see us. I point to Grace's pussy. With Penny standing over her, and Penny's icy hard control, Grace's pussy is still twitching. So much so that I can see her plump lips quivering and fresh honey starting to weep into her slit. Garrett sees it too. His eyes go wide and he

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stares. I bet he thought Grace would be hating Penny's demandingness.

Penny finally stops Grace when there isn't a speck of dirt, or anything else, on the floor. Penny puts her foot on Grace's bottom, at the very top of her globe where it flows into her back. She leans over and grabs a handful of Grace's almost waist-long hair. Penny stands up straight, Using Grace's hair to pull her head up so she's staring forward. It has her eyes looking straight at Fred, a few feet in front of her. And it has Grace's eyes almost perfectly level with his twitching cock. Close enough that, staring directly at the tip of it, seeing little beyond its head and the furry balls underneath, she can see the sticky fresh drop of his cum wetting it.

Penny taps Grace's bottom lightly with the stick. "Behave yourself, *skank*." Penny taps Grace's bottom again. "Do you think I can't see the juice covering your pussy?" Another little tap on her bottom. "I told you to work, bitch, not cum all over the place again!" another swat on her bottom. Each swat is just a tiny bit firmer than the last.

The fourth swat does it. Grace's pussy twitches too sharply. Now, with nothing close to her pussy, let alone touching it, the snapping tunnel pushes a huge dollop of fresh honey out of Grace's slit. It clings to her mound for a few seconds, slowly running down their length, and drops to the floor.

Garrett stares in disbelief.

Penny makes Grace clean that too. Then she takes Grace over to the wall and stands her there. She steps over to Fred. Without a word, Penny reaches down and wraps her long slender fingers around the base of Fred's cock and his balls. With both in her hand, she squeezes somewhere between gently and hard. Just hard enough to make Fred wince. She holds the grip. "Come along, filthy

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little boy.” She doesn’t give him even a second. She starts walking, holding him tightly. Fred springs to his feet and follows Penny over to the wall. He ends up standing side by side with Grace.

Ten minutes later Penny has fully searched both bodies, pronounced Grace “the sloppiest skank ever,” and dressed them. She has their hands bound behind their backs, and she has both collared and leashed.

She leads them off, leaving Garrett to wait for Bailey to arrive.



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Emily left the rather tight rules in place on Beth for the ride home. With her hands strapped behind her back, Beth wasn't able to do much more than walk. Emily had to open the car door for her, and then buckle her seat belt over her. She'd have tied the handle of the leash around the seat belt over Beth's hips. Beth rode in silence. I'm sure Emily had the radio on, but I doubt it was Beth's station. Emily would have completely ignored Beth the entire trip. She'd have taken the back roads, too. Roads Beth wouldn't know well if at all. She usually takes Dawes Rd, which changes names a few times along the way. It's one of the very few roads that don't dead end at the state line. It's also a road where the "welcome to Mississippi" sign is nearly impossible to see.

I'm sure Beth figured that much out. Emily doesn't exactly live out in the middle of nowhere. It's pretty easy to recognize, at some point, that she's in a different state. Without crossing the bay, that only leaves Mississippi. Besides, if I know that state, they would have passed a state trooper and his radar gun within a block of the state line. There's almost nothing in Mississippi close to the state line besides Pascagoula, so I'm sure Beth has figured out that she's near it, if not in it. The trip isn't nearly long enough for them to have made Biloxi or Hattiesburg.

When they arrived at Emily's, Beth was simply unbelted and led into the house on her leash. Emily stopped her in the garage, just before entering the house. With the garage door down, Emily instructed Beth to hand over all of her clothes. There, in the dimly lit, and dusty garage, Beth's body, including her pussy and bottom, would be fully searched by Emily. Again. And then, still leashed, Beth would be led into the house.

Ken is waiting as Emily steps back into the house. He, one of my toys, wasn't told where Emily was going or what she was doing. As she left, Emily said nothing more to him than telling him that he was expected to be home

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when she got back. In my world, Emily is his "guardian." Unless I'm there, he obeys her, or she disciplines him until he does. She's rather good at it, too.

Ken, like any middle-aged man, is rather pleasantly surprised to see Emily lead a nude woman into their house on a leash. It makes it perfectly clear what Beth is. Property. Property now in Emily's care. Which to him means that he might have some fun with her. He knows full well by now that's not a given. It's up to Emily what he does with Beth. And Emily is rather fickle. When she does allow it, it always costs him something. And it's with her supervision, an experience that he still finds rather humiliating and thus exciting.

Emily immediately takes Beth to a chair and tells her to sit. Then she turns to Ken and sends him to his room. She tells him "go to your room, sit on your bed, and wait until I come fetch you. Stay there."

Beth is surprised and lets it show, when Ken answers "yes, Ma'am," and goes unhappily, but quickly, to his room. He even shuts the door as Emily tells him to. His eyes made plain his interest in Beth. He looked all he could.

The first thing Emily does is tell Beth the "house rules." My rules. When supervising my toys, Emily uses the same rules that I do. I insist. "Rule number one," Emily begins, "is that you do not speak unless spoken to. Then you speak only to answer. Whenever possible, you will answer only 'yes, Ma'am' or 'no, Ma'am.' If that's not an appropriate answer, then you will answer with a single sentence that not only answers me but also tells me what was asked of you. For example, if I ask you how old you are, a proper answer would be 'This bitch is 46 years old, Ma'am.' Whenever you open that mouth, I expect to hear 'Ma'am' or 'Sir' come out of it. There is *one* exception to that rule." Emily jerks a thumb in the direction of the hall Ken disappeared down. "That is dickless. He is not worthy of being called 'Sir.' You will address him by name. His

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name is 'Dickless.' No matter who or what you are speaking to, I expect you to mind your place. In case there's any confusion, your place is at the bottom. You will be polite. You will be humble. You will *never* raise your voice. You will not use any bad words. If it's not fit for kindergarten, I don't want to hear it. Is that clear to you, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Beth answers. It's the first Emily has heard her voice. It's soft, with a trace of the north in it. It's feminine, but not girly. It's also laced with a bit of distaste as if she's not pleased to be subjugated to a bimbo young enough to be her daughter. Despite that, Beth sits still, and properly, while Emily goes on telling her the stern rules. After each, Beth says "yes, Ma'am," to tell Emily she understands the rule and will obey it.

The short version of the rules is that Beth will do as she's told. She will not ask for anything, no matter how insignificant it is. Nor will she avail herself of anything without permission. Or ask permission. Emily uses my line, telling Beth to "turn your brain off completely. Do not even try to think. Do what you are told, when you are told, and how you are told. There's nothing for you to think about, even if you were capable of having an actual thought."

And then, Emily puts Beth to work, "earning her kibbles" by doing household chores. The first chore is for Beth to wash the breakfast dishes. Naked. Beth won't be getting any clothes while she's at Emily's. She won't know it, but unless I specify otherwise, Emily rarely allows the toys anything. Beth doesn't get an apron or gloves. She gets the sponge, a drying towel, and dish soap.

Emily stands over Beth the entire time. She tells Beth that no breaks are allowed, not even a fraction of a second. Thus, Beth's hand should not stop moving. Ever. For any reason. If Emily sees her "goofing off instead of doing your chores like a good bitch," Beth will be punished.

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Emily doesn't say what the punishment will be. But she is holding one of her father's leather belts, doubled over in her hand. I'd say that's a pretty good clue to Beth.

Another of the rules is no touching. Beth is not permitted to touch another person unless first given permission. Which means told to do so. Not even an accidental fleeting brush. Any contact, without permission, brings punishment. Ken isn't allowed to touch either. Anyone, which includes Beth. However, anyone else, Emily or whoever, may touch Beth. Anywhere. Anytime. Beth will demurely remain still and allow her body to be touched. Or invaded. Or used. Shamelessly, without thought of her. The last part of that is that Beth may not touch herself, either. Her hands may never be on her breasts, her bottom, or her pussy, unless she's given permission. No matter what. For any reason. She may not touch the rest of her body "intentionally," but "casual" contact won't bring punishment. That's kind of impossible to avoid. Any movement can have some parts touching others. Like arms and legs against the sides.

With few exceptions that's how Beth spends the rest of the weekend. Emily is strict. She doesn't allow Beth any leisure time. Not much in the way of breaks, either. Emily gets her housework done. However, Beth does get a lesson Saturday evening, and then two more on Sunday: one early in the day, and one more in the evening. Ken is allowed to watch Beth's lessons but from a distance of several feet away. Still, he gets a good view of everything, adding to Beth's embarrassment. Emily does not allow him to touch Beth. Nor to touch himself after the "shows" excite him.

Fast forward to Monday afternoon. Beth spent her morning, as usual, doing what chores Emily could find. By now, Emily's house is getting pretty clean, though. So Emily set her laptop up and allowed Beth to work a few hours. At Beth's job, answering customer service calls

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remotely for various companies.

I am absolutely certain Beth has never worked as she did that morning. Emily set the laptop on the table and had Beth sit in one of the wood chairs. Sit properly, except her hands were allowed on the keyboard. She gave Beth a headset to answer the calls, but otherwise, Beth was fully nude. There were no distractions. The room was silent, and Ken was off at his job for the day. Emily stayed at Beth's side the entire time. Belt in hand. Beth was required to follow the house rules since she was in the house. She could read the scripts from her screen, but was to address every caller as "Sir" or "Ma'am." Every time she spoke to them. Beth was not allowed to move, not even to stretch. Occasionally, randomly, Emily would touch Beth. Sometimes someplace rather intimate, such as a breast. Just to make sure that Beth remembered that she was being supervised. And her place. Emily also made sure Beth kept her voice soft and humble. It got Beth a lot of 5-star reviews on those pesky after-call surveys they send out.

But then, after lunch and Beth doing yet another set of dishes, Emily decided to have a friend over. By now, most of Emily's friends have a fair idea of what goes on in her house. The closer ones who she invites over definitely do, and girls gossip. So probably everyone does.

She invites a girl she knows from community college, Joanna. They're fairly close friends, and often do things together. I've never met Joanna, but I know she's a blond and, like Emily, a bimbo. Shopping, the beach, the mall, her friends, and "reality TV" are her main interests. She probably couldn't even name the president, let alone tell you that he's a brain-dead liberal (also known as a Democrat) who mostly drools on himself.

Even though Beth is in Emily's care, I do stay in close contact with Emily. We email a couple of times a day, or text. Although Beth doesn't know it. As far as Beth knows,

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Emily hasn't heard from me since I sent her off with Beth.

But in reality, Beth's lessons are up to me, not Emily. Obviously, I discuss everything with Emily before we decide what lesson Beth will learn that day. I need Emily's input. I need to know what Beth is having trouble with and what comes easy to her. More so, I need to know what Emily is willing to do. And what she can arrange. Or if I need to make another of my toys available.

Plus, Emily doesn't know Olive, so she's not in touch with her, and Olive is Beth's owner. Olive's wishes matter. And Olive, after owning Beth for half a decade, knows exactly what Beth likes and doesn't. It's all the information that I need to plan Beth's lessons. Lessons that Olive also gets in advance.

One thing Olive told me about Beth, one thing Olive would love to have addressed while she's with me, is that Beth has never been at ease with another female. She doesn't care about being seen. Or even touched, at least as long as it's not an intimate touching. Then Beth cringes hard. She almost refuses outright to touch another woman. It's been enough of an issue that Olive has shied away from mixing these two with her other toys. Uniquely, however, Beth has been responsive to Olive. Maybe more readily so than she would be with a male Dom.

I have no qualms about pushing Beth hard. I already know that a number of Emily's friends like to "enjoy stopping by." None want anything to do with Ken, considering him too old and not cute enough to be interesting. But some of them seem to enjoy watching him used or degraded. I remember a giggle fest about six months back when Ken said something demeaning to girls in general; as punishment, he was dressed only in a bra, panties, and spiky heels and then made to humbly serve a group of Emily's friends for an entire afternoon. He very quickly learned some respect for girls.

This morning I asked Emily if she would mind

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addressing Beth's reluctance to touch another female. I was about to add that I would send one of my toys over, and after Beth's lesson, she was free to use the toy with Ken or not as she wished. Before I could, Emily blurted out "awesome, my BFF Joanna has been dying to come over and play, and she's so totally into girls." I'm not sure if that means Joanna is a lesbian, bisexual, or just adventurous. I doubt Emily knows, so I don't bother to ask. I'd bet Emily only knows that Joanna has been with another woman before. Nothing more.

I ask a little about Joanna and quickly decide that she's a bimbo like Emily. She's young at 19. She's flighty. Her career interests run towards professional shopper or party girl. And she is a serious party girl, at least from the stories Emily tells me about her. I decide that she'll do, and tell Emily to call her and see if she's interested. After telling her what exactly she's being invited for, with enough specifics that nothing will surprise her. When Emily texts me back, maybe 10 minutes later, she says that Joanna said "cool, I haven't had a good orgasm in two days now." I take it to mean the woman is receptive to the idea. So I allow Emily to use her.

When Joanna shows up, Emily answers the door. She has Beth, still fully nude, standing with her back to the wall and her hands behind her. Standing where Joanna will see Beth the instant she steps through the door. I'd call that advertising. As she steps in, Joanna immediately gushes with idle chit-chat for Emily. They catch up on important things, such as who went out with who, and how it went. Or how far it went. And then vital topics, such as the new fashion line that just arrived at the mall. It's a fairly long conversation, maybe ten minutes as they move to the sofa. The entire time, Beth left fully ignored to stand on display. As if neither even realizes that she's there. Of course, both do. Emily keeps an eye on Beth to ensure that she's staying put. And Joanna steals several appraising glances

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of her.

Finally, Joanna asks Emily "is that your latest pussy toy?" And looks right at Beth. Beth immediately blushed a deep, beet red. She shirks back as if trying to vanish into the wall behind her. Her face even wrinkles up a little.

"Yeah," Emily answers, "that bitch is Elizabeth. "The old hag can't seem to get her hubby's dick up, so she's here to learn how to fuck." Emily does not lower her voice. She keeps it where Beth can hear exactly how bluntly her shortcomings are being bared to this rather young-looking girl. How Emily has no regard for Beth's privacy. How easily Emily just utterly humiliated her and doesn't seem to care one bit about it. Which, knowing Emily, she doesn't.

"Hmph," Joanna says softly. "Her boobs are small and saggy..."

Beth blushes a little deeper, cringes harder, and shirks back more. Not that she can actually move, she's already pressed hard against the wall.

Emily giggles. "SO! They are like, so floppy! Go see for yourself if you want, girl."

Joanna grins wide. "Don't mind if I do." She gets up to her feet.



Beth cringes hard, her face now scrunched up as hard as it will go. She quivers slightly. And she looks as if she's going to run off any second.

Emily stays where she is, on the sofa. She picks up her belt. The heavy leather one she took from Ken's closet. She holds it up a second, then lays it across her lap. She makes sure Beth sees it, too.

Joanna looks to be about 5'4" the same as Emily. About the same size

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body, too. Only a bit bustier. I'd bet Joanna is a good C-cup. Her hair is long, to the bottoms of her shoulders, and straight. It's platinum blond, but like Beth's, it's out of a bottle. She has a slightly rounded face with soft features and flowing lines. She has a wide smile framed with medium pink, and slightly bright, plush lips.

Today Joanna is wearing skin-tight, slightly faded, jeans that are cut off just below her knees to show her rather toned and shapely legs. She has sneakers with peach ankle socks on to leave as much of her legs exposed as possible. She has a long sleeve, thin, cotton top on. It's rather snug fitting on her. It has a huge dip in the front, showing a good slice of her chest, as well as the insides and some of the top of her breasts. It's also cut off a little short, baring about two inches of her stomach above the jeans.

Joanna steps right over to Beth. She casually reaches out and puts her hand to Beth's soft mound. Joanna ignores Beth's cringing and calmly squishes the mound. She firmly kneads it in her hand. After several squishes, she takes her hand back and puts a single finger to the top of it. She draws her finger straight down the mound. She doesn't stop, drawing it along the top of Beth's rock-hard nipple. Those nipples have been hard since Joanna stepped into the house. I doubt Joanna missed it, either. Beth must know, that whatever the future holds for her, it will be nicely humiliating, and therefore arousing, for her. "Uh, yeah," Joanna says to Emily, "like water balloons!" There's a bit of a giggle in Joanna's voice, too. And more than a bit of disapproval. "Lordy, I hope I never sag like that!"

Emily just grins. "Elizabeth's pussy is a bit flat, too, but at least her ass isn't as flabby as those boobs. Check it out," Emily tells Joanna without any reservation.

It gets a bit deeper of a blush and a harder cringe from Beth to hear the critical assessment of her intimate

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attributes.

Joanna puts her hand to Beth's stomach. "Not as bad..." Ignoring Beth, Joanna turns back to Emily. "What, like, just, tell her what to do?"

"Elizabeth," Emily says, her voice half giggling and half firm, "turn around and show Miss Poole your fat ass."

"Yes, Ma'am," Beth replies in a very hushed, demure, and disgusted voice. She slowly turns around, putting her face to the wall. She inches forward quickly, pushing herself firmly against it. Then she stands there, her body cringed inward, but her bottom on display.

Emily just points to Beth's bottom.

Joanna casually puts her hand to it. Maybe she notices the faint pinkness to it, maybe not. Beth, in Emily's opinion, wasn't attentive enough to serving her at lunch. Beth's bottom paid for the perceived shortcoming. If Joanna notices the fading pinkness, she says nothing. Nor does she shy away from touching Beth's globes because of it.

Instead, Joanna lets her hand gently glide over Beth's bottom. Several times, feeling every bit of her petite globe. Then Joanna gives that a little squeeze, too. Just as a guy might. She gives it a second, slightly harder squeeze, this time letting the tips of her fingers slip to Beth's crack, stopping only where Beth's cheeks touch together.

It gets a hard cringe from Beth. One so hard that her body moves as it tenses and pulls inward on itself. I'd bet Joanna can feel the tightness in Beth's bottom, too. It also gets steep goosebumps erupting over the cheek and into Beth's crack.

Joanna takes her hand from Beth's bottom. She stops her hand about six inches back. She swats Beth's bottom. It's a light swat, her hand barely had room to get

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moving. It doesn't even leave a hand print. But it does make a modest crack. And more importantly to Joanna, it gets the layer of loose flesh atop those toned muscles to jiggle slightly. It gets a little shiver from Beth, too. "Uh, yeah, not as flabby as her boobs..."

The "lesson plan" calls for Emily to humiliate, degrade, and embarrass Beth as much as she possibly can. It's not hard for a woman to think of ways to embarrass another woman. Emily reaches over to Beth's bottom. She doesn't even try to be gentle or affectionate, but she's not intentionally being rough either. She just grabs hold of Beth's cheeks and pulls them wide apart to stretch Beth's crack fully open.

"But she does have cute, and very fuckable, little pink asshole, don't you think?" Emily says to Joanna.

Joanna averts her eyes. It doesn't matter, Beth has her face in the wall and isn't seeing anything. She thinks Joanna is probably staring and gawking at it. And Beth is wondering just what Emily is planning for that "fuckable" hole. "ICK-EEE" Joanna sings out. "I so never got why boys want to stick their dicks in there so bad."

Emily giggles. Loudly. And hard. "I am so never doing that! You should have seen Elizabeth when I picked her up! Mistress had this whole, like big, vibrator up her ass, and she loved it... I guess, maybe, boys like it because on bitches like Elizabeth, it's the only tight place for their dicks?"

Now it's Joanna that giggles.

Emily releases Beth's cheeks and tells Beth to turn around. Beth does, her face still blushed. She holds her head up but clearly has her eyes downcast. Trying hard not to see the two barely adults mocking her body.

"If you can think of any use for this bitch that, like wouldn't totally disgust you, help yourself. Have fun."

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Emily tells Joanna.

"I guess, maybe like a massage, wouldn't be so awful..." Joanna answers. She winks to Emily. Beth completely misses it.

Emily snaps her fingers. "Elizabeth, take Ms. Poole's shirt and bra off *very sweetly* for her. Now, bitch."

"Yes, Ma'am," Beth manages to eke out the words. Her hands come around, but rather slowly. Her fingers tremble lightly as she reaches to Joanna's waist. Her hands start slowing down.

"Elizabeth!" Emily snaps as she picks up the belt. "Behave your worthless ass, bitch, or so help me, Ms. Poole will get to watch you over my knees getting your fat butt blistered like the naughty little baby you're acting like, bitch. Now get her shirt and bra off, and if you want to be sitting the rest of the week, you'll be a very sweet bitch."

"Yes, Ma'am," Beth blurts out quickly and nervously. By now she's learned that Emily is serious. There won't be another warning. Instead, if Emily is displeased, Beth will be over her knees. And the belt will be swatting her bottom nice and red. That's bad enough. For Joanna to be allowed to watch her punishment would be much worse.

Beth's hands still tremble, but they don't waste any time returning to Joanna's waist. Beth takes hold of the bottom hem of Joanna's shirt and starts slowly lifting it up. This is a skill Beth has already learned, but only with Ken for her practice dummy. Joanna is the first woman Emily has had her undress. But it's done the same. Beth tentatively puts the flat of her hands to Joanna's sides. She hooks the shirt with her thumbs. Smoothly she starts lifting her hands, caressing Joanna's sides as she raises the blouse up. It takes Beth about 20 seconds to get the blouse up to Joanna's shoulders. And then about as long to slip it over Joanna's head, pull Joanna's long hair through, and slip her arms out of the sleeves.

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Beth keeps the blouse. Now she moves quickly as she turns it right side out. Beth folds the blouse very neatly, making sure there isn't a wrinkle anywhere, and then sets it on a desk off to her side.



It reveals Joanna's bra. It's a rather cute, one. It has almost full cups of solid lace, the insides of them lined with a thin layer of foam that emphasizes her breasts. It's bright pink. It has a narrow band around her back, and tiny straps, thinner than spaghetti, over her shoulders. It's fairly frilly, too.

Beth has to reach around Joanna to get to the single clasp in the back. It forces Beth to step in close to Joanna. So close that Beth's bare breasts almost touch Joanna. Beth gets the clasp undone, and the strap falls to Joanna's sides. The bra stays in place, covering Joanna's breasts. Beth puts her hands to Joanna's sides again and softly brings them up, slipping them under the sides of the bra. She lifts the cups free from Joanna's breasts, then slips the straps off Joanna's shoulders. Beth slips the bra down Joanna's arms and off. She folds it just as neatly and puts it atop the blouse.



And that has Joanna's breasts as bare as Beth's. Beth stands before Joanna. She hesitates for a brief second. Then she leans forward and plants a soft kiss atop Joanna's nipple. Joanna doesn't shudder, but her nipple instantly pops to full stiffness.

Joanna has rather pert breasts.

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They're larger than Beth's, probably close to double the size. But Beth's are fairly small. I'd guess Joanna is a C-cup. Her breasts look to be soft, but it's obvious to me that they aren't. They're just big enough that their weight is making them lie against her chest with a slight crease at their undersides. Her breasts are fairly pointy, too. Almost like cones. Except that each cone is topped with a fairly wide ring of dark brownish pink. And with a wide, but short, nipple. Nipples that very quickly stiffen to steel at the touch of Beth's hot mouth and wet lips.

Beth very nervously faces Joanna. She quickly brings her hands behind her back. She tries very hard not to look at, or see, the teenager in front of her. The one whose breasts she just kissed softly. Beth quivers, this time with more nervousness. As if she wonders how Joanna is going to respond to that.

Instead Emily holds up a bottle of Jasmine-scented warming massage oil. "Try this it's---" Emily says.

"OH, gimme!" Joanna squeals eagerly. "Oh, that looks delicious!" Emily hands it over. Joanna snatches it from Emily's hand and thrusts it out to Beth. "Here... bitch." Joanna giggles slightly as she decides to call Beth "bitch," as Emily has been, instead of using her name. "Use it on me. All the way from the waist up. And don't rush... bitch."

"Yes, Ma'am," Beth answers. She takes the bottle. A few minutes later, Joanna is on Emily's bed, on her stomach but nude from the waist up. Beth stands nude beside the bed, the bottle of oil on the nightstand now. Beth's hands, covered with warming oil, start with Joanna's shoulders and very slowly work their way down her back, kneading her muscles gently.

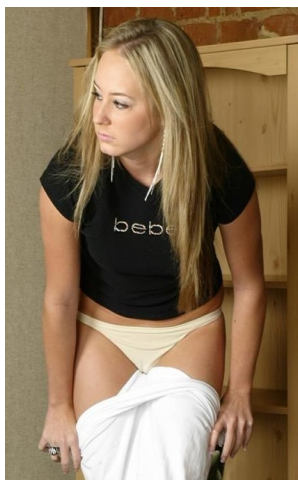
Emily stands off to the side. She keeps the belt in her hand, sometimes, randomly, making little noises with it to remind Beth to be very attentive to Joanna. Beth has Joanna's long hair brushed to the side, leaving Joanna's

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narrow neck bare for her hand.

Beth doesn't rush. Nevertheless, Emily firmly snaps for Beth to slow down a couple of times, adding "I want Miss Poole to enjoy it, bitch." Beth slows down. Joanna doesn't have a single complaint. She lies, softly purring, as Beth massages her.

After about 45 minutes, Emily asks Joanna "Would you like the bitch to get your legs, too? I don't mind what you do with it."



"Oh, that sounds so awesome!" Joanna eagerly accepts. With a reluctant moan, Joanna swings her legs off the bed and rises to her feet. Almost instantly, Joanna is sliding her too-tight jeans down. She takes a pair of black panties down with them. Joanna hesitates only once, and only for a couple of seconds as she has to wiggle the jeans the last bit off her hips. When she does, she has them bunched up under her bottom, letting Beth see her rather firm, fully toned bottom with its soft, flowing, very delicate curves. It looks to be a very

rounded and shapely bottom. A bottom I'd love to get over my knees.

Now fully nude, Joanna is back on the bed, lying on her stomach. She's barely wiggled herself comfortable when she barks "what are you waiting for, bitch? Massage everything, from the tips of my toes to the tip of my neck. Sweetly, like you just pretended to do."

Emily decides now is as good of a time as any. She snaps the belt, cracking it against Beth's bottom. It's a firm crack, but far from hard. It sears a light pink stripe across Beth's soft globes. "Bad bitch!" Emily scolds Beth.

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"I said to give Miss Poole a very sweet massage, not pretend to!" Emily glances over to Joanna. Joanna lies there, not moving, but with a questioning look on her face. Emily grins wide to her and winks as if to say "watch this." "Now apologize to her, and then start over at her shoulders. This time it had better be the tenderest, most relaxing, the *hottest* massage you've ever wished for, bitch." Emily swats Beth's bottom again, lighter this time, with the belt. Just to remind her not to disappoint.

"Yes, Ma'am," Beth blurts out frantically. She turns to face the laying Joanna. "Miss Poole, I'm very sorry for not giving you the best massage, Ma'am."

Beth's hands are back on Joanna's shoulders. "Oohhh..." Joanna purrs softly.

It's a little over thirty minutes before Beth finally inches her way down to Joanna's waist again. Beth stalls, working her way around Joanna's waist and hips while deftly avoiding her bottom. It lasts about half a minute. Now Beth has nowhere left to go, except to either massage Joanna's bottom or skip it.

Beth knows better than to skip anything. But she still anxiously wonders if Joanna is going to want that massaged. She starts very slowly inching her hands onto the tops of Joanna's globes. Her hands are barely an inch onto Joanna's bottom before Beth feels the tone of those globes.

Immediately a mask of surprise washes over Beth's face. The skin of Joanna's bottom is silky soft and delicate. Underneath, it's one solid tone, like the stiffest wet sponge. Squishable, but also hard. As if Joanna's cheeks are all youthful muscle without an ounce of fat on them, yet somehow still have a perfect curve to them. They're the kind of cheeks Beth would die to have.

Joanna purrs as Beth's hands very softly knead her cheeks. Joanna purrs eagerly. "Oh, yeah, that feels good,

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bitch, slow down, give me more of it..."

Beth takes about five or six minutes to softly knead Joanna's bottom. Then her hands reach the bottom of Joanna's globes. "Oh, no," Joanna groans "Don't skip on my butt, bitch! That feels so good... do it again!"

"Yes, Ma'am," Beth answers. By the time Joanna allows Beth's hands to leave her bottom, Beth has been down it, up it again, and back down it. And then Beth spends another half hour slowly massaging her way to the very tips of Joanna's toes.

Joanna breathes out the deepest sigh. She rolls over, baring her nude front. She looks up to Emily. "You said I could have this bitch, right? Like for whatever?"

"Go ahead, use the bitch however you want," Emily tells her. It's an unnecessary question. Emily already made it clear to Joanna what Beth was available for.

"Good... I want to cum. Eat my pussy, bitch," Joanna tells Beth, her voice half dreamy already. Joanna slowly slides her feet apart, baring her pussy to Beth.

Beth hesitates. Before Emily has to discipline her, her head is moving, just slowly, towards Joanna's freshly shaven, smooth mound. Joanna has some plump, wide lips on her pussy. She has long folds that rise out through her wide gash, too. She's wet, a light layer of creamy honey clinging to her gash.

Beth is very reluctant. She slowly slides into place, on her knees between Joanna's legs. Then she leans her head forward just as slowly. Her hands go to Joanna's hips, more to steady herself than anything else. In front of Beth's eyes, Joanna's pussy with its puffing mound and protruding, thick, wrinkly inner folds, is shamelessly offered up. Beth takes a deep breath, her face wrinkling up, and puts her lips to the top of Joanna's slit.

"Lower, bitch!" Joanna purrs loudly, a fair bit of

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disappointment in her voice as if she expected better from Beth. "Don't you know how to eat a pussy?"

"No, Ma'am," Beth answers, her voice as embarrassed as her blushing face.

"Let me help," Emily says to Joanna. Joanna doesn't object. Emily grabs Beth's head and puts it in place, Beth's lips now pushing firmly against the thick knot of Joanna's folds that nestle her clit.

Emily, her girly voice now rather firm and moderately condescending, as if she can't believe she has to teach Beth something so basic, instructs Beth in what to do. I have a standard technique that I like my toys to know for orally pleasuring a female. Part of Beth's lessons was always going to be to learn it. It will give Olive more options to use Beth once I return her.

Emily tells Beth to open her lips wide, surrounding as much of Joanna's mound as she can. Then to press the tip of her tongue into Joanna's moist slit and wiggle it to find the rock-hard nub that's Joanna's clit. Beth obediently lies her tongue softly against the nub as her face wrinkles in revulsion.

Emily has Beth slowly circle her tongue around Joanna's stiff clit. Just once, and as slowly as Beth can make it move. Joanna purrs out a girly "OOH!" and squirms lightly, letting Beth know that she likes it.

Once Beth's tongue has made its circle, Emily has her close her lips around just one of Joanna's folds. Beth, sucking gently, slides her head down a bit letting Joanna's meaty thick fold glide between her lips while her tongue caresses the wet underside of it. Beth's face wrinkles a little more now that she gets a full taste of Joanna.

Emily tells Beth to suck her way down the entire length of the fold until she reaches the very bottom next to Joanna's tunnel then Beth opens her mouth again, stretching her lips wide and using them to push Joanna's

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soft plump lips aside. With her lips flush against Joanna's pinkness, Beth sucks gently. She puts the tip of her hot tongue to the very rim of Joanna's tunnel. And then Beth slowly circles her tongue around Joanna's creamy wet tunnel. As it goes, Beth licks a thick coating of Joanna's creamy honey onto her tongue. Her tongue strokes the tunnel, not Joanna's pinkness, barely touching Joanna's fiery hot, spongy walls.

"UH-MMM!" Joanna purrs out in a girly but muted soft breath. "OOH!!!" Joanna squirms a little more as goosebumps erupt over her smooth pubes.

After a single circle around Joanna's tunnel, Emily tells Beth to shift her mouth to the other fold and suck her way up that, just as she sucked her way down the other fold. It moves Beth's mouth back to Joanna's hard clit.



"MM..." Joanna purrs softly as Beth's lips begin to open again. Emily tells Beth to keep going. To do exactly what she did over again, this time without Emily telling her what to do step-by-step. And then again. And again. Until someone tells her to stop. Which will be only once Joanna has had her fill of Beth's mouth and tongue.

Beth keeps going. Emily warns her not to speed up. Not to rush Joanna along. To "eat her pussy leisurely," so that Joanna can enjoy Beth's "slutty tongue" as long as she wishes. Beth's tongue takes another slow swirl around Joanna's clit.

For one or two "laps" around her pussy, Joanna lies on Emily's bed, squirming lightly and purring happily. Soon, Joanna's legs start to tremble. A couple of laps after that, her legs are closing around Beth's head. Since

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Joanna's legs clamped around Beth's ears and holding her head in place would interfere with Beth making proper laps as Emily taught her, Beth brings her hands up to Joanna's pubes and legs. She uses them to keep Joanna's quivering legs from closing just enough that she can move her head.

Now Joanna's purrs start to ring with a budding urgency. Her head rolls, slowly at first but quickly picking up speed, from side to side. Soon Joanna's shoulders are squirming along with her rolling head. Joanna grips the sheets under her, her hands tightening up and pulling hard on them. Joanna's back arches up a bit. "UHHHH!" Joanna lets out a single long moan. "Oh, don't you dare stop, bitch!" Joanna purrs. Her hands release the sheet. They go to Beth's head, her fingers slipping through Beth's silky hair and lacing through it. Joanna grips Beth's head. Her hands and fingers grip Beth's head firmly, but her arms let Beth move enough to keep going.

In another minute Joanna's hips are squirming hard. Eagerly. Joanna purrs louder, more urgent moans. She quivers more sharply. And now Joanna's pussy is trying hard to grind against Beth's face. With a little stern reminder from Emily, Beth doesn't let it. Beth keeps tonguing Joanna the way Emily instructed her. Joanna keeps squirming and purring eager moans. Her pussy slowly weeps fresh honey for Beth to lick up, keeping her feminine, slightly sweet, fiery hot, and musky taste fresh in Beth's mouth. Making sure that Beth can't tell herself she's doing anything but what she is: eating pussy.

Joanna doesn't last that long. Several minutes, but quick ones. She squirms around energetically enough to pull a corner of the sheets from Emily's bed. Emily doesn't seem to care. I'm sure she's going to have Beth change those sheets anyway.

"UHHHHHH!" Joanna cries out loudly, her body suddenly tensing hard. Her back arches as high as it can, forcing Beth's chin into the mattress. Joanna freezes for a

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short second. "UH-AHHHHHH!" Joanna screams loudly. Her back dives for the mattress, crashing against it and snapping her hips up. Her legs slam shut around Beth's head, clamping it and bringing it up with her pussy. Joanna's hips shudder hard. Her head digs back into the bed, still thrashing about, now so powerfully that her long hair is flying around wildly. Joanna lets go of Beth's head, balls her hands into fists, and pounds them down hard against the mattress on both sides of her hips. It goes on for a long moment, maybe a quarter of a minute that Joanna spends screaming out a couple more sensual "AH!s"

Joanna's body loosens, falling limp on the bed. She shudders hard. Her legs release Beth's head. Her hands quiet. A second later another intense wave crashes over Joanna. Her body tenses again, slamming her legs against Beth's ears, clamping it in place as Joanna's hips thrust up and snap a wide squirm. Joanna screams out "AHHHHH!" again, pounding her fists against the bed. As the wave flows, Joanna falls limp again.

Over the next minute or so at least a dozen waves crash over Joanna, each one getting the same reaction from her, only slightly less intense. Her screams fade to mere girly, and ultra erotic cries. Finally, Joanna lies spent, her body quivering violently, and sated.

Joanna pants a couple of raspy breaths. She shoves Beth's head back. "Mmmm... Oh, that was delicious, girl friend," she says, clearly to Emily, not Beth. Joanna lies, quivering and panting... "Mmm..."

Beth kneels between Joanna's legs. When Joanna shoved Beth's head away, Beth rose up. It lets Emily see the clear and creamy honey, still fresh and wet, clinging to Beth's lips. There's even a film of it on the bottom of Beth's nose. That should be giving Beth a good whiff of Joanna's very sweet scent. A scent laced with only a faint muskiness. A rather girly and feminine scent. Another reminder to Beth of what she did.

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Joanna lies with her eyes closed, her head to the side. After half a minute of nothing but purring "Mmms" that soften, Joanna, in a very soft and dreamy voice, says "I want more... Do you mind if I borrow your bitch a little more..."

"Whatever you want," Emily tells Joanna.

"Get busy, bitch... get that soft tongue up here and lick my boobs."

Emily doesn't wait. She pushes Beth's head down and forward, right to the mound of Joanna's breast. Joanna's pointy breast holds its shape, spreading out and falling into her chest only a little, as she lies. Emily tells Beth to stretch her mouth wide and take as much of the tip of Joanna's breast into her mouth as she can. Then to swirl her tongue around Joanna's stiff, short nipple as if it were Joanna's clit. Ten full swirls. Then Emily has Beth kissing around the entire mound. The other mound waits its turn.

After several long minutes, Joanna slowly reaches a fumbling hand up and, on its second try, finds Beth's head. She grips Beth's hair, tugging crudely up. It's enough for Beth to let her head move. Joanna brings Beth's head up. And pulls it down, putting Beth's lips to hers. They kiss a long kiss. It's more eager on Joanna's part, but Beth does a decent job of returning it without detailed instructions from Emily.

Joanna finally breaks the kiss, nudging Beth's head back just a little. "You're going to eat me until I pass out, bitch. Kiss you way down my body. Suck my boobs again, and then eat me like you just did. Make me cum in your mouth again, bitch." Joanna lets go of Beth and lightly taps her head, getting Beth moving.

Emily stands watch, making sure that Beth not only obeys Joanna but puts her best effort into every little lick of her tongue. Every time.

Joanna never quite passes out. But after a third

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orgasm, she's fairly close. She lies lost, loose, spent, and quivering. She says nothing, not giving Beth any instructions. She pants, catching her breath, but otherwise doesn't move. Emily tells Beth to kiss Joanna's body. Beth does. Joanna barely reacts to it.

Fifteen minutes later Joanna finally drags herself out of Emily's bed and pulls her clothes back on. Her black panties are almost up, almost covering her bare bottom. Beth is on her knees, waiting patiently beside the bed. Joanna pays Beth no attention at all as if she were furniture. Her bottom, sticky with a coat of drying, smeared honey, is all but shoved in Beth's face as she pulls her panties up. Her voice still dreamy and girly, Joanna says to Emily "if boys could do that, I might not be a lesbian."

Beth turns green and almost heaves.



Chapter Eleven -Housebreaking

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As soon as Penny got Fred and Grace back to their house, she laid down the same rules for them. With a few additions, all necessitated by their being in Fred's house instead of Penny's. She kept both fully nude the entire time, from the instant they arrived. She made Fred take everything electronic out of Grace's bedroom. Both things that are plugged in, such as the TV, and everything with a battery in it. It left the room without even a clock. Seeing that there is a street light just outside the window, she had Fred cover the window with aluminum foil to block the light. It blocked all the light.

Penny had Grace "clean out" the bathroom off the hall. She allowed her to leave nothing in it, not even a half roll of toilet paper. She had the minimal necessities left on a table in the hall, close to the bathroom. The only thing Penny allowed her to leave was the shower curtain. Not even the soap stayed.

Penny kept them both busy the entire weekend. And she didn't have any trouble doing so. Their house was fairly well cleaned. She found fault. Enough to keep finding chores for them to do.

Immediately she put the nude Grace into her role as Fred's wife. Grace got the "wifely chores," such as cooking. She had Grace serve her properly and humbly. On her knees. When it didn't interfere with serving her, Grace served Fred as well. Only then was Grace allowed her supper.

Both were quickly surprised with Penny. As I wanted, she supervised them very intensely. Neither was permitted even the most basic of choices. Such as using the toilet. Neither is allowed to go nor to ask Penny permission to go. Instead, as she sees fit, one or the other was simply told to come into the bathroom, and then told to pee, poop, or both. Penny would stand over them and make sure they behaved, too. She'd always bring the other along, having him or her stand facing the wall. That way Penny could

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watch them both. Neither was ever allowed from sight.

Penny stayed on top of them. Even the most minor of slips brought a swift, and stern, punishment. Penny tolerated nothing. Nor did Penny ever allow either to see her less than fully dressed. Including her shoes. That's a sight Fred clearly lusted for, more so as time went on.

The over-bearing and strict, slightly harsh, domineering manner was beyond anything Fred had ever experienced before. Both Olive and I can be as strict, but we're not there for several days at a time, never giving the toys even a fraction of a second's respite. Penny was. Both quickly adapted, and accepted Penny's intensity.

Fred was very unpleasantly surprised Monday morning. It was time for him to go to work. At least it was when he normally would. Yet he was fully naked, and Penny hadn't said a word about work. As the owner, he can work when he pleases, but he also knows leaving the business in the employee's hands for too long isn't a great idea.

But a minute later Penny produced a set of clothes for him. She took him to the garage, where the garage door stood wide open, and stood him just outside the door into the house. There is a good-sized chest freezer there. It blocks the direct sightline from the street, but it's only tall enough to block up to his hips. Beyond that hangs some lawn care equipment which partly obscures the view. From the street, no one could see more than Fred standing shirtless, which is acceptable for men. It's probably a sight they've seen on weekend afternoons of lawn mowing. Penny brought Grace along as well but had her down on her knees, which left only the top of her head above the freezer. To see any more of either, someone would have to trespass about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the way up their driveway. Not something a neighbor or passerby is likely to do.

Penny used the freezer for a table, setting Fred's

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clothing atop it. Then she fully searched Fred's body. She stopped just before his rectal exam, holding the tip of her gloved finger firmly pressed against the ring of his asshole. Fred stood with his face almost touching the door, and that put his bottom almost to the end of the freezer. It had Penny back enough that she was in full view, but she was fully dressed. Grace demurely waited on her knees beside Fred, facing him, her head about even with his hips.

"Frederick, you will prove to me that you can be a good little boy today. Make sure your filthy little penis behaves while I inspect your rectum." Penny tells him as her finger starts pushing into his bottom. By then both Fred and Grace were fairly used to feeling Penny's slender fingers slipping deep into their bottoms. Fred grunted only lightly as she entered him. Penny kept her eyes on Fred's cock as it hung down between his legs, just below her hand. Soft, he barely has three inches, and it's less than ½" thick. His balls almost fully hide it. Penny took her time, probing his bottom fully, and then probing around a bit more. Very slowly, but steadily, Fred's cock began to stiffen. Penny knows full well that she could stiffen it in two seconds, whether he wanted her to or not. She's not trying to. She's doing exactly what she wants to do. Giving Fred the lesson I laid out, in very excruciating detail, for her to give him today.

That's when the car pulls into the driveway and parks. I'd say it's perfect timing, but it's not. It's well planned. My toys know that I am a very strict stickler for punctuality. When I tell a toy to be here at 9:00, I expect the toy to knock at 9:00, not 8:59, and definitely not 9:01. Nowadays everyone has a cell phone, and the clocks are set on them by the cell companies, constantly updated and synchronized so that everyone has the same time. Jess was told to arrive at 06:25, and that's exactly when she pulls in. I'm sure she waited, idling, a couple of houses down the street. Just as she'd have waited in the hall outside my apartment if she were coming here. Penny

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knew when Jess would arrive. She waited until 06:20 to bring them out to the garage, and then made sure her inspection of Fred took just long enough that he would be standing with her finger in his bottom when Jess arrived.

Jess is rather plainly two things: the youngest of them all, and the smallest of them. She looks like she should be in high school. Which she just finished a couple of weeks ago. She is 18, and soon to be 19.

Jess gets out and locks her car. She walks right to Penny, whom she knows rather intimately well. "Hey ya, Miss Brinkmann," Jess greets Penny. Fred flinches as he hears Jess's voice. She's obviously young. But with his face close to the door, he can't see anything more than the cuffs of her jeans and pastel pink sneakers. Grace can't see anything either, Jess is behind the line of her shoulders. Grace merely kneels and waits. Fred cringes slightly as he feels Penny's finger still in his bottom and knows that whoever this is, she's seeing him submit to it. The sudden, unexpected embarrassment starts his cock stiffening.

Penny prods him a little more firmly, getting a little grunt from Fred. And a twitch from his now half-stiff cock. "Frederick, you promised me you'd be a good little boy. Your penis is starting to get erect, and you know that's very naughty and disgusting. Behave."

"Yes, Ma'am," Fred answers. Everyone knows he has little hope of behaving.

Penny lightens up but goes on exploring his rectum. She turns aside, letting Grace see that she's paying no attention to Fred. She greets Jess. "Hey, Ms. Speer, how are you doing today?"

"Oh, I'm great!" Jess answers.

Penny slips her finger from Fred's bottom. She has him stand up and turn around. It has his cock very slightly

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beyond the line of the freezer, but now Jess is leaning against it to block the sight line. She tells him to step back halfway to the door.

Penny tells Grace to dress her husband. Grace starts with his boxer shorts. She pulls them up his legs. Penny stops her when Grace has the waistband of them just below his cock, mostly covering his balls now. "Show your husband Frederick how much you'll miss him today. With your mouth, slut."

"Yes, Ma'am," Grace answers. Her face still shows a twinge of revulsion, even though she's had his cock in her mouth a few times by now. She doesn't let it slow her down. She just leans forward, rising slightly on her knees, twists her shoulders around so that her head is facing him, and stretches her mouth wide. His small, semi-rigid cock slips quickly into her mouth, her lips closing around the shaft. Her cheeks pull in slightly as she sucks. Grace starts working her head back and forth, his cock slipping through her silky lips. In two strokes, his cock is as hard as steel.

Fred starts breathing deep, obviously measured and controlled breaths. He works hard not to let the urgency erupting in his cock show. It takes everything he can muster to stay still as Grace goes on sucking him, taking every bit of his length on every stroke.

Penny is only teasing Fred. She gives him about fifteen seconds of utter bliss before telling Grace that's enough. Grace finishes the stroke and releases his cock from her mouth. "I will miss you so much today, husband. I am so going to be thinking about that incredible penis the whole day and praying I can have it when you get home, big guy," Grace tells Fred in her sugariest voice. A voice that, until a few days ago, was reserved for Garrett. Penny has Grace finish dressing him but makes her stay on her knees. It's a good thing Grace is a tall girl. Even so, she has to stretch her arms to get to his shoulders.

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Penny has chosen a nice, but modest, suit for Fred. It's about Wal-Mart grade. It has gray slacks with a matching blazer and a white shirt. A black leather belt, black shoes, and socks to finish the outfit off. Grace doesn't have any of the accessories to give him. No keys. No wallet. Nor the sidearm he carries on his belt. Penny has all of those, except his weapon which she has locked in the glove box of her car.

Penny is wearing another of her nice, very classy, skirt suits. This one has a deep crimson skirt and blazer with a crème-colored blouse. And crimson spiked heels. Looking at the pair objectively, anyone would assume that Penny is several rungs higher on the ladder than Fred. Both professionally and socially. She is the epitome of classy. He looks more like a blue-collar guy stuffed into a suit.

Penny has Fred turn his back. She pulls his hands behind him and locks his handcuffs around his wrists. As a bail bondsman, Fred is never without cuffs. He gets too much use out of them to leave them behind. I'd bet it's the first time he's worn his own cuffs, though. She leashes him, still not telling him where they're going. All Fred knows is that she's taking him somewhere. Maybe he suspects where. Maybe not. He usually wears jeans and a pullover shirt for work.

"This slut is Grace," Penny tells Jess. She points to the kneeling woman. "She is yours until I return. I'm using her daddy here for a practice dummy to teach her how to be a proper wife. Take good care of the slut." Penny steps away, leading Fred along by the leash, and leaving Grace in Jess's care.

Penny walks Fred to her car and buckles him in the passenger seat. She drives him to his office in Bay Minette, just down from the jail. She mercifully parks behind the building, where there's much less chance of being seen, and gets him out of the car. She takes the

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leash and collar off. She very sternly, in her iciest voice, warns him to behave. Then she takes his cuffs off and slips them into her pocket.

Penny, as she just told him she would do, does not leave his side. Never. She is always close enough to him to reach out and grab him. It doesn't matter to Penny if he's talking with associates or employees, or customers. It doesn't matter if he's alone in his little office or in the bathroom, Penny is right at his side.

Penny holds him to every one of the rules, too. The rule about being humble and polite to all is the one that gives him trouble. He's used to calling his employees, and most everyone, by first name. Not Mr. and Ms. And definitely not sir or ma'am. He struggles to pay close attention to that rule.

Penny has already made it clear to him that she does not care if he is utterly, absolutely, publicly humiliated. Should he misbehave, even the slightest, she will instantly punish him. Right then and there. She will have no mercy. She quotes me as she reminds him that if he isn't ashamed to let his playmates see him act up, then he shouldn't be ashamed for them to see him disciplined for his naughtiness.

Like most guys, he learns his lesson the hard way. As soon as he steps foot into the office, one of his employees is there. The man, probably in his 30's, quickly and appreciatively eyes Penny. She says nothing. "Hey Rick," Fred greets him, unable to tolerate the uncomfortable silence of simply walking past an employee he considers an almost-friend. Or of being a demure man and waiting for Rick to greet him.

Penny immediately slips her fingers under the buckle of Fred's belt and gets a good grip on it. She holds on as her hand rises up. Then it snaps down, spanking his bottom hard. The thin slacks do little to cushion the sting. Fred flinches hard at the swat. The crack of Penny's hand

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rings through the room. Rick just stares.

Fred, his bottom stinging hard now, steadies himself and says nothing. He stays still, Penny holding him and stopping him from walking. "Bad boy, Frederick!" She scolds him in her icy voice. "Where are your manners? Apologize properly, now."

"Yes, Ma'am," Fred answers, his voice cringing with shame. "Mr. Adams, I am sorry for being impolite to you, Sir."

Penny keeps her firm grip on his belt. She turns to Rick. "Hi, I don't think we've met. I'm Ms. Brinkmann. Think of me as Frederick's life coach." Penny smirks wide, leaving Rick little doubt as to what Penny actually is to Fred. She shakes his hand firmly, but also very femininely. "I'll be supervising Frederick today. He has to go stand in the corner for a while and think about his manners, so if anything comes up, just let me know, OK?" She bats her eyes at him. Rick assures her that he will.

In silence, she walks Fred into his office. She quickly looks around, then picks one corner. She has to move a potted fake plant out of it. She pulls Fred over to it and positions him in it. She leaves him there, reminding him what's expected of him. Penny does not close the door. She leaves it wide open. As the other two employees come in, and Rick fills them in, neither can resist the urge to peek and see Fred so shamefully standing in the corner like a naughty little boy.

My rules, and thus Penny's rules, for corner time, are simple. Fred must stand up straight and be still. He must keep his hands behind the small of his back. The tips of his toes, and nothing else, are to be touching the wall. He may not make a sound. He must keep his eyes wide open, staring at the nothingness in front of them. He'll stand there for 49 minutes. One minute for every year old he is. If he breaks a rule, even the tiniest bit, after a spanking he

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can start his time over again.

Frederick, having just learned that Penny isn't shy about spanking him publicly, or humiliating him publicly in any other way, stands very still. He demurely accepts his punishment and waits until Penny comes to get him out of the corner.

Penny, with a little more freedom to move now that Fred is in the corner, takes the opportunity to reintroduce herself to Rick, Sam, and Nancy, Fred's three employees. This time she introduces herself as "Penny." She also clearly, but softly and politely, in her friendly slightly gossipy girl voice, tells them that Fred doesn't know her name, and to please not use it in front of him. He doesn't need to know it. Even knowing her given name would slightly lower her aloof status in his mind.

She tells them that she's "associated with" his "owner, a dominatrix." She tells them that she's been asked by Fred's owner to "teach him some humility and manners, among other things." She tells them her lessons will likely be extremely degrading to Fred, and that's something he secretly won't mind. She also tells them that there is always a physical aspect to those lessons.

Penny deftly tells them that it is possible they may see something unpleasant done to Fred. Or that they may see "more of Fred" than would be "socially acceptable in a professional setting." It gets her point across. She asks if that would be a concern for any of them, adding that if so she will do her best to shield the objector from seeing anything. However, that might involve that person vanishing with only a slight cue from Penny.

All three give pretty much the same answer. They tell Penny that while they have no interest in seeing anything, or even knowing anything, none would be offended if they did. As long as Fred is consenting. Which so far he obviously is, or he wouldn't be standing in that corner. None mind her "exerting her authority" in the office

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either, as long as she doesn't expect anything different from them than Fred does. She smiles and tells them she doesn't expect much of anything from any of them, just to do their jobs. And if she gives an instruction that's "stupid," ignore it and do what should be done. She has no interest in the business beyond it continuing to operate normally. Her interest is only in "training" Fred.

All three of them have unanswered questions they don't dare ask. The men definitely wonder if they'll be treated to the sight of any more of Penny. All wonder how much of Fred they might see. Or more likely, how fast they'll have to avert their eyes not to see something they'd prefer not to. What little they do say tells Penny that none of the three really have any idea what a dominatrix really does, instead their knowledge is limited to Hollywood.

Penny asks them what Fred normally does during the day, and they all offer pretty close versions of his duties. Mostly Fred meets with "customers," those wishing to bond someone out of jail, keeps Sam up to date on who missed a court hearing, and thus will be hunted down and returned to jail, and sometimes deals with the criminals themselves if they're starting to worry him that they might be thinking court dates are optional appearances. Rick does about the same. Nancy is the office manager. Fred also coordinates with the other bondsmen, all of whom have offices very close by, so that they all know which criminals the others are looking for; they gladly pick them up for their competitors if found.

Once Fred's corner time is over, Penny gets him from the corner. She helps herself to his desk, settling in as if it were her own. She doesn't offer Fred a seat. She tells him to kneel beside her and wait "until she thinks of something his worthless butt can do for her."

Penny really has no idea what she's doing. She does work in offices and knows how they run. She knows nothing about how bail works, or what's involved in bailing

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someone out of jail. It doesn't stop her from looking busy, and important, as she shuffles through papers and looks them over.

Nancy, on her own, steers about as many of the customers to Rick as she can without making them wait. She knows they won't wait. Not with half a dozen bondsmen within a two-minute walk, all of whom have the same rates and terms.

Fred manages to behave for about fifteen minutes. That's when Sam comes in for the "morning briefing." He brings a second cup of coffee with him, which Penny takes and thanks him for. She completely ignores Fred and sips the coffee. She discretely takes notes as Sam tells her what's going on with the truant clients he's searching for. Including two of whom he returned to jail over the weekend. She'll figure out how to cancel their bonds later. Sam, for a couple of minutes, keeps shooting glances over to Fred. But after seeing Fred simply kneel in silence, and accept Penny's taking over, he shifts more and more of his attention to her.

And then, once business is out of the way, he starts to get slightly friendly with her, as if trying to see how friendly she will be towards him. He makes the mistake of asking if this is "a new interest of Fred's."

"Oh, no," Penny openly tells Sam, not showing the faintest hint of reluctance or modesty. "Mistress Olive has owned this *little* boy for several years now. She just sent him to Mistress Pepper this weekend because he's having trouble developing an erection with his wife Elizabeth unless his Mistress is there to 'whip him up.' Mistress Pepper is teaching the little boy Frederick how to be a man and how to appropriately use his very little penis."

Sam blanches a little at the overly candid response. Then again, Penny is trying her best to keep Fred as humiliated as possible. Outing his intimate inadequacies does that rather well.

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Well enough that Fred momentarily forgets his place. As the shame floods over him, he drops his eyes. And his head, looking down at the floor instead of forward. At least that way he doesn't have to see Sam seeing him as Penny tells him.

Penny isn't giving Fred an inch, just as she wouldn't at home, in the car, or here. She moves like lightning. She slides the chair back, scooting her bottom forward to sit on the edge of it as she does. She opens her knees slightly. Her left arm flies across her and grabs Fred's nose. If he had hair, she would have grabbed that, but since he doesn't his nose will have to do. She pinches it tightly and tugs forward.

In about two seconds, even before Sam realizes what's happening, Penny has Fred pulled over her knees. She has one thigh in the bend of his waist, and the other up to support his ribs. She ignores his arms, leaving them behind his back as they were. Her hands go to Fred's waist. It's not so easy, especially with him wearing a belt, but she made sure his clothes weren't too snug on him today. She shoves hard, but she gets his pants to slip off his hips, over his bottom, and down to his upper thighs.

That leaves Fred's hairy bottom very bare. It leaves his cock uncovered as well, but with him so quickly and crudely yanked over her knees, that's sandwiched snugly between his pubes and her thigh. Her skirt does nothing to dull the feel of it for her. She can feel it swelling to hardness already.

Penny's right hand easily unbuckles her belt and tugs it off. A little snap of her wrist bounces the free end up so she can catch it and double the belt over in her hand. She pretends Sam is not sitting across the desk. She raises her belt high. Her belt is fine leather, soft but strong. It's narrow, less than an inch across, and thin. It's a feminine belt. And it snaps down hard across Fred's soft globes.

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It lands with a loud, splitting crack that gets a hard flinch from Sam. Its swat is hard enough to drive into his globes, squishing the soft flesh up slightly at its edges. It falls from his bottom, revealing a modest red welt across both cheeks. A welt line that burns brightly and stings Fred worse than a line of thick needles.

Fred flinches hard, his muscles snapping suddenly as the belt strikes his bottom. His knees snap forward, bumping into the wheeled base of the desk chair. His back stiffens, arching up a bit. His feet rise off the floor, then kick back down. His hands grab his wrists and squeeze tightly. "UGH!" explodes from Fred's mouth with the air in his lungs.

"Bad boy!" Penny scolds him, her voice suddenly back into its iciest sternness. She's already bringing the belt back up for a second stroke. It lands just above the first, leaving an identical line across Fred's bottom. He grunts out louder this time. His eyes moisten as his body snaps. As he relaxes, the belt already up at the high point for another stroke, his bottom squirms, wiggling his cheeks.

The belt snaps a third welt across Fred's bottom, just above the other two. "OW!" Fred cries out as it lands. He snaps, then as he starts loosening, he starts squirming.

Penny can already feel the rock hardness of Fred's cock squished against her thigh. She sets the belt down. She shoves Fred's head up and back, pushing him off her knees and onto his.

Only now Fred's pants and underwear are around his upper thighs instead of his waist. As Fred kneels, tears running liberally down his cheeks, his cock stands out rigid and straight from the nest of black curls on his pubes. His balls dangle just beneath, just barely hanging low enough to touch the top of his clothes. But not enough to hide from view. His face is scrunched up and his eyes are red.

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Penny doesn't give Fred even a second to pull himself together. She barks the iciest command for him to apologize.

"Yes, Ma'am. I am very sorry for misbehaving by lowering my eyes, Ms. Brinkmann. Thank you very much for spanking my naughty bare bottom to correct me, Ma'am."

Sam keeps his eyes turned away, not wanting to see Fred's nakedness. Penny ignores Sam. She scowls down on Fred. "And what is that filthy little penis doing erect?" Her scathing voice is utter disgust and disapproval. It gets Sam's attention. The man, having heard more than seen the belt strikes on Fred's bottom, can't resist looking. His face is in absolute disbelief when he sees that Penny is serious. Fred's cock is rock hard. He quickly shifts his eyes away as Fred sobs.

"I'm very sorry, Ma'am, I don't know why my tiny penis is erect, Ms. Brinkmann."

"You don't think a woman, much less I, would actually want to see or touch that little needle, do you?"

"No, Ma'am," Fred's voice is shamefully hushed and still breaking with sobs.

"So a whipping with my belt makes your tiny penis ache to be touched?"

"Yes, Ma'am,"

"On your feet!" Penny barks out.

Fred forgets about his pants. He forgets Sam is still there. He flies up to his feet. It brings his cock up above the level of the desk, fully exposing it. Showing off how stiff it is. And its size.

Penny's hand grabs hold of Fred's balls. Very slowly she starts tightening her grip, squeezing and then squishing his balls uncomfortably in her hand. "Go on,

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Frederick, we'll just wait until your little penis is flaccid again." Julie keeps her hand low as she grips him, and away from the hard, lightly twitching, shaft.

"Yes, Ma'am. I will be a good boy for my babysitter, Ma'am. My tiny penis will not be erect at inappropriate times, Ma'am." Fred recites the line over and over again as Penny's grip steadily, but slowly, tightens to squish his balls harder and harder.

It takes a couple of minutes, and by then Penny has long been squishing his balls as hard as she dares. She's not trying to crush them, just to make him very uncomfortable. She succeeds. Fred is wincing hard, and the tears don't stop. But eventually, his cock softens. Penny gives him no mercy. She keeps her grip until his cock is fully soft. Only then, with his cock hanging down limply against the top of her hand, does she release her grip. Fred immediately sucks in a very relieved deep breath.

"Do you want Mr. Green here to use you for a girl and fuck you?"

"No, Ma'am!" Fred blurts out very quickly and firmly.

"Then why do you show him how little your erect penis is?"

"I don't know, Ma'am! I couldn't control it, Ma'am!" Fred blurts out nervously.

Penny turns to Sam. "Would you care to punish this little boy for inappropriately showing you his *erect* penis?"

"Nah, I'm good," Sam tells her.

Penny never thought he'd say anything but. She tells Fred to fix his pants. Then she orders him back onto his knees, adding "maybe now you'll behave."

Before the day is over, all three of his employees have seen him spanked. Some more than once. Penny is

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being overly strict, as I asked her to be.

Fred gets no work done. Penny won't let him. She does it herself, what there is of it. If she doesn't know what to do, she asks one of the others, relegating Fred to nothing more than an office decoration.

On Tuesday Fred is finally allowed to see an actual customer or two. Penny keeps his desk as her own, relegating Fred to sitting properly, and acting humbly, in a chair beside it.

Meanwhile, back at home, Jess doesn't hesitate to take control of Grace. She doesn't even wait until Penny has Fred in the car. It's not the first time that Jess has been around other toys. Nor is it the first time she's babysat one of them. She's helped to teach "slut skills" to others before as well. But this is her first time, on her own, with a toy for several days, and essentially its primary teacher despite being its babysitter.

I seriously thought about sending an older woman, around Beth's age, to teach Grace. But in the end, I decided on Jess, one of the few I have who is younger than 20, looks it, and acts it. I decided that Grace would likely see a middle-aged woman as a sort of mother figure; a sexually well-experienced woman imparting her knowledge to the next generation. Somewhat embarrassing, but not nearly as degrading as learning those same things from a younger woman.

Jess leaves Grace on her knees. And stays behind her where Grace can't see her. "I am Ms. Speer. I will be babysitting you while Ms. Brinkmann is out. You are expected to mind me as you would mind her. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Grace answers. She doesn't hesitate. She heard Penny say enough to know that I sent Jess. Grace, so far, has been unusually accepting of her role. She wouldn't challenge Jess's authority.

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"Good, then stand up and face me so that I can *fully* inspect that body. Isn't that such a great way for me to get to know you, Grace?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Grace says. She rises to her feet and faces Jess.

It lets Grace get her first view of Jess. And to see how much smaller, and obviously younger, Jess is. Jess, aware that the sightline is not blocking much of Grace, quickly has her step back into the place where Fred was just standing. It blocks more of the sight. But it still leaves only the hanging lawn care implements to block the sightline to Grace's huge breasts. Seeing that there's nothing Jess can do to further block it, she decides to hurry up just in case someone comes along and decides to find just the right place to gawk at those giant mounds from.



Jess stands barely 5'3" tall. She weighs 126 pounds, about average for a woman of her height. She has long brown hair, down past the bottoms of her shoulder blades, that she's wearing pulled back and braided. She has a small, slightly rounded face with smoothly flowing lines to it, brown eyes, a small nose, and a wide mouth with deep pink, and plush, lips. Today she's wearing glasses instead of contacts. She has several pairs but has chosen a pair with brown plastic frames and hugely oversized round lenses. Bimbo

glasses.

Jess is dressed as she normally would be. It's an outfit she's worn to school, and about everywhere. With her pink sneakers, she has on loose-fitting well-faded jeans. Above that a black "Harry Potter" t-shirt covered with a light gray hoodie. And she has a very light pink,

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loosely knit cap on. Even with all those clothes, one thing is readily apparent. Jess has very small breasts.

Jess doesn't delay. She very efficiently and thoroughly searches Grace's body. Just as fully as Fred was searched to leave. And then she takes Grace into the house to begin her day.

Grace's primary lesson for today is learning to fully embrace surrendering every tiny shred of control over herself, and her body, to another, without so much as thinking about herself. It's by far the hardest and most important lesson for a new sub to learn. It's a lesson Grace has been trying hard to learn, too.

Jess knows exactly what Grace's lessons for today hold. She knows what lessons Grace has already gotten from Penny, too. She knows Penny well enough to recognize the classy bitch persona and know just how Penny has been treating these two. And if that's not enough, she has very detailed instructions from me for the day. Instructions that Jess knows are best followed absolutely lest tomorrow it is Jess learning some harsh lessons.

She begins by taking Grace to the kitchen to clean up after breakfast. It's the exact same thing Penny had Grace do yesterday. As Penny is doing with Fred, Jess stays close at Grace's side, never letting Grace beyond Jess's short reach. She keeps her eyes closely on Grace, making sure the woman does what Penny taught her to do. Work without stopping for even a fraction of a second. To work diligently and finish her chore perfectly. And that's what Grace does. Without making Jess correct her.

Since Penny picked them up, both Grace and Fred have been learning a lesson that I call "potty training." Obviously, it's not a lesson so much in how to use a toilet, as it is in training her body on how to surrender control of her urges. It's a lesson that Grace will be continuing today

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with Jess. And every day for now.

It's a straightforward lesson. They have a strict schedule of rising at 05:00 so that Fred can be to work before 07:00. Bedtime is 21:00, which leaves Penny eight hours to see to her own needs. And sleep.

Grace's potty training begins when she rises at 05:00. Within a few minutes, she's taken to the toilet and required to pee and poop with Penny monitoring. She's expected to fully empty herself. Grace is told nothing. Not a single word other than telling her what to do on the toilet.

She's not told that it will be 09:00 before she's given another chance. After that, it's 13:00, and then 17:00 before a final chance just before her 21:00 bedtime. But after the weekend, I'm sure Grace has figured out that her chances will be limited. And very fully controlled when they are given.

Grace never knows the time, either. It's just that there aren't any clocks in the house easily visible to her. Just the ones on the kitchen appliances, and in Fred/Beth's bedroom, which is now off-limits to both of them. Penny is using that room as her own. The largest bedroom, with the private bath. Only Grace is taken in there, and only then cleans it with Penny very close at her side.

Grace doesn't know it's 09:00 when Jess stops her from the chores she's doing simply by telling Grace to stop and "stand." Grace obediently stops working, sets things down, stands up, brings her hands behind her back, and opens her feet the width of her shoulders. Then she looks straight ahead, eyes wide open, and quietly waits for whatever.

Jess stands out of Grace's sight as she pulls a latex glove onto her right hand. Then she steps over in front of Grace. Without saying anything to Grace, Jess slips her hand down to Grace's pussy mound. Jess uses two fingers,

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held stiff and straight, and presses those straight upward, through Grace's very wet slit, and fully into her tunnel. She puts her other hand flat against Grace's pubes and presses firmly, but not hard, against them.

It has Jess's two fingers behind Grace's bladder and her flat hand in front of it, allowing her to feel it between them. If Grace's bladder is mostly empty, she'll barely feel it. Nothing more than the sensation of Jess's fingers filling her tight pussy. But, if her bladder is rather full, then it will be uncomfortable for Grace. Usually, it's somewhere between the two extremes.

Grace purrs a soft, and hungry, sweet moan as she feels Jess's fingers slipping into her pussy. She stares straight ahead, and that has her looking over the top of Jess's head, seeing nothing but the familiar walls. While feeling Jess enter her. Grace stands still as Jess feels her bladder.

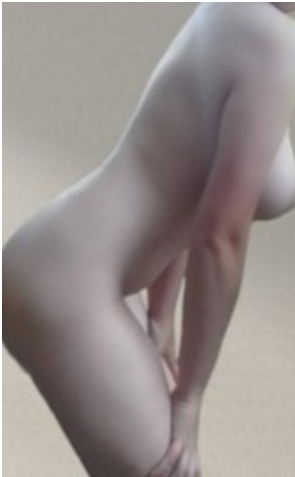
Jess hasn't done this that much before. Enough to know what she's feeling for, though. She feels Grace's bladder. It's not hard, but it has some firmness to it. It's swollen up, but maybe to half of what it could be. Jess guesses that Grace's bladder is about half full now. Not halfway to what Grace can stand, but halfway to what it will hold. Grace will be feeling a moderate urge to pee. Nothing that would have her running, but enough that she's going to be looking for the chance. Jess takes her hand from Grace's pubes and then slips her fingers from Grace's pussy.

By now Grace has figured out what is going on. It's probably about the tenth time she's been through it since leaving with Penny. So she's not the least bit surprised when Jess starts circling behind her. "Grace, bend over as far as you can and grab your shins as low as you can stretch your hands." Jess softly tells Grace. Jess has decided there's no reason to be stern or hard with Grace; she too readily follows instructions. Jess will save the

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sternness for when Grace is less pliable.

Grace doesn't hesitate. She bends over, bringing her hands around front and putting them to her thighs. Her hands slide down her shapely legs as her back arches. Grace's full bottom, already firm, pulls taut. Grace grips her shins about an inch or two below her knees. It has her back well curved, her shoulders low to the ground, her legs tight, and her bottom tautly stretched. It has Grace's cheeks pulled tight enough that her crack has opened a little, showing the deepness of it. And with a close look into the darkness of that crack, the pinkness of her asshole.



Jess, seeing how oily Grace's honey is, and the thick coat clinging to her gloved fingers doesn't bother with any lubricant. It wouldn't be any slicker, and she wouldn't use much of it anyway. She thinks that Grace might have the wettest pussy she's ever seen. She puts the tip of her first finger, slickened with Grace's honey, firmly and lightly against the tight ring of Grace's asshole.

"Grace, relax your anus now," Jess softly tells the girl. Immediately she feels the tightness ebb from the ring against her fingertip. Jess feels the muscle quickly turn to rubber. And then she feels her finger start inching forward, the rubbery ring yielding instead of resisting. Grace's asshole easily, almost willingly, lets Jess's fingertip press into its shallow funneling and stretch it enough to slip right through.

It's not for show or theater this time. It allows Jess to feel the inside of Grace's rectum. More importantly to feel the waste slowly and steadily accumulating inside it. Jess has to put her finger against the pasty mass of waste and

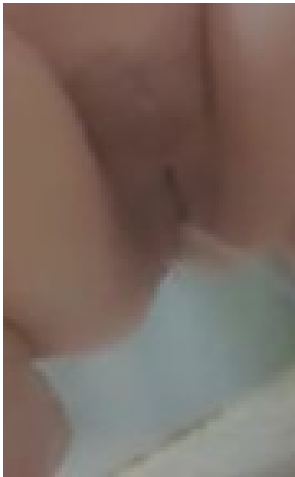
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push it around a little to judge how much of it there is. This time, Jess is easily able to push it back and around. And to slip her finger between it and the filmy walls of Grace's rectum. It tells Jess that Grace is not very full. Not enough that Grace will be feeling the urge to empty her bottom yet. Jess takes a few short seconds to again explore Grace's rectum and to make sure Grace knows how thoroughly her bottom has been inspected. Then she slips her finger back out of Grace's bottom and tells Grace to stand again.

Jess pulls her glove off. She puts a hand to Grace's bare hip. "Come, Grace," Jess tells her and steers Grace to the now-empty bathroom. On her way in, Jess grabs a roll of toilet paper from the cabinet it sits atop. She sets that by the sink, well beyond Grace's reach.

This bathroom has a large shower, but no tub. The shower has glass doors that open fully. Once I heard that I knew it would be the perfect place. The doors always stay wide open now. Jess simply tells Grace to stand in it and face her. She tells Grace to open her feet wide. Then she tells Grace to "squat."

Penny has already taught Grace what "squat" means. It means for her to fully bend her knees, lowering her bottom as close to the floor as possible. Grace's hands go atop her knees. It's a position that has Grace's pussy clearly visible to Jess. It also has her knees almost against her breasts. Grace keeps her eyes forward, now staring at Jess.



"Grace, pee and fully empty your bladder now." It's the only instruction Grace gets. Jess stands back a couple of feet. She watches Grace, making sure that Grace knows Jess is keeping an eye on her pussy.

Squatting, Grace is up on her

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tiptoes, the backs of her heels flush into the backs of her thighs. She takes a deep breath then tenses slightly. It takes a second, but little more. Grace's slit is still almost fully closed, no more than a thick pink line down her mound. About halfway down that line, a thick geyser of golden yellow erupts. It shoots forward and down at an angle. More downward than forward. It splashes onto the shower floor between Grace's feet and quickly flows the inch or two to the drain. It flows hard, lasting about 20 seconds. Grace obediently keeps her head up and her eyes forward, ignoring what she's doing and instead staring at Jess. Seeing Jess's eyes watching Grace empty herself.

"Is your bladder fully empty now, Grace?" Jess asks about two seconds after the stream stops flowing. As the last of the golden pee is running down the drain.

"Yes, Ma'am," Grace softly answers.

Jess grabs the roll of toilet paper and pulls off several sheets. About a foot of it. She holds it out to Grace. "Clear your vulva properly, Grace."

"Yes, Ma'am," Grace answers. Only then does Grace move and take the tissue from Jess's hand. She wads it up in her hand. She slips the long, slim fingers of her other hand down to her mound. She uses two fingers to spread her lips wide, baring her pinkness and cleans herself. She starts by wiping down her lips, inside and out. Then she wipes her pinkness. She holds her lips wide open and moves the tissue out from in front of it. She stays still, squatting with her pussy displayed, and waits.

"OK, Grace, your vulva is clean. Stand up now." Jess tells her. Grace quickly rises to her feet. She stays facing Jess. Jess has her toss the tissue in the toilet and flushes it.

Jess steps forward, putting her gloved hand to Grace's mound. A second later Jess's two fingers are back inside Grace's pussy, and her other hand is flat against

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Grace's pubes as Jess feels Grace's bladder again. This time Jess can't really feel it at all. She takes her hands back, pulls her glove off, and tosses it.

Jess takes Grace to the kitchen, returning her to the chore she was doing. And wonders if Penny will return before 17:00. That's one of two times per day, the other being 05:00, when Grace is to empty her bowels, regardless of how full they are. If Grace can't, or won't, go, a suppository is used to "help" her obey. The other times, it's Jess or Penny's discretion to have Grace empty her bowels. Both would have her. Penny, however, is likely to be stricter and only allow it if her bowels were fairly uncomfortably full. I think Jess would be more lenient and allow it before it became too uncomfortable for Grace.



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I'm strict in my definition of bedtime. It does not mean time to head for bed. It means in bed, under the covers, lights out, ready to sleep. Penny knows that, as does Emily. All of my toys know that. Infractions, even one second, are punished. When the clock ticks 21:00, Grace and Fred are to be in bed with their eyes shut. Their day is over.

One of my rules for their training is that they may never be unsupervised. Not even for a fraction of a second. Obviously, Penny can't stand over them 24/7. It really leaves only two options. Either they can be fully bound, or I can provide a "night shift" babysitter for them. During the day, if for some reason the babysitter has to be beyond sight of the "trainee bitch," the bitch must be bound hand and foot, to a chair.

Bedtime is more of an issue. It's a long time to leave them tied, not that doing so would bother me the least. However, I don't like to leave toys restrained without an eye on them for more than a few minutes. I worry about accidents happening. On the other hand, a night shift would require the use of at least two more toys. One for Penny and one for Emily.

I decide to go with the extra babysitters. Mostly because it will more fully remind the toys that they have zero privacy. Even bound and unable to move, sleeping alone would offer them some shred of privacy. Since toys do have vanilla lives, I don't have enough to assign one as a permanent relief for them. But I do have plenty of toys, with various days off and commitments. Enough that it's easily doable. It just won't be the same person every night.

And that won't matter. Penny (and Emily) will be tucking her charges in and then waking them up in the morning. Since the bitches won't be allowed out of bed for anything short of a fire, the night shift will have only one task. To sit quietly and watch them sleep.

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At 20:40 Penny begins her nighttime routine by taking Fred and Grace to the bathroom and supervising as both are checked, then told to pee before bed. She unlocks the front door. Then she takes Grace and Fred to Grace's bedroom.

Both are nude. I've had Penny keep them completely naked inside the house, requiring them to dress and undress in the garage when leaving.

Grace's bed has become their bed. It's a full-size bed, not the larger Queen or King most couples would want, but still large enough for two to share comfortably. Penny has Fred stand while Grace prepares the bed. Grace strips the bed, leaving only two pillows and the fitted sheet. She neatly folds the comforter and top sheet, setting them atop the dresser.

Penny has both kneel at the side of the bed. Side by side. She tells them to say their prayers and has them fold their hands and bow their heads as they do so. Prayers are said aloud, not silently. It's another little thing to remind them that they have no privacy. I suspect neither routinely said prayers at bedtime before this week, at least not for a long time. They're not a particularly devout family. But, since I believe in a prayer of thanks every night, they will be now. At least while they're in my care.

I have a "generic" bedtime prayer for all my toys, at least for the ones who aren't devout enough to have their own. If they do, I'm not one to interfere. Mine is for those who, were Penny not standing over them, would likely skip it or say only the most perfunctory prayer. It didn't take Penny long to teach it to them.

"Dear G-d," Fred, who recites his prayers first, begins, "I thank you tonight for the blessed day. Thank you for..." It's here that Fred is required to list at least three things that he's thankful for, all of which happened today. He continues: "Miss Brinkmann being so attentive to me

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and not letting me be naughty or dirty; for Miss Speer taking such good care of Grace while I am not here; for giving me this wonderful chance to better myself with Mistress' help, and for helping me learn my proper place every day.

"Thank you for creating this exactly the way you wanted. Thank you for watching over me throughout the day. Forgive me for the naughty things I do. Thank you for loving this naughty thing even when I disobey or try to do things my way. Help me to always mind my place and submit myself to Mistress Pepper. I pray for all the people who don't know you, and that they will come to understand your love for them, too.

"Bless our Mistress, Miss Brinkmann, Miss Speer, and those who mind this worthless thing, as well as this family. Thank you for this home and a place to sleep and good food to eat. Help me rest well, allow me peaceful dreams, and send your angels, and those whom Mistress has chosen, around this home to protect me throughout the night. Teach me to trust you and Mistress, and to love both of you more and more. You are good; you are great; and you are faithful, G-d and Mistress. And we love you. Good night. In Jesus's precious name, Amen."

Fred waits on his knees, his hands folded, and in silence as Grace recites her prayer. Then Penny has both rise to their feet and climb atop the bed. Grace first, since Penny has her sleeping on the left, the far, side of the bed. It puts Fred on the right, the opposite side than he usually sleeps on. Penny has them lie on their sides, facing each other, heads on pillows. The smallish bed leaves only a few inches between their knees, maybe five or six. Touching each other isn't allowed.

There's no tucking in. Not without so much as a sheet to cover them. They lie nude, their bodies on full display. Penny tells Fred to say a proper good night to Grace. Like everything else in their lives now, Penny has

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taught them what a proper goodnight is. They have no choice in what to say. "Yes, Ma'am," Fred answers Penny.

Fred looks Grace in the eyes. "Good night, baby doll. Thank you for being such a good wife to me. I love you, baby doll."

Then it's Grace's turn to say goodnight to Fred. After which, Penny tells them to kiss each other good night. They're allowed one kiss now. Grace moves first, reaching her lips to Fred's. She locks her lips to his, and quickly her tongue is so eagerly exploring his mouth. She purrs very softly. She keeps kissing him, as if she can't get enough of it, for about 20 seconds, making it a long kiss. And then she takes her lips back. She bats her dreamy eyes at Fred and lies still.

Penny turns the lights off. She stays in the room, quietly watching the two as they lie in bed.

A couple of minutes later, at 2 minutes before nine, their babysitter slips into the room. Tonight it's Paula. She's not one of my toys. Her BFF is. But Paula has quickly developed a fondness for playing with my toys. Unfortunately, Paula is also a very heavy woman. She's young, though, in her early 20's. She's always asking if I have a "favor" she could do, anything to be around the toys. When I offered, she eagerly agreed to babysit for a couple of nights.

Penny waves to her and slips away. Penny is now "off duty" until 05:00 wake-up time. However, she has to stay in the house and be available. She is still in charge. Not Paula. Paula doesn't have the experience, or the proper attitude, to be in charge of a toy. So I'd never leave a toy to her.

Paula's job is simple. She's to either sit or stand or even pace around the room. She's to ensure that the lights remain off, and the door closed. She's not allowed any distractions, such as her phone or even music. She's to

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keep her eyes on Fred and Grace. She's to note if and when either or both wakes through the night. She's also to note if Fred's cock gets hard during the night. She's to watch and ensure that every part of both bitches stays in the bed. And she's to watch closely to ensure that they don't touch during the night. When they inevitably do, the typical tossing and turning in the small bed ensures it will, she is to immediately move whatever part of one touches the other. She is to quietly, so as not to wake the other, tell the offender "Grace/Fred, you know you're not allowed to touch your husband/wife right now. It's time to sleep, not be a slut."

Paula has no authority to punish either. If there's a serious violation, she's to call out for Penny to come. And Penny will come. Whoever is misbehaving will wish she hadn't, too. Punishment will be harsh and swift.

Neither misbehaves through the night. Neither has ever. Both lie and sleep. Paula does have to move their hands a few times, and a couple of legs. But that's all she has to do.

I don't really care if they sleep in a jumble. These rules are for one purpose. To constantly remind Fred and Grace of several things. That they are owned property. I chose everything, even how they sleep. That they are constantly supervised – even when they're sleeping, I have eyes on them. Eyes that see everything. I'm sure both wonder, deeply, what exactly the babysitters see at night. Other than the obvious, their naked bodies. It's something they'll never know. But, knowing that their arms and legs are moved for them several times every night, they'll know the babysitters aren't missing much.

Unlike Penny and Jess, neither Fred nor Grace has a clue who is watching them at night. They know there's someone there. But the room is too dark to really see when the sitters enter, and the sitters are gone before either opens their eyes. They will know the gender, that's

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kind of hard to hide. But they won't see a face or hear even a nickname for them. In the deep blackness of the night, they'll see nothing more than an outline in the room.

Penny slips back in quietly a couple of minutes before five. She's already showered, fully dressed, and even has her makeup on. It's the only way the pair will ever see her. She's wearing another of her "classy bitchy" suits today, the hunter green one.

With nothing more than a little wave from Penny, Paula hands her the paper where she noted the night's "events." then she slips out of the bedroom. A minute later she's locking their front door behind herself as she leaves.

Penny quickly looks over the paper. Neither woke last night. Grace's arms were moved five times, her leg twice. Fred's legs were moved six times, his arms only once. Fred had two nighttime erections, the first around midnight and lasting about 20 minutes. The second was around two and lasted more like 35 minutes. Penny steps over by Fred and looks straight down at his hips. She sees a shriveled, floppy soft cock now. With him on his side, it hangs down toward his hip. His legs are positioned with his thighs directly atop each other. His right knee is bent, putting that foot behind his legs. His waist is partly bent, putting his thighs at about a 30-degree angle to his body. His arms are up, around his head, bunching the pillow up underneath his head and holding it there. The position leaves his chest, stomach, and pubes almost fully exposed. When Grace opens her eyes, she'll see them all. She'll see his small cock hanging toward the bed and flopping slightly. She'll see his balls dangling down behind it, lying against the tops of his thighs.

Penny walks around the foot of the bed, crossing to Grace's side. Grace is the tosser and turner of the pair. Fred doesn't move around much, but he does shift his legs around a lot as he sleeps. Grace is always rolling this way

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or that way. At the moment, Grace is lying on her stomach. Mostly. She has one knee bent and pulled halfway up. Her shoulders aren't quite flat, angling to her side a little to make room for her huge breasts. That has some of her weight on her side. Her long, curly hair is everywhere, covering her head, her shoulders, most of her back, and hiding her breasts.

Penny puts her hand to Grace's bottom. It's facing the edge of the bed and close to it, almost offered up. She doesn't spank Grace, instead, she just gingerly swats her globe.

"Uh, mm, uh, mm..." Grace mumbles. She rolls her head to the other side, now looking out over the edge of the bed. Her eyes open a sliver. It's enough to see Penny's lithe legs and the snug skirt over them covering her thighs and knees. "Yes, Ma'am?" Grace mumbles, already starting to rouse herself. She already knows what Penny wants. It's time to get up. Grace isn't quite sure what time that is. Penny took the clock from this room. But she is certain that it's still the middle of the night. Early enough for Fred to get to work. Even earlier than she's used to getting up.

Grace doesn't expect the instruction she's given. "On your knees and elbows, Grace, now."

"Yes, Ma'am," Grace reflexively answers. It takes her foggy brain a short second to process the command. It tells her to get her body into a specific position. She starts by drawing her knees up under her body. All the way up, bending her knees fully. Her knees almost reach her breasts. Close enough to bump the plump mounds as she moves. She pulls her knees and feet together. Then she pulls her arms under her shoulders. She gets her upper arms straight up and down. Like chair legs, under her shoulders, and keeping her elbows lined up with her shoulders. She puts her hands together, side by side, thumbs touching, beneath her head. It has her forearms

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angling in from her elbows to her hands. Then she sluggishly pulls her head up to stare forward, trying to blink her eyes open. Her hair, still braided loosely and now sloppily from yesterday lies atop her back.



It doesn't have her back straight, something I usually like. Her body is too long for that. But it still displays her pussy rather nicely. With the firmness of her cheeks, it pulls her crack wide enough to show off her asshole as well.

Penny tells Grace to stay as she is. In this position. But she can move to obey her instructions, as long as she stays in the position as she does. She tells Grace "To give her husband a far sweeter wake up than such a worthless needle dick deserves. A wake-up fitting for a real man." Penny leaves no doubts about what she wants Grace to do. "Use your mouth, and nothing but, to suck that tiny thing."

"Yes, Ma'am," Grace answers. Then she scoots back, bringing her head down to the middle of the bed and even with Fred's hips. She scoots around, moving softly so as not to wake Fred. She brings her head over to his hips. She leans down, all the way down, digging her chin into the mattress. She wiggles her head the last fraction, putting her very soft lips to the fleshy tip of his cock. To his foreskin, which now hides almost all of his pink cock head.

Grace doesn't open her lips wide. She doesn't need to. She just opens them slightly, keeping them against his cock, and sucks. It pulls on his cock lightly, but that's enough to draw it into her mouth as she opens her lips. Fully soft, his cock is around $\frac{1}{2}$ " across, and barely 3" long. Maybe not even that long. It looks very small on his body. It easily sucks into her hot mouth and lies atop her wet

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tongue. It goes all the way into her mouth, barely reaching the back of her tongue before her lips slip into his black curls and lie flush against his pubes.

Fred lies still, not yet awake.

It's a very unusual position for a blow job. But that's part of Grace's lessons. She's learning to perform properly, making it very enjoyable, no matter how the man is positioned. Or how she is. It's not an easy position to perform in, either.

Grace is able to move her head enough to suck him two more full strokes. But those are short strokes as his cock begins to stiffen up. By the next stroke, his cock is hard enough to be standing out straight from his pubes, and almost its full length. His foreskin has pulled back and bared about $\frac{2}{3}$ of the cock's head, too.

Now Grace's neck just won't move enough. She starts rocking, using her legs to pull her body back. Her shoulders follow, bringing her head back from his pubes. She keeps rocking back, poking her bottom back slightly towards Penny, until she feels the base of his cock against the inside of her lips. She reverses, using her legs again to bring her body forward. And push her head forward over Fred's stiff cock. It takes her two strokes to get her rhythm down. And then her body is bobbing back and forth, only her knees and elbows bending, her head and mouth still. Her body pulls her head and lips back and forth over the length of his cock.

"MMM..." Fred purrs softly, and rather happily. A moment later he starts blinking his eyes open. He quickly shifts his gaze down to see Grace stroking his cock with her head. And notice that his cock is sideways in her mouth. It's the side, not the underside, of his shaft that lies atop Grace's spongy tongue. It gives the blow job a very slightly unique feeling. But since his cock is almost perfectly straight, it doesn't feel much different to Grace as it slides through Grace's mouth.

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Fred wants to roll to his back. It's clear. Penny quickly tells him no. She tells him that he's to stay as he is, exactly as he slept, while "his trashy wife wakes him like a whore should." He knows better than to argue with Penny. He stays as he is, leaving Grace to deal with the odd positioning.

She deals with it well enough. It's not a minute until Grace feels the hard shaft twitching against her mouth as it plunges down to her throat. Grace easily takes all of his cock, barely choking. But she took just as much of the dildo. Fred wonders how much of his cock Grace could take. If maybe she could even manage to swallow some of it. He wishes badly that he had a longer cock so that he could find out. His stops just before the point where she'd choke. It drives him crazy. And it makes him feel inferior, less of a man. It would kill if he knew that Grace could and would take more. Even his short length can feel the funneling atop her throat tightening around his cock and squeezing it so sweetly. Her throat, he thinks, would only be better.

Grace keeps going. Fred starts purring deep, needy moans. Moans that grow quickly and steadily more urgent. In about a minute and a half, it's apparent that he's holding back an orgasm. He hasn't been told that he may cum in her mouth. That's an honor he dreams of, but so far hasn't been allowed. Penny tells him "men do that, not filthy little boys. Filthy little boys cum all over themselves."

Fred doesn't dare to move his hands, no matter how much he feels the urge to. Instead, he grips the pillow, his elbows almost fully bent. His legs stiffen, his toes curling. He fidgets slightly, but sharply, as he tries to maintain his position. It quickly grows increasingly difficult for him to lie on his side and at least look still with Grace steadily rocking back and forth, driving her head and mouth over his cock.

Grace doesn't have a problem. She rocks herself

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along the length of his cock. Even at its deepest, Grace only feels as if she's about to choke, and will choke if much more enters her. She barely gags. She doesn't really notice that his cock is sideways in her mouth. But she does notice the different view of his pubes in front of her. And she notices how the tops of his thighs almost sometimes brush her cheek. She does notice the extra work of the position. She has to keep her mouth level as she pulls it over his cock. That makes her constantly change the angle of her neck as the height of her shoulders changes. She notices her hanging breasts bouncing under her chest too. Both the tug of their weight, and as they bump against the mattress. Fred seems to have noticed her swinging mounds as well. His eyes keep glancing at them.

Penny lets it go on for a few agonizing minutes. Agonizing for Fred as he struggles to hold back his climax. Sweetly agonizing. Then she tells Grace that Fred is awake now, so she is to stop. She finishes the stroke and reluctantly releases his cock from her mouth.

Fred's stiff cock sticks straight out. Now the entire length of his shaft glistens with a wet layer of her saliva. The tip of it has a deeper, almost milky hue to its sparkle. More than a few drops of cum are clinging to it, sticking to his cock head and drying. As Grace backs her head away his cock twitches a couple of times. Several good drops of cum fall. They barely miss his thigh and land on the sheet. Fred breathes out a deep, guttural, and very frustrated groan.

Penny orders them both out of bed. They climb out, and at Penny's instructions kneel to face her. Kneel properly. Penny tells them to say good morning, and today it's Grace she tells to go first. "Good morning, Miss Brinkmann. I'm looking forward to you and Miss Speer taking care of me and teaching me to be a proper bitch, Ma'am." Fred greets Penny with the same line.

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Penny tells them to say good morning to each other. Grace first, again. She turns only her head to face Fred, and he turns only his head to face her. "Good morning, big guy, I love you, husband." Fred greets Grace the same. And then they kiss. With Penny standing closely over the kneeling pair, ensuring that only their lips touch. Not their shoulders or anything else. It's a long kiss, albeit not quite as long as Grace's was last night. Fred still puts more than plenty of eagerness in it. It's obvious that he enjoys Grace's passionate kisses.

Fred is left on his knees, his back to the bed. Grace gets the "wife's chore" of stripping the sheet and remaking the bed. It must always be made, but the fitted sheet doesn't always get changed. This morning it's dirty, speckled with a few droplets of Fred's cum. As he kneels, his cock still twitches lightly. Kissing Grace renewed its interest.

Then it's potty time, the pair offered no privacy, not from Penny, and not from each other. A shower is next. Then Grace prepares a quick breakfast for Fred before he heads to work. After breakfast, Penny takes both to the garage again, inspects Fred, and hands Grace over to Jess. She takes Fred to work.

Only today Fred is in for a surprise at work. Not only is it something he would never expect, but it's also a place he wouldn't expect it. Penny is going to make it as humiliating for him as she can, too. So it will be exceptionally exciting for him.

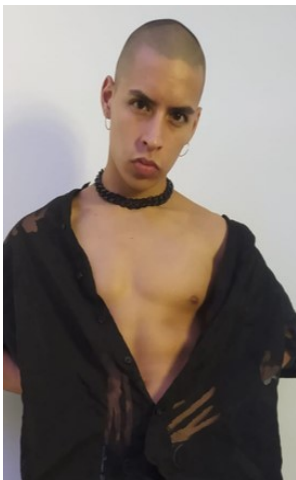
The morning is uneventful. But almost immediately after lunch, Penny slips Nancy a note. It tells her "Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is: A man will be here at 2:00. Please bring him to Frederick's office and introduce him as Thomas Knight, a client Frederick bonded yesterday for his girlfriend. He is NOT Mr. Knight. This is a setup scene for Frederick. Please make sure that anyone who might be offended by a sexual sight does not come

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into Frederick's office until the visitor leaves. If anyone wishes to see Frederick emasculated and degraded, they are welcome to peek or enter. Let me know if you'll do this for me."

A few minutes later Nancy glances hard at Penny and nods her head. It's Penny's answer. Neither Nancy nor Penny lets Fred know anything. Not even to see Nancy's nod.

Then, at 14:00, the man comes in. Knowing that he was coming, Nancy diverted a customer to Rick a little while ago. When he comes in, he simply tells Nancy that Ms. Brinkmann is expecting him. And that tells Nancy that he's the one she's waiting for. He is not what Nancy expected. By far. Nevertheless, she politely shows him to Fred's office. She knocks, then, knowing that they're expecting her, opens the door. She tells Fred that a client from yesterday would like to see him. Penny tells her to show him. She shows him in and quickly closes the door behind him. Firmly closes.



The man is Paul. He's not one of my toys, but he is a man who has been in a few scenes before. I tend to use him when he's willing for two reasons. First, he has a rather large cock. Second, he's a complete man-slut and bisexual. Meaning he doesn't much care where I send his cock. He likes to have fun and play around, too, so he was perfectly willing to take this acting job. More so once he heard what the scene was.

He looks young. He cleans up moderately well. The main issue there are his hands and tattoos on his fingers. But for this, it only adds to the persona I've asked him to play. He's dressed it, to a t. He

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has a ball cap on, the bill of it off to the side. He has about 20 pounds of gold chains (all completely fake) around his neck and more on his hands. He has nice sneakers on. He has a cheap black t-shirt on, with a well-worn black hoodie over it. The hood is up, too, over the top of his ball cap. He has ripped and faded jeans on. He looks like any number of young, punk, thugs that Fred has bailed out of jail. The kind who spend more on their sneakers than their home. The kind who "just know" they're smarter than any police officer and will never be caught selling drugs. The kind who quickly find themselves in need of Fred's services. Repeatedly. And often.

In reality, he's a structural engineering student at USA. One with a solid GPA that about guarantees him a good job in a year or two. He probably wouldn't know most street drugs if he saw them. I know he doesn't partake of any. Nor does he drink. And he's never seen the inside of a jail before. I wouldn't be surprised if this is the closest he's ever been to a jail. It's almost right across the street!

None of which Fred will ever know. He won't know anything. No one will tell him anything. To Fred, Paul will forever be what he looks to be: another wannabe gangster thug on the shortlist for a prison cell. Even if someday Fred meets the real Thomas Knight, and realizes that this guy was an impostor, and therefore sent by me, he won't have a clue who Paul is.

"Yo, fuck face, you Fred?" Paul demands loudly, his voice hard and edgy.

Penny is the one sitting at the desk. Fred is in a chair along the side of the desk, sitting properly and waiting. Penny points to Fred. "That is Frederick. I am Miss Brinkmann. Is there something I can help you with?"

"Yeah, my 'ho' come in to get my ass out yesterday, and that freakin' pervert got all fresh with her. I's here to teach fuck face a lesson. Can't be dissing my 'ho' like

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that.”

Penny hesitates for a second before answering. It takes her that long to speak without laughing hard. She's met Paul before. A few times. She knows well that he doesn't talk like that. His English is perfect. His vocabulary is probably more extensive than hers. He's educated, and in real life, he shows it. But not now.

“Frederick!” Penny snaps. “I warned you about forgetting your manners and being a rude little boy to nice ladies.” She doesn't ask Fred his side of the story. She wouldn't need to. She hasn't left his side. While a few of yesterday's customers were women getting their boyfriends out, Fred was very polite to all of them. Penny made sure he was. She knows it. I'd bet Fred does, too. “Apologize to this man.”

Fred doesn't move. He wasn't told to. “Yes, Ma'am,” He answers. “I apologize if I offended your girlfriend, Sir,” Fred tells Paul.

“Man fuck some lame ass apology,” Paul blurts out. “Dude dissed my 'ho'. He gots to be payin' for that. I's can't have them Niggas on the block thinkin' I can't be looking out for what's mine, you know?”

“I understand, Sir,” Penny tells him. The words are Paul's, and likely stolen right out of some TV show... Well, more likely a NetFlix movie. But the script is mine, and they're sticking to it. “You may teach Frederick to mind his manners as you see fit, so long as he is not injured.”

Paul doesn't say anything. He turns to Fred with a wide grin on his face. “Hear that, fuck face? I gonna school your freak ass.” Fred doesn't get the chance to say anything. Paul reaches out and slaps his face hard. It rings out loudly, searing a medium pink handprint on Fred's cheeks. It even knocks Fred's head to the side.

With Penny sitting close at his side, Fred knows better than get up. Or to resist. That, he knows, would

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only ensure two things. First, that he was immediately over her knees, her belt blistering his bare bottom in front of Paul. Second, that once Penny was done with his bottom, Paul would still take his revenge.

"Fuckin' pervert!" Paul harshly scolds Fred, his voice almost booming loud and full of disdain. "You wanna get freaky on my bitch? Like she be wantin' some ancient creep like you? That's my bitch, fucker! I gonna school you like on the blocks, pervert!"

Paul grabs Fred's shoulders and yanks him as roughly as he can out of the chair. Paul is strong. It takes a good bit of that strength to move Fred's 200+ pounds. As Fred is getting his legs under him, Paul shoves Fred back down, dropping him on his knees. "I gonna make you my bitch, *BITCH*."

Paul reaches down and slaps Fred again. "How's 'bout that, fuck face, you my bitch now." Paul holds Fred down with one hand, his grip hard and firm. So hard that his fingers are digging into Fred's shoulder. With his other hand, Paul reaches to his pants. His hand goes to his zipper.

"You ever suck a dick, fuck face?" Fred freezes, a look of horror on his face. A thousand images flash through his head. Beth choking and gagging hard. Grace so easily taking his cock. After about two seconds, Fred hasn't answered.

A ruler slams down hard on the desk, snapping so loudly it has to be heard beyond the office. It gets a hard flinch from Fred. "Frederick! Manners! Answer him, or I'll deal with you," Penny snaps in her icy stern voice.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Fred blurts out nervously. Penny's voice was a touch harsher than it's been, and it's been harsh. Fred assumes, that if she punishes him, it's going to be a whopper. "No, Sir, I've never sucked a dick..." Fred cringes, his voice breaking as he answers

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Paul.

"You gonna learn fast, bitch!" Paul says, but now with a bit of snicker in his voice. He pulls his zipper down. Then he slips his hand inside and with some very obvious effort, pulls his cock out.

Fred stares, his eyes wide, his face blushed deeply. He cringes, shirking back slightly, and trembles nervously.



"What's a matter, bitch, ain't you ever seen a dick before?" Paul mocks him.

Fred stares in absolute horror at the cock in front of his face. Admittedly, he has only his own to compare it to, but he deems Paul's cock to be beyond huge. It's not exactly the cock of porn fame. But it is big. It's just shy of 8" long. It's also a thick cock, which matters far more. His is at least 1 ½" across, maybe even slightly more. It's circumcised, showing off its light pink bulbous head. His shaft springs to full hardness the instant it's free of his underwear. The cock stands out, not quite straight, but angling slightly upward, from Paul's smoothly shaven pubes. Paul grips the base of his shaft, his fingers leaving several long inches of it bare beyond their grip.

Fred's voice trembles, breaking like a girl's and rising a few octaves. "Yes, Sir, I've seen a penis before, but never one... so big, Sir." Fred shirks back a little more.

"Suck it, bitch," Paul scowls. He takes his cock, moving it by the hand at its base, and slaps it against Fred's cheek a couple of times. Then he steadies it, holding it with the tip about ¼" from Fred's hairy, manly, lips. "SUCK. MY. DICK. BITCH." Paul demands scathingly. "Before I bend you over that desk and show you just what

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a bitch you are, *BITCH!* SUCK DICK!"

Just to ensure that Fred has no hope, that he understands his position clearly, Penny snaps in her icy voice. "You heard him, Frederick, suck his dick. I expect you to give him a proper blow job, just like you wish some female would give your teeny little penis."

Paul almost laughs as he hears Penny berate Fred's cock. "Yes, Ma'am," Fred answers, his voice rising another octave. "Yes, Sir," Fred tells Paul.

Penny snaps that he was answering her, not Paul. She tells him to answer Paul humbly. "Yes, Sir, I will suck your penis, Sir," Fred barely squeaks out.

Fred moves slowly. Very slowly as he stretches his mustache-covered lips wide apart. In a way, this is a first for Fred. He's never been with another man before. He has had some training and practice with dildos. Olive does have those strap-ons she loves. Fred has sucked, albeit amateurishly, a couple of them. But never an actual cock.

Paul grows impatient with Fred's slowness. As soon as the tip of Paul's cock is between Fred's lips, barely enough to have it lying atop Fred's lip and the very tip of his tongue, Paul grabs hold of Fred's ears. He yanks hard, pulling Fred forward and ramming his cock into Fred's mouth. Not that far, about three inches, which would have the spongy cock head knocking into the back of Fred's mouth.

"OW!" Paul says, but not that urgently. "Bitch is all teeth!"

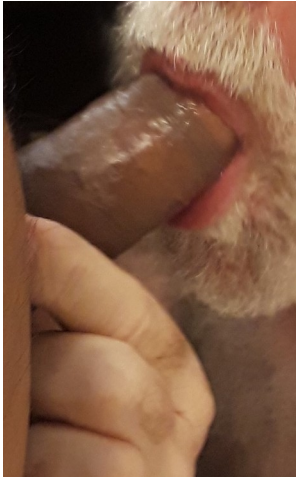
"Would you like me to teach him to perform like a proper slutty girl?" Penny offers.

"Can you teach an old bitch new tricks?" Paul asks with a hint of a sarcastic chuckle in his voice.

Penny rises to her feet and assures him she could

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teach a rock to perform like a porn star vying for an award. Paul grins wide. He knows, from experience, what kind of blow job Penny is going to teach Fred to give. He also knows exactly how the lesson is given. His cock has been used for the practice before. Following the script, he tells Penny to go ahead and “show my bitch how a bitch sucks a man’s dick.”



Penny doesn't hesitate. She grabs hold of Fred's head, one hand under his jaw, the other atop his smoothly shaven head. She puts two fingers and her thumb to the corners of his mouth. She squeezes hard, with all her strength. Her fingers dig into Fred's cheeks. They also force his jaw to stretch to its very widest.

The hand atop his head is for control. She uses it to start pushing his head forward. She pushes hard, moving it steadily but slowly forward. Quickly Penny feels the resistance. She feels the back of Fred's mouth pushing against the soft head of Paul's cock. She feels the tightness in Fred's muscles as he resists allowing his head pushed any further onto the cock.

Penny slips in behind Fred, keeping her grip exactly as it is. She uses her hand to angle Fred's head, pulling it back as far as it will go and stretching out the front of his neck. Then, with the heel of her hand on the back of his head, she pushes. And this time she leans into it, putting some of her weight behind her arm.

It's more than Fred's muscles are able to resist. It helps, Penny not Fred, that his neck is stretched. That has the line of his throat almost perfectly straight, all the way from the tips of his teeth to his stomach. The head of Paul's cock scrapes against the back of Fred's mouth, but it

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starts diving deeper into him as well.

In about a second the soft tip of the cock is squishing tightly into the sharply narrowing funneling at the top of Fred's throat. He feels that. Not just the rock-hard shaft pushing into him, but also the stuffing fullness.

Penny ignores Fred completely. She keeps steadily shoving his head forward. Fred's muscles tighten, trying harder to stop himself from being pushed forward. They can't. Penny just puts a little more of her weight behind her arm. And then Paul's cock keeps moving. Now it's the steely hard shaft of it pushing into that funneling. As thick as Paul's cock is, it's stretching the stiff tissues at the back of Fred's mouth and the top of the funnel. It's stretching the softer tissues of the funnel even more.

Fred's eyes go wide. His hands start to flail, looking for something to grab onto. They wave in front of Penny's legs, but don't find anything. His body trembles violently. Nothing Fred can do will stop it.

Penny keeps the constant pressure, forcing Fred's head slowly forward. She glances up to see about half of Paul's huge cock standing out from Fred's whiskered lips. She sees his pink lips steadily creeping down the shaft, toward Paul's pubes, too. She keeps the pressure against Fred's head.

She feels the final resistance as Paul's cock starts pushing hard against the rather narrow opening of his throat. She ignores that, too. She keeps pushing. For a fraction of a second, Paul's cock shoves hard against the rubbery wall. And then the wall gives. Paul's cock starts slipping through Fred's tight throat.

Fred instantly shows it. He chokes violently hard. His stomach muscles snap as he heaves, so powerfully that his bottom snaps up. His hand flies to Paul's hips, trying to stop his head from moving. Fred's back arches as a second intense choking spasm hits his stomach. He feels a fiery

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hot burn in his throat. He feels his throat, and the tube beyond, being stuffed and stretched beyond wide. He feels the sharp cramping in his stomach as his reflexes try to puke out whatever is filling his throat. He can't, not with it stuffed this full. He can't even suck in a breath.

And Penny ignores every bit of his panic. She keeps his head moving, forcing more and more of Paul's cock through Fred's lips and down his throat. To Fred, the cock seems endless. And as fat as a baseball bat. He struggles, but the cock keeps coming, shoving deeper and deep into his throat.

It takes Penny several seconds to push Fred's head all the way down. She doesn't stop it. She lets Paul's pubes stop it when Fred's head is touching them, and there's just nowhere left for it to go. And no more cock for his throat to swallow.

Fred expects her to reverse the stroke and start letting his head pull back and pull some of the monster cock out of his throat now. Penny doesn't. She leans into it and pushes his head firmly against Paul's pubes. And she holds it there.

Casually, she says to Paul, "Do you know what always gets me? Naughty little boys, like Frederick here, always want to see two women have sex with each other, and they think those of us who aren't lesbians don't mind doing it 'once in a while.' But, the minute it's the other way around, they can't believe a woman might want to see boys together, and if one guy's pants come off, the rest all run."

Penny giggles. "I hope you don't think you're any better than your wife, Frederick. You certainly didn't mind having your tiny penis in her mouth this morning. If you want a girl to do this, you should be willing to do it, too. Unless you think girls are beneath you, that is... and if so, I'd be glad to put you over my knees and show you who's the boss."

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Now, after holding Fred's head fully forward with Paul's cock jammed down his throat, Penny slightly eases up the pressure against Fred's head. It's more encouragement than Fred needs. He still chokes. He starts trying to pull his head back as quickly as he can. To get the cock out of his throat. Penny holds just enough pressure to slow him down and force him to back off at the same pace she pushed him down. Fred pushes back hard, but not hard enough to overcome Penny's pressure. She keeps most of her weight behind it. His head inches back, slowly releasing the cock.

Paul stares downward and watches his cock leisurely gliding through Fred's mustache-covered pink lips. Lips that are stretched rather tautly around the thick shaft. It takes a few seconds for Fred's head to back off enough for the cock to finally slip from his throat and let him breathe again. He sucks a very fast breath through his nose, the cock still stuffing his mouth full.

And then it takes a couple of more seconds until only the light pink head of Paul's cock is left inside Fred's mouth. Fred still tries hard to back his head up, to get the cock fully out of his mouth.

Penny shifts gears, leaning in a little more to increase the pressure on Fred's head. A couple of tears flow from Fred's eyes as he thinks "not again!" Penny ignores him and keeps the pressure up. Fred's head starts to move forward. Paul's cock starts plunging slowly back into Fred's mouth.

Paul watches as the wide shaft pushes through Fred's lips and vanishes.

Fred starts gagging a little sooner this time. And harder as he realizes Penny is going to shove the fat cock down his throat again. He chokes just as badly, as hard as his body can, when the shaft rams through that rubbery wall again.

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And again. And again. Penny keeps Fred's head moving, deftly easing up and increasing the pressure against Fred's head to reverse his stroke whenever she wants. She makes every stroke a full one, beginning with nothing but the head of Paul's cock in his mouth, and forcing Fred all the way down until his lips are squished firmly against Paul's hairless pubes. Until, on every stroke, Paul's ample balls dangling low under his cock, bounce against Fred's chin. She keeps the pace constant, too

Oh, yeah," Paul purrs happily, trying to put some coldness in his voice. "That's it, *bitch*, suck my dick!" He stands steady, allowing Penny to teach Fred a slutty technique.

It takes a while, maybe 15 strokes or so, before Fred's throat is stretched and used to the thick shaft plunging through it. Until Fred barely gags on it. Finally, Penny warns Fred that he had better not cheat. Or stop. He's to keep going, sucking the cock "like a little girl" until he's told to stop. She releases his head.

Fred's face wrinkles with even more disgust. Now he can't even pretend he's being forced to do it. He's on his knees, sucking another man's cock as a woman would. And giving it a rather slutty blow job. The kind of blow job he's only dreamed of. The kind he can't stop imagining Grace could, and would, give him – if he had the cock for it.

Obediently Fred keeps going. He constantly tells himself that he doesn't want to. He's only doing it because Penny is making him. But the truth is, nothing is stopping him from tossing her out of the office. Or Paul. He can pretend, but he's on his knees by choice.

Penny steps back, keeping an eye on Fred for several strokes. Fred behaves. He keeps going, shoving Paul's cock down his own throat. Sucking it well.

Paul puts his hands to Fred's head, lightly gripping it over Fred's ears. He doesn't move Fred, but if Fred tries to

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stop he might.

Penny returns to her seat but watches the show. She'd never neglect her duty to watch over Fred.

Another thing about Paul is that he's never been the fastest to cum. For a training lesson, that makes him perfect. His cock stays ready longer allowing for even more practice time. Or, in Fred's case, even more, humiliation as he steadily sucks away on the huge shaft. Knowing that it's taking longer, and then much longer, than it's ever taken Fred to cum. Wondering if, despite the uncomfortable ramming of the cock down his throat, Fred is even doing a good job.

It takes Paul close to ten minutes. He purrs happily the entire time. He keeps his hands on Fred's ears the entire time, too.

Finally, Paul is ready to cum. He almost spurts as his cock shoves into the tightness of Fred's throat. He holds it back, letting Fred finish the stroke. If he'd come then, Fred would have barely known it. Paul's cream would have shot into Fred so deeply that he wouldn't have even tasted it.

Instead, Paul waits until Fred reverses his stroke and begins taking more of the shaft into his mouth again. Before Paul's cock nears the back of Fred's mouth, he lets go. Immediately his cock snaps with a sharp twitch and spurts a thick gob of cum. It doesn't shoot far. It quickly splatters against the back of Fred's mouth, clinging to everything as it runs down and starts filling his mouth.

Paul moves one hand to the base of his cock to steady it. He jerks his hips back suddenly, pulling his cock from Fred's lips. He holds his cock still, aiming the twitching shaft at Fred's face. Almost immediately a second gob of cum spurts from Paul's cock, shoots across the two inches and splatters against Fred's face beside his nose. It clings to him, slowly oozing down his face as a third spurt splatters over Fred's eye.

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"That be it, *bitch*," Paul mockingly berates Fred in his "thug voice." "How does my cum taste, *bitch*. You like the taste of a man, *bitch*?" As Paul does, his cock spurts a few more gobs of cum, each one smaller than the last, onto Fred's face. Except for the last. By happy chance, the last spurt shoots through Fred's gagging lips and lands atop his tongue.

As Paul finishes cumming, Penny rises back to her feet and steps over to Fred. It doesn't take much to see Fred's face turning green. Or hear him sputtering as he gags in disgust on the two spurts of cum in his mouth. He's already wanting to spit them out, but really couldn't with Paul steadying his head.

He starts to well up a good bit of saliva in his mouth, about to spit, When Penny grabs his head. With one hand under his jaw, she snaps it shut. Now Fred has no choice but to hold the cum in his mouth. And go on tasting Paul's manhood. Penny holds his jaw shut for several long seconds. "You were thinking of spitting on *my* floor, were you, Frederick?" Penny nudges Fred's head back. She pinches his nose shut and holds it. "A good little girl swallows her man's cum. Swallow it, Frederick. Now." She keeps holding his head steady and his nose shut. Fred really has no choice. In a few seconds, both she and Paul see the knot moving down Fred's neck and know he swallowed it. It won't get the taste out of his mouth. The sickening look deepening on Fred's face tells Penny that Fred has just discovered that.

Paul tucks his cock back into his pants and zips them up.

Penny quickly leans over to grab hold of the back of Fred's belt. She yanks up hard, pulling his pants up into a wedge, as she snaps for him to get to his feet. Fred cringes harder than Penny has seen him cringe yet. He blushes a deep beet red. For a moment Penny wonders why. Then she sees why.

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The front of Fred's pants. There's a pointy bulge sticking out where his cock is. Obviously, Fred's cock is hard. But that's not what has Fred cringing. That's the wet spot, about the size of a quarter, staining his pants for all to see directly at the tip of the bulge.

"Frederick!" Penny snaps, this time her voice more that of a school teacher scolding a very naughty grade-schooler. "Are you being a filthy little boy again? Is that tiny penis of yours erect again?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Fred squeaks out in pure shame.

Penny says nothing. She very quickly unbuckles his belt and unzips his pants. She puts her hands to his waistband. She shoves his pants down, letting them fall all the way to his ankles. And she sends his underwear along with them.

The tail of Fred's shirt is a hair too short. It hangs with its bottom hem just above Fred's cock. The cock that's sticking out straight. Rock hard and twitching moderately. The cock with its light purple head glimmering with a fresh coat of wet cum. The cock is barely more than half the size of Paul's.

"Damn, you weren't kidding!" Paul blurts out. He quickly catches himself and reverts to his thug persona. "This bitch ain't got no dick! What is that little thing, a fucking needle?" Paul laughs, and it's an honest hearty laugh. A laugh that makes Fred cringe a bit more and shames more tears to roll down Fred's eyes. A laugh that gets Fred's cock twitching even sharper.

"Guess this bitch be likin' it." Paul laughs again, "look to me like the bitch done cum in his pants. Guess that be what suckin' a *real man* do for a bitch."

Penny leaves Fred standing there for a couple of minutes. His very hard cock on full display to the laughing, taunting Paul and her. Both watch as a few more drops of

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cum weep from the tip of Fred's cock and cling their fresh wetness to his cock head. And watch his cock twitch away.

Finally, Penny swats Fred hard on his bare bottom with her hand. "Be a good little *girl*, Frederick, thank this nice man for letting you suck his penis like a proper girl. Make it a slutty polite thanks, Frederick." the firmness in her voice leaves Fred no doubt how serious she is. Or what kind of a thanks she's expecting.

"Thank you very much, Sir, for letting this little girl suck your huge manly penis, Sir. This little girl enjoyed having your monstrous penis down its slutty throat, Sir. I'm glad that I was able to be a good girl and make you ejaculate into my mouth, Sir. Thank you for letting me have a big drink of your semen to swallow, Sir."

"Yeah, bitch, you be likin' the taste of a real man in your mouth." Paul mocks Fred. "I's ought to bend you over that desk and make you my bitch for real, bitch. You want this manly dick all the way up your ass, bitch? You'll be lovin' it, bitch, I'll make you love it!" Paul laughs.

Fred trembles heavily. He thinks Paul just might do exactly that. He imagines that huge cock shoving up his bottom, stretching it further than imaginable, stuffing him over-full all the way to his very depths. And then fucking him as if he were a girl. Fred's cock twitches sharply and dribbles a couple of drops of cum.

"Look!" Paul blurts out, "bitch cumming all over himself just thinkin' about a real dick up his bitch ass!" Paul laughs.

Paul's thick, milky white cum clings to Fred's face, steadily drying to stickiness. Penny invites Paul to help "Frederick make himself stop being such a filthy little girl." She tells him to give Fred's balls a good squeeze and hold them. Then she watches Fred's reaction carefully.

Paul has strong and rough hands. The hands of a working man. Very manly hands. He reaches one out,

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under Fred's stiff cock, and wraps it around Fred's hairy balls. He squishes, gripping the little eggs tightly in his hand. Fred cringes. His face starts to show a light pain. And that's when Paul decides his grip is tight enough. It's a hair tighter than Penny would give him, but barely a hair. Not enough that Penny thinks of having Paul ease up.

"What does a good little girl do, Frederick?" Penny asks.

"A good little girl does not have an erect penis at inappropriate times, Ma'am," Fred answers, his voice squeaky, breaking, shamed, and laced with a hint of discomfort.

Paul grins, almost laughing, and shakes his head. His disapproval of Fred is obvious.

Penny makes Fred stand still, with Paul holding a tight grip on his balls, and recites "I will be a good little girl for Ms. Brinkmann. My penis will not be erect unless I have permission," over and over again. Until his cock is soft. Fully soft, shriveled up, and hanging limply down over the back of Paul's hand as Paul squeezes his balls.

It takes a long time. About four or five minutes, which must like seem like eons to Fred. Finally, when Penny is satisfied, she tells Fred to thank Paul for helping him behave. "Thank you for crushing my testicles to help me behave like a good little girl, Sir. It helped me to make my penis soft again, Sir."

Paul lets go and takes his hand away.

"That just leaves one very disgusting thing, Frederick. You know better than to cum in your pants like a very disgusting filthy little girl. I think I'll spank you for that. Ask him if he will watch you be spanked." Penny tells Fred in her icy voice.

"Sir, will you please watch Ms. Brinkmann spank me for being so filthy by letting my penis drip semen in my

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pants, Sir?" Fred shamefully asks Paul.

"Sure, bitch, let me see her bust that ass!"

A minute later Penny has taken the far less comfortable chair she has for Fred. She's pulled it out from the desk to make room for Fred. She has him over her knees. Her knees are opened a bit, putting her left thigh up far enough to support his chest and her right in the bend of his waist. She has his legs almost fully closed together. But this time she has Fred's limp cock hanging down along the outside of her thigh, his balls hanging against it, and then his legs hanging down, pushing against the backside of Fred's balls and pushing them against her thigh. She also has his belt, the one he was wearing, in her hand. Fred's pants are all the way down around his ankles.

Penny gives him three hard strokes with his belt. While none injure him, each one leaves a bright red welt glowing across his cheeks. After three, almost all of his globes are hot red. Each one lands with a splitting crack, jiggling the soft flesh of his globes. Each one gets a loud grunt of pain from Fred as it shoots hot needles of pain into his bottom. After three, his bottom couldn't burn hotter if he were sitting on a fire. The spanking brings tears to his eyes. By the end, he's crying, almost like a baby. Each stroke made Fred fidget and squirm more energetically over Penny's knees.

After three she stands Fred up again. Much to his shame, his cock is back to full stiffness, lightly twitching as he cries. Penny leaves him standing like that, with his cock, his tears, and his humiliation on fully display. His burning red bottom, too. She paces around him, his belt still doubled over in her hand, and berates him. Constantly. She spews an unending torrent of mocking criticism. The size of his cock. The filthy ways he gets hard, both during spanking and "being made into a girl," even the utterly disgusting way he flaunts his shamefulness. Her voice is beyond icy – more like glacial.

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Her tone is stern. She spares him not a single insult, every one of which is completely true. It takes several minutes.

And at the end of it, when Penny runs of ways to belittle Fred, his cock is just as stiff. Not only that, it's twitching more sharply and now weeping fresh cum.

Penny gets a ruler from Fred's (now her) desk. She snaps it down atop his cock, knocking the shaft down. Fred grunts hard, his voice squeaking and high, almost girly. She starts over, insulting Fred. Only this time as she paces around him, every time she passes in front of him, she snaps the ruler down atop his stiff cock. Every swat is hard enough to knock his cock downward. It takes about four swats for her to have the entire top side of his cock glowing a light pink. And nicely sore.

Penny keeps going. And going. It takes about a dozen swats to have his cock nice and red. A bright but deepening red. After that, every swat starts not only knocking his cock down but sending a droplet of cum flying from the tip of his jumping shaft.

By the time Penny decides that Fred has had enough, his cock is a medium-deep shade of red. It has got to be throbbing and aching badly. Both the painful ache from her swats, and the sweetly agonizing ache of not being able to cum, something it is clearly trying to do.

Penny goes over to a little refrigerator in the room. She gets a bottle of ice-cold water. She pours a cup full. She carries the cup over to Fred. She stands in front of him, her eyes locked on his, as she brings the cup up. Up low, directly under Fred's dangling balls. She brings it all the way up until the rim is pushing against his pubes and his balls are hanging down into the icy cold water.

Fred shrieks as he feels the freezing water around his sensitive orbs. He shivers hard. His cock twitches and jumps, flinging another droplet of cum.

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Penny holds the cup in place. Fred shivers on. His cock twitches on. But after a minute or so, the cold is too much. It constricts his blood vessels too much. Now enough blood to keep his cock fully engorged just won't flow. His balls shriveled up quickly. His cock shrivels up slowly, but just as fully. Finally, Penny takes the icy water from his balls and allows him to pull his pants up. She even returns his belt.

She grabs a piece of paper and a sharpie. She writes "I am a total slut. I sucked a penis twice the size of my tiny one," on the paper. Then she staples the paper to the front of Fred's shirt and orders him back to his chair. With Paul's dried cum still sticking to his face. She tells him that since he's such a filthy little girl to have his penis so hard at such inappropriate times, he's clearly shameless. So he shouldn't mind fully broadcasting his shame to the world.

When Paul leaves, a few minutes later, Fred is still blushing as he demurely sits in the chair. Neither he nor Penny misses the small, pointy bulge at his crotch, either.

Penny makes Fred sit like that while, eventually, all three of his employees come in. All grimace as they see the sight. It leaves no doubt what Fred has done. She takes the sign off and lets him wipe his face around 15:30, but only when Nancy calls and asks Penny if "it's safe to send them a client."



Chapter Thirteen -

Chapter Thirteen -

**** Note ****

If it seems as if this story ends rather abruptly, it does. I've written it as Fred, Beth, and Grace were enduring/enjoying a second week at the hands of Penny and Emily. As of the moment I write this note, they are there. Very possibly for a third week, considering how enjoyable all three seem to find it. That decision will be made tomorrow.

At the one week mark, I offered Garrett the choice to dismiss Bailey and select another from the list of available substitute girlfriends. He elected, rather eagerly, to keep Bailey. In his words, she's "a serious freak - there's nothing this girl won't do, and love doing." While it's his choice to allow the trio another week, I suspect he'll be more than happy to. And to allow himself another week of Bailey's services.

Unusually for me, the final few chapters are stories of Fred, Beth and Grace with their instructors. I've written them from the instructor's emails, the daily email letters each toy writes me (under supervision), and the videos the instructors provided me.

At the suggestion of my proofreader, Ken, Grace's letter from last night follows this note. I had Penny have Grace write to him (copy to me) as a thank you for proofing the story. It also went well with Grace's current lesson: she's learning to fully share herself, openly honestly, without any modesty or privacy. Addressing and sending her daily letter to a complete stranger, a man she never even knew existed, was a good lesson for her.

For the special edition (available on my web site only or by subscribing to my updates) I have left many of the

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photos of the actual toys. However, to protect those toys, their faces are not shown. As with the other special editions, if you see a face, it's not the real toy. If you don't, it is.

Hello Sir;

Please allow me to introduce myself. My name is Grace and I am writing you to sincerely thank you for proofreading Ms. Sarankhova's latest story. Ms. Brinkmann has told me that my mom and Fred are the subjects of Her story, but that I will be featured prominently in it as well. I haven't seen it yet, but I can guess what kinds of things you must be reading about me doing, Sir. This week, Ms. Brinkmann is teaching me to be open and honest, no matter how private or embarrassing for me, and to be flirty and alluring to men such as my husband, Sir.

I know boys are always telling me that I'm pretty, but I don't think so. I know that I am nothing special, just as Ms. Sarankhova says, "a plain bitch." The only special thing about me and this body is how tall I am, Sir. Otherwise, it's just an ordinary body. My breasts are too big, so much so that they kind hang on me. My vagina is just too wet, too, it gets so messy whenever I am even a little hot. My backside is tight and soft, and that make it so easy for Ms. Brinkmann to spank me, Sir.

Ms. Brinkmann asked me to tell you about my day, since this might not be in Ms. Sarankhova's story. Every morning, at breakfast, Ms. Brinkmann teaches us a bible verse. I have to memorize it, and be able to explain its meaning. For today our verse is Colossians 3:22. I don't know if you know that verse or not, Sir, but it reads: "Slaves, obey your earthly masters in everything, not only while being watched in order to please them, but with a sincere heart, fearing the Lord." To this trainee bitch it means that God wants me to obey Ms. Sarankhova, as she is my Mistress for now, and to obey her absolutely, without thinking of myself at all, no matter what She wishes to do with me.

Today Miss Speer came to babysit me again, Sir. I know that I haven't yet earned enough trust to be left home alone, but I'm trying to be very good, Sir. Besides that, I still have so much to learn, and Miss Speer has been kind enough to teach me some of it during the days. This

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morning my husband Fred was allowed to give me my shower. Ms. Brinkmann watched to make sure I was good. I stood there the entire time, Sir, while Fred's hands very slowly soaped my entire body. It was not easy. It was almost impossible as his soapy hands glided over my heavy breasts and he snuck in several good squeezes of them. He even used his finger tip to wash my nipples for me. That was bad enough, it made me so hot, but then he also washed the lips of my vulva, Sir and that just killed me. His soft hands gliding over my body just made my vagina so wet. My vagina got so hot that it burned, and then it started twitching, and that made it ache so bad that I couldn't stand it, Sir. I thought for sure that it was going to explode.

Because I was such a "skanky bitch" this morning, Miss Speer taught me a very tough lesson today. Every hour (I think) I was told to stand on the wall. I don't know if you know that pose, Sir, but it tells me to stand back from the wall with my feet stretched out as much as I can, and to lean forward and stretch my hands out. I have to keep my arms and legs straight while I put my hands on the wall with my fingers spread wide, and then stay just like that until Miss Speer says I can get up.

While I stood like that, Miss Speer put her finger into my anus. She told me to be good and keep my anus loose for her finger, and i tried so hard to behave. Once Miss Speer's finger was all the way through my anus, she started teasing me, Sir. I don't know how she does it, but i barely had time to feel her finger start to move. I can't really feel it, Sir, just a tiny bit as her finger moves against my anus. It was all i could do not to moan out the instant she started, Sir. Whatever she does, all i could feel was my vagina snapping hard and burning so hot that I couldn't stand it. And then my vagina started to feel like it was swelling up, maybe tripling in size, and it ached so badly that it hurt a tiny bit. I knew that if I could just touch my vagina for a second the ache would explode and I'd feel so wonderful, but I was good and kept my hands on the wall. Miss Speer just went on and the ache kept getting stronger in my vagina, and then it like filled my entire body. I couldn't stand it, Sir.

Then, Miss Speer told me that I had to stay like that until I recited my bible verse fifty times, without a single misspoken word, Sir. It was nearly impossible for me, Sir. Every time I tried to think, to remember the words to my verse, my vagina ached even worse. My clitoris was erect

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the entire time as well. It was even worse than my vagina, Sir. It not only ached so bad that I wanted to scream, but it tingled. Whatever Miss Speer was doing, only made the tingles get worse and worse and worse, and then my backside started tossing around a little and I couldn't make it stop, Sir. Miss Speer saw it and spanked it really hard with her hand. She had to spank me a few times, three I think, to make me be good.

I was really hoping that once I repeated my verse, Miss Speer would stop, Sir. She kept going like I hadn't finished, but only for a minute while told me that I was to thank her for helping me with my verse. Finally, She pulled her finger out of my anus. I really wanted to stand there and catch my breath, Sir. I really didn't trust myself to move. But Miss Speer wouldn't let me. She demanded that I get on my knees and thank her like a polite bitch, Sir, so that's what I did.

The second I finished being polite and thanking Miss Speer, she scolded me for being such a messy bitch. She showed me the huge spot my wet vagina had leaked on the floor, and made me clean it up. Then she took me back to finish whatever chore I was doing to keep the house nice for my husband, Sir.

Until the next time. She did that to me eight times today, Sir. Each time, it was worse than the last, too. By the last time, I don't know how I managed not to explode, like, even before Miss Speer could get her finger through my anus. Being good was as hard as it was the other day, when Miss Brinkmann allowed me to give my husband anal sex, Sir. Ms. Brinkmann said I was well behaved that night, Sir, and kept my anus loose for him. His penis was so hard inside me, up through my anus, Sir. With Her help, my husband was able to use his penis to tease me backside just as well as She and Miss Speer can, and it made me scream because I had to be good and not be a slut, Sir. I was good, but it hurt so much not to let my vagina explode. I was messy then, too, Sir. Ms. Brinkmann had me clean up a huge spot. So big of a spot that my vagina had to be running the entire time, Sir. Usually, I can feel the watery hotness as it runs out of my vulva, but that time the only thing that I could feel was the burning ache beating in my vagina and clitoris, Sir.

As his reward for obeying Ms. Brinkmann and not ejaculating into my rectum, Ms. Brinkmann had me get on my knees and masturbate his penis until he ejaculated onto my chest, Sir. Ms. Brinkmann then allowed

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me to be a devoted wife to Fred and clean his penis thoroughly with my tongue, Sir.

Now for the embarrassing part, Sir. As my reward for being such a devout wife, Ms. Brinkmann allowed me to straddle my husband's face while he was lying on the bed. She told me that i was to behave and be a good bitch by staying still and keeping my hands behind my neck. Then Ms. Brinkmann told Fred to use his mouth and to tease my clitoris and my vagina, Sir. His tongue was so strong, and so soft, and so hot when it touched me that it made it the ache in my vagina and clitoris beat hard, and then, while I felt that ache so much, every bit of my body started tingling and I couldn't stop it. I don't know how I managed to be a good bitch for Ms. Brinkmann, but I did. I could barely hear her when she told me that I could be a slut before I drowned my husband with the stuff my vagina was leaking into his mouth and all over him. I don't remember much of it, just how the ache suddenly exploded, crashing over me, and i was screaming as loudly as I could.

When I was done, Ms. Brinkmann made me get up. She had me stand next to my bed and showed me the awful mess I'd made, Sir. My Husband's face was completely covered, Sir with my vagina's wetness. But that's not the embarrassing part. My mattress was soaking wet around his head, too. Ms. Brinkmann made me smell it, and then I realized that it was pee. Somehow, while I was being a slut, I peed all over myself and my husband. Aren't I so disgusting to do that, Sir?

Since I didn't deserve the reward of being cleaned up, I was allowed to clean my husband up. It took some time to get my vagina's sticky wetness and my pee off his face, Sir. I had to change the sheets, too. As my punishment for peeing when Ms. Brinkmann didn't want me to, I am going to sleep on the wet side of the bed tonight, Sir. Maybe, if i can get all my chores done tomorrow, Miss Speer will have me clean it up.

Ms. Brinkmann wanted me to tell you that this letter is the same as the one Ms. Sarankhova will get from this trainee (and very messy) bitch tonight. I know I have no right to ask, Sir, but would you please tell Ms. Sarankhova if you think this letter should be added to the end of my mom and Fred's story for the whole world to read and know what a naughty bitch I am.

Thank you for reading my letter, Sir. Ms. Brinkmann has told me to

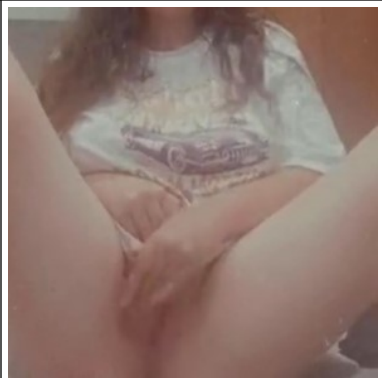
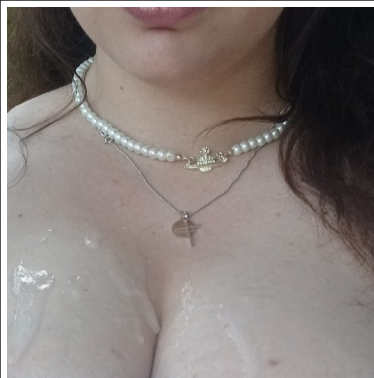
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show you what a messy bitch I am, Sir, so she has given me a picture of myself with my husband's semen on my chest for me to give you. She has also given me a video that Miss Speer made the other day of me masturbating myself, Sir. I was supposed to only touch my clitoris, but that made my vagina ache so badly that I couldn't stop myself from being a very trashy wife and sticking my fingers inside my vagina. Miss Speer made me take them out of my vagina. She counted how many times she had to scold me for sticking them in my vagina (it was seven) and then after my ten minutes of masturbation, she put over her knees and paddled my bottom seven times, once for every time I put my fingers in my vagina, Sir. I have to confess, Sir, that I was a baby and cried. Miss Speer just paddles super hard, Sir, and it really hurt like I deserved for it to.

But now Ms. Brinkmann will take me potty and put me to bed, Sir.

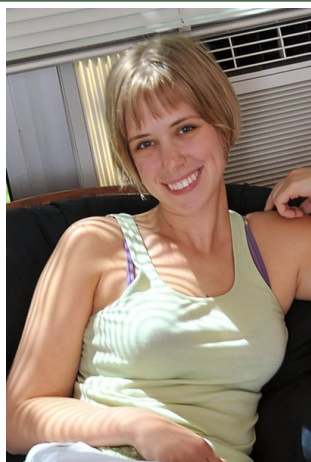
Thank you, Sir
Trainee bitch grace

Attached:



GUEST APPEARANCES

My other play toys who make an appearance in this story



Slutty FuckToy ("Hailey")

Age	Height	Weight
25	5'5"	137
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-C	28	36

Debuts In: "Slut Delivery"



Butt Slut ("Bailey")

Age	Height	Weight
19	5'5"	116
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Black	Brown	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
32-C	26	33

Debuts In: "The Pirate Cruise"



Trashy Whore ("Gretchen")

Age	Height	Weight
20	5'5"	130
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-A	28	35
Debuts In: "A Shared Lesson"		



Bitchy Cunt ("LeighAnne")

Age	Height	Weight
28	5'4"	122
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Brown	Trimmed
Bust	Waist	Hips
32-B	26	33
Debuts In: "Teaching Teacher"		

	Shy Bitch (“Amber”)		
	Age	Height	Weight
	28	5’7”	141
	Hair	Eyes	Pubes
	Brown	Green	Trimmed
	Bust	Waist	Hips
	36-C	31	36
Debuts In: “Social Work”			
	(“Emily”)		
	Age	Height	Weight
	19	5’3”	130
	Hair	Eyes	Pubes
	Brown	Green	Shaven
	Bust	Waist	Hips
	34-B	28	33
Debuts In: “Daddy’s Dungeon Bail”			



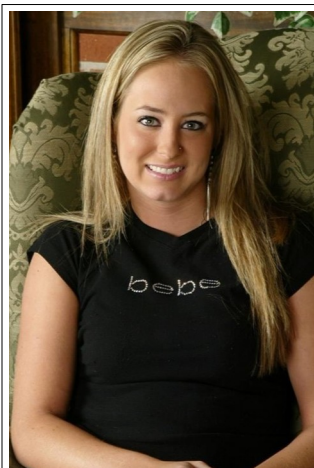
Prissy Bitch ("Penelope")

Age	Height	Weight
20	5'6"	130
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Blue	Trimmed Bush
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-A	28	34
Debuts In: "Unfortunate Timing"		



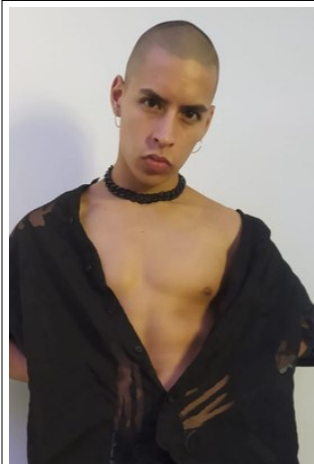
Daddy's Whore ("Jess")

Age	Height	Weight
19	5'3"	126
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Brown	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-A	29	35
Debuts In: Has Not Appeared In Any Story Yet		



Alice

Age	Height	Weight
19		
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
Debuts In: Has Not Appeared In Any Story Yet		



Leon

Age	Height	Weight
22	5'10"	168
Hair	Eyes	Penis
Black	Brown	7 ⁷ / ₈ x 1 ¹ / ₂
Debuts In: Has Not Appeared In Any Story Yet		

THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"

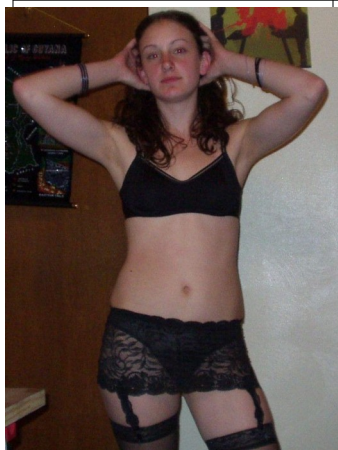
My friends, family, and slaves who appear in this story and numerous others. Only those in this story are shown.



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

Age	Height	Weight
21	5'4"	118
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	26	34

Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"



Slave-whore ("Paige")

Age	Height	Weight
20	5'7"	112
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	29	34

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



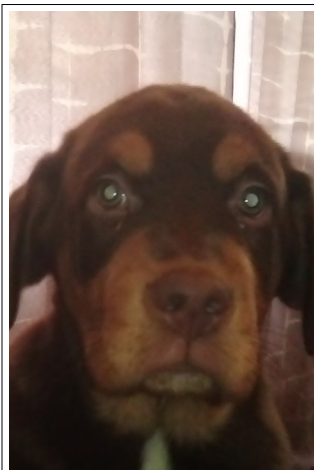
Lezzie Slut (“Dawn”)

Age	Height	Weight
24	5’5”	125
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-A	30	35
Debuts In: “The Dorm.”		



Princess Lilly

Age	Height	Weight
6 (Human)/42 (K9)	2’2”	60
Hair	Eyes	
Black & White	Puppy Dog	



Prince Butt Monkey

Age	Height	Weight
13 Mo.	2'10"	80
Hair	Eyes	
Brown, Tan, White	Puppy Dog	



Mistress Olive

Age	Height	Weight
47	5'5"	
Hair	Eyes	
Blond	Green	