

*Paige:
From College Girl to
Slave-Whore*



By Nadia Saran

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Prologue:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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put on a show on their account.

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

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

[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. Enjoy the story!]

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Wayne is a 46-year-old pilot for one of the major airlines. The same airline my friend Andrea is a flight attendant for, which is how she came to know him. Her tastes, her lifestyle, and her reputation as "free" are all well known around the airline, so I have little question of how those two met. But Andrea never plays with those she works with. So she sent Wayne to me several months ago.

This is my eighth session with Wayne and his wife, Anita. Although he flies as co-pilot out of New Orleans, he lives in Pascagoula, Mississippi. It might be in the next state, but it's also only in the next county over from Mobile where I live. Andrea, too. Anita doesn't really work. She has some kind of a very-part-time job at one of the casinos in Biloxi, but it's not for the money. She took many years off to be an at-home mother to their daughter Paige (18) and their two sons, Harold (15) and Jeremy (11).

Wayne and Anita have been married 19 years now. "Coincidentally" their anniversary date just happens to be 38 weeks before Paige's birthday. I figure they either had a honeymoon to remember or else there were considerations beyond pure love in their decision to marry. Or at least on when to marry. I haven't asked. It doesn't matter to me.

I'm the first Domme (or Dom) that Anita has ever known, let alone played with. Wayne, long before he met Anita, had a "strong-willed" girlfriend. The way he talked when he told me about her, I have little doubt she was a dominant. Probably not a full-time or lifestyle Domme, and probably not the most dominant Domme, but definitely in the "club." Otherwise, I'm the only Domme for him, too.

He's told me about his sex life with Her. And he remembers it well, even though it was over 20 years ago. It was the lighter side of BDSM. Bondage and light discipline, such as spanking, creeping into almost everything they ever did. And he liked it. But when She left him, he didn't know how to go about finding another woman who was "like

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Her." Then he met Anita and fell in love with her, even though she wasn't dominant.

With Anita, over their nearly 20-year marriage, they've played together a little. Not much. But Anita doesn't mind tying him and teasing him one bit. She just doesn't have the sternness and attitude of a Domme. And that's 90%, if not more, of the experience.

It was only about two years ago that Wayne figured out Anita wouldn't mind being tied down herself. I suspect she's been dropping hints the entire time, but Wayne just hasn't picked up on them. Men can be so dense about things like that! When they finally had their talk, about 18 years late in my book, they decided to look around for a dominant who might be willing to play with both of them. Months later Wayne got the opportunity to work a long flight with Andrea (she usually works out of Mobile on shorter, smaller flights, but isn't opposed to covering a long-haul that comes with a layover/free vacation someplace exotic). At the time, Wayne was flying right-seat on a New Orleans-Buenos Aires route. Like most everyone with their airline around here, he'd heard about her "games." He made an opportunity on the flight to talk to her, and she told him she doesn't play with coworkers but would mention his name to a few friends of hers if he wanted. He wanted. She sent them to me.

In our first session, I figured them out. They're pretty much an open book about their fantasies. It's not the bondage or the discipline that truly interests them. It's novelty. It's doing new things. Preferably things that they wouldn't normally do unless they were "forced" to do them. The further off the beaten path something is, the more they enjoy it. The more degrading it is, the more it arouses them. The kinkier something is, the better their orgasm from it. If it's uncomfortable, physically or emotionally, that's fine, too. The more uneasy they are, the better. In short, the less likely a "plain" middle-aged couple is to be doing it, the more they enjoy being made to do it. Although I doubt either would enjoy serious pain or too-public embarrassment, I don't do either so that's not an issue.

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I have a lot of generic rules for my toys. Rules that I demand they follow precisely, at least when in my presence, but preferably 24/7. Wayne and Anita have tried to follow my rules 24/7. So far there have been only minor and infrequent infractions, and both have accepted their punishments for those. The rule that matters now, at this very instant, is that neither may climax unless, and until, I tell them to; when told to climax, I expect an immediate orgasm by whichever, and only whichever, toy I tell to climax.

It's towards the end of what I have in mind for tonight's session. We've been here almost two hours already. Here being in their bedroom behind a locked door at close to one in the morning. I'd started late when I knew at least the younger boys would likely be in bed. I try to do that when I come to their house. Boys can be so snoopy!

Anita is 42 years old. She's about 5'5" tall and weighs around 145 pounds, or at least did on their first session when I'd made her stand naked on a scale. I doubt it's changed more than a pound or two. It's just enough weight to give her what I call a "mom body." one or two extra pounds on each arm, another one or two on each thigh. Enough that a thin layer covers her muscles, but not so much that she looks thick, fat or flabby. But she does have slightly wide hips. And she has a loose stomach, mostly flat, but with a pair of creases to it, one between her navel and her breasts and a second, lighter one, along her bikini line. They make her stomach look like it has carried a few children and never quite recovered to its pre-pregnancy tautness.

She has a very slightly plump-looking oval face framed by fine, jet black hair that hangs straight to the top of her shoulders. She has deep-brown eyes, a moderately wide and slightly short nose, and a rounded chin. She also has a narrow mouth framed by thin light-pink lips, but also a bright white smile.

I always measure women on their first session. I never take their word for any of it. Women so lie about their size. They all want to be

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thinner, have a shapelier figure, and have bigger breasts. Or so it seems. Anita's breasts are 38-B's. They're full and rounded, spongy soft, but sag so little it's not really noticeable. Like the rest of her skin, her mounds are a milky white. They're topped with wide medium-pink nipples that swell up like hard half-marbles. Those are surrounded by very wide, and equally light, so light that it's almost white, pink rings of color.

Now I have Anita tied over the foot of her bed. I have her ankles tied to the feet of the footboard. And the bed is queen-sized so it has her legs splayed wide. I have her tied fairly loosely, meaning I've left her plenty of room to squirm and wiggle, but none to actually go anywhere. I have Anita's hands tied together, three loops of rope around each wrist, and I have them tied to the headboard. I have them pulled forward to the point where her back is flat with the mattress a few inches under her. That will keep her from standing up even a hair.

And it has her breasts hanging down free, jiggling energetically as she squirms. I've always liked the way breasts, especially the softer ones, bounce around as they hang in mid-air.

Wayne stands behind her. He's a decently-tall man at 6'1", but he has a lean, almost-but-not-quite wiry build at 175 pounds. He has short hair that used to be as dark as Anita's, but now has a fair dose of gray to it. He has an oval face, too, but with a more pointed chin. Matching brown eyes, a nose that's only a bit smaller, but a wide mouth with full medium-pink lips. He has an equally bright smile, though.

He has a flat stomach with straight sides. His chest is covered with a medium-dense and deep-black fur that hasn't started to gray yet. His fur lightens up to "sparse" on his stomach. Then he has a very dense tangle of dark, long, curls with a slight brownish tinge to them on his pubes. All with legs that are mostly hairless, covered only with a fine layer of fuzzy hairs.

I measure men when they first come to play, too. Not as completely as I measure women. Men don't find it embarrassing to have

their measurements loudly announced as women do. Except for one measurement that is, and that's one I make sure to get. And it's not one that flatters Wayne. His cock measures a mere 4.87" long, and that's at full steely hardness. And it's a mere .87" inches across. Soft it measures only 3" long and ½" thick. According to the "experts" on such things, as well as my personal observations to date, that puts him on the wrong side of average. But only by about ¼", so not too far below average. Very far below my average, but I'm picky and I have standards; nothing under seven inches is going to touch me.

The theme of tonight's session is a "punishment" for Anita. Last night she'd text me and asked permission to give Wayne a welcome home blow job. Wayne loves those, a lot more so now that I've taught Anita to give them as slutty as even the cheapest and most experience of a porn star or whore could. I'd give her permission, adding as an afterthought that I expected her to give the best one yet, one that fully satisfied Wayne. Then I called her early this morning around when, but I was confident before, Wayne would wake up. I told Anita to wake him by kissing his cheeks. She did. I waited about half a minute while she said a sweet good morning to him. Then I demanded that she immediately snap and send me a picture of Wayne's cock. It was standing up straight, rock hard. I knew it would be. Men tend to get stiff for a couple of minutes when they wake. I scolded Anita for not giving him a good enough blow job since he was obviously eager for more less than 12 hours later.

I knew that neither of them has ever done anal sex. They told me they tried it a couple of times, but it always hurt Anita so they stopped. Wayne, like many men, has always wanted it. I'm not sure why men do, but they do. In Wayne's case, I laughed that maybe it was because his cock is so small that he wants the tighter hole; a hole he might actually be big enough to feel.

While I'm passing it off as Anita's punishment, it isn't much of one. Her punishment is giving Wayne anal sex. Except that I am here, and I've spent some time teaching her how to do it without it hurting her. I'm sure

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she feels it, it's kind of impossible not to feel something as big as the tiniest of cock in there, but it's not hurting her.

I have Wayne's hands tied behind him. I did that for two reasons; first, because Wayne likes anything better when he's tied or bound, and second because hands get in the way. At least they do when Wayne is being my cock. I don't want him doing anything. Not even fucking Anita. I want to do it all. As if Wayne is just a sex toy I'm using on Anita.

I have Sophie, my 19-year-old live-in slave-girl, standing just behind Wayne. Sophie is an inch or two shorter than Anita, and at least 20 pounds lighter. She's a small girl. And with her close behind Wayne, it looks it. Her hands are on his hips. Her grip is tight, I can see that. Tight enough that she has to be feeling his hip bones under her hands. She moves his hips for him.

I stand beside Sophie with my girly-fancy crop in my hand. And I use my crop, tapping Wayne on his firm bottom to keep reminding him he's to be doing nothing. Wayne is to be standing there, keeping his body loose, while Sophie fucks Anita in her bottom with Wayne's cock. In my other hand, I have my phone, taking a video of the event. That's the other part of Anita's "punishment;" I'm making a video of her first-time anal sex, which will be posted publicly online for the world to see. I'm not going to show faces or anything that would identify them, and I think they know that. That's not something I do. But I am going to show their coupling in close-up graphic detail. With the soundtrack.

At this moment, the moment I've chosen as the beginning of this story, I'm aiming the camera downward, holding it just above Wayne's cock. It's getting a view of about $\frac{3}{4}$ of Anita's milky-white globes. Globes that do not look fat, nor do they look young and firm. Globes that are mostly rounded, with a slight flatness to their backs, but now are pulled moderately taut with Anita leaning over fully. It gets a full view of the V of her crack, and down it. And it shows all of Wayne's cock, as milky-white as her globes, disappearing into the deep-purple-brown ring of

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Anita's asshole. It show's Anita's asshole, too, her wrinkly ring now stretched tautly and sparkling with a thick coat of her honey, clenched tightly around his shaft.

Sophie moves Wayne through full strokes. Strokes that completely bury his cock inside her bottom until his pubes are flush against her crack and his balls are lying loosely against the plump, sopping wet, lips of Anita's pussy mound. Strokes that draw his cock back out until only about 2/3rds of its head, just enough for the steely hardness of his shaft to still stretch Anita's muscle wide, is left inside her. As I wish, Sophie uses slow, steady, rhythmic strokes. Strokes that take a couple of seconds each direction and smoothly reverse. No man would use such slow strokes, at least not if he had a choice about it. Men get so eager when it comes to sex! They just want to cum! Even when they're not allowed to!

The slow strokes make them both feel the sex fully, and feel it for a lot longer. This way it takes longer for Wayne to build up to where he's ready to cum. And I want them to feel it. Even with the crop to control Wayne, I know he'd get eager; he's wanted this for too long not to. So I have Sophie doing it for him.

Now that I've taught Anita to do this without it hurting her as it enters her, she's discovered she likes it. A lot. I don't know if she'll admit it. I haven't asked. She's biting hard into a pillow as she screeches fast, sultry, urgently-sweet moans. The pillow does a decent job of muting their volume, but nothing to disguise the hungriness of them. That tells me all I need to know. Anita likes it.

I move to hold my camera under Anita's shoulders, pointing it down along the underside of her chest and stomach. Her stomach hangs a little, but not much. Certainly not enough to block the view of the bottom of Wayne's balls bouncing as his sacks butts against her pussy. Here it shows all of Anita's smallish breasts, as her soft mounds jiggle loosely as Wayne's pubes bump against her bottom at with each stroke. "Flabby..." I coo to Anita, using the derogatory nickname I've made up

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for her, one that picks more at her fears than at her true shape. "Tell the world how it feels to have that tiny little cock pounding you in your tight little virgin butt."

Anita can't talk while biting the pillow. She releases it and instantly lets out a guttural, deep, "UHHH!" Her primal moan is long and drawn out, and the camera records all of it. She tries to say it's "good." I "spank" one of her breasts with my hand, more getting her attention than anything, and scold her. It takes another spank on her breast, the camera showing all of them, too, before she gives in and describes what she's feeling. She describes her bottom as feeling "so full," but not too uncomfortably full. She describes feeling even the tiniest motion of his cock. She says she feels it in her bottom almost like she's using the toilet, a feeling that's a light sensation. At least compared to her pussy. She feels even tinier motions of his cock there. And there those motions make her pussy tingle with hot sparks dancing all over it. It makes her pussy burn hot. And she knows she's wet; she can feel her honey leaking out of her slit and onto the tops of her thighs. I guess she can't feel it soaking the fur on Wayne's balls, but the camera can see that.

She says it's like having sex, only the sensations are all exaggerated. Maybe three or four times as intense as when she has "regular" sex. She describes those fiery hot sparks shooting out of her pussy, tingling along her nerves and straight up her spine. They make her shiver. They give her goosebumps on her pussy lips and her breasts. She says she's desperate to climax now, and nothing is touching her pussy or her clit. Just her bottom.

She turns her head fast as her mouth opens to its widest, trying to bite into the pillow under her face again as the first notes of another hot moaned "Uhhhhh!" burst from her lungs.

I make sure the camera gets a good image from underneath her pussy. And Image that shows the dense fur of the neatly trimmed bush on her pubes. And shows her silky smooth, bare, plump lips. Lips that

all but drip with glistening honey. It's an image that leaves no doubt where Wayne's cock is. It can be seen sliding steadily into her while the entirety of her untouched pussy lips are visible.

I make them go one for fifteen full minutes, my camera getting every second of it. When I've decided they've had enough, for now, it's time to stop them. I just nod to Sophie and with the next stroke, she backs Wayne a little more until his rock-hard shaft slips fully from Anita's asshole. Then she holds his hips still so he can't re-enter her. He groans deeply and shudders lightly as Sophie keeps his cock away from his wife's body. And everything else, leaving his shaft sticking straight out yet touching nothing.

Anita screeches a very deep, very frustrated, and somewhat louder groaning moan of abject frustrating into her pillow. She shivers several times, all of them crisp and hard. She sobs light groans after that, her pussy aching powerfully for the tiniest of touch to sate her desires.

It's the sweet agony of being left unfulfilled. Of her pussy burning with fire, as wet as an ocean, and tingling with even more intense sparks. Of his cock aching with the pounding throb, his lizard-brain knows can only be relieved by screwing something. That primal urge to fuck someone, anyone, just to make that ache go away.

I'm sure they've wondered if I'd allow Wayne to cum in Anita's bottom. I usually don't. I save such pleasure as an orgasm given by another's body for a "reward." And Anita is definitely not being "rewarded" tonight. More often I allow them to end their suffering by masturbating, and I make that a rigorous ordeal that's more pleasing to them than anything they could do alone.

I know one invariable truth about sex, as well as life. Desensitization. Every time they do something, they get a little more used to it. Not so much physically, but emotionally. At first, masturbating in front of Sophie and I was fairly humiliating for them. But last time I could tell the embarrassment of being watched, even watched

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extremely closely, was starting to ebb for them. As if their minds are saying "OK, it's embarrassing, but it's nothing she hasn't seen us do a few times before."

That's not the reason they come to me. They don't want their sessions to become the same as their regular sex. They want this to be different. They want me to push them, to "force" them to do things they'd never dream of doing were I not here making them do them. Things that are uncomfortable. Things that are humiliating. Embarrassing.

I have Sophie move Wayne back a couple of steps and untie his hands. While she's doing that, taking care to make certain Wayne keeps those hands still at the small of his back and doesn't try to relieve his ache, I untie Anita. And I do the same, saving her hands for the very last and then making her put them behind her back.

Then I do something I've never done with this couple before. I open the door of their bedroom while they stand there fully naked. This late at night, their house is dark and still. I'm sure their kids are asleep, or at least the younger two are. It's hard to tell with 18-year-olds, we tend to keep odd hours. But I don't see a single ray of light coming from under Paige's door.

I grip a handful of the soft curls of Anita's bush, getting a firm grip on her bush. Softly I say "if you're so horny after that, your teensy little dick will stay really hard."

I've told Sophie to tease Wayne just a little. I want his cock to stay fully hard. So hard that it's straining to get even harder, but can't possibly. To where it's so hard he feels it straining. Sophie is nothing if not a tease. And she's ultra-devoted to me. She lifts the hemline of her dress a couple of inches to bare her very firm, very rounded, very girly young bottom. She backs it up, her hard globes lightly touching his stiffness. She wiggles her bottom, gliding it feathery-light across his shaft for a second. Then she pulls her dress back down. She grabs him by his

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loose-hanging balls, cupping them gently, and leads him along.

I walk Anita out of the bedroom. As soon as she figures out what I'm doing, her eyes get nervously wide. They dart everywhere, looking for any sign that one of the kids is anywhere but sound asleep. That one of them might see something! The girl in me knows that Anita is thinking about how loud, how slutty-loud, she was, and wondering if the pillow muted her hotly-agonized cries enough, or if she might have woken one of the kids.

Using his balls as her leash, Sophie leads Wayne along behind Anita.

I watch Anita closely, making sure her hands stay behind her instead of trying to modestly cover something. Something like her pussy or breasts. She's a very shy woman, and I know the urge to hide her nakedness is driving her mad right about now.

I lead them out to their sofa. They're well-enough off, but not rich. Like most middle-class households, they have a three-cushion sofa. I push Anita down on one end of it, scolding her to sit up like a lady. She straightens herself up, sitting with her back rigidly straight, her eyes forward, her legs crossed fully right-over-left. Only now she keeps her hands behind her as I instruct her to instead of folding them demurely on her lap. Sophie puts Wayne on the other end of the sofa, leaving a full cushion between their naked bodies. She has him sit up like a gentleman, which means like Anita is sitting except with his knees spread instead of his legs crossed. This way he doesn't squeeze his balls. And it leaves them fully exposed as they lie on the cushion beneath his steely-hard shaft that pokes out and slightly upward into the air. Nothing touches that cock either.

Someone, probably Anita, has a flair for decorating. There are two nice lamps atop end tables, one on either side of the sofa. I already know both are geared for reading and have low-wattage bulbs in them. I turn them on. It's perfect, casting a glow on most of their bodies, including all

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of the important parts, but not on their faces and leaving a darker strip between them. Almost as if they have spotlight illuminating their private parts! It's exactly what I want.

"Ahh..." I sigh out deeply, "playing with you two has gotten as boring as playing with my Barbie dolls." I pause a second looking them over.

I grin, but I doubt they can see it. "Since mini-dick wasn't a lousy husband last night, I won't make him suffer. I'll allow him to masturbate that tiny thing before I leave. As for you, flabby," I turn to Anita, "You weren't a very good wife. You obviously didn't satisfy even the tiniest of pecker over there with your blow job. What kind of a wife are you? Never mind. I'll think about having mercy and letting you diddle your sloppy skank pit, too..." I switch into my teasing bully voice. "Then again, I'm not exactly Miss Mercy, am I?" I giggle.

"But before I think about allowing any relief, we'll just watch your little video. You can think about how many people the world over will be downloading it, saving it, watching that baby dick sliding in and out of the fat whore's virgin little butt tomorrow!" I giggle again and Sophie joins me when she sees the look of horror on their faces.

They have Roku TV, which for me is awesome. It's easy to cast the video clip from my phone right to their 60" TV. In seconds it's starting with the tip of Wayne's stiff cock just barely behind Anita's tightly clenched dark ring about to press into her most secret place. I have the volume down, but still, up enough they can hear themselves. I wait a couple of seconds until the tip of that cock is pushing firmly against Anita's ring, waiting for her to relax it and open her bottom to his cock. "Oh! Flabby was a bit noisy, wasn't it? I do hope those kids are sound sleepers."

As I remind them of their kids I see a very horrified look sweep both of their faces. I'm sure both silently pray to God the kids don't wake up now. A split second later, on screen, Anita grunts as Wayne's cock

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slips through her asshole. It's definitely audible, though not quite as loud as if they were watching TV. It doesn't take long for Anita to start moaning deep "MM-UHHH!s" that steadily get more urgent and slutty. It takes about fifteen seconds of those moaned cries, Anita so clearly not realizing just how slutty she sounds, before I see Anita start to tremble.

Now, this is what I wanted. That slight element of danger to it. The danger of being caught by one, or more, of the kids. I have Sophie posted up at the hall, watching for a light to come on or a door to open and warn me so they don't actually get caught, but they don't know that. As far as they know, they actually could get caught. There's no way I'd let the boys catch them. They're too young. Paige is 18, so she's old enough. And that would be so humiliating for them! But it looks like she's asleep, too.

They make it through the video. Barely. Halfway through it, I can see the glimmering at the very tip of Wayne's cock that tells me he's oozing tiny droplets of cum. Which means his body is just so anxious to cum. Which means his cock has got to be throbbing and aching so strongly. Perfect!

The video stops. I don't have to do anything but turn the TV off. The video is only on my phone. They will have to hunt around online to find it if they want a copy, and I'm sure they will. They both so obviously enjoyed watching it. Almost as much as they are nervous about being caught. I'll bet it's the last time this video is on this TV. They'll save it for the TV in their bedroom.

Standing in front of them, I lean over and tickle the tips of my fingers over the topside of the length of Wayne's shaft. "Oh... that little thing really wants to cum all over everything, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Wayne answers me.

That's when I see Sophie flash me a hand single. One finger held up. It's one of the signals I told her before we ever came over here. I

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figure it's about a ten-second warning, which gives me about a second to make my choice. I chose humiliation, embarrassment, and shame. For them, not me.



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I pretend I hadn't seen Sophie's hand signal. A few very short seconds later, without even a single ray of light, Paige walks into the living room. They both see her. Anita sucks in a deep, shocked/horrified breath and quivers lightly. But both stay still on the sofa where I have them.

There's really nothing going on right now. Except that Paige's parents are sitting naked on the sofa with two other women, both Paige's age not their age, fully dressed in the room. Oh, and with me looming over Wayne.

They don't have a choice. I've told them to sit and stay there. Should they move, even a hair, or try to cover anything, both know full well that I'll spank them good for it. Not later. Instantly. In just a couple of seconds, the offender will be over my knees like a naughty toddler, a paddle swatting his or her bottom. I won't care who sees it, either. I've warned them, if they'll misbehave in front of someone, they shouldn't mind that person seeing them punished for it either.

Both twitch. Wayne has to constantly catch himself and stop his hands from covering his raging erection. Anita twitches ever harder. She's the shier one, and I know she's the one with the stronger reflex to cover her body. I can see both of their faces blush brightly as they realize that I'm allowing Paige, their 18-year-old daughter, to see them fully naked.

I've only met Paige a few times, and those were brief encounters. I know she's barely 18. As in 6 weeks past her 18th birthday. I know she hasn't yet finished high school, her birthday being fairly early in the school year, but also past the cut off to have started a year earlier. Her parents have told me she's an average student with a B- GPA. They've told me she doesn't have a boyfriend, too. At first, I questioned whether they'd even know, but then I saw Paige spent enough time around the house that she didn't have one. I can tell she's a quiet girl, too. If she was a party animal, she'd always be out with friends, not home with her

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family. But beyond that, I know almost nothing about her. Except that she goes to Theodore High, where Sophie went before she graduated a year ago.

Paige comes in and stops for a brief instant, her eyes quickly taking in her naked parents. She stands there, not saying anything until I turn to her. Then she takes a long deep breath. She holds her breath and drops to her knees, spreading her knees and feet, and putting her hands behind her back. It's very close to a perfect kneeling posture. She even sits back with her bottom over her heels.

I'm not sure what Paige is wearing. I can only see a huge t-shirt that serves as a nightie. Huge enough that flows down and covers most of her kneeling legs. She looks down toward the floor, which has her eyes about on my feet. I wonder where she learned the posture. I'd bet she looked it up online and has tried to copy it.

Interesting, I think, so interesting... I'd never wonder why Paige, who I've barely spoken to, is kneeling in front of me. Why wonder? I can ask. So I do. "What do you want? Speak, baby girl." I turn to loom over Paige.

She takes another deep breath. "Please, Ma'am..." She begins in her girly voice, a pleading note to it, "Please, Ma'am..." Paige sobs a nervous sob. "Would you please at least think about... me? Please, Ma'am!" Her voice turns desperate as she starts begging. "I'll do anything! Whatever you want me to do, Ma'am. I don't care. You can have me! Please, Ma'am, please, at least tell me you'll think about me... Please!!!" She screeches desperate but keeping her voice down to where it won't wake her brothers.

I did not expect it. I didn't even know Paige knew I was a Domme. Or knew who I was. As far as I knew she only knew I was a young woman who sometimes visited her parents. I didn't think she had any idea why. Obviously, she knows a lot more than I'd thought.

"And just what do you think I could possibly want with you, baby

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girl?"

Paige sobs heavily. "Nothing, Ma'am." She sibs a few more times before very shyly adding, "I'm sure you have better than me. I'm sorry! But please, Ma'am, I'll do just absolutely anything for you! Not just now, Ma'am, for eternity! Please, Ma'am... just don't... say no. please!"

"And what could I possibly do with you, baby girl?"

"Anything you want, Ma'am!" Paige blurts out, this time a note of eagerness and hope creeping into her voice. "I swear, Ma'am, I'll do just *anything* you want. You can do anything with me! I don't care! There's nothing I won't do, Ma'am! *Anything!* With anyone! Please, Ma'am! Please, maybe you can find some way to use me? Anything at all, Ma'am!"

"Are you a virgin, baby girl?"

"No, Ma'am."

I grab hold of her longish, full hair and pull her head up until her eyes are staring straight ahead at Wayne's little cock. I hold her head there. She doesn't try to avert her eyes. I wait a few seconds before I ask her "If I said to suck that little thing, you'd do that for me?"

Even though it's her father's cock, and not a very manly cock, less than a foot from her eyes, Paige doesn't hesitate. "I've never done that, Ma'am. But I'll try to do my best, if that's what you want me to do, Ma'am. Should I, Ma'am?" She opens her mouth wide. Not fully, not stretching it, but wide.

"No," I say. I sense the relief in Wayne, but Paige just stays quiet as I hang onto her hair. "Mini-dick there doesn't deserve even that." Paige doesn't react to it all. She just closes her mouth now that she knows she won't be using it.

"On your feet." I release Paige's hair.

Paige doesn't hesitate to rise up to her feet. She spreads her feet

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just enough so that her thighs are parted and keeps her hands behind her back. She looks ahead, which has her staring at her naked parents. And she just stands there waiting.

"Give me everything you have on, baby girl," I say firmly, but without any harshness to my voice. I hold a hand out.

Paige needs another deep breath. She pulls the huge t-shirt over her head and holds it out to me. I tell her, a trace of firmness in my voice, to take care of things she's allowed to use. I tell her to fold that shirt neatly before handing it over to me. She hurries to fold it up, even smoothing it out, and hand it back to me. I take it. She didn't have any underwear on under it.

She stands with her hands behind her back again. She's a lean woman, standing about 5'4" tall and I'd bet somewhere close to 115 pounds. Light enough to look lean. She has her mother's long oval face and rounded chin. Her brown eyes, too. And the same slightly-wide nose, but a nose that's a hair longer. She must have gotten her mouth from Wayne: it's as wide as his is with full medium-pink lips. And she has a full head of medium-brown hair that she's curled except for on top of her head where she's left it straight, that hangs a few inches onto her shoulder blades.

She's lean enough that she has only the gentlest of a curve to her waist, her sides not quite flat, but definitely not curvy either. She carries it well, though, her hips and ribs not showing a single bone. She has a flat, unmarred stomach, her skin tanned only the very slightest. Barely enough for me to make out the lines of her bikini. A bikini that's neither the most modest nor the sexiest. I see lean arms and legs, too. Lean enough to make out her muscles, but not overly-lean or even athletic looking.

I can see a pair of small breasts. She must have inherited their size from her small-breasted mother. But there the similarity ends. Paige's mounds, I'd guess she's a 32-B, are firm and pert. They're not rounded

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and full, as are Anita's, but have a moderate pointiness to them. Her mounds stand up straight off her chest with no hint of a crease as they met that chest, just a slightly rounded bottom that curves up to a nipple. Even with her small mounds, she has full, wide nipples that are now swollen up like half marbles, almost perfect rounded in every aspect, and clearly as hard as rocks. They're light-pink and surrounded by disproportionately wide rings of the same shade that seem to color half her mounds. Her nipples are pierced, showing little hoops through the base of them where they meet her mounds. I hold out my hand and demand those rings. Paige takes them off quickly, closes them, and neatly sets them in my palm.

Her thighs don't come close to touching as she stands. They're lean enough to let her moderately plump pussy mound puffy downward. She's fully shaven, and both her lips and pubes are silky without a trace of stubble.

She stands there quiet as I make a show of looking her body over. I can see a slight nervousness to her, not quite making her tremble, but growing steadily the longer I take looking her over. I suspect it's a nervousness that I might not want what I now see. That I might send her back to her room after she's so blatantly lowered herself shamelessly in front of her parents. It would be for nothing.

"Turn, baby girl, show me your bottom."

Paige turns around, and with no other instructions, stands the very same way. She looks forward, as she should, while I do whatever I wish behind her back. I look at a very firm and rounded pair of cheeks that have a defined curve to their bottom edge, but also rise straight out without sagging even a hair. Cheeks that are full enough, yet defined enough, to have a moderate-V of a crack between them where her cheeks just barely touch each other enough that her asshole isn't visible.

"Now show me your pussy, baby girl. That means: say 'yes, Ma'am.'" Paige immediately says it. "now slide your feet as wide as you

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can part them comfortably... now lean over. I'd prefer your back flat if you can bend that far without falling or wobbling around." Paige leans over. At the very end, she slows down but goes down until her back is flat. And leaves her hands unused behind her back. "Now reach around the outside of your thighs, and open your lips as far as they'll go so I can see everything inside."

"Here is my pussy, Ma'am," Paige repeats a second later. Now I can see a pair of long-but-narrow full outer lips as she holds them open for me. Lips that don't meet, leaving a wide line of medium-pink between them. I can that her entire pussy is the same shade of medium pink, only now it's moderately wet with a coat of oily honey. I can see that she has small pink inner lips that are almost wrinkle-free, even where they wrap around a very hard marble-sized swollen clit hungrily poking its head up from the nest between them. I can see a narrow little tunnel that's as wet as everything else.

I take a long minute to get a good look at the pretty and small pussy hiding behind the puffy-full mound of those long lips. Then I tell her to show me her butt and instruct her what that means for her to do.

A couple of short seconds later Paige has her firm cheeks pulled as far apart as they'll go. Now the medium-pink ring of her asshole is bared for my eyes. It's small, shaped like a funnel, and maybe ¼" wide at the outside, gently sloping in. a few gentle wrinkles flow towards the center of the funnel, but none are really more than soft ripples. As lean as she is, I can see the hard ring of her muscle here.

I tell her to stand up and face me. She hurries to obey.

I stare into her misty eyes for a very long moment, watching as her nervousness ramps up. "I'll give you one chance, baby girl. Choice one is to run back to your room and not come out until 8:00 am tomorrow morning, no matter what happens, no matter who says you can. Choice two is to stand right there butt-naked in front of everyone. Stay there, and you are offering your obviously worthless bottom to me. I will take you

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and decide if I can think up some way to make use of that scrawny bottom. While I have it, I own you. I will do whatever my whimsical mind conjures up to do with your body, and I won't care if you love it or cry your way through it's so bad for you. I just won't care about you. I'll just use you and that stick-like body however I wish. There is nothing I won't do with it. Nothing I wouldn't make it do simple to amuse me. You will be very humble and respectful. Do not ask for, or expect anything at all. You will obey without question. Disappoint me the tiniest bit, and you will be punished before you make it to me. Punishment will not be enjoyable for you. You will not leave until I tire of wasting my time on such an ugly little body. That might be before morning. It might be... whenever. You belong to me, just as would a slave I'd bought three hundred years ago. Decide now, baby girl, stay or go to your room?"

Now Paige trembles enough that I can see it on her body. Her voice breaks nervously, but still with that hopeful tone running through it, as she asks "May this baby girl please be allowed to stay here, Ma'am? Please, Ma'am, you may do whatever - use me, however. Please allow this baby girl to stay, Ma'am?"

I don't answer. I do wonder where Paige has been surfing around online. Now, I'd bet she's been on my site, the member pages where she can see more. That line is just so something I would make a sub say. And exactly the humble way I'd have the sub say it.

I turn back to Wayne and Anita. They both have a very shocked look on their faces. But there's no denying it. There's no telling themselves I've coerced Paige. They've watched Paige determinedly come to me. The only strong emotion I see on their faces is the humiliation. There's also no telling themselves that Paige, their barely-adult daughter knows exactly what they've been doing in the bedroom. And that she's now seeing them totally naked. Or that Paige is behaving herself well, and that means not averting her eyes to offer them any shred of dignity. As if I am now the one she cares about pleasing, not them. And I can see it in the uneasy way they fidget around on the sofa how badly they want

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to say something. They won't. They wouldn't take them near-certain risk I'd punish them for it. This is bad enough. Neither is willing to endure the added humiliation of having Paige see him or her turned over my knees and spanked. So they squirm and fidget as wait silently, pray again, this time that I'll send Paige to her room anyway.

But that's not what I'm looking at. I'm looking at Anita's nipples. Those strain to full hardness. And I'm looking at Wayne's cock, which still stands up just as impatiently. And it's tip glistens brightly with fresh little dollops of his cum. Apparently, the humiliation of being displayed to Paige has proven arousing to their bodies. I'm sure the humiliation of watching Paige beg to give herself to me and having to sit silent as she does helped them along, too.

"Baby girl, have you ever seen a man masturbate?" I ask in my evil voice.

Wayne immediately blushes a deep beet-red. His cock stays as swollen as it possibly can, and now it twitches slightly as it throbs even harder for relief.

"No, Ma'am," Paige answers immediately.

I hold my hand out and Sophie puts my crop in it. "Now you be a good boy, mini-dick," I say in a taunting voice, before putting the firmness in it and adding "masturbate."

Wayne cringes hard. He moves slower than I'd like, but not so slow as to warrant a spanking. He brings his right hand up to his cock and wraps the hand around his narrowish shaft. He strokes himself, slowly, steadily. He tries to sit still and silent, doing nothing but what he was told to do: stroke his cock. He keeps his eyes forward, which unfortunately for him has them on Paige's naked body. It makes him see Paige and see her eyes taking in everything he's doing. It's a constant reminder that his daughter is watching him pleasure himself. Now that has to be humiliating!

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It takes all of two, maybe three, strokes on his cock before I see Wayne's muscles tensing up. Then in another stroke or two, I hear the first groans escaping his lips. His groans are as hungry and erotic as they are deep and manly. Another stroke or two and a fresh droplet of his cum glistens atop his shaft.

Wayne knows well what I expect of him. He tries hard to sit still. He clenches his teeth so hard I can see the strain in the muscles of his neck and jaw as he tries not to get noisy. It doesn't help much. He keeps stroking it steadily, rhythmically. And he keeps his eyes open and forward where he has no choice but to see Paige staring back. His uneasy fidgeting quickly turns to needy squirming as his body stiffens up.

I run my hand over his head, his short hair slipping between my fingers as I pet him almost like he was my dog. "That's a good little boy!" I say softly keeping the taunting bully tone in my voice. "I'll bet you just love this. Isn't it nice to have something besides that flabby old whore's fat butt to look at while you jerk off? Never mind." I giggle just a little. "Your little baby girl might be scrawny, but at least her boobs don't hang down to her knees! Yet. Did you see its pussy when it showed it to me?"

"No, Ma'am," Wayne answers, his voice shamefully modest, as he stutters from the arousal building past the limit of bearable.

"Oh, well..." I tease, "it's very hot and wet... baby girl, show him my pussy."

"Yes, Ma'am," Paige answers very quickly. She doesn't hesitate at all. She just turns her back and bends over, both displaying her pussy in all it's shameless glory and putting it less than a foot in front of his eyes.

He's seeing it now. He doesn't have much choice. It's wetter than it was, too, Paige's oily honey sparkling in the dim, angled, light. And her clit is swollen up huge and hungry.

"See it now, little boy?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

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"Doesn't my pussy look so wet and tight. I'll bet it's tight enough that even that miniature little dick of yours could feel it!" I taunt him. I leave Paige like that for close to half a minute, making sure Wayne has a good eyeful of her pussy, then I tell her to stand back up and watch him play with himself.

Wayne almost trembles. As he sits there, I can tell it's almost hurting him. He wants to cum so badly, and he's trying hard to wait. He squirms his bottom against the seat, trying not to and trying to hide it. He grits his teeth hard, as he tries to mute the deep, needy groans that escape with every breath.

Where I have her standing, not only can Wayne see almost all of her nakedness, but Paige can see his cock. His cock is barely longer than the hand wrapped around it. Even when his hand is all the way down and against his pubes, only about ½" of cock peeks out from his fist. He's not circumcised so that half an inch is about equally divided between the milky-white foreskin and the light-purple of cock-head as it peeks out from its sheath. At the high point of his stroke, only the milky whiteness of his shaft is visible below his grip.

As he strokes himself, I give him a few random and very light taps on his nipples with my crop. Taps that do nothing but make sure I have his attention so I can either taunt him again or remind him that he's to behave while he masturbates.

Five minutes is kind of my minimum masturbation. If a toy can't behave for five minutes, then it's definitely not amusing me. It's just masturbating. Wayne makes through the five minutes, but not too well. He so clearly wants to cum.

"Baby Girl..." Wayne says when I tell him what he wants to say, "Daddy is sorry for being such a horny little boy. And I'm sorry I have such a little dick to entertain Miss Rodgers and you with. Will you please watch Daddy cum like a horny teenage boy now, Baby Girl?"

I nod to Paige telling her to answer him as she would if I weren't

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here. "Whatever." She sighs out. I speak teen-girl. That translates as "Ugh! Since I have to, just do it, and let's be done!"

"Miss Rodgers, Ma'am, may I please have permission to cum now, Ma'am?" Wayne asks me very politely, even with the strain in his voice as he struggles not to.

I tell him to behave while he cums. "Thank you for allowing my tiny dick to cum, Ma'am." Wayne answers. He groans loudly. Then he moans out a very deep, primal groan as his cock explodes. He spurts a huge dollop of his whitish cream. As he knows to do, he keeps his cock still in the same position he was masturbating it in: halfway between pointed ahead and up, straight in line with his body. His sticky cream arcs up and outward, falling to the floor between his feet as his cock shoots out a second spurt.

Paige stands there, still and silent. Her eyes see everything. I can tell as I see a little wrinkle of "gross" creep into her visage. She says nothing. Does nothing. She stands there as his cum shoots towards her, falling to the floor a couple of feet shy of her body.

I make Wayne keep going until his cock stops spurting even a drop of cum. Then I tell him to stop. He releases his stiff cock and puts his hands behind his back. I tell him to "stay."

I take hold of Paige by a cheek of her bottom and nudge her over a foot or two so she's standing in front of Anita.

I repeat the exercise, making Anita rub her pussy for five minutes as she stains to sit still on the sofa. And making Paige watch the entire thing after Paige admits that she's never seen another woman masturbate either. Anita shows her need even more graphically than Wayne, which earns her a couple of slightly harder swats on her breasts with my crop to still her. They're hard enough to get little gasps from her, but not so hard that she's yelping from pain.

She almost screams as she cums. Her body shudders crisply. And

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her orgasm lasts at least two minutes. When I finally allow her to stop, she pants hard as she tries to catch her breath.

I don't give Anita any time to bask in her bliss. I stand beside Paige, which has me between the couple. "I will take this scrawny baby here and see if it can manage to behave. I will return it whenever I tire of its naive little-girl ways. Until then, forget about it. It's my bitch now, you no longer have a daughter." Neither looks happy about it. Both look like they want to stop me. Out of the corner of an eye, I can see the hint of a smile creeping onto Paige's face. She's happy about it. "Both of you worthless fuck-toys will go to your room now. You will not talk. You will go to sleep. You will not leave your room before 6:00 in the morning. And if I were you, I'd clean the cum mess off the floor before the kids get up and some horny little boy has some fancy explaining to do! GO!"

Anita and Wayne reluctantly get to their feet and head for their bedroom. I stand there and watch them go, waiting until they have the door shut behind them.

Then I have Sophie get me a pair of handcuffs. I cuff Paige's hands behind her back. I take one last glance over her entire body, front and back, making certain she has absolutely nothing but her body.

"Baby girl. You have nothing. Then again, you are nothing! From now on you'll have only whatever I feel like giving you. Now come along, I have a nice kennel for you to sleep in tonight. You'll like that. It's cramped, but I have a nice comfy bed, so I don't care! You don't mind being crammed in a dog kennel and locked in for the night, do you?"

"No, Ma'am... whatever you want to do with me, Ma'am." Paige answers just quick enough that I believe she means it. Although her tone says she'd prefer not to be stuffed in a dog cage.

"Good. Come along then." I point towards the door. Paige, still naked, walks to the door. She hesitates for the first time, just for a fraction of a second, as she realizes that I'm going to parade her out of her house, to the car in the driveway, completely naked. That she'll be riding to my

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home, wherever that is, naked. And walking naked. That anyone, anywhere along the way, is going to see her naked.

Paige steps out and follows along to my car. I am confident no one is going to see anything. It's almost 2:00 in the morning, and residential neighborhoods are ghost towns at this time of night. As will be my building. And the roads between here and there won't be much busier. Except for Dauphin Street in front of my building, where the bars will be emptying out. I can avoid that and enter the parking garage from the back.

Paige hesitates again when she sees my car. It's an older Mazda Miata convertible that's been fully rebuilt to showroom prettiness. Under the hood, too. I am not breaking down. But it's a two-seater. And there are three of us. I solve the problem by telling Paige to sit on Sophie's lap. A few seconds later they're both in the seat, Paige sitting between Sophie's thighs, the seat belt over Paige. And Paige is still naked.

We make it to my building without issue. I think one trucker on I-10 got a good look at Paige, but who cares? I don't. It was at the junction of I-65, and he must have been staring down at her. He almost ran off the road. Guess he likes her little boobies. I admit they do have some nice nipples on them.

The building is deserted, as I knew it would be. We don't pass a single soul on the way up to my apartment. As soon as we're home, I have Sophie take Paige to the bathroom with Paige still handcuffed. I leave the cuffs on Paige as I have Sophie put her in the kennel for the night. And lock her in. Paige struggles to shift around, but she's thin enough that she's able to roll onto her side and curl up on the metal floor.



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Come morning, I see no reason to rush with Paige. After all, she's not going anywhere. She's locked in the kennel! I'm sure, as she lies there on the cold metal floor of the kennel and slowly drifted off into sleep, she wondered just what she's gotten herself into.

It's never happened to me, but it certainly could. Maybe now that Paige has had some time to really consider things she might change her mind. I'm not going to force anyone to stay here who doesn't want to. That's not me. My only rule is that if a sub leaves without being dismissed, it can never come back. Not ever. Under any circumstances. Period.

What makes me wonder the most is that I don't know Paige. Last night was the first clue I had that she even knew I was Domme, let alone that she wanted to serve me. I don't know what she knows or how she figured it out. I suspect she's been doing some peeking, eavesdropping, or snooping. More likely, all of the above. I do have to give her a point for boldness after the way she offered herself to me.

Ever since I "sold" Joyce, I've had mixed feelings about a second slave in the house. It does offer some wonderful benefits for me, without much of a burden. And Paige has a few extra benefits, too. Like her youth. She's 18, I'm certain of that since I had Sophie get Paige's ID and school books last night, but she looks young. She could totally pass for 16 with zero effort. Men, especially middle-aged ones, tend to get an extra thrill from younger girls. In one way or another. Maybe it's the youthfulness for them. Maybe it's the humiliation of being with someone their daughter's age.

Whether I decide to keep her, or use her some other ways, or kick her to the curb like cheap trash depends on Paige. Not what she's willing to do, I'm confident there's almost nothing I couldn't get her to do. But how eagerly and enthusiastically she'll do it. Whether she's more useful (and happier) with chores, being used as a sex toy, or something else. I have several ideas in mind of what I could do with her. I'll just have to

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see which way things go. I want Paige to enjoy serving. Otherwise, she won't stay where I put her forever.

So I wait until after Sophie has served my breakfast to even think about Paige. And as always I enjoy a leisurely breakfast. Only once Sophie has seen to the dishes, and more importantly, I've finished my coffee do I turn my attention back to Paige.

The kennel is in the playroom, behind a little screen so that it can't be seen from the rest of the playroom. Or now, the rest of the room can't be seen from the kennel. With the lights on and Sophie and I moving around in there, I'm sure Paige is awake if she wasn't already. But I don't hear her. She must be lying quietly in her cage, waiting until I'm ready for her.

I have a routine I call a "total de-skanking." I don't use it often since it's a decent amount of work for Sophie and me. But for Paige, since she's staying indefinitely, it seems appropriate. I've designed it to do what I want it to, but also to get it done in the most humiliating and uncomfortable way possible for the one being deskanked. That's another reason I decide it's right for Paige. I want her to suffer a good dose of discomfort and degradation. I want to see how she responds to both. If she doesn't secretly enjoy them, at least to some degree, this isn't the place for Paige.

I have Sophie let Paige out of the kennel. As soon as Paige is out, without giving her a chance to stretch or even yawn, I summon her over to me where I'm waiting beside the massage table. I uncuff her hands and order her up onto the table on all fours.

"On all fours" is a specific posture, and it's immediately clear to me that Paige hasn't seen this one, wherever she's been nosing around. It doesn't matter. None of her postures have been perfect, just close, anyway. Besides, I always give a sub one time to learn a posture. I instruct Paige how to position herself, taking hold of her body and moving it for her as I tell her each step until she's exactly right. Paige ends

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up on her hands and knees, with her knees and feet spread to the edges of the table, her feet hanging off the bottom end. Her thighs are straight up and down. Her arms start out straight up and down as well before I move them forward and out equal amounts to get her back flat. That puts a near-perfect 90-degree bend to her waist. And I pick her head up so she's looking dead ahead at the barren wall in front of her.

"You will stay still exactly as you are, baby girl." I tell Paige. "there is no talking, and definitely no whining. No wiggling around either. You will stay still while my slave and I completely deskank that scrawny little body. And so you know, there is no 'or else.' You *will* do it, no matter how many times I have to punish you and start over. I have a lifetime for you to behave."

"Yes, Ma'am," Paige answers in a voice that's as nervous as it is thrilled.

I grin, thinking Paige hasn't a clue what she's gotten herself into. I figure it's 50/50 that she'll suffer through it instead of hopping off the table and running home to mommy. It's time to find out. "slave... I think I'll work from the bottom this morning. Bring me a 'power enema.'" I giggle again, "In case you missed it, baby girl, that's your bottom I'm starting with."

Sophie quickly fetches me the 'power enema.' It's just a one-inch anal dilator tube with 1.25" hose hooked to its end. The hose is a few feet long, and at its other end, there's a giant clear baggie. I think it's a five-gallon baggie, one of the tough ones that are made to be vacuum sealed. Its vacuum port is the exact same as the connection for the hose. The hose connects to the dilator tube with a little fitting that has a pass-through for a much smaller (¼") hose.

Sophie hands me the clear, hard plastic tube. I buy these online and in bulk in a variety of sizes. This one is 1" across. They're all around 1 ½" inches long. They're just round, hard, tubes with a pair of little tabs at one end to stop it from slipping completely inside. There's a second tube

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snugly inside the first. That one has a rounded tip, like half of a ball, that protrudes beyond the outer tube. Sophie already has the ball lightly greased with a thin film of lubricating jelly.

With Paige bend fully at the waist, her cheeks are pulled a little tighter, and wider apart. That leaves the pink ring of her muscular-looking asshole bared. It leaves her pussy so fully poked out at me, too, and now I can see the wetness clinging to her wide slit. Her cheeks are far enough apart that I decide not to spread them with my hands. I want her to feel this coming. I'll bet her bottom is a virgin, too.

I push the rounded tip into her crack. It's wider than the space between her globes, so as it slips through it pushes them apart and leaves a coating of the cold jelly on them. I press it snugly against her tight little ring, the tip fully covering her ring and well beyond. I hold it steady, pressing against her but not forcing it into her bottom.

Paige shivers a single tremble as she feels how wide the tube is and thinks how bad it's going to be when I shove it into her butt. Like any anal virgin, she really doesn't have a clue what it's going to feel like, just assumes it's going to hurt.

I hold the pressure against her tightly clenched resisting muscle. "Have you ever been used here before, baby girl?"

"No, Ma'am!" Paige blurts out, the nervous edge now overtaking the thrill in her voice.

"Do exactly what I tell you, baby girl," I say firmly in a sweet voice. "Take a very deep breath and hold it. Then cough as hard as you can."

"Yes, Ma'am," Paige says, the excitement returning to her voice as she realizes I'm going to help her get through it. She takes a very deep, very loud, sucking breath. She holds it. A second later she coughs hard. "uh-AHH! OHMYGOD!!!!!" Paige suddenly squeals out as I feel the tube start slipping forward. Almost immediately I feel the hard resistance as her asshole clamps down tightly around it and tries to stop it from

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entering her any deeper. Paige pants very stressed very hard breaths.

"Bad girl!" I snap. I pull the tube back out of her, slipping it all the way out from between her cheeks. "I told you *do not speak!* I'll allow the squeal, but not the words." I hold my hand out to Sophie asking for the hairbrush. That's a little wooden paddle that looks just like an old-fashioned hairbrush minus the bristles. "Now I have to spank you!" I tell Paige a half-second before the first swat lands on her tight cheek. She gasps out a strained yelped "Ow!" that's more surprise than pain. I give her another before giving her two more on her other cheek. It's just enough to leave a light pink glow on the tops of her taut rounded globes.

While I'm spanking her, Sophie puts a fresh film of lubricant on the tube. She hands it back to me, and I put it back in place firmly against Paige's asshole. "You have five seconds to allow it into that butt or it's going in anyway. I've already taught you how to do this. Maybe this time you will be quiet like a good girl. Five... four..."

Paige sucks in another deep breath and coughs a bit harder this time. Hard enough that I can see her stomach snapping as she does. She squeals another surprised "uh-AHH!" as it slips forward, but doesn't say anything. Her muscle clamps tightly around the tube. Paige pants, her breaths now a bit scared as well as strained. Her hole hasn't a chance of stopping the tube. It's too smooth and slippery. It slows a hair, I let it, but it keeps sliding into her, stretching her bowels as fully as her asshole is already stretched. I let it slip forward until all of it's short length is inside her. I use a couple of little strips of medical adhesive tape to tape the tabs to her cheeks and hold the tube in place.

Paige only takes a couple of seconds to calm down as she realizes that now it's as deep into her butt as it's going, and it's not nearly as bad as she thought it was going to be. She feels a light burn in her muscle, but that's just from being stretched wider than it's used to opening and it'll fade in a few more seconds. Mostly she feels the fat tube inside her, not hurting her at all, just "there." As if it's stuffing her bottom way-too-full

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and so clearly doesn't belong there.

I hold the outer tube still by pushing on the tabs as I twist and pull the inner one out. It's just there to hold the rounded tip, and that's only to ease its entry. Now it's just the outer tube, a clear plastic tube sticking all the way through the thick ring of Paige's asshole and about $\frac{3}{4}$ " into her bowel. I glance, seeing exactly what I expected to see. The pink ring of her asshole stretched taut around the tube. And through it, about an inch of "naked" bowel, the blood-red veiny membrane. Beyond that... It's been several hours since Paige has seen a toilet, and longer than that since her bottom has used one. I see the obvious.

I attach the hose to the end of the tube. Sophie hands me the smaller tube, its other end already connected to a huge enema bag holding one gallon of warm water, disinfectant, and laxative. I slip that through the little port, sliding about eight inches of it into Paige's bottom. As it reaches the back of her bowels, Paige squeals lightly, letting me know she feels it. Sophie pulls the other end of the hose up under Paige's body, lying it on the table under her, and hooks it to the gigantic baggie. She sets the baggie at the head of the table where Paige can see it. I release a little clamp and the fluid begins to flow through the small tube. It flows through the tube finally spewing out quickly and a little powerfully at the very back of Paige's butt.

Paige kneels still. After just a couple of seconds, I see her face scrunch up. She squeals a never-ending chant of "MM!-MM-OH!" too. A second or two after that, it starts doing its job. The fluid and everything else flows out of Paige, through the long tube, and starts filling up the baggie. It's actually easier than a traditional-style enema. It doesn't strain Paige's bowels, over-filling them and requiring her to hold it for a few minutes. It just flows in, fills what it can, and pushes everything out.

It takes several minutes. Paige stays still for it, trying to stare at the wall instead of what's filling the bag in front of her face. By the end, the water is running clear. Paige has calmed down a lot, too. She stops

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squealing and just kneels there with a slightly uncomfortable look on her face.

Paige stays very still as I pull the wide tube from her bottom. She pants a quick couple of relieved breaths once it's out of her. Sophie takes the bag, holding it upright in front of Paige's eyes as she proclaims "You were right, Mistress, as always! This little baby's bottom was so disgusting, Mistress!"

This has always been one of my favorite ways to see a pussy. I just love the way those lips look as they poke out between thighs. I turn my attention to Paige's pussy now. What I see are two medium-wide lips, shaven silky smooth. Between them, there's a wide slit of medium-pink, the edges of her short inner folds not enough to poke out. All of it glistens brightly with a coat of honey at least triple what I saw just a few minutes ago. I guess Paige liked getting her butt stuffed full and washed out, no matter how much she squealed about it.

I turn Paige over to Sophie for a few minutes. I stand beside Sophie and watch as Sophie gently eases Paige's lips fully apart to expose Paige's very wet, very flushed pinkness. And a clit swelled up like a marble again. Sophie gets a one-liter bottle with a "spray deflector" on its top and holds that up to Paige's pussy. "Pee now, baby girl," Sophie says without much of anything in her voice. "And if I were you, I'd empty my bladder as much as I possibly could."

Paige starts peeing, her golden stream shooting back a couple of inches before hitting the guard and running down to fill the bottle. I wait for just a second until there's a little bit of pee in the bottom. Then I ask Paige "if I test that pee, baby girl, am I going to find any drugs in it? Have you misbehaving?"

"No, Ma'am," Paige says firmly enough that I believe her. Most people don't know that a pee-test for drugs only covers the last few days, anywhere from one day to about five depending on the drug. Sophie will test it, but now I doubt I'll find anything. It's a good thing for Paige. I

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don't tolerate drugs, and I never touch a stoned toy. If I find anything, I'll kick her to the gutter instantly.

With a nod from me, Sophie very tenderly pinches Paige's clit between her thumb and first finger just enough to steady the hard little button. Paige squeals a very girly "OOH!-AHHHHH!" and shudders almost violently hard from just Sophie's tender touch. Paige starts panting very fast breaths with a very squealy tone to them. Sophie giggles silently.

I sigh out deeply. "Baby girl... just what kind of slutty things have been running through your so-naive little brain that *my* pussy is so skanky, hot, and sloppy wet? Jeepers, it's as horny as that needle dick boy was last night!"

"I'm so sorry, Ma'am!" Paige blurts out desperately nervous and unable to hide the excitement in her voice. "I was just so excited all night, Ma'am! I couldn't even sleep! I thought for sure you were going to laugh at me, but I just had to try! And now I'm here!"

I do know Paige has never been touched by another girl. Never done anything with one. Never even looked at one, except online. And I know she's only been with one boyfriend. I know she's "bi-curious" as well, meaning that she thinks girls are pretty, can see herself being with one at least once as an experiment, although she's unsure if she finds women sexually attractive or not. She told me all that last night as I asked her questions on the way to my apartment.

I nod to Sophie. "Behave baby girl... It's not like I can deskank my pussy with you so hot and bothered it's getting wet faster than my slave can clean it!"

Sophie puts the pad of a single finger to Paige's aching, throbbing, hungry clit.

Paige squeals loudly.

Sophie starts stroking her finger across the tip of Paige's nub, her

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touch so feathery light that she's barely touching Paige at all. Sophie moves her finger slowly and rhythmically.

Paige squeals a very loud "AH-AH-AHHHHHH!" as her eyes spring wide open and her jaw drops. She quickly starts panting "OH!-MM!" It seems like her pants grow more urgent and hungrier with every breath. In a few seconds, her smooth lips are covered with stiff goosebumps already flowing out onto her thighs and cheeks. And Paige shivers crisply, each shiver a little harder than the last.

I don't wait to remind her of the rules. That she's to stay still. To not say anything. And not to climax unless I tell her to, and then to do it immediately. "Just stay there on your hands and knees and feel what my slave is doing to my pussy."

In less than a minute Paige's teeth are chattering. She's not still, but she is trying hard to be. Her shivers have gotten so powerful they rack her entire body. Her pussy all but runs with honey. Her fast-paced urgent moans have grown even more hungry and girly.

Sophie ignores everything, steadily rubbing Paige's throbbing clit.

It's only a minute and a half before Paige is crying as she screams her too-fast moans. I decide to have mercy on her since this is her first time in a bunch of ways. First time feeling a girly touch. First time having anyone masturbate her. First time on all fours. First time resisting the instinctive urge to climax, something she's so clearly ready to do. First time being a show for anyone's entertainment. First time as anyone's property. "baby girl... ask politely for permission to cum."

"Yes, Ma'am!" Paige's voice surprises me. It's far deeper and throatier than I'd expected, especially with the high-pitched squeakiness of her moans. It's also broken, stuttering, as her desperately-panted moans overtake her words. Those stay squealy, lacing the uber-girly and just as fast shrieks through her sultry whiskey voice. "Ma'am, may this baby girl please be allowed to cum all over herself now, Ma'am, PLEASEEEEEEE!"

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"Hmmm...." I hum, taking my time, "do I want to see a baby girl cum all over itself?" I take a few seconds, leaving Paige in her so-sweet agony before I say "cum now, baby girl."

Paige does nothing for a second. Then she suddenly screams at full volume "I CAN'T.... IT HURTS! HELP ME, MA'AM!!!" a fraction of a second later, her body snaps hard with a convulsion that lifts her completely off the table for a split second before sending her crashing back onto it. She has a hope of landing on all fours. She's definitely not a cat! She ends up on her right side. Her arms swing wildly. Her legs kick even hard. Her body snaps just hard enough times that I stop counting. Goosebumps cover her entire body. She lies there, snapping away as if she's lying on bare power lines - the high voltage kind for three or four full minutes. I can see her pussy as her bottom flies around. It runs with honey that drips from her wide gash. I even catch a few glimpses of her asshole, spasming so hard that I'm glad I emptied that first.

Just as suddenly as it began, Paige falls still and silent. Her mouth hangs wide, and after a couple of seconds, I see a line of drool run from. I move her legs a few inches so I have a better view of her pussy. It's completely covered with honey clinging to everything from mid-thigh halfway up her bottom. Most unusually, her asshole hangs slightly open, about just wide enough for a finger. Her skin is flushed the brightest of pink. Her eyes are closed. She doesn't move, not a bit. I tickle the sole of one of her feet. She doesn't react at all, not even reflexes. Just lies there as I do whatever to her.

It ten long minutes before Paige returns to consciousness enough that she can drag herself back up to all fours. When she does, she's more than a little wobbly. Her breathing is far shallower than I've seen yet, too. She can barely hold her head up, but she does try hard to behave.

I tell Sophie to continue.

Sophie spreads Paige's lips wide again, which gets a low moan from Paige. Sophie slips the nozzle of a douche into Paige's pussy.

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Holding a small bucket up under Paige's pussy, Sophie washes it out. A minute later Sophie shows me the bucket: a thick layer of Paige's honey floats atop the douche water. Paige was definitely flooded to a sloppy wetness.

From here on a deskanking is just a sponge bath, albeit a very thorough one. Paige stays still on her hands and knees. Sophie grooms her as if Paige were a dog. Sophie shaves Paige's legs, underarms, and pubes fully, using hair removal cream instead of a razor. This way it'll be over a week before there's even a hint of stubble. I do like my toys to be silky smooth.

Sophie shampoos and conditions Paige's hair. She scrubs every bit of Paige's skin with a very soft-bristled brush. The brush makes the soap lather up fully into a thick layer of white bubbles that completely covers Paige. And Sophie washes every bit of Paige. The soles of her feet. Between her toes. The crack of her bottom. Behind her ears. In her ears. Even her eyelids.

On all fours, Paige's breasts don't so much hang down as stand down off her chest. To me, they look almost like perfect triangles of pertness, except that their underside is slightly rounded as it curves down and forward toward Paige's still-hard nipple. Those mounds are very firm, like a hard wet sponge, in my hands. Sophie pays a lot of attention to them when she washes them.

After rinsing Paige off fully, Sophie even does her fingernails and toenails, trimming them, filing them, and painting them a pastel green. Pastel green is my favorite color, and I love my things in it.

And then, Now fully washed up, Paige's slave training begins. For her first lesson, I teach her some of the basic commands and postures.



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That evening, I put Paige in her kennel right after supper. I've already told her, rather firmly, that in my realm she is nothing. She will have to start from zero, with nothing, and earn every single tiny thing she gets here. Like my trust. And until she earns my trust, which won't be soon, she will be spending her time in her kennel whenever there's no one here to directly supervise her.

In the kennel, her wrists will be bound behind her back. I use soft leather straps for that, tying her wrists together with her palms facing away from her body. That way she doesn't have a prayer of touching herself no matter how badly she wants to and how hard she tries.

The kennel is both snug for her and roomy enough. She has enough space in it to get on her side and lie that way, but she's also cramped into a near-fetal position when she does. There is just barely enough room for her to crawl in on all fours without her back scraping the top. And with her bottom flat against the back of the kennel, there are only a couple of inches between the door and her nose. There's a bit more room for her side-to-side, but that's only because she's such a thin girl. Apparently, she's even thin by Retriever standards, since this kennel is advertised as being just the right size for your beloved retriever. Funny, it's ads don't mention that it's also the perfect size for your skanky little house-slave.

I put her in there early because I had a toy coming over to amuse me. It was a male toy. Actually, it was a couple, but his wife's thing is watching him, while not doing anything. Since she asked so nicely I allow her to watch him suffer sweetly here. He spent two long hours here on his knees serving me. And other things, all of which Paige got to hear and not see. I'll bet she doesn't know what I did to him.

This morning I'm not going to make Paige go without breakfast. I only did that yesterday so I could get her deskanked before anything else. Today she's going to learn her normal morning routine. It'll be the same every day, barring some rare exceptions for my convenience, not hers.

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There's a shiny brass padlock on the door of Paige's kennel that opens with a key. Only I have the key. It's there as a constant reminder to Paige that she's my property, that she's not free to leave her cage whenever she wants, not even for the bathroom. She's completely at my mercy for everything, even her bodily functions happen only when I wish them to. I don't know if she could break out of the kennel or not. I don't know if she's strong enough to. It's close. If she really tried she just might be able to break the little metal clips that hold it together. Or maybe not. What I am sure of is that to break out would take all of her strength and a lot of effort. It's something she'd have to work hard at to get done. So it won't be happening unless she really tries to. Which is all I want. If she really wanted out, I'd let her out of the kennel, and then kick her out of the apartment.

I have Sophie unlock the kennel. It's 5:30 in the morning, the time I usually wake Sophie after I spend a few private minutes in the bathroom. Or I guess I should say the time I call for Sophie and she stops pretending she's asleep because I haven't told her to get up yet. She's such a good slave. She'd never do anything before I told her to. It's also going to be the time Paige gets up from now on.

I've already figured out that Paige is such a stereotypical teenager in so many ways. She's not a go-getter kind of girl either; despite her boldly and eagerly offering herself to me Friday night. I wouldn't say she's lazy, but she definitely looks for short cuts when she's told to do something. I don't allow short cuts. As I'm sure her sore bottom is reminding her. My slaves do everything exactly the way I want it done it, whether it's breathing, polishing my toilet, or being used as my vibrator. Doesn't matter. My way or a sore bottom. I wouldn't say Paige is any less devoted to me than Sophie is. But I would say she's not as exacting of a perfectionist as Sophie is. She'll learn to be. I'll make sure of that.

As soon as Sophie has the door open, she tells Paige to hurry up and crawl out, Mistress is waiting! Paige crawls out, blinking the sleep from eyes as she gets to her feet. Sophie doesn't even wait until Paige is

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all the way up on her feet to point her to where I'm waiting in the center of the playroom.

I wait there with my crop in hand. Paige walks slowly with her first step but starts picking up her pace as she wakes and sees me waiting for her. I have her stand facing me while Sophie unties Paige's hands.

"You will learn to masturbate like a good slave-whore, baby girl," I tell her firmly, matter-of-factly, letting her know what she needs to know and no more. Telling her just enough of what's going to happen to her for her to behave. "You are not masturbating for pleasure. I don't care one iota if that skank pit between your legs like it or not. I care about one thing: I wish the throbbing ache in my pussy relieved so it won't be dripping anymore of that slimy skanky covering it, and the tops of those thighs, all over my apartment. I care that my pussy is masturbated the way I wish it to be, not however you think it wants to be. You shouldn't think. You don't have the brains for that. Just behave that scrawny little butt and *obey*. Is that clear, baby girl?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Paige answers in a still-sleepy voice.

"Good. I know you are a cheap gutter whore, but that doesn't mean you'll act like it. When I want you to act like a whore, I'll tell you that and sell your butt. You will stand there *still* while you diddle that sloppy pussy. You will be quiet. I don't want to listen to the soundtrack of some slutty porno. I don't even want to masturbate my pussy. I just don't have a choice since it's so skanky!

"And just to make sure you behave when we both know you really want to act like a filthy little ghetto whore, you will be supervised. That way I can swiftly punish you when you give in to your slutty nature and act the whore. Now, I'll teach you how I like my pussy masturbated. Give me your left hand."

Paige is right-handed and I know it. She holds her left hand out to me. I take a good hold of it and fold her fingers up into a loose fist, leaving only the first finger standing out. I move her hand for her, putting

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the pad of that finger into her wide gash and atop her clit. I don't need to touch it to see that it's swollen up fully and hard as a rock. With her short, smooth, pink inner lips I can see it's rounded tip poking up in her gash. Covered with a thick layer of honey, too.

I move her finger in a slow, steady, little circle. Just as Sophie did yesterday I use very light pressure. So light that her finger is barely touching her nub. So light that Paige's finger glides over its slippery tip barely moving the hardness beneath it.

Paige breathes out a very deep erotic moan as she clenches her teeth and shivers. And that's only the first touch on her nerve bundle. A second later she breathes deep, hungry breaths that steadily grow faster. As they speed up they take on that girly squeakiness I heard before. Paige's face scrunches up hard. Then her muscles start to tense from her toes to the top of her head.

I keep her finger moving steadily, never allowing its rhythm to change. I can feel Paige's arm try to speed up, then try to press on herself harder. I hold her hand still, blocking her from doing either.

Paige lets out a very quick, but loud uber-girly shriek.

Sophie is standing in front of Paige and watching the show. With Paige's slutty moan, Sophie's eyes snap wide in shock and horror. I'm sure Paige sees that in the fraction of a second before she gets her punishment. I flick my other wrist, snapping the crop across Paige's firm rounded cheeks. It's not nearly a hard swat, but it's a decent one. It's enough to sear a light pink welt across both of her milky cheeks.

Paige squeals a loud and pained yelped "EE-OW!" as it lands. She pants a fast deep breath. Then she exhales another, deeper, faster, breath moan.

"I told you not to moan like a porn star, baby girl! Now shut up and diddle yourself!"

I keep her hand moving steadily. Even when I swatted her bottom

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I didn't let the rhythm break or skip a beat.

The stroke keeps Paige behaving for about five more seconds. She shrieks another of her uber-girly, uber-urgent squeals. And she gets another swat on her bottom as I scold her for being such a disgusting whore.

The second swat, less than half a minute into masturbating, is enough to get little tears welling up in the corners of Paige's eyes.

I keep hold of her wrist, loosening my grip just slightly as I remind her that she's "to be a good slave-bitch and masturbate my pussy my way." I watch as goosebumps erupt all over both of her small breasts. Then slowly start sweeping down her stomach. A second later I see more goosebumps start flowing upward from her pussy mound onto her silky pubes.

A moment after that I feel a droplet of hot honey fall from Paige's pussy and land on the hand I have gripping Paige's wrist. A moment after that Paige's mouth opens wide as she cries out a very agonized, but just as sweet, desperate girly moan. As she does, her hips shudder crisply from side to side.

I swat her bottom with my crop, scolding her for being a noisy skank-whore. She yelps, as she does with every swat. I swat her again and scold her harshly for "trying to fuck my fingers with that skank pit like a two-cent whore." I make this swat just a bit harder, and she yelps a little louder. The tears finally start slipping down her cheek now, too.

I almost always make subs masturbate for at least five full minutes. And only that little on the first few times I have them do it. After that, I quickly build them up to ten or fifteen minutes. That way they have to struggle hard to hold their climax back, which makes them put on a very good and slutty show for me. I've decided Paige isn't any exception just because she's barely experienced sexually. She might as well learn to behave now.

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I never explain anything to my subs. And Paige isn't going to be an exception there either. She doesn't need to know that I'm teaching her to hold her climax back for a reason. That way she'll be able to control her body and focus on giving pleasure to others, no matter how badly her pussy aches. I've told Paige what she needs to know. She may climax only when and if I tell her to. Otherwise, she's to feel the sensations and suffer. Besides, that makes for such an entertaining show for me.

By the two minute mark, Paige is crying as she breathes deep sultry moaning breaths. Every muscle in her body has stiffened to it's fullest tension, making her so tense that her body trembles as she stands there. Her pussy has dripped a few more times, a couple of drops landing on the floor. Even her toned cheeks tremble their muscles are so stiff. Looking at her, it seems like she doesn't have a chance of making it another three minutes.

Her fingers speed up suddenly, making me grip her wrist hard to stop them and slow them back down. I bring my crop upward, landing its tip on the back of Paige's bony hand. She yelps a louder cry from that. I scold her to pay attention to what my hand is doing to my pussy.

Paige's eyes close as she exhales a slightly more needy moaning breath.

I scold her quickly and sternly "are you liking this, baby girl? Please tell me you aren't such a slutty little skank-whore that you like diddling your sloppy pussy for an audience! Tell me!"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Paige screeches out in that whiskey-girly voice she gets only when she's unbearably aroused, "I'm sorry! I can't help myself! I just have to cum so badly!" She stutters a little as her moaning breaths outpace her words.

"Open your eyes, baby girl," I say very firmly. I give Paige a very gently swat with my crop, landing it's top square atop Paige's rock-hard nipple. Paige yelps a shocked and pained, very shrieking loud, "EE-OW!" as the tip lands. It barely even pinkens up her nipple. She pants a raspy

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fast breath as her eyes snap wide open. I swat her again, landing the crop's tip atop her other nipple and tell her that's because she closed both eyes. Thus both breasts should be spanked.

It takes me a very careful aim, but I've had enough practice. I bring the crop up lightly, landing it's tip perfectly on the back half of Paige's pussy lips, a fraction of a hair behind her clit and finger. She screams a pained, and even more panicked screech with that swat. "That for being a total gutter slime-whore and liking it, skank!"

A moment later Paige is standing there trembling so violently that her knees keep buckling on her. Somehow she manages to stay on her feet. She earns herself a few more swats, both for being noisy and squirming, too.

Exactly at the five-minute mark, I decide there's no reason I shouldn't be a tease. I cup one of Paige's firm little breasts in my hand, using my thumb to very lightly stroke its too-stiff nipple for a few seconds. "You know what, baby girl? You must really love having an audience while you diddle that sloppy pussy. Maybe I'll make a video of you doing it. I could post that online and let all of your friends see it. Everyone in school could watch your scrawly little butt while you diddle yourself and act like a total gutter whore! I'll make sure they can see your face so they'll know who it is, too. You'd love that. Wouldn't you, baby girl. Just think about everyone talking about you, their classmate the internet porn whore!"

Paige has long since been flushed a bright pink. As I tell her that I can see her cheeks blush to a very deep beet red. It's enough to tell me she's thinking about that. She's thinking about how she'd be laughed at. How the girls would tease her mercilessly. How the boys would think she's only good for one thing, and apparently willing to spread that around liberally. How school would become unbearable for her. After a few seconds of that, a much larger dollop of honey falls from her lips to my floor. I guess the girl might hate that idea, but her pussy loves it.

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“Oh, just cum and get on with it, baby girl.”

Paige screams out again, her cry squeaky, girly, and high-pitched. It's suddenly a long unending cry instead of the near-hyperventilating-fast moans she's been making. Her entire body shudders, and as I knew would happen, her knees give way dropping her to her bottom. Then she's on her side, every part of her body flailing every which way as she screams her way through an orgasm.

Once she's finished I raise my voice a little and in my sternest tone tell her to “quit wasting my time.” I tell her to get her bottom in that bathroom and wash her skanky, filthy, body up, and do it quickly. “If you ask nicely maybe my slave-girl will help you so you have at least a prayer of getting it right and not ending up over my knees.”

Sophie knows that I expect her in the kitchen cooking my breakfast by six, her shower already taken. She snaps very sternly for Paige to get moving if she wants any help because Sophie isn't waiting for her. “I am not going to disappoint Mistress by being late on Her breakfast just because your slutty butt is too busy cumming to please Her by washing it!”

They end up sharing the shower, as I knew they would, Sophie hurrying to wash herself while telling Paige what to do.

Sophie manages to get showered and dressed in time. Paige gets showered but has to follow Sophie to the kitchen naked. Paige doesn't have any clothes here to wear, so dressing isn't a question for her.

As I'd told Sophie to do, a couple of minutes later Paige hurries out to serve me my morning coffee. I quickly send her back to the kitchen to learn from Sophie.



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It's been two weeks since Paige offered herself up to me. She's barely left my apartment since then and hasn't complained once. The entire first week was spent teaching her the basics: every command, every posture, and some of the little hand signals I use with Sophie. All the things that any house slave ought to know well.

I've made it clear to Paige that if I'm going to be taking care of her, she's going to be earning her keep. She'll earn it as I make full use of her body. I don't know if she expected to slave away at chores here or not, but she has been. Of course, I've had her do them in the most humiliating way possible. She's scrubbed floors on her hands and knees. Toilets, too. She's scrubbed dishes while she was in chains. Laundry, too. But Sophie and I have also started teaching her to cook and serve as a humble slave girl. She especially enjoys the serving part.

Once Paige mastered the basics I began teaching her the stuff she really enjoys. The slutty stuff. I started by teaching her how to give a good massage and then I taught her some of the things to pleasure a woman. She's yet to see a man here. Every time I had anyone in the playroom, I've left Paige in her kennel behind the screen the entire time. There I know she heard everything but saw nothing. When I checked on her afterward, her sopping wet pussy told me just how erotic that was for her. And it didn't seem to make any difference to her pussy if it was a man groaning away, or a woman moaning and squirming around. Either made her hot, wet and hard, begging for her relief.

Paige's relief has been limited only to supervised masturbation. She hates that just as much as she loves it. It's next to impossible for her to behave while she stands there and masturbates in front of Sophie and me. She moans and squirms, both of which earn her punishments. But she also cums very sweetly when I finally allow it. According to what she's told me, her orgasms by supervised masturbation are far more satisfying than her one boyfriend ever was. Poor girl.

I've had Paige masturbate once each morning, first thing when I let

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her out of her cage. I know she'd so prefer to do it before being locked in her cage so she didn't spend her night in there with her pussy aching. Which is exactly the reason I make her wait. To leave her lying in her cage with her pussy throbbing for the attention she knows it won't be getting. It's made her have some very hot dreams, which made her even hotter by morning.

Since she's gotten here I have a very close and strict eye on her. I've had her on a regular schedule, too. And very limited in what she can do besides serving me.

The only place I've allowed Paige to go is to school. I take her and pick her up there every day. I send her lunch, too, not allowing her any money while she's not there. I've given her a new cell phone, which she only carries to school. I don't know if she's figured it out yet or not, but it only allows her to call me, Sophie and 911. And it won't even tell her its number so she can't give it out. Her data, her internet, is mostly disabled except for MMS and maps. I go through her school pack every day. I've "snuck" into school and gone through her locker, too. She's not allowed anything "personal" in either, like notes from boys. Just school work. And every day I've supervised a study session for her, whipping her into being a good student. I've even had her change the paperwork in the office so that I'm her one and only emergency contact. Not her parents. She can do that since she's 18.

As soon as she's come through the door after school I've had her strip naked. And she's stayed nude until she got to the door the next morning for school. Yeah, she has to dress and undress right there at the door. Much to her dismay, I haven't let her see any of the toys that have come here while she's been here. She's always heard their sessions from her kennel, but she hasn't seen anyone and no one has seen her.

Most teenagers despise being controlled. If Paige were like that, she would have run off long ago. Instead, I've noticed that Paige seems to like it. Just like Sophie does. She's far happier when she's plainly told

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what to do and doesn't have to decide. When her obedience pleases me, and I show it, even with just a grin, Paige beams. With some work to properly train her to be very diligent in everything, she could blossom into another Sophie.

With one difference. Sophie is a virgin. She's never done anything more than kiss a boy, even though she is very attracted to boys. And now that she's my personal slave-girl she knows I won't share her with a boy. Not like that. Even when I help myself to a very cute boy, he's all mine. She'll stay my little maiden. Paige, however, wasn't a virgin when she came to me, so there's nothing for me to protect. I'll use her like a cheap whore, and I'm sure she's starting to both know I will and wonder when I will.

The when is right now. But Paige doesn't know that as she kneels in her kennel. Paige only knows that I've sent her there. I'm sure she can hear Sophie bringing a toy to me in the playroom as well. And I'm sure Paige is thinking that once again she's going to have to suffer through listening to someone else's tormented sweet moans.

The toy is Angie. She's not quite the polar opposite of Paige, but decently close to it. Rather her body is. Is just about as different from Anita's as it is from Paige's. That's why I've chosen her for this. I want Paige to have a body different from anything she's ever known.

Angie is a 45-year-old personal trainer. She's decently tall for a woman at 5'8", and athletically lean at 140 pounds. Lean enough that there's a pronounced feminine curve to her hips and waist. Her stomach is flat, it's muscles toned and it's skin still fairly taut, though nicely tanned to a medium bronze.

Angie is a natural blond with long, straight hair down to the tops of her shoulders. Like all of my toys with pubic hair, Angie's dark blond bush is trimmed into a neat triangle with sharp lines inside the creases of her thighs and a rounded bottom point just above the tops of her lips. That way none of her silky fur gets in the way of whatever I want to do

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with her pussy.

She has full 36-C breasts. They're both spongy soft to squish, yet firm enough to lie against her chest, making a gentle crease where they meet it, without sagging. Atop each mound, there's a deep-pink wide nipple that stands up a good ¼" those are rock-hard and perky right now. And surrounded by a moderately wide ring of the same color.

Angie has a mostly flat pussy mound with wide, long, but thin lips that meet fully. It gives her a fine slit line a pink line. She has a bottom with cheeks that are as toned as the rest of her, but also with skin that's lost some of its elasticity over the years giving it a soft-but-rounded look.

Angie isn't much of a slave. But she does make a decent toy. She's married, has been for quite some time. Her husband simply doesn't satisfy her because he's not interested in doing what Angie needs to be done. She needs to be tied. Not every time, but once in a while. She needs all choices, all options taken from her, and her body used as a toy. I keep her in the toybox mostly because I have so much use for a woman like that. Not for myself, but to torment other toys with.

Tonight she's going to be Paige's "Final Exam."

As soon as Sophie brings Angie back to me, I take Angie to the massage table and firmly tell her she's going to sit upon it. She obeys and gets up, looking to me with a slight bit of puzzlement on her face, a touch of excitement, and a hint of edginess. Already tonight is starting out different for her. I think most notably is that I'm being a lot sterner with her than I usually am. Plus, as far as she can see, there's no toy here, and usually, there is.

It's the fifth session for Angie. And I've decided it's time to push her a little further than I have in the previous sessions. Hopefully, that will keep the feeling "fresh" for her. I casually step up close to Angie.

I reach up with one hand, putting it to her breast. I squeeze her ample mound gently, feeling it's firm sponginess. I squeeze it a couple of

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more times, slowly, gently, taking my time and really feeling the mound. I stroke my fingertips lightly over her breast, back and forth across the top and sides of it. Then I move to stroke the more tender, less-touched, underside of her mound. It's all firm, but with no hardness to it. Finally, I let my fingertips slide up to her longish nipple. It's already standing out, hard and straight, pointing just a little to the outside; that's from the slightly off-center way her breasts hang against her chest. Her entire mounds seem to angle outward just ever-so-slightly.

Angie purrs softly as the tip of my finger circles around her nipple. I touch it very gently, almost not even touching it. "I think you've been a shy girl here. I don't allow shyness," I say in a very soft, honeyed voice. She doesn't see it coming. I move quickly to pinch her nipple between my finger and thumb, getting a moderate grip that's as gentle as it is firm. And it's firm enough to hold her nipple tightly. Angie gasps with my pinch, but otherwise doesn't show any discomfort, just the shock of it. "You're in for a long night, slut."

I release her nipple. Angie's eyes open wide, looking to me with a bit of nervousness in them now. I've never "threatened" Angie before like I just did, threatening her with a "long night." As she's contemplating what that might mean for her, I stroke the tips of my fingers up onto the top of her breast, and then over toward her other mound. With I get to the very center, my fingertips on her chest between those swelling, full mounds, I suddenly shove her back hard.

Angie falls back onto the table. I had her sitting on the foot of it. In less than a second, she's lying back on it, her bottom at its end and her legs hanging off in the air. Her legs hang down, too.

Sophie was waiting for it. She quickly grabs Angie's wrists before Angie can bring them up and cuffs them together underneath the table. Well startled, Angie tries to sit back up. She rises only a few inches before her arms, bound around the table under her, stop her. Sophie smirks. Angie doesn't see it.

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I grab hold of Angie's ankles and pull her feet up, bending her knees, putting her feet close to her bottom. I hold them there for a moment until Sophie brings me a length of rope. Sophie takes one ankle, the one farther from me, and I take the rope from her.

I wrap three coils of the rope around Angie's ankle, pulling them snug, and tie it off. I wind more coils, one against the next, all the way up to her knee. I wrap three more coils around her thigh, just above the knee, and make another knot there. I pull the free end of the rope down, pulling her knee down as firmly as it's pulled outward to the edge of the table. With a single knot, I tie the rope to the rail around (and underneath) the table, pinning her knee there. I take the hanging end of the rope, bring it down, loop it around the rail at the foot of the table, and then bring it up to her ankle. With two more coils on her ankle, so low they're almost on her foot, I pull her foot out towards the end of the table, stretching her leg as much as I can without hurting her, and bind it in place.

I take Angie's other ankle from Sophie, and Sophie fetches me another piece of rope. Two minutes later Angie's other leg is bound the same way.

Sophie fetches me two more lengths of rope, both fairly short. I pick one of Angie's wrists and tie three loops of rope around it. Then I do the same with Angie's other wrist, tying the other rope to it. While I firmly hold both ropes, Sophie releases the cuffs around Angie's wrists. I pull the ropes tight, pulling Angie's wrists hard towards the corners of the table's foot. Once the ropes and Angie's arms are taut, I tie the ropes off.

I stand at Angie's bottom. Just like I wanted, her legs and thighs are stretched wide. Her pussy with its freshly shaven lips hangs out open, untouched by even her thighs. Pulling her knees up beside her and stretching them wide has pulled her bottom tight. Her bottom that now hangs about half off the end of the table. With her cheeks tight, her crack is stretched open, baring the dark ring of her slightly puckered asshole. It's exposed well, her taut cheeks doing nothing to hide or protect it.

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Very slowly and tenderly I trace the tip of a finger along the line of Angie's slit. I feel the steely hardness of her clit, like the tip of a pinky, just under her thin lips. Angie feels it too. I see a light shiver rack her body as my finger glides over it. As she shivers, Angie reflexively tries to scoot her bottom forward, away from the tease. The ropes around her wrists keep her body from moving even a hair forward, leaving her bottom immobile in place. I giggle as I see the tension snap across her muscles as she tries to squirm away. "Uh-Oh..." I coo softly in a teasing voice, "it looks like your bottom isn't going anywhere, is it?" I giggle again. Angie doesn't answer me.

At least not with words. As my fingertip glides down toward her bottom, over her slit, now atop her pussy, I see goosebumps erupt over her smooth lips. I see her shiver again, more crisply than the first. She tries to squirm. Her bottom stays still, her pussy and butt fully exposed, fully offered up for whatever I want to do with them.

Sophie passes me a feather under the table where Angie can't see it. I softly tickle the sole of one of Angie's feet with the feather. She squeals as her reflexes snap her muscles. Despite the hard snap, her bottom goes nowhere. I try the other foot and get the same response. Tickle test passed: Angie's bottom isn't going anywhere.

I walk up to where Angie's head lies mid-way up the table. She turns to look at me with wide eyes. I point up, towards the ceiling. Angie turns her head to see what I'm pointing at. "I had a little talk with your husband just a few minutes before you got here, slut."

Angie suddenly looks nervous. She knows I've spoken to her husband once, very briefly; that was because I have a rule against "whipping behind the back of a spouse." Without his permission, I wouldn't have allowed Angie to play. But she also knows her husband. Like most men, he's not exactly opposed to the idea of seeing two women together. Angie, however, has been adamant that he not know any details about what happens to her. He doesn't know much about her interest in

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bondage or domination. At least not any specifics. And she doesn't want him to know the truth. She wants him to think she likes being tied and touched by a woman. She doesn't want him to know that she needs not to be tied and touched, but owned and possessed by a woman.

"We had such a lovely chat..." I tease in a taunting voice. "I know you love him. So tonight, I have a special present for him! We're going to make him a very hot video. He'll love watching you with another woman. Just think of all the things a woman can do with this body. Won't he love watching all that? Oh, and don't worry about being shy, I'll send it to him for you before you even get home. That way you won't get a bout of sudden modesty!" I laugh. "I'm sure he'll just love seeing you in all your slutty glory!"

"No!" Angie blurts out, "Please, Ma'am, please don't do that to me!" I think she's just noticed the camera on the ceiling that I was pointing to. It's aimed down and it's getting a full-frame her bound nakedness.

I stroke the tips of my fingers through her silky bush, letting them feel her soft, fine, hairs for a second. "Oh, don't be so shy!" I tease her. "You might be an old hag, but I have a scrawny baby girl to torture you tonight. He might like looking at her so-young pert little body! Slave, fetch the baby girl."

Sophie giggles as she says a sure, "Oh, so happily, Mistress!" She almost runs around the screen. A moment later Sophie returns. Paige's wrists are still bound behind her back, and Sophie leads her along by pinching one of Paige's pussy lips and using that for a leash. I tell Sophie to untie the "baby's" hands, and she quickly does it.

I push Paige up beside Angie's chest and turn Paige's head to look down on Angie. Angie turns her head to see the woman I've chosen. I want Angie to see Paige. I want her to see how young Paige looks. I want her to see Paige's tiny breasts with their full nipples jutting so pertly off her narrow chest. I'm sure to the middle-aged Angie, Paige looks younger than she is. But there's no denying that Paige's body, while thin, looks like

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a youthful, and pretty, woman's. I'm certain that at that moment, Angie is comparing Paige's body to her own and thinking how much younger, harder, and prettier, Paige's is. Thinking that her husband is going to be very distracted by Paige's college-girl looks. That he'll be far more enticed by Paige's nakedness than her own. In a few seconds, I see Angie start blushing as a look of shame, laced with a tinge of anger, appears on her face.

"Be a good slut. My baby girl will take good care of that old body." I giggle. "baby girl, tongue those nipples."

"Yes, Ma'am." Paige answers. She leans over very quickly, her lips getting to the closer of Angie's nipples before Paige's hands get to the edge of the table to brace herself. Paige opens her mouth wide and sticks her tongue out. She lies the tip of her tongue against the side of Angie's long nipple. Paige slowly swirls her tongue around the rock-hard nub of Angie's nipple.

Angie lies still. She groans softly. Paige's tongue swirls. Goosebumps start sprouting on Angie's mound, first around the base of her nipple, then sweeping out over the pink ring and onto her mound. Angie gives in and starts moaning soft purrs. It takes a few more seconds for the first gentle shiver to rack over Angie.

"Nibble, baby girl," I tell Paige.

With her mouth in use, Paige doesn't answer me. She just turns her head to the side and lightly closes her teeth around Angie's still nipple. Her tongue doesn't stop. It swirls just as tenderly, just as slowly, over the tip of Angie's now-captive nipple.

Angie shivers again and purrs a little louder. Paige gently squeezes Angie's steely nipple with her teeth for an instant. She loosens her bite while keeping the hardness snugly squeezed in her teeth. While she's doing it, her tongue keeps swirling around the nipple. Angie gasps a sharp, sweet moan at the light pressure. She shivers a bit harder. As Paige loosens her grip, Angie purrs a little louder.

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"Now suck it, baby girl," I tell Paige after Angie has gotten to enjoy about half a minute, and half a dozen, little nibbles.

Paige releases Angie's nipple, keeping her teeth lying against it. She rotates her head a few degrees. Paige slides her teeth all the way down the base, where Angie's nipple meets her mound, and gently clamps onto it there. With her teeth stilling Angie's nipple, Paige closes her lips around it, her lips lying along the top of Angie's mound. Paige sucks gently. Just enough that I can see the center of her cheeks drawing in a bit. Enough to pull Angie's nipple as deeply as possible into her mouth. Holding Angie's nipple firmly in place with her teeth, Paige moves her tongue to the flat tip of Angie's nipple. Paige suddenly shifts gears and flicks her tongue over the tip quickly.

Angie cries out a sweet "OOH!" as she shivers. And keeps shivering. She keeps purring the honeyed squealing "OOH," too, making it a long, drawn-out purr. A purr that somehow lasts the entire thirty seconds I have Paige sucking that nipple.

I tell Paige to attend to all of Angie's breast, not just the nipple.

Paige obediently moves her mouth just off the nipple. She uses her teeth to tenderly pinch a bit of flesh, pushing it up between her teeth. As she sucks lightly, she caresses the trapped flesh her tongue for a few seconds. She moves her lips a few millimeters and "kisses" Angie's breast again, slowly working her way around and out to kiss every speck of Angie's breast. It takes her a couple of minutes to kiss all the way down to Angie's chest.

Angie doesn't help. Every time Paige kisses the often-neglected underside of Angie's breast, Angie squirms hard. Her chest isn't bound, and her arms are tied to keep her against the foot of the table, not to keep her from squirming. Angie gets a few inches of movement with every urgent wiggle. But goes nowhere. Slowly, steadily, her moans take on a bit of hunger.

Paige works her way back up Angie's breast to the hard nipple.

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When there's not a bit of breast left, Paige sucks Angie's nipple again.

Angie breathes out a hungry, sweet, and long "OOH," that's even more sensual this time.

After a long kiss on the nipple, I have Paige move to Angie's other breast.

Several long minutes later I have Paige start kissing her way around Angie's stomach and chest, neither avoiding nor focusing on Angie's breasts. She kisses everywhere, keeping her lips above the top line of Angie's bush. Paige's lips and tongue are the only parts of her body that touches Angie. And Paige kisses Angie's body very eagerly.

Angie lies there squirming only slightly now, but purring sweetly as Paige kisses her body.

I allow Angie a good fifteen minutes of that before I snap for Paige to come around to Angie's bottom. I order Paige down to her knees, which puts her eyes about level with Angie's fully-displayed and now very wet pussy. I have Paige kneeling with her face only a couple of inches from Angie.

I tell Paige to "tease." On command, Paige uses her hands to gently spread Angie's lips wide apart and fully bare Angie's pinkness. Angie's medium-pinkness is now flushed hot and bright, covered with a thick layer of her clear, nearly pasty-thick, honey that clings to just everything. Angie's clit, fairly narrow, is swollen up fully, standing out a good ¼" above the edge of its nest of folds.

Paige lies her tongue along the top of Angie's hard clit. Slowly, Paige circles it around the steely nub, caressing it with her tongue until it's back where it started. Then she slips her tongue under one of Angie's wrinkly loose pink folds. Using her tongue to lift the fold a hair, Paige sucks it into her mouth and holds it between her lips. She moves her head, sucking down the loose flesh as her tongue strokes a gentle caress over its inside. Paige sucks all the way down to the edge of the fold.

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Paige sticks her tongue out as much as she can, its tip licking a tiny line from the edge of Angie's lip to the bottom of Angie's pussy. Paige moves her lips over, opening them just enough to surround the narrow entrance of Angie's pussy. Paige slips her tongue as far as she can into Angie's pussy, the slowly swirls it around, licking the thick honey from the rim of Angie's pulpy walls. Paige licks a full circle, stopping her tongue when it's back where it started. Then Paige sucks her way up Angie's other lips the same way she came down. When Paige has teased all of the second lip, she lets her tongue slide over to Angie's clit, putting it atop the hard nub in the same place she started this lap.

And then, staying very slow in every movement, Paige starts anew, retracing her entire teasing stroke.

Angie lies there and purrs heavily through the first two teasing strokes. On the third, Angie can't lie there any longer. She starts squirming, her shoulders first. Then her hips try to join in but her bound legs hold them still and leave her pussy fully bared and offered up to Paige's tongue. By the fifth tease, Angie's moans have grown urgent and loud as she lies there futilely squirming.

Paige obediently ignores Angie completely and focuses on teasing away at Angie's pussy as I've instructed her to do. By now, Paige has a good coat of Angie's sticky-slick honey clinging all around her lips. A coat that seems to grow wider with every licked tease to Angie.

I call this "tease" because it isn't quite enough to make a woman climax. Instead, it makes her lie there, feeling the so-sweet caress of Paige's tongue on her most sensitive places. Caresses that are constantly interrupted by equally erotic teases to her lips that give her body just a second to ebb back from the arousal of the caresses. And then Paige's tongue is back, pushing Angie towards climax for an instant, then allowing her another instant to ebb back. For Angie, it's like having her pussy skillfully eaten, endlessly, but never quite getting to the place where she'll cum. Instead, she has to lie there and feel the sensations of the sex,

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those intensely pleasurable caresses, and never get the release that hangs torturously just beyond.

I have Paige do that for fifteen minutes. It's enough time for the lower half of Paige's face, everything from nose to chin, to get a good coating of Angie's clingy honey. It's enough time for Angie to be squirming hard. It's plenty of time for Angie to be shrieking pleadingly hungry moans. And it's enough time that when Paige's mouth moves away, I can see Angie's clit throbbing so hard its pulsing can be seen. Oh, how that must ache for release!

I tell Paige to tease Angie's backside.

As soon as Paige's tongue finishes its circuit around the rime of Angie's pussy, it starts licking straight down, over the little bit of flesh between Angie's pussy and bottom. At the same time, Paige's hands release Angie's lips and quickly slide down to Angie's cheeks. Paige puts her thumbs on either side of Angie's asshole and uses them to push Angie's cheeks fully apart while stretching the wrinkly purple flesh around Angie's ring taut and wide.

Paige's tongue goes down until it's in the very center of the dark funnel-shaped ring at the center of Angie's asshole. Paige puts her lips to Angie's bottom surrounding Angie's tense butt. She presses her tongue lightly, pushing it snugly into the funnel of Angie's asshole. And the Paige swirls her tongue slowly, letting its tip caress the very nervy and even more often neglected flesh of Angie's asshole.

Angie instantly screeches her moans louder. Her body shivers hard and snaps into a hard squirming struggle against her bonds at the same instant. After a seconds Angie starts stiffening up as she squirms, her head craning back and lifting her shoulders off the table. Angie cries out again, an urgent, hungry, and uber-erotic moan. She shivers more, still wiggling to free herself of the bonds. She goes nowhere, her bottom held just as still as her pussy for Paige's tongue.

Over the next minute, instead of getting louder, Angie's moans

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grow steadily shorter, coming fast, until they're more like the pants of a dog after a marathon! Fast, hungry, and so needy.

Paige has learned well. She ignores Angie and keeps her tongue moving rhythmically and slowly around the rim of Angie's asshole. If Paige can taste anything there, she ignores that, too.

I watch the show as Angie squirms against her bonds with everything she has. Angie lasts about five minutes like that before she cries out a desperate and pleading "please, Ma'am, stop this! Let me cum!"

"Bad slut!" I snap harshly as I scold Angie for breaking my "no talking" rule. I know that the teasing has to be killing her with the frustration of not being able to climax. Angie knows better than to beg. She'd have to be suffering badly to forget that breaking my rules carries unbearable penalties.

I just point at one of Angie's nipples. Sophie quickly gets a soft-bristled feather and slowly draws the edge of the feather across the tip of Angie's nipple. Instantly prominent goosebumps erupt over the entirety of Angie's mound. "You'll be punished for begging like a dive-bar slut." I say coldly before I switch to a sweet voice and add "baby girl, start over. Go back and tease that sloppy slut-hole."

Paige's tongue immediately returns to Angie's pussy and caresses it's way up to her clit. Paige keeps her tongue on Angie's clit, lips and pussy, teasing her as she had been before moving to Angie's asshole. I glance at my watch, starting Angie's fifteen minutes of pussy teasing. And this time, she has the added pleasure of Sophie stroking her nipples with silky soft feathers, too!

And I make Angie suffer through another full fifteen-minute of it. After all, that was her punishment, having to start the teasing over again. And if she doesn't make it all the way through it this time, she'll start over again. Eventually, she'll be quiet and squirm her way through it!

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Angie squirms energetically the entire time. She pants loud, girly moans the whole time, too. But she doesn't dare to beg for mercy. When she's had her fifteen minutes, I send Paige back to Angie's asshole. There, Paige's tongue starts slowly teasing its way around Angie's rim anew.

I make Angie suffer a full fifteen minutes of that, too. With Sophie still teasing her nipples.

Angie suffers it rather graphically, much to my blissful entertainment. She squirms around hard from the hips up, near-constantly bashing her arms against the table. Towards the end, she even beats her head back against the table. Thankfully it's padded. And she shrieks her desperate, short, panting moans endlessly.

"Paige, double tease," I instruct. Paige immediately begins. The command has Paige teasing a single lap that starts at Angie's clit, sucks down a lip, then has her tongue swirling around the entrance of Angie's pussy. After a lap around Angie's pussy, Paige's tongue slides down to Angie's asshole, teases a lap around the rim of Angie's tense muscle, then returns to Angie's pussy for another lap around that. Paige sucks her way back up a lip to Angie's clit, then licks over to Angie's clit and begins another lap.

Angie's moans take on a very frustrated, very tortured, and very pleading tone. She squirms just as desperately. The ropes hold her hips, her pussy, her bottom, still in place for Paige.

I wait a couple of minutes. Then, with Sophie swirling a feather around a nipple, I get my own phone. I make a video call.

Angie's husband answers on the first ring. "Jesus, Angie looks like she's on fire or something the way she wiggling around!"

I giggle. Then I turn the phone so he's looking at Angie's face and Angie is looking at his face on the screen. "I just can't decide..." I taunt Angie in my honeyed-bully voice, "what I want to do..."

"I mean, I could have my baby girl slave there eat Angie's pussy."

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I'll bet Angie would just love that. I'll bet she'd cum in about two seconds! As she's just discovered, I've trained baby girl's tongue very well.

"Or I could send her home without letting her have any relief. Oh, that pussy would just be so horny, so sloppy wet, so burning hot and eager when she got home. I can already see its wall twitching, it's so close to cumming all over baby girl's face! I know Angie is a very naughty girl. I'm sure she'll diddle that skank pit before she even gets out of my elevator. Or try to at least. I have a very nice pair of chastity panties that will keep her from touch that pussy no matter how badly it aches for just a tiny touch... they lock, too, so the naughty little slut can't take them off. All she could do would be to drive home with her pussy burning, twitching, and throbbing its unbearable ache, and then beg you and pray that you'll take those chastity panties off and let her diddle herself, or fuck her if you can get past the overly-slutty sloppiness between her legs.

"What should I do... I know! I'll let you pick! Do you want to watch baby girl eat her pussy and make her cum, or do you want me to send her home so you can deal with her so-shameless, so-slutty horniness?"

I lightly caress Angie's cheek with a finger. "Go on, slut, beg him for what you really want..."

"Please, Sir, please, dear God, please Sir!" Angie begs desperately in a girly-high, moaning, panting voice. "Please, Sir, let baby girl finish me, please! PLEASE! I can't stand it! It's killing me! I can't want to get home, Sir! PLEASE! I'm sorry, I'm sorry for being such a slut! Please, Sir, may baby girl please eat me? Please! PLEASEEEEEEEEEEE!"

I laugh. "I changed my mind. You're not worthy of cumming on that whore's face." I laugh again, hard. Angie almost cries, tears wetting her eyes but not running down her cheeks. "She'll be home in about half an hour. I'll text you the combination to her chastity panties." and I click the video call off without giving him a chance to say anything.

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I leave Paige teasing Angie while I get a pair of chastity panties for her. I keep them in a variety of sizes just in case the urge strikes me to put them on a slave. They look like boxer-briefs, and fit very snugly on the woman, covering her from the tops of her hips down about three or four inches onto her thighs. These are in pastel pink. At the bottom of the leg holes, they have heavy plastic tie straps sewing into the hem. At the waistband, they have flat braided-metal wire strap, both ends studded with little holes. Then right in the crotch, they have an insert glued in place that's roughly the size and shape of a maxi-pad, only about an inch thick. It's made of hard foam, like styrofoam, with a thin layer of soft foam atop it. Most importantly, it has a huge crater scooped out of its center which leaves her entire pussy mound hanging in a little pocket of air, untouched by anything, not even the panties themselves. That way, even if Angie tries to grind her pussy against something, like the seat of her car, she can't get anything to touch it.

When I'm ready, I have Paige stop and kneel off to the side. I leave Angie's hands tied, but untie her legs. Her legs kick hard, more squirming than fighting me as the wave of unbearable frustration sweeps over Angie. I quickly pull the panties over her feet and up. I pull the strap at her waist very snug, tight enough that she hasn't a prayer of pulling it down, then fasten a little combination lock, like for a suitcase, through the straps holes to lock it. I pull the legs of the panties down hard, pulling the fabric taut, and also pulling the top strap snug against her hips. I pull the legs straps snug. Then I forget about Angie's legs, knowing there's no way anything is getting to her pussy.

I untie Angie's hands and immediately snap for her to get to her feet if she'd like to go home, otherwise, I have a cage she can spend her night waiting in. Angie almost jumps up to her feet and stands there, hands behind her, her body quivering slightly.

I send Sophie to get Angie dressed and send her on.

I have Paige clean everything up in the playroom. Everything

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except herself, that is. Then I tie Paige's hands behind her and return her to her kennel for the night, her face still covered with its layer of Angie's drying honey. I lock her in.

Once I know Angie is on her way home, I text her husband the combination adding "let me know how it goes."

The next morning I have an email from him. I have Paige read it aloud to me while I'm sipping coffee over breakfast. He tells me that Angie ran to him the instant she got home and barked "Get these fucking torture panties off of me now!" He took them off. She pushed him down on the couch and jumped him. She rode him, climaxing in well under a minute. Then she did something she's never done before. She kept right on riding his cock until she came again. Her second orgasm, a few seconds after his first, was rather intense. She screamed her way through it, and as it ebbed, she more fell onto him and just lie there. He says it was definitely in the top three ever of their couplings, and definitely the best in many years. He says he has the video and plans to show it to Angie if she'll watch it. Hopefully, it will get her excited almost as much as living it did. He thanks me for suggesting he watch, he enjoyed it, and more so because I sent Angie home to him. He does tell me that, although he preferred Angie coming to him, he was going to allow baby girl to take care of her since he couldn't bear the thought of Angie having to suffer. Plus it was so clearly what she wanted. Not baby girl, just to cum, he thinks.



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After Paige's "Final Girl Exam" on Angie, I spend three weeks teaching her the fine art of slut-hood as it relates to boys. The first week I hire a professional stripper, a woman my friend Nikolai knows who has been an exotic dancer (and a very well paid one) for over a decade. I have her teach Paige to dance. To dance like a stripper. To dance with her body flowing, not moving. The lessons are long, leaving Paige time only for her studies and housework. But, by the end of the week, they have her moving well enough to make a lot of money in one of the clubs.

Then I teach Paige the sluttier things. I teach her to give a porn star grade blow job. I teach her to have anal sex easily. And, even though she's not a virgin, I teach her how to have sex. I use a strap-on dildo for every one of her lessons, never letting her touch an actual boy. I teach her to do things my way, a way that so far has driven every boy I've met absolutely crazy.

And I teach Paige the most important lesson of all. I teach her to ignore her pussy, no matter how badly it throbs and aches, no matter how much use it gets. I teach her to give pleasure, never taking any herself. Her only relief remains her morning session of supervised masturbation. Paige never once complains about it. And every single morning, she cums a little harder than the morning before. Very hard.

For tonight I've selected a pair of toys to join Paige in amusing me. While they're not married, they have been together for a while now. Both are college students, and they share a typical college-student (read: crappy) apartment. They've been my toys for some time now. I play with them around once a month, and tonight their number is up.

Her name is Elise. She's a slightly tall woman at 5'9", but at 145 pounds she's also thin and shapely with a pronounced curve at her waist and a flat stomach. She has a slightly oval-looking face with a small rounded chin, blue eyes, and a short, but full, head of blond hair that she wears loose. She has an average-sized mouth framed with a pair of especially full light pink lips.

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Elise has a nice pair of breasts that are as pert as they are spongy. They look almost like half oranges swelling off her chest, topped with narrow nipples like pencil erasers that are a medium shade of pink with a little brown tinge to them, that are surrounded by rings of the same color maybe the size of half dollars. The way her breasts perk up from her chest gives those nipples a very slight upward angle to them even though there's no crease at all underneath her mounds where they meet her chest.

Elise has very feminine curvy hips above a pair of shapely thighs, neither of which look to have even a drop of fat on them. Her thighs barely touch each other, and that's only with her feet together. With them apart, her flat pussy mound is fully bared. She has thin, narrow, and long lips that don't come close to meeting, instead of allowing the edges of her medium pink-purple inner folds to poke out a scant hair beyond her outer lips. It's a gash that looks to rise just a bit up her pubes, too. Her pubes, as well as her lips, are shaven silky smooth and bare. And behind it, all is a rounded, full bottom of spongy soft and shapely cheeks.

Her other half is Paul. At 21, he's a year older than Elise. He's a fairly short man, at 5'9" – the same height as Elise. He's 165 pounds, but on a man it makes him look even thinner than Elise. Almost wiry, but without the feminine curve to his waist. He too has an oval face, but he has more masculine, stronger lines to it. He has blue eyes with military-short dark brown hair and slightly large ears that his hair does nothing to cover. He has full lips, too, but with a very slightly larger mouth.

Paul has a flat chest and stomach. Like most men, he has small nipples. Only they are on a hairless chest.

He does have some hair on his pubes, trimmed into a neat triangle as I demand, with short almost wiry, medium-brown hairs. It's a bush that's neither spares nor dense but looks sparse with his hairs trimmed short. But their shortness leaves his cock and balls fully visible. It's not the most desirable of cocks, at least not in my book, but it does look manly, even against his slightly boyish-looking chest and stomach. Fully

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hard, his cock measures 5 ¼" long and 1.1" across. He's not circumcised. Instead, he has a full foreskin that covers all of his cock's deep-purple head when it's soft, and almost as much when his cock is at full stiffness. It's lined with prominent veins that stand out on its white shaft. Behind that hangs a large pair of balls loose in their sack. With his cock soft and hanging his balls dangle just as far down as the tip of his shaft.

Below that he has lean, hairless legs. Legs that almost perfectly match Elise's girly lean ones. His bottom is also hairless, his cheeks hard and firm, but flatter and less rounded than Elise's. Smaller, too.

I have Paul sitting in a hard wooden chair with his bottom at the front edge of the seat. I've already tied three loops of rope around the creases of his thighs, crossing the free ends and tying them around the top of the chair's front legs just under the seat. I've also pulled his feet back, along the outside of the chair's legs, to the back legs and tied them in place with three loops of rope around his ankles. That way the chair will force him to keep his legs open. And with his hips bound to its front edge, it leaves his stiff cock standing up in the air between thighs he can't close. It leaves his balls hanging down free, the backside of his sack dangling against the edge of his seat.

I have Paul's hands pulled behind the chair's back. Three coils of rope around each wrist bind them together. And I've tied the free ends of the rope to the cross-bar under his seat to keep his hands behind it. But otherwise, he's loose, free to squirm everything but his hips.

I have Elise, also fully naked, kneeling beside Paul.

And now, I have Sophie bring Paige out of her kennel. As I've instructed Sophie, she tells Paige to scoot out of the kennel and stay on her knees. Sophie clips a leash to Paige's collar. Holding her head up high, Paige obediently crawls like a dog as Sophie walks the leashed woman around the screen, giving Paige her first sight of the couple.

Sophie passes me Paige's leash. I hold her leash taut, but not tight enough that it's pulling her collar against her neck. I lean over and gently

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caress a hand over the globe of her firm bottom, feeling its silky skin. As my hand glides slowly and tenderly over her cheek, the tip of my finger slips into her crack and slides, slowly, down. It teases its way along, over the top of her tightly clenched asshole; that gets a little purr from Paige. My fingertip keeps going, tracing its line all the way down over her slit; that gets an even deeper purr from Paige.

I give Paige a little swat on her bottom. "Now you be a good bitch, baby girl. Go suck that ugly little cock dry."

Paige crawls the two more steps forward to put her lips at the tip of Paul's hard cock. It twitches as her unfamiliar lips touch it. Paige stretches her mouth as wide as it will open. She stays on all fours as she moves her head forward inching his stiffness into her mouth. She keeps going, even as his shaft reaches the very back of her mouth and starts pushing its way into the very-narrow tightness of her throat. She holds back her gagging, taking his shaft steadily and easily, even as it's tip stretches her throat wide as it pushes into the tight tube. She goes forward until every bit of his cock is into her mouth, her lips flush against his pubes and balls.

Paige has proven herself more eager to please me than most subs. Almost as if she's desperate to please me. Not quite as eager as Sophie is, but pretty close to it. Because of her enthusiasm for my pleasure, I've taught Paige to be a little sluttier than I teach most of my subs to be. Why not take full advantage of her devotion?

Paige demonstrates the extra-slutty technique I've taught her. She stays in place with her lips flush against Paul's pubes and her jaw held at it's widest, her muscles stretch taut, but also with her lips closed lightly around his moderately-thick cock. Paige pushes her tongue out between her teeth and his cock, sliding it along the underside of his shaft, and putting the tip of her tongue against his dangling sack. She flicks the tip of her tongue over the very-lightly furred skin of his sack.

Paul has gotten blow jobs from a few of my toys, mostly female

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toys, but a couple of male ones as well. He's experienced the deep-throat technique before; I make all of my subs, including Elise, learn that. But he's never had one lick his balls while his cock was all the way down her throat before. As she teases his sack, Paul suddenly stiffens hard and shrieks a very thrilled, very surprised, and equally hungry moan. His hips reflexively snap, testing my rope-work. The ropes hold his hips, and thus his cock, still and in place. And that leaves his cock fully at my mercy.

Paige leaves her tongue where it is. I'm sure she has to pay close attention to what she's doing to keep her jaw stretched fully wide and her teeth from touching his cock. In my world, should her teeth touch his shaft, Paige would be immediately spanked.

Paige slowly and steadily begins lifting her head up. As she rises, her lips stay in place snuggling around his cock. Her tongue stays lightly pressed against the underside of his shaft, too. And Paige sucks lightly. She raises her head up until only about half of the fat head of his cock is still inside her mouth. She reverses her stroke smoothly, going back down all the way until her lips touch his pubes and balls again.

Paige flicks her tongue again, teasing his sack for a fraction of a second. It's enough to make Paul snap a sudden and hard shudder against the ropes. And to make him shriek out another very erotically hot cry. She ignores Paul, focusing only on servicing his cock perfectly.

Paul can't do much of anything except to sit there and enjoy Paige's very slutty blow job. He squirms hard, his wiggles growing steadily more frantic with every passing stroke. He moans, deeply, hotly, and very urgently. His body almost thrashes against the bonds, especially his unbound shoulders. Those are all over the place, his hands constantly pulling against the ropes holding his hands behind the table. Even his head thrashes around.

I keep Elise on her knees, making her turn to watch Paige suck her boyfriend's cock. Elise doesn't have very long hair, and it's not that easy

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to get a good grip on her short locks. I do, using it to pull Elise's head down a bit and put her eyes just above Paul's thigh. From there, Elise's eyes look straight over the top of Paul's near-hairless thigh and straight at his dangling balls. She has a full view of his cock, too. That glistens brightly with a thin film of Paige's saliva on it. Elise gets to watch Paige's lips as they glide casually up and down his steely hardness.

By the time I have Elise's head in place, Paul's sack is already covered with a dense rippling of huge goosebumps, giving it a slightly shriveled look. I make sure she sees Paige's tongue, its tip poking out almost half an inch past her lips, as it licks it way along the underside of his cock and finally teases his balls for the moment while Paige has all of that shaft inside her. I'm sure Elise can see just how much Paul is liking it as well. Paul couldn't hide that no matter how hard he tried.

I hold Elise's head firmly, making her watch for a couple of minutes. By then, her pussy has gotten very wet. Wet enough that I can see the sticky coat of her honey covering everything, even her narrow outer lips. Were her thighs touching her mound, I'm sure Elise's thighs would have their own coat of honey as well. Elise's nipples are rock hard, too, but they've been that way ever since Sophie made her undress at my door!

Keeping hold of Elise's hair, I lead her around, making her walk on her knees until she's directly behind Paige. Paige is still on all fours, her knees and feet spread, as she leisurely sucks on Paul's cock. From behind, Paige's pussy mound, with its "baby-bottom" smooth lips, pokes out towards Elise's eyes.

Paige's widely splayed thighs also stretch her narrow lips apart, baring a wide slice of Paige's pinkness. It lets Elise have a full view of Paige's short inner lips, her throbbing clit standing up at the wrinkle where those lips meet, and, where Paige's fine pink lips gape, a sliver of Paige's pussy. Everything is covered with a thick coat of Paige's honey. Just as everything is so flushed that it looks hot. Even her pussy that's so

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wet it could almost be dripping.

I give Elise a little swat on her bare bottom. "Isn't baby girl just such a whore!" I saw in a tauntingly sweet voice. "See how much that skanky pussy just loves having your man's cock down its throat?" With the very tip of one of my fingers, I tickle Paige right at the point where her slightly gaping inner lips meet over the bottom of her pussy. Paige shudders hard, goosebumps erupting over her lips and the creases of her thighs. But she doesn't let it distract her from the leisurely blow job she's giving Paul. I take my finger away and see a single hard tremor rack her pussy.

"Since you're such a prissy bitch that you can't manage to please your boyfriend yourself, you should appreciate this little near-virgin baby girl giving him the blow job you can't. You should thank her for taking care of him for you." I shove Elise's head forward, putting Elise's lips squarely atop Paige's pussy. "Eat baby girl's pussy, bitch."

Elise surrounds Paige's protruding clit with her lips and sucks lightly on it. Elise swirls her tongue around Paige's aching nub slowly. With Paige on all fours, and Elise kneeling behind her, it has Elise bending forward a bit to get her lips in place. And that has Elise's nose pressing a fraction of an inch into Paige's slit directly over Paige's pussy.

Paige shudders hard at Elise's first lick. She shivers crisply and constantly as more goosebumps sprout up over her back and bottom. A lick later and I see Paige's toes curl up. I can see her knuckles turning white as her fingers grip against the floor under them. She shivers even harder. Paige's bottom squirms a little despite Paige's best efforts to keep herself still. Elise just lets her head move with Paige's hips.

Paige's squirming has one more side effect. It grinds her pussy against Elise's nose. For Elise that just means she gets a thick coat of honey on her nose that lets her smell Paige's hungry muskiness. For Paige... it's just another teasing torment pushing her close to orgasm.

Obediently Paige continues sucking Paul's cock, trying desperately

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hard not to let her own building arousal effect anything. She manages for a moment. Then I see Paige's hips starting to thrust backward with enough power that Paige's pussy tries to swallow Elise's nose. I can't resist. "Baby girl!" I snap in a scolding tone, "I can't believe what a complete gutter whore you're being! I mean, really, fucking this bitch's nose? Could you be any skankier?" I swat Paige's bottom with my hand. It does nothing. Paige's hips go right on squirming against Elise's nose.

I let that go on for a few minutes. Long past the time, I can see that Paul is as desperate to cum as Paige is. But like all my subs, he knows better. I remind him "dildo... remember to behave your tiny little pecker and don't you dare dirty up this little baby with your filthy cum!" Paul stutters a less-than-firm "yes, Ma'am." Then I add, "as for you, baby girl, try to be a good little whore. Suck that cock. Make it cum. Show me that you can make this little-dick cum when I want it to... in fact, if it doesn't cum, you'll be sorry!" I giggle, "and if it does cum, you'll be the sorry one, dildo!"

I start counting backward from 100. Paige sucks it as I've taught her to, leisurely and steadily. But I can see the centers of her cheeks pull in just bit more, telling me she's sucking harder. And I can see her tongue tease his balls far more eagerly. Instead of just flicking the tip of it over his sack, she more licks the entire sack and the balls dangling inside it. The front of his sack as well as the backside of it. And I can see the tip of her tongue licking side-to-side along the underside of his shaft as she strokes it. In short, Paige is doing her very best, everything she can think to do, to make Paul unable to resist the urge to climax.

I can't see if Elise licks Paige more enthusiastically or not. It could just be Paul's more desperate squirming and moaning that excites Paige. But I definitely see Paige's shivers grow harder and sweep over her faster. I can see Paige's hips squirming more urgently. As they wiggle backward against Elise's nose, their thrusts grow crisp, almost violently hard. Paige's shoulders shudder. Paige's feet kick lightly down onto the floor, their toes staying curled.

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I keep counting slowly, all the way down to zero. Paul lasts, although I'm not quite sure how. I can't imagine he could last more than a couple of more seconds. His body is stiff and trembling hard. Paul near screams moans through tightly clenched teeth. I grab hold of Paige's long hair and sharply jerk her head up until Paul's cock slips from her lips. I hold Paige's head steady for a moment. Paul's cock twitches and jumps for a second then stills somewhat. I push Paige's head until the tip of his cock is a mere inch from Paige's eyes. A small droplet of Paul's cum weeps from the tip of his shaft, clinging to the tiny bit of purple head above his milky white foreskin. After another second a second droplet weeps out, this one falling from his aching shaft and landing on the tip of Paige's nose. Paul moans desperately with frustration as he sits there, so close, and now knowing he's not going to get permission to cum.

As soon as the cock is out of Paige's mouth, Paige moans deep, very hungry, very erotic moans. She stays there on all fours, holding her head up, and shivering hard. Elise stays there, too, eating Paige's pussy.

With a snap of my fingers, Sophie hurries to bring me a stool and my paddle. I've left out the hairbrush, one of the lighter paddles I have, so that's the one Sophie brings me. I take a seat on the stool with Paige's hair still in my hand, it's strands laced through my fingers.

"You lose, baby girl. I guess you're not even much of a whore since you can't make a tiny little pecker cum. Come get your punishment for disappointing me!" I jerk her hair hard, almost snapping her head around, as I pull her roughly around and then over my knees. It does pull her pussy away from Elise. I tell Elise to stay.

I rest the oval blade of the paddle against Paige's firm cheek. "Five spankings, baby girl. Maybe next time I tell you to suck a cock you won't disappoint me by giving me such a feeble attempt! You will behave that naughty bottom of yours for your spanking, I don't care how sloppy wet and horny that skank pit is!" Paige has been spanked here enough to know what's expected of her. She's not to say a word. And her bottom is

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to stay still on my lap while I spank it.

I lift the paddle up and swat it down with about half strength. As far as paddlings go it's a fairly tame one. Just hard enough to leave an oval-shaped pink blotch stinging her pale globe. Paige gasps as it cracks against her flesh, but that's all she does. I move quickly, not trying to be either gentle or rough with Paige. I push my finger all the way into Paige's pussy. I take the tip of my finger and wiggle it inside Paige for a second. Exactly one second as best I can tell without watching the clock.

Paige cries out a loud, sultry, and very stressed deep moan. Her hips shudder hard. I pull my finger out of Paige's pussy, scolding her "bad girl! I told you to behave that naughty bottom and here you are acting like a complete whore over my knees. I guess we'll start over."

I swat Paige's cheek again, landing the swat square atop the pink blotch of the last one. Paige shrieks out her gasp. I push my finger back into her pussy and wiggle it's pad against her twitching, nervy walls. Paige shivers hard and cries out a very loud, very hungry moan that's deep and girlier than any I've heard from her yet. Her bottom tenses, but she holds it still.

I swat her other cheek. Paige gasps out from the crack of the wood on her bare flesh. I push my finger into her pussy again and wiggle it for a full second. Paige cries out another hot moan as she shivers hard. I slide my finger out of her pussy. Before Paige realizes what I'm going to do, I have the tip of my honey-slickened finger against her asshole. Paige's honey is so slippery that it doesn't take hardly any effort to press my finger all the way into Paige's bottom. I move quickly, pressing the pad of the finger down against the backside of Paige's pussy walls. Holding a firm-but-gentle pressure I move my finger with very short and equally fast strokes as if fucking her bottom with my finger. Paige's asshole instantly tries to grip my finger and hold it in a tight squeeze, but the honey on my finger is too slick for that to work. Paige screams a very desperate erotic moan. Her bottom shivers, it's shivers growing more

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violent with every wave. Her bottom thrusts up trying to impale itself on my finger.

"Bad girl! Don't you think you're being just the filthiest of gutter whores now baby girl? Like, seriously, I'm ramming my finger up your ass! And here your slutty little butt is trying to fuck my finger! That is like so totally skanky! Even a gutter whore is that slutty! I guess we'll just start over again until you manage to behave like a proper little girl, *gutter whore!*"

And I do. I start over. By the time Paige has managed to hold her bottom still for five strokes, she's gotten 11 ½ strokes. Strokes that have left her pussy dripping wet, her walls twitching so hard that they're pushing little drops of her honey out. And it leaves her clit throbbing so hard that it looks like it's about to explode. I'm sure Paige is about to explode.

I put Paige off my knees and onto hers. Her bottom glows a light, but angry, shade of red now. It has to be stinging Paige hard, like sitting on a beehive. She doesn't show that. Even kneeling her pussy grinds very slightly against the empty air beneath it.

"Since you're being a total gutter whore of the skankiest kind tonight, baby girl, you won't mind fucking that cock. Now."

"Yes, Ma'am," Paige answers with a slight tremble to her voice. A tremble that says she's only worried about she'll make it through that without cumming herself. She stands and doesn't hesitate to straddle Paul's hips and the chair under them. Paige lowers herself down. His cock clips very easily into her sopping wet ultra-slippery pussy.

Paige starts moving her hips up and down slowly, fucking his cock with the same leisurely attitude and pace that she sucked it with. Paige is careful to take full strokes on his cock, going down until her lips are snug atop Paul's pubes, then rising up until only the exposed half of his bulbous purple head is left inside her tight, hot, wet pussy.

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Paul groans deep, manly, and very desperate moans. His hips try reflexively to thrust upward and ram his cock into Paige's pussy. The ropes hold him, binding his hips firmly to the seat and making his cock stay put while it feels only what Paige does to it. His squirms take a mere second or two to grow from desperate to wild, none of which gets more than a hair of movement. And that gets his groans even hotter and more urgent as he tries to sit there and let Paige ride his cock without cumming.

I remind them both of the "contest." Paul is to behave or be paddled. Paige is to be "the slutty gutter whore she's trying to be," and make him cum whether he wants to behave or not. If she doesn't make him misbehave, then she hasn't given that tiny cock her best fucking, and thus will be paddled. Of course, should Paige climax, she'll suffer for that. I don't have to tell her it will be far worse than a paddling.

In half a minute both look like a slutty mess. Paige is all but covered from head to toe in goosebumps. She shivers violently hard and constantly. She moans loudly with her unique throaty-deep-but-uber-girly cries. Her mouth hangs open. Paul fidgets wildly, his hips trying to squirm and his mouth trying to get to Paige's breast and its too-stiff nipple. Paige's honey flows, long ago having covered his shaft and now covering most of his balls and the creases of his thighs as well as hers.

I tell Elise to lie on the floor, on her back, in front of Paul. I grip her hair, tugging it firmly-but-gently, as I order her to slide forward. I pull her head up, putting her lips to the bottom of Paul's dangling balls. "Here's what you are going to do, you useless cum-hungry bitch..." I say quietly, but firmly, to Elise.

A moment later Elise has her head all the way up, Paul's balls now dangling down inside her mouth. She has her lips lightly snug around his sack, her tongue sticking out between his tender skin and her lip to lick the underside of his cock.

And a split second after that, Paige reaches the bottom of her stroke. The bottom of her stroke to where Paige's small inner lips press

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against Paul's pubes and blossom outward as the very last speck of his cock vanishes into her pussy. There, Paige's lips cover the bit of cock Elise's tongue was licking, leaving Elise's tongue to caress Paige's lips. Paige definitely notices that; she shrieks out a starving-hungry cry as she reverses her stroke, her chest shuddering wildly hard. So hard that her firm little breasts seem to dance in front of Paul's eyes. Then Paige is rising up again, leaving Elise's tongue licking Paige's honey from the base of Paul's cock as Elise sucks his balls.

If there's a man out there that wouldn't be driven crazy by the attention of two women like that, I've yet to meet him. Paul squirms hard and shrieks moans like a girl. His body tenses to steel, his muscles straining to their stiffest.

Paige rhythmically rides his cock.

Elise sucks his balls while teasing his cock, and Paige's pussy, with her tongue. Where I have Elise's head, she has an eyeful of Paige's pussy as Paige fucks her boyfriend. Enough of a view that occasionally a droplet of Paige's hot honey lands on Elise's face.

I have to watch all three of them to make sure they're behaving as I want them to. Both Paige and Paul struggle with every bit of their strength not to climax. Paige struggles just as hard to give Paul's cock a steady, smooth, leisurely fucking that, she hopes, will make him cum anyway. Elise lies there, teasing and sucking. And steadily her pussy gets wetter and wetter. After a couple of minutes, I spread Elise's lips and see her clit swollen and throbbing as well.

I make Paul suffer a full five minutes of Paige's pussy. Five very agonizingly long minutes for the boy who was ready to cum before she even started riding him. But, I never let anything last less than five minutes. After all, I am "testing" Paige's slut skills tonight!

At the five minute mark, I tenderly slip a hand around Paige's bottom, caressing her cheek softly as my hand slides around to her crack. By then she's so lost in the sweet agony of her impending climax that I

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doubt she notices me. My hand moves very slowly, inching its way around to her crack and stopping only when my fingertip is directly atop Paige's very tightly clenched, but wildly spasming, asshole. Now I move quickly, not caring about Paige's comfort or discomfort, as I shove my finger through Paige's tense asshole. Slipping through I feel her muscle clenched tight, resisting my finger, then squeezing it's hardest around me.

Paige cries out a strained, but not really pained, yelp as my finger thrusts into her backside. My finger slides in as far as it can, curving a little inside her. Using my finger-grip on Paige's bottom, I yank her up fast and hard, pulling her suddenly off Paul's cock.

Paul cries out a long, tormented moan of frustration as his cock twitches hard beneath Paige's still-dripping pussy. For now, I leave Elise where she is, which means leaving Paul's balls in her mouth, teasing him. Paul squirms, more trying to get back to Paige's pussy than from anything else.

"Go on, baby girl..." I use my most taunting, honeyed voice, "go ahead and be the absolute total gutter whore you're dying to be. Give that tiny cock your disgusting bottom."

"Yes, Ma'am," Paige answers in a voice that sounds utterly thrilled and eager to be allowed to offer her butt. I always make my subs learn and practice everything, like anal sex, with a rather generous dildo. Paige learned to anally accept a cock with a dildo that's 9" long and 1 ¾" thick. It's not quite, but close to, double what Paul has to offer. Paige, being such a tiny woman, has always struggled to handle accepting that large of a cock; she's done it, but it's pushed the limits of what she could handle. She's also completely enjoyed the anal sex, at least once she learned to accommodate the cock without it being too uncomfortable to her. I'm sure she's quite eager to find out if Paul's smaller cock will be both easier to accommodate and arouse her just as much.

Paige turns slowly, her body flowing with some of the moves she learned from that stripper. Her bottom wiggles sensuously once it's

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facing Paul. Paige slowly lowers herself, moving as slowly as her body will move. It takes several seconds just for the honey-slickened tip to press its way between her firm cheeks and come to rest snugly against her tensed ring.

While it isn't Paul's first time getting it, he doesn't get much anal sex. Elise is one of the women for whom anal sex is as uncomfortable as it is arousing. She'll obediently give it when told to, but she'll suffer through it. Even as she cums through it. Since I'm not a sadist, I don't have her do it much. And nor do I share Paul with my other toys that often. So anal sex is a bit of a rarity for him. And like all men, he loves it.

Paige smiles as she takes a deep breath. She pushes down with her muscles, forcing her asshole to relax and turn to rubber. As she feels herself growing wider, her muscle softer as it opens, Paige lowers her bottom slowly. Paul's cock has no trouble stretching her pliant ring wider and slipping through. She keeps her bottom relaxed as she steadily lowers herself. Paul's cock slips very easily into her backside. Paige purrs a soft, deep, and sensual moan as it glides into her. Paige goes all the way down until the cheeks of her bottom are snugly pressing against Paul's pubes. It also has Paige's pussy lightly against Elise's face.

Paul purrs a deep, long, and very erotic groan as his cock slides deeper and deeper into Paige's bottom.

Paige wiggles her bottom the tiniest bit, keeping her cheeks flush against Paul. That too gets a good groan from Paul. Paige starts lifting her bottom up. She rises up until only the fat head of his cock is left inside her bottom, then smoothly reverses her stroke and lowers herself all the way back down.

Paige gives him another tiny wiggle of her bottom, purring urgently as she does. Paige starts lifting up again. She doesn't even get halfway up before I hear Paul groan the loudest, and most surprised, moan he's ever made. It only takes me a brief glance to see Paige's ring tensed hard, squeezing his shaft. It's not just her ring, either, it's her entire

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bottom tensed up around his cock.

Paul's hips snap into full-squirm mode, thrashing hard against the ropes at his waist. He doesn't move. The ropes hold his hips, and his cock, still as Paige continues rising up. The added friction from the tightness of her butt doesn't make her slow. She moves just as steadily as before, only now her bottom squeezes tightly around his length. Paul cries out more of the moans that broadcast how unexpected, and too-good, it is. His head lolls back, his mouth hanging open as he moans.

Paige keeps going, her now unbearably-tight bottom rhythmically riding Paul's cock.

Elise's eyes stare, locked on the point where Paul's cock vanishes into Paige's tensed ring. I give Elise a little tap with my crop, landing its tip atop her pubes. Only because she's lying with her legs closed and I can't get to her pussy, or I would have cropped her there. She squeals. I scold her to quit watching the porno display and continue licking Paul's balls. She must obey. Paul starts wiggling a little more.

By now Paul is so-sweetly suffering. He's already gotten to enjoy Paige's expert blow job and her near-virgin pussy. Plus the sight of her cute, 18-year-old body and firm pert little breasts. And now he's getting to feel her bottom tightly snuggling his cock as Paige's tightest hole fucks him. He squirms hard and groans desperately, leaving no question that he's fighting not to find out what his punishment will be for cumming in Paige.

Elise, on the other hand, watches fully enthralled by what Paige is doing. As she licks Paul's balls, I can see the humiliation on her face, too. I'm sure she's thinking about Paige giving her man what Elise tries hard not to give him. And Paige clearly enjoys giving.

I make Paul groan his way through a full five minutes of Paige's backside, too. Just like I did with Paige's pussy. By the end, there's no doubt Paul isn't going to last much longer. It looks like mere seconds. "Aw..." I coo softly, taunting Paul as Paige continues riding his cock

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leisurely, "does that little pecker want to fill my whore's bottom with its disgusting, sticky, hot boy-cum?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Paul answers in a stutter of moaned syllables.

"Oh, I bet your skank-bitch of a girl-friend would love to see you cum up my whore's butt!" I squeal with a bit of faked excitement in my voice. Then I pause a few seconds before I suddenly snap "cum," without any warning to Paul. I start counting backward from three, and I count fairly quickly. Paul's been around enough to know I'm counting off the time he has to obey the command, and once I get to zero if he hasn't, he won't be.

Paul cums very quickly, on "two." He cums with a hugely satisfied and loud breathy grunt as his hips snap hard trying to thrust into Paige's bottom. The ropes hold him. Paige ignores the hot cum spurting into her bottom and continues her leisurely riding. Paul groans even more desperately as he starts cumming, his moans begging Paige to pick up the pace and end this.

I start counting again, a little slower, backward from 15. It's the countdown of the time I'm giving Paul to cum. When I've counted down to five I put my hand flat against Paige's pubes. I curl a finger underneath Paige, along her silt. I feel her clit throbbing hard under my finger. Paige moans out a very needy, deep breath of a moan at my touch. As soon as I've counted "one" off, without counting zero, I use the hand on Paige's pussy to guide Paige up and off Paul's cock.

Paul cries out a deep moan of equal parts frustration and satisfaction. His cock twitches hard and spurts out a few more drops of cum as it hangs in the air over Elise's eyes. His cream lands in Elise's hair. His cock keeps twitching even though nothing but air can touch it now.

As Paige rises up, her asshole gapes wide just above Elise's eyes and Paul's shaft. I hold her hips there for a fraction of a second. A small rivulet of Paul's cum runs from Paige's backdoor and drips, landing on Elise's nose and between her eyes. A second drop lands atop Paul's cock,

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making it twitch hard and crisply as she spurts another drop. I hold Paige's hips there a couple of seconds as her asshole tenses back up and clenches tightly again.

"Skanky." I snap both sweetly and sternly, "show mister little dick what a good whore you can be. Suck it clean. Now."

Elise reluctantly slides forward, out from under Paul, and gets up to her knees. As she lowers her mouth, Paul's still-twitching cock dances around in front of her face. She puts her lips to the cock, fresh from Paige's butt. She sucks it, swallowing all of it. But unlike Paige, I haven't taught Elise the extra-slutty technique of licking his balls as she sucks. As Elise sucks the mixture of Paige's honey, Paul's cum, and Paige's butt from his cock, Paul squirms hard against the ropes, groaning sweet moans. I see a couple of twitches that tell me Elise gets a few drops of fresh cum in her mouth, too.

One thing about Paul, he's never been good for seconds. At least not without rest between. I leave Elise sucking his cock. After a minute or so, once Paul has climaxed fully, his cock steadily grows soft in Elise's mouth despite her sucking. He can still feel Elise and purrs fast moans as she works.

I grab Elise's hair and pull her head away from Paul's floppy shaft. "Well, you aren't much of woman, much less a whore, are you?" I laugh hard and point to Paul's cock. "I guess that blow job of yours is just so good he can't even keep his dick hard! Yeah, he must really love that!" I laugh harder.

Then I send Sophie to tie Paige's hands behind her back and lock Paige back in her kennel for the night. Sophie returns and whispers to me that Paige is "so needy!" She tells me that Paige's hips are squirming around, hoping to find some release. Sophie and I both know Paige will have to wait until morning when I allow her to masturbate. I'd bet Paige knows it as well.

I allow Elise to masturbate, with supervision just as Paige gets, and

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while standing right in front of Paul so he can watch. I make her suffer a five-minute wait that has her pussy dripping on my floor. It's not nearly long enough of a rest for Paul's cock, and I knew it wouldn't be. He'd need closer to half an hour. So after teasing Elise again that she still hasn't gotten Paul hard, I let her cum. Elise cums hard, dropping back to her knees and shuddering violently.

The next morning, Paige gets to masturbate. She squirms and moans so much that by the time her five minutes are up, her bottom is a solid shade of bright pink from all the cropping she's gotten. I tell her she's lost the gift of an orgasm and order her to put both hands on her hips.

I spent half a minute scolding Paige sharply for acting like a complete gutter whore. Paige spends the half-minute standing there, her pussy weeping honey onto her mound and the creases of her thighs, her body shivering and crying.

"I ought to leave your skanky butt in some ghetto gutter where they'll gladly use any old cum dumpster that comes along. Surely no one else wants it!" I sigh deeply. I walk behind Paige, still scolding her harshly and quietly pull a glove onto my hand. I pull her cheeks wide apart. "Seriously, baby girl??? I taunt her, "your asshole is spasming as if it were a pussy! Don't you think that's just way too slutty for even a street corner cum dumpster?"

Without giving Paige any warning I quickly thrust my finger through her spasming ring of tense muscle. As soon as I feel the tight drag of her resisting hole I snap "cum, baby girl." Very quickly my finger is fully inside Paige's butt. Before I have the chance to curl it and massage the backside of her pussy with it, Paige screams and shudders hard. Her pussy must spasm like her I can see her asshole doing. I know I see it squirt a huge dollop of her honey down to my floor. I keep my finger still. Paige screams again, shuddering more violently by the shudder. After a second her knees give out and she drops to the floor. I don't go with her.

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Instead, I let her falling body pull her butt off my finger. It doesn't ease anything. Paige falls to her knees, then to her side. She lies there, her body thrashing around as energetically as it ever has, her pussy squirting honey onto her thighs and the floor as she screeches through a very hard orgasm.

Paige's orgasm lasts a couple of minutes. It leaves her so spent that she can't even open her eyes for almost ten minutes. I leave Sophie with Paige, telling Sophie "not to let this gutter whore be so skanky that my breakfast is late."

Just before, Paige comes out of the kitchen on wobbly legs, then kneels to serve me coffee. She tries hard, but still wobbles a hair while on her knees. I decide she really loved that orgasm this morning.



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To date, Paige has almost perfectly behaved. She's obediently tried to learn everything I've taught her, and done whatever she was told to do without question. With whoever I told her to do it. So I've decided that it's time to see how comfortable Paige will be in her role as my slave-whore, outside of my apartment.

It's now a week after Paige's evening with Elise and Paul. Paige has spent that week on her knees. I've focused on demanding a higher level of subservience each day. And she's smiled her way through it. Tonight one of the clubs near my apartment is hosting a band that my BFF Izzy has been dying to see. I'm a little less eager to see them, but I do like them. And I'd go about anywhere with Izzy. She is one of my BFFs. But it's a club that knows me and lets me push the envelope of legality and morality, as long as I don't make a scene. They're used to seeing Sophie leashed in their club.

One of the best parts about girl toys is I have so much more leeway in how I dress them in public. If I walked a leashed man into a club in just his briefs, people would instantly object. But if I walk a leashed woman in with just her bra and panties on, people just stare. Especially the boys!

For tonight I've made up a rather slutty outfit for Paige. Then again, a whore should be wearing the sluttiest of outfits, shouldn't one? I found her a "skirt," if it can be called one, that comes about 1/3 of the way down Paige's thighs. It's made of lace, except for a large silk rose in front and a second one in the back. The roses serve to cover her pubes and bottom, but very little else. It's also made of two free-hanging swaths of lace, leaving slits at both sides all the way up. There's a spaghetti strap around her waist, tied in the back with a big bow. On top, I've given her a skimpy bra with half-cups that show as much of her small breasts as they pretend to hide. It doesn't have to push them up and poke them out. Paige is naturally perky enough that they stand out just fine on their own. It too has spaghetti straps. Over that I've given her a silky half blouse that hangs open in the front and, even unbuttoned to show the cups of her bra, doesn't extend down quite to her navel. On her feet, Paige has a pair of

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high-heeled plastic-looking see-through pumps. Those are especially slutty looking. Everything is in the same shade of pastel pink as the collar around Paige's neck. And the leather leash I have clipped to her collar. Just to make sure Paige remembers her place in the grand scheme of my universe, she's also wearing a pair of handcuffs that are padded with a fuzzy pink fur. Those have her wrists bound behind her back.

Sophie wears one of her usual "slave" outfits, this one in pastel green (my very favorite color) that matches the collar around Sophie's neck. She has an all-lace stretchy dress that runs from just above her breasts to a mere inch below the bottom curve of her behind. She doesn't get underwear, and the lace does nothing to hide anything; it merely makes one look very closely to see through it. With it, she has matching fingerless gloves. And for Sophie's feet, she has high-heeled knee-high boots that are made of stiff lace instead of leather. She also gets a plush horseshoe clip to hold her long hair off her face.

I've chosen a sexy, but more modest, evening dress for myself. It's got a long V in both the front and back that shows a lot of cleavage. And my yellow lacy bra underneath. It hangs loose and free about halfway down my thighs. It's yellow, too. But I've chosen more comfortable low-heeled pumps for myself. And Izzy has picked a similar outfit for herself.

Izzy has brought a date. His name is Chris. She's been dating him for the whole semester now, so I've gotten to know him a little. I kind of like him. He's very smitten with Izzy and treats her well. Plus he's a smart boy. And he's cute.

I haven't brought a date. I almost never do, despite the abundance of offers I get. That's because I'm not really interested in a boyfriend. When I want to get laid, I have no problem finding a boy willing to accommodate me. And when I keep it more-than-casual (as in a one night hook up with no names) I tend to be shameless in my blatant choice of boys by cuteness and "equipment." Personality only enters into the equation to the extent that I never pick a boy who doesn't treat me

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especially well.

The looks start as soon as I get to the door. It's hard for anyone to miss the leashes I'm holding, one in each hand. The doorman recognizes me, but that's not saying much since I'm the only one to ever bring a leashed woman here, and with a huge grin on his face, waives the cover charge for all three of us. He always does. I'm guessing that the allure of having two half-naked leashed attractive girls in here outweighs the token cover charge. Eyes follow us as I lead Sophie and Paige across the room, in front of the bar, and to the table where I see Izzy waiting. I heard a couple of whistles, too. Men!

Izzy has gotten a table for four, which is the biggest table they have. I told her that would be fine, even though I planned to bring two slaves, making us a group of five. Izzy sits close beside Chris. I take the seat across from Izzy, putting Sophie in the seat beside me. I tell Sophie to pull her seat close, but not touching, mine. Sophie grins from ear to ear as she slides a few inches closer to me. I tell Paige to get on her knees in the space between Izzy and Sophie.

Paige promptly kneels down as I've taught her to do. She looks forward, which puts her staring at the edge of the table's top. And she waits silently. She manages to ignore the fact that most of the men here are still staring at us. I see a number of "regulars" in here, or at least what I term regulars: those I've seen here enough to recognize. Which to me means they'll likely remember me as well.

It's not ten seconds before a guy at the next table comments aloud "cute cuffs." I turn to him, smile, and say "thank you. That whore is just so slutty I can't trust it without cuffs! There's just no telling what slutty naughtiness it would get up to!" We both laugh. Paige is still smiling.

We have about half an hour until the music starts, so we order a huge plate of nachos of some waters with lime in them. We don't wait for the waitress; she's so-clearly overworked tonight. Instead, I have Sophie free Paige's hands and unclip her leash. Then I order Paige to go to the

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bar and fetch it all herself.

I watch Paige constantly. In the few minutes she has to wait at the bar, I see at least half a dozen men try to talk to her. I hope Paige behaves herself. It looks like she does, the conversations are short enough. She returns with our food and drinks atop a spare waitress tray the bartender loaned her. Paige kneels and serves me first, then Izzy, Chris, and finally Sophie. I didn't order anything for Paige. Paige sets the plate of nachos in the center of the table for us people to share. Then she sets the tray off to the side and waits quietly on her knees.

I chat with Izzy and Chris. It doesn't take long. I knew it wouldn't. Maybe five minutes until the first guy comes over. He brings us a pitcher of beer. I assume that he figures none of us are old enough to order our own beer, which isn't true. Chris is 21. Izzy and I are 20. Sophie is 19. Paige is 18, although she doesn't look even that old. He's cute, but not exactly the cutest. But it's his offer of beer that makes me brush off his advance. I thank him for thinking of us, then I tell him we don't drink. That's not exactly true, but close enough. Izzy and I are both more the white wine kind of girls. Sophie and Paige are the whatever-I-say-to-drink kinds of girls. Chris, I'm not sure about, but I've seen him drink beer. He must like it. The boy leaves us the pitcher and Chris slowly pour it out – and into his mug.

His peace doesn't last long. Maybe another minute before one of the guys who tried talking to Paige at the bar comes over. I'd told Paige that if any boys were so desperate as to try hitting on her ugly butt, she was to tell them that she's not a person, just a slave-whore, and she's not allowed to even look at people without permission. If the guy wants to talk to her, he has to ask her Mistress for permission, otherwise, go away.

Paige must have recited the line exactly as I'd told her to. The boy addresses me and asks “does your slave-whore have a name?”

I grin. “I just call her baby girl, since she looks like a little baby instead of a real woman. Especially with those tiny little ant bites that

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she's trying to pass off as breasts!"

"Would you mind if I danced with Baby Girl?"

I look him over and make a show of it so he knows I'm sizing him up like a piece of meat. I figure the guys all do us girls like that, so it's only fair to give them the same! He's decently tall, around 6 feet, and thin. I'd guess around 180. He's lean enough that I can see some defined muscles on his arms below the sleeves of his t-shirt. He has short, dark hair and brown eyes. HE stands up straight, almost military-straight, which adds to his attractiveness. He looks to be somewhere in his early 20s, maybe 22 or 23. He's told me his name is Bryce.

I nod to him, then turn to Paige "dance with the boy, baby girl. And makes sure he enjoys your scrawny butt."

"Yes, Ma'am," Paige says with honey in her voice and smile on her face. She's quickly on her feet, turning to face Bryce. I tell him to have her back before the band starts, he nods and holds out his hand for Paige. She gives him her hand, and he leads her onto the dance floor.

The club is known for a variety of music. Tonight the band is country, so they're playing country music while we wait. So far I've only heard three or four songs, but it's enough to let me know it's a variety of country that avoids anything by the group about to play. Not that they have anything popular enough to get radio play. They're a local group. But Izzy swears they're great.

Paige clearly understood my instructions. As soon as they start dancing, her body begins flowing with the moves I had her taught. The sensual ones. Bryce's eyes about pop out and he misses several steps. For about half a minute it looks like he's barely able to stand, let alone dance, as Paige more gives him a standing lap dance instead of dancing with him.

Eventually, he recovers and tunes out the stares they're getting. Jealous ones from men, disapproving ones from the girls. He takes Paige

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in his arms. Even as they dance to the music, Paige manages to keep her body flowing sinuously in his arms. Especially her barely-covered hips which caress over the quickly-swelling bulge in his jeans. Her hands caress his back and bottom, which Bryce takes as an invitation to do the same to Paige. And she doesn't object. She wouldn't. Without instructions, she'll leave the objections to me. She can see that I'm watching them.

I keep an eye on Paige, making sure Bryce doesn't take advantage of her, while I chat away with Izzy. I have had much of a chat with her in two days now! We have so much to catch up on!

After a couple of songs, when I guess there aren't more than a couple left before the band takes the stage, I whisper instructions to Sophie. She promptly hops up and scurries over to Bryce. I'm sure Sophie gives him the exact message I gave her: "My Mistress says that, if you're desperate enough, you are welcome to touch and kiss this skanky whore's scrawny, useless body wherever, as long as you don't enter it." Sophie returns to me just as quickly.

I watch. For a second Bryce stares at me, the look of disbelief on his face telling me that he's not even noticing Sophie's tight butt this time. Then I see his hand slip up under the back of Paige's skirt. Paige seems to melt onto him, and I see her hand give his bottom a little teasing caress through his jeans. It looks like his hand caresses Paige's bare cheeks, too. He kisses her, and Paige kisses him back very enthusiastically. He keeps touching and kissing Paige.

It's obvious that he's trying to figure out some way to get his hands to Paige's breasts without stopping their dance or looking too obvious about it. Paige must notice it, too. She twirls her body around, putting her butt lightly against the bulge of his cock. She gently presses her body back against his as she rhythmically wiggles her bottom. Paige's head lolls back against Bryce's shoulder.

For Bryce, it's the perfect opportunity. What he's been waiting for.

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And there's little doubt that Paige not only knows what he's after but is helping him get to them. His hands slide up from her hips and round to cup over breasts. Paige purrs lightly. He squeezes them gently. Paige purrs a little more. He turns his head and his lips meet Paige's for a long kiss while his hands play with her breasts. And while Paige's butt teases his cock.

And then the music ends and the band starts to take the stage. Bryce decides not to test my hold over Paige. Good thing. I would have so summoned Paige back and brushed him off. Instead, he takes her hand and walks her back to the table.

"Care to join me?" I ask him. Bryce doesn't hesitate to accept, and I see his eyes start looking around for a chair to steal. I snap my fingers and say "slave, be a good girl, rub my shoulders." Sophie's quickly standing behind me and very tenderly rubbing my shoulders. I point Bryce to the chair Sophie just vacated.

He looks around. I catch the confusion on his face. He's used to women. He knows better than to take the seat and leave a woman without one. Such good manners! He offers the seat to Paige. I shake my head. Paige stays quiet, but on her feet. I point him to the chair again. He hesitantly sits. I point Paige to his lap.

I don't know if Paige likes him or not, but she eagerly drops onto his lap, sitting sideways and crossing her legs. Maybe she's eager to sit on him. Maybe she's just putting on a good act. She knows enough to know that whatever I tell her to do, I want her to do eagerly, happily, and enthusiastically. And I don't care what Paige wants. She drapes her arm around his shoulder and snuggles close to him.

Bryce seems very pleased with my seating arrangement. I'm sure it helps that Paige manages to wiggle her bottom regularly to keep his cock well teased as she sits on him.

A half-hour later the band takes the first of its planned ten-minute intermissions. I turn to Bryce and ask him about himself. He tells me that

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he's from Wilmer, a redneck enclave outside Mobile, but now he's in the Army. A choice he made because his family couldn't afford college and he couldn't get a scholarship. After his four years, he'll go somewhere on the GI Bill. Yep, I think, he's got some brains. He tells me that he's been lucky. He's been forward deployed, but only to Bahrain where there's no fighting and very little animus towards non-Muslims. According to him, we have a big base there where he transfers cargo from C-130s to smaller planes and choppers bound for places without runways. I guess it's not a bad job, as far as the Army goes. In my book, that means a job where you don't get shot at. Anything involving self-propelled bullets is definitely a bad job. He's back on two weeks' leave, which means he gets about a week here and a week in transit, to see his girlfriend. She immediately told him she'd moved on while he was gone. His buddies brought him to see the band thinking a night out might cheer him up.

The band starts its second set. OK, they're better than I thought they'd be. Maybe not quite as good as Izzy thinks them to be, but definitely worth the cover charge I didn't even have to pay!

I stare into Paige's eyes, getting her attention. I've taught her the basic hand signals I use, so when I flash her a couple, she understands them. I see her eyes get wide and tiny edge of nervousness to her. She tries not to show it. She puts her trust in me.

Obediently, Paige turns on his lap and slithers down his chest to kneel between his now-spread legs. She looks up at him with a huge smile on her face and licks her lips slowly. Bryce watches her, enthralled, the band forgot, as he wonders what Paige is up to.

Now Paige moves quickly. She pushes the table cloth up and lowers her head. She unzips his jeans and brings his cock out. It stands up straight, rock hard, from his jeans, surrounded by a dense jungle of dark black curls. Paige puts her hands behind her back and puts her lips to the tip of his shaft.

Bryce has a decent cock. He's a bit larger than the boy-toys I've so

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far let her practice on, but not huge. He's around 6 full inches and 1 1/8 inch thick. He's circumcised, baring the medium-purple bulbous head of his cock. He has a huge set of balls, like little eggs, hanging loose in their soft, lightly furred, sack. But she can't see those with his jeans still up and buttoned. All Paige can see is the cock standing up, curving ever so slightly to his left.

Paige starts taking it into her mouth, stretching her jaw to their widest and letting his cock rest against her tongue. She goes down steadily, slowly, just as I've taught her to.

I can't see her under the table cloth. At least not her head. If anyone looks closely, it's so obvious that Paige is under the table on her knees. I wouldn't take any imagination to figure out what she's doing down there. But I can see Bryce's face. I can see the surprise on it as his cock starts sliding into Paige's mouth. A few seconds later I can see the utter shock on it as he feels the tip of his shaft pressing against the overly-tight entrance to the tube of Paige's throat. I'd bet his cock has never been even that deep in a woman's mouth before. It looks like he's beyond his experience. He's never even felt how tiny a throat seems before. An instant later Bryce tries to mute himself, as a very deep groaned purr escapes from his lips. I see his hands grip the edges of his seat, too.

Bryce grits his teeth and tries not to make a sound or do anything that would attract attention to our table. He fails. He purrs out a long, deep "MMM..." as his cock keeps going, slipping deeper into Paige. As the muscles of her throat tightly snuggle around his hardness. Paige keeps going, letting more and more cock slide into her throat without ever choking or gagging on it.

Paige goes all the way down, swallowing everything Bryce has and puts her lips flush against his pubes and sack for an instant. During that instant, her tongue slips out, past her teeth, and teases his huge balls with a single flick. It's enough of a tease that Bryce loses control for an instant and squeaks out a slightly higher-pitched "UH!" as he shivers.

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I giggle. Paige reverses her stroke and starts rising up. She keeps her pace leisurely, slowly rising up until her lips are lightly resting on the bottom edge of his swollen head. She swirls her tongue around the fat head once. As soon as her tongue makes that circuit, she's already reversed her stroke and she's going back down again. She keeps her head moving, not pausing to lick his balls or swirl her tongue. And she keeps the rhythm casual as if she's in no hurry at all to finish it. As if she truly enjoys having his thickness down her throat.

Bryce purrs another long deep "MM..." as Paige swallows him again.

As instructed, Sophie leans over to Bryce and wraps her arms around his shoulders. She puts her lips right to his ears and sweetly whispers "My Mistress thanks you for your service, Sir." Sophie returns to my massage, leaving Bryce sitting there while Paige "thanks" him.

I figure this is going to be a story that makes it way around the barracks at light speed. And that it will be taken with not a grain of salt, but a whole shaker of it. So I casually slip my phone under the table and snap a picture of Paige with her lips against Bryce's pubes. I check it and see that it's perfect: not only does it leave no doubt how skilled Paige is, but it shows enough of the table and the legs of the crowd beyond that there won't be any doubt where Paige is. Paige's long, curly hair hides her face, too.

Paige keeps going, steadily giving Bryce a leisurely blow job. She ignores the squirming he's doing more energetically by the stroke. Unlike the toys I've let Paige practice on, Bryce is the first guy I've had her suck that wasn't bound. It leaves Bryce free, and his hips squirm. Paige handles it well, keeping her body loose and letting her head get pulled along with his wiggles.

Bryce doesn't last long, maybe two or three minutes. I know he cums because he moans out a very deep "MM-UHH-OH!" I see his hips snap up, driving his cock hard into Paige's throat. Paige handles it well.

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Bryce squirms hard as he sits there, eyes closed. His moan is loud enough to attract a bit of attention from the closer couple at the next table. The man is grinning. His date glares coldly at the display and mouths "slut." but neither calls for the bartender. Not that he'd kick me out anyway.

A minute later Paige has his cock tucked back into his jeans. Her head rises up from under the table cloth. She looks up to Bryce with dreamy eyes. She opens her mouth, letting him see the thin film of his cum left clinging inside her mouth as she slowly licks her lips again. "Thank you, Sir, for allowing this worthless, skanky, scrawny whore to suck your beautiful cock, Sir. Your cum was just so delicious I just couldn't help but swallow it all, Sir." Paige bats her eyes then slithers her way back up his front. She returns to her place on his lap, wrapping her arms around him again and cuddling close.

Bryce tries hard. For the rest of the night. But he never gets Paige's name, my name, or anyone's phone number. Just me telling him I hope he's enjoyed his evening and my slave-whore was slutty enough for his pleasure. He assures me she was. Which I'm sure is the reason he's after her name and phone number. More of that sluttiness.

Instead, he gets one more souvenir: I take a picture of Paige on his lap, her head turned part ways away from the camera. But I have Paige posed for it with the cups of her bra pulled down under her perky mounds, and at the instant I snap the picture, lifting the front of her skirt up. It puts her essentially naked in the picture, showing both her breasts with their hard nipples and her pubes with the gentle puffy mound of her pussy. I'm sure it'll be a popular picture back in the desert. I send both pictures to his phone as I say our goodbye.



Paige: From College Girl to Slave-Whore

It's now a week after Paige's first, and only, night out of my apartment. I was, and still am, quite pleased with her performance at the club. It would be hard not to be. She did whatever I wanted her to do, did it quite eagerly with a smile on her face, and never thought about questioning anything. So far, the only thing I've heard about that night was from the bartender who doubles as the manager. And he only told me that Bryce had been back in every night looking for me and asking if anyone knew me, or more precisely where to find me. He knows what Paige did, but only because I told him.

Today I've decided to see just how obedient Paige will be. I already have Sophie for my personal slave, and no one will ever do as good of a job of serving my whimsical pleasures as Sophie does. The only real use I have for Paige is that of a whore and cum dumpster. For others, not for me. I'd never let a whore touch me! Sophie is a virgin, and I'd never think of sharing her pussy with anyone. I want my handmaiden to be a maiden.

I've rented a 2-bedroom suite at one of the nicer hotels downtown, a few blocks from my apartment. I have Paige in one of the bedrooms, already nude, sitting and waiting patiently in a chair. Over the time she's been mine, Paige has learned to wait very patiently. It helps that she's also learned that if she moves, let alone gets up, her bottom will be paddled quite red. Hey, a slave has to be obedient! I have the door to that bedroom shut tight.

The other bedroom is the scene of the action tonight. I have the bed stripped down so that only a single sheet remains on it to cover the mattress. I have five high-resolution video cameras set up. One on each side of the bed, aimed at it, and one above the bed aimed down. They're all blatantly obvious. Four of them are on tripods! All of the feed video to a laptop in the room, its screen turned away from the bed.

For tonight I've come up with yet another thing Anita and Wayne have never done before. Something I'm sure they'll enjoy doing, and that

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I'm even more sure I'm going to have to make them do. They're making a porno movie.

They arrived about twenty minutes ago. By then, Paige was already in the other bedroom, nowhere to be seen or heard. Anita and Wayne haven't a clue that their daughter is waiting naked in the next bedroom. As soon as the pair arrived, I had Sophie get them undressed while I just sat there, sipping coffee, and watching.

Once they were nude I took them both to the "movie studio." I had Anita stand against the wall, her nose touching the wall so she could see nothing but bare hotel wall, and wait. I took Wayne to the bed and had him lie on it. Then I tied his wrists to the headboard and his ankles to the footboard, stretching his body taut.

With Anita still waiting, Sophie and I put on our executioner's hoods. Hoods that completely cover our heads and faces. That way, no one seeing the movie will be able to recognize either of us. Not so for Anita and Wayne.

Now I reach around Anita's chest and take a firm hold of one of her breasts, squeezing her soft mound firmly in my hand. I turn her around, letting her see Wayne bound to the bed. I'm sure she noticed the cameras when I brought them in. Just as I'm sure that now she sees the little red lights on them indicating they're recording. Keeping a good grip on her breast, I pull her over to the bed, standing her at Wayne's hips facing his cock. The camera across from her will be getting a nice image of her face now.

Wayne's cock is already standing up straight and stiff, ready for action. Wayne turns his head slightly to look up at Anita and me beside her, his eyes silently asking me what's going to happen.

With my free hand, I give Anita a light swat on her bare bottom. It's barely hard enough to make a slap, but nonetheless, Anita flinches from it. I put my hand to the cheek, cupping its spongy softness, and squeeze lightly. "You two worthless old bitches are making a porno

movie tonight. In case the cameras didn't give it away. I'll edit it later and make a very nice movie for my collection. For now, it's streaming live to... well, God only knows how many perverts out there want to see your flabby butts, but I'm sure there must be one somewhere! After all, the internet goes just everywhere!" I giggle. I release Anita's cheek and give it a good swat as I tell her "get on your knees, bitch, between his legs."

With a look of horror on her face, Anita gets up onto the bed, moving very hesitantly. I release her breast as she starts moving. Once she's in place I put my hand to the back of her head and push it forward, leaning her over halfway. I push her head so she's looking down at Wayne's eyes. "Oh, don't worry! I know you don't know how to make love to man! It's only natural. It's not like you've had any practice. It's not like any actual man would want your flabby butt! But this tiny-peckered quasi-man here will do. I'll teach you how to make a man happy! Then, on the off chance you run into a man desperate enough to use that sloppy skank pit, you'll be able to please him!" I say it in my taunting bully voice. "You could always try death row!" I laugh hard, "I hear they're desperate enough there to fuck holes in the wall, so maybe your butt won't be a complete turn off!"

I put my hand to Anita's pussy mound, getting a firm grip on one of her puffy lips. Pinching it, I tug her backward as I snap for her to scoot back. I stop her by releasing her lip and giving her a very light swat atop her pussy mound. Anita yelps. I shove her head down, pushing her all the way down until her lips are on Wayne's balls.

"Tease, fatso!" I snap. Anita's not the thinnest woman, but she's not fat either. Like any woman, being fat is definitely one of her fears. Which is why I taunt her by calling her fat, to play to her fears.

Anita kisses his balls and licks them with her tongue. Once atop each of his balls. Then she starts moving up towards his cock.

I hold out my hand. Sophie puts a cane in it. It's a long one, maybe three feet long, and about an inch wide. It's made of bamboo, planed

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down flat like a long ruler.

I don't even move my arm. I just flick my wrist and snap the cane against the loose cheeks of Anita's bottom. It lands with a good crack as it sears a deep-pink stripe across her globes. Anita yelps loud, half startled by the sharpness and half from the sting of it. "Bad bitch!" I scold Anita sternly, "quit being impatient! I said tease!"

I grab Anita's head, holding it firmly, and put her lips softly atop Wayne's furry sack. "Kiss." I snap and Anita plants a fleeting kiss atop his ball. I swat Anita's stinging bottom with my hand, and Anita yelps a loud "EE-OW!" I scold her "I said kiss, bitch. A real kiss!" Two scoldings, two swats, and two yelps later, Anita finally plants a long, slow, and very tender kiss atop his ball. A hungry kiss, her lips opened enough for her tongue to caress the hairy flesh between them. Keeping my grip on her head, I move her over about ½ of an inch and tell her to do it again.

I keep hold of Anita's head, inching it slowly across his sack. Once she's made her way across I move her lips up a bit and get her kissing him again. And so on until every speck of his sack has been kissed sweetly.

I move her lips up to the root of his shaft. I have her kiss him there. Then I have her "nibble" his cock. That's new to Anita, so I instruct her every step of the way. To first stretch her jaw wide, then lightly close her teeth around the sides of his shaft just enough to steady it. To close her lips around his hardness. To suck very gently. And then to take her tongue and slowly caress every bit of his cock that's trapped in her teeth for several seconds.

Wayne moans sweetly as Anita's tongue caresses his steely shaft. His cock lies against his stomach. Anita's lips and teeth hold it by its side as her tongue works on its underside. Wayne squirms just a little as he purrs.

I have Anita inch her way up the length of his shaft like that until finally, I let Wayne feel her nibble the very tip of his cock. Once. One single nibble before I have Anita kissing her way back down the topside of

his cock, all the way to his pubes.

I keep her kissing and teasing him tenderly as I inch her head up his stomach and chest, moving her lips around so by the time she gets to his nipples, everything below has gotten at least a brief tease from her. I have her spend a few extra seconds on his tiny, but very hard, boy-nipples before moving her again. I have her go all the way up to his shoulders, then along his neck.

I keep her going until Anita's lips are on Wayne's, the two kissing very passionately and eagerly. Neither needs encouragement for that.

With her knees still between Wayne's thighs, Anita is leaning over so far that their bodies are kind of touching. Her hips are flush against the creases of his thighs, her pubes resting over his cock and snuggling it between her pubes and his stomach. Her breasts dangle down her rock-hard nipples lightly on his chest. That way her nipples dance over his skin with even the tiniest movement of Anita's stretched out upper body. There's only about a hand-width's space between Anita's knees. It leaves her thighs parted plenty wide enough for me to see her pussy mound poking it's smooth bare lips back towards me. And for me to see that her pussy is sopping wet by now, her slit drenched with her honey.

"Now you can fuck that little thing if you can manage to behave your skanky butt while you do, bitch." I tell her as I hold her lips to Wayne's. I instruct Anita to keep her lips there, kissing "her half-man," as she lifts one side of her hips to move her knee outside his thighs. Then the other. With their lips still locked, I have Anita scoot her hips up a little so she's straddling Wayne's. I hold her bottom down as she scoots so that her pubes rub over Wayne's stiffness as she slides up.

I have Anita rise up, breaking her kiss, straightening up as she lifts her hips up a few inches. As she, following my explicit instructions, braces her hands on her thighs, Wayne's cock stands up underneath Anita, it's tip pointing perfectly at her slick-wet lips. I guess that cock knows what it wants! I have Anita lower her hips very slowly, pausing for a

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couple of seconds at the moment the tip of his cock slips into her sopping wet slit. With her still, Wayne's cock twitches a little from the heat, coming to rest directly under Anita's pussy. Then I have her start slowing down again. As she does, his shaft steadily vanishes into her pussy. Wayne purrs lightly. Anita's head lolls back, her mouth gaping wide as she moans out a deep and needy moan of her own. I keep her going until all of his short length is inside her, Anita's wet lips flush against Wayne's pubes and the bottom curves of her cheeks, right at her crack, atop his furry sack.

I have Anita reverse, lifting her hips up slowly and steadily, rising up until only the purple tip of Wayne's cock is left inside her lips. Wayne's not circumcised, so there's not much of his bulbous purple head bare, either. Thus there's barely any cock left in Anita's pussy when I again have her reverse her stroke.

Anita screeches out deep, throaty moans as I move my hands to her hips. I get a good, firm grip on her hip bones, holding tight. I need that tight grip to keep control of her hips. Already they're instinctively trying to speed up, to ride him faster. I hold her slow and rhythmically steady, making her ride his cock leisurely despite her inborn urges to ride it wildly. Anita screeches moans a little louder, a little needier, and a little frustrated. Her head starts to snap from side to side as she moans out sensually. I keep her hips moving steadily.

Wayne lies there, his hips steadily wiggling harder and harder. His hands and feet lightly test the ropes that hold him, as if he doesn't really want to get out of them, just to squirm around. And he purrs loudly as well.

I wait about a minute, then say "slave... come check that this fat bitch is fucking that little pecker properly." I keep my hands on Anita's hips. I have to, her instincts are fighting me near-constantly to speed the fucking up. Otherwise, if I could let go of her hips, I'd check myself. But I know Sophie will do it right. She'll probably be stricter than I would in

her judgment.

Sophie comes over. She waits until Anita is at the top of her stroke. As Anita starts to lower her hips again, Sophie quickly pulls Anita's lips wide apart. She glances, taking in all of Anita's pinkness and seeing Wayne's cock sliding into her pussy. Sophie watches it slide out as well, releasing Anita's lips only as Anita nears the top of her stroke again.

"The fat bitch's clit is rubbing along the top side of that little thing, Mistress. Its pussy is very sloppy as well, Mistress. It's leaving skank all over that toy cock, too, Mistress! Yuck!" Sophie reports. I could see all of that from where I am. Despite addressing me, Sophie was really talking for them. And the worldwide audience that's watching.

Sophie, latex gloves already on her hands, gets a little dollop of Anita's honey on the tip of her first finger. As Anita nears the top of a stroke, Sophie slips her finger up through Anita's crack until her finger is resting atop Anita's tight asshole. Sophie just holds her finger in place. As Anita's hips lower over Sophie's immobile finger, Anita's hips drive her asshole down onto the finger. For a split second until her asshole surrenders and allows Sophie's small finger to stretch it. Then Sophie's finger slips into Anita's bottom. Only when Anita's asshole is flush against the web of Sophie's fingers, leaving nothing more for Anita's bottom to swallow up, does Sophie allow her hand to be moved by Anita's hips.

Sophie presses the pad of her finger downward with very light pressure. She doesn't need any at all. She can easily feel the steely hardness of Wayne's cock, now fully inside Anita's pussy, as it stretches Anita's meaty walls. Pussy wall that is now trapped between Wayne's cock and Sophie's finger. Sophie wiggles her finger.

Anita screeches out a very loud, very urgent moaning cry as her body shudders hard.

Wayne feels Sophie's finger, too, as it tenderly caresses the underside of his cock through Anita's taut pussy walls. He squirms a

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single, crisp and energetic thrash of his hips as he moans out a deeply needy groaning of his own.

I ignore what Sophie is doing. I almost have to force Anita to start moving her hips up again. As soon as I do Anita's head thrashes and she screeches out desperately hungry moans. After a split second, instead of having to force Anita to move, I have to hold her hips from speeding up and ramming down on his cock. I keep them moving rhythmically, just as before, just as if Sophie's finger wasn't up her butt.

After ten strokes of Anita's hips, Sophie announces "Mistress, this fat sack of flab is about the sluttiest thing on Earth! Its pussy is twitching so hard. But, no, Mistress, that's not enough for this skank! Her butt is twitching just as hard on my finger! Isn't that disgustingly slutty, Mistress? It just loves my finger up its filthy butt!"

I nod. Sophie replies with a silent, and very impish, grin. As Anita reaches the bottom of her stroke, her cheeks again flush against Wayne's sack, Sophie wraps her hand around Wayne's sack to cradle his balls tenderly in her hand. She leaves the lone finger pointed up, fully inside Anita's bottom. As Anita starts rising up, Sophie's hand stays where it is, cradling Wayne's balls. As Anita's butt starts to lift up, her hips rise up and Sophie's finger starts slipping through her asshole again on its way out of her butt. Sophie keeps her finger still; now that Anita's cheeks have risen up enough for her to have the room, Sophie uses her thumb to gently caress the top of Wayne's captive balls.

Wayne screeches a very hungry sensual groaning cry. His hips shudder hard in the little space they have. Goosebumps erupt over his sack.

I keep Anita's hips moving. As Anita nears the top of her stroke, Sophie's finger finally slips all the way out of her asshole. It comes to rest lightly against Anita's tensed ring as Anita, at the top of her stroke, reverses. As I make Anita lower her hips again, Sophie keeps her finger where it is. Anita feels the quickly increasing pressure against her muscle

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for the split second before her muscle allows Sophie's finger to push through it again. I keep Anita's hips moving steadily. As she lowers, she drives Sophie's finger deeper into her bottom again.

Anita screeches a very loud, girly, and too-needy erotic cry. To me it sounds like a nervously surprised "MM-" that flows into a "U-UH-" as Sophie finger stretches her ring, and then is overtaken by a squealing, long and drawn out, "OOH!" Anita shivers crisply as her ring is stretched and keeps shivering as she impales her bottom on Sophie's finger and her pussy on Wayne's cock at the same time.

Sophie's finger never moves. As Anita reaches the bottom of her stroke, her cheeks now firmly resting on Sophie's thumb as well as Wayne's sack, Sophie announces, "see, Mistress!" in a school-girl giggly voice, "Isn't this flabby bitch such a skank, Mistress! Her butt just loves fucking my finger, Mistress!"

I keep Anita going, each stroke now lifting her hips up until only the tip of Wayne's cock is left inside her, and Sophie's finger is resting just beneath her asshole. Then each downward stroke not only swallows Wayne's cock, but impales her bottom of Sophie's rigid finger. It seems to drive them both crazy. Anita even more so than Wayne.

I keep going until Anita has been riding Wayne's cock for ten minutes - double my minimum time for anything. By then both squirm and screech like the porno stars I'm making them tonight. "Well, obviously that skank pit isn't even a good cum dumpster!" I chide Anita, "you've had a double fucking now, and you've been so busy fucking my slave's finger with your fat butt like a gutter whore that you haven't even managed to make this tiny pecker cum!"

I keep Anita moving through the top of her stroke, lifting her hips up a bit more until Wayne's cock slips completely out of her pussy. Both groan out loud and deep with the frustration of not climaxing. Anita almost cries from it.

I swat Anita's bottom hard. "Quit dripping your skank on his half-

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dick and suck it, fatso." I swat her another hard spank to her bare bottom.

I sternly instruct Anita to hurry up and move back until she's kneeling at his feet, then lean forward and give the little cock a blow job that shows me how much her fat butt would like an "orgasmic reward tonight."

Anita has given him enough blow jobs to know how I want it done. She does. And she sucks eagerly. So enthusiastically that I have to swat her upside her head a couple of times to slow her down. While Anita is doing that, Sophie pulls Anita's knees apart, fully baring Anita's pussy. I just glance. It's all I need to see that it's dripping wet, Anita's honey covering everything from the creases of her thighs, over her lips, and up to her asshole.

I let Anita go for five minutes. Wayne spends every second of it trying to thrust his hips up and ram his cock down Anita's throat. HE squirms, too. And her groans desperately, letting me know it's all he can do not to cum. I haven't given him permission to yet. And I'm not planning to anytime soon.

Once Anita has had her five minutes, I again scold her for not being enough of a woman to make a tiny cock cum even after it fucked her twice! "Clearly you need some motivation." I swat Anita's bottom with the cane, leaving a second pink line across her cheeks. "slave, fetch a whore."

Sophie hurries out of the room. It takes her about a minute, but she comes back with Paige. Only now Sophie has Paige covered with a black robe that hangs to the floor, and a black balaclava that leaves only her mouth bare. And a little slice of Paige's neck where the collar is, and the leash clipped to it. Sophie offers me the leash.

Neither Wayne nor Anita really try to see who I've had brought in. Even if they tried, they'd never recognize her under the loose-fitting robe. Anita just sucks on, and Wayne squirms away.

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Even though the balaclava covers Paige's eyes, it's fabric is loose enough of a knit that I'm sure she can see through it well enough to know who is on that bed. If she doesn't recognize their voices, which she likely does. I have her at Wayne's feet. From there she'll have a good, fairly close, view of Anita's bottom and pussy, but also a wide enough view to see Wayne lying there naked. Any female would know what Anita was busily and eagerly doing.

I've instructed Paige that she's not to make a sound until I tell her she may. I didn't tell her why, but I'm sure now she's figure out the reason: so her parents won't recognize her voice. I reach my hand down and caress Paige's bottom through the robe. Her cheeks feel relaxed to me, not tense, even though she must know it's her mother's pussy in front of her face. And Paige is smart enough to guess I didn't summon a whore just to look at it.

"Whore." I snap my fingers, "tease."

Paige nods without hesitation. She moves forward, kneeling on the floor behind Anita's bottom. With Anita on the bed, Paige has to sit up on her knees to put her face at the right height. A second later Paige has Anita's lips pulled wide apart and her lips to Anita's pinkness. Paige's tongue touches Anita's throbbing clit.

Anita screams out a too-loud, too-needy moan despite the cock that's mostly in her mouth. Her hips thrash with a crisp shudder.

Paige, by now, has had enough practice on girls to expect it.; her head moves right along with Anita's bottom, her tongue never leaving Anita's clit. Instead, it starts its unhurried swirl around Anita's too-sensitive aching nub.

I swat Anita's stinging cheek with my hand. The spank is hard enough that it stings my hand, so I'm sure Anita feels it. She doesn't yelp, though. She's too busy screeching slutty cries while trying to pretend she's still sucking Wayne's cock. I swat her bottom again. "You filthy skank!" I scold her, "stop slutting and suck cock, bitch!" I give her one

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more swat.

I grab hold of Anita's head firmly with both of my hands. I take over, moving her head for her, keeping her strokes leisurely. I don't have to worry about holding Anita's jaw open, her screaming moans are doing that for me.

Anita's hips keep squirming wildly. It does nothing to spare her from Paige's teasing tongue. It takes about five seconds for the honey flowing from Anita's pussy to soak the balaclava around Paige's mouth. And to leave a thick coat on Paige's lips. It takes nothing at all for the goosebumps to erupt over Anita's spanked-pink globes.

I keep moving Anita's head steadily. I scold Anita that I'm not counting this since I'm fucking Wayne with her mouth instead of her sucking him. There won't be any hope of relief until Anita stops acting like a street corner whore and gives her half-man a good blow job.

It takes her close to a minute before I feel Anita trying to move her head in my hands. But then her pinkness is flushed to nearly blood red. Paige's balaclava isn't just soaked, there's a layer of honey coating that, too. I can even see Anita's pussy twitching. Her hips still squirm like they're on fire and she still screeches moans that beg for relief.

I let her start going, keeping my hands on Anita's head to stead her rhythm. As I knew she would, Anita struggles constantly to speed up. She sucks as hard as she can, too, like she's trying to suck his cock clear into her lungs.

It makes Wayne squirm almost as energetically as Anita. And groan loudly with his moans that are as hungry and unsatisfied as Anita's.

After a couple of minutes, I can see that Wayne is enjoying it more than he was before. I ask him "there, now that I've properly motivated the fat slob, isn't she so much sluttier of a bitch?" Wayne doesn't trust his voice, he just vigorously nods his agreement.

I give it a few more seconds, then grip Anita's hair tightly and use it

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to jerk her head up until Wayne's cock slips from her mouth. It stands straight up, tiny droplets of his cum weeping from its tip. But he hasn't climaxed yet. I'd bet he would now, without anything touching his cock, were I to allow it.

With the cock now out of her mouth, Anita's screeches turn to screams. Her moans as desperate for release as they are sensual. She stays put, on her knees and elbows, her body tensed to steel, her hips thrashing, as Paige keeps teasing her pussy.

With a snap of my fingers, I command, "enough, whore." Paige's tongue vanishes as her head moves back from Anita's pussy. Anita pants hard, shivering crisply as she groans. In a second she weeps tears from her eyes and honey from her pussy.

With my grip on Anita's hair, I pull her up to her feet. Sophie quickly moves in behind Anita. Sophie pulls Anita's wrists behind her back, turning them so the backs of Anita's wrists are against each other, then snugly binds them like that with a plastic strap. That way, Anita's hands are utterly useless. They can't even find each other. They can only ball into fists that grip the air. It keeps them up off her bottom as well.

I need to give Wayne a little rest for his cock to ebb back from the very edge of orgasm. If I don't, he'll cum almost the minute anyone touches that cock. And I don't want that. I want him to suffer a little more first. I have a very fresh, unthought of, humiliation in store for these two.

I scold Anita. I swat her bottom nearly constantly, but very lightly, with the cane as I dree her down for not making her "half-man" climax after two fuckings and two blow jobs. I tell her this is a clear proof that she's useless as a woman, which makes her an "utterly worthless sack of flab too skanky for even a slug to want."

"You will stand there," I tell Anita in the firmest voice she's heard from me yet. And I punctuate it with a tap of the cane on her now-red bottom. "You will not move a hair." I tap her bottom again. "You will

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watch this half-man with his teensy little cock get fucked by a cheap gutter whore." I tap both of her cheeks with my cane as Anita finally starts to sob. "And you most definitely will not make a sound." I bring the cane up between Anita's legs and stroke it over her sopping wet mound. She squeals, even though I'm stroking her sweetly with it instead of caning it. I guess she got the hint.

I snap my fingers. "Whore, fuck that little thing."

Paige doesn't hesitate at all. In fact, she moves as if she's eager to get up there and fuck her father. It's hard to see anything more with Paige fully covered. She straddles his hips. Paige lifts the robe up to her pubes, just enough to fully bare her silky shaven mound and her sopping wet lips. She holds the robe bunched up at her pubes as she slowly lowers herself down.

The tip of Wayne's cock soon presses against the slick-wet edges of her purplish inner folds. Very smoothly it slips between the folds as they guide it to Paige's pussy. A fraction of a second later, as the tip of his cock starts sliding into Paige's pussy, he feels her burning heat and the tightness as her muscles squeeze snugly-but-gently around his little shaft. He cries out a needy overly-sweet moan.

"Does it feel good to have that little thing in a filthy whore pussy? Tell flabby there how it feels."

Wayne pants a pair of fast, hungry moaning breaths. "It's so hot and tight! I can't stand it!" he stutters with the next panted breathy moans.

Paige makes it down until her baby-bottom-smooth lips are nestled against his pubes. Her bottom is tight and firm, unlike Anita's, and doesn't quite reach down to his balls. She reverses and starts riding his cock. She keeps her rhythm steady and slow, giving him a leisurely fuck, without my having to steady her as I did Anita.

Wayne screams breathy, throaty deep moans that tell me he isn't

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going to last very last. He squirms hard. He tries to thrust his hips up, to fuck Paige's pussy. I've taught Paige how to handle that. She hooks her feet over his thighs and uses them to mostly hold him down. She keeps going, her rhythm perfect.

I can see Paige is liking it as well. I can see the tendons of her neck stiffen up as she grits her teeth trying hard not to make a sound. That would disappoint me. I can see the little tremors sweeping over her body, too. I guess she doesn't mind fucking daddy. At least her pussy doesn't.

After about two minutes of Paige's fucking, Wayne is a complete mess. He squirms wildly, every part of his body moving however it can. The headboard and footboard creak as his arms and legs struggle hard, now seriously testing the ropes. He cries out loud, near-shrieking moans.

I decide he's ready for the humiliation. Anita stands there, her eyes obediently fixed on the point where her husband's cock vanishes into their daughter's pussy, watching the sex as she cries silently.

"Slave, take that robe off my whore so fatso can see the sum dumpster fuck her husband."

Sophie gets that impish grin on her face again. She slides in to place on the opposite side of Wayne putting Paige between herself and Anita. Sophie reaches over to Paige's shoulders and slides down the zipper at the back of the robe. A few seconds later the robe is in Sophie's hands as Sophie folds it up. Paige, now nude except for the balaclava that covers her entire head, continues riding Wayne's cock with her lithe body.

Both Wayne and Anita now see Paige's nakedness. Wayne's attention, however, is mostly focused on her firm, pointy, little breasts and the hard nipples standing out at their tips. The look on his face says he likes what he sees. The look on Anita's face, however, is a mixture of jealousy and anger that screams out that Anita realizes Paige is far more attractive than she is. What I don't see on either face is recognition. I doubt either of them has seen much of Paige nude before, but still, I figured there was a better than average chance one of them would

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recognize the shape of her body. She is their oldest daughter!

After a few seconds, Sophie starts rolling the balaclava up from Paige's collar. She gets it up to Paige's lips then quickly pulls it off. Paige's long hair falls free and bounces around as Paige keeps right on riding Wayne.

Now that her identity has been given away, Paige is allowed to make noise. She instantly starts purring deep, throaty, and tuber-sensual moans. She has a very dreamy look in her eyes, too.

Anita is the first to recognize her. She stiffens up, a look of abject horror sweeping over her face. "Pai---" Anita starts to balk. I slap her face hard, throwing her head off to the side. "shut up, you fat bitch! I didn't say you could speak in presence!" then I slap her other cheek just as hard, leaving a matching bright pink handprint on it.

Wayne, lost in the ecstasy of Paige's fucking, had his eyes up on the ceiling as Paige's hood came off. It takes him a second longer to look at her again, his eyes taking in her breasts before her face. He recognizes her, his eyes getting wide about the same time I slap Anita's face. The loud crack of my hand on Anita's cheek is enough to silence Wayne as well. That and the attention his cock is getting. HE shudders hard and moans out anew, just as enthusiastically as before.

I signal Paige. I'd say she grins, but she already has a huge smile on her face.

Paige reaches one hand down behind her bottom. She uses the tips of her fingers to gently stroke Wayne's balls as she rides him, making Wayne moan out even louder and more urgently. "Shh..." Paige breathes out softly with her next throaty moan, "Mistress has taught me to be a good gutter whore, Daddy. I'm going to make this so good you're going to be a bad boy and cum all up in my skanky cum dumpster. Mistress just knows you won't be able to handle a good fucking, Daddy!"

It doesn't take Wayne more than another half a minute before his

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entire body is as stiff as steel. His teeth clench hard as he exhales a long, agonized groan. Suddenly his hips squirm hard, side to side, for the inch they can move between Paige's thighs.

Paige, with a very evil grin on lips, looks down at him and licks her lips. "That's right, Daddy... I'm going to make you be naughty! Isn't my cum dumpster just so tight? And I know it's burning hot and sloppy wet! It's so hot and wet just for you, Daddy. Your hot cum is going to feel so good inside me!"

Wayne screams out a tormented groan. A fraction of a second later I see the twitches on his stomach, just above his pubes, and his hips try to thrust hard up and into Paige. Paige's legs hold him down as she rides him rhythmically. Wayne purrs out another, deeply satisfied, moan.

Anita lets the tears roll down her cheeks again, this time with a look of horror and shame on her face. "There, see?" I say quietly, but in my most taunting bully voice, "that little half of a cock does like pussy! Just not that skank pit between your fat thighs. Then again, my whore knows what to do with my pussy. It just took a semi-human gutter whore to get him off! I guess he just doesn't like old sacks of flab. I'd take the filth from a gutter, too."

Paige keeps riding him steadily, her speed never changing, as Wayne spurts again and again.

When I can see that he's done, I tell Paige to get up slowly to her feet. She lifts up, her pussy rising over his hard cock. A huge dollop of his cum falls from her pussy and lands on his pubes, sticking in his dense fur. Paige gets off the bed and stands beside Sophie, wearing nothing but her leash, collar, and a grin from ear to ear. She's on the far side of the bed, facing Anita.

Anita refuses to look at Wayne or Paige. She hangs her head. I grab her hair and jerk her head up, pointing her eyes directly at Wayne's still hard cock so she can watch it as it softens now. And so she can see the glistening coat of honey and cum covering it. Her honey. Paige's

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fresher honey. His cum.

With Anita's hands still bound behind her, I push her head forward bending her over the bed and putting her mouth an inch or so above Wayne's cock. "Suck it clean, fatso. Make your worthless self good for something at least." I push her head down until her lips touch the tip of his cock then swat her still-stinging bottom with my hand.

Anita reluctantly takes the very tip of Wayne's cock in her mouth. Just as hesitantly, she starts going down, letting the mostly-hard cock slide into her mouth. She has no trouble getting the softening shaft all the way into her mouth. She rises up. As her lips release his shaft, it glistens only with a thin film of Anita's saliva. Once the cock slips from her lips, she stands back up.

I swat her bottom again, sternly telling her to "swallow, flabby." She swallows. A slightly nauseated look comes to her face. I slip my hand between her thighs from behind, my palm stroking over Anita's crack and globes as it slides under her. I feel the heat and sticky wetness that covers everything. Looking down, I see a few drops of honey on the floor, too. Anita squeals a little purring moan as my hand touches her lips.

"What a skanky bitch!" I scold her firmly. "I can't believe you got unbearably hot watching another pussy fuck your husband! A younger, tighter and wetter pussy, too!" As I berate her, Anita blushes a deep beet red. "And if that's not perverted enough, it was your daughter fucking her daddy! You should be ashamed of yourself, getting so hot by that! Sure, baby girl, there is an excellent whore with a tight cum dumpster, but it's still your daughter, fatso! Even if I did have to scrape it out of a gutter so it wouldn't skank up the neighborhood."

I give Anita's bottom a little squeeze. Anita squeals and shudders hard. I sigh out deeply, "this is so revolting!... come on, baby girl, this fat sack of worthlessness has gotten itself so horny that it can't even stand here anymore." Paige eagerly bounces over to stand beside Anita. "diddle

its skank pit."

"Yes, Ma'am," Paige answers in a very honeyed and impish tone. She puts an arm around Anita's shoulders and pulls herself close to snuggle her naked body against Anita's naked body. Paige puts her hand to Anita's soft hanging breast, caresses it lightly, just once, then allows her hand to slowly slip down Anita's chest, stomach, and pubes.

Paige's hand finds Anita's mound. The instant Paige's finger begins to brush over Anita's puffy lips, Anita shrieks a squeaky "UH-AHHHH!" drawing it out endlessly. Anita's body shudders hard and her head falls backward.

Paige, keeping that eager sweetness in her voice, softly says "it's OK, Mommy... You just behave your fat behind and let this gutter whore take care of that sloppy skank pit for you... Isn't Mistress so kind to let me do this for you, Mommy?"

Paige presses the pad of her first finger into Anita's slit, pushing gently against Anita's swollen, hard, clit. Anita gasps in a super fast and equally erotic "OH!" then cries out a sweetly-agonized, drawn-out "AHH!" Paige teases "Ooh... I can feel that slutty clit just throbbing on my finger! Your slutty cum hole has to be aching just so badly! Here we go, Mommy, I'm going to teach you what some real attention is like on that trashy thing!"

Paige starts masturbating Anita using the same technique I've taught Paige to masturbate herself with. The technique that so far has never failed to take Paige's legs out from under her.

Anita screams a tortured, endless "YE-EE-OH!" cry. Her body shudders violently, her hips snapping hard every which way. Anita's shoulders thrash just as wildly, tossing her head around and making her loose breasts fly around on her chest. Paige holds her shoulders tightly, cuddling her body against Anita's as she continues leisurely masturbating her mother.

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A few seconds later Anita cries out "MM-EE-YOW! OH!-OWWW!" Anita's foot stomps hard on the ground as her thrashing squirms grow even wilder. I see more than a few drops of Anita's honey fall to the floor as Paige ignore Anita and keeps right on rubbing Anita's clit. Anita's hips slam against Paige hard; it does nothing to ease Paige's teasing, just widens the smile on Paige's face as she says "that's it, Mommy, let this whore finally give you something good."

The squirming of Anita's hips gets her soft globes dancing slightly. Paige holds Anita a little tighter. Anita screams out "OW!!!" as her head snaps forward hitting against Paige's chest. Anita snaps through a harshly crisp shuddering. Her head snaps back, her eyes looking up again. "STOP!" Anita screams out, "it's killing me!"

I swat Anita across her cheeks with the cane, leaving a light pink line across her already pink globes. Anita shrieks then screams out "EE-Y-OHHH!"

Anita's entire body snaps with violently hard spasms. Shuddering, her body loosens in Paige's arms, Anita's legs turning to rubber. She screams. Her body snaps and thrashes wildly, moving every which way. Anita's pussy must be snapping with its own spasms; it squirts a huge dollop of sticky honey that her squirming hips throw onto her thighs about halfway to her knees. The dollop is so big that the honey starts running down Anita's leg. Anita starts sucking, deep, panting breaths as her moans fade. Her body gets limper and limper, trembling harder and harder until Paige has no choice but to ease Anita down to the floor. I tell Paige Anita has had enough.

Paige rises to her feet, standing patiently beside Anita and looking to me, not to Anita.

Anita lies on the floor, trembling hard and panting fast sucking breaths. Her pussy steadily weeps honey. As each wave of climax crashes over Anita, her body jerks once with a crisp snapping, then falls limp to tremble more. It takes several minutes for the orgasm to ebb off leaving

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Anita lying spent and dazed on the floor.

I have Paige untie Wayne, and tell him to sit patiently on the edge of the bed. He does, looking forward as he should, but also with his eyes downcast to watch Anita's slutty display. Once Anita has returned to this plane of existence, I tell her to sit on the bed as well, leaving a little space between her and her husband.

"In case you two worthless old farts haven't figured it out yet, you no longer have a daughter. I've made it my whore. its name is now baby girl the cum dumpster. Clearly, you both appreciate the training I've given it in the womanly arts of sluthood." I tell them firmly.

"Baby girl, say goodbye to these fuck toys."

Paige doesn't hesitate to go right to Anita. Paige drops to her knees in front of Anita, then leans forward. She wraps her arms around Anita, pulls her close, stopping when her lips are a fraction of an inch from Anita's. "Thank you for letting me diddle you, Mommy. I hope I made your skank pit feel so good!" Paige's lips go to Anita's and Paige gives her a long passionate kiss, not caring that she's kissing a woman or her mother, only caring that she's obeying me.

Anita flinches back from Paige's kiss. Anita cringes harder as Paige's tongue begins to hungrily explore her mouth. It takes several seconds for Anita to melt into it and kiss Paige back just as eagerly. The kiss must last half a minute.

And then Paige gives Wayne an identical kiss. Only she cheats a little. As her lips meet his, she wiggles her chest just enough to tease the tips of her hard nipples over his hairy chest and get a shudder from him. As she rises up, I see her bat her eyes at him. I have so taught her to be a slut!



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I tend to invite Sophie's family over for supper about every other week. That way Sophie can spend some time with her parents and younger siblings, something Sophie absolutely loves doing. And with the absolute devotion, Sophie gives me, I figure she earns the occasional reward.

I've never thought about inviting Paige's family over. I wouldn't invite toys, even marginal ones like Anita and Wayne. Plus, Sophie is my slave-girl. Paige is just my whore. While both serve me, the more personal services are Sophie's exclusive domain. Her place in my world is higher than Paige's. Sophie caters to me. Paige... to borrow a misogynistic line from a frat boy, a life support system for my pussy.

It's maybe three weeks after Paige's encounter with her parents. Paige hasn't said a word about it, not that she'd ever say anything about anything. I'm sure she knows there will be more times I use her on those two. Anita and Wayne haven't said anything either. Not even after I posted their video, although I did edit it so that no one can tell who Paige is, just that she's a thin, attractive young woman. I guess none of their friends have seen it yet.

We're having Sophie's family over. Since her brother and sister are children, I have Paige dressed in a minidress. Nothing else, just a frilly pastel green dress with white lace that covers her from breasts to bottom, and about two inches more. No shoes. Just enough that she's covered up. I had to so Paige can serve the meal. That way I can allow Sophie to enjoy her time instead of trying to chat while serving.

After supper, Sophie is catching up with her siblings. Her parents and I are sitting on the sofas, chatting about Sophie and how well she's doing in college. Paige kneels between us, awaiting instructions to do anything for anyone.

Eventually, Vicky, Sophie's mom, asks me if I thought my babysitter would be available this week. My babysitter is my BFF #3, Ellie. She's a student at USA who babysits for spending money. And she

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knows me well. She doesn't mind sitting for kids while I play with the parents, and she doesn't mind what she sees, as long as I make it clear to the parents that Ellie is off-limits.

I give her Ellie's number and tell her that Ellie knows Sophie quite well. All my BFFs do. Sophie serves them just as demurely as she serves me whenever they're here. Vicky asks me if I know her rates, and I tell her that they're negotiable, and for Sophie's family, likely lower than her average rates.

Vicky and her husband both work. They're neither rich nor especially poor, more lower middle class. Poor enough that neither can afford to miss too much work. I know that with the schools closed, all classes now online-only, that Vicky has made arrangements for her kids to spend the workdays at a friend's house. A friend of hers who has younger children as well as a 10-year-old (roughly the same age as Vicky's other kids) and has turned her living room into a little home child care center. I'm sure it's unlicensed and undocumented, but also it's a friend of hers. I hear she only has about five kids there, plus her younger two. It makes for a nice playgroup.

Vicky tells me that she was surprised when her friend called earlier and said she couldn't take the kids for the week because one of the other kids' father had just tested positive for the virus and no way, no how, was she taking a risk of anyone else's kids getting it. I doubt Vicky would have sent her kids anyway. She's spent the last couple of hours trying to find someone to watch her kids during the day while both are at work.

It takes a couple of seconds for the idea to hit me, but I grin when it does. "I could loan you baby girl if you want."

I've had Sophie for over a year now. Plus Vicky knows enough about my lifestyle. Plus I've told her a little bit about Paige. Enough that Vicky has figured out that Paige is my play toy and whore, not just some friend of mine "staying here," which is what the kids were told she is. Vicky has sent one toy to me, a friend of a line of friends, but I'm sure a

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few stories have made their way back to her. On top of that, she introduced some friends and neighbors of hers to me about two months ago. Since Vicky saw but did not participate, in a little humiliation for them, I figure Vicky has a pretty good idea by now of what goes on.

"You wouldn't mind?"

"Oh, God, no! I can spare baby girl just fine. Take it with you and bring it back when you're done with it."

"How much does she charge?"

I laugh. Lightly, but a little. "Please! Baby girl does what I tell it to do. I could never charge you. Thus baby girl couldn't!"

Vicky lowers her voice to make sure her kids don't hear. "What... special... things? does she need?"

"Just the basics," I tell Vicky in a low voice as well. "you have to tell it everything, never ask it anything, spank its bare little bottom for the most minor infraction – and spank it good, and make sure it doesn't get too slutty. I use daily supervised masturbation for that. It's a smart girl, so if you tell it to look after the kids, it can figure out what to do. It has younger siblings as well, so it's had plenty of practice.

Vicky tells me she's pretty sure her child care will be unavailable for the week, but back on next Monday. She asks if I think I can spare Paige until Friday. "I could spare it until doomsday." I laugh, lowering my voice to add "it's just a whore. There are plenty more in the gutter I scraped it from."

Vicky shakes her head at it, but Paige just grins. And I know Paige heard it. "You're a lifesaver!" Vicky tells me. "OK, now tell me exactly what I have to do for her."

"It's easy. When you get up, wake it up. When you want it to shower, tell it to go wash its butt. When you want it to eat, put food in front of it and tell it to eat. You want to cook, tell it what to go cook. You

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want it to get dressed, give it clothes and tell it to put them on. You want it naked, tell it to get naked." I grin, "you want it to do something else, just tell it... 'massage me, baby girl, or whatever, baby girl. Baby girl will do *whatever* it's told to do.

"I get it up when I'm up. Then I supervise its masturbation and send it for a shower. When it's done, if it's clean, I give it clothes on the odd occasion I want it dressed. I've taught it to cook and serve, so feel free to have it cook and serve. And to have it wait on y'all. Might as well get full use of it! I put it to bed when I'm done with it for the day. It sleeps on the floor, no pillows or blankets, or anything a person might get, with its hands cuffed behind its back. If not it tends to get slutty at night.

"Just never ask it anything at all. Don't ask it if it likes fish, if you want fish, tell it to go cook fish and make itself a plate. And eat it. It'll clean its plate, no matter what you give it, so just take care not to give it too much. Don't tell it to get dressed, give it clothes and tell it to put them on. If you want it to take the kids to the park, tell it to take them. If they ask, and you haven't told it to take them, it's not going to. If you want it to feed them lunch, tell it what you want it to feed them, and it will. And it knows to clean up after itself. Don't ask if it's tired, just tell it to go to bed when you're done with it.

I'll send a phone with it. It knows to answer its phone since I have to program it to allow calls from a number before they'll go through. It has plenty of experience in child care, and it will take very good care of the kids. You should know I'd never let anyone near Sophie's family that wouldn't!

"As far as rules, I'll email you the info, but it's pretty straight forward. There is a way it may sit. A way it should stand. Whatever it's told to do, it says 'yes, ma'am' and does it immediately and eagerly. It will always address everyone as Sir or Ma'am. It speaks only when spoken to. It never asks anything except for what it needs to ask to understand the instructions you've given it. And it never helps itself to

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anything. That's about it. On the off chance that it does anything wrong, don't bother treating it like a person, just turn it over your knees, pull its little panties down, and turn that scrawny bottom red. I don't even care if there's an audience for it. Grab a belt, a hairbrush, a spatula, a paddle, whatever, and blister that bottom good. And be strict in your interpretation of the rules. No leeway."

"I can handle that. I'm sure Mike can as well... uh... speaking of Mike... if he sees her nude..."

"I don't care. I don't care what he does with it."

"Then... I never thought I'd ask this one... what is supervised masturbation?"

"Easy. Baby girl stands with its feet apart. it masturbates, slowly, while someone watches it closely. If it makes noise, it gets a crack across its butt. If it moves, squirms, wiggles around, it gets a crack on its butt. it masturbates for at least five minutes. If it climaxes, it gets three swats to its butt, then it starts over and waits fifteen minutes without climaxing. Sooner or later, it'll wait. Once it's been pleasuring itself for at least five minutes, you tell it to climax and count from three. Before you get to zero, it better have climaxed. Once that's over, send it to the shower. Yeah, I know you probably don't want to see it masturbate, but someone has to supervise it or it will act like a complete gutter whore and wake the kids. If you're uncomfortable doing it, I'll come by and take care of it."

"I'll get it."

"Or Mike could." I tease with a little giggle in my voice.

"He'd like that too much!" Vicky teases back. But I think she got the hint, that I don't care if Mike does it, or anything else.

I have Sophie pack up a few outfits for Paige. Because of the kids, I don't leash Paige, but I do give Vicky the leash. "baby girl, go with her. Obey her until she brings your worthless butt back. Do not disappoint me, baby girl."

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"Yes, Ma'am," Paige answers.

The next evening I get a call from Vicky. She's in love with Paige. Paige took great care of the kids, and her house was clean when she got home. Paige did get "a little eager" masturbating, which I suspected loaning her out might do to her, but behaved. She hasn't earned herself a single spanking yet, either. And she played with kids enough that they love her. She says she asked Paige's name, but all Paige would tell her is that "Miss Rodgers named me baby girl." I laugh, "good girl."

Then Friday morning I get a call from Kim, the neighbor woman Vicky introduced me to. After the little scene, we'd had that night, I left her with my number and a warning of the danger of using it. She apologizes prolifically, telling me that she had an emergency yesterday. Her sister's no good boyfriend had stranded her with no transportation and no money in a bad part of town. She'd called Vicky and Vicky told her it would be fine to leave her kids with "baby girl" for an hour while she went on a rescue mission.

That led to some discussion. Since Kim knows first hand about me, Vicky wasn't shy about letting her know that she borrow Paige from me and that Paige was my "toy." Vicky told her that she planned to return Paige to me this evening, and if she needed her again, she'd ask if she could borrow her again Monday, which she's fairly confident she won't need to do. Kim tells me that it's her anniversary and asks if she could "rent" Paige to watch her kids while she surprised her husband with an evening out.

I tell her she can borrow Paige, rent-free since Paige is worthless. Just call me when they're home, I'll be out late and will pick her up. Kim is definitely happy and tells me she'll get Paige from Vicky once Vicky's done with her this evening. I'm agreeable.

Kim barely knows me. If she knew me better, she'd know that when I'm agreeable, that's a sign of trouble. Maybe she'll figure it out. I did warn her about using my phone number.

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It's late, around eleven when Kim calls me that they're back home and done with Paige. I tell her I'll be there shortly. It might be halfway across the county from here, but it's a fast trip. Interstate highways the entire trip. 25 minutes later, with Sophie standing beside me, I'm knocking on Kim's door.

David, her husband answers it. He invites us in. I see Paige sitting politely and waiting on the sofa, her bag at her feet. I don't see Kim. I assume she'll be out in a minute. I ask David if "baby girl" behaved her naughty butt for them. He assures me that his kids look to be fine, and the house does as well. He's quite happy with her babysitting ability.

In a couple of minutes, Kim comes out wearing a very modest terry robe. Knowing it's their anniversary, I wonder what she has on underneath it. I don't know her too well, but I remember that she's fairly modest. Still, I doubt whatever is under that robe is appropriate for all audiences. I grin.

I remember everything about the session I have, even the impromptu tame ones like I did for Kim and David. It was slightly amusing for me, too. I remember that Kim fantasizes about being fought over, and afterward being taken. Not being wooed or won over, just taken by gentle force. When she called me, the perfect anniversary present for these two popped into my mind. Definitely for David, and if I'm right, Kim will enjoy it just as much.

"baby girl, dance," I say firmly, but not raising my voice. More as if it's just normal conversation.

Immediately Paige is up on her feet. She dances to imagined music, her body flowing sinuously. And seductively. But also leisurely, not hurrying, just undulating with pure sexuality. She strokes her hands over her body erotically, shamelessly touching all of herself through her clothes.

It's a slightly odd, unexpected, mien for her. She looks younger than she is, and I'm only 2 years older than she is. To this couple, she has

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to look even younger. Plus, the outfits I have for her fall into two categories: schoolgirl or street corner whore. All of the ones I sent with her fall into the schoolgirl category. Not like private school uniforms, but the clothes a high school girl would typically wear. At least a fashionable one. Tonight Paige is wearing faded jeans, cut very low on her hips, snug on her bottom, but with loose legs to them. Over that she has a cream-colored cotton blouse, worn open, that hangs down to her waist; it's just long enough to touch the waistband of her jeans, but short enough that it reveals a few flashes of bare skin as she moves. Under that is a pastel green, lacy stretchy top with spaghetti straps. She has a couple of colorful plastic bracelets on her wrist, all support some worthy cause, and a green clip in her hair. It makes her look a year or two younger than she does naked. If I had to guess, seeing her like that for the first time, I'd guess she was 15, even though she's 18.

It's also the perfect look for a babysitter. After all, how many countless babysitters are high school girls? More so girls too young to get an ordinary job. And that's what someone would think Paige is if this was how they first saw her.

Except now she's behaving like a 25-year-old stripper and a well-experienced one at that. It's the benefit of all the training I arranged for her. Who'd expect a schoolgirl to act like a complete whore? Talk about contrasts!

Mike's eyes about pop out of his head. I can see it on his face that he's shocked. He expected Paige to babysit for them, nothing more. But I can also see, despite their wideness, his eyes follow Paige's pert, small, breasts as they move with her body. Men!

Kim looks as horrified as she does shocked. She definitely didn't expect anything but babysitting. I doubt she expected to ever have a second session with me. She certainly didn't ask for one when she called me. But I did warn her to be very careful using my phone number. She could have easily has Vicky call me and ask to loan out Paige. I wonder if

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she called me herself with some subconscious desire for a session she doesn't dare ask for.

After a second Mike stutters and hesitantly asks me "how old is that girl?"

I giggle "eleven weeks. That's how long I've owned it, so that's how old it is." such a non-answer, isn't it? I snap my fingers, "strip, baby girl."

With a wide smirk on her face, Paige's blouse falls to the floor. It leaves her bare from her breasts up. She continues dancing to the imagined music. Without missing a beat, her body flowing continuously, her hands slowly inch the stretchy top up her stomach. It takes her close to half a minute to get its bottom hem up to her bra.

Mike watches rapt as Paige's hands slide the top up to bare a pastel green bra with very lacy and equally minimalist cups. Even with her small breasts, the bra manages to bare half of her mounds into cleavage.

"What are you doing?" Kim finally balks, "enough. That little girl shouldn't be doing that!" It sounds to me like she believes it, too.

I very lightly slap Kim's face. Just enough for the slap to ring out and leave a barely visible handprint on her cheek. "Bad girl! Don't make me put you over my knees on your anniversary!" I warn her firmly.

Paige's top falls to the floor. Her hands spend a minute caressing over her little boobs as she wiggles her chest in front of Mike's eyes. Then her hands unclip the clasp in the bra's front. Mike doesn't notice her doing that, at least not until the cups fall free and bare her pointy mounds and stiff nipples. That he notices. Whatever wideness his eyes lost comes back in an instant.

Paige uses her fingers to tease her breasts. At first, she caresses them while her hips flow from side to side. Then she pinches her mounds at the base of her nipple, poking her wide, rounded nubs up a little more prominently. She gives those a slow stroke, too.

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A minute later, as Paige slowly turns while seductively undulating her hips, and with her side to Mike, Paige's jeans fall to the floor. She finishes her turn and kicks them away to the side, leaving her in nothing but the bracelets and a pair of slutty green panties.

Now Paige takes her time. She turns slowly, letting Mike have a good view of her panty-clad bottom. Her panties are small enough that at least of her globes are bare. He stares at her small, rounded, firm bottom until she turns around. In front, her panties have an all-lace triangle of green that doesn't look to be any larger than a Doritos chip. Plenty small enough for him to see than Paige's pubes are shaven silky smooth.

Paige turns again, pulling her panties down for an instant to flash her bottom to Mike. Then they're up again as she turns back to him. Then she turns again, this time bending over with her feet wide apart. She pokes her pussy mound, covered only with the thin crotch of her panties, back towards Mike. She wiggles it fluidly for a couple of seconds, then stands up again. It's enough for him to see the outside edges of her long flat lips. But not to see the wide gash between her lips or the pink-purple edges of her inner lips poking out between them. She wiggles her bottom again, then turns a little faster. By the time she's facing Mike again, her panties are around her ankles. She steps out of them, then kicks them up with one foot. Her aim is perfect. She drops her panties on Mike's crotch almost as if they're a present.

Paige continues dancing seductively now that she's nude. She won't stop until I tell her to. And now that she's naked, she's definitely got Mike's full attention.

She's got Kim's full attention as well. Only Kim looks more angry than rapt with Paige's display. Kim glares hard at Paige.

I turn to Kim. "Join baby girl."

"WHAT?" Kim balks. She hesitates a second before adding, "there's no way I'm doing... anything... with a girl!"

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I don't hesitate. I grab the back of her robe with one hand and jerk it up fast. Her bottom hem flies up to Kim's waist. I catch a glimpse of black lace on her bottom as I crack the tip of my crop across her soft globes before her robe can fall back down.

Kim shrieks out as the crop lands on her bottom. She stiffens hard as shock sweeps her face.

"I said join baby girl. Now." I repeat firmly.

"No!" Kim's voice is more pleading and desperate than firm. "I couldn't... with a---"

That's all she gets out before I'm landing another, and harder, stroke of my crop across her waiting cheeks. She yelps and flinches. Then after a second, she takes a very reluctant step forward. She takes baby steps.

I wave to Paige. Kim has time to take three of her baby steps, crossing less than half the distance to where Paige is before Paige reaches out and grabs Kim's robe by its belt. Paige pulls hard. She keeps dancing, too, her body going into a twirl that puts her bottom toward Mike. Paige releases Kim's robe as Kim starts stumbling forward quickly.

Paige catches Kim, pull her around to stand facing Mike. With herself between the couple, Paige lowers her bottom to Mike's crotch. She strokes her bottom up and down lightly over the swollen bulge of Mike's cock. She grins at Kim, who just stands there staring at Paige and trembling lightly.

Paige raises up after a few seconds of Mike's sweet purring lets her know that he's feeling her bottom. As she rises, Paige's hands find the folds of Kim's robe. Her hands glide tenderly over Kim's sides as she parts the robe. As Paige reaches full standing, She pushes Kim's robe off her shoulders. The robe falls to the floor around Kim's feet.

Kim stands frozen. Her face scrunches up as she trembles slightly. She stands there in just her bra and panties, too. Those are a sexy set,

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something she clearly saves for special occasions. They're black and white, made of silk and lace in a slutty parody of a French maid's uniform. I have little doubt that Mike likes the way they look on Kim.

While Kim stands stunned, Paige's hands caress down Kim's arms, from her shoulders to just above her elbows. Paige's hands turn and glide just as seductively around Kim's back until they find the clasp of Kim's bra. Paige spreads her feet, her body still flowing with the silent music, as she pokes her pussy and bottom out before Mike's eyes. As Paige's bottom circles around with smooth movements, Paige's hands release the clasp on Kim's bra.

Paige leans forward a bit more, putting her teeth to the place between Kim's ample breasts. Paige bites the fabric between its cups. She smoothly drops to her knees taking the bra with her. The bra slips down, baring Kim's 38-DDD breasts. Kim's mounds are just too big to be firm and perky like Paige's. But they're still attractive, hanging down gently against Kim's chest, topped with wide and prominent nipples standing up fully from equally wide rings of the same light pink hue. Kim still trembles uncomfortably. The tiny motions make her soft mounds jiggle slightly. Atop her ample mounds, the slight movement is enough to make her nipples virtually dance around even as Kim stands still.

Paige slides her hands to Kim's mounds. Gently, Paige's hands wrap around the base of Kim's spongy mounds. She gives each mound a gentle squeeze as she lifts them up, maximizing their length and poking their hard nipples straight out.

Paige lowers her lips to the closer of Kim's mounds. She stops with her lips a hair away from the hard nub. She opens her mouth wide, sticks her tongue out, and lies its tip against the nipple.

Kim shivers hard. She blurts out an urgent squeal: "please! Don't make me do it with a girl!"

Paige slowly swirls her tongue around the nub. Kim shudders. Paige clamps the nub lightly between her teeth. Paige pokes her bottom

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out to Mike and wiggles it as she swirls her tongue around the nipple a couple of more times.

Kim breathes out a long, squeaking-squealing purr. Her eyes close softly as her face scrunches up.

Paige moves to Kim's other breast and repeats. Kim repeats her sultry purr as she shirks back from Paige's touch.

Paige ignores everything but me and my instructions. Her hands slide back down Kim's sides slowly and tenderly. While her hands are moving, Paige takes the opportunity to give each nipple another brief nibble. Which gets another shivering purr from Kim.

Paige's hands find the thin lace straps of Kim's panties at her hip bones. Suddenly Kim's panties are around her thighs, leaving her shaven pubes bare. Kim squeals a panicked "please!" as Paige steps off to the side to give Mike a view of Kim.

Paige drops to her knees in front of Kim but slightly off to the side of Kim's pubes. Paige's hands caress their way around to Kim's globes. With a good handful, Paige gives Kim's cheeks a long squeeze. She puts her lips to Kim's bare pubes, just above the top of Kim's slit, and plants a fleeting kiss there. Paige lifts her bottom up, poking it out toward Mike with her thighs wide, letting him see her sloppy wet mound and her taut bottom.

Paige puts her mouth to the center of the waistband of Kim's panties. It has Paige's nose just below Kim's now nearly dripping wet slit. Paige playfully shakes her head, it's little wiggles pulling Kim's panties around and down just a little more. Paige releases her bite on the panties. While Kim stands frozen in place, Paige moves like lightning. She puts her tongue to Kim's slit and then slowly licks a line over Kim's wide gash, pressing her tongue gently against the pinkness between Kim's lips.

Kim screeches a shocked, horrified, squeal. She jumps out of her skin. She jumps, her feet coming up a good half of a foot, backward.

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Despite Kim's efforts, Paige just pushes her head forward-moving it right along with Kim's hips. Kim lands on her feet and shudders hard. Kim shudders again, this time her cry is a pure erotic moan. Paige moves her head back quickly once her lick is finished. She moves fast enough that we all catch sight of a single droplet of Kim's honey falling from her mound to the floor.

Paige rises up to her feet. Following my instructions, Paige kisses Kim. It's a hot, sensual kiss. Instead of kissing her back, Kim stands trembling and still while Paige's tongue roams around Kim's mouth. Paige breaks the kiss, moves her lips back a hair. Very softly Paige tells Kim "Ooh... your pussy really wants some girly attention!"

Paige caresses Kim's breasts for another moment. She lowers her bottom back to Mike's crotch and teases the stiff bulge there with her hard cheeks. As she does, she licks around one of Kim's nipples to give Mike a good show to watch.

A minute later I tell Paige to get up to her feet. She lifts up, steps forward, and snuggles her body close against Kim's. Paige's nude body flows sweetly over Kim's for a minute or so. "Let's give your husband a special anniversary present. Help me give him a two-girl blow job? Men just go crazy for those." Paige doesn't wait for Kim to answer. She pushes Kim. Kim stumbles and more falls than drops down to her knees. But she lands right in front of Mike.

Paige drops to her knees, her body so close to Kim that the women are touching. She takes hold of Mike's knees and spreads them wide. With a single firm prod to her bottom, Paige gets Kim to scoot forward a hair. Paige moves up with her, putting them between Mike's wide feet. Paige looks up to Mike with dreamy-sweet eyes, licks her lips, bats her eyes. She reaches out to the crotch of his dress slacks and slowly unzips them while Mike sits stunned.

Paige's hands slip into the open zipper of Mike's pants. A moment later his hard cock is standing straight up, maybe six inches long and

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average in width. It looks eager. Paige strokes his length lightly with the tips of her fingers, making his shaft twitch sharply. Mike breathes out a deep breath.

Paige takes hold of Kim's head. Even with Kim's muscles stiff, Paige easily pulls Kim's head into place, putting Kim's lips flush against the side of the fat purple head of Mike's cock. Kim relaxes slightly. Paige puts her lips against Mike's cock opposite Kim's. Kim stiffens back up. Paige slips her tongue out and caresses the underside of the bulbous head with it. Her tongue brushes over Kim's lips, too.

"Kim!" I scold harshly, but in a quiet voice, "stop being such a prudish bitch and give Mike his anniversary present before I have to turn your naughty butt over my knees."

Very reluctantly, Kim lets her tongue out as well. She tries hard to lick Mike's cock while avoiding any part of Paige. With the size of a cock head, that's impossible.

Paige moves Kim's head around so Kim's lips are on the tip of his cock. Paige puts her own lips snug against Kim's, around Mike's shaft from the side. Paige's tongue moves slowly, tenderly stroking the underside of Mike's cock. Paige nudges Kim to come forward.

It's instantly obvious to Paige, and everyone else, that I haven't taught Kim much about sucking a cock. She sucks like a typical housewife, willingly, not unhappy about it, eager, but also not skilled. At least not skilled in the sluttier aspects. Paige uses her lips to hold Kim to a leisurely pace. It works well, Kim having no desire to touch any more of Paige's lips than she has to.

Mike purrs lightly, and definitely happily, as the women attend to him.

Kim goes down until about half of his length is inside her mouth. To the point where the tip of his cock is just touching the back of her throat. It's the point where an untrained woman will just feel the urge to

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gag building. She reverses her stroke.

Paige keeps her lips snug against Kim's and follows her back up his cock. As she moves Paige's tongue keeps on teasing his cock. Paige uses her lips to keep Kim going until her lips are flush against the tip of his head, all of his length out of her mouth. With Kim's head still in her hands, Paige rolls Kim's head to the side, moving her own into the place at the tip of Mike's cock.

Paige starts going down casually, her mouth stretched fully wide, her teeth off his cock, her lips lightly gliding over it. Paige keeps her tongue snugly against the underside of his shaft as more and more of his length slips so easily into her mouth.

I give Kim a very light tap on her bottom to make sure I have her attention. Then I tell her what she's to be doing. To keep her teeth off of his cock, but keep her lips around it with as much of his hardness between them as possible. And to gently tease his length with her tongue. To keep her lips flush against Paige's and let Paige move the duo down the shaft.

Just to be sure Kim stays put, Paige keeps a good grip on Kim's head, holding it to move along with her Paige's lips. Paige keeps going, letting more and more of Mike's cock disappear into her lips. She easily gets down to the halfway point, where Kim stopped. Only Paige doesn't stop.

Mike purrs loud and throaty deep moans. Moans that are far more sweetly-strained than the ones Kim got from him. Then, as Paige passes the halfway point, Mike's eyes widen. He grunts hard, but very sweetly, as the tip of his cock presses into the tightness of Paige's narrow throat. Mike moans out a very loud, very sweet breathy moan as his cock keeps sliding into the tightness that now snuggles around it. His hips squirm hard, grinding down into the seat under him.

Paige just keeps going, swallowing more and more his cock with her leisurely stroke. Paige never hesitates, never even slows, as Mike's cock slides down her throat.

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Kim doesn't notice anything at first. I can see her cringe a little at Mike's deep grunt, then a little more at his deep, urgent, moans. I imagine that Kim has no clue how much cock is in Paige's mouth; from the side, every inch of Mike's length is the same to Kim's mouth. But I do see her eyes spring wide and hear her suck in a surprised gasp as her cheeks bump onto Mike's pubes.

I tell Kim to keep going, moving her lips onto Mike's balls to lick those. Paige holds Kim's head, keeping it in place against her lips, and moving it for her as Mike's cock keeps slipping into Paige's mouth. Kim's eyes dart around, trying to see Mike's cock and what Paige is doing, as Kim's lips move onto Mike's hairy balls. She can't see much. Paige keeps going, guiding Kim's lips further and further down Mike's loose sack and balls.

Paige's lips, snug against Mike's shaft, finally press flush against his pubes and the top of his sack. Paige's bottom lip still lies against Kim's, as Kim licks his balls. Paige slides her tongue between her teeth and lips, sticking the tip of it out a little. The tip of her tongue licks a tender caress along his balls, tracing along Kim's lip for a second until Paige licks both his balls and Kim's tongue for a fraction of a second. Paige's reversing stroke pulls her tongue from Mike's balls.

Mike cries out a loud, deep, manly, moan far sweeter and more hungry than any I've heard from him. His hips squirm hard, to no effect, as Paige holds Kim's head in place for Kim.

Paige inches her mouth back up Mike's cock until her lips are touching only the tip of his cock. Paige swirls her tongue around the head of his cock, getting another deep and urgent moan from Mike, then guides Kim's head around to trade places with her again.

Mike pants hard and deep. "Jesus, baby girl!"

Paige keeps her firm grip on Kim's head. Paige holds Kim's pace slow as the girls go down again, Kim now swallowing his cock while Paige tongue's it from the side. Kim goes down halfway, this time going

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the extra fraction of an inch until I see her gag. Then she reverses.

At the top of the stroke, they again trade places. And again, Paige takes all of his cock easily into her tight throat and teases his balls with her tongue before reversing. As the women continue, with each stroke Kim relaxes a little more.

It takes about two minutes. It happens just at the point where Mike's cock has slid into Paige's throat. Mike screeches a very urgent "I'm gonna cum!" His hands fly around for an instant before grabbing hold of the cushion under him and squeezing tightly. Paige pretends she didn't hear a thing. She keeps going swallowing the rest of his length. Mike stiffens hard and screeches "OH GOD..." then he cries out a loud grunt as his hips snap forward reflexively. Paige's lips are already flush against his pubes, so there's no cock left to thrust into Paige's mouth. And it happens as her tongue teases his balls.

Paige reverses her stroke, going up, this time with her tongue caressing back and forth along the underside of Mike's cock. Mike's cock twitches hard in her mouth as it spurts his cream into her. At the top of the stroke, Paige trades places with Kim, letting Kim take her shallower stroke as Mike spurts into her mouth as well. Kim holds her breath, not getting a chance to spit his cream out, even as they trade again and Paige takes another stroke on his still twitching shaft. Mike cries out another sweetly-agonized moan as he feels his cock entering Paige.

A minute later both women are on their knees between Mike's feet. Paige licks her lips seductively. "Your cum is so delicious, Sir, thank you for letting me swallow it." And Paige swallows. Kim kneels still, her eyes darting around looking for some way to spit the small amount of cum she has out of her mouth.

I give Kim a couple of short seconds to catch her breath after the blow job. Mike lies back, relaxed, sated, and generally very pleased. His cock stands up straight as it slowly softens, glistening with a fine film of Paige's saliva.

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I grab Kim by her shoulders and pull the nude housewife up to her feet. I swat her bottom with my hand. "Naughty little slut! I know cum tastes so good to a slut, but you're supposed to swallow it, not keep it in your mouth and enjoy its taste! Don't you know it'll dry all stick on just everything! I guess you'll have to learn a lesson about not being such a skanky slut!" I swat her bottom again.

I pull Kim hard. She stumbles as I tug her around, push her back to her knees, and shove her down over Mike's knees. Kim squirms hard, tries to raise up once only for me to shove her back down and hold her shoulders so she stays down over Mike's knees. I use my free hand to caress one of Kim's spongy globes, now pulled somewhat taut as she lies over his knees.

I stand over Kim, straddling her shoulders, and sitting down to use my weight to hold her on his knees. I hurry to pull Kim's cheeks wide apart, baring her asshole. I snap for Paige to "tease it."

In about three seconds Paige is on her knees with her lips to Kim's dark and tight asshole. Paige swirls her tongue around the rim of Kim's muscle. Kim shudders hard under me as she cries out a squeaky, loud, squeal.

Paige presses her tongue as far into Kim's asshole as she can. Her tongue swirls around leisurely, caressing as much of Kim's ring as her tongue can reach.

Kim squirms harder by the second. She screams out squealy moans that grow more urgent just as quickly. Kim's squirms do nothing to ease Paige's teases.

Mike watches eagerly as Paige tongue's Kim's asshole. For the first couple of seconds, he watches Paige not believing that she'd so eagerly do this. Then Kim's energetic squirming on his lap gets his attention and he focuses more on Kim.

"STOP!" Kim screeches out desperately, "PLEASE! I can't take it!"

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a second later Kim's arms flail wildly. Her feet kick and stomp. She squirms hard, but my weight holds her down on Mike's knees. Kim screeches more. Finally, her wild hands start hitting her head. "PLEASE!!! I can't take it! PLEASE! GET HER TONGUE OUT OF MY ASS!" Kim grabs huge handfuls of her longish blond hair and pulls hard. She screams at full volume, a long endless squeaky scream.

It takes about fifteen seconds of that before Kim's body snaps hard. She stops screaming, sucks in a deep breath, and screams out anew as a second spasm racks her body. Her feet kick back powerfully, pulling her legs straight and stiff as steel. She snaps again, her legs falling as it ebbs. Her body thrashes hard under me, her hips trying everything to get off Mike's lap.

I hold Kim down. She screams and thrashes her way through a long hard orgasm. After maybe three minutes of cumming, I see the waves starting to ebb and tell Paige to stop. Kim falls limp, her body still shuddering sharply as she lies spent over Mike's knees. Kim pants hard.

Paige rises up. Her chin now covered with a thick coat of Kim's honey.

"I don't know what Kim had in mind for tonight, but I hope you both enjoyed my anniversary present," I tell them with a smirk. "Come along, baby girl, you've been slutty enough for one night. Let's go, before you skank up their house so much they'll never get it clean."

"Yes, Ma'am," Paige says with sugar in her voice. She turns to the couple, Kim still lying loose over Mike's knees, "Thank you both for allowing my Mistress to give me to you as your present. I hope you enjoyed your present. Thank you, Ma'am, for allowing this gutter whore to tongue fuck your very tight ass, Ma'am."

I grab Paige by a breast and lead her away. "Relax, I'll get the door." I giggle.

Sophie grabs Paige's things and catches up to me before the door.