

The Family Where

Nadezhda Sarankhova

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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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The Family Whore

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Introduction:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Chapter One - Dr. Slut

Chapter One - Dr. Slut

It's about 8:00 on a Saturday morning. I'm sitting on the sofa, sipping a cup of coffee, and just starting to think about which of my toys I'll play with this weekend. Hardly a weekend goes by that I don't play with a few of them. With my schedule, it's about the only time I have for it.

That's when my phone rings. It's still sitting on the coffee table in front of me, instead of in its usual place, so I just grab it. Normally Sophie, my live-in slave girl would check it and bring it to me only if I wanted to speak to whoever was calling. But it's close enough that it might as well already be in my hand so I just glance at the screen.

It's Diane calling. That gets my attention. She doesn't call me that often. Diane is a 39-year-old Danish woman and fellow Domme. I first met her about two years ago at one of Nikolai's "parties." Since we both share a love of degrading our toys, we started talking. I'd call her a friend, but not one of my closest friends. Then again, she lives in Florida, about an hour from me, so we mostly talk on the phone.

I know Diane has a decently stocked toybox, but her toybox is very heavily slanted towards male toys. I guess that's just her preference. I don't really have a preference, so mine is closer to evenly split. I've played with her toys before, a few times. I'm by far the youngest Domme she knows, and I think she calls me when she wants a younger Domme for her toys. Or when my skills as a student nurse are needed. I've yet to offer her one of my toys, though. Maybe someday I will. She hasn't asked for one, either.

She calls just to chat. But she knows that 8:00 on a Saturday, the Sabbath for me, is early for me. It tells me that she wants something. Or that she has a toy she wants to tease. Not that it matters. She's a friend so I answer her call.

After a few minutes to catch up, Diane starts telling me about her toy John. He's a 48-year-old married man and the father of one 19-year-old son, Derek. He's been married for 22 years now to the same woman. Her name is Marie. She's 44 years old. Diane has owned John for

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several years now. She summons him about every other month, always having Marie come along with him. Marie, she tells me, strongly insists that she's allowed to be present for John's sessions with her. Marie likes to be asked to join in. But so far, Marie has refused to submit to anything. It's left Marie's role as that of a sex partner for John when Diane saw fit to allow him supervised sex with his wife. Otherwise, Marie was little more than a spectator.

John, Diane tells me, enjoys being "feminized." Used as if he were a girl. Made to wear heels and panties. And he definitely enjoys Diane's dildos in his bottom. He also seems to like it better when she's able to do it in some humiliating way. But, due to his job, Diane isn't able to do anything with him in public, so that limits her options to humiliate him.

Diane tells me that Marie approached her "a little while ago," which to Diane could be anything from yesterday to last year, about Derek. It seems that Derek has been "dating" a 25-year-old woman named Ashley. Twice now Marie has "caught" Derek playing games with Ashley. The same kind of game that John plays with Diane. Only, according to Marie, Ashley is clueless. As if she's a vanilla girlfriend trying to go along and play games for Derek instead of Domme.

Marie wonders if Diane might be able to arrange something for Derek with someone who knows what she's doing. That way Derek can get a taste of the real thing, not a poor imitation. And from what Diane relays to me, Ashley sounds like a very poor imitation. She's also Derek's only experience with D/s, so she and her imitation is going to be all Derek knows.

My first concern is whether Derek will even go along with it. Or want it. Ashley, it sounds to me, is basically his girlfriend. I wonder how Derek is going to feel about doing anything with another woman. Even if there is no actual sex involved. He might see a spanking as cheating. Or he might beg for another. He's an unknown, so there's no telling. Diane can only tell me that she's met him a few

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times and thinks he'll like it. If she didn't, she wouldn't ask.

She also tells me that she would like Marie to be "pleasantly surprised" by the session. Diane has always thought that with a little shove, Marie might eagerly take the plunge and get on her knees as well. She's considered giving Marie that shove herself just to see what would happen. She hasn't because she doesn't want to risk damaging her relationship with John. But she would like to see Marie on her knees as well. It would open a ton of new possibilities for her sessions with John. I can see those new ideas myself.

Diane wonders if I might be willing to "meet" Derek and Marie. To give Derek a little taste of fun. And give Marie a little shove and see how readily she'll get on her knees.

I don't have to think too long. Diane has a few pictures of Marie that she sends me. They look to me as if Marie was in the frame, but not the intended subject of the pictures, and cropped out for me. John is in a good portion of the ones she sends me, too. Derek isn't in any of them. That makes sense since Derek wouldn't be around whenever Diane was doing anything.

I've always liked variety. It's the reason I share my toys with the "girls," the group of Dommies I gossip with regularly. Nothing is more of a variety than a fresh sub. Especially one that's never been on his or her knees before.

I was already thinking about which of my toys to play with today. Jill, my doctor-toy, was on the top five list. It's been a while since I've visited her. She's probably my second choice for today, but that's mostly because her office is in Destin, Florida, and that's a good hour's drive from here. She's a pediatrician, the only one in that small town, and she prefers to keep her play very quiet. I can understand that. In a town like Evergreen, where the Baptist churches outnumber the houses, if it were known, she'd lose every patient she had just because. Usually, I

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have Jill come here to play. But I have gone to her office before. I just took care to make sure even the nosiest didn't notice anything.

But it immediately gives me an idea. Why not take care of three toys with one session? Plus, if Derek and Marie aren't interested, I still have Jill to amuse myself with. Even though Diane assures me she's extremely confident that neither of them will run.

I ask Diane to call Marie. Since Marie is the one who approached Diane about arranging something for Derek, that shouldn't get Marie's suspicions up. I have Diane tell Marie that she's working on arranging something for Derek. However, before anyone will take a "fresh" toy (one that's never played with anyone before) everyone she knows insists on a doctor's check for him. After all, there's no knowing what he's done with who before now. And everyone wants to keep her toys healthy. To speed things along, Diane has scheduled a 12:30 appointment for Derek with a doctor that "everyone" trusts - Jill. Marie is to bring Derek to Jill's office for his check-up.

Diane tells me that she'll do it. A few minutes later I get a text from Diane telling me that Marie will have Derek there. I call Jill and tell her that I expect to see her at her office at noon today. She should be there, or her bottom will wish she were on time.

Then I close my eyes and start thinking. I really can't plan even the broadest outline for this session. I don't know enough about either of the toys to do that. And Diane doesn't know anything more than I do. But Diane does send me the few, sparse notes she has on John's sessions. They're in Danish, but that's okay, Google translate can take care of that in a couple of clicks. They're sparse, too. There's barely enough there to know what John did, and little about Marie, except how Diane saw John use her. Nothing at all about Marie's attitude or demeanor. And those are the things I'd like to know! Oh well, not everyone can have notes that are little stories!

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I arrive at Jill's office just before noon. Jill is already there, sitting in her office waiting for me. She's helpfully left the front door unlocked for me, too, even though I have a key to it. I leave it unlocked, too. I don't know if Marie will be early. Marie doesn't know this is a session. She thinks it's a doctor's appointment, and most people try to be a few minutes early for those.

I'd love to surprise Jill, but that's impossible. The door has a chime on it, and it's next to impossible to defeat it. So, it chimes and announces my arrival. I'm barely across the waiting room when I see Jill hurrying out of her office to meet me.

"On your knees, you dumb slut!" I snap the instant I catch sight of her.

Jill is a fairly attractive 38-year-old woman. She's 5'6" tall and weighs 138 pounds. It makes her average for a woman her age. She's dressed casually today, but she tends to dress a little on the casual side anyway. It's a small enough town that no one really expects to see anyone, even the doctor, in an expensive suit. There isn't much that's expensive in this county.

Jill has long and light blond hair that hangs down to the middle of her back. It's silky fine and straight. It's long enough to hang down over her breasts if she'd let it, but she keeps it back. Even when she's not working. Today she has it put up in a ponytail, which she usually does when she's planning to see patients. It keeps it from flying everywhere while she's trying to work.

Jill has a fairly ovalish face. It has soft, gentle lines that turn moderately strong and angular at her chin. She has green eyes under fine, well-teased eyebrows. Those are blond as well. She has a slightly long and narrow nose with a sharp line to its top. And she has a modestly wide mouth framed with a pair of plush, light pink lips.

Today she has on a pair of slightly snug jeans with a white silk blouse and sneakers. The jeans are just tight enough to show the shape of her body without actually looking tight on her. The blouse, however, is loose-fitting

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and hides her breasts. She really doesn't have a reason to hide those, either.

The instant I say for her to, Jill drops down to her knees. She opens her knees, sitting back with her bottom between her heels. She puts her hands behind her back. She sits up straight. She humbly casts her eyes downward to her feet as befitting a slut in the presence of her Queen.

"That's better, slut," I teasingly tell Jill. "Now show me those useless boobs, slut. Give me that shirt."

Jill doesn't hesitate to unbutton her shirt and reveal a lacy silk bra. It's white, but it almost has to be white under the white blouse or it would show. It's a half-cup bra, leaving about half of her decently ample breasts bare at the top and the insides. It also shows off a nice, deep cleft of cleavage for me.

Jill folds her shirt and gives it to me. We're in the hall, between the exam rooms now, and the door to the waiting room has shut behind me. I take the shirt. "Now give me that ugly bra, slut."

Jill doesn't hesitate to take that off, either. It bares her breasts. She makes no effort to cover them as she folds her bra up and hands that to me as well, leaving her nude from the waist up. She looks good on her knees, in jeans, and with her breasts bare. I say nothing. Jill puts her hands behind her again, letting me see those breasts.

Jill is a solid 34-B cup. Her breasts are firm and well-rounded. And not just for her age. They rise off her chest like half melons, almost fully rounded. But now that they're free of the constraining bra, they angle outward slightly giving her a wide V of cleavage.

Each rounded mound is topped with a wide ring of deep pink. And each ring has an equally wide and dark nipple centered in it. Her nipples are rock hard already, standing up almost a full ¼" from the rounded tips of those mounds. They have fully rounded tips of their own, but they also have straight sides to them. They look, to me, like tiny rods rising up. Just rods that have rounded tips to them.

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And now I can see half of Jill's body. She has lean shoulders that just slightly show the outlines of her collar bones. She has a flat stomach under it, but there is a slight looseness to the flesh of her stomach. Not enough for it to sag even a fraction of an inch. Just enough for it to look as if it's lost some of its elasticity. There's also a faint surgical scar on her stomach, from her navel down about two inches. It ends well above her pubes. I don't know what that's from but being a student nurse, I can guess that it was intestinal by the position of it. Too high for anything "female" and too well centered for anything like an appendectomy or gall bladder. It's light and well-faded, so it's at least ten, maybe 20 years old. Barely noticeable. But maybe what loosened that skin up a bit. None of the rest of her skin has loosened yet.

"Shoes, slut," I tell Jill.

In a way, this is a first for Jill. I've never made her strip on her knees before. Usually, I have my toys strip on their feet like normal humans. But Jill discovers that she can easily reach her sneakers now. Her hands aren't far from them anyway, not with her bottom between her heels. She fumbles badly as she tries to untie them without being able to see them. It's not easy with them upside-down, the tops of her feet against the floor instead of the soles, either. But, after a minute or so, Jill gets them off and hands them over. I call for her socks next. She gets those off a little easier.

It leaves me just her jeans and panties to call for. I'm sure Jill is already wondering how she'll get those off while on her knees. I know it's not going to be easy. Loose jeans would be a little easier, too. Oh, well. Too bad for Jill. I call for her jeans.

I stand over her and watch as she unbuttons and unzips them. Then I watch, almost laughing at her, as she struggles to wiggle them down off her narrow hips and over her bottom. Then she has no choice but to lift her thighs up slightly. They're pressed firmly against the backside of her calves and there's no way those jeans are coming

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down without her lifting them slightly. She tries to squirm up quickly, so I won't notice her cheating. I do, but I don't say anything because I know she has no choice. Jill has to raise her knees up a hair to work the jeans over them. Then she struggles them down her calves and over her feet. She folds them and hands them to me.

Jill's panties come down the same way. They're minimalist, little more than a small triangle of silk that covers her pubes and flows down over her mound. They even have a spaghetti strap around her hips. But they are trimmed with lace. And they're no bigger in the back than they are in the front.

Jill has a firm, fairly well-rounded bottom. She has cheeks that are full, but firmly spongy. They have a defined rounded arc to their bottoms. Their inside edges touch each other enough to fully close off her crack, but not so much as to make it look like they're pressed against each other. More as if they're just lying against each other.

In front, Jill has flat, smoothly shaven pubes. There, her skin is taut. And she has a fairly flat mound between her lean thighs. Despite its flatness, I can still make out the top of the fine line of her slit.

And Now Jill is mostly nude on her knees. It's how I want her. It's how a slut should be. All she has on is her watch and wedding ring. I imagine that she didn't wear anything more today, knowing that I'd make her take it off anyway. But today I don't tell her to take it off.

Instead, I point Jill to the pile of her clothes and tell her to pick it up and follow me. There are five exam rooms in the office, about as many as a single doctor can utilize. Three are generic pediatric rooms. One has slightly larger equipment in it, for larger patients. The last is set up for infants. I lead her to the infant's room, the one I know we won't be using for anything. Everything here is just too small. Even the table. That exam table isn't much bigger than an end table, or so it looks.

I lead Jill in there. I've thought about teasing Jill before the others arrive, but now that I think about it, I

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doubt I have the time for too much of a tease. I don't want to leave the others sitting in the waiting room for too long. It's not as if the receptionist is out there. Other than Jill there's no one here today. It's why I picked today. I know Jill doesn't want anyone else to see this scene!

"Listen to me carefully, you stupid slut," I tell Jill. "You have a 12:30 appointment. A little boy needs a very complete physical. He doesn't know what a filthy slut you are, so try not to act too slutty around him, OK, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Jill answers.

"Good. Slave and Newbie here will be your nurses today. Consider me... an RNP today." I tell Jill.

I'm sure she's noticed Sophie and Elisha following me around. Elisha was already at my apartment. Saturday is her day to come. She's an 18-year-old college student from Georgia. Her father asked me to look after her while she's in Mobile for college. It didn't take me long to figure out that he meant far more than making sure she studied. Nor did it take me long to realize that Elisha wanted that much, and even more. I try to see her once or twice during the week. And then on Saturdays, she comes over to my apartment and spends the day learning to serve obediently. Just like Paige, my live-in house-slave. Naked. On her knees. Elisha doesn't ever get any clothes in my apartment. Just a pair of police-issue leg irons for her ankles and a hot pink collar for her neck.

I gave her clothes for the ride to Evergreen, though. I kind of had to. I turn to Elisha and Sophie and tell both to strip as well. Both immediately start taking their clothes off and folding them neatly. A minute later I have the two of them standing beside Jill in a line. Neither Sophie nor Elisha has any more of an idea of what I have in mind than Jill does.

I tell Jill to "dress these slaves up like proper nurses." I know Jill has a linen closet full of extra scrubs and such. Since it is a pediatrician's office, all of them are decorated with cartoon characters. I have my own on. Mine are just plain crimson with "USA Health" embroidered on them.

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They're the same ones I wear when interning at the hospital. Around here, USA Health is well known. They have a small community hospital in Evergreen, the only one in the county, and most of their patients end up getting transferred to USA hospital in Mobile anyway. There could be 1000 reasons why someone from USA was working in this office.

Once Jill has found both Sophie and Elisha a set of scrubs that fits, and a few other accessories like stethoscopes to make them look rather "nursey," I tell Sophie to find some scrubs for Jill. Then all three have cartoon scrubs on. Sophie and Elisha in Sponge Bob, Jill in Big Bird. Works for me.

I lead everyone out to the reception desk, behind the closed window from the waiting room. Then we wait. Luckily, it's not long before Marie arrives, Derek following her in. And to my surprise, John tagging along as well. I thought Diane would tell him not to come. Or summon him herself. I thought she was just sending Marie and Derek.

I open the window and greet them in the usual fashion. I hand them a stack of forms to fill out and ask for their insurance card. I don't see any reason why Jill can't bill for a check-up. She deserves it more than the insurance company does! Luckily for me, Jill's receptionist left a few clipboards set up with the new patient forms on them. It saved Jill the trouble of finding them. I copy their insurance card wondering if Jill will dare to submit a bill. I decide she won't. She won't want to run the risk of her office manager asking about this check-up. I'll make sure it's done for Jill.



*Chapter Two - The Patient
And His Mommy*

Chapter Two - The Patient And His Mommy

Sophie is almost a certified vet tech. She has a week of classes left. Since she has a solid A average, I'm sure that week won't affect her graduating. Or getting her certificate. It's as close to a nurse as I have here, other than me, and I have something else to do. Sophie and Elisha get to be the nurses today. I just hope Derek doesn't notice that they're clueless nurses.

I tell Sophie to "play nurse and not a naughty nurse." I tell her to go get Derek and take him to exam two. And I give Sophie very detailed instructions on how to get Derek ready for his physical. I know she'll follow them exactly.

Then I stay with Elisha and Jill in the office area and watch through a cracked door as Sophie goes to the waiting room and calls Derek's name. Derek stands up and starts walking to Sophie. I know his eyes are on Sophie, too. She's his age and rather pretty. Most guys do look at Sophie. Many look even closer once they find out she's not opposed to being with another girl, too. But Derek doesn't have a clue about that. None of them have a clue that this is anything more than a checkup for Derek.

Marie starts to get up as well. I thought she might. Sophie quickly tells Marie to wait here. Someone will be out to talk to her shortly. Derek is a big boy; he might be more comfortable without mommy. Marie sits back down. John never even started to get up.

Sophie walks Derek back to the exam room. I've told her to have Derek change into a gown and nothing but. Then to get his height and weight. Derek can sit on the table and wait for "the doctor" after that. I figure that will take Sophie a few minutes.

While Sophie is doing that, I'm telling Jill what I want her to do. Derek will be getting a full, a real, check-up. There's no sense in wasting the appointment! Jill is to take her time and be very thorough. She's to drag the exam out until I come in and tell her otherwise. She's to examine everything except his cock, balls, and bottom. Those are to be left untouched until I come in.

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It's about ten minutes before Sophie comes out of the exam room. As I've told her to, she comes right back to the office and tells me that Derek is ready for "Dr. Slut." She also tells me that Derek is 5'11" and weighs 192 pounds.

I tell Elisha that she's to be Jill's nurse for a few minutes. And I warn Jill that Elisha has no idea about nursing. She might know what a band-aid is, but don't expect anything more from her. And don't let Derek figure out that Elisha isn't a real nurse. Jill can get creative to make sure he doesn't notice that Elisha can't tell a stethoscope from a microscope. Or something like that. Then again, Elisha is a graphic design major. Not exactly a health care field. But she'll have to do.

I go to exam room three. It's one of the generic pediatric exam rooms. I tell Sophie to go ask Marie to come back and talk to me. As I'm slipping into the exam room, I see Sophie opening the door to the waiting room. As soon as I have Marie in the exam room, Jill is supposed to go take care of Derek. Elisha will tell me if Jill doesn't follow my directions exactly, too.

It's only about a minute before Sophie leads Marie into the exam room. "This is Miss Rodgers, she's our nurse practitioner. That's like in between a doctor and a nurse." Sophie introduces me to Marie.

"Hello... I assume you know that Ms. Braun asked us to give Derek a complete physical?" I greet Marie.

Marie looks to be about 5'6" to me. And about 140 pounds, give or take a little. With a loose-fitting blouse on it's not so easy for me to guess. But I'm close. I've had enough practice guessing.

Marie has long medium blond hair. It's silky and fine, hanging down straight to the bottom of her shoulder blades. It frames a face that's just slightly on the oval side, but also has smooth and rounded flowing lines to it. She has green eyes. She has a decidedly average nose, neither long nor short and neither wide nor narrow. It has rounded lines, too, except along the top where it has a flat line.

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Marie also has a wide mouth framed with moderately full and soft lips. I can see a few wrinkle lines around her eyes and at the corners of her mouth when she tries to fake a smile. But it's not bad for a woman her age.

Mostly what I notice is how heavily her makeup is applied. She has bright blue eye shadow on. It matches her blouse nicely. She has on bright, deep red lipstick that keeps me from seeing the natural color of her lips. She has on enough base and powder that I can't really see the skin under it. I wouldn't be surprised if there are a few spots of cover-up under that powder, too. It's not bad, not as trashy as a whore's makeup. It's more like a woman overcompensating and trying her hardest to look good. Overdoing it just a little, too.

Marie tells me that she does. She doesn't ask me why Diane wanted it. I figure with Diane having owned John for so long, Marie has learned not to bother asking the why. Diane would never explain anything. Marie must just assume we won't here, either. And I wouldn't. But I thought she might ask me.

I ask Marie several questions about Derek. Benign ones, the same ones any nurse would ask a mother about a young boy she'd brought into the pediatrician. Marie answers them all readily. They have the desired effect of quickly putting Marie at ease.

"I understand that you're concerned about Derek's sexual experimentation with Ashley..." I ask Marie. "Have you seen some kind of injury or anything?"

"No, I haven't..." Marie admits with a slight trace of reluctance in her voice. It's as if she wishes she could say there was. Wishes that there was some visible reason to come between him and Ashley.

"Has Derek been having an issue being satisfied with her? Does he climax?"

"I... don't think there have been any problems... he's never said..." Marie sounds slightly lost as if she never imagined that we might ask anything like that. Despite what she told Diane.

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I ask her a few more questions. I really don't care about the answers to any of them. I just want her to think that Diane asked us to look into it. It wouldn't matter anyway. It's soon clear to me that Marie's impressions are based on two scenes that she saw. Neither of which Derek knows she saw. And neither of which Derek is willing to talk to her about. Duh.

The first scene she peeked through a door that was ajar. Derek was standing, bent over, while Ashley spanked him with her hand. Boring, in my opinion. Ashley had her clothes on. Derek didn't. But he was clearly liking it, despite the noise he was making.

The second scene Marie glimpsed had Derek on his knees. Nude. Ashley had her clothes on then, too. She had a tie around his neck as if it were a leash. And Derek was saying "yes, Miss Ashley" to something. Boring, to me. It's like something they saw in a BS porno movie and were just reenacting. It does make me agree with Diane's opinion that Ashley is clueless.

And now it's time for the hardest part of the session. For me, that is. I have to make up a reason to do more than just ask Marie a few questions. Worse, it has to be a believable reason for Marie. I decide to go with something unrelated to the topic of sex. It will be much more believable.

I tell Marie that we've noticed Derek showing some minor signs of "improper nutrition," as if he's been eating a diet heavily slanted towards junk food. Also known, on campus, as just plain "food." College students aren't known for the best nutritional choices. Ramen constitutes an entire food group, as do pizza, burgers, and wings. I ask if Marie has been preparing supper for her family as a proper wife does. Marie tells me that she does, and that Derek almost always eats with them.

I figured that would be the answer. Marie is a housewife, not a working woman. And I know Diane prefers that her toys have a traditional family life when the

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wife doesn't work. She likes those wives doing things like that.

"Well... either Derek has been cheating a lot, or there's something wrong with the food you've been using. That can happen. Sometimes grocery stores just buy the cheapest things and overprice them to make you think they're good.

"There's really only one way to be certain," I tell Marie. As I do I put my hand to her back and start nudging her towards the exam table. She starts moving, but I can see her wondering what's happening. "I'll need a stool sample from someone else in the house for comparison. You wouldn't mind donating to help us keep Derek healthy, would you, Marie?" I ask with a slight taunt in voice, as if I'm daring her to say no.

It really leaves Marie little choice but to agree. What kind of a mother would object? Or so Marie must be thinking. She starts stuttering as I nudge her right up to the table. "I guess so..." Marie sounds reluctant and surprised. I'm sure she's thinking of a reason to object, but she can't come up with one. Even though she's never heard of such a thing before.

I put both hands to Marie's hips. "Great, it will only take a second. Just hop up on this table." I tell Marie.

Marie starts hesitantly climbing up on the table. It's really too small for an adult patient. It's made for kids about 10 years old. Jill only has one room with a full-sized table, and I've decided that one will stay empty today.

She turns and uses her hands to lift her hips up a little to scoot her bottom onto the table. Then Marie just sort of hesitates, as if she's growing more and more reluctant to move off her bottom. And as if she's unsure how she's expected to lie on the smallish table.

I put my hands to Marie's shoulders and gently, but firmly, guide her as I nudge her to lie on her side. I put her head close to one end of the table. I take hold of Marie's legs and move them, bending her waist a full ninety degrees. Then I take hold of her feet and bring them back,

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bend her knees about 45 degrees. I have to in order to get her feet on the table.

Marie lies, fidgeting about as if trying to get comfortable. I doubt she'll ever get comfortable. She looks to be too nervous to me. "Nurse, bring me a collection kit," I tell Sophie. She's seen enough of them to know what to get. I keep a few in the playroom at home, just in case I might want one for some tease.

While Sophie, my nurse this afternoon, is finding one in Jill's cabinets, I put my hands to the front of the waistband of Marie's slacks. She's wearing a pair of loose-fitting khaki slacks today with a nice light blue flora print blouse over them. It's casual, but it's also higher end. Something a wealthier woman would wear.

"Now you just relax, Marie, I'll do everything, and this will only take a few seconds, okay..." I tell Marie in a rather soft and reassuring voice. As I do, I'm already unbuttoning her slacks for her. I doubt Marie is realizing that this isn't the way things happen at a doctor's office. They don't take your clothes off for you, except in a trauma center where they're likely to cut them off. I doubt Marie is thinking about much at all. She seems occupied fidgeting and showing off how uneasy she is. I'll keep going quickly. It won't give Marie any time to think about what's going on.

I slip my fingers under the waistband of her slacks. I quickly feel the waistband of a pair of panties, too. I slip my fingers under those as well, opting to expose Marie as quickly as I can. Dragging it out, while slightly more interesting for me, will only give her time to think.

Thankfully, her pants are loose. It makes it easy for me to slip them down and fully bare her bottom. And that's what I do, hearing Marie suck in a slightly squealy breath as she feels my hands slipping her panties down so quickly. I'm sure the squeal is mostly just the surprise of it happening so quickly.

I rate Marie's bottom as average. It's nothing spectacular, but it's not bad for a 46-year-old woman, either. As I expose it, it's already pulled decently taut by

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the bend of her waist. Even so, I can tell her cheeks have a touch of softness to them. They look flat as they flow down from her back, then round nicely as they curve around to flow softly into her thighs. There's almost no line to denote the bottoms of her cheeks and the tops of her thighs. It's more just smooth flesh.

Marie has a fairly short crack, at least lying on her side. It's fully closed, the inside edges of her cheeks fully and flush against each other. Her cheeks look to have a touch of softness to them letting her top cheek lie a little more against the bottom one.

There's also no missing Marie's pussy. Her thighs are lying together, their inside flush and firm against each other. But, despite her closed thighs, I can see her mound puffing out to the rear. I can see that her long, and narrow lips are smoothly fresh-shaven. I can see that her lips are thick and plump. I can see that they don't come anywhere close to meeting, leaving a wide gash between them. And I can see almost all of her loose, wrinkly inner folds poking out from that gash.

I already had on a pair of my pastel green latex gloves. I didn't know if Jill would have a size small, which I wear, so I brought my own. I hate loose gloves!

I reach my hand to Marie's cheek. I can feel a softness to it, like a wet sponge. But still with some firmness to it. Enough so that I'm sure Marie's bottom will look good with her standing. It looks fairly good with her lying this way. I lie my thumb along her cheek, just above her crack, running parallel to it. I lift her globe up high, stretching her crack wide open.

That reveals Marie's small asshole. There's a decent-sized swath of medium-dark pink flesh. But her ring is slightly small. Counting the muscle around it, it's no bigger than a dime. It funnels inward moderately, its sides smooth but lined with countless fine wrinkles. And a single prominent wrinkle at the bottom which flows about halfway back to her pussy. At the center, it's just a little speck of

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darkness. It's an asshole that hasn't seen much use. And a cute one. One that's going to be amusing to tease.

Sophie puts the collector in my hand. It's just a pencil-thin stick of plastic with an oval head like the eye of a needle on it. That head is about the size of a penny. But it has a tapered tip to it.

I put the tip of it against the dark point at the center of Marie's asshole. "Try to just relax for me, Marie. It doesn't hurt." I tell her. Then I press gently. The tip easily pushes the ring of muscle, pulling it oval before stretching it slightly and pushing right through. As soon as the tip has pushed through Marie's asshole, I see her muscle clenching down hard around the narrow shaft. It does nothing to slow the slim shaft from slipping right through.

"Relax, Marie, it will be a bit more comfortable for you if you aren't so tensed up." Now that I have the tip fully inside Marie's bottom I'm going rather slowly. It's too late for Marie to change her mind. It's inside her bottom already. And I can see that Marie isn't thinking about anything else now. I'm sure she's just praying for it to be over with.

"Lie still, Marie. I need to get a fresh sample from the back of your rectum. You'll feel a little pressure as I do..." I tell Marie in a voice that's intentionally as false as it is reassuring. It's a little taunt for Marie.

"Your anus is rather tight, Marie. You aren't into anal sex, are you?"

"No..." Marie answers in a voice that's squealy, very embarrassed, and hushed. And nervous. It's a voice that says for me to stop talking to her and hurry up.

"AH!" Marie blurts out as I feel the light resistance that tells me the tip of the collector has found the back of Marie's rectum. It's the point where it's slightly uncomfortable for Marie. I hold the tip against the back, dragging out her discomfort for a good two or three seconds more than the half-second I actually need. I give the shaft a little twirl to spin the tip. That strokes the sides

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of that needle's eye over the insides of Marie's rectum, filling the opening in it with her waste.

Marie breathes out a deep breath of relief as I start backing it out again. I slow down a little more. "Marie, from here I can see just how moist your labia are. Have you had sex recently? Within the last day?"

"No..." Marie answers in her embarrassed voice.

"Do you have a satisfying sex life with your husband?"

"Yes!" Marie's voice stays embarrassed and squealy but takes on a touch of insistence with her answer. It's just enough insistence for me to wonder if she's sure or trying to convince me of it. As if there might be a little something lacking in it.

"OOH!" Marie squeals as the wider tip of the collector pulls slowly back out through her asshole. As Marie is breathing out another breath of relief, I quickly pass the used collector off to Sophie. Out of Marie's sight, Sophie will toss it in the trash. I don't have any real use for it. It was nothing more than a made-up excuse to stick Marie in the butt, and thus to get her pants down.

"Let me take a quick look, then..." I nonchalantly say to Marie. Before Marie hears what I say, much less realizes what I mean, my fingers are on the edges of her pussy lips. I feel that they're as soft and loose as they look. And plump.

I push her lips apart. It really doesn't expose much more of her pinkness. Most of it was already on display for me. It does let me see Marie's clit. It's wide, almost as wide as the tip of my little finger. It's standing a good bit up above the knotty ridgeline where those long, loose folds flow together. Her folds gape slightly, too. It lets me see all the way into her pussy. And see the entrance of her tunnel. I don't need to spread anything to see the thick layer of clear honey, gooey and fresh, that clings to everything.

Nor do I miss the faint pulsing of her clit. I didn't expect to see that. Not this soon at least. That's a sure

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sign that she's hotly aroused. And I haven't done anything with her yet. Except kind of... take charge and poke her butt. Which she either hated or pretended to hate. I'm going with the second choice.

I put the tip of a finger flat atop the bulging nub of Marie's clit.

"OOOHHHHH!" Marie blurts out a loud, edgy squeal as a crisp shiver flows over her body. As her squeal fades, I hear her breathing faster and deeper, as if trying to force herself to be still. To not react to it. After a second, I see a tiny bit of her honey start weeping out of the entrance of her tunnel. She's not hiding anything from me.

I casually let my thumb come up to her clit. As I do I shift my finger around to the side. Marie almost manages to mute another squeal as I move my fingers over her hard nub. I pinch her nub lightly. Just enough for me to feel the stone-like hardness of it. And to feel the pulsing of it. It's starting to throb even harder. Marie will be feeling that. It will ache more for relief.

"Marie, clearly you are very aroused. There's no missing just how moist your vagina is. Or how hard your clitoris is. You really shouldn't be aroused for your doctor, should you?"

"No..." Marie's voice is hushed a little more than it was. And a lot more embarrassed.

"Obviously, it's been quite some time since your body has been sexually satisfied fully. But it's your lucky day. We're slow enough that I have time for an extra patient. Since you're already here, I'll just go ahead and give you an exam, too. That way I can see if there's something wrong with your genitals, or if it's just that you haven't been properly using them. I'm sure Ms. Braun will want to know."

"You don't have to!" Marie blurts out rather nervously. "I don't play with her! Just my husband!"

I give a little wiggle of my fingers. The fingers I still have Marie's clit pinched between.

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"OOHHHHH!" Marie shrieks out loudly. A very hard and crisp shiver flows over her from head to toe. I keep rolling the nub between my fingers for half of a second and watch as Marie keeps shuddering with the sharp tremors.

"I think we've already established that your body is rather needy. So needy that it's getting aroused at inappropriate times. You need to be examined. You *will not* argue with me, Marie. Am I clear?"

"Yes..." Marie squeaks out so hushed that I can barely hear it. I don't think Sophie does hear it, even though she's only a few away from me.

I decide that now is as good of a time as any to let Marie subtly know where she stands. "Marie, you *will* be polite here. Good boys and girls are polite to the adults. Now, is it clear that you *will be a very good little girl* and behave so that you can be examined?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Marie squeaks out in the same voice. Maybe with a little more humiliation in it. Perfect!

"Good girl, Marie!" I enthusiastically tell her. "Now you will stand up and give my nurse your clothes. She will get you a gown. Got it, Marie?"

"Yes, MAAAAAAA'AM!" Marie starts to answer in her humiliated voice. I give her clit another little wiggle with my fingers. It turns her mousy answer into a shrieked squeal.

I take my fingers away and tell Marie to get to her feet now.

Marie grabs hold of her pants as she shifts around. She pulls them back up to try and hide her pubes as she gets to her feet.

"Marie come over here," Sophie tells her. Sophie is already waiting for Marie over by the wall. There's a little chair there. It makes the perfect place for Marie's clothes to go. "Take all your clothes off, fold them nicely, and make a little pile on that chair," Sophie tells her. Then Sophie stands about three or four feet back from Marie and just glares at her.

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Marie hugs her arms to her body for a moment. Then she must realize that Sophie isn't going to turn away. Marie turns her back to Sophie and starts very reluctantly undressing.

It tells me that Marie's decision is made. She's going to submit to whatever I want her to do. I'm not sure if she's thinking enough to have figured out that this isn't a trip to the doctor yet. She looks rather uncomfortable. She looks to me as if there's only one thought running through her head. That she's about to get naked, poked, and prodded. And worse, that I've already seen what a slut she is.

It takes Marie a couple of minutes to get undressed, even though she doesn't have that much on. Certainly nothing complex, with a bunch of straps and such. Just slacks and a blouse. When she's done, Marie stands facing the wall, her arms hugged tightly to the front of her body. She says nothing. She just stands there, cringing hard.

Sophie takes charge, firmly telling Marie to come over to the scale and be weighed "before clothes add any more pounds." Marie sort of shuffles her feet over the floor, trying to stay facing the wall as she moves over.

Sophie isn't one to tolerate anything. Certainly not modesty. She knows I don't care for that modesty. She quickly, and rather firmly, scolds Marie to stand "like a woman, not a mouse." She has Marie stand up straight on the scale, her hands behind her back. Then Sophie loudly announces that Marie weighs 142 pounds. Marie cringes hard.

Sophie tells Marie to "turn around and face me, and I'll give you a gown to put on." It makes it clear to Marie that she won't get that gown until she turns around and shows her body to Sophie and me.

Very hesitantly Marie turns around.

Marie has a fairly lean-looking body. Those pounds really don't show on it. She definitely doesn't have a reason not to want to show her body.

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Marie has a flat stomach. And the skin on it is still rather taut and elastic, not loose. And it doesn't show any stretch marks from a pregnancy either, so she's obviously taken very good care of herself. She has lean legs and arms, too. I can see just a bit of looseness to the flesh there, and I can see a bit of definition of the muscles underneath. It tells me that she has little body fat. As if she works out regularly trying to keep herself looking good.

From the front, I can see that her pubes are fully shaven. There isn't a hair to be seen. And they're freshly shaven as if she shaved before coming. Or at least this morning. Good girl. I can see the mound of her pussy puffing down between the tops of her thighs. It's as puffy as I thought it would be. And her gash looks just as wide from the front. And it looks deep, the ridgeline not rising up to the outside of her lips. But further back, I can see those folds sticking out past her lips.

Marie has a pair of very firm breasts. They're modest, I'm guessing B cups on a 34" bust line. But they're very rounded and full. They lie against her chest with only the tiniest of a crease and then swell outward like half melons. Hard half melons. They sit at the center of her chest, the edges of her mounds seemingly touching each other at her cleavage. But then they angle outward slightly as they rise off her chest, giving her cleavage a deep V shape.

Light pink rings slightly larger than sliver dollars top each ring. There's a short, moderately wide nipple centered in each that's just as faint a shade of pink as the ring around it. So faint that it barely contrasts with the white flesh of her mound. Her nipples have well-rounded tips to them, rising like half marbles from the tips of her even more rounded mounds.

Sophie, with a nod from me, finally holds out a gown for Marie. Marie grabs it quickly and hurries to pull it on. She hurries enough that she fumbles and actually slows herself down a bit.

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The gown looks comical on her. I knew it would. It's pediatric, so it's too small for her. It just barely covers the mound of her pussy and her bottom. I'll bet there isn't a full centimeter of fabric hanging lower than her mound. Her breasts push the front of it out noticeably, too. And it's decorated with my favorite cartoon, Road Runner. It's childish and looks like it.



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Help*

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I spent about fifteen minutes giving Marie a mostly complete check-up. Naturally, I made sure to include an extensive pelvic exam. Complete with a rectal exam, too, although that was a basic one. Just enough for her to feel my finger inside her bottom and remind her that I've now checked every bit of her over.

I only learned one thing of interest on her exam. Her breasts are natural, not fake. As fully rounded as they are, and firm, they could have been implants. But one squish told me they were too firm for that. Implants are liquid in bags basically, and with some attentive squishing it can be felt. Hers are just firm with only a slight sponginess to them.

Obviously, I didn't have any real reason to examine Marie. I did it for one reason. It got Marie naked, except for a degrading gown she'd probably prefer to be without anyway. It gave me an excuse to inspect every bit of her body. And it put Marie in a slightly submissive position, having to lie there while I poked and prodded her body without her objecting to anything. She endured that well.

Once I'm done, I tell Marie to stand up. It takes her a few seconds to get up. She fidgets around as she does, trying to cover herself with the gown, despite its size. She really doesn't have a chance of covering with it. But she gets an A for effort. Finally, she ends up on her feet, hugging her arms to her body, and trying to use them to pull the front of the gown down a bit more. It doesn't work very well.

"Come along, Marie. If you can manage to be polite you may come with me to check in on Derek."

"Thank you, Ma'am," Marie says. It's an offer no mother would refuse - to check in on her child. Even her 19-year-old child.

A look of shock erupts on Marie's face when she sees that I start leading her to the door instead of having Sophie return her clothes first. I don't hesitate, I just open the door. "Come along, Marie," I tell her again, this time with some firmness in my voice.

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Marie tries hard to pull that little gown down even further. It's not going anywhere. She starts following me, her steps slightly short as she struggles to keep the gown down. Walking alone is enough that her thighs keep pushing it up and flashing her pubes. Like any exam gown, it's open in the back, leaving her bottom partly visible at the center.

Derek is in the exam room just across the hall. It makes for a short walk. As I lead Marie across the hall, Sophie follows along as well.

I open the door and usher Marie into the room. Jill has Derek lying on his side as she ostensibly examines his spine. I can tell that Jill is just wasting time, not really doing anything, but faking it well. It's what I told her to do. I told her to keep the exam going until I got here and told her to stop. I'm sure, if I took long enough with Marie, Jill would keep finding something to check Derek for, even if it was some obscure Klingon disease. Jill knows too well what horrors would await her if she displeased me.

It has Derek's back to the door, so he doesn't see us come in. He does have his gown on, his decorated with Yosemite Sam, but it's fully open in the back to allow Jill access to his spine. And that has his bottom bare.

It's the first good look I get at Derek. I'd already seen enough in the waiting room, even with his clothes on, to tell that he wouldn't have a firm, hard, toned, or athletic body. His shape is more slightly on the dumpy side. Not enough so that he would have trouble getting dates, but enough that it's noticeable.

Now I can see that Derek already has a few extra pounds on him. I'll bet Marie knew it, too. Maybe that's why my ruse about his nutrition works so easily on her.

He's not fat. But he does have a few extra pounds on his stomach. Just enough that he has straight sides and that his stomach looks slightly loose. But not so much so that it hangs down. There isn't even a crease to it. Just a softness that says he's had a few bags too many of potato

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chips. His legs look about the same, decently shaped but with some looseness to their flesh.

He's hairy, too. He has a moderately dense coat of black hair covering most of his chest and stomach. It covers his legs, too, and from the elbow down, his arms. It flows down onto his pubes where it starts to grow even denser. And then, just above his cock, it ends. His balls look to be shaven hairless, a look I don't care for. It leaves the sides of his cock exposed as well.

As he lies on his side, I can see his bottom. His cheeks look moderately soft and loose. Not so much so that they will sag, but enough that they're not going to be hard and strong when he stands. They have a decent fur coat of black hairs as well. They have a full, deep crack, too.

"Oh, we're just in time," I say to Marie with a slight tease in my voice. "The doctor hasn't started his rectal exam yet!" I think I see a sharp flinch run through Derek as he hears what he's in store for.

I walk Marie over and tell her to stand by Derek's head and keep him company. Marie stands there, cringing slightly as she thinks about that comical gown she's wearing. I'm sure Derek would love to ask her how she ended up in it.

Jill just goes on wasting time with a thorough check of Derek's spine.

It leaves me free to slip over to the cabinets and start finding stuff. Unlike my cabinets, Jill's are stocked for actual medical procedures. It takes me a few seconds to find what I'm after. I get out an IV bag filled with saline. It already has a length of tubing attached to it that's about six feet long. And I find an enema nozzle. But it's just a standard, generic one that's about as thick as a pencil and four inches long. Shorter than the ones I prefer to use, but it will do just fine. It doesn't take me but a second to thread the nozzle onto the end of the tubing. And I can do it all behind Derek's back, so he doesn't see what I'm doing.

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I carry it over. I give Jill a quick nod so that she knows it's time for her to stop wasting time. She does, immediately taking a short step back. Jill has been my toy for a while now. Long enough that with a single glance she knows what I'm going to do.

"Derek, you be a good boy and just lie still. We'll give you a nice enema to clean your rectum out for a very thorough in-depth exam." I use my reassuringly sweet voice. I'm sure I do anything but reassure him, though. I'm not trying to be comforting. Just to sound like it.

Before Derek can say anything, my gloved hand is on his top cheek. It's definitely soft and squishy. I'd say it's a little spongier than Marie's were. And a lot hairier! Yuck! I never liked hairy butts. Not that it matters, these are Diane's toys. This is just a favor to her. But there wouldn't be a place in my toybox for Derek.

Especially not once I look over his hips and down at his cock. It's fully soft now. Floppy, it's no more than about 2" long and ½" thick, but it is circumcised to show off a nice, light pink head. It hangs down, its tip trying to reach the table he's lying on.

With his cheek lifted, Derek starts fidgeting. He doesn't squirm much, but there's a good bit of nervousness to it. His crack, now stretched wide, is just as hairy as his cheeks are. The fur does thin out, but it also goes all the way to the ring of his asshole. His ring isn't very big, no bigger than a penny. It's light pink, almost the same shade as the head of his cock. It's cinched tightly now. It puckers out just a tiny bit, too. The fur covers his crack all the way up to the pink puckered ring. That's the only thing I can see that's not covered with it.

I put the tip of the nozzle to the center of his asshole, pressing it gently against the dark little squiggly point at the center. Then I press.

"UH!" Derek more squeals a nervous whine than grunts as the thin tube of the nozzle pushes into his tight and unwelcoming asshole. It doesn't take a full second for me to slip the full length of the short nozzle into his

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bottom. I hold it in place. Derek fidgets a little more nervously.

"Derek, you *will* be a big boy for me. I'm not asking. I'm telling you. You *are going to behave*. You will lie still while your rectum fills up with the enema. It would be a shame to have to do this more than once until you decide to be a good boy for your nurse." I tell him in a soft, sugary, and very firm voice.

I quickly flip the clamp off the tubing. It lets the saline, little more than sterile water, begin to flow. Down the tube, through the nozzle, and right into Derek's bottom.

"OOH!" Derek squeals out. His squeal isn't uncomfortable yet, just very nervous. The first drops of the enema must have made it into his bowels. The enema will feel icy to him as its room temperature drops land on his 98-degree insides.

"Marie, why don't you try being a good mommy and hold your little boy's hands?" I tell Marie with a touch of scorn in my voice, as if it's something she should have already been doing. She takes Derek's hands. In a couple of seconds, Derek is gripping her hands rather firmly.

"UH!" Derek grunts, this time with a bit of strain in his voice. It's an unwarranted strain, at least in my opinion. He doesn't have more than three ounces or so of the saline in his bottom. That's nowhere near enough for it to be uncomfortable yet. It's just enough for him to start feeling the fluid filling his rectum and forcing it to begin stretching.

"UH!" Derek grunts again with a little more strain and nervousness in his voice. "How much more do I have to take, nurse?" Derek blurts out a very anxious question. "I really need to go... NOW!"

"No," I tell Derek in my firmest voice. "Stop acting like a baby and be a big boy. Behave!"

Derek grunts again. And then again, each time with a little more discomfort in his voice.

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“UH!... OH, NURSE! I HAVE TO GO NOW!” Derek squeals out rather nervously. He starts fidgeting hard, squirming around, his feet and legs wiggling. “UH!”

Derek gets up to about six ounces. It's not much more than a disposable drug store enema would have filled him. It's definitely not enough to have him feeling really uncomfortable yet. But it does have his attention. I'm sure he can feel the slight, and growing, pressure in his bowels now. I'm sure he feels an urge to get to the toilet stronger than he's ever felt before. That's just because he's fuller than he'll naturally allow himself to get before emptying. But nowhere near filled to his capacity yet.

“Oh. OW!” Derek cries out. At the same instant he cries out, his cock suddenly sprouts to full hardness. Derek lies on his side; his waist bent a full 90 degrees and his calves tucked back with his knees bent about $\frac{2}{3}$ of the way. That's what it took to get him on the pediatric table. It has his cock, and a pair of fairly ample balls, dangling down in front of his pubes and against the tops of his thighs. Or did. Now that cock stands up straight and rigid, sticking out about halfway between his thighs and stomach.

Unfortunately for Derek, it lets me see his cock at its full stiffness. I wouldn't exactly nickname him "Mr. Ed." More like "Shorty." His cock is barely up to the five-inch mark, or so I guess. I'll measure it later and publicly let everyone know just how inadequately it measures up. Five inches is the average mark. I'd say he's just short of that. Nor is his cock thick. I would bet it's not even a full inch across. I suddenly have pity for Ashley. Poor girl. A girl just needs more cock than Derek has to really satisfy her.

“UH!... UH, OW!” Derek grunts out again, each squeal growing a little more pleading, nervous, and strained than the one before it. He fidgets a little more energetically, too. I guess he doesn't know that fidgeting, or any movement, is just making his bowels more uncomfortable. Oh, well. It won't hurt him.

He manages to take another ounce or so, not quite up to the halfway point of the enema before he blurts out,

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"NURSE, PLEASE! I CAN'T WAIT!" Unfortunately for Derek, as he's crying out for mercy, his cock starts twitching. At first, the twitches are faint. But it doesn't take long for them to grow more and more powerful. Until there's no missing his cock as it almost jumps up with every twitch.

"Derek! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Stop acting like some filthy creepy pervert. There's no reason for you to have an erection now!" I scold Derek with a good bit of disapproval in my voice. I've gotten good at making it sound like I disapprove of anything.

Derek blushes. He cringes a little, too. His cock keeps on twitching eagerly. He fidgets a little more, his bottom still slowly filling with the enema.

I give Derek about a minute, ignoring his little whines. His cock is still as stiff as ever. "Derek," I tell him in my firmest voice. "I thought you didn't like this. We can't do your rectal exam while your penis is erect. You'll just have to lie there and wait until you get those filthy thoughts out of your creepy mind, little boy."

Derek fidgets. He grunts out some rather strained groans. His hands grip Marie's even tighter. "PLEASE, NURSE!" He cries out, his voice a desperate plea. "I'M GOING TO HAVE AN ACCIDENT! PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME DO THAT! PLEASE, NURSE, I HAVE TO GO NOW!"

"No," I tell Derek in my firmest voice. "You will lie there until we've done your rectal examination. Fully. And I can't do that while your penis is erect. So, get those filthy thoughts out of your creepy mind."

"I'M NOT THINKING THEM, NURSE! I DON'T KNOW WHY MY DICK IS HARD! IT HURTS, IT'S TOO BIG!"

"You're fine. Stop whining like a little baby," I tell him very disapprovingly. I wave Elisha over. Then I tell her nothing, leaving her standing there and just watching Derek. It doesn't take long for her young eyes to wander to his hard-twitching cock.

"Well, doc? Ever seen this before?" I ask Jill as if I have no clue what's happening.

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Jill doesn't need a cue. "I'd say he's just too horny for his erection to fade," Jill answers with a little grin on her face. It's like, DUH. That's kind of obvious.

"Oh, is that it, Derek? Are you horny now?"

Derek rolls his head a little so that his eyes are more down toward the table under him. "Yes, nurse," He answers softly as if he'd rather do anything but admit it.

"Then you have a real problem, Derek. We don't allow masturbation in here. And none of us can help you out, that would be so unprofessional! Try thinking about something that doesn't arouse you. While you do that, I'll just let the enema keep going."

"Uh...uh...Uh..." Derek groans, almost sobbing. His cock twitches just a tiny bit more eagerly now. It keeps twitching. And twitching. Derek groans loudly, a bit of real strain in his voice now. He's taken about twelve ounces of the enema into his bottom now. That's enough that he's really feeling it now. Feeling a hard pressure against the inside of his tightly clenched asshole as it strains to hold in the torrent. Feels it all through his bowels, as the thin walls of his rectum begin pulling taut as they're stretched, likely further than ever before. It's like the worst urge imaginable to use the toilet. And soon, if I don't stop the flow, he'll start feeling a few light cramps just behind his pubes.

Finally, I see a tiny bit of a sparkle at the tip of his cock. It's not big, but it's definitely glittery and bright. I can see the sticky wetness, too. I know that a tiny droplet of his cum has leaked from the tip of his shaft and now clings to the tip of his cock. It's evidence that he's as aroused as he can get. He's going in the wrong direction. Instead of turning himself off, he's getting more turned on. Derek must really like enemas. I wonder if I should tell Ashley that...

"Derek... You're going to be lying there all day at the rate you're going."

"I'm sorry, nurse! I'm trying!"

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"Well, you're not doing very well at it. Would you like a little help?"

"Yes, nurse, please help me!"

"Help you what, Derek?"

"Please help me make my dick go soft, nurse!"

"I don't really see how that's going to happen unless you cum, do you?"

"No, nurse..." Derek shamefully admits.

"Would you like to cum, then?"

"Yes, nurse!" Derek blurts out, his voice strained, but now with a slightly happy and hopeful note to it.

"Oh, that penis would really like to be stroked and made to cum, wouldn't it, Derek?"

"Yes, nurse, please, help me!"

"We can't, Derek. It's unprofessional. We could lose our nurses' licenses for that! There's no one here to help you..." I smirk wide. "except your mommy, that is. She's the only one who's allowed to stroke your penis and make it cum. Do you want her to help you, so you don't have to wait forever?"

"YES!" Derek blurts out, his voice equally disgusted and eager. His plea more than slightly desperate, too. "PLEASE, MOM, PLEASE! THIS IS TORTURE! PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME LIE HERE ANY LONGER! PLEASE, MOM, PLEASE MAKE ME CUM!" Derek cries out, his voice a mixture of reluctance and hope, as he begs her.

"Elisha, take Derek's hand for her. Don't let him touch himself like some filthy pervert."

"Yes, Miss Nurse," Elisha says very politely. She reaches down to Derek's hands. Elisha almost has to push Marie's hands out of Derek's. I think it's mostly Derek's hard grip on Marie's hands. He's not letting up. But Elisha is able to slip her hands into Derek's pushing Marie's hands free as she does.

It leaves Marie's hands with nothing to do. Marie stands there, cringing. She looks away, turning her head and finding a blank wall to stare at while Derek goes on

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crying out his please with growing desperation for her to stroke his cock.

I have one hand free. I'm still holding the enema nozzle with one hand to keep it from slipping out of Derek's bottom. I use that free hand, moving quickly, to grab Marie's wrist and pull her hand to Derek's pubes. I release her hand just above Derek's hard-twitching cock. His cock jumps up, bumping against the palm of her hand. Marie tries to pull her hand back, but I hold it still.

Derek's cock twitches again, knocking against the palm of Marie's hand again. This time Marie reluctantly closes her finger around Derek's thin shaft. She avoids looking anywhere near Derek, and more so towards his cock.

She starts stroking it slowly, her motions clumsy. As if she doesn't want to be doing it but feels that she doesn't have a choice.

"Derek, be polite. Thank your mommy."

"THANK YOU, MOM! THANK YOU FOR STROKING MY DICK, MOM!" Derek tells her. As his bottom continues filling, the pressure in his bowels growing, his urgent need for the toilet grown even faster, he's forgotten about shame. Or decency. Or morals. I'm sure he has only two thoughts in his brain now: to cum and to empty his bottom. Caring about what we might think of him doesn't even enter into his mind. Just relief.

"Marie, stop being such a bitch!" I tell Marie in a firm voice. I reach my hand over Derek's hip and put it atop Marie's hand. I use my hand to nudge Marie to wrap her finger lightly, but snugly, around his shaft. Then I start her stroking her son's cock with a smooth, flowing motion that has her hand gliding along the full length of his cock.

Standing up at Derek's head puts Marie at an unusual angle to stroke his cock. As does Derek lying on his side. It has her palm lying over the right side of his cock with her thumb towards the head of it, and her finger under it, along what's usually the left side of it. It lets the

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flat side of her hand go all the way down to the root of his cock and bump lightly against his pubes as she strokes it.

“UH... oh, OOOHHHH!” Derek purrs out the sweetest moan between hard grunts. He grips Elisha's hands even tighter now. “Oh... OOH... thank you, mom! Thank you! Please don't stop, I'm about to cum! Please don't stop!”

“Is that good, Derek?”

“YES! NURSE!” Derek blurts out. “It's incredible, nurse! Oh, fuck, I'm gonna cum!”

I make Marie turn her head and look at Derek's cock. I want her to see what she's doing. I know she can feel his steely shaft snapping against her hand as it twitches. I want her to see it, too. It's twitching hard enough that, even with her gentle grip on it, I can see it moving.

I motion Sophie over with my head. I tell her quietly to hold onto Derek's legs. Sophie reaches over and gets a firm grip on his legs.

It's none too soon, either. “UHHHHH-GGHHH” Derek cries out, his voice deep and primal. I see the snap of his hips as his instincts want to thrust his cock into a pussy. His hips snap but move only slightly. Sophie holds his legs, keeping Derek somewhat still.

Derek's cock explodes. It spurts a thick stream of his whitish cum straight out the tip. It misses Marie. It shoots up, following the aim of his cock, towards his shoulders, and out towards the edge of the table. It almost makes up to the level of his shoulders, too. Then it lands on the table, making a puddle of gooeyness. The next spurt is already erupting from the tip of his crisply twitching cock, shooting up to follow the first.

A hard look from me tells Marie to keep going. I want her to keep stroking Derek's cock until he's finished. Until his cock has spurted every bit of his cum. The first several spurts all land on the paper covering the table under him. The last few spurts more fall from his cock rather than shoot out. Those cling to the tip as well, getting his cum onto Marie's hand with every stroke. Then her stroking hand smears the cum all over his cock.

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When Derek's cock finally stops spurting, I tell Marie that she can stop now. And I tell Derek to thank his mommy very politely for helping him.

"Thanks, mom, for making me cum... You're very good at it, mom," He shamefully tells Marie. It makes Marie blush.

Derek's cock is still stiff, standing out straight from his pubes. Only now it's covered with a drying coat of his sticky cum, too.

I leave Derek lying there. "Good boy! Now that you've ejaculated, there's no reason for your penis to stay erect, is there?"

"No, nurse,"

"Then we'll just wait while it softens up and then we'll give you a very thorough rectal exam." I flip the clamp on the tubing closed as I taunt Derek. He has about half of the bag, about sixteen ounces of the saline in his bowels. That's how much he was always going to get. It's what I like to give.



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Derek lies on his side. He breathes deep, well satisfied breaths. But those breaths are also fast and strained. He fidgets slightly as well.

Marie stands where I put her, up by Derek's head. She shies back a few inches now. Once allowed to, she quickly took her hand from Derek's cock. Now she holds that hand down and well away from her body.

Elisha stands next to Marie, still holding Derek's hands and mostly peeking at his cock. It's staying stiff, taking its time softening.

Jill stays where she's been, behind Derek's shoulders. I'm pretty sure she watched Derek cum, too.

Sophie is still holding Derek's legs, keeping them fairly still as he lies there.

I start slowly easing the enema nozzle from Derek's bottom. It doesn't take long for the short tip to slip from his very tightly clenched ring. I'm sure Derek feels the thin shaft pulled from his bottom. I'll bet he's thinking that maybe now he'll get the relief he's after. He'll be allowed to go empty his bottom.

I see no reason to make the enema easy for Derek. Especially not after the way it made his cock so hard. He might hate it, but his cock clearly loves it. That doesn't surprise me. I only wonder if it's the pressure against the back of his prostate that excited him, or just the submissiveness of lying there and enduring it while being told he's not allowed to relieve the discomfort. Or both.

"Derek," I tell him in a rather firm voice. I wave my hand, signaling Sophie to release Derek's legs. "Are you ready to go to the little boys' room now?"

"Yes, Nurse!" Derek answers rather enthusiastically.

"Stand up, then," I tell Derek. "Newbie, you can hold his hands for him," I tell Elisha. "Newbie" is short for "Newbie slut bitch" the nickname I gave her. But it could also be a generic reference to the new nurse in the office. It's generic enough that it doesn't give away that this isn't just a trip to the doctor's office. Of course, Marie masturbating him on the exam table should have, but

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something tells me these two haven't thought that clearly yet.

Derek groans out loudly as he starts moving. It shifts the angle of his waist, and that shifts his bowels around inside his body. Any little movement of his bowels sends a light cramp slicing through his insides, just behind his pubes. It's not bad, but it will definitely get his attention. And remind him just how full his straining bowels are. As if the pressure wanting to explode from his asshole isn't already reminding him.

Elisha holds his hands, but she also tries to help Derek get up. From his position, he rolls to his back, then Elisha helps him to sit up. The table is short enough that it leaves his legs dangling over the side. He slowly, groaning loudly, scoots off the edge and onto his feet.

I know Derek is only thinking of running to the toilet now. So, I stop him there. "Before you go, just let me check on those testicles first," I tell Derek with a little smirking grin on my face. And in a too-sweet voice.

Derek grimaces hard at the thought of standing here a second longer than he absolutely has to. But he's smart enough to know not to argue. As I tell him to, he spreads his feet about half of what they could part.

It's plenty. His gown doesn't fit any better than Marie's does. It's just as small on him. Only now the bottom of the gown is held up slightly, hanging down against the base of his still-hard cock as it juts out from his pubes.

With his legs apart and his cock standing out straight, it leaves his balls fully exposed. They hang freely down in the V of his thighs, not touching either leg as they do. His balls are fairly large, dangling loose and low in his smoothly shaven sack. I'll bet there are close to three inches, maybe even a little more, between his pubes and the bottom of his dangling sack.

I don't even have to lift the gown. I have a perfectly clear line of sight to his balls. I reach my hand out, gently bringing my palm up under his balls until they're lying atop

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it. I close my hand around his balls, cradling them gently. I use my thumb to lightly stroke over them as if feeling them. As if it's some kind of actual exam. I ignore his cock, but I don't stop the backside of my hand from brushing against it "unintentionally."

I take my time. With the tips of my fingers flush against the strip of skin between his sack and asshole, I can feel the thin muscle there. And I can feel the rippling in that muscle as light cramps sweep across his bowels. I can hear Derek groan lightly with each one, too. He is definitely feeling them. I can feel the tension in his muscle, especially his asshole, too. It tells me that the pressure is swelling hard against the inside of his rectum, straining hard to burst forward. And forcing Derek to work hard to hold it in.

At that tiny slice of flesh, just behind his balls, I can also feel the stiff tube of his cock as it extends into his body and "anchors" to his pelvis. It feels exactly like the rest of his cock, at least the same as the hard tube inside the loose flesh of it. And it has just as many nerves as the rest of his cock. Nerves that are just as sensitive as the rest, too. I make sure that my fingers brush over that hard tube often, although I pretend that I'm not trying to. Or trying not to. I pretend that I'm only interested in feeling his dangling balls, not the hard shaft of his cock.

But that end of his cock is what I'm really trying to tease. Lightly, but enough. I don't want his cock to get soft yet. I know Derek does. Derek wants to get this rather uncomfortable exam over with as quickly as possible. That alone is enough of a reason for me to drag it out.

I probably don't even have to tease his cock. It never even thinks about getting soft. It stays rock hard, standing out straight. The thin layer of his cum drying to stickiness along its length.

I must take close to two minutes pretending to examine his balls. Derek definitely doesn't mind it, either.

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At least not what I'm doing with his balls. I'm sure he'd prefer that I allowed him to use a toilet first, though.

When I finally release his balls, Derek's cock is as stiff as it ever was. Elisha still holds Derek's hands, standing at his side, too. Elisha is fairly cute, too. It's pretty obvious that Derek doesn't mind holding her hands.

I stand up quickly and turn to face Marie. "No wonder your husband isn't satisfied with your worthless butt!" I scold Marie in a harsh voice.

Instantly I can see the shock of my words, and my scathing tone hit Marie. She shirks back hard. Surprise sweeps over her face. Her mouth opens as if to say something. I can see that it was completely unexpected.

"All you had to do was masturbate Derek's penis and satisfy it enough that it wouldn't be so hard and horny so Derek could have a thorough rectal exam. But no, you had to go and act like some prissy little bitch and give it the worst stroking I've ever seen from a supposedly-grown woman!"

I move fast. I reach up and grab the neckline of Marie's gown. I yank hard. These are pediatric gowns. They don't tie in the back. They have Velcro. It gives. The gown pulls away easily in my hand leaving Marie fully naked.

"AH!" Marie squeals loudly in shock and horror. Her arms fly up to cover her breasts. One hand moves down to try and cover her pubes. She starts to take a step back.

Derek sees it out of the corner of his eyes. He looks as shocked by it as Marie does. But he also turns his head to see what's happening.

I grab hold of Marie's hair. I can't reach my favorite spot, close to her scalp, so I have to settle for getting hold of the end of it. It works. It makes a nice leash. I give it a yank. "Get your useless butt over here!" I tell Marie in my scathing voice.

I pull hard. I almost yank her hair out. It snaps Marie's head forward and down a bit. It gets Marie to take that first step towards me, too. The fight is over, and Marie

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has lost. Once she takes that first step, I just keep pulling hard and Marie stumbles the second step towards me. And towards Derek.

It pulls Marie in front of Derek. I yank again, this time tapping the backs of Marie's knees with my foot. It buckles her knees. That drops Marie to her knees in front of Derek. And puts the tip of Derek's cock in front of Marie's eyes.

"Do you see that cock? I know it's not much of a cock, but you couldn't even manage to partway satisfy that tiny thing! Now stop pretending to be such a prissy bitch, as if you're an actual lady or something. We all know you're nothing but a filthy gutter whore, so it's high time you start acting like the trashy whore you are, whore!

"You *are going* to satisfy that mini-cock enough that Derek can have his rectal exam. Now, since you're a filthy whore, you can do it like a filthy whore. Suck it, whore!"

I don't wait for Marie to say anything. I'm sure she'd object to sucking her son's cock. Maybe not because she's so opposed to the idea, but simply because she believes that society, and pretty much everyone, expects her to be opposed to it. But, if she were truly so opposed to it, she wouldn't have just masturbated it.

I grab Marie's head in both my hands. One hand at the back of the top of her head. My other hand under her jaw, my thumb, and fingers pinching the corners of her jaw hard to force Marie to open her mouth wide. With that grip on Marie's head, I push her head forward.

In a fraction of a second, the tip of Derek's cock is brushing against Marie's top lip. I shift the angle of her head slightly. As I keep shoving Marie's head forward, I feel the resistance of the muscles in her neck finally tensing up. Those aren't nearly strong enough to stop me.

I keep Marie's head moving forward. The tip of Derek's cock slips under her lip. The bulbous pink head of his cock starts pushing into her mouth. It's far from the thickest cock. Even at its head. But it's enough that

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almost instantly the underside of his cock head is lying along Marie's tongue.

I keep shoving Marie's head forward, watching as Marie's eyes go wider and wider as they near Derek's pubes. The head of Derek's cock slips easily along Marie's tongue, sliding along her tongue towards the back of her mouth.

And I keep going. As I do I use my hands to tilt Marie's head, craning her neck to its limit to straighten out the bend at the back of her mouth. Quickly I feel the tip of Derek's cock bump into the back of her mouth. With Marie's neck properly angled, the tip of his cock slips downward and starts to fill the tapering funnel at the back of her mouth as it leads toward Marie's throat.

I still keep going. I can feel a tiny bit of resistance as Derek's cock, and its slightly wider spongy head starts to fill her mouth as it funnels into her throat.

Now I feel a little snapping in Marie's muscles as she starts to gag on the cock. I hold her head firmly, keeping it moving, and ignore her gagging. The cock keeps slipping deeper into Marie's mouth. She gags harder. The cock keeps going.

Finally, I feel the hard resistance as if Derek's cock is pressing against a solid wall of rubber. It tells me that the head of his cock is squished firmly against the narrow opening of Marie's throat.

And then Marie's lips are flush against Derek's pubes. I can still feel the resistance, so I know that Derek's cock has yet to push into that narrow tube. It's just pressing hard against the entrance of it.

Marie cringes, her entire body now tensed up hard. With every bit of Derek's cock in Marie's mouth, I doubt she can see much more than Derek's pubes. I can see the long, curly, wiry hairs of Derek's pubes flush against Marie's eyes now. I can see the front of Derek's balls lying against Marie's chin, too, as they dangle down.

"Now suck cock, whore! You had your chance to hang onto a tiny shred of your dignity, and you wasted it

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trying to pretend you're an actual woman instead of a filthy whore. Suck it!"

I don't let Marie do it on her own. I doubt she'd bite down. She wouldn't do that to her son. But I am far less sure Marie wouldn't quickly spit the cock out. So, I hang onto Marie's head and start it moving.

I let up the pressure on Marie's jaw just slightly. It's only enough to allow Marie's lips to close and lightly rest along Derek's shaft. I hold her jaw like that, keeping it stretched wide enough that her teeth aren't close to his cock. Just her soft lips.

I move Marie's head through a couple of strokes. Full, long strokes. Strokes that have her going down until her lips are flush against his pubes, and then rising up until only the head of his cock is left in her mouth. Until I can feel the soft head of his cock, that little rim where it swells out atop his hard shaft, bump the insides of Marie's lips.

I make sure the strokes are leisurely ones, too. I don't want Marie rushing the blow job. I want Derek to have time to feel Marie's hot, wet mouth sucking him. To really feel every sensation of her mouth and what it's doing to his shaft. Just as I want Marie to feel his thin length pushing in and out of her mouth.

I scold Marie, telling her that this is called cock sucking, and thus a cock sucker should be sucking as well as stroking the cock with her dirty mouth. She gets the message. I see her cheeks pull in slightly and that tells me that Marie is sucking. I keep her head moving, leisurely stroking Derek's cock.

"UHHHHHHH....." Derek groans out. I can hear a touch of strain in his voice that I'm sure is from the enema he's still holding. But his groan is mostly sweet bliss. He definitely likes it. I can see his grip starting to tighten on Elisha's hands, too.

"Derek," I ask in my overly sweet teasing voice, "Is your mommy a good cock sucking whore?"

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“Fuck... Ummm... YEAH!... Oh, fuck, she’s taking it all!” Derek’s answer is breathy and hungry despite the slight note of enema-induced strain in it.

“Do you think you can make your penis soft for your rectal exam if mommy gives you a real blow job?”

“Oh yeah!” Derek sounds almost eager. As if he doesn’t care that it’s his mother sucking his cock, it feels too good for him to want her to stop. As if he’s not thinking one bit about the impending rectal exam, either.

“Tell her, Derek. Now that we can all see what a filthy whore she is, treat her like a filthy whore. Tell her to suck your cock for you.”

“Mom... suck my cock you filthy whore,” Derek says quickly. I can still hear that strain in his voice. But mostly his voice is deep and breathy, manly, and needy. And I can hear a touch of disdain in it, as if he’s thinking of her as a trashy whore, not his mother, now.

“Marie, you be a good whore and suck that cock like a filthy gutter whore should.” I release Marie’s head.

Marie doesn’t hesitate now. She keeps going. Her first stroke is a tiny bit clumsy. That vanishes quickly. Marie starts sucking it as if she’s enjoying it. I put one hand to the top of Marie’s head to steady her rhythm. I can see that she’s starting to speed up as if her desire for cock is taking hold. I won’t allow that. Whores suck cock for the pleasure of the cock, not the whore. At least not in my realm, and these two have stepped into my realm whether they know it or not.

But that’s all I do. I just steady Marie’s rhythm and keep her at the leisurely pace.

Derek stands there, purring louder and more urgent moans with every stroke Marie takes.

I don’t expect Derek to cum too quickly. It’s only been a few minutes since he came. Most of the time cocks like more than a couple of minutes to recharge after cumming.

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But Derek surprises me. He manages to hold out all of two whole minutes. Either he was beyond horny to start with, or he is definitely loving what Marie is doing for him.

I see the light ripples along Derek's waistline first. Those tell me that Derek's cock is starting to twitch. I'm sure Marie feels it. She'll feel it knocking against the sides of her mouth as it twitches, trying to jump around and being blocked from that by her mouth.

Then I hear Derek grunt out a hard, deep, and utterly satisfied groaning moan. "UGH...Ahhhhhhhhhh!" it sounds to me. I see a crisp, but gentle, snap of his hips as his instincts want to thrust his cock deeper into the tightness of Marie's mouth. Luckily, for Marie, it comes as her lips are flush against his pubes, leaving no cock to thrust into her throat.

I see Marie's nose wrinkle up hard. It tells me that she can taste the saltiness of Derek's cum as his hot cream spurts against the insides of her mouth and sticks to everything. It also tells me that Marie is not used to tasting cum in her mouth. Poor **John**, I think, his own wife and she won't even let him cum in her mouth. What a bitch! I'll deal with that later.

My hand atop Marie's head leaves her no choice. I keep her head moving, stroking, and sucking Derek's cock as he cums. The entire time his cock is squirting his cream into her mouth. In a very firm voice, I "remind" Marie that a filthy whore swallows cum. Filthy whores love the taste of cum. Letting so much as a drop of it leak from her mouth would be a mistake she doesn't want to make.

Twice I see the "knot" moving down Marie's throat, telling me that she's swallowing. She doesn't say anything, but it's not like she could with the shaft in her mouth.

I keep Marie going, not letting her change her rhythm even a tiny bit until Derek has finished cumming. Until his cock has twitched its last twitch. Then I have her suck a little harder to clean the last drops of cum off Derek's cock as I slowly back her head off.

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As Derek's cock slips from her lips, there's nothing on it but a thin layer of Marie's saliva. Not a bit of his cum.

I smack Marie on the back of her head. It's not hard, but it definitely makes sure I have her attention. I scold her that a whore should be polite to any man willing to sink low enough to avail himself of her disgusting body. Politeness means thanking him.

"Thank you, Derek, for allowing me to suck your cock and swallow your cum... Sir." Marie thanks Derek in a very humiliated and hushed voice.

A stern look from me is all it takes for Derek to answer her. "You're welcome... whore."

"Newbie, take this boy potty now and stay with him to make certain that he empties his rectum fully for his exam. And clean his anus for him. Boys are so messy, and I hate a messy anus."

"Yes, Miss Nurse," Elisha answers sweetly. Elisha keeps hold of Derek's hands. "Come with me, Derek, the nurse says that you are allowed to use the potty now."

Derek eagerly goes with Elisha.



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I send Marie to the corner. It has Marie standing up straight with her hands at the small of her back. It has the tips of her toes touching the baseboards. But that's all of her that's allowed to touch anything. She's not allowed to move. Not even to scratch an itch. She's not allowed to say anything, either. But she does have to keep her eyes open. And naturally, Marie is nude. Not even a gown for her now.

Marie has never been in the corner before, at least not with me and likely not for about 40 years. So it takes me a minute to get her into the right position. And to tell her what's expected of her. I tell her that she can use this time to think about what a completely disgusting whore she really is. About what her former friends would think of her if they knew not just that she'd sucked her son's cock, but that she'd loved every second of doing it.

Marie doesn't fight me. She goes sheepishly to her corner and stands there. I tell Jill to watch her. Then I send Sophie to fetch John from the waiting room and bring him to me in "exam one," the one "regular" exam room that we haven't used yet today.

I'm there ahead of John, but I knew I would be. It took Sophie a few seconds to get him on his feet and tell him that "Ms. Rodgers, the nurse practitioner, wanted to speak with him." As Sophie leads John in, I'm already standing at the counters. I've been poking through the cabinets and setting out what I'm going to want. It will be easier than waiting on Sophie to find stuff. Sophie is a vet tech, not a nurse. She doesn't know how doctors typically have stuff arranged. There really is a logic to it.

I turn to greet John as Sophie leads him in. John is a different case than the other two. He's a long-time toy. If I do anything out of the ordinary... the closer to the kinky that I get, the faster he'll know what's up. Not only is there no reason to actually put him through a physical, a real and honest one, but I also have no desire to. At least not for play. I do enough of that at work! It means that it won't be

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long, probably less than a minute before John figures out that this is a session, not a trip to the doctor.

I figure, why go through a ruse that I know will be short-lived. I face John. "Your owner didn't tell you to come with Marie and Derek, did she?"

"No, Ma'am," John answers.

"Then why are you here, fuck boy?" I use the nickname that Diane uses for John. And several other toys of hers. I would have made up a unique one for him. But he's not my toy.

"I didn't know... that I wasn't allowed to come with them, Ma'am!" John insists with a touch of anxiousness creeping into his voice. The nickname alone tells him that I know more than I'm saying.

"Not my problem," I tell John in a rather mocking and disapproving voice. "Ms. Braun, however, was not pleased to hear you'd come as well. I'm sure she'll discuss it with you." I smirk widely, letting John know that I know Diane will be by to discuss it with him. And that it will be an intense discussion for him. Diane demands obedience.

"However, since you're here, Ms. Braun noticed that your penis is utterly worthless for satisfying an actual woman, She asked us to look at it and see if there's anything we can do for it, or if She'll just have to find a real man to replace that limp penis.

"Give your clothes to my nurse. Everything. And don't waste my time, fuck boy."

"Yes, Ma'am," John answers, but now he's starting to sound a little nervous. As if he realizes that he's about to be poked and prodded in places he'd prefer not to be. And wondering if this is going to be a real exam or a session by another name.

But John isn't stupid. He has to know that, at the very least, if he disobeys me, I will call Diane and tell on him. I've already let him know that I've spoken to Diane since he arrived. As long as he's been Diane's toy, he has got to know that he will regret it if I complain to her about him.

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John starts quickly taking his clothes off. But he does take the time to fold them neatly before handing them to Sophie. Smart. Saves me the trouble of scolding him. It doesn't take him too long to get naked.

John isn't bad-looking for a 48-year-old man. He's decently tall, about 5'10" or so. Pretty similar to his son. I'd guess he's around 180 or 190 pounds. It gives him a slightly... figureless figure. There doesn't look to anything especially manly about his body. Not its shape. And I don't see any defined lines of muscles. But there's nothing effeminate about it either. It's just bland.

John has short, moderately wavy, black hair, with a slightly receding hairline, atop a face that's fairly ovalish. But it's also a face without any sharp or strong lines to it. It has softer, more rounded lines, just as Derek's does. He has brown eyes and a slightly small nose. He has a narrow mouth that's fairly straight as well. It's framed with a pair of medium-dark pink lips that are decently on the fine side.

John has a fairly flat stomach and chest. And it's hairless. He has a pair of small, but dark pink-brown, nipples on his chest. Thankfully he doesn't have much body fat. Just the looseness that comes with age to his skin.

John's pubes and balls are fully shaven. I'm not a fan of that, but I've seen it on Diane's toys before. I think Diane likes it. It does make for an easier time to play with his cock and balls. No hairs to get in the way or get tangled up in anything. I just don't care for the way it looks. But it's not my toy, so I don't get to say.

Unfortunately for John, I can see where Derek inherited his cock from. John's cock isn't much bigger than Derek's. I'd put John right at the five-inch mark, marking his cock as decidedly average. But it is a hair thicker than Derek's. It might even come close to being an inch across. It is circumcised, and that lets me see its soft, light pink head.

John's balls look to be about the same as Derek's, which means ample. His are pulled up in his sack slightly,

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the skin holding them up towards his body. At least for now. It looks as if his sack is slowly loosening up to allow his balls to dangle freely.

As John stands there, his cock is about half-stiff. At least that's what I call it. It's not fully soft. But it is soft. It's also swollen up a bit, enough that's noticeably thickened, but it's not hard enough to be standing out straight yet. Instead, it droops down over his balls.

John stands properly, with his hands behind his back and his feet opened enough that his balls are between his thighs without touching his legs. He faces me, too. I can see that he's breathing slowly, intentionally as if trying to keep control of his body. That makes sense to me. No one has given John permission for a hard cock. A well-experienced toy like John would know that's not allowed. Cocks are to be soft unless given permission for a stiff one. Not that John, or any man, is able to control it that well. The rule makes for some good excuses to "punish" a toy.

"Well, this should be quick. That's not much of a penis, is it, nurse?"

"No, Doctor!" Sophie answers with a good giggle in her voice. There's nothing like a good cock mocking to make a man shy. It has the intended effect on John. He cringes and shies inward a bit.

I use one hand to hold John's cock, wrapping my hand around it. I grip it tightly. That should keep it from getting hard. A good hard squeeze does that. It just doesn't leave the cock room to swell up to its full hardness. It's a bit uncomfortable for John, too. That's okay, though. I don't feel a thing.

I put my other hand to John's balls, cupping them gently at first, just as I did Derek's. I stroke them with my thumb. John's balls feel like balls. I hadn't expected anything different. But I can also feel his cock in my other hand trying to swell against my grip. It's trying hard. I hold the tight squish, keeping it from getting hard.

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Steadily John begins to wince. I hold my tight squeeze on his shaft, keeping it from swelling hard. It strains. John's face wrinkles up even more.

I quickly close my hand, squeezing his balls tightly in my grip. It's a hard squeeze, but not enough to injure him. John grunts a deep "UGH...OW!" As I do, so I know he definitely feels it.

"You filthy little boy!" I scold John in my most disapproving, and taunting, voice. "Are you so horny that you can't even behave for your penile exam? Just how long has it been since Ms. Braun's cock has been satisfied?"

"Two days, Ma'am," John answers in a nervous voice, almost blurting his answer out.

"Two days? That's all? Oh, you are some kind of weirdo horny toad!" I sigh deeply. "Well, I certainly can't do a penile exam with your cock trying to fuck my hand! Come along, I'll find some filthy thing to fix that."

I don't give John a chance to ask what I mean. I keep my tight squeezing grip on both his cock and balls. I start walking quickly towards the door.

John hurries to follow me. It's not like he has much of a choice. Any man will follow his balls anywhere. Especially when a girl has a tight enough grip on them that he thinks his balls are going with or without him. John walks a little awkwardly, keeping his legs apart as he does.

I drag him the few steps across the room. I fling the door open and drag John out into the hall. Then across the hall. I push the door of the other room open and drag John in. As he steps in, his eyes stay on me. He's too unsteady on his feet and too nervous to be looking around.

John doesn't have much of a chance to see her anyway. The corner I have Marie in is to the right of the door. As soon as we're through, I'm pulling John to the exam table. It has him moving ahead and right, putting his back to Marie. All he might see is Jill standing there glaring at something. I wonder if he thinks the cute doctor might

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be the thing I'm getting. I hope he does. My inner imp loves to crush those hopes.

I pull John over to the table. Keeping my grip on his balls, I firmly tell him to get up on the table. As I do, I'm already pulling his balls up, urging him to hurry up. John hurries, making it even more clumsy as he gets up. I put him on his knees, his feet hanging off the head of the table. His legs stay open, leaving plenty of room for my hands. I scold him to open them a little wider, stretching his knees to the edges of the table.

I release John and snap my finger. "Whore, get your disgusting butt over here!" I call out in a scornful voice.

Marie knows I'm talking to her. She turns and hurries over. It's John's first sight of her since I had Sophie bring her back. She's completely naked. She doesn't stall, either. She must have learned that I wouldn't tolerate that.

I point to the table. "On your hands and knees, bitch. Like a bitch!" I watch as Marie crawls up onto the table. She gets up and turns her bottom towards John and his now-stiff cock.

"You are such a filthy whore!" I scold Marie in my most disapproving voice. "I know you want fucked so badly you'll take just any old cock, but try to have at least a tiny shred of shame? Turn around!"

I have to scold Marie, in a firm and disgusted voice, into a proper position. I have her on her hands and knees. Her knees and feet spread wide, to the ends of the table. I have her back flat with the table. Her hands grip the edges of the table, her arms forward just enough to lower her shoulder and make her back flat.

A little tug on Marie's hair gets her head up. It puts her looking right at John's cock.

With my hand, I swat Marie's bare bottom. "Suck that cock, too, you dirty little bitch whore," I tell Marie.

John just stays put, but I see some surprise on his face. As if he heard what I told Marie to do. As if he's surprised Marie would let me talk to her like that. Like Diane talks to him. As if John's wondering what other cock

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Marie has already sucked today. There isn't one in the room.

Marie just crawls a quarter step forward and puts her lips to the tip of John's cock. She stretches her mouth wide. It's not an easy position for her to suck in. To get the cock in her mouth, she has her neck craned fully. It keeps her from moving her neck to move her head. There's nowhere left for her neck to go.

Marie starts rocking on her hands and knees. Not much, but enough for the motions to pull her head back and forth, stroking John's cock with her mouth. I can see her elbows flexing as well as if she's lifting her shoulders as well as rocking them.

Her first couple of strokes are fairly clumsy. I assume that's because she's never done it in this position before. But it doesn't take her long to fall into a smooth rhythm. A light swat to her bottom is all it takes to remind her that I expect John to get the same treatment Derek got. She focuses, slowing a little to a more leisurely pace and taking all of his cock into her mouth.

I see a few ripples flow over her stomach as she gags with the first few strokes, but after that, she gets past it. It doesn't look like John's cock is long enough to push into her throat, either. Or maybe just long enough to push the squishy tip of his cock head into it. That won't choke her like the steely shaft of it would. And Marie is not choking on it. It does look like she's close to choking, though. Too bad her lips are going flush against John's pubes. It would be amusing for me if he had a little more cock. Just enough to choke her and give me the chance to teach her to work through that, too.

The slower blow job takes a little longer to push John to climax.

He doesn't have the time. Not before Elisha comes back in, still holding Derek's hands, leading him in.

Derek's cock is stiff again. He can't hide it. The hard shaft sticks out, pushing the front of his gown up and over

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his cock. There isn't enough gown for his cock to stand up underneath it.

I'm not surprised. Derek seems to be a rather horny guy. Most guys his age are. I have little doubt that Elisha cleaned his asshole very thoroughly. Very tenderly, her hands more massaging than wiping. And if I know Elisha, she took every chance to touch more than his bottom. I knew she would. I didn't tell her not to. It's as close to permission as she was going to get.

Derek, however, looks very surprised. He must not have counted on his father being brought back as well. Or of seeing him naked on his knees, trying to stay still while his mom, on all fours, sucks his cock. I'll bet he never thought he'd see his parents doing anything. But he is.

It doesn't take long for Derek's eyes to settle. He has to look somewhere, and I'm keeping him moving forward, so it limits his choices. His eyes fix on Marie's breasts. They hang down under her chest, holding their fully rounded shape as they do. They're firm enough that they don't jiggle much. Much. They do jiggle a little, enough for her smallish mounds to be... enthralling for Derek. At least if he forgets whose breasts they are. Marie's nipples are still standing out hard, too.

I grab Derek's cock in a grip snug enough for him to feel it, but not to hurt him. I use it to pull him around to the foot of the table.

Marie's spread legs give Derek a very good view of her pussy. I'm sure it's the first full view he's had of her pussy. It lets him see her pussy mound and thick, plump lips. It lets him see her wide gash of a slit with the ends of her long folds sticking out. And it lets him see the thick layer of honey that clings to everything, making her entire mound glisten brightly. Even the outsides of her lips. There's no denying the sight. Marie's pussy is sopping wet now. To me, it's a sure sign that she enjoyed sucking Derek's cock. Or at least being made to suck it. Nothing that's happened today seems to have been a turn-off for Marie's pussy. And now Derek should know that, too. Even

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boys, notoriously dense when it comes to girls, know what a wet pussy means.

Using Derek's cock for a leash I pull him up onto the table. The short table doesn't leave him room to do any more than kneel behind her, his legs inside of her calves. And that puts the tip of his cock about two inches behind Marie's bottom. Behind her sopping wet pussy.

I swat Derek on his bottom. I see a faint flinch run over Marie as I do as if she wonders why she's not feeling the swat she just heard. But she stays focused on what she's doing. Sucking her husband's cock.

"I don't know what you've been doing with that worthless bitch Ashley, but it's pretty clear to me that both she and her pussy are utterly worthless! If she were my bitch, I'd sew that useless thing up and turn her into a eunuch slave! No one would even notice.

"Otherwise, that cock of yours wouldn't be so badly neglected that you just couldn't manage to behave long enough for a proper exam!

"Oh, well, luckily I have a cum dumpster handy." I muse aloud.

I put one hand to Derek's soft bottom. From behind, I reach my other hand between his legs to get a hold of his balls. I grip those just tightly enough to ensure that his hips will follow them. I start pushing Derek forward.

In a second or two, the tip of Derek's cock bumps against the slippery wet mound of Marie's pussy. The aim, determined mostly by their heights and the positions, is perfect. The tip of his cock head is touching the top of her slit, pressing against the narrow chasm between her loose folds, almost exactly in front of Marie's tunnel.

I keep Derek moving forward, slowly and steadily. The spongy head of his cock pushes between Marie's folds. It slides easily along on the layer of her oily-slick, hot, fresh honey. The tip finds the narrow entrance of Marie's tunnel.

I keep Derek moving, not allowing him to hesitate. His cock keeps pushing into Marie's mound as well. Quickly the tip of it starts pressing into her tight tunnel.

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The wider, steely hard shaft starts following it. And I keep Derek going, pushing his cock into her eagerly waiting pussy.

Marie doesn't flinch. She stays put. If anything she works to keep her bottom still and ease the way for Derek to push into her. She keeps sucking John's cock, too. And now I can see that Marie is having to concentrate to maintain the steady rhythm instead of speeding up.

It doesn't take long for every bit of Derek's short length to push into Marie's pussy. Derek purrs loud and sweetly as it does. I'm sure he can feel the fiery heat of Marie's pussy burning against his cock. I'll bet he can feel the needy tremors twitching her walls around him, too.

John stares at Marie's bottom. He watches her, a huge look of surprise on his face, as he sees that she's allowing Derek's cock to push into her pussy. He clearly did not expect her to allow that.

John doesn't dare say anything. He knows better. He stays where I have him, purring out hungry moans as Marie sucks his cock. He's been a toy long enough to understand that I've claimed ownership of all three bodies. I own them. I will do as I fancy with them. They have no say. It's not incest. Marie isn't any more Derek's mother now than she is John's wife. Marie is nothing but my whore. Mine to use. As is he and Derek. And now, apparently, I want to turn my "Marie doll" into a complete whore doll.

It doesn't take me any encouragement to get Derek going. As soon as I release him and tell him "go on, little boy, use this cum dumpster and get that disgusting horniness out of that penis," Derek starts fucking her. I quickly use my hands, now on his hips, to slow him down.

I have to scold Derek a couple of times to slow down. I tell him that I don't want him to just "dump a load," I want him to satisfy that cock well enough that he can behave long enough for his rectal exam. That means I want his cock to feel the fucking "his whore mommy" is giving it.

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John watches the show. Mostly his eyes stay on Marie's bottom. It leaves him a view of the curve of her globes, and Derek's cock stroking into her.

Derek keeps his eyes down, too. It mostly has him seeing Marie's head bobbing as her shoulders rock. Of Marie's long hair tossing around with the motions. And of John's cock as Marie strokes it with her mouth. His hands rest on Marie's hips, steadying her bottom as he thrusts.

Marie is fairly quiet. That's mostly the cock filling her mouth. I hear her purring some rather urgent sweet moans when she can. I can see her quivering lightly, too. I can see a heavy coat of her honey covering Derek's cock. I'm sure it's the sluttiest Marie has ever been.

It's only a few seconds after Derek gets going that I can see that John is close to cumming. "Oh, fuck boy," I coo teasingly sweet to John. "You two teensy little penises will dump your filth in my cum dumpster at the same time. You may speak to each other only to coordinate your dumping." I grin very wide.

"Derek... I'm ready, are you?" John asks Derek without looking up from Marie's bottom. His voice trembles with the strain of holding his orgasm back. I guess Elisha had better timing than I'd thought. Any later and John would have cum before Derek got here.

"Jeez, Dad, I just got started! And the nurse is making me go slow." Derek answers.

"Hurry up!" John pleadingly blurts out.

I don't know if Derek ignores him or not. I won't let Derek speed up, and there's not much else he can do. Plus, he's recently come a few times, so he won't be so quick as John is to cum. Oh well, too bad for John!

I watch, guiding Derek's thrusts. John steadily groans louder, more urgent and pleading grunts. It's clear that he's struggling not to cum.

Luckily for John, Derek is quick. Again. This time it takes him about two, maybe two and a half minutes before I see that Derek is ready to cum, too. That's still awfully

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quick, especially for a third orgasm. I suspect Ashley has nicknamed him two-minute Derek, or something like that.

“Dad, I’m ready...” Derek says, a good bit of purring sweetness in his grunted voice.

I scold Derek for “being shy.”

“Dad, my penis is ready to dump my filth in this cum dumpster. Will you please dump your filth with me?” Derek asks. He doesn’t hesitate, either. His grunting voice is far too strained and needy for him to think about decency or modesty now.

“Yeah... on three?” John says. “One... Two...”

I release Derek’s hips as John starts counting, shifting up closer to John.

“Three.” John counts off.

I grab John’s hips and pull him sharply back. “You don’t deserve to cum in even that whore’s disgusting mouth, naughty boy!” I harshly scold John.

John’s cock erupts almost the instant I pull the tip of it from Marie’s lips. A thick, heavy spurt of John’s whitish cum explodes from the tip. It hits Marie on the bridge of her nose, slowly flowing down her nose and down the sides of her nose to her cheeks.

Derek grunts with release. With my hands no longer steadying his hips, His cock thrusts sharply into Marie’s pussy. I have no doubt that Derek is cumming, too. Only he gets to cum into Marie’s pussy.

John’s cock keeps exploding, squirting more and more streams of cum onto Marie’s face. Almost all of it sticks to her face, slowly oozing down and covering more. A few drops fall and land on the table. Derek steadily thrusts into her pussy, each stroke more powerful than the last. His thrusts are hard enough to knock Marie’s body a little. Enough that it tosses her silky fine hair about lightly. Enough that a few strands of that hair bounce against her face, getting stuck in John’s cum and clinging.

It takes them both a little over half a minute to finish cumming. As soon as I notice that Derek is done and slowing down, I nudge his hips back, pulling his sloppy cock

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from Marie's even sloppier pussy. After a second, a good-sized puddle of Derek's cum mixed with Marie's honey falls from her folds and drops down to the table.

"Elisha put this cum dumpster back in the corner. That's where whores belong, on the corner!"

Elisha comes over to get Marie and walks her back to the corner she was in.

"Good, now maybe those two penises will stay soft long enough for you disgusting boys to get your rectal exams," I say.



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Now I know that I need to waste a little time. Derek's cock has been well-used this afternoon. And finally, it's soft again. It never went soft while his bottom was filled with the enema. That's an interesting fact that I've taken note of. But now that his bottom is empty and his cock tended to, it's gone fully soft.

As has John's cock. And John has only had a single blow job from Marie and nothing more today. I guess his cock isn't as energetic as Derek's. Soft, neither cock is big. Both look rather small to me. Both are about two inches long, and maybe ½" across. Both hang down limp over their balls.

Marie, however, hasn't been allowed to cum yet. It leaves her with a rather sloppy, wet, and now messy, pussy. It leaves her mound glistening brightly, sparkling, between her legs. With her puffy mound, I can see enough of her thick lips to see that they're well-coated with her honey. As are the creases of her thighs.

I did promise the men a thorough rectal exam. That sounds like as good of a way to waste time as anything. And I'm confident, or at least mostly confident, that at least Derek will find it exciting. If his cock is willing to work again. That's kind of a gamble. Four orgasms in one afternoon is a lot for a man. I have no doubt that Ashley hasn't given him anything close to four in one day before. I'm even more sure that Derek doesn't mind them.

I have all three of them stand facing the table. I put Marie in the middle of the line, telling her that since she has been such a whore, there's no reason why she can't join the men for their exam. It's not as if her comfort matters to anyone, and that's a fact I repeatedly remind her of.

It has them all standing rather close together. It's the shortness of the pediatric-sized table. Not quite touching each other, but fairly close to it. And that's how I want them.

I have the three of them lean over the table, lying their chests flat on the top. And I tell them all to keep their

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arms at their sides. No holding onto anything. I even have them all turn their heads to lie on their left cheeks. It has them all facing the same direction, looking at the back of a head instead of facing each other.

I tell Jill that she's to do their exams. She is an actual M.D. so it's fitting that she does something. I whisper instructions to her telling her that I want them to be long exams. And very "sweet" exams. Jill knows what I want to be done. And it gives me a few minutes break.

I have Jill start with John. She doesn't bother spreading his loose cheeks. She just pushed her gloved, and lubricated, finger into his crack. John grunts hard as she pushes it through his asshole, too. Then he grunts again as she curls her finger back inside of him so that she can feel his prostate.

Jill takes her time and then some. I stand back, watching. It's not long, maybe about ten seconds, until I see John's cock slowly coming back to life. In under a minute, by the time Jill finishes his exam, his cock is standing straight down from his bent waist. It's fully hard again, too.

Jill moves along to Marie, changing her glove between patients. That's a courtesy I wouldn't have given them. While women don't have a prostate, Jill is still able to tease Marie. She can press her finger down gently against the backside of Marie's pussy walls. Marie grunts hard as Jill pushes into her tight asshole, but by the end of the exam, Marie is breathing out needy purrs. I'm sure Jill can feel the heat in Marie's pussy. And some twitches shooting through those walls. Marie's purrs tell me that her pussy is quite eager for some attention.

And then it's Derek's turn. I know he's been waiting rather uncomfortably-anxiously for his. I've seen him flinch every time one of his parents grunted. I'm sure that was Derek imagining their discomfort. Or rather imagining that he was about to feel the very same discomfort himself. I haven't told Jill to be gentle with any of them. But I haven't told her not to be, either.

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She ignores Derek and puts the slippery tip of her finger to his asshole. Derek tenses up hard. He grunts loudly, his body stiffening, as she pushes into him. Then he grunts even louder as Jill curls her finger back.

Almost the instant Jill's finger touches his gland, his cock explodes to its full steely hardness, twitching a slight jump as it does. And that tells me all I needed to know. It seems like any kind of pressure in Derek's bottom, at least against his prostate, will get him aroused. Fine by me. A girl could have fun with that.

Jill obediently doesn't hurry her exam along. Good, otherwise I'd have to spank her for disobedience. She takes her time, her finger stroking his prostate. I just watch as Derek's cock jumps around, twitching more and more crisply as Jill goes. It makes me wonder if Jill kept going if Derek would cum like this. I've seen guys do that before, and I suspect Derek might.

When Jill is done, I take over again. "You three are just so slutty!" I scold them. "You boys couldn't even manage to keep your tiny little penises soft for the doctor! Especially you, Derek, don't think I didn't notice how quickly that penis jumps to a full erection! And you're no better, whore! I heard you moaning like a gutter tramp while the doctor checked your bottom, too!"

I sigh heavily. "Clearly I'll have to teach you how to behave! It's time for a good, hard lesson in behaving like people instead of gutter filth!"

I pace for a quick second as if I'm trying to think of what to do. I already know. My plan has always been what I told Diane it would be. To give Derek a taste of "a subservient experience" and to "see how far Marie is willing to go." I've decided that there's not much Marie isn't willing to do, at least not if she's pushed to do it. And it's pretty obvious that she likes it.

I tell John to lie on the table on his back. It's just short enough that it has his knees bent, his calves hanging off the edge. That will work for me.

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I tell Marie to get on the table as well. And I tell Derek to help her up there. I have Marie straddle John's hip. On her knees, the tip of John's petite cock standing up just underneath her wet pussy mound.

Then I tell Derek that he's going to be a good son and help "mommy give daddy a good fucking. Probably the first good fuck daddy has ever had, considering what a filthy whore mommy is."

I give Derek a piece of rope. It's my usual rough hemp rope that's $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick. It's about six feet long. I tell Derek that the first thing he's going to do is "put daddy's cock in mommy's skank pit." And I give Derek a warning. I tell him "that Miss Nurse demands obedience from her patients and playthings." He is *not* to be shy or hesitant about touching anything. And that he will regret it if he is. Then I tell Derek to take hold of the base of John's cock with one hand, and Marie's hip with his other. He's to guide Marie's hips down and keep John's cock aimed perfectly so that it slips right into the "sloppy cum dumpster he just dumped his mess in." Nothing like a reminder to Derek that he just fucked his mother. Or to John that he's getting "used" pussy that is still full of his son's cum.

Derek grimaces as his hand touches John's steely hard shaft. But he does it without really cringing. That tells me something, too. Derek isn't opposed to touching a cock. He's only concerned about what everyone else will think of him if he does. More fun for me! Derek nudges Marie's hips down. John's cock slips very easily into her folds and then into her tunnel. It should, it has Marie's slippery honey and Derek's cum to grease its way.

"Fuck boy... can you feel all that cum in that disgusting whore's sloppy wet skank pit?" I ask John.

"Yes, Miss Nurse," John answers with a little wrinkling on his face.

I have Derek use the rope now. I have him move Marie's legs for her, opening them fully wide. It pulls her knees off the edges of the table, dropping every bit of her

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weight down onto John's hips. That drives John's cock as deeply into her pussy as its short length can be driven. It leaves Marie no way to support her weight or ride his cock either. I have Derek tie the rope around her knees, running it under the table. His knots are crude but good enough. The rope will keep Marie from bringing her knees back up onto the table.

I hand Derek another piece of the rope, this one shorter. I tell him to take Marie's hands and bring them up to the small of her back. He's to cross her wrists in an "X." And then I have him tie her wrists in place. His knots are crude but good enough. I tell him that if Marie gets her hands free, he'll be the one punished for it. I make sure Marie hears me, too. Knowing it will bring punishment for her son, Marie won't try to get her hands free. I doubt she can, though.

It leaves Marie mostly unable to do much of anything, except sit there with John's cock in her pussy. I have Derek lie Marie down, putting her chest flat on top of John's. It makes Derek support a good bit of Marie's weight as he lies her down. There's not much Marie can do to help him.

And now I have Marie lying flat on John's stomach. With John's cock in her pussy. From my place at John's knees, it gives me a rather good view too. Marie's legs are over John's thighs and hips, almost completely out of the way. John's legs are still spread wide. I can see the bottom of John's cheeks and the bottom of his deep crack running up toward his cock. I can see John's balls sticking out in his sack, slightly behind and below his cock. I can a small slice of his cock sticking forward and up before it vanishes. I can see Marie's somewhat firmer and more taut cheeks above. I can see Marie's crack, stretched partly open by the deep bend of her waist now. I can Marie's pink little asshole in the valley of her crack. And I can see the thick lips of her pussy, pushed aside by John's shaft as it vanishes into her.

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Marie, bound and lying as she is, doesn't have much hope of being able to move. Certainly not enough to fuck John. I'm confident that John could rock his hips enough to thrust his cock into Marie's pussy, though. I'm more certain that John is thinking of doing just that. I've found that guys seldom like their hard cocks to sit idle in a hot pussy.

I tell Derek to get up on the table so that he can "give his daddy that good fucking." I can see more than a bit of reluctance on Derek's face. Confusion, too. He's definitely wondering how I expect him to fuck another man when the man's bottom is clearly inaccessible and his cock is already in a pussy. I can see the hesitation that tells me Derek is not eager to do anything with another man, much less his father, too. In the end, obedience wins out and Derek cautiously crawls up on the table, kneeling between John's knees.

I know Derek is lost. He'll be hesitant, too. To overcome that, I put my hand to the base of his shaft and get a decent grip on it. Derek, like any man, will follow his cock. It's slightly surprising to me. It's far stiffer than I thought it would be. And it feels thinner than it looks.

I pull Derek forward by his cock. He shuffles his knees, creeping up a few more inches toward Marie's bottom. I bring him as close as he can get, to where his knees are bumping against the insides of John's thighs.

Now I pull Derek forward. I hold out my other hand as I do and Sophie puts a little packet of lubricating gel in it. Already opened. I squirt a small drop of the slippery gel atop Marie's asshole. It feels cold to Marie. I hear her suck in a breath as she feels it, even though she doesn't know what I'm going to do. She doesn't even know what I just put on her asshole. I'll bet she can guess, though. I'll bet she's guessing another finger. She pretended to hate them enough.

Instead, I pull the tip of Derek's cock to Marie's asshole. I hold it steady, the tip squished firmly against the outside of Marie's ring. I can see Marie cinch her

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asshole tightly shut just before the tip presses against it. Then even Derek's narrow cock is plenty to completely cover Marie's ring. Not just her asshole, but even the muscle around the opening. The inside edges of her cheeks lie flush against the sides of Derek's cock, too.

I put my hand to Derek's bottom, gripping his spongy-soft cheek in my hand. I start pushing on Derek's bottom. At the same time, I pull him forward by his cock. It pushes his cock firmly against Marie's asshole.

"NO!" Marie cries out in panic. "IT'S WAY TOO FUCKING BIG! IT WON'T FIT!" Marie instantly starts trembling. Her bottom wiggles slightly as she tries to squirm away from the narrow cock. "EE-OWWWWW!" Marie screeches out.

Now I can see the light pink flesh of her asshole. Derek's rock-hard shaft presses into the slight funneling of her asshole, pushing it inward. It funnels it into a deeper tapering. And that lets more of his cock push into the funnel. Now his cock has pushed inward enough that it's starting to stretch her muscle. Her muscle doesn't have a prayer. Derek's cock stretches it easily. Her muscle pulls taut. And then even tauter. Finally Derek's cock slips into her, letting me see the pinkness of her asshole stretched taut around the sides of his cock. And it burns Marie slightly from being stretched wider than ever.

Derek can feel the tightness of Marie's ring squeezing hard around the sides of his shaft. Now that the hard tube of his shaft has pushed into Marie's asshole, the spongy head of his cock isn't so squished by her ring. As I push Derek into Marie's bottom, Derek can feel another hardness under his cock. He can feel his cock slipping along it. I wonder if he realizes that the steely hardness he feels his cock stroking along is just John's cock. There's almost nothing between the two cocks. Just the too-thin walls of her rectum, no thicker than a sheet of paper, and the walls of Marie's pussy. Pussy walls that are already stretched by John's cock filling her pussy.

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Marie tries to cry out a long and squealy “OW!” I have no doubt that Derek’s cock shoving into her tight and resisting asshole didn’t hurt. Not badly, but enough that she felt it. But now Marie’s pussy walls are trapped, squished tightly between John and Derek’s cocks. It’s almost like a double fucking to Marie. Both cocks fucking her pussy at the same time. John’s stroking the front of her pussy. Derek’s stroking over the backside. Both cocks teasing the same nerves, just in different places. It’s more intense than anything Marie’s imagined before. And that her purring out a very hungry moan even as she tries to cry out from the discomfort. It makes a very weird-sounding shriek come from her lips.

I push Derek all the way, burying every bit of his cock into Marie’s bottom. I’m certain that Derek’s cock, stuffing her rectum full, has plowed into Marie’s wastes by now, too. I did a rectal exam when I did Marie’s check-up exam, and I know how full her bottom was then. I’m sure Marie can feel Derek’s cock shoving her mess back, deep into her bottom, and out of its way. I’ll bet Derek can feel it, too.

Once Derek’s hips are flush with the outsides of Marie’s cheeks, as much of his cock in her bottom as he can push in, I release him. I have Derek lean forward a bit and put his hands on John’s shoulders to brace himself.

And then I tell Derek what to do. He’s to “fuck his daddy.” He’s to do that by fucking “the disgusting whore’s filthy butt.” He’s to fuck it hard, pounding it enough to move Marie’s body. Her body moving will stroke her pussy over John’s cock. I give Derek one piece of advice. Pound the whore’s bottom hard. The harder he pounds Marie’s bottom, the better fuck John will get.

Then I swat Derek on his bottom with my hand and snap a firm command for him to start.

Derek’s first thrust is cautious. It’s not very forceful or hard. As his hips bump against Marie’s bottom, it jostles her slightly.

“UH-UGH!” Marie grunts loudly, her voice deeply strained.

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I swat Derek's bottom, telling him to "pound, to play." John is going to get a good fucking from him. We'll be here until Derek gives it to him.

Derek thrusts a little harder. Marie grunts a little harder, her voice conveying that it's unpleasant for her. John breathes out a slight purr as Marie's jostled a little sharper atop him, pulling her tight pussy over his cock a little more.

I swat Derek's bottom again and scold him harshly to "stop worrying about the whore I scraped out of the sewer and fuck his daddy." I tell Derek it's the last warning he'll get. If he doesn't obey me, all three of them will wish he had.

I grab hold of Derek's balls, knowing that he'll follow them. His instincts won't let them be crushed unnecessarily. I use those balls to pull Derek back from Marie's bottom until the head and the tiniest bit of shaft is all the cock left in Marie's bottom. Then I use those balls to pull Derek into a hard thrust. It rams his cock into Marie's bottom.

"UH-UGH!" Marie screeches loudly in discomfort. She fidgets slightly. The power of the thrust knocks her bottom hard, snapping it up until little of John's cock is left in her pussy. As soon as Derek's hips bash into Marie's bottom, I reverse and start pulling Derek back. His cock pulling along the inside of her rectum drags Marie's body back, pulling John's cock back into her pussy. "UH-OOH!" Marie half screeches, half moans out, as Derek's cock slips through her asshole, pulling back until only the tip of his shaft is left inside her.

And then I ram Derek forward again. Marie screeches as the cock is driven hard into her bottom. John purrs another, more eager and louder, moan. Derek purrs a good moan, too.

After a couple more thrusts, I release Derek and tell him firmly that I had better see him putting everything he has into the strokes. I want hard strokes.

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Derek obediently pounds. He thrusts his cock into Marie's bottom with every bit of strength he can muster. Steadily he purrs louder, needier, and more urgent moans, too.

John steadily purrs out louder moans, too. His growl needy and urgent even quicker than Derek's do. Until John's moans are almost pleading in their hunger.

Marie lies inert. She can't do much more than that. She grunts out loud, pained, shrieks with each thrust into her. Her body jostles hard, bouncing up to stroke John's cock. As Derek reverses, Marie moans out a groaning purr.

It takes about half a minute. But after that, the pain fades from Marie's shrieks. Slowly, but very steadily, her shrieks take on a sweetness. Then a bit of urgency. And hunger. After another minute or so, Marie's moaning like a porn star, eager and pleading for relief of her own. Goosebumps erupt over most of her body at the same time she starts quivering lightly.

Derek definitely notices. At first, his face is a mask of grimacing reluctance, as if he thinks he's hurting his mother badly by pounding her bottom. But now his face is a look of surprise. It tells me that Derek realizes that Marie is just as hot as he is. That she likes this. And she wants it. That gets Derek's nerve up a little more and he pounds her even harder.

I give Marie a little swat on one of her feet. "Don't even think about it, whore!" I firmly scold her in the most mocking voice. "Whores don't get to cum. Just lie there and let your little boy use your worthless skank pit to fuck his daddy."

"Yes, Miss Nurse," Marie answers in a deep, breathy, moaning voice. It's a voice laced with unhappiness at the idea of not being allowed to cum.

"Miss Nurse, PLEASE!" John begs, "MAY I PLEASE BE ALLOWED TO CUM, MISS NURSE?"

"Ooh... fuck boy, is your son fucking you so good that you want to cum already?"

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“YES, MISS NURSE! PLEASE, MISS NURSE! PLEASE! HE’S FUCKING ME TOO GOOD, MISS NURSE, I HAVE TO CUM NOW! PLEASE, MISS NURSE!”

“Mmmm...” I purr softly. “How quickly you forget! Ask Derek to tell you when to cum!”

“YES, MISS NURSE!” John blurts out eagerly. “Derek, THANK YOU FOR FUCKING ME SO GOOD, SON. PLEASE TELL ME WHEN YOU WANT ME TO CUM! I HAVE TO CUM RIGHT NOW, Derek!” John asks, his voice nothing but a pure begging.

“Derek, you may tell him to cum once you’ve *finished* cumming. Not before.” I very firmly tell Derek.

Derek has had two more orgasms than John this afternoon. It almost guarantees that it will take more to make Derek cum again. I’m sure Derek is getting close, but I can tell he’s not quite there yet.

Derek must hear the desperation of John's plea. He picks up the pace a bit more. Now he's pounding Marie's bottom with everything he can possibly muster. Hard enough that the effort has Derek sweating already.

In a way, it's a mistake. At least for Marie and John. Derek's harder pounding jostles Marie even sharper on John's cock. It stimulates John's cock that much more. Enough that I can see the muscles twitching just above John's balls. I know John's cock is twitching crisp and hard inside Marie's pussy. Marie feels it. Derek must feel John's cock snapping hard against his cock, too. Marie shrieks out even more desperate pleading moans. John does as well. Derek grunts very sweet moans that steadily grow more and more eager. He's quickly getting close to cumming.

I wait until I see that Derek is ready to cum. I tell him firmly to ask Marie. “Mom... Has anyone ever cum in your filthy ass before?” He asks her, his voice pleasantly strained and very breathy.

“NO!” Marie cries out in a squealy voice.

“Would you like me to be the first, then?”

“YES!” Marie cries out in a throaty-deep squeal, “PLEASE, Derek, BE THE FIRST MAN TO CUM UP MY FILTHY

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ASS! PLEASE, GIVE ME THAT HOT CUM, Derek!" I'm sure Marie's eagerness is born only of the need flooding her body as it bursts from her pussy.

Derek grunts hard. His thrusts turn sharper as he starts to cum. His moans instantly take on a very deep note of satisfaction.

"OH, YES, Derek!" Marie cries out, her voice as throaty-deep as ever, and now even hungrier, "THAT'S IT, Derek, CUM UP MY FILTHY ASS! LET ME HAVE MORE OF THAT HOT CUM IN MY BUTT! GIVE IT ALL TO ME! COME ON, Derek, POUND MY ASS HARD! YOU WON'T HURT ME! RAM THAT COCK UP MY ASS AND *GIVE ME THAT CUM!*" her voice is demandingly eager.

Derek keeps pounding her bottom, ramming his cock into her as he spurts small streams of cum into her bottom.

John lies there as Marie's body and pussy are tossed over his cock with even more vigor. All of which transfer right into his cock, swelling his need even faster.

Finally, after about forty seconds, Derek loudly says "go on, dad, cum in this whore's disgusting sloppy pussy."

"Thank you for fucking me and allowing me to cum, Derek," John says with enough strain to his voice that it makes his words hard to understand. As soon as he's done, he grunts out a long, loud, almost girly, "uh-AH!" John's hips try to snap and thrust his cock into Marie's pussy. They can't move. The combined weight of Marie and Derek on them holds his hips firmly on the table.

Instead, John can only lie there, feeling Marie's pussy still stroking over his cock as he cums into her already sloppy and cum-filled pussy. I'll bet it's the first time he's had to lie still and cum, too. Guys are so used to the reflexive little thrusts, even when the girl is on top. But this time John can't.

John takes a long time cumming. After his first spurt, I can see his cream leaking out of Marie's pussy, mixed with Marie's honey and Derek's leftover cum. It doesn't take long for enough mixed juices to flow out of her pussy

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that John's balls are covered in the mess as well. Or for the cream to start slowly running down to the crack of his butt.

John's long orgasm forces Derek to keep going after his own orgasm. It keeps Derek's cock stroking into Marie's now cum-filled bottom. And it keeps Derek's cock stroking over the underside of John's cock.

But finally, I see that John has finished cumming. I tell Derek to stop now. It's time to separate the three of them. Or at least get those cocks out of Marie.



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It only took me a couple of minutes to get them apart. I think half of it was spent untying Marie. But Marie had to be tied for the last fucking. It was the only way I could ensure that she wouldn't be able to do anything. That she would only be able to lie inert as Derek used her body to fuck John. And that had to be.

Now I have the two men, Derek and John, sitting on the exam table. I have both of them sitting with their knees spread, and their cocks fully exposed between those open thighs. Neither cock is stiff now. Both are messy, covered with a sticky layer of drying cum. Derek's cum, mixed with just enough of a touch of Marie's waste to dot the white film with some brown flecks, on Derek's cock. John's cock is covered with a film of his cum, Derek's cum, and Marie's honey. Both coats are mostly dried to a stickiness now.

I have Marie standing beside John. I tell Jill to stand beside Derek. "Derek, you've now cum four times in less than two hours. All of them by your mommy... whom you've had about every which way a man can use a whore. Clearly, Ashley hasn't been satisfying your penis if you have that much cum backed up, has she?"

"No, Miss Nurse, apparently not..." Derek reluctantly admits.

"And you don't have any room to talk, fuck boy. I'm quite sure that Ms. Braun has taken care of your penis nicely, however it doesn't look as if this filthy whore has been doing its job between your Mistress's visits, does it?"

"No, Miss Nurse," John confesses.

"Good. I'm glad you two boys aren't so stupid that you can't see that your entire household is seriously screwed up. Before we discuss that, we're are going to clean every last drop of cum out of those useless tiny needle dicks you're calling penises. I expect both of you boys to behave while your penises are cleaned out. Is that clear, boys?"

"Yes, Miss Nurse," Both of them say in unison. Both of their voices have that edge of nervousness in them that

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tells me they're busily trying to figure out what torment I might have in store for them. It seems whenever anything in a medical office involves a penis, the guy that penis is attached to gets very nervous.

"Marie, you will clean up and out John's penis. Doctor, you will do the same for Derek's penis."

"Yes, Miss Nurse," Both of the women say in unison. If any of them hadn't already figured it out, they now know that Jill is my property, too. I think they'd figured it out by now, though. It's not exactly an everyday sight for a doctor to be taking orders from her nurse.

I tell Both Jill and Marie to get on their knees in front of their assigned cock. Both women drop to their knees quickly. Jill puts her hands behind her back. It's something I've taught her to do. I teach all my cocksuckers to do that. But Marie doesn't know that. It makes me tell her to do it.

It's pretty obvious what I'm going to tell the women to do next. They're both on their knees, their faces a few inches from a cock. They should have a good guess.

I tell them what they're to do. They may not use their hands at all. Only their lips, mouths, and tongues. They are to "make their penises fully erect." It doesn't look like either woman has many questions about how I expect her to do that.

I watch as Jill begins. Marie keeps her eyes to the side, watching Jill for cues about what I expect them to do. Jill doesn't hesitate. She leans forward. She puts her lips to Derek's full-soft, floppy cock. With his cock drooping down over the front of his balls, she can't get her lips on the tip of it. She settles for putting her lips to the side, actually the top, of his cock head. She sucks, pulling the soft head into her lips. Jill's tongue slips under his cock, making a shelf for his cock to slide along.

Jill stretches her mouth as wide as she can and still keep her lips flush against his cock. She sucks, moving her head forward at the same time. It pulls the entire short length of Derek's soft cock into Jill's mouth. She sucks it in until her bottom lip is flush against Derek's balls and her

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top lip against his pubes. She doesn't even grimace at the taste of his cock. It has to be a mixture of his salty cum and Marie's bottom.

Sucking a floppy soft cock isn't an easy thing to do. Especially not without using her hands. Jill struggles a little, but not so badly. She sucks hard, pulling the cock into her mouth. That puts a little bit of tautness into it. Then she just moves her mouth, keeping her lips only softly flowing over the shaft.

Derek's cock, decently satisfied already, takes about a minute, maybe a bit more. But it does get stiff. Maybe not quite rock hard, but definitely hard. Almost steely hard. As hard as some cocks I've seen will ever get. Not all of them will get to the steely hardness that Derek's will.

Jill keeps sucking it now that it's fully hard. I let her go for a few seconds. John's cock, in Marie's mouth, is already stiff. John didn't take as long as Derek, but I hadn't expected him to. Both men purr soft little mews of pleasure at the blow jobs they're getting, too.

I tell Derek and John to hold hands. Neither hesitates. Neither looks interested in that at all. I watch as they lace their fingers together.

Now I grab both Marie and Jill by their hair. I tell them "you two whores have had enough fun for now." I tell them to bring one hand up to "their cock."

Once each woman has a hand wrapped around the base of the cock, I use their hair to nudge their heads back until the cocks slip from their lips. I snap for both to start stroking the cocks. Neither hesitates to masturbate the cock now in her hand.

I step back and watch. The guys look slightly, only slightly, disappointed that they won't be getting the blow jobs they thought they would. Both sit there, still breathing soft purrs. Both start fidgeting slightly, too.

The women keep going, steadily stroking the cocks with a leisurely, steady rhythm. Just as I taught Marie to do earlier on Derek's cock.

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As the women stroke those cocks, the men's purrs grow louder and needier as they build to yet another orgasm. It doesn't take long for them to be purring rather sweetly, either. And fidgets enough that their bottoms are squirming and grinding against the table under them.

The women stay in place as I told them to. Both are on their knees, with their knees against the cabinet under the table. Both are sitting back, with bottoms hanging above the gaps between their heels. They have their backs straight. They have their heads up high, their eyes watching the cock they're working on. It has their heads several inches, but only several inches, back from the tips of those cocks.

John cums first, after about four minutes of Marie's stroking. His cock just erupts. I could see the twitches of his muscles just before he came. I could see his cock twitching against Marie's relaxed grip for longer than that.

John's cum shoots up. It's his third climax in short order. It's not a powerful geyser as the cream erupts from the tip of his cock. It barely rises an inch or two before raining back down. Most of it falls onto his cock. And that has Marie smearing his cum over his cock with every stroke from her hand.

Marie obediently keeps stroking his cock. She doesn't slow down or speed up. I can see in her eyes that she's expecting me to tell her to stop now that John has cum. But she heard my instruction: I'll tell them when to stop. Until then, I expect those cocks stroked exactly the same. I don't care how tired their arms get. Masturbate the cock.

Derek cums soon after John. Derek barely has a few drops of cum to spurt out. He gets about three spurts, none of them rising more than about ½" above the tip of his cock, before he's out of cream.

I can see Marie's eyes shifting to Derek, seeing that he's now cum as well. Then to me, as if looking for instructions. As if Marie thinks that since both men have now climaxed, I'll be telling them to stop. I just stand

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there, watching them work and ignore them. It takes Marie a moment to realize no instructions are coming. Jill doesn't look to me. She knows it won't matter. Instructions will come when I want them to.

Both of the women keep going, stroking their assigned cocks steadily at the leisurely pace. At first, for maybe half a minute, the men's moans take on a slightly high-pitch squealing note. I'm sure that's from their cocks becoming overly sensitive in the wake of their orgasms. But that fades as the women keep going. Neither woman seems to be slowed down by the sticky cum now clinging to her hand.

This time it's about five or six minutes before I see a cock jumping against a hand. And this time it's Derek's cock snapping against Jill's hand. A few seconds later I see a few tiny dregs of cum ooze from the tip of Derek's cock. It's not much. The twitches are just as sharp as ever, but that's all. He doesn't have enough cum left in his cock for it to even spurt up from the tip. Jill ignores it and keeps going, waiting for her instructions.

John sees it. Or more likely feels the change in Derek's grip on his hand and knows to look. Seeing how little cum Derek has left, and Jill still stroking his cock, John starts to look a little nervous.

Derek groans loudly, his voice slightly high-pitched and squealing. I can see a nervousness on his face. I can see him squirming hard and uncomfortably. I can even see him gritting his teeth now. It all tells me that his cock is getting too sensitive now. That Jill's gentle stroke is just too much for him. It feels too good. So much so that it hurts. And the discomfort of the overly-sensitive nerves being stroked takes a long moment to fade now. Derek sounds as if he's very uncomfortable as that moment passes.

Then John cums. He cums with a loud, strained, but pleasant, grunt. He doesn't have much cream left, either. Marie looks concerned about it, but she keeps going, too.

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It takes Derek about a minute, or a little more, to settle down and stop squirming so hard. Jill manages to get through it and keep her rhythm steady as she strokes his cock. He doesn't still, but at least now his squirms aren't so uncomfortable of squirms.

It takes Derek about six or seven minutes to cum again. And this time it's a bad one. Derek doesn't have any cream left. It's a "dry cum." His cock twitches and jumps harder than ever against Jill's hand. But nothing comes out. Maybe a tiny drop oozes from its tip. I wouldn't see that. There's still too much cum clinging to the tip of his cock head for it to be noticeable. But no more. Not enough for me to see it.

Derek almost screams as Jill keeps stroking his cock. His squirms are hard and sharp. Barely controlled. He's all over the table. "Oh, G-d, Miss Nurse! It hurts!" Derek blurts out. "I am so done!"

I ignore Derek. Jill, not told otherwise, keeps going. Derek screeches for a couple of minutes. Finally, he quiets a little. He moans, but his moans have a tinge of discomfort to them.

It takes John longer to cum this time. I'd guess a little over ten minutes. It has Derek already well on his way to another climax before John cums. And John only has a couple of drops of cum left now.

Marie definitely looks concerned now. John isn't much quieter or stiller than Derek. And it looks as if Marie's arm is starting to get tired from the repetitive motion of masturbating the cock.

I can see Derek and John gripping each other's hands hard. And fidgeting energetically on the table. And mewling moans that are a mix of discomfort and pleasure.

This time it's John who cums first, about fifteen or sixteen minutes after the last one. I see a few tiny drops ooze from the tip of his sharply twitching cock. We all hear John's moans turn uncomfortable and as high-pitched as any girl.

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It takes Derek just over twenty minutes to cum again. It's another dry orgasm. And this time I can see it. The cum on his cock has dried to a sticky film. There's no fresh wet cum. Just a very uncomfortably strained Derek screeching loudly. But only for a few seconds.

Then Derek's cock instantly goes fully soft. It loses every last bit of its stiffness. It slips from Jill's hand. It has to. It's way too floppy for her to stroke it. I tell her that she can stop now. Derek is finally fully satisfied. There isn't a drop of cum left in his "tiny penis."

Derek pants with relief as I tell him that it's over. I'll bet he never thought he'd be relieved for a girl to stop paying attention to his cock.

I tell Jill to use her mouth, and only her mouth, to clean it up. Derek purrs softly as Jill very gently licks the dried cum from his cock.

I have Jill get up and step back. A couple of seconds later, using my hands on his shoulder to pull him around, I have Derek on his knees beside Marie.

"Derek, be a good son," I tell him in that overly-sweet teasing voice of mine. The voice that should tell him he's going to hate whatever comes out of my mouth next. "This whore's arm is just so tired. Relieve your mommy before it hurts her too much."

I grab Derek's wrist and put his hand to John's cock. As Marie's hand rises up on her stroke, leaving just the head of his cock in her grip, I shove Derek's hand onto the shaft. And I use my fingers to wrap Derek's fingers around John's cock. I start stroking John's cock with Derek's hand. As his hand rises up along John's half-hard shaft, it pushes Marie's hand off of it.

Derek grimaces hard as he sees what he's doing. But he doesn't stop. He obediently keeps going, stroking his father's cock.

John looks down to see it with his own eyes. Derek stroking his cock. Giving him a hand job. And doing it just as tenderly as his wife was a second ago. I'm sure it doesn't feel any different to John's cock. He grimaces even

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harder than Derek does. He purrs more moans, too. Sweet moans.

Marie looks on disgusted. I make her step back, yielding her place to Derek. She tries hard not to look. She can't help herself. She can't stop looking at John as he squirms just as energetically as he did for her. And moans just hotly as she could make him.

To their surprise, John cums again less than a minute after Derek takes over for Marie. He cums with the loudest, shrieking, high-pitched, girly, and sensual cry. The look on Marie's face tells me that she's never heard him cry out quite like this before.

John cums hard. Enough that the snapping of his muscles twitches his hips up, thrusting his cock into Derek's grip. Enough that we can all see his hips snapping. And we can see his cock jumping crisply against Derek's hand.

But nothing comes out of John's cock. It's drained, too. Still, it's a longer orgasm than the last couple were. It goes on for almost a full minute. And then John falls limp and spent. He sits still, unmoving on the table. Every bit of tension fades from his muscles. And his cock is instantly the softest and smallest I've ever seen it. I'll bet it's only about an inch long it's shrunk up so much. And thinner than Derek's half an inch across. It falls from Derek's hand and just drops down in front of John's balls.

I smack Derek hard on the back of his head. "What are you waiting for, bitch boy? You finished that cock off, now clean it up like a good bitch." I smack the back of Derek's head again, this time shoving his lips up to the soft tube of John's cock.

Derek grimaces harder than ever. I see a little tear weep from the corner of an eye. He slowly inches his lips up to the head of John's tiny cock.

"Please, Miss Nurse, let my whore clean my cock! Please don't make me let my son suck me!" John begs. And I ignore.

Chapter Seven - Two Cocks

Derek seems to have no clue what to do. I'm sure it's the first cock that's been anywhere near his mouth. He tries to imitate what Jill did with his cock. He puts his lips to the head of John's cock and reluctantly sucks it into his mouth. Derek has no problem taking the entire cock into his mouth. As short as it is now, I doubt it's anywhere near the back of his mouth.

Derek starts sucking, licking the mixed cums off John's cock.

John lasts half a second. "OOH!" John shrieks out, his voice even higher than I've ever heard it. Higher than even some girl's! He snaps into high gear, squirming around hard on the table. His hips snap hard, thrusting his floppy cock as if trying to fuck Derek's mouth.

"OOH!!!! OH, FUCK, MISS NURSE, STOP! STOP! I CAN'T HANDLE IT! I CAN'T HANDLE THIS! OH, FUCK! A MAN'S MOUTH IS TOO STRONG FOR ME! IT'S TOO FUCKING GOOD, MISS NURSE!"

John screeches again. Derek's mouth is almost off his tiny shaft. Only the very soft head of John's cock is left in Derek's mouth. Very unexpectedly, a too-sharp twitch snaps John's hips. It's so much that it thrusts all of John's cock back into Derek's mouth. Or more slams into Derek's mouth. It's a hard enough thrust that John's pubes bash against Derek's face.

Derek's face scrunches up as hard as it possibly can. His head flies back, his mouth opening wide and releasing John's cock. John's tiny cock, still fully soft, flops down and lies over John's balls again. A very sickly pallor floods Derek's face, giving him an almost green look. Derek's mouth hangs open wide. Derek chokes hard. He sputters. He starts spitting as fast as he can on the floor. He gags hard.

It takes a few seconds. Finally, Derek spits out a tiny drop of fresh cum. It tells me all I need to know. It might only be a couple of milliliters, but John's floppy-soft cock came into Derek's mouth. It managed to spurt out those tiny drops. I'll bet they landed right on Derek's tongue.

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Right, where his taste buds are. I'm sure it's the first taste of a man's salty cum Derek's ever had.

Derek sputters, gags, and spits a little more. His face stays scrunched up. The ghastly look stays on his face too.

Neither man's cock seems capable of getting stiff now. I expect not. Not after being masturbated until they "broke." As I call it. To the point, they refuse to stiffen up any more and have no more cum to give.



*Chapter Eight - Paying The
Doctor's Bill*

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Now that both men's cocks are "broken" I have the three of them standing in a line. I have them standing close, their sides flush against each other. Marie is in the middle. Derek is on her left, and John on her right. I have Derek's right arm extending across Marie's back with his hand on the right cheek of her bottom. I have John doing the same, his left hand crossing Derek's arm and on Marie's left cheek. And Marie has her hands on their bare bottoms as well. His left hand reaches across Derek to lightly rest on his left cheek. Her right does the same, resting softly on John's right cheek.

All three of them face me. Derek and John's cocks are still as soft as they possibly can get. I'd call them shriveled up they're so soft. Having their hands on Marie's bare bottom isn't doing anything to pique their interest now, either. I didn't expect it to. After the workout those cocks just had, I doubt they'll get stiff for at least an hour, and probably a lot longer than that.

I take just a second to tell them that this is how they are expected to be when told to "line up." It applies whether it's me, Diane, or anyone else telling them to line up. It's not a command that I use often, but it is one that we all use. At least when we have three or more toys in the room at once, which isn't that often. Three toys is a lot of work.

"Now it's time for the three of you filthy playthings to pay the co-pay on your doctor's bill," I tell the line of toys with the widest smirk on my face. "My office manager tells me that it seems you have typical insurance, which means crappy insurance. It seems your co-pay is \$50 each..."

"It also looks like you don't have the money. In fact," My grin widens and my voice takes on a teasing note. "it doesn't look to me like you have *anything*! I guess we'll just have to get our co-pay in trade... maybe take it out of your worthless bottoms..."

I see all of their eyes get a bit wider at that taunt. Marie's a little more than most. It hasn't been that long since Derek used her bottom. I'll bet it's still a little tender

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from the hard pounding he gave it, too. Marie clearly isn't used to being fucked there, much less pounded hard. Their faces tell me that the men are thinking I might do the same to them. I wouldn't hesitate to, except for one problem. There isn't a "working" cock left to do it with.

"Come up here, you two boys," I crook a finger motioning the men forward. They come up, leaving Marie where she is. After a second Marie puts her hands behind her back and stands, waiting. I'm sure she's wondering what I might have in store for her. And the men. But she's probably more worried about her own butt now.

"Strip Dr. Slut, boys," I tell the boys when they're still about one step back from me. Both of their eyes immediately shift to Jill. Both of them take a very close look at the lean doctor standing there. With her pretty face, shapely body, and long blond hair. She looks several years younger than Marie. And noticeably prettier, too. I see the outline of a smile creeping onto both faces. As I knew, both of them have been wondering if they might get their hands on anyone other than Marie.

Derek picks up his pace just enough to get to Jill a half step ahead of his father. Derek drops to his knees in front of Jill. He hurries to get his hands to the waistband of her slacks, ignoring the shoes that are going to be in his way. He quickly starts unbuttoning those pants before John has a chance to.

Derek slips her jeans down, grinning widely when he discovers that she isn't wearing any panties under them. Instead, his eyes are a few short inches from her bare, smoothly shaven pubes. It gives Derek a good view of Jill's pussy mound, too. Hers isn't nearly as puffy as Marie's. But even from where I stand, I can see that Jill's lips are glistening with honey. Her pussy is just as eager as Marie's. I know Derek can see that, too. I know Jill has a slightly strong muskiness to her, and I'm pretty sure that Derek is taking her scent in now.

Derek lingers. He takes his time, letting his eyes rove over Jill's pubes, pussy, and curvy, rounded hips.

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Eventually, he realizes that he's just ogling her body, not undressing her. He looks down long enough to figure out why he can't slip her pants off. She's standing on her feet. And those feet have shoes on them. He reluctantly starts fumbling to untie her shoes while trying hard to look up at her pussy as he does.

Derek made the choice for them. He left John to take Jill's blouse off. He lifts it over Jill's head. He grins too when he sees that Jill doesn't have a bra on either. It gives him a good view of Jill's petite, well-rounded breasts with her nipples standing up hard from their tips.

I make sure the eager boys take everything off of Jill, leaving her just as naked as they are. And I keep an eye on their cocks, watching to see if either of them will get hard. Neither does. I'm sure the men know it. And I'm sure they're cursing their cocks about now. It doesn't take much imagination to figure out what they're thinking. *We finally get our hands on this hot doctor and now our cocks won't work so we can't do anything with her!*

Once they have Jill fully nude, I tell the men to pick her up. That's an instruction they are not expecting. I have both of them stand at her sides. Each puts one hand to her shoulder, and one hand to her thigh. They lift her up, holding her as if she's sitting.

I have them carry Jill over to the exam table. They lie her on it, on her back. I tell them they are to hold Jill immobile. I have them bend her knees, bringing her foot up towards her bottom, her knees drawing close to her breasts. And I have them spread Jill's legs wide open. I tell them to use their other hands to hold her shoulders down. And to pin her arms at her sides.

It has Jill's pussy completely exposed. There's nothing even close to it, leaving unhindered access to her pussy. It has her firm bottom pulled taut, too, her crack pulled open, and her asshole on full display as well.

I have Sophie fetch my crop. Then I remind the boys that it's their job to hold Jill still. If I see Jill moving, even a little, both boys will be spanked for it. Now the boys look a

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little nervous. As if they're wondering what I'm going to do to Jill, and how hard she might fight them to move around while I do it. They're both definitely wondering how hard I intend to whip them with my crop, too.

Derek looks almost scared of it. Enough so that I know Ashley doesn't own one. This is clearly the first time Derek has seen a crop, at least one that might be used on him. They look painful. John, on the other hand, has seen and tasted enough crops over the years that he knows what to expect. I'll bet he's just wondering if I'll swat him as hard as Diane does. He'll be surprised to find out I can swat harder than Diane when a boy disappoints me.

I snap my fingers. "Come over here, mommy!" I crook my finger, urging Marie to cross the step or two to the table. I point to Jill's pussy. "Go on, mommy, pay your little boy's doctor bill! Tongue that sloppy pussy until I tell you to stop, whore!"

Marie freezes in place, her eyes locked on Jill's wet mound. Jill's mound has long and wide lips, leaving just a narrow slit between them. Her lips are thin, too, not plump like Marie's are. Jill's honey is oily thin and clear, but moderately aromatic. It covers almost all of her mound.

I tap Marie on her bottom with the crop. Lightly. Just enough to get her attention.

"OW!" Marie shrieks. She jumps, flinching so hard that her feet come off the floor and she moves forward a hair. She starts trembling as soon as her feet are back on the floor. Her eyes stay on Jill's pussy.

"Please... Please, Miss Nurse...." Marie begs in a very hushed, shy, and trembling-nervous voice. "Please don't make me do this... I don't know how, Ma'am... I've never... with a woman! Please, don't make me into a lesbian, Miss nurse! I'm not gay! I don't want to be with a woman! Please, Miss Nurse... It won't even be good... I don't know how!"

I ignore Marie's pleas. I just flick my wrist, sending the tip of my crop sailing through the air. It lands with a

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moderately loud crack. It sears a light pink splotch onto Marie's bottom.

"OW!" Marie screeches as she jumps again. "OH, OW! THAT HURTS!" Marie's face wrinkles up even more. Her eyes moisten and I hear a hint of a sniffing from her as if she's about to start crying.

I'm pretty sure I have Marie's attention now, too. I very seriously doubt that Marie is opposed to same-gender sex. She didn't even look away as John's cock was in Derek's mouth. In fact, if anything, I think I saw a touch of excitement in her eyes as she saw two men together, however, brief it was. And that tells me the idea of it doesn't bother Marie. Otherwise, she would have been disgusted by that sight. I have no doubt she's being honest about never having done it before. She probably doesn't "know" what to do. But she does. She knows exactly what feels the best to her. She has to know that Jill's pussy is going to feel it all the same. I'd bet Marie's refusal has nothing to do with being with a woman. I'd bet she's afraid it won't bother her. And worse, the men will see her do it and like it. Even worse than that if Jill really likes it, too.

"Bad whore!" I scold Marie. "I said eat pussy, whore, now eat that pussy while you still have a bottom to hurt." I don't wait for the near-frozen Marie to obey me. I put a hand to the back of Marie's head and shove hard. I push her head forward until her lips knock hard against Jill's wet mound.

I snap for Marie to open her mouth wide. She does, her lips spreading slowly. I tell her to stick her tongue out, pushing it into Jill's slit. I tell her to wiggle her tongue until she finds the hard nub of Jill's clit. Then to lie her tongue softly against the steely hardness.

I give Marie a couple seconds to do that. I see her face try to wrinkle even more. It doesn't look like it can, though. But it does tell me that Marie has found Jill's clit.

I tell Marie to suck lightly. Then I tell her to start swirling her tongue slowly around the hard nub. To keep

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her tongue against the nub as she does. I'll tell her when she may stop.

"OOH!" Jill purrs out loudly a second later. Now I know that Marie is doing what I've told her to do.

I tell the boys to watch close while the whore shows them how to properly eat a sloppy pussy. I didn't have to tell them. Their eyes are already on Jill's pussy. They can't resist the sight of a woman eating a pussy. Men.

Marie keeps going. It goes the same as it did when I first had her touch Derek's cock. For the first few seconds, Marie's motions are clumsy and awkward. But once she sees that Jill is not complaining, Marie's efforts quickly smooth out and grow... interested. As if now Marie is eager to make Jill cum.

Jill lies there. Those first few seconds don't do much besides getting a sweet purr from her lips. But then as Marie's tongue starts growing more and more wanton, Jill's purr grows equally more urgent. Needier, as if she's being pushed close to her climax. Louder, too. That gets the men's interest up.

After about twenty seconds of it, I see the first goosebumps erupting over Jill's pubes. A few seconds later they sprout up on her smallish breasts, too. Jill's nipples pull tighter as they strain to harden. It pulls the flesh at the tips of her mounds taut, wrinkling it up slightly.

And then Jill starts quivering. Steadily, and not too slowly, those quivers turn to trembles. And then they start sharpening up.

In well under a minute, the men are earning their keep. Jill can't lie still any longer. Her legs, arms, shoulders, and bottom all want to squirm on the table. She pulls hard. The men have to work hard to hold her thrashing body down. They manage, at least enough to keep Jill's pussy rather still for Marie. And that's what I care about. I keep my crop in hand, just in case that pussy moves and those soft male bottoms need a spanking to keep them diligent.

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In about a minute, Jill is shrieking loudly and thrashing against the boys with all her might. They can still hold her. She's pinned down well. And in this position, she's no match for two good-sized men.

Jill screeches even louder, and more pleadingly urgent cries with every second that passes.

Marie has gotten into it. Seriously into it, just as I thought she would. Now there's no question that Marie is trying hard to make Jill cum. That Marie wants to. Marie is standing at the foot of the table, leaning forward to get her lips to Jill's pussy. It has her waist bent almost fully over. And that lets me see Marie's pussy. It lets me see the honey slowly, and steadily, weeping out from between Marie's long folds. And that is proof that Marie likes what she's doing.

I have a rule for my toys. Jill, being my toy, knows it well. She's not allowed to cum until I tell her to. Nor is she allowed to ask or beg for permission. Unless I've told her to, and I haven't. Jill knows that simply asking to cum would bring her a hideous punishment... something like having to wait three times as long as I would have made her!

Knowing my rules, Jill does the only thing she can do. She lies there while Marie tongues her clit and pushes her to an orgasm she has no choice but to hold back. She thrashes, her body beyond her control, against the men holding her still. And she discovers that being held still makes it worse. Worse as in more intense, and thus harder to hold back.

Marie doesn't know my rules. Not yet. Maybe Diane will teach her. I've decided that Derek and John aren't my types, and I have little interest in either of them. I prefer my men with larger cocks. And stronger bodies. Marie, however, could be an amusing toy. Enough so that I would consider her for a place in my toolbox. Or see her again if Diane wants me to. Diane sent her to me, so Diane has first dibs on her. Plus Diane owns John.

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Marie doesn't know that Jill could have so easily came at least a minute ago. She doesn't know that Jill is resisting her body with everything she has. She just knows what she can hear, see and feel. Jill's loud, urgent moans. The crisp trembling quivers flowing all through Jill's body. The hard squirms as she thrashes against the men holding her. The honey flowing from Jill's pussy, a fair bit of which is ending up on Marie's tongue and lips. Plenty for Marie to get a good taste of pussy. Of Jill's slightly sweet taste.

And I have a five-minute rule that my toys don't officially know of. I don't tell them about it. The rule is that I won't tell a toy to cum until the toy has been thrashing and moaning for at least five minutes. I do so love to watch a toy squirm around in lustful need.

I watch Jill screeching and thrashing. John and Derek do as well, only their attention is more focused on Jill's pussy and her breasts. Her breasts are "petite" B-cups, and they're firm enough to hold a well-rounded shape. But they're also just soft enough to jiggle lightly with the hard thrashing Jill is doing. All of which the boys seem to find entertaining.

"Oh, fine, Dr. Slut, go ahead and be the slut we all know you are. Just cum all over this whore's face. It's not like your skank will make the whore any filthier than the cum already covering it!" I tell Jill. I raise my voice just a little to make sure that she can hear me over her loud shrieks.

And then I watch as Jill stops fighting her orgasm. It doesn't even take a second. Jill's bottom snaps up, thrusting against Marie's face. Jill's pussy spasms hard, squirting a river of honey onto Marie's chin. Jill's entire body snaps crisply. It's powerful enough to surprise the men, and for a second I think they'll lose control of her. But they manage to hold her down.

"UH!!!! OH, YES!" Jill screams out as she keeps cumming hard. Her hips snap from side to side, grinding her pussy against Marie's face. But that's about all Jill can do with the boys holding her. That and lie there feeling

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every wave of her orgasm crashing through her body and filling her with unbearably sweet pleasure.

I wait as Jill shudders through her orgasm. When she's finally done, her cries and thrashing starting to fade, I grab Marie's hair and pull her head back, telling her that she's been "filthy enough of a lesbian whore" for the moment.

Marie blushes.

The men's eyes dart back and forth, eager to see the sight of Jill's well-satisfied pussy and the sight of Marie's face. Jill's fresh, warm honey clings to Marie's face, covering her from her nose down. With Jill's muskiness, there's no way that Marie isn't constantly smelling Jill's pussy now. I'm sure she can feel the warmth of that honey on her face as it slowly dries onto her skin. I'll bet she can feel her own honey weeping from her pussy and into the creases of her thighs, too. I'll bet she can feel her pussy twitching as it begs her for some relief, too.

I have the three of them line back up.



*Chapter Nine - Kicked To
The Curb*

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The trio stands in their snug lines again. Despite the erotic show of watching Marie eat Jill's pussy, and Jill moaning and thrashing the entire time, neither John nor Derek's cock has even started to stiffen. I had hoped they wouldn't. After the draining those cocks had, I'm not surprised that they flat-out refuse to harden up. At least not for a few hours.

Jill still lies on the exam table. Actually, her exam table. It is her office. I'm betting all three of them are wondering whose office this is. If Jill is actually a doctor, or if I've just somehow commandeered this office to use and Jill is nothing but another whore. I'll bet they'll be surprised, and blush, when they see that I made Jill bill their insurance company for their checkups. Then again, Derek did have a real check-up.

Jill lies there, quivering lightly and panting heavily. She's flushed to a light pinkness from head to toe. And she's hot, a thin film of sweat covering her body. She's done for a few minutes.

I pace in front of the line of three. The men are well satisfied. Their soft cocks prove that. I'm sure they're still interested in the naked women, though. And I'm certain they find it very frustrating that no matter how arousing those nude women are, their cocks refuse to cooperate. Even if offered, they wouldn't be able to use those hot bodies.

I pace with my crop in hand. I start my speech by reminding the three of them that I expect them to be polite. Humble. To remember their place as mere peasant boys in the presence of the Queen. Their Queen. The Queen with the power to condemn them to the dungeon for years of agony at her first capricious whim.

I also tell them that I expect clear answers to my questions. Yes and no are my favorite answers when given politely. If I want anything more, I'll ask a question that can't be answered that way. Otherwise, I don't want to hear any more. Don't bother explaining or conditioning an answer. I don't care what they think. About anything.

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None of them are actual humans worthy of having thoughts. They're just peasant slaves, useless and expected to obey or pay.

I stop in front of Derek and ask him "Did mommy's sloppy skank pit satisfy your tiny penis?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Derek blushes slightly as he admits it.

"Better than that dumb bitch Ashley's pussy?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Derek's voice quiets as he admits it.

"Good, then beginning now you will not speak to Ashley, nor will you have anything whatsoever to do with that dumb bitch. Is that clear, baby dick?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

I resume pacing for a few seconds, passing in front of John once before I stop in front of him. "And you, fuck boy, it seems your little penis was nicely satisfied when your son fucked you with his mommy whore's skank pit, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Ma'am," John admits.

"I see that your little penis likes it when your son sucks on it, too, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Ma'am," John cringes and blushes to a beet red as he admits that.

I resume pacing, this time passing by Marie a couple of times before stopping in front of her. "Have you realized what a filthy gutter whore you really are, whore?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Marie reluctantly confesses.

"I hope you're not so stupid as to think you're capable of making decisions for that skanky, sloppy pussy. You're not that stupid, are you, whore?"

"No, Ma'am..." Marie's voice trails off as she admits it.

"Good. So let me tell you what *will be* from now on." I say as I take a step back so that it's clear I am speaking to all three of them, not just Marie. "You are a disgusting filthy whore. You will be their house whore. And you will be treated as a whore should be treated. Is that clear, whore?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Marie answers.

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"What are you?"

"I'm a disgusting filthy whore, Ma'am."

"And you like being the dirtiest of gutter whores, don't you, whore?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"From now on, neither of you may address this whore as anything but her new name... 'Gutter Whore.' I don't ever want you to call her anything but. And I don't care if you're alone with this filthy thing, or in the center pew of church. Its name is gutter whore."

Everyone tells me that they understand it.

"Whores don't get the privilege of an orgasm," I tell Marie. "At least not without supervision from an actual lady. You may never cum, unless you are told to by me or Ms. Braun, is that clear, gutter whore?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Marie answers in a shamed voice that breaks with sobs.

"And like a whore, you may *never* say no to your customers. Whenever either of the tiny-dicked boys has any use for that ugly body of yours, you will not just give it to them, but you will give it eagerly and you will ensure that they enjoy it. Don't worry about whether they're allowed to use it. Ms. Braun will tell them. Thinking about things like that is far above what you're capable of. Just fuck when told to fuck."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"And just so there's no confusion, every last bit of that repulsive body is available to these miniature dicks. Your hands, your mouth, your boobs, your pussy, your bottom. I don't care if they want your toes. Every last bit of that body is available to them, is that clear, gutter whore?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"As of now, you have nothing. Not even clothes. Not even panties. Everything in that house belongs to Ms. Braun. She will tell you when you may wear Her clothes. Until then, you are naked. Whores should be naked anyway."

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"Yes, Ma'am."

"Ms. Braun will tell one of these mini-dick boys to tell you where to sleep every night. It might be the bed fuck boy is allowed to use. It might be the bed baby dick is allowed to use. It might be the ditch at the street corner."

"Yes, Ma'am," Marie answers. Only now I can see that she's thinking about the instructions. And realizing just how far I'm taking things. That some night, any night, she might find herself sleeping in bed with and getting fucked by her son while her husband is alone in the bedroom they used to share. I can see a bit of uneasy nervousness sweep over her face at that thought. I suspect it's not that she minds the idea, either. She's more worried about what the men actually think about it. She probably knows John is smart enough not to challenge it now. To plead with Diane later instead.

"Your Mistress will stop by at Her convenience to speak with you three worthless playthings. Until then, this whore is to remain fully naked, and uncovered, at all times. Not even a sheet to sleep under at night, is that clear to all of you?"

They all answer yes. I doubt any of them have any clue why I'm making the rules I am. Such as Marie keeping her body on full display before her family. That one is to get Marie used to be naked in front of them. Then, when told to strip in front of them, there shouldn't be much shyness to it. It will be a sight she knows they know by memory already. Why be shy about letting them see what they already know as well as she does?

"My nurses will take you to the waiting room. You will sit, one empty chair between you, properly. Hands behind your backs. Whore, cross your useless legs. Eyes forward. Silence. Just wait while the grown-ups talk about you. Sooner or later, someone will have to bring your clothes to you."

Instead of waiting for them to answer, I just wave to Sophie. She calls for the three of them to follow her. As

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she leads the line out, Elisha falls into place at the end. I lag behind.

Once they're out in the waiting room, I step over to an empty exam room and call Diane. I tell her the highlights of the session. "No shit, Marie let them double team her?" is all Diane has to say. But her voice says "what a whore!" It tells me that Diane didn't think Marie would go quite that far, either.

I tell Diane the rules I imposed for them. "Marie doesn't work..." Diane muses, "I should get over there around Wednesday or Thursday to see about some clothes for her. For 'gutter whore,' I mean." Diane giggles. It's Saturday. Marie is going to be naked for five or six days then. As if I care.

"First dick to get hard?" I ask Diane.

"Yes, that sounds right. I'll call them later and tell them once I know which dick it was." Diane agrees. We both mean which bed Marie is going to sleep in tonight. And which cock she will be taking care of while she's in that bed. My bet is on Derek. I think Diane has the same bet.

We take a few minutes talking about the toys. Diane is fine with the rules. She probably would have given them herself if she were the one here. I doubt she's going to modify any of them.

I have Sophie collect Derek's clothes and Elisha gets John's. I don't bother with Marie's. They follow me out to the waiting room.

By now the three of them have been waiting about ten minutes. Sophie takes Derek's clothes to him. He says a very sweet thank you to her as she gives them to him. We all wait as he dresses and then takes his seat again. I repeat with Elisha giving John his clothes.

Marie just glares at me. Her eyes are darting around wondering where her things are. "You three are dismissed now. Go home and wait for your Mistress to call."

"Miss Nurse!" Marie blurts out, "I need clothes, too!"

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I move fast, like lightning. I slap Marie's face hard, leaving a faint pink handprint on her cheek. Then I grab Marie's hair. And I yank hard. I don't tell her anything. I just yank her up and out of the chair by her hair. Marie stumbles a couple of steps towards me as I back up, dragging her along.

I drop into a chair. A couple of seconds later, Marie is over my knees. I have my thigh in the bend of her waist, my legs opened enough that my other thigh is under her chest with the undersides of her breasts flush against the outside of it. It has Marie's legs hanging down, her knees just barely off the floor. Marie's hands flail around, trying to brace against the floor. Her feet squirm, too.

"OW!" Marie blurts out as my hand swats her bottom. It's a firm stroke, about as hard as I'll go with my hand. It's enough to leave a faint pinkness on Marie's cheek. I spank her other cheek. Then I spank them both again. And again. And again.

"You bad bitch, gutter whore!" I harshly scold Marie as I'm spanking her bottom. "You should know better than to talk back to a grown-up! You are a disgusting whore. Whores don't deserve clothes. If I wanted you to cover that ugly butt, I would have given you clothes. Now learn your place, whore!"

I keep spanking Marie. I give her ten firm swats on each of her cheeks, which is about the limit of what my hand can stand. It's enough to have Marie's cheeks glowing light, but angry red. And burning. And stinging as if she's sat on a beehive. It's also enough to have Marie crying. It's a good cry, but not quite a full-blown bawling cry. Enough that I know her bottom hurts. It will be sore for a while. Enough that Marie will have learned her lesson. Obey, don't question, just obey.

I push Marie off my knees, dropping her onto hers. Now that I can see her face, I can see the tears running down it. "Aw... you poor little whore!" I mockingly coo. "I'll bet your useless bottom hurts now, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Ma'am..."

The Family Whore

"Is there something you want to say, whore?"

"Yes, Ma'am. I'm really sorry, Ma'am! I just... I'm sorry, Ma'am. I'll behave and do as I'm told, Ma'am."

"Good, whore." I tell her as I stand up.

"Now get out. All of you."

Marie gets up to her feet, already blushing deeply even as she cries. She walks to the door. John gets in front of Marie. I'm pretty sure I see John motion to Derek for him to get behind her. He does, sandwiching the naked Marie between them.

It's not really necessary. Jill's parking lot is open to view, but only from a side street that goes nowhere. There's nothing down it but about ten houses. And there's never a car on it, or so it seems. The office is on a main road, but there's a row of hedges that mostly block the sightline from the road. Enough that no one will be able to see Marie as she walks across the dozen or so steps to their car.

The trio hurries, hustling Marie into the car.

I'll bet Marie is very glad they have a garage at home for the car to pull into. I know. I asked Diane before I sent her home naked. If they lived in a fourth-floor apartment, it wouldn't have worked so well.

THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"

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



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

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

Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"



Slave-whore ("Paige")

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

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

The Family Whore



Newbie Slut-Bitch (“Elisha”)

Age	Height	Weight
18	5’7”	141
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
36-C	31	38

Debuts In: “Georgia Girl.”



Mistress Diane

Age	Height	Weight
47	5’11”	
Hair	Eyes	
Black	Brown	