



# Four Play

*Nadia Saran*

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## Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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## Four Play

### Prologue:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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put on a show on their account.

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

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



# Chapter 01: A Naughty Little Girl

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Sometimes things are straightforward in my playroom. Sometimes they're not. This is one of those times when things are going to be far from straightforward. But I know they will be amusing. For me, which is all that matters here.

Joey is an 18-year-old girl just finishing the final year of high school. She goes to the same school as my 18-year-old house-slave & whore, Paige. But they're not in any of the same classes. Paige, like any girl I'd own, is a good student. I make sure of it. I don't tolerate bad grades, and anything less than an A is a bad grade in my book. Then again, I'm hoping for medical school after college, so I aim high.

Joey, for as long as it's been known around their school that I owned Paige, has been kind of hanging around Paige as much as Paige would let her. It was clear from the first minute what she wanted. I didn't let her anywhere near me for a while.

Six weeks ago she turned 18. I decided to have a little fun and see what she really wanted. I was right. She wants to be someone's playtoy. She wants someone to take care of her. She wants to be used. She wants to be able to make someone happy, and there didn't seem to be anything she wouldn't do to please someone, once she knew she was capable of pleasing her. She'd make a good pet, but I don't really have the time for another live-in slave. I already have two girls to take care of.

But that doesn't mean she can't amuse me. Since then I've seen Joey once a week. None of her sessions were too long, just a few hours of sweet fun. It's been enough. Just that little bit of time on her knees, putting every bit of herself in my pleasure and getting what she wants – that smile on my face has really brightened her up.

But a girl like Joey can't be left unsupervised for very long. Certainly not for days, let alone a week, between sessions. Luckily for me, I knew what Joey was like before she came over to meet me. Paige tells me anything and everything.

I dealt with that in my usual way. A way that nicely humiliated Joey. I made her tell her mom, a single mother, what she was doing. And more importantly what she is. Then I made it clear to her mom that

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Joey will obey me. I know her mom saw her face light up when I mentioned that if necessary Joey would have to live here. And I saw her mom's face fall even more. Then even further when she saw how eager Joey was to come here.

I told her mom that Joey would stay at home, something her mom desperately wants, as long as she is properly supervised there. That she does her school work and gets good grades. That mom spends the time to stand over Joey as she studies. To enforce my rules for Joey. Joey belongs to me now. But for now, I would allow her mom to take care of her, so long as it was done my way.

It was so obvious to her mom that I would "take" Joey away if my rules weren't followed that the woman put a lot of effort into ensuring that Joey followed them and I knew it. Without Joey, she'd be alone. She doesn't want Joey to ever leave, even though she knew Joey will. All girls do. But it's what I want. I don't want to have Joey here. In fact, I'd rethink even keeping her in my toybox if I had to. I want mom to take care of her for me. And I want her in the toybox for the times she might be amusing to me.

Two days ago Joey brought home a bad grade. A B. And a low B at that! Her mom "punished" her for that by taking away her TV. Isn't that so lame? Joey might be 18, but she's acting like an irresponsible little girl. She should have been punished like one. A good, hard, spanking would knock her bottom into gear. I know one thing her mom doesn't. Joey could have done better if she'd put more effort into studying. She didn't, subconsciously knowing that it would get her a longer session here. Where I'd whip her bottom into shape. And she wants that.

I don't play games with work and school. Joey is going to pay too dearly for that grade. By not getting what she wants. She's going to learn, the hard way, that it's always better to please me than to displease me. It's a lesson she needs to learn. Games have no place in my playroom.

It's Friday afternoon. Casey, Joey's mom, had to take a couple of

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hours off work to bring Joey over immediately from school. By immediately I mean pick the girl up at school and drive straight here without stopping, not even for gas. Casey willingly brought Joey, knowing well that if she didn't, Joey might be here a while. Like until that grade came up.

Now I have Joey sitting on the stool beside my desk. It's a little one, only 12" across its round top. It's not comfortable, either. It's a plain and hard wood. It has four legs. And it's just a little too short. As if it was made for a child, not an adult. But it's very sturdy.

Joey sits on it the way I've taught her is expected of her. She sits up straight with her eyes locked forward. That has her staring at a blank wall. It has her left side to the side of my desk, so she can only see a glimpse of me out of the corner of her eye. She sits with her legs fully crossed, right over left. And she keeps her hands demurely folded in her lap. She sits still. She's silent. She knows that she's not allowed to speak unless spoken too, and then only to politely answer whatever she's asked. Otherwise, she just sits there.

Casey usually drops Joey off and leaves. Most of the time, I make Joe undress in front of her mom and give everything she brought with her, down to and including her panties, to her mom. Then mom leaves. I call mom to come fetch Joey once Joey has learned whatever lesson she's here to learn. And amused me as she learned.

But not today. For now, I have Joey sitting on the stool with her clothes still on. And I have Casey sitting on the sofa and waiting. I've warned Casey not to interrupt me. I want her to just sit there and wait. This is between Joey and me.

I've been asking Joey pointed questions about her classes. I already know most of the answers, but Joey doesn't know that. I had Paige find out by asking other girls she knows in those teachers' classes. I just want to make sure that Joey is telling me the truth.

"I'm so sorry, Miss Rodgers!" Joey blurts out nervously when I ask her why she got a B, a grade she knows will disappoint me. "Algebra is just so hard for me, Ma'am!"

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"Did you finish all of the assignments?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Joey answers confidently. She knows that I'm not asking if she just did them, but if she did them until she had every question answered correctly.

"Did you study and review for your test?"

"Yes, Ma'am," she answers. "Mom made a study for over an hour!"

"Did mom stay right there the entire time?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"And did mom supervise the whole time?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Joey answers, suddenly sounding less confident in her answer. She knows what I expect. Just as I do if Joey is here, and I always do for Sophie and Paige, my two slaves. I watch everything. Every step they take in solving every problem. And I often stop them and make them explain to me why they're doing what they're doing. I don't tolerate goofing off. Not even potty breaks. Here, girls study until they master the material. Even if it takes a week. I already know that Casey isn't a math whiz. She's been out of school for a couple of decades now and has forgotten most of what she learned. To properly supervise Joey, Casey would have to be surfing the internet to find the answers she's long forgotten. And I doubt Casey has been doing that.

"Closely?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." There's no certainty or confidence in Joey's voice. It tells me the answer Joey isn't. Mom just watched her work and trusted Joey to get the work right, as long as the final answer was right. Joey isn't going to admit that unless I make her. She hates mom standing over her. She'd much rather it was me. But she's smart enough to know that I'll just get on mom to do it right.

"You know there are consequences for bad grades. I expect my little girls to get good grades. A B is worth two strokes."

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"Yes, Ma'am," Joey squeaks out nervously. She's been paddled here plenty. She knows what she has coming. And she knows that my paddle hurts. She hates it. But she accepts it. She knows it's often the price of displeasing me.

"You've disappointed me, little girl," I tell her firmly. "Stand up and undress. Put your things on my desk beside the stool."

"Yes, Ma'am," Joey rises up to her feet. She knew that she'd be getting naked here. She loves that part. She really loves it all, even the spanking she's about to get.

"Undress" is a specific command. It tells Joey to take her clothes off in a specific way. Shoes first, just because those always get in the way of everything. Then she's to start at the top of her head and go down, taking off everything in the order she comes to it. The thing with the highest part first. And so on. Until even her toes are fully naked. She's not allowed to keep anything. Not even a hairpin. Everything comes off, leaving her just skin and hair. Or, as I say, leaving her just her.

Joey didn't know she was coming here today. I have been summoning her on Sundays, not Fridays. She didn't have a clue until her mom picked her up and told her where she was going. So today she's not dressed up for me, as I've noticed she seems to do. She's dressed just for a day at school.

She's wearing faded jeans that are snug on her little bottom, flaunting it, then looser on her legs. Over that she has on a frilly white blouse with a bottom hem that dangles just above her waistline, flashing the tiniest sliver of her stomach as she walks. And sneakers. Under that, she has a "cutesy" white bra with satin cups fringed with lace. It clasps in the front, a tiny clip between her breasts. And a matching pair of panties, high cut on her hips, with a full V-shape to the front and back of them. She also has on a ton of accessories, everything from dangling hoop earrings to plastic bracelets and rubber bands around her wrists. It all comes off. It all ends up in a very neat pile on my desk.

Joey is a pretty young woman. She's of about average height, 5'5", but she's lean and slender. 117 pounds, naked, to be exact.

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Joe has a slightly oval-ish face. But it has some of the softest and most rounded features. There isn't a sharp line or angle to it. Not even at her jawline. She has long, light brown hair. It's straight and fine, with little body to it. It hangs all the way down just past the bottoms of her shoulder blades. She has bright, brilliant, blue eyes topped with light eyebrows that match the hair on her head. She has a small nose on the center of her face. And below it, she has a mouth that's neither wide nor narrow. But it is framed with a pair of light-pink lips that are full and plump.

Beneath that is a lean and narrow chest with taut, light white skin. Her leanness gives her shoulders a slight boniness to them. It leaves her with narrow, slender arms, too. And a flat, firm stomach. She has a gentle, but noticeable, feminine curve to her waist.

Joey has small breasts. She's a 32-B, which gives her breasts that rise no more than two inches from her chest. Shapely breasts. They're firm and pert. Like half oranges that swell from her chest with zero sag to them. At the tops of those mounds, she has quarter-sized rings of light pink. And centered in those rings are nipples as wide as pencil erasers that stand up just under ¼" from her mounds. Nipples that have gently rounded tips, but aren't quite long enough to have much of a side to them. Some, but not much. Were it not for those nipples poking out, her breasts would be almost perfectly rounded. They have a firm, but also soft, sponginess to them, too.

Joey doesn't have much in way of hips. They're too lean to have much of a curve outward to them, but they're not so lean as to show her bones. Not even the tips of her hip bones. In front, it's hard to tell where her stomach ends and her pubes begin. Everything is just so flat and firm that one flows into the next. Her pubes are shaven silky smooth. That's because I require it of her. A bush would hide the puffy mound of her pussy swelling down prominently between her slim thighs. It's a mound with very long, slightly narrow lips. Lips that don't meet, but instead leave a wide gash of a slit between them for the edges of her pinkish inner folds to rise into. A mound so puffy that it looks like a good inch and half of her slit is rising up along the front of her pubes,

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even though it isn't. It's all pussy mound.

In the back, she has a nicely rounded bottom. It's no wonder she tends to dress to flaunt it. Even though it's little, everything on her is, it is full and rounded, and firm. Without looking like a bubble or overly rounded. And beneath that shapely bottom, she has a pair of long, slender legs.

As she undresses for me, Joey starts to fidget a little. She knows that her spanking is getting close, and she's not looking forward to it. She really hates spankings. It's the firm discipline she loves.

This spanking is going to be give-and-take for Joey. I tell her to lie over my knees and get her spanking. That's my give. She loves it when I turn her over my knees. Still, she moves slightly reluctantly. But she gets in place, lying over my legs. My right thigh is flush against her waist, leaving her thighs to hang straight down, her knees just off the floor. My other thigh is up under her chests, the small bids of her breasts against the outside of it. Her hands dangle down in front of her for the moment, fidgeting around to brace herself. It pulls her bottom even tauter, stretching her already firm cheeks and poking them up as if they're an offering.

"You will behave, little girl," I tell her firmly. I like to teasingly call her "little girl." It's the one thing that a brand new 18-year-old least wants to be thought of as. So it's perfect. She already knows what I mean by behave. I only have three rules she has to follow. She may not speak a word. She can yelp and squeal, just not speak. She can't try to cover or hide or protect her bottom in any way. And she must leave her bottom still on my knees. It's far harder to do than it sounds. Once that first stroke lands, instinct is to get her bottom away from the source of the pain. Instead, she has to force herself to lie there and allow more pain. It's a very submissive thing to do. And, as I say, it's accepting of the punishment she's earned.

"You will get two strokes for getting a bad grade." I always tell a bad girl why she's being spanked, just before she gets it. I want her to know what she's done to displease me and earn this punishment.



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"You've really disappointed me, little girl. So you'll get them with a cane, not a paddle."

Joey sucks in a sharp, surprised, and horrified breath. I feel her tense up already. She's yet to get the cane, any of my canes, but she knows it's going to be worse for her. I'm sure she's watched plenty of pron clips with canes in them. She's that eager and curious that she's always watching those. And praying that some of the stuff she sees will be done to her. I doubt the cane is one of the things she's so eager to explore. "Yes, Ma'am," Joey squeaks out in a very mousy and timid voice that's pure nervousness.

I'm not using a big cane. It's not like I even could with her over my knees. It's only about 18" long, and that includes the leather handle on it. It's ¼" thick bamboo, about the worst wood to make a switch or cane out of. I raise it up, but not as high as I can reach. I lift it about a foot and a half off her bottom. That way it won't have the distance to build up too much speed as it snaps through the air. Speed equals pain. And while this spanking needs to worse for Joey, I don't want to actually hurt her. I just want it to hurt. She needs that. She needs to feel the price of disappointing me, and firmly know that I won't tolerate it.

I just flick my wrist. That's all it takes to send the cane sailing through the air. It lands with a loud crack against her tight globes. For a split second, I see the cane "slicing" into her cheeks, the firm flesh caving in underneath the stick. It's not that hard. It sears a narrow red stripe across her hard globes, but it doesn't cut into her flesh or bruise it up. Not yet.

Joey screams out "YE-OW!" as it lands. She immediately sobs "OW! OW! OH, OW!!!" I feel her body tense up hard for a split second. I see her feet squirm against the floor. I feel, and kind of see, her bottom wiggle from side to side for a second. As she "stills" for the strike, she fidgets hard. "OH, OW!!!" she sobs again. "One, Miss Rodgers... I am so sorry for disappointing you with my bad grades, Ma'am. Thank you for not putting up with my naughtiness and caning my bad bottom to remind me I have to obey, Ma'am." Joey counts off her stroke. "Will you

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please cane my bottom again, Ma'am, I deserve another stroke for being such a bad little girl, Ma'am." I can hear it in her voice. It about kills her to have to ask for her second stroke. She so does not want it.

I flick my wrist again, snapping the cane against her tight globes and searing another bright red stripe across her bottom just beneath the first one. I wanted to avoid hitting the already sore flesh. I don't want to bruise her bottom, and that might well be enough to do it.

Joey screams another pained "YE-OW!" and immediately sobs several more loud "OW!s" She tenses, relaxes, the squirms for a second. Then she counts off her second stroke. She counts it in a voice that's sobbing, but also full of relief that it's over.

I tell her to stand up. She does, putting her hands behind her back as she must and resisting the urge to rub and soothe her stinging bottom. I can see that her eyes are wet, but tears haven't run down her cheeks yet. But she hasn't considered the real punishment yet. I won't offer her any concessions to her stinging bottom. Not a one. When it's time for her to sit, she'll sit on it. And she'll sit still, just letting the sting slice into her bottom. That's the real punishment.

I send her to a cloth director's chair sitting along the wall beside my desk. The opposite side than the stool. I tell her to go sit there and wait a moment. She goes. She sucks in a sharp and pained breath as her weight lowers on the soft cloth, too. Then she grimaces hard as she sits up and waits.



# Chapter 02: Mommy's Turn

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I point to the stool Joey just vacated. "Casey, come over here and sit. You and I are going to have a talk." My voice is stern. I hope it conveys my displeasure with her.

Casey comes and sits on the stool. She sits with her knees tightly together and her hands resting on her thighs. I immediately scold her "No wonder Joey doesn't have any manners! Sit up straight!" I might snap at her just a little, too.

Casey straightens up. There is no way she's going to risk offending me. I have too much power over her, at least in her mind. There's no doubt that I own Joey. Joey will eagerly do whatever I say. Casey knows that if I'm displeased with her, I might well decide to "take" Joey away from her. It would hurt Casey as bad as if the state took Joey from her ten years ago. Joey is still her little girl. Always will be. But now Joey is 18, and if I tell Joey to stay here, she won't hesitate to. There wouldn't be anything Casey could do about it.

I scold her again to sit like a lady and cross her legs. A look of surprise comes over Casey's face. She doesn't exactly hurry, but she does cross her legs. I scold her again to demurely fold her hand in her lap. A slight edginess creeps onto her face, but she does as I ask. It's the first time she's been on the stool instead of my sofa. I think she's just assuming that the rules are for the stool. And wondering why I'm asking her to follow them.

I spend a few minutes just asking Casey some mundane questions to put her at ease. It works. As soon as I start asking about useless tidbits, like how Joey is eating and how her job is going, I can see her visibly relax.

Now that she's relaxed, it's time for me to start. I definitely didn't bring her to the stool to tell me about her boring job opening accounts at a bank. Then again, now that everyone is wearing masks everywhere, I guess that job could get exciting...

"Casey, I think we both can see the problem. Joey isn't being strictly supervised. I mean, really? She gets a bad grade and her punishment is losing her TV for a few days? She deserved a real

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punishment for that grade. Like the spanking she just got. That's discipline, and she needs the discipline to excel."

"Uh... OK... So you want me to spank her when she doesn't get an A on everything? I..."

"UGH!" I sigh. "Casey, clearly you have no clue what discipline is. No wonder Joey is misbehaving. If she were properly supervised and disciplined, she would behave that naughty bottom of hers. I believe you and I agreed that you would supervise Joey if I allowed her to stay with you. That makes it your fault that she's getting such horrible grades.

"What I ought to do is keep her here where she will be supervised like the naughty little girl she is." I watch the look of horror sweep over Casey's face. She's thinking that I'm going to tell her Joey is staying here. So perfect! "But that's not really fair." I grin my evil impish grin. It's the grin that tells Sophie I'm having fun. It tells Sophie that Casey isn't going to like what I have to say next, too. "I like to be fair. Since your lame supervision is the reason for Joey's low grade, it's fair that you should be the one punished for your failure.

"Joey paid the price for her grade. I'm sure her bottom still stings very badly from it. You are going to pay for your incompetence. You will stay here for the weekend where you can learn what discipline is. You'll learn some manners, too. You'll be surprised what you'll learn as my property – just as Joey is – for a weekend. Unless you'd prefer I simply made other arrangements for Joey, someplace where I know she'll be supervised like the worthless bitch both of you seem to be..."

"NO!" Casey blurts out with a very nervous sob in her voice. "Please don't do that! I'll stay! Please! I'll stay!"

Mothers are just so predictable. And very easy to bully into doing whatever I want them to do. Of course, if I didn't think Casey was going to enjoy her time here, I wouldn't bully her into staying. Over the last weeks, I've heard her say too many little things that make me think she might want to play a little.

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I've also noticed that Casey is a very shy and timid woman. She's not the type who would come out and tell me she wanted to play. Nor is she the type who would play if I just invited her. She's the type who will sit at home and wish she had been invited to play. Dream about it. Fantasize about it. Know her fantasy will never become reality because she's too timid to take the steps to make it a reality.

So I bully her. It's pure theater. I can't take Joey from her. Joey is an adult. All I can do is offer Joey a choice to live here and serve me on her knees or stay home with her mom. True, Joey would clearly choose to come here. But she is 18. Mom should know that Joey won't be living at home much longer no matter what. If she doesn't come here, she'll go to college. Hello, dorm!

But it does allow Casey a way to tell herself that she doesn't have a choice. A way to lie to herself. To pretend that she's only submitting herself for Joey. I think she needs that deniability to get over the hump and try what she secretly wants to do.

"If you stay here, you will completely belong to me until I dismiss you. I will own you. I will own that body. I will do with it as I fancy. You will have no say in anything. No choice at all. No privacy. No modesty. No... anything. Just whatever crumbs I chose to give you. And understand this, you will obey me. Discipline here is strict. Anything other than complete, unquestioning obedience will earn you a very unpleasant punishment. I won't take your TV time away. You'll be properly punished. Still want to stay and learn what discipline is, bitch?"

"Yes..." Casey squeaks out a very mousy and quiet reply. She refuses to look at me, too. Instead, she averts her eyes. But I see the hint of a twinkle in those eyes. It's the opposite of the nervous tremble in her voice. "I'll stay... Just please, don't take Joey away... I'll stay..."

"Lesson one. A worthless peasant bitch *always* has proper and polite manners. 'I'll stay' is not a proper, respectful, humble answer. It's an answer you'd give to a friend – assuming you could find anyone willing to call a worthless peasant like you a friend, that is. A polite bitch would answer, 'may I please be allowed to stay, Ma'am?' Try it again,

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bitch.”

“May I please be allowed to stay, Ma’am?” Casey recites the line. Her voice is just as mousy shy as ever. And now the nervousness ramps up a notch. Maybe she’s realizing just how much she’s going to learn here. I’d hope she’s been around Joey enough to know that I only tell bitches things once.

“Stand up, bitch... In case you haven’t been paying attention to Joey, who has some manners, that means: answer ‘yes, Ma’am.’ Get up. Stand up straight. Open your feet slightly. Hands at the small of your back. Eyes forward. Mouth shut. Stand now, bitch.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” Casey’s mousy voice breaks. And it’s quieter than before. But she hesitantly gets to her feet. And stands the way I told her to. I’m sure she can guess what’s coming next. The same thing I always have Joey do. Strip. I never allow Joey to have anything of hers except for her school things. And I keep those until I want her to study. Even then she only gets what I want her to use of them.

I make Casey wait a few seconds. Not long. Just a few seconds for her to stand there and think about how she’s going to be getting naked. “Undress, bitch.” Since it’s her first time, and I know that she’s too nervous, too embarrassed, to be thinking much now, I tell her firmly what the command means for her to do. To strip the exact way I always have Joey strip. From the top of her head down to the tip of her toes. Giving up everything.

Casey moves slowly, her hands very reluctant and fumbling as they start to unbutton her long-sleeve blouse. Casey, I’ve seen, is a rather modest woman. She always wears loose-fitting clothes that hide the shape of her body. But from what little I’ve been able to make out, there’s no reason for her to hide her figure. Other than shyness.

It takes her close to forever to get her blouse off and bare a cute, but fairly modest, royal blue bra. I call it modest because it has full cups that cover all of her breasts. She obediently folds her blouse up and adds it to the pile her shoes began on my desk. Right next to the pile of Joey’s clothes.



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Casey is barely taller than her daughter, I'd guess she's about 5'6". She's a few pounds heavier, though. Maybe all of 140, which is still a good weight for a woman of her height. A moderately lean weight. I know little about Casey. But I do know that she's 43-years-old.

Her face is slightly oval, just as Joey's is. It has the same soft and rounded features to it. But Casey has black hair. It's straight, with a moderate amount of body to it as it hangs down just far enough to tickle the tops of her shoulders. She has green eyes. She has a slightly wide nose with soft features. And she has a wide mouth framed with narrow light pink lips.

I can already see that her shoulders are lean. Lean enough that I can see the outline of her collar bones. Her chest is just as lean – slender, but not quite to where I can make out her ribs. As a woman should be. Her stomach is flat, too. Her skin is even still fairly taut. And fully wrinkle-free. There's a nice little curve to her waist, too. She definitely doesn't have anything to be shy about.

I see a very embarrassed look flood her face as she blushes brightly. She's just realized that her bra is the next thing that has to come off. It's going to leave her naked from the waist up. But fully dressed from there down. Which means her breasts are going to be hanging out, on full display, as she finishes undressing.

Casey's hands move slowly as she reaches up behind her back. Her hands fumble for a few seconds, not too long before I see the straps of her bra fall free to her sides. She reaches up to her shoulders. She hesitates for a second, not much longer than that, then her eyes shift to the side so she's not looking straight at me. She slips the straps down off her shoulders and along her arms.

It bares a pair of ample breasts to my eyes. I'd guess she's a C-up, but I'll find out for sure later. Her mounds are soft, lying back against her chest and forming a fairly deep crease where they meet. They're soft enough that I can see it in them. I can see the looseness in their skin. These breasts are going to be water balloons in my hands. It's not necessarily a bad thing, but I do prefer my breasts pert. Then again, not

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everyone shares that opinion. They are still nicely rounded, especially at their tips. On top, they have a decent amount of straightness to their slope, though. But that's to be expected with them lying back. The undersides of them look very nicely rounded.

Her mounds are a milky white. On their tips are a pair of wide rings in a shade that's a mix of purple and brown. But it's a light hue, not a deep or dark one. Centered in each ring is a nipple as wide as a marble. It's the same shade, only deeper, than the ring around it. And now those nipples are swollen up like little rods, rising a good  $\frac{1}{4}$ " off her mound with sides that are almost straight and gently rounded tips.

Casey stands there, quickly folding her bra and adding it to the pile as I eye her breasts over. She must be aware that I'm checking them out, sizing them up. I can see a little bit of redness blooming in her cheeks. But what woman wouldn't be embarrassed to have her breasts appraised by another, especially by another woman who will have a critical eye as she does? I see her eyes darting to me, only to dart back away as she sees my eyes upon her chest.

Unfortunately for Casey, she's worn a skirt today. It's a modest one, covering her down to her knees and leaving only her calves exposed. And it's loose on her, masking as much of her shape as it shows. Its waistband is also the next highest thing on her body. She's able to stall for a minute or so by taking off the belt she has on with it. But then there's nothing left for her to stall with.

Her hands go to the zipper at the back of the skirt. Then they start fumbling badly. The zipper must slip from her fingers half a dozen times before she finally manages to get it all the way down. She freezes like that, the skirt in her quivering hands, and just stands for a couple of seconds. She turns her eyes from me, staring at a blank wall. She starts to slip her skirt down. Her hands tremble so much that the skirt slips from her fingers and falls to the floor. It comes down far faster than it was going to in her hands. As she loses her grip, Casey lets out a surprised squeal.

She very quickly squats down and grabs her skirt. It takes her

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several long seconds to step out of it. And then several more to start rising up again.

Now I can see that she's wearing a pair of white panties. They're satin, with a silky look to them. They have a little lace trim on them, but it's not a frilly, delicate, or really sexy lace. It's still cute, though. Her panties are fairly modest, too. They're "boy shorts." the kind with wide sides that fully cover her bottom and pubes. But they're also cut slightly low on her hips.

Now I can see a lean and flat stomach over equally lean hips. Hips that have just enough padding on them that they don't show their bones and have a nice curve to them. A curve that matches the delicate, feminine curve to her waist. Her skin might not be as elastic as it once was, but it's still taut and doesn't show any sag to it all. I don't even see a single stretch mark from her pregnancy. But I do see fairly lean thighs now, too.

Casey gets a moment to stall. She's got some jewelry on her hands and wrists that she can take off. She doesn't hurry either, knowing that once that's off, she's not going to have a choice. Those panties are coming off.

She reaches to the waistband at her hips. It takes her a couple of tries to get her fumbling fingers slipped under the fabric. Then it takes her a couple of more seconds to work up the nerve to start pushing them down. When she does, they move slowly. Not as if she's trying to tease me, but as if she's reluctant to slide them down. It's still a tease, though. It might be her shyness, but any guy would see it as sensual.

Very slowly they slide down. As they do, they begin to bare a full bush of dense black curls. Curls that are long and tangled together. It doesn't take me long to notice that her bush isn't trimmed. The lines aren't sharp or neat. They're natural.

Eventually, it reveals a very puffy and pronounced pussy mound. It's well-furred, but the fur doesn't come close to hiding its puffiness. I can see a pair of long and wide lips that are plump and thick. And from the front, I can see the line of a deep slit where the puffiness fully

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meets. Once she's bared all of her pussy, her hands move a lot fast to slide the panties down her legs. She stumbles as she steps out of them, but that doesn't slow her down. Those panties are quickly folded up and on the pile.

It leaves her only one thing to take off. Her shoes. A pair of white pumps with medium-heels. I'd say 2 ½" heels, but I'm guessing. Not quite "fuck-me" pumps, but ones that still look good under the skirt. Ones that lift her heels enough to bring out the shape of her calves, too. She takes her time, her hands unsteady, as she takes those off. She stays down, fully squatting, the entire time.

Finally, Casey rises to stand up. She faces me, averting her eyes. In a quiet voice that cracks with her embarrassment, she recites the line she's heard Joey say plenty of times. "Miss Rodgers, I am completely naked now, Ma'am."

I pick up my cane. The very same one I just used on Joey. I hold it up in front of Casey's eyes, leaving her no choice but to get a good look at it. I see her eyes trying to shift away so she doesn't have to see the cane, but she can't move them enough to get it out of her sight. It doesn't take a second for me to see the nervous trembling on her body.

"I did say you'd get the same punishment Joey gets. That starts with two good strokes of this nice, sharp, cane. Turn around, bend over, and rest your forearms on that stool, bitch." I tell her very firmly, "and don't waste my time! Take your whipping like a big bitch."

Casey wastes my time. I knew she would. She's far too nervous to do anything else. She turns slowly, her feet moving unwillingly with the tiniest of steps. It seems to take forever for her to just turn around. And all that shows me is a pair of shapely cheeks. Her globes look to be slightly soft as well, their tips taking on a touch of flatness. They have a rounded underside to them, but not so much that they hang or sag. For a woman of her age, it's a pretty good bottom.

It takes her even longer to lean over. I'd swear she moves slower the closer her forearms get to the stool. It definitely looks like it. Leaning over pulls her cheeks tauter and rounds them out a little more.

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Enough that the flatness is taken out of them. But not enough to pull all of the looseness out of them. They're not saggy or flabby, just not firm. They'll be like wet sponges in my hands. Her cheeks are full enough that her crack stays closed, hiding her asshole, even with her leaning over.

Since this Casey's first punishment here, and likely the first punishment of her adult life, I remind her that she's expected to behave for it. She's to stand still and not move her bottom. She's not to speak a single word, either. Nor is she to try to cover or protect her bottom. She's to stand there, hold still, and accept the painful punishment she's earned through her lazy negligence.

I give Casey the exact same strokes I gave Joey. Not the hardest I can manage. Far from it. I just snap my wrist to send the cane flying through the air.

"YE-OW!" Casey screams out, loudly and in a very girly-high pitch as the cane cracks against the soft flesh of her globes, searing a bright red strip of a welt across them. She pants a fast breath, then cries out another "OW!" Her bottom does not stay still. She wiggles it, trying to shake off the sting of the cane. She starts sobbing. I hear her say "Shit, that hurts too much!" under her breath. It's quiet enough that I have to strain to make it out, so I let her get away with it.

I snap the cane again, searing a matching red welt just below the first one. And Casey screams out another truly pained cry as it lands with its sharp crack. It leaves her crying hard and panting.

I have her stand up. That's something she's relieved to do. It's a sure sign that the whipping is over. But I don't send her to sit beside Joey. Instead, I have Joey stand up and join Casey.

I blindfold and gag both women. I cuff their hands behind their backs, too. Then I take them one at a time, Joey first, and walk them to the playroom. With them blinded, I guide them, steering them by their shoulders. In the playroom, I have some metal folding chairs set up. I picked these cheap chairs for one reason, they're the coldest and hardest I could find, at least at Ollie's Bargain Barn. And it's not like an actual person is ever going to sit in them. Just toys.

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I sit Joey down. She gasps out as her tender bottom touches the hard seat, but otherwise, she sits. I lock the chain of her cuffs to a chain I have locked to the chair. It holds her hands from rising up, and that will ensure Joey stays sitting in her chair.

Casey screams out as her sore bottom lands on the chair. Hers isn't any sorer than Joey's. I guess Casey just isn't as good with pain as Joey is. Or Casey is hamming it up, which I wouldn't put past her. I lock her to the chair as well.

I don't bother to remind them of the rules. I expect them to stay where I've put them. The chain will see to that. I expect them to stay quiet. The gag will make sure they do. I expect them to wait. The lack of another choice will ensure they do.



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## Four Play

I leave Casey and Joey ignored on their chairs. I return to my living room where I lounge on my sofa and sip a cup of lemon tea that Sophie has served me. It's as good of a way as any to pass the next few minutes. I allowed plenty of time to deal with Casey and Joey. I have almost half an hour before the next part of this scene starts.

It starts right on time. As I require of my toys, the knock on my door comes exactly at 5:00. To the minute. I send Sophie to answer the door, as I always do.

I don't know the couple that's arriving. I've never met them before. I only know that they are toys who belong to Alexei, a friend of Nikolai's whom I kind of know. I kind of know from around Nikolai's. Those two are fairly close. I know Alexei lives east of Pensacola somewhere. I forget which of the countless tourist-trap towns he lives in. But he seems nice, and I know we share a lot of the same ideas about D/s. We treat our toys a lot alike. So I wasn't surprised when he asked me for a favor.

The favor is Harry and his wife Megan. The couple that Sophie is now letting into my apartment. Megan is a toy who belongs to Alexei and his wife Galina, a switch who enjoys playing both the role of a Domme over women and of a sub before men. Harry enjoys watching, preferably live, when he's allowed. He doesn't mind joining in, but he's staunchly opposed to enduring any pain or humiliation himself. That definitely limits the ways he can join in, so he usually isn't asked to.

Harry and Megan live just east of Panama City. That's about 90 minutes east of Pensacola, and thus between two and three hours from Mobile. Alexei tells me they drive to him, near Pensacola, because they're uncomfortable playing too close to home. Megan is an attorney with a reputation to protect.

They've come to Mobile for vacation. I know, it sounds lame. Mobile sucks as a tourist trap. They didn't come to see the sights. They picked Mobile at Alexei's "instruction." He assured them they'd enjoy their stay here. I think they took that to mean that he might be here. He's not, and he's not coming. He called them about an hour ago, as

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they were (likely) entering Alabama, and told them there were to come directly here, to my apartment. Here, "Miss Rodgers" would explain to them what Megan's punishment for being too slutty is going to be. Only after Megan has suffered her punishment are they free to resume their vacation.

I knew they were coming a week ago. Yesterday Alexei knew what I had in mind. The toys still don't have a clue how fun their vacation is going to be. Just call it "Pepper's Palace," the new D/s destination vacation! Megan is in for a good lesson.

Sophie shows them in and offers them seats on the sofa as I've told her to do. She doesn't offer them anything else. I haven't told her to. So I offer Harry a cup of tea, which he declines for now. I can already see it on his face. This was unexpected. Alexei has never shared Megan with another Domme before, at least not just given her to one. He's looking around, seeing what there's to be seen. I'm sure he sees a typical college-girl apartment... well, not so typical. Mine is clean and I have the money for nice furnishing. But the taste in those furnishings is all me. All college-girl.

I can see that's he's a little unsure about me. I assume that's because I look my age. 20. young compared to the 41-year-old Harry. Compared to the 36-year-old Megan, too. And I'm very petite. Even Sophie is taller than I am!

I set the tone from the start. I ignore Megan and turn to Harry. "Her Master and I have had a long talk. He tells me that Megan has been an extremely naughty bitch. Is it true? Did this skanky bitch actually dare to beg Master to take a plug that He'd put in her bottom out just because she had to go visit some dirtball client at the jail?"

"Yeah, she did... He'd told her that she was to leave it in all night, then return in the morning and He'd remove it. She... planned to stop at the jail on her way home, and with all the security there, she was worried they'd find it. That would be humiliating, and it would start rumors about her..."

I laugh. I know the entire story. I know that they wouldn't have

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found it. The plug he'd used was 100% rubber and metal detectors don't pick up on rubber. Nothing short of a strip search would have turned it up, and lawyers aren't strip-searched. The only danger to Megan was to her psyche as she sat there, sitting on that butt plug, and talking to her client. Naturally, Alexei scolded her and spanked her for daring to question him. He also had Galina drive her to the jail and make sure she went in with that toy up her butt. And he promised her that she was going to pay dearly for it, just not that night since she did have a criminal waiting on her.

"Obviously that's a very serious bit of misbehavior..." I say to Harry. "The consequences will have to be just as serious. I do hope you understand, Harry. Megan is His slave! She can't be running around thinking. It's her place to obey without question, not to think! People think! Slaves just obey."

"Yeah, He warned me you might have some harsh punishment in store for her..." His voice sounds hesitant, but I can see a little gleam in his eye that says he wants to see some harsh consequences administered.

I turn to Megan. "Stand up, bitch," I say very firmly, adding a touch of coolness to voice that wasn't there when I was addressing Harry.

Megan doesn't hesitate to rise to her feet. She stands with her hands at her sides, her purse still draped over her shoulder. But she stands up straight with her eyes forward and on me. It's not how I'd teach a sub to stand. I prefer their hands at the small of their back. With her hands at her sides, they block just a hair of the side of her breasts, right where they join her chest. And I want unhindered access to a sub's breasts.

It's one of the issues I run into playing with subs who belong to others. Not everyone teaches subs the same things, or at least not the exact same way of doing things. Megan won't know the commands I use, she'll only know the ones Alexei uses. Like now. I said stand and she's standing the way Alexei taught her to stand in his realm. If Megan

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belonged to one of “the girls,” my Domme friends, she’d know my way of doing things. We all use the same commands to mean the same things. We do that, in a big part, to make it easier to share our toys. Still, she’ll know the basics. I’ll just have to give her detailed instructions. Then again, I’ll be giving those instructions in just as much detail to Casey, too.

For now, I let her posture go uncorrected. This is close enough. “Give all your things to your husband, bitch.” She won’t know my “undress” command, the one Joey and Casey got. But I’ve decided that it doesn’t matter much how Megan’s clothes come off. Just that she gets naked. I’m sure she’s expecting to. I doubt Alexei would allow her to stay dressed very long.

Megan hands her purse to her husband. Now we’ll see what Alexei has taught her. I’m confident that an experienced sub would have understood what I mean when I said “all of your things.” Now I’m watching to see how she goes about it and what she does with her things. I (and my Domme friends) tend to be rigorous in things. We have specific ways we expect things to be done. I don’t know if Alexei does as well, or he’s happy with her clothes just coming off her body.

Megan dressed casually today. But most women would for a drive and a vacation. She’s wearing a yellow cotton blouse and cargo shorts over sneakers. Comfortable attire.

She starts by squatting down and taking off her sneakers. She pushes them aside and reaches for her socks. I stop her. I tell her to straighten her shoes up first. In my realms worthless bitches take care of the things some actual person provides for them to use. Like clothes. I tell her to tuck the laces into them and hand them neatly to her husband. And to ask him to hold them for her. Then I let her go for her socks. I don’t have to tell her to fold those up before she stands and hands them over. Once was enough for her. It tells me she’s an experienced sub. She knows there will be consequences for making me tell her the same thing twice.

Megan is about 5'5" tall, roughly average for a woman. But she's also a slender woman. I'd guess she doesn't weigh much more than 115

## Four Play

pounds. I knew that before I ever saw her. Alexei gave me her clothing sizes. I needed to know for what I have in mind.

Megan could easily pass for a few years younger than her 36. maybe 32. She has a face that's neither rounded nor oval in shape but has a fairly rounded and softly featured jawline. She has short, black hair that's cut close to her head, but also has a touch of body to it. It hangs just to the bottom of her jawline. She has brown eyes. She has a slightly long nose with decently angular lines to it. And she has a nice wide mouth framed with a pair of light pink, plush lips.

As her blouse comes off I can see the leanness in her body. I can make out the lines of her collar bones along her shoulders. I can see narrow arms. But it looks like everything about Megan is going to be lean and narrow. I can see a flat stomach with taut skin that doesn't have a blemish on it. And I can see a rather sexy purple lace bra with half cups that flaunt her breasts. I already knew that Megan would have small breasts. I know she wears a 32-A bra, and that's not a bra with much room for breasts in it. Now that I can see them, they're what I expected. They do, however, fill out the small cups of the lace bra nicely.

Next, she takes off her shorts. It reveals a matching pair of purple panties. And they are not modest panties. They're high cut on her hips, with a narrow, deep V of satin in the front and a slightly wider one in the back. But even that swath doesn't cover more than about 2/3rds of her cheeks. Nor does it hide her curvy hips. Those have just enough padding on them to hide her bones, and not an ounce more. The curve of those soft hips flows perfectly into the curve of her waist, too. I can also see a pair of narrow and lithe legs now fully exposed. Those don't have any boniness to them, not even knobby knees. Just a sweet, but narrow, shapeliness to them.

Megan takes off her bra. It lets me see her firm mounds. They're small, as expected, rising somewhere between an inch and two inches off her chest. The way she fills out that bra, I'd guess closer to two inches. They're perfectly rounded, almost like half oranges glued to her chest. They're milky white, telling me that Megan isn't one to lie out in

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the sun much. No tan lines, either. They're topped with a pair of rings of light pink just a hair larger than a quarter. And centered in those soft rings are a pair of nipples the width of pencil erasers that poke their rounded tips up about ¼" above her mounds.

The only thing Megan has left is her panties. She slips them off and hands them to her husband. It lets me see that she has a full bush of black curly hairs. But I already knew that. I could see the ends of those hairs peeking out the leg openings of her panties. Now I can see that her bush is untrimmed. Or rather not trimmed neatly. It looks as if she's trimmed the hairs off her legs, but that she hasn't bothered to fully shave the creases of her thighs and trim the edges into sharp lines. I can't imagine why Alexei would stand for it. I like my toys neat. This one will be coming back to him so neatly groomed.

Despite her dense fur, I have no problem seeing her flat pussy mound. It's long, narrow lips that don't come anywhere close to meeting, leaving a wide gash between them. And I can see the loose folds of her inner pinkness poking their edges out through that gash and beyond her mound. Immediately I think of Sophie's pussy. Her inner folds peek out just as prominently, maybe even more so. I'll know better later when I get a very good look at this pussy.

"Miss Rodgers, this slave is now naked, as You've commanded, Ma'am." I don't have to tell Megan to say it. The wording is a little different than I would have taught her, but for a "one-off" I won't bother to correct her. Obviously, Alexei refers to her as His slave. I wouldn't. I reserve the honor of being called a slave to those who wear my collar. And those who wear my collar wear it 24/7. It never comes off.

"Go sit on that stool." I point her to the stool beside my desk. She sits, crossing her legs and resting her hands on her knees. Again, it's a slight variation from what I'd teach a sub, but it's close enough for one-offs and government work. I let her sit.

The first thing I do is cuff her hands behind her back. That doesn't have much effect on her. But she's probably used to being bound and cuffed.

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Next, I get a gag for Megan. I select a good-sized ball gag, one with a soft foam-covered ball that will completely fill her mouth. It will ensure she doesn't say anything more than "MM!" from now on. And in a minute, when she hears what I have to say to Harry, I suspect she's going to want to say something.

Lastly, I blindfold Megan with a sash of black silky fabric. It won't let so much as a ray of light through. Perfect, because I do not want her to see what happens next. I want her to sit there, mute, and hear everything. And not be able to do or say anything about it.

I return to the sofa and take a seat facing Harry. "Megan will be staying here until that skanky bitch learns some obedience. Her Master is well aware of it.

"However, since you haven't misbehaved, I don't see any reason to ruin your vacation too. I have arranged for a replacement for Megan. She will be your wife until Megan learns to mind her betters. Just think of it like this: she is your wife. She is everything that skank is. I'm just replacing that slutty body with another."

"Oh, slave!" I call for Sophie, "take this skanky bitch to the playroom and return with the first bitch I saw today."

"Yes, Mistress, right away!" Sophie squeals excitedly. She hurries over to Megan and reaches her hand down to Megan's shoulder. "Come along, bitch." Sophie gets a firm grip on Megan's shoulder and almost pulls the woman up to her feet.

Megan is shaking her head a hard no. Sophie ignores it. Megan cries out an urgent "MM!" through her gag. No one can actually make out what she's saying, but I think we all guess it's "NO!" Sophie just pulls her along. Megan follows, her feet stumbling as she tries not to leave her husband. Sophie isn't the biggest or strongest of girls, but she is determined. She easily drags Megan along to the playroom.

Sophie already knows what I want her to do. She shoves Megan down in a third metal chair. All three of them are in a line, so it puts Megan about eight inches from Casey. All three of the women are

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blindfolded, so none can see what's going on. But they all must hear Megan squealing through her gag. I can hear the chair knocking against something, and a chain rattling. Then, after a minute, just the chain rattling. It tells me that Megan is not sitting still in her chair like a good bitch. She's still squirming! Sooner or later she'll accept her place.

Then Sophie returns. She's leading Joey along. Ever the little imp, Sophie has pinched one of Joey's nipples in her fingers and is using that to lead the girl along. She brings Joey over to me. Blindfolded, Joey has to rely on Sophie to guide her through the living room. And she doesn't know that she's now standing naked in front of a man she's never laid eyes on before.

I nod to Sophie. She takes Joey's blindfold off. For an instant I see Joey's eyes go wide as she catches sight of Harry sitting on the sofa. It's just the surprise of it. She stays still. Sophie takes her gag off. And the handcuffs. Joey keeps her hands behind her back, even as Harry is so obviously eyeing her nude body.

"Mr. Havelock, this is Joey. Joey, this is Mr. Havelock." I point at Harry as if he's not the only man in the room.

Harry looks to be his age. He's decently tall, around 5'10". He's only very slightly overweight. I'd guess he's around 200, 210 tops. But it's not all muscle. Too bad, that might give him the body of a linebacker. Even with his clothes on I can tell he has a soft body. But I hear he's a banker, not a carpenter, so... He has short sandy brown hair and brown eyes. He's not a bad looking middle-aged man, but he's not going to be modeling anything either. To me, he is just a stereotypical middle management drone. The kind of guy who has made a fairly decent life for his family. But not the kind of hot guy who can start my engine.

I imagine he's not the kind of guy who will start Joey's engine either. He probably looks like a dad to her. But that's not why I picked her for this. I picked her for a few reasons. Mostly because she needs to learn a lesson and make it up to me for that bad grade. She needs to prove her obedience. And she's the same size as Megan. Although I'm sure Harry is busy noticing that she's half Megan's age.



## Four Play

"Joey is now your wife for however long that skanky bitch takes to learn to obey. She will do *everything* a wife does." I turn to Joey and look her firmly in the eyes. "I mean *everything*, is that clear to you, bitch?"

"Yes, my Queen. I am to do everything a wife does with her husband."

I turn back to Harry. "Just go on with your vacation. Whatever you'd do with that naughty bitch, do with this bitch. Whatever plans you've made. She is going to be a good wife for you. Enjoy your vacation."

I turn to Joey again. "Listen carefully, bitch. This is your one chance to make up for your naughtiness. I want Mr. Havelock to have a very good vacation. You are going to ensure that it is his dreams come true. I don't care what he fancies doing with you. You are his wife. There are no limits to what a man may do with a good, obedient wife. I expect the best of reports telling me what a sweet, loving wife you've been for him. Do you understand what I'm telling you to do, bitch?"

"Oh, yes, my Queen." Joey doesn't hesitate to answer. I even hear a trace of eagerness in her voice as she adds, "thank you, my Queen! I am going to be the very best wife for him! Thank you for giving me a chance to make it up to you, my Queen!"

I turn back to Harry. "You'll find this bitch is the same size as the other bitch. That way, you won't need to provide her anything. She may just use the things you already own to provide for that other bitch. Whenever you're ready, you may give her some clothes and take her to... to begin your vacation."

Harry sits stunned for a second. I can only imagine the thoughts racing through his head. That I'm giving him this lithe 18-year-old body as his wife, and that she seems eager to be given away, is probably at the top of the list. It takes Harry a quarter minute or so to realize that he has to give her clothes. Yet the only clothes he has are Megan's. The very ones that just came off of Megan's body.

## Chapter 03: Substitution

He fumbles with the pile of Megan's clothes for a second. Then he holds out the panties that Megan had on. Joey does nothing. After a few seconds, Harry says "here." Now Joey takes them. She's been trained by me. She won't take anything from anyone until it's offered to her.

Joey holds the panties out. "Mr. Havelock, may this worthless bitch of a wife please be allowed to put these very sexy panties on her skanky butt now, Sir?" Joey asks.

Harry looks surprised by her asking. I guess Alexei doesn't make his slaves ask. That being given the panties is enough for him. Not for me. "Go on, Joey." He tells her.

Joey quickly pulls the panties up onto her hips. They fit her as well as they fit Megan. And they look just as sexy on Joey. The only difference I notice is that I don't see any stray hairs poking out of them, and I see a puffier mound under the crotch of them. I wouldn't see any hairs, not with Joey's pubes being shaven.

The bra, and the rest of Megan's clothes, fit Joey just as well. It leaves her fully dressed, exactly as Megan was twenty minutes ago. Really there are only two noticeable differences. One, that Joey is half Megan's age. Joey looks to be about sixteen or seventeen, although she's recently turned eighteen. The second difference is Joey's long light brown hair instead of Megan's short black hair. Otherwise, it could be the same woman.

"Joey, thank your husband nicely for the clothes."

Joey smiles at me. She steps forward, close to Harry, and leans over. She wraps her arms around his shoulders and leans close. She whispers very softly, with a gallon of honey in her voice, "Thank you for these so nice clothes, Sir. I hope you like the way they look on my skanky body, Sir." Joey moves slightly to put her lips to Harry's. She kisses him. It is a long kiss full of unrestrained passion. A hungry kiss. I can that the passion in it takes Harry by surprise. But it doesn't take him long to start kissing Joey back just as eagerly. When they finally break the kiss, Joey licks her lips slowly before standing back up.

## Four Play

"I am going to be the very best wife you ever dreamed of, Sir!" Joey bats her eyelashes at him. If he had doubted, or questioned, anything he doesn't anymore.

"What were your plans for this evening?" I ask Harry.

"Uh... after this, we were going to have a quiet night, dinner on the beach somewhere, and just goof off..."

"No reason to change anything. Your substitute wife will make a wonderful dinner companion for you. And she excels at goofing off." I put a bit of a tease in my voice so that Joey will know what I mean by goofing off. Not studying hard enough.

"Can I ask... unless it's not my business... what is Joey making up for?" His voice says he's wondering what a girl so obedient might have done to get in trouble.

I nod to Joey. "Oh, you may ask *anything* you want to Sir! I'm your wife! Wives tell their husbands everything! I was a very girl, Sir... I didn't study hard enough like my Queen told me to, and I got a bad grade. I got a B! And it was in my AP Chemistry class!"

"Oh, you're a student?"

"Yes, Sir... I'm a senior at Davidson High, Sir."

Harry's eyes go wide. "How old are you, Joey?"

"I'm eighteen, Sir. My birthday was last month." She grins widely.

I hand him a sealed envelope. "Her ID is in there. It is to be opened only if needed for a cop. Otherwise, it stays sealed in there."

"What if the hotel demands it or something?" He asks. I'm sure right about now he's thinking that they might get the idea that something improper is going on, like that Joey is underage, and ask.

"The hotel is fine if they specifically demand it. You have my word, she is eighteen and thus an adult. I don't play games with that. And I never do anything around, much less with, anyone under eighteen."

## Chapter 03: Substitution

"OK..." Harry lets the relief show on his face. I really don't care if he looks at her ID or not. I just want to tease him by letting him know he has it but isn't supposed to peek. That he's supposed to trust me.

Joey takes Megan's purse and slings it over her shoulder. Harry grins when he sees her do it the exact same way Megan does. She takes his hand, then cuddles her body close to his.

He walks her out, knowing better than to ask when Megan will be returned. My answer would be what I've already told him. When she learns to mind. As they're leaving, I see Harry's hand slip around Joey's waist. Very low on Joey's waist. I'd bet before they get to the elevator it will slip even lower off her waist. I doubt he minds the substitution. Then again, what 43-year-old man would mind the chance to play house with a pretty 18-year-old nymph?



# Chapter 04: Grooming My Bitches

## Four Play

Now I have the bitches I'd planned to have for the lesson. I still haven't decided how long this lesson is going to be. Joey has to be at school Monday morning, and I'd never let her miss a day of school just to slut. Especially not after she got a bad grade! Casey has to work Monday, too, but not quite as early as Joey is due at school. Megan doesn't have to be back until Tuesday morning. They'd planned to drive back Monday. To me, that means I have until Joey has to leave for school. Sooner if I want, but not later. I could keep Megan, and Harry, longer if I want to, but it just wouldn't be as much fun without Casey and Joey to join in.

I go to the playroom, Sophie following close behind me. As I'd wanted her to do, Sophie has Casey and Megan sitting close beside each other in their metal chairs. Joey's chair, to Casey's left and just as close to her as Megan's, is now empty. I stand in front of the pair.

I send Sophie to take their blindfolds off. Casey immediately starts looking around. I'm sure she's already figured out that Joey was moved. Her eyes search for the girl they won't find. It takes her a long moment to realize that Joey isn't in this room any longer. Only then does she show any interest in Megan. As in who is this naked woman next to me?

Megan glances at Casey, but it's a quick glance. Just long enough to see that she's next to another naked middle-aged woman. She doesn't expect to find Harry here. She heard me tell Harry I was replacing her with another woman. Harry is going to be long gone with his "substitute wife." Megan more glares at me, a mixture of anger, jealousy, and nervousness on her face.

I don't doubt that Megan never expected what just happened. Alexei told me that he's "shared" Harry with other women before, but it's always been tame. Something like letting another woman lick his balls while Megan sucked him. Or having Megan team up with another woman for an erotic dance for him. He's gotten to kiss women. He's gotten to fondle them. He's gotten to play with them. He's gotten lap dances. He's gotten to suck on their breasts. But he's never been

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offered outright sex with another woman. He's gotten to see Megan having sex with another woman, but never to be with that other woman himself.

The look on Megan's face tells me that she never expected it to go as far as I just went. She'd always assumed that Alexei would never actually allow Harry to have sex with another of His toys. Isn't that so silly? He's given Megan to others. Why wouldn't He allow Harry a treat now and then?

The look on Megan's face tells me she's not thrilled about Harry's treat, either. It's not a look of hatred. It's a look of worried jealousy. As if Megan is wondering what kind of woman I've given Harry. Is she younger? Prettier? Sluttier? Sweeter? Is Harry going to want that other woman instead of her? Will Harry like this treat a little too much? I purposely didn't say anything about Joey in front of Megan. I want her to wonder what Harry's been given. I want her uncomfortable here, and that's doing half the work for me! It will also motivate Megan to behave. She has to know that the sooner I'm satisfied with her lesson, the sooner I'll give her back to Harry. Thus, the less time Harry will have to enjoy and get comfortable with the other woman.

I wait to take the gags off. I know Casey is going to start trying to ask about Joey the instant I do. Any mother would want to know what I've done with her daughter. More so here, where the naughty Joey might well be suffering. I don't care so much if Casey asks. But I do care if Megan hears her ask. Anything Casey asks will offer Megan some information, at least once she gets past her frantic uneasiness and starts to think about it. I plan to tell Megan. I even plan to show Megan. Just not now. Not yet. For now, I want her clueless about Joey.

I get one of my pastel green Sharpie markers. I love pastel green, so I try to get most everything in it when I can. Markers are easy to find. Target sells them. Probably Wal-Mart too, but I try to avoid Wal-Mart as much as I can. They tend to sell lower quality merchandise and charge the same prices as everyone else for the brand names. But more importantly to me, they have the absolute worst customer service on



## Four Play

Earth. Especially the supercenter in Saraland.

I pick Casey to begin with. "I dub thee... the peasant bitch... cunt!" I write cunt on her shoulder in big, bright letters. "You will answer to cunt, and nothing else."

I sidestep over to Megan. "I hear your Master has dubbed you cum dumpster." I write "cum dumpster" on her shoulder in just as big of letters. "I see no reason to change your name since you're only visiting this Queendom. Besides, your Master tells me you make an excellent cum dumpster."

I take a step back so that I am addressing both of the women. "You will not ask any questions, ever, in this Queendom. You are worthless peasant serfs. Your place is at the very bottom. You obey. You do not question. You do not hesitate, stall, delay, or drag your feet. Queens tend to throw peasant bitches in the dungeon for things like that.

"I know you have questions. I don't care. I don't even care about you. You two bitches are nothing, and I care nothing about nothings. If I want you to know the answer, I'll tell you. If I haven't told you, then you're just wasting your breath by bothering me by asking. Your bottom will not appreciate you bothering me."

I have Sophie take their gags off. Wisely, neither woman says anything. But I can see how badly Casey wants to. Her eyes are still searching around for some clue as to what I've done with Joey. And she's fidgeting in her seat. I wonder if she's more nervous about Joey's fate, or if she's starting to realize her fate is going to be far worse than those two swats she's already gotten.

"Both of you bitches look like something my slave scraped off the bottom of her shoe after treading through an especially filthy gutter. I don't care where you come from. In my Queendom, even the lowest of peasants, the peasant bitch, grooms itself like a lady. My Queendom has standards, and both of these skanky bodies fall so far short of them I need a telescope to see them!

## Chapter 04: Grooming My Bitches

"Obviously neither of you can manage to groom yourselves like bitches, let alone like people. Thus you'll be taught. Cunt, you will groom cum dumpster. I will supervise to make sure you get it right."

I have Sophie unlock their hands, freeing them from the cuffs. As she's doing that, I stand there, glaring at the women, and reminding them to sit still and wait. Once they're released, Sophie brings me my crop. I have Casey stand and take Megan by the hand. I give Casey very specific instructions, step by step.

"Cum dumpster, come with me and I will groom your skanky body to our Queen's standards," Casey repeats her line. She follows Sophie to the bathroom, leading Megan along.

I have Casey help Megan into the tub and guide her to lie back. I have Casey kneel just outside the tub. I have Casey start drawing a bath for Megan. A cold bath. "Hot water is valuable! Water heaters cost money to run!" I tell them in a mocking voice. "Neither of you is worth the money it costs me to heat your water." I grin. I tell Casey to stop with a couple of inches of water in the tub, about halfway up Megan's thin hips.

I give Megan a pink razor and a can of shaving gel. I tell her to start by shaving Megan's underarms. She does that, nicking Megan fairly quickly. I swat Casey's bottom with my crop. It's not a hard swat, but I'm sure it stings like a hive of bees on her already burning bottom. Casey yelps a loud, and squealy, "EE-OW!" as it lands. Megan only sucked in a quick wince as she was nicked. Casey flinches hard, too. I scold her, "be careful with my bitch! I don't want that body cut to shreds. I won't be able to get as much for it if I sell it then!" Now that Casey knows the price of nicking Megan, she's very diligent and careful. Luckily for Casey, Megan's underarms were already silky smooth. It ensures that Casey won't get spanked for leaving any stubble.

I tell Casey to shave Megan's legs, starting at the tips of her toes and working up. Now there are some hairs that Megan left. Hairs that Casey needs to shave away and leave Megan silky smooth all over. Very few women bother to shave those little hairs off their toes. Except in my

## Four Play

Queendom. Here I keep my bitches perfectly groomed like ladies. That way, their buyers or those I give the bitch to are able to pretend that they're using a lady instead of a skanky peasant bitch I scraped out of a gutter. They're more valuable like that.

I watch closely as Casey shaves Megan's toes. Once Casey is moving up onto Megan's feet, I take my fingers and run them gently over Megan's toes. I feel a very light and short stubble.

I take a seat on the toilet. Then I grab hold of Casey by her hair. Moving quickly, before Casey even realizes what's coming, I yank her around and pull her over my knees like a naughty toddler would go. As she's being dragged around, Casey blurts out a surprised, and nervous, squeal. It's not even a word, just a squealing noise that announces her surprise.

I reach to the counter and grab an old-fashioned wooden hairbrush. "Bad bitch!" I snap. Then I swat Casey on her bottom. Casey yelps out a very loud, and just as squealy, "EE-OW!" and starts sobbing the instant she feels the swat on her almost taut cheek. Her hands fidget around, trying to find something to grip and brace against. Her feet and legs flail wildly. Her chest squirms against my knees. "I told you not to leave any stubble, cunt!" I swat her other cheek, getting another yelp from Casey. She never stops squirming around. She never even eases up. She squirms wildly as she lies over my knees getting her first actual spanking in probably four decades.

I swat her first cheek again. "This is the price of disobeying me, cunt!" I scold her sternly, but without raising my voice. I try to never raise my voice or shout at a sub unless I have to so that I'm heard over screeches or moans. I just want her to know she's disappointed me, and how. I swat her second cheek again. She screeches. "Cum dumpster's toes have stubble." I swat her again. "Now go do what you were told to do." I swat her one more time. It adds up to three strokes on each cheek. Enough that she's definitely feeling them. She'd feel them even if her bottom wasn't already stinging from my cane. "While you still have a bottom left to spank." I shove Casey off my knees and onto hers.

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"Shave my bitch, cunt."

Casey sobs hard from the spanking. She turns toward Megan and catches sight of Megan turning her eyes away. It lets Casey know that Megan watched her be spanked. Casey blushes as she sobs. She slowly picks up the razor she dropped and returns to Megan's toes. And this time, when I run my fingers over those toes, I don't feel any stubble.

I watch closely as Casey shaves her way up Megan's legs. As Casey makes her way up, I check Megan's legs thoroughly behind her. Casey isn't going to miss a single hair. She shaves her all the way up to the crease of her thigh, the very top of Megan's legs.

I tell Casey to shave Megan's pubes. She's to leave only a neat triangle of Megan's bush. Sharp, straight lines just inside the creases of her thighs and along the top. Then along Megan's pussy lips. Those are to be left furry, but not a single hair is allowed beyond the lips. Either to the sides or behind. "And don't be shy about touching that pussy. It's mine, and I don't care if you touch it, just shave it properly." I add. I can already see that Casey was trying hard not to touch Megan's pussy as she shaves around it. What a prude! I suddenly think that I should make Casey eat that pussy. Then she won't be so shy about touching it!

I have Casey wait on her knees as I very closely inspect Megan's pussy. It was so obvious that Casey did not want to touch Megan's pussy. But still, her instinct for self-preservation made her run her fingers over the skin around Megan's bush to ensure that it was silky soft. It passes.

"Now, shave this bitch's bottom," I tell Casey. "I don't want to see a single hair anywhere. Not on its cheeks. Especially not in its crack or around its anus. Shave its bottom as silky as everything else. Just roll it to its side to get at that bottom."

Megan hears the instruction, and as soon as Casey starts trying to roll her, Megan helps by rolling with her. Casey starts by shaving the peach fuzz off Megan's cheeks. Then she has no choice but to spread Megan's crack wide and shave that. It fully bares Megan's asshole to Casey's eyes. Casey tries not to look at it, and definitely not to touch it.

## Four Play

Megan just lies there demurely and allows Casey to shave her. Casey gets everything but the last few hairs. Light, peach fuzz hairs, close around Megan's asshole. The pink wrinkles flowing over Megan's ring make it difficult to shave those. I tell Casey to quit wasting time and just use her fingers. To pull those wrinkles out and smooth over the flesh before shaving it. Casey grimaces as her bare fingers have to touch Megan's body, literally a hair's width from the dark pinpoint of Megan's asshole. But Casey shaves it smooth. Then I have her hold Megan's cheeks wide apart while I pull on a latex glove and check. I pronounce Megan shaven.

I tell Casey to shampoo Megan's hair. She does the hair on Megan's head. I scold her telling her that I said all of Megan's hair. And that's what I meant. Every single hair left on Megan's body. Her eyebrows. Her eyelashes. Her bush. It's all hair, and it should all be clean and silky soft. Casey does it. And again I can see her hands wanting to shy away from Megan's bush. And especially away from Megan's lips. It doesn't seem to matter that Megan is not uncomfortable with being washed by Casey.

Next Casey gets to rinse and condition all of Megan's hair. Then she gets to add a little fresh, and freshly chilly, water to the tub.

I hand her a bottle of body wash and a plastic scrubber. I tell Casey to use the scrubber and her hands. To wash "every cell of skin on this skanky bitch's body." I give Casey a cup to use to rinse Megan as she goes. She starts at the top.

It goes fine until Casey gets to Megan's breasts. They might be small, but they're firm, so they perk up just a little as Megan lies in the tub. Enough that Casey can clearly see where Megan's chest ends and her breasts begin. It's at that line where Casey starts to hesitate again. Right when she realizes that to wash Megan's breasts, she's going to have her hands all over them. And their rock hard nipples. She starts working around them.

I just tap Casey's bottom with the crop. She squeals. "This is the last time I'm going to tell you to stop being such a prude, cunt. Wash

## Chapter 04: Grooming My Bitches

those breasts. Thoroughly. I like to sell clean breasts. The bitch's buyer might want to suck on them or something. If he can find those little things!" I add laughing. I grab one of Casey's wrists and push her hand up until it's squarely atop Megan's breast. Casey gets the hint. She starts washing the petite mound. But she's also touching it very softly with even more reluctant hands. "And don't forget that nipple!" I remind Casey. I watch as she stalls as long as she can. Then she finally puts two fingers to Megan's nipple and scrubs it very quickly. But not so quickly that Megan doesn't have time to purr softly, just once, but sweetly. As Megan purrs, Casey's hands flinch, almost pulling back from the nipple. I guess Casey realizes that would get her a swat. She catches her hand just in time.

It goes well from there. Until Casey gets to Megan's pussy. I see her hands washing very carefully around Megan's furry, flat mound. I scold Casey sharply, telling her to open those lips up and wash that pussy, too! Casey tries to push Megan's lips aside without slipping her fingers into Megan's slit. It doesn't work very well. Not with Megan's narrow lips. Casey ends up with no choice but to use her fingers to pull the protruding edges of Megan's pink folds wide. As soon as she does, I can see that Megan's pussy is very wet with a thick layer of clingy honey. I'm sure Casey can see it, too. I'm sure Casey thinks it from the sweet bath she's giving Megan. I think it's from the humiliation Megan is suffering through.

I stand right over the very shy Casey, instructing her as she goes along to start by washing Megan's narrow lips. Inside and out. Then to do the same with Megan's wrinkly loose folds. Then to wash the rest of Megan's pinkness. I see Casey trying to avoid the swollen knot of pink folds where Megan's clit is peeking its eager head up. Casey's fingers are close to it, but always trying to stay a hair's width from it. I just nudge Casey's wrist. "Don't forget this bitch's clitoris! That has to be clean, too." I teasing scold Casey. Her fingers are already atop the hard nub from that little bump to her wrist.

Casey starts washing it slowly, trying hard to not stimulate Megan as she does. I grab Casey's wrist again. "I said to wash it, cunt!" I scold

## Four Play

Casey. Keeping hold of Casey's wrist, I start "scrubbing" Casey's sudsy fingers over the top of Megan's clit. Megan stiffens up and purrs out a very deep and throaty moan as Casey washes it. Casey breathes a sigh of relief once I let her fingers off the nub. Megan sighs out with more frustration.

I tell Casey that she has to wash Megan's pussy, too. To get her fingers nice and sudsy. I don't bother telling Casey what to do. I again take hold of Casey's wrist, balling it up and leaving only two fingers extended. To soapy fingers. I push those casually into Megan's pussy, trying to neither be rough nor gentle. Just not caring at all about Megan's comfort. I use Casey's ungloved fingers to stroke the inside of Megan's pussy, spreading the sudsy soap around inside Megan. And stroking her walls, slightly quickly, and very deftly.

As soon as she feels the soap inside her pussy, Megan sucks in a little wince. But after that, she feels Casey's fingers massaging her walls as I pretend I'm washing them. Megan starts moaning very sweetly, even though her face still shows a touch of the sting of the soap inside her. I use Casey's fingers to wash as much of Megan's pussy as the fingers will reach. Twisting them around as I stroke them in and out quickly. I spend close to a minute washing that pussy out. Then I release Casey's hand after letting her fingers slip from the tight tunnel. "Now rinse it fully. That soap stings. You don't want this bitch to have its pussy stinging, do you?"

Casey washes the soap off her fingers. She splashes as much water as she can at Megan's tunnel. She eventually realizes that the soap is too deeply inside Megan's tunnel to just splash it out. It leaves her no choice. I see her turn to Megan and mouth "sorry, I have to!" and then she very gently pushes her fingers into Megan's tunnel. Casey tries to open her fingers a little and splash lots of water at Megan's tunnel while moving her fingers the bare minimum to rinse the soap out. It doesn't help Megan any. She's still purring soft moans, albeit not as hungrily as she did when I used Casey's fingers to scrub it. Casey takes her time splashing out all of the suds, but being careful not to move her fingers any more than she absolutely has to.

## Chapter 04: Grooming My Bitches

Casey looks rather relieved when her fingers come out of Megan's pussy. Her relief lasts a fraction of a second. That's how long it takes me to remind Casey that she has to very thoroughly wash Megan's asshole, too. And I don't let her get away with cheating it either. I make sure Casey pulls the flesh around the ring of muscle taut, smoothing out every wrinkle, and scrubbing over it with her fingers. I make her scrub the tiny pinpoint at the center, too. Everything short of sticking her finger into Megan's bottom.

But after that, the bath gets easier for Casey. Megan doesn't have any private areas left that need washing. She doesn't have any privacy left, either.

Once Megan's bath is done, I have Casey drain the water from the tub and "help" Megan up to her feet. Casey gets the chore of drying Megan off, too. Megan isn't allowed to so much as touch the towel. And then Megan isn't allowed to touch the hairbrush or hairdryer either. Casey has to do it for her. I even make Casey brush Megan's teeth for her.

Then I tell Megan that it's her turn. She's to wash and groom Casey exactly the same way Casey just did her. I watch Casey's face blush a very beet red as she hears that it's her turn. I can't imagine that Casey didn't know it was coming. More likely, she spent the last forty minutes trying to convince herself that Megan wasn't about to be washing her!

Casey cringes hard as Megan guides her into the tub. She blurts out a little squeal as the cool water reaches her bottom. And she gets her bath, every bit as thoroughly as Megan just did.





# Chapter 05: The Punishment Begins

## Four Play

Now that my bitches are properly groomed, I have them in the playroom. They're standing properly. That is with their hands behind their backs. Even Megan. I took the extra two seconds to tell her how I want her to stand. And to remind her that she's in my Queendom now, not her Master's Kingdom. I have them standing close beside each other. So close that their upper arms and hips are touching each other. It doesn't bother the experienced Megan, she's used to being touched by others, even strangers, if that's what her Master wants. But it definitely has the novice Casey slightly uneasy. I'm very sure that Megan is the first nude woman she's so much as been around, much less touched.

"You two have been very naughty little bitches..." I stand in front of them. And I have the short cane in my hand. Megan watches the cane with a light edginess in her eyes. But Casey looks downright scared of it. I can't imagine why. Those two strokes she got with it weren't that bad.

"You are here to be punished and learn to obey." I take my cane and gently lie it along the underside of Casey's breasts. She flinches hard from just the touch of it. I draw it very slowly along her mounds. "You will be here until you learn to obey like proper peasant bitches." I stop moving the cane and use it to lift her mounds up, taking most of their weight off of her chest. "I will tell you things once. Only once."

I slowly lower Casey's breasts back down until I can move the cane away from her mounds. I use its tip to trace a line straight down her stomach and through her pubes. Then I bring the cane back up, moving very slowly until the tip of it is lying lightly against Casey's pussy mound. "There will be consequences for disobedience here. Strict consequences."

I take the cane from Casey's pussy and lift it up so that's the tip of it is in front of her eyes. I move it slowly to tease Casey with it. Not to hurt her with it. Not yet. She hasn't misbehaved yet. I bring it around, lying its length across the tips of Casey's nipples. I start drawing the cane over the tips of those hard nubs slowly, gently stroking the sensitive hardness with it. "I hope you aren't so stupid that you think

## Chapter 05: The Punishment Begins

you're going to be comfortable here. No one cares if the peasants are comfortable. Especially not naughty peasants the Queen has sent to Her dungeon. Dungeons are not comfortable. Dungeons are where naughty peasants suffer."

I lift the cane up until it's about an inch over Casey's mounds. I bring it down on the top of her mounds. It barely taps them. It's enough to get a jiggle out of them, but it leaves only the faintest of pink stripes that are already vanishing before my eyes. It's also enough to get a very scared yelp from Casey. And to get her flinching so hard she almost jumps off her feet. "Welcome to your Queen's dungeon, naughty bitches. In case you're stupid enough to be wondering, anything can be done to you here. You will like nothing. This is your punishment for your sins."

I quickly snap the cane around to the side, landing a very soft stroke of it squarely atop Megan's stiff nipples. It's enough to get a flinch from her, and a tiny grimace, but I pull the swat so it doesn't hurt her. "Just because you don't have any breasts, don't think I won't whip them anyway."

I take my cane and use the tip of it to caress Casey's bottom. She flinches again from the touch, no doubt remembering the two swats of it she endured earlier. After a moment I start drawing the tip of the cane up through Casey's crack. I pause with the tip flush atop Casey's tightly clenched asshole. I give it a little wiggle, using its tip to lightly press against the ring of muscle. I feel her tightness resisting the cane. "I do mean anything, bitches." I slowly take the cane from Casey's bottom and move it over to Megan's. She gets the same tease with it.

"Slave, fetch me some proper attire for this... dungeon fodder." I sweetly say to Sophie. She hurries to fetch me exactly what I've asked for. She brings them to me, carrying them atop her upturned palms where they're on full display to the women. She holds them out to me, her hands making a little tray for them. I pick up one of them.

I've asked Sophie to bring me collars for them. But not my usual collars. Dungeon collars. These are heavy iron. They're wide, around 1

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½" and ¼" thick. Casey has a look of horror on her face the instant she sees them. She watches my hands with those wary eyes as I pick one up and take my time bringing it up to her neck. I open it, put it around Casey's bare neck, and close it. Then I lock it with a fairly big and heavy padlock. I pick up the other collar and lock it around Megan's narrower neck. Megan watches me with wary, but also slightly interested, eyes. It tells me that she's never worn an iron collar before. To her, they're probably the things of porn, not reality. But it is truly amazing what you can buy online these days. If you don't believe that, try Etsy. It's where I found mine. I save these collars for subs who are here for punishment only. I think the harsh nature of the cold, and heavy, iron locked around their necks definitely says punishment.

Now I send Sophie to fetch a set of leg irons for both of my dungeon bitches. I have several different kinds. Ones with leather cuffs. Regulations police steel cuffs. And then the ones I want for these two. Ones with heavy iron cuffs. The cuffs are almost 2" tall, and ¼" thick. They're joined together with a chain that's 18" long, one end of it welded to each cuff. Instead of kneeling down, I have Sophie get on her knees and fasten the cuffs around both women's ankles. It takes four padlocks, one on each ankle to lock them on.

Now I have Sophie fetch the handcuffs. The dungeon sets, the ones with 1" wide iron cuffs for their wrists and a 12" long chain joining the cuffs. One set for each bitch.

To top off the dungeon uniform, I have Sophie get two rather heavy chains. My friendly frat boys call them "log chains." They're about eight or eight and a half feet long. They have links that are almost 2" long and over ¼" thick. They're heavy. Each chain weighs almost ten pounds. I tell Sophie to start with Megan this time. I'll let Casey watch Megan getting locked up first. Sophie opens the padlock on the collar around Megan's neck, then locks one end of the chain to it. She lets the heavy chain hang down Megan's front where it would be dangling between her breasts if she had the breasts for that.

The weight of the chain holds it taut. It pulls down on the collar

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as well, pulling it hard against the back of Megan's neck. Sophie wraps the chain snugly around Megan's waist, using another padlock to secure it there. Then she goes to the bottom and padlocks the chain to the center of the chain spanning Megan's ankle cuffs. Keeping the chain taut as it hangs down Megan's front leaves about a foot of extra chain. Now it's Casey's turn to get locked up.

"Now it's supper time. You bitches won't be eating. You haven't done anything to earn food. And it's not like you're humans how are worthy of being fed. You two will serve." I snap my fingers. "Come."

They follow me to the dining room, their chains rattling with every little movement. I love that sound. I take my seat. I tell Sophie that she's to ensure that I'm properly attended, but she's also to dine with me tonight. That's a treat I know Sophie will enjoy. Supper at the Queen's table. I give her Casey to serve and send her off to show Casey what to do.

I point to a spot on the floor beside me. A spot that will be between me and Sophie when Sophie returns. I tell Megan to kneel beside the chair there. She does. And she has no clue what humiliation awaits her. "You will be attending to my beloved Princess, Lilly," I tell Megan. "You do not want to displease me by insulting my Princess. She will expect her food to be cut for her and to be spoon-fed. Humbly and very politely. In case it's not obvious to that pea-sized brain of yours, a Princess ranks far, far above a peasant bitch in any Queendom. Cunt will bring you the Princess' plate."

I picked Megan over Casey to serve Lilly for one reason. Given their occupations, I'm confident that Megan and Harry are well-off. That they have a good life. I'm sure she'll just get so excited by how far she's about to lower herself. "Lilly, supper!" I call out in a very sweet voice.

Lilly comes trotting out to the table. I would bet anything Megan was expecting a child. Although I can't imagine why she'd think I'd allow a child to see, much less be fed by, a naked slave in chains. Lilly is the most adorable black-and-white pitbull! She is an absolute sweetheart, too. 60 or so pounds of nothing but love sponge and "cuddle bug."

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despite the breed's reputation, there isn't a mean bone in Lilly's body. She's by far the most gentle dog I've ever known. And she's extremely playful. She does have the attitude of a bully, but she's so cute about it!

Lilly trots right over to her seat. She hops up and sits in the chair, scooting into place facing the table as if she were a person. She glances at Megan, sees the naked woman in chains, and snorts at her. Then she turns her attention back to the table, waiting patiently for the food. Lilly really likes food. Especially here, where Lilly does NOT eat dog food. She eats what I eat.

A minute later Casey brings out my plate. Sophie is never more than a step behind Casey. And Sophie has a rubber spatula in her hand to ensure Casey takes her role of wait-bitch seriously. Sophie must have given Casey very good instructions. Casey carries the plate atop her upturned palms and kneels before serving it to me. Then she goes back for Lilly's plate.

Lilly casually eyes my plate. I'm sure she knows her plate is next and she's just seeing what Paige, my house-slave, has cooked for us tonight. Like every meal served in my home, supper is kosher. We're having flame-grilled salmon steaks topped with a hollandaise sauce (made with plant butter, not dairy butter). It's served with wild rice, fresh grilled snap peas, and hush puppies.

Casey kneels and sets Lilly's plate in front of her. Lilly eyes the plate and licks her lips. She loves Salmon! It's in her favorite food group (from the canine food pyramid) of "dead animals I don't even have to catch!" Casey brings out Sophie's plate and sets it on the other side of Lilly. Then Sophie takes her seat. I tell Casey to kneel. We say Kaddish, our prayer before supper. Sophie sends Casey to stand off to the side and wait to be told to fetch something for someone who matters.

I tell Megan to begin feeding my Princess. I don't bother waiting for her to get it wrong. I tell her to use the fork and cut a small bite of something, then feed that bite to the Princess. Megan cuts a bite of the salmon. She raises the fork to Lilly, keeping a very wary eye on the pitbull.

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Lilly is a good Princess. She waits until Megan has the food up to her mouth. She opens it, and very gently takes the bite off the fork. I think she might swallow it whole. She's eager. She loves Salmon. She sits calmly and waits for Megan to feed her the next bite. I tell Megan not to favor anything, to make sure to feed the Princess all of the meal. Lilly never leaves anything on her plate.

Megan lets the humiliation show on her face as she feeds Lilly. I'm sure Megan is getting hungry. She hasn't eaten since lunch. And I've told her that she won't be getting food. So she's kneeling, hungry, and spoon-feeding a very nice meal to a dog.

After supper, Lilly stays in her seat while I enjoy my coffee. She uses her paw to swat Megan. I tell Megan that's Lilly's way of demanding that Megan pet her now. She's to obey the Princess, too. Since the Princess has commanded her to pet, she's to pet. And pet sweetly, as befits a Princess. Megan pets. Lilly laps it up.

I send Megan and Casey to clean the kitchen up, leaving Sophie to keep them working for a minute. It gives me a chance to take Paige to the playroom and get her started doing her homework. She's only eighteen, and she's still finishing high school. Homework will be done.

I return to the kitchen, commenting that since I have two worthless bitches to slave away tonight, my kitchen can get even cleaner than usual.

A half-hour later I have both Casey and Megan down on their hands and knees. Still in their chains, too. Both women have a scrub bucket in front of them and a small, stiff-bristled brush in their hand. They're scrubbing my floor spotless. Paige will be happy about that. It will save her from having to do it Sunday.

As they scrub, I stand over them with my crop in hand. I've already told them that peasant bitches are not to goof off here. They're to scrub because that's what their Queen has decreed they will do. I don't care if their arms get tired. I don't care about them. Peasant bitches are worthless. There are countless more in the gutter they were scraped from. Maybe even one worthy of slaving away in the Queen's castle.



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One who won't misbehave.

As soon as those brushes start moving I'm scolding both of them for not scrubbing hard enough. And fast enough. It takes me two scoldings, but soon I have both of them scrubbing with all the energy they have. It's a good lesson for them. Definitely a punishment. And it will teach Casey what I mean by hard, uninterrupted work. The kind of work I expect Joey to put into her studies.

I scold them constantly as they work. Even then it doesn't take but a few minutes for Casey's hands to stop moving. Not for long, just for a few seconds as she takes a deep breath and brushes her loose hair from her face.

"I said no stopping, cunt!" I snap harshly. I snap my crop, sending its tip sailing down to crack firmly against Casey's bare bottom. It lands with a loud crack. It sears a fresh pink crop-print onto her bottom. One that will sting for a while, even after it has faded away.

Casey screeches a loud yelp. She trembles. Her hands fly back into motion, scrubbing the floor furiously. I guess she got the hint.

Both women have their knees apart. Not stretched wide, but opened enough to give them a better balance. It's also enough to have their thighs opened to where I can see the furry mounds of their pussies between the tops of those thighs. It doesn't take me long to see that Megan's pussy is already nicely wet. I guess she's enjoying her punishment as much as I'd hoped she would.

I take the leather tip of my crop and use it to slowly stroke over the outside of Megan's flat mound. It teases her lips. And it teases the protruding edges of those folds between those lips. I see a single, crisp shiver run through Megan's body as I stroke the crop over her pussy.

I give her mound a very light tap with the crop. Just enough of one for her to feel it, but not for it to hurt even the tiniest bit. "Don't you dare be thinking about that sloppy skank pit, cum dumpster! You're to work now. When I'm ready to sell that pussy, I'll tell you to make it wet. Now behave before you drip your skank on my floor!"

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Casey misses a beat as I tauntingly scold Megan. I see Casey's eyes flit over to Megan as if asking if I'm serious if Megan is really aroused now. That enough for me. I flick the crop, landing a soft swat of its tip squarely atop the puffy mound of Casey's pussy.

Casey screams a very panicked, and slightly pained, yelp. Casey jumps forward. Casey trembles hard. She pants a few more "OW!s" as her hands scramble to grab the brush she dropped and get back to work.

"You think I didn't see you? You stopped working just to think about that bitch's pussy!" I scold Casey. "Is your pussy really so hot you can't keep your mind off cum dumpster's pussy? Are you that eager for some pussy?"

I don't give Casey a chance to answer me. I lean over. Casey's mound is puffy. But her lips are also slightly narrow, leaving a decent little gash between where the edges of her folds start to rise into. But unlike Megan's pussy, Casey's folds don't rise above the outsides of her lips. The edges of her folds are dark, a deep shade of purple-brown, like her nipples. I grab hold of those folds and pull them wide open.

Inside everything is a bright, flushed, and light, pink. It's also covered with a thick layer of pasty honey that's clinging to everything. I catch a whiff of her deeply musky scent. I'll bet Megan catches a whiff, too. I turn my attention to Casey's clit. Her folds are extra wrinkly and loose. But their color lightens into a medium pink where they flow together into a very hard knot. A marble-sized knot. I can see the stone-like nub of her clit in its nest, straining its hardness against the folds of pink, pushing them up as it tries to get it's head up and beg for some attention. Add that to the wetness I can see, and it tells me that Casey is enjoying her lesson in discipline, too.

It takes these women over an hour to scrub the entire floor, drying it as they go. They leave it shiny and spotless. It leaves them looking tired, their arms heavy as they stand. I can already see a light layer of sweat covering their bodies, too. But they have just worked their hardest for over an hour.

"Come along..." I tell them firmly. I leave Sophie to bring up the

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rear. I don't have to look to know both of them are following me. I can hear the rattling chains behind me. I lead them the few steps to the playroom.

I point them to stand over to the side of the room, close to the wall. It's a place where there's nothing, except for a heavy chain hanging down from the ceiling.

I send Sophie to fetch me a "double nozzle." Sophie smirks widely as she hurries off to fetch the requested implement. She brings it back atop her upturned palms, letting both women see it. I know Megan will recognize at least one end of it. I think, but with the sudden quivering nervousness that sweeps Casey's face, she at least has an idea what it's used for.

A double nozzle is just that. It's a Y of IV tubing. Attached to two ends of the tubing are short, finger thick, enema nozzles. They're only about five inches long. But these nozzles have their own "Y" to them, a second, much smaller, channel branching off the main one just before the nozzle joins the tubing. Attached to that narrow channel is a syringe filled with sterile water. The water once pushed through the channel will inflate a balloon around the base of the nozzle. The balloon will swell up to the size of a golf ball, ensuring that the nozzle will stay where it's put until the balloon is deflated. Whether it's welcome there or not. There are little pink flow wheels in each tube of the Y. They will spin as the fluid flows through them, showing how fast it's flowing through each branch. The third end of that big Y has a connection for another tube. Both of the nozzles are covered with plastic caps.

I tell Megan to open her feet as wide as the chain will allow. Then I tell her to bend over and "show me her anus." She knows what I want her to do. She reaches around the outsides of her hips and thighs and pulls her cheeks wide apart to fully bare her asshole. To offer me unhindered access to it.

"Cunt, pick up one of those nozzles and take the cap off of it," I tell Casey. Her hands tremble even worse than they did while she stripped. They fumble with the nozzle, her fingers barely getting a grip

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on the hard base end of it. I tell her to flip the cap off of it. Her finger slips as it tries to push the cap off. Then it slips again. Casey's face scrunches up as she starts to cry. Her fingers fumble again. On her fourth try, the cap pops off exposing the pre-lubricated tip.

"Do you see cum dumpster's anus, cunt?" I ask Casey just to stretch it out a little longer. I so enjoy making Casey stew in her discomfort.

"Yes, my Queen..." Casey barely squeaks out in a voice that's so broken in might as well be morse code! Her eyes do not look at the deep purple funnel that's Megan's asshole.

"Put every bit of that nozzle into her anus. And if I were you, I'd be gentle with her so she doesn't start thinking about evening things up." I grin and wink at Casey. I tell her that, the obvious, just to take away any hope she might have that the other nozzle isn't for her bottom.

Casey cringes. She moves very reluctantly and unsteadily. She puts the tip of the nozzle against the funnel of Megan's asshole. The tip is only a hair larger than the rim of Megan's funnel. Casey starts pushing, but very gently. It takes a moment for Casey to finally use enough pressure, and that's not much, that the tube starts sliding into the funnel, stretching the ring of dark flesh and muscle around it. It slips easily into Megan on its film of grease. Megan just purrs a soft grunt that's laced with as much sweetness as it is discomfort. Casey moves the nozzle slowly, inching it into Megan's bottom as if that will make it more comfortable for Megan.

Once it's all the way into Megan, only the wider base still sticking out from Megan's asshole, I tell Casey to push the plunger on the syringe. I can see on her face that Casey doesn't know what it's for, so I tell her that it will make the base of the nozzle swell up just inside Megan's rectum "so nice and wide" that the nozzle will never come out, no matter how hard Megan's body tries to push it back. It gets a hard grimace from Casey. Then Casey shudders as Megan lets out a little groan as the balloon expands inside her bottom. Once all of the water is into the balloon, I tell Casey to disconnect it. She does, setting it back

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on Sophie's hands.

I tell Megan to stand up. She does. The nozzle is flexible, so as Megan moves it just bends inside her. She feels it, but not too much. Not enough for it to show or have any effect on her. I tell Megan to face Casey. "Thank you for putting the nozzle up my butt for our Queen, cunt." Megan says politely to Casey, following my directions. "Now it's your turn. Bend over and show our Queen your anus, and I'll put your nozzle all the way up your butt for Her."

Casey trembles. She cringes. But by now she's realized that resistance is futile here. Anything less than complete obedience will just make it worse for her, not for me. She very reluctantly bends over and pulls her cheeks open to bare her asshole for my eyes. And for Megan to put the nozzle in.

Megan isn't nearly as unsure and nervous as the newbie Casey is. I know she's had a few enemas at the hands of her Master. This is not new to her. She puts the nozzle to Casey's very tightly cinched ring. And she pushes, gently, but firmly. It doesn't take any time for the nozzle to start slipping into Casey's unwelcoming ring, stretching her tight muscle around its shaft. Casey squeals a loud grunt that's more nervousness than pain as the nozzle presses into her. She cries out a long and panicked "EE!" as it keeps sliding into her. And then she cries out a very anxious, and uncomfortable, "OW!" as the balloon inflates inside her bottom. She stands up just as reluctantly when I tell her to.

I don't say a word to either. I just wait for Sophie to bring over a step stool for me. I climb up on it, then lean over and grab Megan's hands. I bring Megan's hands up, stretching them high above her head. Sophie hands me a padlock and I use it to lock the chain of Megan's cuff to the chain hanging down. It will ensure that her hands stay up high. Almost their highest. Her feet are still flat on the floor, instead of up on her tiptoes, but I do have her elbows pulled straight and taut. I lean down and bring Casey's hands up, locking them to the chain as well.

It has the two women facing each other, one arm of the Y of the enema tubing hanging out of each one's cheeks. It has the junction of

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the Y hanging beside their knees at their side, close to the wall.

Sophie hands me a very large enema bag. It's clear so it shows the women the full four liters of yellow-tinged fluid in it. Both have very nervous eyes on that bag as they realize just how big it is. And how full it could fill their bottoms. I attach a dripper to it, the same kind they use on IV's to slow the flow. This one is set to allow four ounces to flow through, drop by drop, per hour. I attach a short length of clear tubing to the dripper, letting it hang down.

I climb off the step stool and Sophie puts it away for me. I connect the tubing to the shared arm of the Y. It holds the Y up to about the height of their hips. "There," I say in a very teasingly sweet voice. "Now we're ready... This is a shared enema. It's simple. The fluid will flow at a fixed rate. But then it goes into that Y. It lets you shared that fluid. It will ensure that the pressure, not the volume, in your bottoms stays the same. So if one of you is too full, the other will get more of the enema. That way you'll be absolutely completely filled up by morning. Then, after your showers, you'll be clean inside and out for me."

Casey starts crying. Megan just looks the most nervous I've seen her yet. They don't know that they're not going to get all of the enema fluid. They'll be here for eight hours, until morning. At four ounces per hour, that's only 32 ounces. Assuming each woman gets her fair share of it, that's a mere 16 ounces. It's no more than most enemas given here. It's a volume that will ensure a very clean bottom when it comes out. And I like clean bottoms. They don't dirty up the toys I put in them.

I tell the women to stand a face each other. They do, moving very slowly as if the enema has started. It hasn't. I still have the tubing pinched off with a little clamp.

I have Sophie fetch me one more homemade toy. It's simply two mouse traps glued end-to-end. As she brings it over, the trap is set, and that has both of the snapping jaws to the inside of it. I have Sophie hold it up under Megan's nipples. I picked Megan because of how small her mounds are. Casey's soft ample mounds offer me much more to work with.

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I take hold of one of Casey's spongy mounds as if I'm touching her hand, not a private part of her. Professionally. I move her mound, lifting it up, and place her nipple opposite Megan, in the same position. That's with her nipple lying flat along the wood, the edge of it flush and snug against the dark ring atop her mound. Her nipple even points at Megan's straight across from it. I carefully snap that side of the trap.

Both of them yelp a very loud "OW!" in unison as the jaw snaps down hard on their nipple. One jaw. Two nipples. One under each side of it. Casey immediately starts crying, and she's not shy about bawling away. Megan just sucks in pained breaths and mumbles "OW" over and over again under her breath as their nipples throb from the hard snap of the jaw on that tender nub.

I do the same with the other jaw. Both cry out as that one snaps down on their nipples, too. It leaves the trap suspended only by their nipples, spanning the distance along the underside of their mounds.

I have Sophie fetch a large candle. I set it in the center of the trap. It stands up several inches tall in the space between their breasts. The trap is only clamped on their nipples, but it's also holding their mounds close to it. On Casey's side, her ample breasts fill all of the space. Less so on Megan's side. The candle adds a little weight to the trap, pushing it down, pulling against those throbbing nipples. But nowhere near enough weight for the trap to pull free of their nipples.

I light the candle. The women see that, and both look very nervously at the flame burning close in front of their shoulders. They don't know that it has some sticky adhesive on its bottom, so even as they squirm it won't fall over.

"Enjoy your night in the dungeon, bitches." I laugh at them. I reach over and unclip the clamp from the enema line, starting the flow. In a few seconds, I see the little pink wheels start turning ever so slowly. "Sleep well!" I laugh hard. "Oh, and I know you'll want to squirm around as your bottoms start filling up far fuller than ever before, but I wouldn't if I were you. In a few minutes that candle will start dripping its hot wax. If either of you squirms, there's no telling whose breasts you might spill

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some of that wax on.”

Casey pales. She trembles. She cries. Megan just quivers lightly, her eyes fixed on the flame.





# Chapter 06: The Morning News

## Four Play

In the morning Harry calls me. I'd asked him to call me in the morning and let me know how well Joey is doing as Megan's fill-in. To let him know that I'm awake and ready for his call, I send a picture to his phone. It's one I took from the cameras throughout my house. It very nicely shows Megan in her chains and on her knees, feeding Lilly.

I ask Harry if Joey has been an excellent wife for him.

"Are you kidding? Joey has been more eager and passionate than Megan is!" He happily tells me. "It's as if she's completely hot for me!" He sounds thrilled.

I ask if there have been any problems. He tells me not really. But they have gotten lots of scornful looks. He attributes those to the obvious difference in their ages. He adds that he's gotten a few envious looks from other men, too. I attribute that to those men wondering how a man like Harry managed to land a young, beautiful wife like Joey.

He puts Joey on the phone. I ask her to tell me what they've done. She tells me that they "goofed off" after checking in. Since they were planning to change for supper, that gave her an excuse to get his shirt off. So she "goofed off" by giving Harry a very tender massage. It lasted over an hour, the entire time they had to waste.

She tells me that she fits all of Megan's clothes and that Harry has allowed her the privilege of choosing her own clothes from Megan's things. She asked him to pick for her, but he chose to defer to her fashion sense. She tells me that she chose a skimpy, but not slutty, sundress for their dinner at a beach-front cafe. It was a slow dinner, a "date" dinner. She asked him to order for her, and he bought her a fresh fish and shrimp meal that was delicious.

Then they took a walk on the beach. They started out holding hands, but Joey quickly "snuggled" against him. And used her hand to caress him. Harry must not have minded, since he used his hand to play with her firm bottom at the same time.

When they got back to the bed-and-breakfast Megan picked for their vacation, the same one Megan is never going to see, Harry allowed

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Joey to undress for him. She tells me that she danced as she stripped for him, and Harry must have really liked it. He didn't object when she undressed him down to his boxers. And the obvious bulge in those boxers told Joey he was pleased with her body.

Joey knows my rules. She's not allowed to take his boxers off without permission. She asked. He allowed. He took her to bed.

Joey tells me that Harry was reluctant at first to really touch her. He asked her a few times if she was comfortable with what they were doing. Each time Joey told him that she's his wife, and of course, a wife is comfortable with her husband touching her body. Wives like to be touched! She tells me that Harry asked if there were things she didn't care to do. She told him the answer I expected her to give, that she's his wife, and she will so happily give him absolutely all of herself. Anything he wants is his.

It took Harry a long while to get comfortable enough with Joey as his wife. It didn't stop him from caressing and play with her nude body. Finally, after about twenty minutes of that, Joey just straddled him, and politely asked him if she could have permission to "ride his cock like a mink." He gave her permission. Joey didn't waste any time. She mounted his cock and rode it as enthusiastically as it has ever been ridden. She knows that because Harry instantly got "really, so totally, into it." In seconds, Harry was moaning out with her and his hands were very eagerly exploring all of her body.

She tells me she was very pleasantly surprised that Harry took close to ten minutes to cum. It gave her plenty of time to ride his cock. He spent all of that time playing with her, holding her, and even licking her hard nipples.

Afterward, she cleaned his cock off with her tongue, licking away all of their mixed cum. Then she lie beside him. Harry was very kind to her, he allowed her to use his shoulder for her pillow, which let her cuddle close to Harry all night long. She drifted away with her hand still on his balls. And his hand on her tight bottom.

In the morning, when she woke before Harry, she decided to tease

## Four Play

him awake. She swallowed all of his cock. He awoke with a very loud, and sweet moan, his entire cock in Joey's throat. He did not object.

He tried to toy with her body, but couldn't reach too much of her, so she turned to a "69" position to give him a good view of her pussy and put her body where he could amuse himself with it. She kept sucking on his cock. It took him around ten minutes this time as well. All of it spent with Joey rhythmically sucking on his cock with slow, and full-length, strokes.

He came in her throat, "cheating" her out of the taste of most of his cum. After his wake up blow job, he seemed to be very happy. He definitely was grinning from ear to ear. He asked her how she could possibly swallow all of his cock like that. It's something Megan has never done. Not even come that close to. She always chokes around the two-thirds mark. I make a mental note to train Megan to suck a cock while I have her.

Now they're going to share a shower, and Joey has already gotten Harry's permission to wash him. She's going to make it a shower to remember. And she hopes that he'll choose to wash her as well. She's eager for the feel of his strong hands on her body.

Today Harry and Megan have booked a day cruise. It's one of several that operate out of Dauphin Island where they're staying. They're smaller boats, taking anywhere from one to about a dozen passengers out. They'll sail around in the gulf, and they're supposed to stop at a deserted island for a picnic lunch. Joey, after going through all of Megan's things while she unpacked both of their suitcases for them, has selected Megan's skimpiest bikini. She's going to wear a sundress over it, but "it will barely cover my butt!" Harry, she thinks, is going to like it. "And if I can find a chance, I am so going to give him something to remember on that boat or island, my Queen. So remember." Joey adds quietly, telling me it's a surprise for Harry.

She tells me that the conversation between them has been very easy, despite the age difference. Harry works in loss prevention. Joey is hoping for a career in law enforcement, but not as a beat cop.

## Chapter 06: The Morning News

Something that pays a little better, and is a little different. Maybe a social worker for the DOC or a parole officer, she thinks. But it gives them a shared interest. And Harry has plenty of work to talk about. He likes boats, too, which is why Megan picked the cruise for today. Joey doesn't know anything about boats, but Harry has been eagerly telling her all about them, and she's been paying close attention and trying hard to remember what he teaches her. She wants to be able to have a real conversation with him, and to me, it sounds like she's doing a good job of it.

She thanks me for giving her to such a "hunky" man. I know Harry isn't exactly a hunk. Joey does, too. But she also knows that Harry can hear what she's saying to me, and he'll like hearing that. She doesn't need to tell me any of that. I know.

I tell her that if I haven't summoned them back so that I can return Megan to him, to call me again in the morning. Joey says she will, and adds for Harry to hear that she hopes I don't return Megan too soon.



# Chapter 07: The Punishment Continues



## Four Play

My two bitches haven't slept a wink. That's obvious the moment I go into the playroom. They're standing almost as I left them. They're in the same place. Only now they look half dead on their feet. They're as much hanging from their chains as they are standing on exhausted legs.

And they are a mess. The candle has long since burned out. I figured it would burn about half of the night, around four hours. Then there wouldn't be anything left to burn. But it was long enough. The wax covers the mousetrap. It covers their nipples. It's well onto Casey's ample breasts. And it's onto Megan's breasts as much as she has the breasts for. A rivulet of the wax has even run down their chests, between their breasts. I'll bet they felt that. Maybe that was all the squealing coming from this room last night? Hot wax burns. Especially on sensitive nipples.

Neither is standing anything close to still. Both are fidgeting hard on their feet. Casey is crying loudly. Megan is more breathing deep, whiny breaths. Both can't keep their bottoms still. Above their heads, the enema bag is still  $\frac{3}{4}$  full.

Which means that it's  $\frac{1}{4}$ , or one liter, empty. And that fluid only had one place to go. The only thing I can't tell is which woman got the worst of it. But that doesn't matter. The tube will balance the enema by the internal pressure of their bowels, not volume. Both women are feeling just as full as the other. Both of their rectums have the same amount of pressure swelling inside them. Which means both are just as anxious for a potty break as the other. Judging by the misery on their faces, I'd bet they'd fight over the single toilet if I gave them the chance to.

"Are you stupid, skanky bitches going to behave your naughty butts if I start letting you down?"

"Yes, my Queen!" Both answer immediately and surely. Both answer in very distressed voices, too. Voices that scream out how badly they're suffering.

I have to start with the mousetrap. That's going to have to come off before anything else. And it's going to take some work. I have

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Sophie fetch me a plastic scraper. I use it to scrape some of the wax away from the snapping jaws. Then I wedge it under one jaw and pry the jaw up until the rest of the wax breaks free. Both of their nipples immediately fall free of the jaw. I free the other nipple and hand the mouse trap over to Sophie. She'll clean the wax off of it later.

Sophie gets me the step stool again and I have her climb up on it and unlock their hands. As soon as each one's hands are unlocked from the chain, I tell them to put their cuffed hands behind their necks. Both do.

It leaves me only the enema nozzles to remove. I tell both women to turn around and show me their assholes. Neither hesitates to offer their bottom up this time. Both eagerly want that still-dripping nozzle out of their butt. I start with Megan, figuring she's the one less like to lose control of herself. I tell her that accidents are not allowed. If she has one, both of them will be spending tonight repeating this enema, since obviously one of them didn't learn her lesson. Then I use the syringe to deflate the balloon. Once that's done, the nozzle very easily pulls from Megan's tightly cinched asshole. Megan stays put while I take the Nozzle out of Casey's bottom, too. Sophie cleans up the hanging bag and tubing for me.

I tell the women to stand up and face me. "Are you two bitches still feeling like prissy modest bitches, or are you ready to go potty now?"

"May we please have permission to go potty now, my Queen?" Both of them answer, almost in unison. Casey lags just a syllable behind Megan, obviously repeating whatever Megan says. "We promise not to be prissy bitches, Ma'am! Please, my Queen, may we please be allowed to go potty now?" They both sound desperately eager.

I smile so wide. "No," I say firmly. I watch as the looks of hope vanish from their faces, replaced by looks of nervousness. I'm sure both of them are wondering just how much longer I'm going to make them wait. How much longer they can manage to wait. They both have very, unbearably, full bottoms. I don't want to imagine how strong the urge

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to run for that toilet is. How much pressure those assholes are straining to hold in.

"I smell skank!" I scold firmly. "One, or both, of you two bitches has been such a total slut last night. I can't imagine how, not with those bottoms filling up so fully and all that hot wax burning those tender nipples. But it smells like someone was thinking about that sloppy skank pit between those thighs despite all of the misery you endured in my dungeon! I won't bother to ask which of you worthless bitches has been slutty.

"I don't care." I smile a very evil, wide smirk. "You can both be whipped for it." then I turn aside and switch to my sweet voice, "slave, fetch me a proper cane for these peasant bitches." I watch as both of the women quivers when they hear me call for a cane.

Sophie gets me a real cane. This one is about three feet long and made of bamboo. I don't use it too often. I have to be careful with this one. It's imported from Singapore, where they know what a cane is. This one can slice flesh with a single stroke. And I don't want to damage my toys like that. I never have. Even when I a preschooler I always took good care of my toys. I still do. I'd never intentionally break one.

Four very nervous eyes lock on the cane. Even the experienced Megan looks nervous when she sees it. I know Alexei has a few canes himself, so it's a fair bet Megan knows what a cane is like. And this is clearly one bad cane.

Sophie sets a small stool in the center of the room. I point to it and tell Megan to go to the stool. To stand facing it with her feet together. Then to lean over, her back flat, and her hands on the stool. Her hands are to be flat on it, not gripping the edges, with her fingers spread.

I tell Sophie to watch Megan's hands and feet. Both feet are to stay flat on the floor. If so much as a toe, or a heel, or any other part of a foot, comes off the floor, or any part of a hand comes off the stool, the bitch will start her whipping over again. I tell that all to Megan, telling her that I expect her to stay still and accept that those two have earned

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a whipping. "Welcome to my dungeon, bitch."

Megan walks over to the stool with very tiny steps, keeping her thighs close together and her cheeks squished up. Her steps are not just uncomfortable from the enema filling her bowel. And that's going to be making her very uncomfortable as she moves. Even the smallest movement is enough that her strained bowel wants to change the way it's sitting in her body, to flex slightly. But now it's too rigid and hard to move. So it just presses against those nerves and makes her urge that much more unbearable. She almost cries as she walks.

Megan very slowly bends over and positions herself for the whipping. I stand there, tapping my foot to hurry her along. Once she's in place, I ask her if she's been slutty. "I'm sorry, my Queen!" Megan sobs out, "I'm a skanky slut, Ma'am! I just couldn't help myself, Ma'am!"

She wouldn't have dared lie to me. There would have no hope in it. I can already see that the fur atop her flat mound is soaked with her honey. Fresh honey, too. I know that pussy has got to be hot and aching now. She has to be feeling it. Enough that she will know I can see some signs of her arousal. And I hope she knows me well enough to know I'd look if she denied it.

"Five strokes for being a gutter slut in my Queendom."

Megan gasps in a very nervous, and noisy, breath. She quivers again. "Yes, my Queen..." Megan hesitantly accepts her punishment.

I swat her bottom. For this cane, it's a light stroke. It lands with an ear-splitting crack that has Casey jumping across the room. It sears a deep red line of a welt across both of her taut cheeks. A welt that going to take a day or so to fade away. It's exactly what I wanted. A painful whipping, but not one that does any lasting damage. I want her to look untouched by the time I give her back to Harry.

Megan screams as the stroke lands across her globes. It's only the first stroke, but it already has her bawling. She tenses hard and suddenly as she feels it's biting sting slice into her bottom. So tense that her feet almost rise up onto her toes. She has to fight herself to keep

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those feet on the floor. She sobs for a few seconds. "One stroke, my Queen. Thank you for not allowing me to get away with acting like a gutter slut, my Queen. May I please the next stroke I deserve, my Queen?"

I swat her bottom again. She screams even louder. I think she even bawls a little more pitifully, but it's hard to tell. She was already bawling like a baby. Her bottom snaps into high gear, thrashing around as she fights to keep her feet on the floor. It lets me see the two bright red lines across those taut and rounded globes. She counts her stroke.

I swat her bottom again. She cries out as loudly as ever. Her bottom snaps forward with the strike, and stays forward, away from the whip, as it thrashes wildly around. Now with three stripes across those globes.

I give her the two more strokes she has coming. There's not much more she can do to show them. By the third it was already taking every bit of strength she has to stay put for them. And she was already screaming and crying her hardest. Canes hurt. There's no getting around that. Not that I'd want to. These bitches are here for punishment, not a picnic.

I tell her to go back to her place and to stop and apologize to Casey as she does. She obediently stops right in front of Casey. "I'm sorry, cunt, that I'm so slutty that I got us both whipped. I'm so sorry, cunt. I hope you'll forgive me, I didn't want to be such a slut! I just can't help myself!" Still sobbing hard, Megan takes her place beside Casey.

I summon Casey up for her whipping. She very reluctantly bends over for it. I ask her if she's been acting like a gutter slut, too. She tells me she hasn't. The liar! "You lying bitch!" I snap firmly. "Don't you think I can see how wet your skank pit is, cunt? If it was any wetter you'd be dripping all over my floor!"

I quickly, and very lightly, put the pad of a single finger atop Casey's slit, pressing it softly against the hard knot of folds that hides her clit. Casey almost jumps off her feet as she cries out a very needy, and very hot, "OOH-MM!" She shivers hard, too.

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"See what I mean, cunt? You can't even stop being a gutter slut long enough to get your whipping! You'll get seven. Five for being a gutter slut, and two more for lying about it."

I snap the cane across Casey's looser cheeks. The softness doesn't really make a difference. It would if those globes were fat or flabby, then they'd have some padding on them. But Casey's cheeks aren't either. It's just the looseness of skin that's lost in elasticity with age. It does make the crack a little louder, though.

Casey handles it badly. She screams out as loud, and as agonizingly, as she possibly can. Her body stiffens hard, her bottom snapping forward. She lets her bottom move too far and too fast. I know it the instant I see her bottom darting forward away from the cane. I even see her elbows flex as they give.

"The slutty bitch's feet moved, Mistress!" Sophie blurts out in horror, but with a smirk on her face.

"I guess we'll start over then." I calmly announce in a loud voice to make sure Casey hears it over her sobbing cry.

"Please, Ma'am, please, Ma'am, Please! Oh my G-d, Ma'am, please! I'm sorry! Please, it hurts too much! Please, my Queen, please, I can't handle another stroke of that cane, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am, I'm sorry for being a slut! I'm sorry for lying to you! I just didn't want you to know that I'm a gutter slut! Please, Ma'am, there's no way I can handle another stroke, please don't make me! Please, my Queen, please stop whipping me! Oh, G-d, please, my Queen! I'll take any punishment you want me to! I don't care, just please don't make take another stroke of that cane!"

"Now you have eight strokes coming, cunt. One more for begging when you were told to be silent. I suggest you behave, cunt. Unless you really are enjoying your whipping and want to drag it out."

I swat Casey's bottom again. Casey screams just as loudly. She tenses as sharply, and her bottom thrusts away as wiggles. Both her knees and elbows buckle for a long moment. But her feet stay flat on

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the floor. Finally, after close to half a minute, she sobs out in the most pitiful voice, "One stroke, my Queen. Thank you for whipping me, Ma'am, and not letting me get away with being a gutter slut, my Queen. I deserve seven more strokes, my Queen, will you please give me another whipping with that cane, Ma'am?" Casey counts her stroke off, adding a little pleading humility to the script just to ensure that I'm pleased with her. More likely to ensure that I don't add another stroke to her whipping.

I give Casey another stroke. Then another. And another. She screams, cries and by her third stroke, her elbows and knees are buckling so hard that she's almost falling to the floor as her bottom thrashes around. But she stays on her hands and feet for them, demurely counting off each stroke as she gets it.

Nine strokes, the number she ends up with including the first stroke that didn't count, leaves her entire bottom glowing a very deep red. It's not even really lines anymore. She's run out of bottom for that. It's more like her entire behind is a giant welt. She bawls as pitifully as she possibly can, too.

It also leaves the fur on her pussy mound soaking wet with fresh honey. Honey that's wet enough that it has to have wept from her slit as she was being whipped.

It confirms what I'd suspected about Casey. She's no good at disciplining Joey because she's never known true discipline herself. The firm, strict kind. The kind she can't whine, beg, and cry her way into easing up. The kind where once the sin is committed, the punishment is going to be suffered in full.

And that Casey craves that discipline in her own life. The firmness of it. The structure. The certainty of it. She must because it's exciting her. I'm sure it's filling a need for her. Making her feel loved, or cared for. That I care enough about her to discipline her when she needs it. And she knows she needs it. She's failing to mind her daughter, a sin that's inexcusable to any mother. She needs the discipline to get her to mind Joey. And she loves it that I care enough about her to give it to

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her. For her.

She stands, very slowly, squishing her unbearably stinging cheeks together, and returns to her place beside Megan. And she apologizes to Megan for her sluttiness as well.

"Cunt, since you were the naughtier bitch this morning, you will get to relieve your bottom last."

"Yes, my Queen," Casey replies, her voice saying she hates that idea, but also with a touch of relief in it. At least relief from the enema is coming. Sooner or later.

"And since neither of you bitches wanted my toilet last night, you won't want it this morning, either. Cunt, go to my slave and get the peasant bucket from her."

Casey walks with those same baby steps, trying to shuffle her feet as fast as she can, but also not wanting to move them at all, as she crosses over to Sophie and asks for the peasant bucket. Sophie hands her a metal, one-gallon, bucket. Casey brings it over to me.

"Do I look like the kind of girl who would poop in a bucket to you, bitch? I'm a person. I use a toilet, like a person. That bucket is for peasant bitches unworthy of sitting on my toilet." I laughing scold Casey. I tell her to take the bucket to Megan.

I tell Megan to spread her feet the 18" the chains will allow her to. I tell her to bend her hips and knees, putting her hands to her knees, and sitting back. It leaves her bottom sticking out open about two feet above the floor. I tell Casey to hold the bucket for Megan. To hold it up close under her bottom and her pussy.

"Cunt, if one drop of anything lands on my floor, you will pay for it, not cum dumpster. It's your job to catch her mess in that bucket. Don't fail again, cunt."

Casey assures me that she won't fail.

I tell Megan that she has five minutes to empty herself, and she will not have another opportunity anytime soon. It's enough motivation



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for Megan. Still crying from her whipping, she doesn't hesitate to let go. Immediately a faintly-yellow torrent shoots powerfully from between her cheeks. It hits the bottom of the bucket hard, splattering as it does. A second later the first waste comes out amid the endless torrent. It takes longer, maybe half a minute, before I hear Megan peeing as well.

Casey stands there, trying hard not to look at what Megan is doing, but having to see it anyway. She doesn't have a choice but to watch the bucket attentively so she doesn't miss a drop of the mess. So she has to see the torrent as it gushes from Megan's asshole. And see the mess Megan is leaving in the bucket. It is definitely a disgusting job. Perfect for these bitches.

I stand there, watching my watch. Megan can see me watching the time closely, too. This means she can also see that I'm watching her poop in the bucket, making sure she does as she was told to. I'm confident that pooping in a bucket is a new experience for Megan. As is having an audience as she does. More so having someone hold the bucket for her. I'm even more confident that it's a rather humiliating experience for the normally proper attorney. I'd bet she never even imagined being humiliated this way. So I do the only sensible thing. I take a close-up picture of her humiliation that shows not just her, but clearly shows the torrent flowing from her asshole as well. I'm sure Alexei will appreciate seeing it for himself. Harry, too.

At five minutes, to the second, I firmly snap for Megan to stand straight up. I announce that's all the bucket time she'll get. In a few minutes, the "second wave" of that enema is going to hit her and she'll wish I'd let her have a little longer. But I won't. She's in the dungeon, she's here to suffer.

I tell Casey that she's to clean up after Megan. First, she's to take the bucket to the toilet and empty it. Sophie goes along with her. Then Sophie stands there and makes Casey scrub the bucket out with a little brush and dry it with a rag. Sophie gives Casey a single baby wipe and tells her to return to me.

I inspect the bucket and tell Casey to leave it at my feet. Then I

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tell her what the baby wipe is for. It's to clean Megan's bottom, another thing Casey is going to go do for Megan. I tell her to kneel behind Megan so that she'll have a very good view of Megan's asshole. After Casey is done, I will be inspecting Megan's asshole, and if it's messy, Casey will be the one to pay for it. Megan will just be left with a messy bottom.

Casey still hesitates and very reluctantly spreads Megan's cheeks. I can see, from several feet away, that Megan's crack is in need of a good cleaning. It's rather messy. Disgustingly so. I haven't offered Casey any gloves for her hands, either. Her hands move so reluctantly as she starts wiping Megan's bottom for her. Megan just stands there, blushing, and cringing as she allows Casey to do it for her. I'm sure that's another new experience, too.

When Casey is done, Sophie follows her to flush the wipe. But Sophie doesn't allow her to wash her hands. Casey's face says that's a mixed blessing. She definitely wants to wash them. But she wants to use that bucket even worse.

I wait until Casey is back in line beside Megan. I ask Cunt if she's ready to behave now. She promises me that she is. I tell Megan to get the bucket and hold it for Casey. Casey squats as told, but she tries to stare down at the floor. I make her pick her head up so she'll have to see me watching her before I allow her to start using that bucket. It lets me see the deep blush on her face. But nothing is going to stop Casey from relieving herself.

I follow the exact same routine, only with the women trading roles. Now it's Megan cleaning up after Casey and wiping Casey's bottom for her. A bottom that's even messier than Megan's was.

I send the girls, Megan, Casey, and Paige, to share a shower. And I send Sophie to supervise.



# Chapter 08: A Slutty Lesson

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Casey and Megan spent all day today on their knees. I never allowed them a rest. I kept them both busy serving and catering to me. I'd thought about working them a little more, I can always find housework to be done, but I decided against it. Neither had any sleep last night. How could they with those enemas slowly filling their bottoms? I figured that after 24 sleepless hours, neither would have too much energy. So I found other things for them to do. And I discovered that Casey makes an excellent ottoman, especially to prop my feet up on for Megan to massage. My whip kept them on task. And naturally, Princess Lilly demanded that Her slave-humans pet Her often.

I did feed them today. Both breakfast and supper. Sort of. Table scraps count as food, right? It's definitely a meal befitting a peasant bitch in the queen's castle. After breakfast and supper, I allowed them to scrap the plates and divide up the scraps to eat. They don't know that I had Sophie put extra food on our plates so there would be extra scraps for them. I don't want to starve them. I just want to see how uncomfortable I can keep them. And judging by the looks on their faces, I'm doing a very good job of it.

I have a special torment in mind for them tonight. Maybe they'll sleep. Maybe not. More likely, I think, they'll get very little and very low quality, sleep. They'll be too distracted for real sleep.

I have them in the playroom. Before I put them down for the night, I've decided to do Harry a favor. He's been a good sport about enjoying Joey. And according to the phone call this morning, he's definitely been enjoying Joey's skilled blow jobs. So I'll teach Megan to service him the same way Joey recently learned to. Hopefully, then, Megan will please him that way. I'll also tell Alexei that Megan has a new skill. He'll make sure that she puts it to good use.

I have Paige put a strap-on dildo on. The one I've chosen is fairly long and thick. Well above average. And almost certainly large than Harry. It has a seven-inch long shaft that's slightly over 1 ½" thick. Not too many guys can measure up to that. Either dimension. I always pick a large shaft to teach a bitch to be a slutty bitch. That way, when they

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have a real cock, it won't be as big as what they've practiced on. It will be easier for them. And thus, they'll do a better job of it.

I have both women on their knees, Paige standing in front of them, mostly between them. Still, I confident that they can guess what I have in mind. Most women on their knees in front of a cock would have a pretty good idea of what was wanted of them. They're still in their chains as well. Those aren't coming off until they leave here. I might even parade Megan in front of Harry in her chains. She does look rather cute in them.

I tell Casey to show me how she sucks a cock. Paige immediately steps up to Casey, putting the fat head of her strap-on flush with Casey's lips. Casey obediently opens her mouth and takes the head of the cock into her mouth. She brings her hands up, their chain rattling, and wraps her hand around the shaft. She starts stroking the cock with her hand. Slowly she starts working her mouth over the head of the cock and the first inch or so of the shaft. She doesn't even have her hand in rhythm with her mouth. Amateurish would be an understatement.

I let Casey go on for about half a minute, hoping that she might eventually start to show some skill at it. She doesn't. I grab her hair and yank hard, pulling her head back. The cock slips from her mouth. A sudden look of nervousness sweeps over Casey's face. By now she's learned that when I'm rough with her, I'm not pleased. And that usually means she's in for something she won't like.

"Is that how you suck a cock, cunt? Seriously? That's how you'd do it with an actual cock?"

"Yes, my Queen..." Casey very hesitantly confesses in a muted voice.

"And you think guys like that?"

"I think so, my Queen... No one has ever complained about it, Ma'am..." Casey blushes.

"How many guys have you tortured with such a crappy blow job, cunt?"

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"Four, my Queen..."

"I guess none of them have ever had an actual woman suck their cock then." I taunt Casey.

I turn to Megan and tell her to show me her technique. Paige turns so fast that she almost snaps around to face Megan. She puts the tip of her dildo, still shiny wet with Casey's spit, to Megan's lips.

I watch as Megan opens her mouth and starts taking the dildo into it. Her hands come up as well. She wraps one hand around the base of the cock, then the second around the length of the shaft. She stretches her mouth wide. She starts working her mouth, stroking the top of the shaft with it. She does just a little better than Casey. Megan manages to keep her hand flush against her lips, the two of them stroking the shaft together. She manages to get the head of the cock and about an inch of the shaft into her mouth. Not really much more of it than Casey was able, or willing, to take into her mouth. Maybe a hair more. Maybe.

I give Megan about the same half a minute to demonstrate her blow job. I figure that's long enough. By then Megan has a good rhythm established. Giving her any longer would just be a waste. She's doing what she's going to do.

I grab her head, putting one of my hands under her jaw and the other to the top of her head, slightly off to the back. I pinch the corners of her jaw hard, forcing her jaw to stretch open to its widest. It doesn't open much more than it already was. Her lips more loosen around the shaft.

I push her head forward, slowly and steadily, forcing her to take more of the cock into her mouth. She takes about another half-inch of it before I feel the tip of pressing against the back of her mouth, not quite making the turn towards her throat. It's a simple problem to solve, just a matter of geometry. But I know that once I move the cock past this point, Megan is going to start gagging on it.

I nod to Sophie. "Do something with those useless hands, slave," I tell her. Sophie hurries over and kneels down behind Megan. She

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reaches around Megan and pulls her hands from the cock. She pushes Megan's cuffed wrists all the way down. Then she uses a metal clip to attach the chain of Megan's cuffs to the chain of her leg irons. It will not only keep Megan from bringing her hands up, but it will also stop her from getting up off her knees.

Now that Megan's hands aren't going to interfere, I force her head to go forward again. I take it slowly, using my hands to adjust the angle of her neck as she goes. It allows the bulbous head of the dildo to push past the back of her mouth.

As I knew she would, Megan begins to gag on the fat shaft pushing too deeply into her mouth. I keep her going, making her take another fraction of an inch until she's gagging hard on it. I haven't felt the resistance of it against her throat yet. And I can hear her sucking noisy, nervous breaths through her nose as she gags. I hold her head steady for a few seconds, keeping the cock stuffing her mouth fully.

"If that's the best you can such your sweet husband's cock, no wonder he's enjoying the whore replacing you so much. That bitch can actually suck a cock! As Harry now knows and is so appreciating!" I taunt Megan, forcing her to think of the mysterious woman I've given to Harry to replace her. Forcing her to imagine the woman on her knees sucking her husband's cock. And pleasing Harry better than she does.

I give her just a couple of seconds to think about that as she gags a little more on the fake cock. Then I start her head going again, shoving more of the shaft into her mouth. Megan gags even harder. Now I feel her head fighting me, trying to pull back off the cock. It's far from a fair fight. My arms are much stronger than Megan's neck. I keep her head moving, very slowly. It keeps the cock inching its way deeper into her mouth. And it keeps Megan gagging hard on it.

The harder Megan gags, the more nervous the look on her face gets. I hear the chains rattling down by her feet. That's her hands trying to reflexively come up and save her from the cock. They won't. They aren't going any higher than her navel, which will keep them well out of the picture.



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"I know you're stupid, bitch, but it is called cock sucking for a reason." I tauntingly scold Megan, her head still inching forward. "You're supposed to be sucking." I can tell that Megan isn't sucking because her cheeks haven't pulled inward as they would if she were sucking. "Suck!" I snap firmly. A second later I see her cheeks cave slightly inward. Now she's sucking on the shaft.

It doesn't make any difference, at least not in what Megan is feeling. It just gives her one more thing to do. But the guy would notice. The suction makes it feel better for him. And when I tell a bitch to suck a cock, I want her to give a good blow job. Otherwise, I wouldn't bother having her give it at all. No is one of my favorite words.

Megan has about half of the cock in her mouth when I feel the resistance. The wide, bulbous head's tip pressing against the narrow tube of her throat. The cock is probably around twice as wide as that tube is now. It's also the point where Megan begins to panic. It's the place where her throat is basically a Y-shape, her esophagus branching off from her windpipe. There's a little flap there to close one or the other off. And with this cock coming down, it has her windpipe shut off.

Her throat is tight. It resists the cock. But that tube is also rubbery. It has to be. G-d designed it to accommodate food, even larger chunks of it. It will stretch plenty wide enough to accommodate a cock, too.

And it does. It's only a fraction of a second before I feel the resistance suddenly vanish. Instead, I feel only a light drag against the shaft. As the resistance vanishes, Megan chokes. Hard. She heaves hard enough, her reflexes trying to clear her throat, then her bottom snaps up as her stomach contracts. The chains rattle loudly, stopping her and holding her bottom from rising too far. Megan heaves again.

Nothing happens as she does, other than her body snapping hard and her face paling into a very cute shade of semi-green-tinged white. The cock now has her throat stuffed full, the tube of it stretched wide to at least twice its normal size.

I keep her head moving, still just as steadily and slowly. With

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nothing to stop it, the cock keeps slipping into her throat. All I can feel is the slight drag. That's just the tightness of her tube squeezing against the sides of the hard shaft. Just as it will squeeze against the sides of Harry's cock. Knowing Him, probably Alexei's cock, too. I know He doesn't mind using His slaves to do that for Him. Knowing Alexei, He'll make Harry watch Megan do it.

As the cock slips further into Megan's throat, her choking starts to ease a little. She's getting used to it stuffing her throat. But her panic starts to bloom. Quickly. With her throat stuffed full, Megan can't breathe. She won't until that cock is out of her throat. And it's still going the wrong way. Deeper.

I make Megan keep going, her lips slowly sliding along the outside of the shaft, her throat snuggling it as it slides into her mouth. I ignore her choking. I don't care if Megan is comfortable with this. I just want her to learn to swallow a cock. My thank you to Harry for being a good sport this weekend.

I keep Megan going all the way down. I only let her stop taking the cock into her mouth when her lips are flush against the leather at the base of the cock. The leather that holds the dildo. The leather that's flush against Paige's pubes. It has all seven inches of the thickness into Megan's mouth. There's nothing left for her to swallow.

I hold her head there, her lips flush against the base. Her choking has eased up now, but she's still struggling against me. And her eyes are wide, darting anxiously around for anything they can see. "See, cum dumpster? You can swallow a cock like a gutter whore. I knew you could since you are the skankiest of gutter whores!" I laugh, holding Megan's head there where she can't breathe.

"From now on, this is how you are going to suck cocks. You are going to swallow them. You will use slow strokes for a leisurely blow job that the cock might actually enjoy. And if you somehow manage to make it cum, you will swallow every drop of that, too. And you can stop thinking of cheating. I'm going to have a long talk with your Master so He'll know that you can swallow a cock.

## Four Play

"Now, let's practice!" I squeal enthusiastically.

I start Megan's head moving again, this time reversing the stroke so that she coming up slowly and releasing the cock from her mouth. All I have to do is ease up the pressure a little. Her head fights to back off. My hands merely slow it down, keeping its pace steady. The same pace it took the cock in.

Around the halfway point I feel the drag vanish as the shaft slips from Megan's throat. Instantly I hear Megan suck in a very noisy breath through her nose. A panicked-fast breath. Then another. I keep her head moving.

I guide Megan to back off until only the head of the dildo is left inside her mouth. "Swirly your tongue around the head of that cock, cum dumpster! Now, while you can!" I firmly instruct her. I'm pretty sure she obeys. I can see the muscles in her neck as they move her tongue. As she's busy swirling her tongue I reverse the stroke again forcing her to start swallowing it again. It doesn't give Megan much time to swirl. She won't get more than a single lap around the cock's head.

I make her go all the way down again, swallowing all of the cock until her lips are flush against its base again. It chokes her almost as much as it did the first time. And it still has her panicking when it chokes off her breathing. She survives it. But I have to scold her again to swirl her tongue around the head of it at the apex of the stroke.

I keep her head moving rhythmically. Stroke after stroke, the pace never slowing nor speeding up. Just steadily swallowing the cock over and over again. It takes Megan about a dozen strokes to get past the choking. Then it takes her another dozen or so for the gagging to start easing up.

Five minutes later she's sucking the cock like a cheap whore. Exactly as I want her to. She's earned a little rest. Five minutes should do. Then five minutes for Casey's turn. There's no reason Casey shouldn't learn to suck a cock, too.

Their lesson takes an hour. Each bitch getting five minutes of

## Chapter 08: A Slutty Lesson

practice, then five minutes of rest before repeating. After the first few practices, both of the women are able to suck it without choking, or really gagging, on the shaft. Now they're ready to please a man with those mouths.

It leaves me only one decision to make. How to ensure these bitches a night to remember. A night they'll be uncomfortable. But also that will allow them to get some kind of sleep. They're about dead on their feet now. Another sleepless night and they'll be falling down instead of serving me. I'd prefer their attentive service.

I start with Casey this time. Not that it's going to make any kind of difference. I call Casey to come over to the massage table. I have her lie on it, on her back. I have a portable massage table in the playroom. It's one of the few things I don't usually put up. I use it too much. It's soft and very comfy. It's top is well padded with foam. But the portable model has a frame made of steel tubing. And that frame provides the perfect points to bind someone to.

Which is what I have in mind for Casey. I don't bother instructing her where to lie. Or how to lie. I just let her get up on the table. Then I grab her ankles and pull them hard, dragging Casey down until her bottom is at the very edge of the table. I bring her feet back up, bending her knees fully. The table is a mere 20" wide, which makes it the perfect width. It has Casey's chained feet at the edges of it, the 18" long chain between her ankles stretched out and almost taut. I cheat. Usually, I use a rough hemp rope to bind subs to this table. But with Casey already in chains that seems like overkill. Instead, I use heavy plastic zip ties. One for each ankle. I just loop them through the locks on Casey's ankle cuffs and the bar under the tabletop, then pull them tight. It effectively binds her ankles in place, leaving them loose enough to squirm a bit, but not to move.

But I do use the ropes for her hips. She doesn't have any chains or irons on there. I start by tying three loops of the rope around the very top of Casey's left thigh, tying the free end off to the rope, almost like a noose around her thigh. Then I wind the rope around the car a couple of

## Four Play

times. Now I take three more loops of the rope, winding long coils of it over Casey's hips and along the top of her pubes. I wind the rope around the bar on the other side of the table. Then I wind three more coils of it around the top of Casey's right thigh. I have about a foot or so of rope left. I pull that back down to the bar and tie it off there.

I tie Casey's shoulders down next. I start with one end of the rope tied off to the bar under the table. Then I wrap two coils of the rope around Casey's chest and the table, pulling the rope taut. I bring the rope down through Casey's underarm and up before crossing it over her chest and looping it under the bar against just above her breast. I wind two more coils of the rope across Casey's chest just under her breasts. Actually right in the crease where her breasts lie against her chest. I have to lift her breasts up to get it all the way up. I wrap the rope around the bar on the other side of the table, then cross it over her chest again to the opposite shoulder. I wind it over her shoulder, up through her underarm, and then twice more around the top of Casey's chest before pulling it taut and tying it off to the table.

Now I summon Megan over to the table. I have her get up on it as well, putting her bottom to the opposite end. The table isn't that long. It's designed for one person to lie on, not two. It has Casey's and Megan's heads lying side by side, both women having to angle their head slightly to make room for the other woman's. I bind Megan the same way.

It only leaves me with one last thing to secure. Their hands. More often than not I bind the hands of a sub under the table. It's a good place for them. A place that ensures they won't be able to get them to anything or use them. To do that now I'd have to take the irons off their wrists, and I don't want to do that. It's psychological. The irons so say "dungeon!" and I want these women to have that feeling of being bound up in irons in their Queen's dungeon. It's where naughty bitches belong.

I bring their hands up and together. I use a padlock to join the chains of their cuffs at their centers. It leaves them able to move their hands a few inches. Then I hook the end of another chain to the lock and

## Chapter 08: A Slutty Lesson

close it. That chain is already hooked to an eyelet in the ceiling. It will keep their hands held up high, their elbows almost straight.

Now the bitches are ready for their night. I hope they don't expect to be left alone. Not in my dungeon. I summon Paige.

"Skanky..." I tell Paige. "You will tease these sloppy pussies. Three licks on one pussy, then move to the other. And so on."

"Yes, my Queen," Paige says with a huge grin on her face. She can guess that before long these women are going to be moaning and squirming. I think Paige likes making women squirm. I know I like to see them squirm.

"Tease" is a specific command for Paige. It tells her how I want those pussies licked. Paige starts with Megan, but that's only because she was closer to Megan when I told her to start. And I didn't tell her which bitch to start with.

Paige uses her fingers to push Megan's lips wide open. Then she puts her lips to the knot of folds where Megan's overly-eager clit pokes its head up. She gently closes her lips around the nub. She lies her tongue alongside the hard nub. Then she swirls her tongue around Megan's clit just once. Slowly. It gets a very sweet and urgent purr from Megan's lips.

Paige moves her lips over to one of Megan's long, loose, wrinkly folds. She sucks the folds into her mouth, lying her tongue along its underside. She slowly moves her mouth down Megan's fold, caressing its underside with her delicate tongue as she goes. She goes all the way down, teasing the entire fold.

Now that Paige's mouth is at the bottom of Megan's pussy she slips it over to Megan's tunnel, opening her lips as she goes. Paige's lips surround Megan's tunnel, but no more. Paige sucks lightly. She slips her tongue out as far as she can, letting it slide into the tightness of Megan's wet tunnel. Paige swirls her tongue again, this time slowly stroking it along the spongy tender walls inside Megan's tunnel. Megan purrs out a very hungry moan.

## Four Play

After the single swirl, Paige lets her mouth glide over to Megan's other fold. She sucks that one into her mouth, caressing it with her tongue as her mouth moves back up. It moves all the way up to the knot where it began the tease. And it repeats the tease. Then Paige repeats the tease a third time.

Paige rises up, lifting her lips from Megan's pussy. She hurries around the table. Now Paige puts her lips to Casey's pussy. Casey's pussy that's just as sloppy wet as Megan's. Paige gives Casey the same tease. And Casey purrs just as urgently. She squirms just a little more, her chains rattling lightly as her feet try to move.

Paige hurries back to Megan to tease her pussy again. Then back to Casey. Paige will go right on until I tell her to stop. I leave. Paige doesn't care. She goes on. Casey and Megan moan away.





# Chapter 09: A Final Punishment

## Chapter 09: A Final Punishment

By the time I return for Megan and Casey the next morning both of them are a complete slutty mess. Paige looks to be a little tired, but she's going on like an Energizer bunny. Licking her teases eagerly to one pussy after another. Casey and Megan lie bound, half asleep, half awake. Both have a liberal coat of honey dried to their upper thighs and bottom. And a fresh wet coat of honey clinging to the dried honey.

As Paige's tongue teases Casey's pussy, Casey squirms hard, rattling her chains. The ropes hold her still, especially her pussy. No amount of squirming will allow her to even wiggle her pussy. It's held perfectly still for Paige's tongue to tease.

It looks like neither woman slept much or well. But I'm sure they got enough rest that they won't fall asleep on their knees today. I'm just as sure they had "sweet dreams."

I have Sophie untie them. As she does I watch them to make sure their hands behave. It's pretty obvious that both women are eager to masturbate. Or anything else that will allow them to cum. I make sure they don't. Then I have Sophie take them for their shower. Then it's breakfast time. Eggs benedict for me. Table scraps for Casey and Megan. It's all I feed to naughty bitches in the dungeon.

After breakfast, it's time to start their lessons for the day. I seem to remember that obedience is on the lesson plan. I decide to start my day with a nice pedicure.

I sit on my sofa. I decide to start with a lesson in obedience for Megan. I order Megan onto her hands and knees. "You are my footstool, cum dumpster," I teasingly tell Megan. "And furniture doesn't move. You will not move." I prop my feet up in the center of Megan's back.

I tell Casey that she'll be doing my left foot. And that I expect her to her very best work on my regal foot. She's to begin with a long foot massage. A tender one. I'll tell her when to stop and begin the pedicure.

Then I have Sophie fetch Paige. I tell Paige to kneel behind Megan. I give Paige a feather. She's to tease Megan with the feather. She starts by drawing the silky feather slowly along Megan's wet slit.

## Four Play

Then circling its tip around Megan's asshole. And repeating.

Paige doesn't get much chance to repeat the tease. The first one is enough that Megan shivers crisply. And that's moving. I feel it under my feet. A quick flick of my wrist is all it takes to send the tip of my crop snapping through the air and cracking hard against Megan's bottom.

Megan yelps loudly. The crop sears a nice pink welt onto Megan's cheek. And she flinches hard from the strike. I scold her for moving and remind her that furniture doesn't move.

It takes Casey close to an hour to do my foot. Megan earns herself about a dozen swats during that time, all of them for enjoying Paige's teases too much. But the most amusing part for me is the look on Casey's face. She knows that she's going to be the footstool next. With every swat Megan earns herself, Casey looks more and more nervous.

Once Casey has finally finished, I have them trade roles so Megan can do my right foot. Only then do I tell them that my feet will be choosing a winner. The winner will get a little treat. The loser will not. The "happiest" and "prettiest" foot determines the winner. I tell Megan to do her best job. Then I tauntingly tell Casey "I do hope you did your best on my foot, cunt."

I deem Megan the winner. Neither bitch will ever know that the winner had been chosen before they got off the massage table this morning. I had a plan. It's Casey I want to play with. Right, this minute. Megan's turn will come, too.

Megan's "treat" is straight forward. She gets to lie on the massage table. This time I don't tie her down. She's not getting off that easy. She's to lie still and allow Casey to eat her pussy. If she lasts five minutes, she earns an orgasm. I have Megan lying with her knees bent, her feet on the table, and her bottom close to the end. Almost as she was lying all night long. The only difference is that now she has a pray of a chance to cum.

Casey does not look thrilled to be eating pussy. It's something

## Chapter 09: A Final Punishment

the reserved woman never imagined she would do. Never really wanted to do. Despite the fact that she so obviously enjoyed having her pussy eaten by a woman last night. "Gay" is just not something Casey feels should be. At least not with her in it. I think her pussy disagrees, though, it seemed to be last night!

I have Casey open Megan's lips wide. What narrow lip Megan has. It leaves her folds standing up, but also parted well enough for Casey to see and be able to get to the hard knot that nests Megan's even harder clit. I have Casey close her lips gently around the nub, snuggling it softly. Then I tell Casey to put her tongue alongside the steely hard nub and start swirling it very slowly around it.

It's impossible to see what Casey's doing with her lips closed around the nub. But I don't need to see it. Megan shrieks out the most pleadingly desperate moan. A moan that's as sensual as it is loud. Megan shudders hard and her hips start to squirm against Casey's mouth.

I very lightly tap Megan's hip with my crop and scold her for "squirming like a whore." I remind her that she has to lie still if she wants her orgasm.

Megan stays still for about three seconds. Her back arches upward. It's reflex, driving her pussy against Casey's face.

This time I give her a good swat with my crop. "Bad cum dumpster! I said be still! I want to watch cunt eat pussy like a cheap lesbian whore!"

Megan lies still for almost five seconds this time. A hard shudder racks her body and starts her hips squirming wildly again as she screeches out another moan.

I swat Megan's hip again. She yelps loudly as it sears a bright pink welt onto the side of her cheek. She stills. Now I can see Megan fighting hard to keep herself still. I can see toes curling up. I can see hands clenching each other. I can see the tension in every muscle of her body. And I can hear how fast the need is growing in those screeched moans of hers.

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She doesn't last long. I'd guess about twenty seconds. I see her legs slam shut, clamping hard around Casey's head. At the same time, Megan's head starts thrashing from side to side. And her hips grind down into the table hard.

I swat Megan's hip again. "Bad slut, cum dumpster!" I scold her harshly in my mean-girl bully voice. "I guess that pussy doesn't want to cum bad enough to behave! Cunt, you can stop eating it now, cum dumpster doesn't want to cum."

Casey gladly lifts her head away from Megan's pussy. It's been less than a minute. Already Casey's face, especially her chin, is covered with a heavy glaze of Megan's glistening honey.

Megan cries out a loud and frustrated groan. I see her hands twitching as if she's resisting the urge to put them to her pussy and masturbate. I give her hands a light tap with my crop to let her know I see it. "Don't you dare think about diddling that sloppy skank pit, cum dumpster. You had your chance to earn that climax! Maybe some eon you'll learn to behave and actually get it." I laugh.

They spend the rest of the day the same way. On their knees, serving me. Both get a couple more chances to earn an orgasm. Neither manages to last the five minutes to get it.

I take both bitches to the playroom for another night. I'm sure by now both of them have figured out that this will be their last night in the dungeon. Megan needs to return for work early Tuesday morning. Casey has work Monday morning. I think both assume I won't make them miss work. Assume. I haven't given them any clues.

I decide to have a little fun with them. Why should tonight be any different?? And I have just the perfect idea to tease them all night long!

I have Sophie get out a pair of matching vibrating butt plugs. They're both 6" long and 1 ¼" across. Both are bullet-shaped, with little indented grooves at their base just before wider disks that will keep them from slipping completely into a bottom. I have Sophie set the butt plugs on their bases, their tips pointed up at the ceiling, atop the

## Chapter 09: A Final Punishment

massage table.

I decide to have Casey go first. Mostly because she's definitely the horniest of the two, although Megan is as horny as she's ever been. Plus Casey hates having anything done that involves her bottom. I have Sophie hand her a little packet of lubricating gel.

I tell Casey to go choose a plug for her butt and lubricate its tip with a very thin film of the grease. I warn her not to waste my grease by using too much of it on the toy. Then I watch as Casey very reluctantly puts a decent-sized drop on the point of it and uses her finger to smear it around the tapered tip.

Once it's lubricated, I have Casey pick it up and take it over to Megan. "Cum dumpster, our Queen wants to plug my butt tonight. Will you please shove this plug all the way up my butt for me?" Casey politely asks Megan. Her voice says she wants anything but that plug in her bottom.

Megan takes the plug from Casey and tells her "sure, cunt. Anything for our Queen."

Casey moves rather slowly as she turns her back to Megan and bends over. Casey reaches around and pulls her cheeks wide to expose the dark ring of her tightly clenched asshole to Megan.

Megan puts the tip of the bullet-shaped toy to Casey's ring. The very tip of it is no larger than the point of a pencil. It presses against the dark pinpoint at the center of Casey's asshole.

Casey flinches just from feeling it against her bottom. She starts quivering as she stands, waiting for the invasion. Casey already pants a few strained groans of "Oh..." as she waits.

Megan tries to be somewhat gentle with Casey. She pushes softly, using just enough pressure for the tapered tip to start slipping into Casey's bottom, stretching her asshole as it slides through. Megan presses steadily, letting the toy do most of the work of stretching Casey's asshole taut. It tells me that Megan has been entered this way enough to know how it's easiest. For Casey. And she's trying not to hurt

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the obviously reluctant woman.

It doesn't stop Casey from crying out a loud and screeching "EE-OW" as it starts entering her bottom. She cries out again, another loud "OW!" as it slides deep and stretches her bottom wider. She flinches and fidgets. Casey pants a few fast "OH!s" as it keeps sliding into her, filling her deeper and deeper. Even when it's finally reached the base, no more shaft to push into her, Casey doesn't relax. She stands, fidgeting, and panting little "OOH!s."

I tell Casey to stand up. She moves slowly for a fraction of a second then freezes in place and squeals a loud "AH!-EE-OW!" She stands frozen and pants a few times before she finally starts moving again. She cries out again. She freezes. She feels the toy inside her, holding her bottom rigid as everything inside her shifts around with the changing angle of her body. It takes her a moment to get standing. I make her thank Megan for shoving the toy up her butt for her.

And then it's Megan's turn to get her bottom stuffed by Casey. Casey tries to return the favor and be gentle with Megan, but Casey's hands are fumbling slightly. And her body is fidgeting not-so-slightly. It makes it impossible for Casey to be too steady pushing the toy into Megan.

Now that both bitches have their butts plugged for the night, it's time to put them "to bed." Not that there will be a bed involved. Just a chair.

The chair is a rigid, simple wooden one. It looks like something that would come with a cheap dinette set. Solid wood, even the seat of it. A straight and hard back. Four legs with braces across them. Nothing fancy.

I have Casey sit in the chair. She moves very slowly, grunting hard "UH!s" as she moves. Until her bottom is about an inch off the seat. That's the point where the base of the plug is flush against the seat. The point where sitting any further is going to put Casey's weight on the plug and push it a little deeper into her bowels. But Casey has no choice about it. I'm standing there with my whip in hand, and Casey knows it.

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She knows that sooner or later she's going to sit on this chair. So she moves as slow and gently as she can. She sits.

I have Casey spread her feet as wide as the chains will allow and hold her hands straight up above her head. With Casey sitting like that, I call Megan over and tell her to sit on the chair as well, her bottom between Casey's thighs. Megan groans as she sits, but it looks like she's more used to the feeling of sitting on a toy. I have Megan open her legs, too, until her feet are flush against the insides of Casey's feet.

I use ropes to bind both of their legs to the chair. As usual, I wind three coils of the rope around them, each coil encircling both of their calves and the chair's legs.

I use another length of rope around Megan's hips to pull her back and downward, pushing her snug against Casey, and pinning them both to the chair. A final length of rope goes around their chests, in their underarms, and the back of the chair. That one pulls Megan back, holding her back pressed firmly against Casey's soft, ample breasts. I have them both raise their hands up and lock them to the chain dangling from the ceiling. It will hold their hands up where they can't use them for anything.

It's not the tightest job of binding them, but that's not what I'm after. I want them to have a little room to squirm and fidget. I turn the lights off, leaving them to spend their night cuddled together in that chair.

And then, using a little remote with a single button on it, I turn the toys on. They start vibrating inside the bitches' bottoms.

I hear both of the women moan out a needy, sensual moan. It tells me that they can feel those vibrations. They kind of have to. The toys have their bottoms stuffed full. It has the toys pressed hard against the inside of their rectums. That's just a filmy thin membrane surrounded by a paper-thin wall of muscle. Beyond that is the spongy, and very sensitive and needy, walls of their pussies. Those toys are pushing snug against those soft walls, sending their vibrations right through their rectums into their pussies.



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They can feel that all night long. If they're smart, they won't allow themselves to cum. If they do cum, the vibrations won't stop. They'll keep flowing into their now-too-sensitive pussies, arousing them faster and harder. But also so intensely that it's almost painful. They won't hold off the second orgasm. Or however many more come after it. As a bonus to me, with them, snugly bound together, it will only take one to cum. Once one of them does, she'll be squirming so hard that the other woman will be squirmed along with her. And the squirming will only grind their pussies and clits against the hard chair, pushing them even harder towards an orgasm.

They're in for a long night.



# Chapter 10: The Tail End

## Chapter 10: The Tail End

Monday morning doesn't leave me much time to play. Joey is due at school at 7:40, and it's a good 15-minute ride from here. I've already ordered an Uber for her at 7:15, so I'll have to have her out front by then. I told Harry to have Joey back here before seven am this morning. He assured me that wouldn't be a problem, the bed and breakfast they've been staying at is expecting early departures Monday morning. Apparently, it's the norm for them.

It barely leaves me time to get the women out of the chair they spent the night in, cleaned up, and fed their table scraps before Harry is expected. And cleaning them up is something that I can't skimp on today. The still-wet seat of their chair, completely covered in a sticky, dried, glaze of honey, tells me that. Naturally, their bottoms, and the back of their thighs, are just as covered.

I leave both women in their chains, blindfolding and gagging them again before sitting them in the metal chairs. The same chairs they sat in when they arrived here. And I lock them to the chairs. In the playroom.

Harry arrives with Joey about five minutes before seven. As Sophie lets them in, I can see that Joey has one arm draped around Harry's shoulders and her body cuddled close to his as they walk. Harry has an arm around Joey's hips. Maybe her hips. Maybe lower. It's hard to tell from this angle. But Joey clearly doesn't mind.

Sophie shows them both to a seat on the sofa across from me. I don't have much time to waste, so I nod for Sophie to fetch the clothes she's gotten for Joey. I didn't want Joey going to school in the same clothes she wore Friday, plus I wanted her to leave here with a certain look. So I clicked up an order of clothes on Amazon for her.

I ask Harry "was this bitch satisfactory as a substitute for the naughty bitch?"

"Oh, yeah," Harry answers with a big grin on his face. "Joey was almost like a fantasy wife. She just seems so interested in me, and she was extremely attentive to me... always trying to do things for me... and, uh... in bed... she's wild and so... wild."

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I see a faint smirk on Joey's lips as she listens to Harry compliment her performance.

"I take it you made full use of this bitch then?"

"Yeah," Harry says. He smiles widely, too. Yesterday morning Joey had told me "can you believe this silly boy? He's never had anal sex before! That naughty bitch won't give it to him! And he waited all this time, and he still didn't tell me! I had to figure it out! Isn't that so silly? If he'd have told me sooner I could have given him my butt that much sooner!"

"She woke me up with another blow job this morning..." Harry goes on to tell me. "I can't imagine how she can possibly do it the way she does... all of me..." He goes on to tell me that after his wake up, they shared a shower. In that shower Joey "slinked" her body all over his, using only her breasts and bottom to soap him up, until he got aroused again, bent her over, and fucked her in the shower. After which she washed him again.

"You'll be pleased to know that I've taught your bitch how to properly suck a cock. Now she can do it just as skillfully." I tell Harry with a wide grin on my face. Now that Harry knows Megan can do it, she won't be able to cheat him on future blow jobs. Megan will have to swallow his cock just as wholly as Joey does.

I tell Joey to stand up and undress. As she takes her clothes off, not showing even the tiniest trace of modesty, she folds everything neatly and makes a nice pile. I'm sure she can guess that Megan will soon be putting those clothes on. When Joey has to take Megan's wedding ring off she has the most forlorn look on her face. As if she really enjoyed being "married" to Harry for the weekend.

And I suspect she did. I haven't owned Joey too long, but I'm pretty sure that she very much enjoyed it. That she wants me to give her body away to others like that. Especially if it pleases me. If I hadn't thought Joey would like it, I wouldn't have done it. But she has too much in common with Paige for me not to have noticed it. Joey wants to be a slave-whore, too. She wants to be "whored" out. And she will be

## Chapter 10: The Tail End

again. It's going to be her place in my toy box. I already have another in mind for her to play with.

I give Harry the clothes I ordered for Joey. Sophie already has them in a neat pile, tags removed, and ready to be put on.

When Joey walked in my door, she was wearing a soft pink sundress with sandals. It's a cute one, and one that's very comfy and casual. The kind of thing a woman would wear for a casual day of driving home from vacation. Or just walking around town. When that came off, I saw the very sexy white bra and panties she had on under it. I'm sure that Harry allowed Joey to chose the outfit from Megan's things. It's the kind of outfit someone with fashion sense (and thus someone with a pussy) would choose.

The outfit I have for Joey is radically different. It has a pastel green bra and panties set. Those are all lace. The panties are "boy shorts" that are low cut on her hips and cover none of her legs. The bra is strapless and clips in the front. It has half cups that leave the tops of her breasts bared. It looks sexy on her. Slightly slutty, too. I can tell Harry likes it.

Then there's a denim skirt that hugs her body tightly. But it also goes down to her knees to comply with the high school dress code. She gets a colorful cotton blouse to wear over it. And even more colorful plastic bracelets for her wrists. She gets a pink scrunchie to pull her hair back into a tail. And she gets pink pumps with low heels to wear. No stockings. It really makes her look young.

Sophie brings over Joey's purse and book bag. Add those to the outfit, and Joey looks like she belongs in high school. Which she does. Despite being just barely eighteen. She looks so young! It's perfect. When she'd arrived, Megan's clothes gave Joey a slightly older look, as if she might be a young twenty-something. Megan's clothes have a slight mature-look to them. A slight professionalism even to her casual stuff. Like something, a middle-aged or very professional woman would wear. Now Joey just looks like a teenager. I'll bet seeing her like this, something Harry never did before he took her, he feels like the dad who

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just had an affair with the babysitter.

I send Joey off, telling her where to meet her Uber and showing her the picture of the driver they're sending. I give her very specific instructions not to get in a different car or with a different driver no matter what. If it's not that driver in the car shown, she's to come back up here and I'll take care of it. As I'm sure, will Uber. Especially after Janelle (my cop Domme-friend) has a chat with them.

Now I have just Casey and Megan in the playroom, plus Harry in my living room. I'd thought of offering Casey's body to Harry as well, but after hearing about his morning with Joey, I doubt he could be too aroused right now. He did just climax twice, and men tend to be so bad at multiple orgasms!

So instead I tell Harry that we have one more thing to do this morning. I have two bitches in serious need of an orgasm. They'll have it by supervised masturbation. I ask if he'd care to watch, or supervise one of the bitches. He says he'll watch.

I have Sophie go get Casey and Megan. She has to bring them out one at a time, keeping a close grip on the blindfolded women as they walk. She lines them up in front of me. I have Harry come sit beside me. The interested look on his face tells me that he's never seen, or imagined, Megan in irons before. At least not the old-style medieval irons she's in now with their heavy chains.

I have Sophie take their blindfolds off. Instantly Casey's eyes search the room for any sign of Joey. She finds none. No Joey, none of Joey's things here. Megan looks relieved, and excited, to see Harry. It's not relief that her weekend is over, but more the relief that he came back for Megan after spending the weekend with whomever her substitute was.

I'm certain that Harry took plenty of vacation pictures. I wouldn't be surprised if he took plenty of naked pictures of Joey, too. Most men would. Especially men who now have a heck of a story to tell their buddies. A weekend with a young nymph and no blowback from the wife. Without pictures, that story would be deemed BS. I'm just as sure

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that Megan is jealously going to be looking for, and at, those pictures to see what stood in for her. And I know Megan is praying that I gave Harry a 50-year-old 400-pound woman. Something that wouldn't be any competition for her. Women can have such jealous streaks in them!

I have Casey and Megan stand close beside each other. So close that their bodies are touching. I leave them gagged. I tell them the rules. They are to masturbate my way. They are to stand still as they do. If either bitch moves, both bitches will be punished for it. Any movement. If I see it, they pay for it. They are not to cum. They will just masturbate until I'm satisfied with the sluttiness of their show. Then, I will tell one bitch to cum. The other will continue masturbating. Maybe she'll be allowed to cum, maybe not. The one who behaves better will be the one allowed to cum.

I have Sophie fetch my long cane. It's perfect for this. It's long enough that one swat of it will crack across both of their bottoms.

I take Megan's hand first, balling it up into a fist but leaving her first finger extended. I put that finger to her clit, the pad of it very lightly atop the throbbing hard nub. I start it moving, caressing her eager clit with small circles. I keep it slow. And I keep its touch so light that it's more gliding across the honey-slickened tip of her clit than rubbing it. Once she's going steadily, I do the same to get Casey going.

I step back and glance at my watch. Casey doesn't have too much time, either. She's due at work at 8:30, which means she'll need to leave here by 8:15. It gives me an hour.

It doesn't take long for me to see Megan's head fall back. I snap the cane, landing a light stroke of it across all four globes of both bottoms. Megan's head snaps back up. Both women cry out a loud "OW!" through their gags. It's not that hard of a swat. It sounded like it, but it's not. It leaves only a light pink stripe across those cheeks. A strip that will fade away in a couple of hours. But one that will sting their bottoms a few hours longer, reminding them as their day goes by of their stay in the dungeon. I'm sure that will help Casey to concentrate at work... And make Megan's ride home more enjoyable.



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It's not much longer, a few more seconds before I see Casey's hand starting to speed up. That gets the bitches another stroke.

Then it's Megan's hips squirming. I see them trying to wiggle forward. So I swat their bottoms again.

I turn to Harry. I point to Megan's chest. "This bitch just has such tiny boobs, doesn't it? At least that one has boobs you can see, even if they do hang halfway to her knees..." I invite Harry to come up and play with either, and preferably both, of these bitches while they diddle their pussies. I even suggest that he might want to squish Casey's breasts and see for himself just how soft they are.

Megan tries to glare at Harry. But trying to breaks her concentration. And that's all it takes for her hips to start squirming again. I swat their bottoms for the sin. It makes the score 3-2 in Casey's favor. Casey having the two, and thus the one leading the race to her climax.

Harry starts by touching Megan's breasts. It makes Megan shudder hard. So hard that her shoulders wiggle. Which gets the bitches another swat on their bottoms. And now has their bottoms glowing rather pink from the sting of the cane. 4-2, Casey.

Harry sees what his touch does to Megan. He moves over to Casey and starts squeezing her breasts. Casey cries out the sultriest of moans into her gag. Instant her entire mound is covered with goosebumps. Harry's fingers get to her nipple. Casey cries out an even more sensually needy moan as Harry touches the hard nub. He keeps playing with Casey's ample, spongy breasts.

I suggest that he might suck a nipple or two. He does, leaning his head over to Casey's mound and giving her nipple a long suck and a little lick to go with it. It gets a shudder from Casey and a wild squirm of her hips. That gets both of them a swat. 4-3, Casey.

Harry moves his lips over, not wanting Megan to feel neglected. He kisses her nipple softly as well. It gets a hard shudder that's more like a full-body squirm from Megan. And that gets the women another

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swat. 5-3, Casey.

The five-minute mark comes up. By now both of them are standing there tensed up to steel, their muscles pulling hard and straining. Both are biting hard on their gags. Both are panting so-needy, hungry moans. Both have honey all over their fingers, hands, and thighs. Fresh honey.

"Cunt, cum," I say firmly. I don't need to say it firmly. Casey has been praying for it. Praying to be the one allowed to cum. Megan has been praying just as hard to be the winner, I'm sure. The desperate, sobbing look on her face when she hears Casey get the permission is enough for me, and Harry, to see that.

Casey cums immediately. She's noisy, screaming her tortured and sweet moans into her gag. Her body shudders hard, snapping crisply as each wave crashes over her. Her knees buckle a few times, almost dropping her to the floor, but she manages to stay up.

It's about the time the third wave of the orgasm is crashing over Casey when Megan's hips squirm hard, and suddenly, again. I see it. I snap the cane hard, searing a light red welt line across all four cheeks. Megan stiffens even more, almost vibrating she's so tense, for several seconds before she eases back.

Casey doesn't even scream. She's too busy screaming moans into that gag. But it does affect her. It buckles her knees and sends her to the floor. The fourth wave of the orgasm crashes over Casey even harder than the first wave. So hard that it has her body flopping around. It takes Casey a good two minutes to finish her climax. At least now that she's on the floor, she's spared from any more swats of the cane. But Megan doesn't earn another swat so it's an empty reward.

Megan is still masturbating when Casey finished her orgasm. Casey just lies on the floor, panting hard and fast, her eyes closed. She looks completely satisfied. Megan looks even more miserable.

I let Megan go on masturbating, fighting with everything she has to hold her climax back. I let her keep going until Casey drifts through

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her bliss, opens her eyes, and gets back up to her feet. I only snap at Casey to encourage her to get back up.

I turn to Harry. "Do you want to see something slutty?" I ask. Harry says he does.

I tell him to grab Megan's hands and hold them tightly. To hold them well away from Megan's pussy so she can't touch herself any longer. I tell him to "snatch" her hands. Then I wait until he does.

As soon as he pulls them away from Megan's pussy she screams out in abject frustration. Her body trembles hard.

I snap for Casey to get on her knees behind Megan. Casey doesn't hesitate to. I tell Casey to pull Megan's cheeks wide apart and bare Megan's asshole. Casey doesn't hesitate to do that either. By now she's seen enough of Megan's asshole that she could describe it to a sketch artist if she was asked to. Another glance at the tensed ring is nothing to her.

I shove Casey's head forward, pushing her lips flush to Megan's cinched ring. I snap for Casey to tongue it. To put the tip of her tongue to Megan's asshole and slowly swirl her tongue around the rim of it. I give her the lightest tap on her bottom with my cane to encourage her. It's enough. Casey does as she's told.

Megan's hands grip Harry's, squeezing so tightly I see Harry wince. Megan screams endlessly into her gag. Her entire body shudders and shivers as she stands there, trembling hard on her feet. It doesn't take a genius to see that no matter what Megan tries, she's not going to last too long like this. She's going to cum.

I giggle. "Lookie how much this bitch likes her bottom used! Isn't that just the sluttiest thing?" I say to Harry.

Harry agrees that it's definitely surprising to him.

I reach out and pinch one of Megan's nipples hard. It's too much for her. She cums. She collapses onto her knees. Then she jerks hard as the first wave crashes over her. She falls forward. Harry barely manages

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to catch her before she lands on her face. It pulls her bottom from Casey's lips. Casey tries to follow Megan's bottom, not daring to incur my wrath for stopping. I wave her off. It leaves Megan on her knees, leaning forward into Harry's arms, shivering hard as her body snaps with the waves crashing over her.

I tell Casey she can to her feet and watch "cum dumpster's slutty display." She's glad to get to her feet. As she does, her face is still wrinkled up from the taste on her tongue. The taste of Megan's butt.

Fifteen minutes later I have both bitches standing again, side by side, still gagged and chained. I have them facing Harry and me. I also have two piles of clothes on the table. The clothes Casey was wearing when she arrived here, and the clothes Joey wore over here.

I take the irons off Casey's legs and order her to put her hands behind her neck. I very sweetly, with plenty of tease in my voice, ask Harry if he'd mind helping these skanky bitches out. Without thinking too much, he says he'd be glad to help. I point to Casey's pile of clothes and ask him to dress her as much as he can with her arms still bound. He looks surprised. Megan doesn't look happy about it, but she doesn't look hateful about it either.

Harry starts by putting Casey's panties on her. He's able to dress her all the way up to her waist as is.

I take the irons off Megan's ankles now and have her put her hands behind her neck as well. I tell Harry to dress Megan as well. But with the outfit Joey wore, he's only able to get the sandals on Megan's feet and her panties on.

I lean very close to Megan's ear and whisper quietly into it "I hope those panties are nice and warm for you. They're fresh off your substitute's bottom! I wonder if she dripped any of his cum into them?" then I step back.

I take the rest of the chains off Casey, telling her to stay exactly as she is. I tell her that she's not allowed to move anything. Harry will finish dressing her. If any of her body is to be moved, he will move it for

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her. She will neither help nor resist. Then I watch as Harry goes to put Casey's bra on her. I figure he might have put on Megan a few times, but Megan doesn't have the mounds that Casey does. It doesn't take Harry long to figure out that putting the bra on Casey requires him to handle her bare breasts, lifting them and fitting them into the cups. Megan just glares as he does it.

Once Casey is fully dressed, I have Harry finish dressing Megan.

I tell both of the women that they are not to change clothes today. They are to wear what they have on until they get ready for bed. Megan looks unhappy as if I'd just guessed what she was planning to do. To pull those pre-worn panties off her bottom the first chance she got.

I send Casey off with instructions to go straight to work. I never give her a word about Joey. Joey is in school, and thus her phone will be off, by now. But after school, she'll go home. She'll be there when Casey gets home from work.

I give Casey about fifteen minutes of a head start. By then I'm certain that she's long gone from here. Only then do I dismiss Megan and allow Harry to take her home. He's already checked out of the hotel, at my instructions, so they can't go back there. I'd bet they'll be stopping for a hearty breakfast though.