



*Queen Comes
First, Mommy*

Nadezhda sarankhova

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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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Introduction:

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

My name is Pepper Rodgers. I'm a 21-year-old Domme, living downtown Mobile, Alabama. I have a decently well-stocked playroom in the second bedroom of my fourth-floor apartment (most of my neighbors are corporate types who aren't always around, giving me a lot of privacy, even in the halls and elevators). I also have a decently stocked toybox. I prefer my toys to be older than I am, around 30-42 years old. I prefer men for myself, however not for my toybox. When it comes to toys, I find women and couples to be far more amusing. Single men tend to be needier, and often too clingy. But that doesn't mean I don't have a few of them in my toybox. I do. They just don't have the same chances of getting there as couples and single women do.

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

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

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

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

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

Sophie is my 21-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest.

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

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

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

I believe in taking good care of my slaves. Including their education. Sophie is now a junior at USA where she's studying to become a vet technician. Paige, is also in her junior year at USA. Before they became mine, both girls were mediocre students, and neither had the grades to get

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into a four-year university. Now they're straight-A students. I wouldn't accept anything less. Both transferred to USA this year for their last two years of college and will earn degrees that would allow them to actually get a decent job. They might not need to work while they're mine, but I want them to have their education and options down the line.

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

I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommies as well. Andrea (29), Janelle (37), Colette (41), Diane (45), and Olive (47). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and a little chat about who's doing what to whom lately. We sometimes share, or loan, our toys to each other, but not that often. Sometimes we do a favor for each other, such as providing something different for a toy. Mostly we do what girls do: we gossip.

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

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

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

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



Chapter One - The Bad Girls

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In a way, this story started well over a year ago. Back then, through some mutual friends, I was asked to look after Elisha while she was in Mobile. Then she was about to begin her freshman year at Spring Hill College, a four-year Christian college here in Mobile. Elisha's father is a Dom, and he wanted a Domme familiar with college life, and in Mobile, to "keep an eye" on his daughter while she was away from home.

He knew exactly what kind of "looking after" Elisha would get at the hands of a Domme. Elisha knew, too. Before I met her, she'd been allowed to read my stories. When I met her that first time, she was well-behaved and polite. And eager.

I did agree on a few rules with her father, something I don't often do. But this is a special case. Elisha is a virgin. We agreed that Elisha would remain one, in the technical sense. No man would have sex with her. However, oral and (at his suggestion) anal sex are allowed. Women are allowed, too. Elisha understood that she, and her body, belong to her father now. But while she's in Mobile, I am his representative, and thus have the same authority he does to make use of her. She, however, has no right to do anything with that body unless I give her permission first.

Fast forward a year to Elisha's sophomore year. She's still here in Mobile, and I'm still "looking after" her. After she got straight A's and no disciplinary actions last year, her father was very enthusiastic for her to return to my care this year. She enjoyed her freshman year, but she also remained a virgin. I did teach her plenty of tricks to please men, just not ones that require the use of her pussy. Elisha's pussy is "eyes only" to men. And it's off-limits to her unless I give her permission to touch it.

At college, Elisha lives in the dorms. They require freshmen to live there. And they mean it. It's not like some colleges where they really just mean that freshmen have to pay for the dorm room. At Spring Hill, Elisha must sleep in her room on any night before a school day. She must be in her room by 22:00 and shouldn't be out of it

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before 06:00, except to use the bathrooms on her floor. It's an all-female dorm, too. The boys have a dorm across the parking lot. They do allow visitors in the dorm rooms from 07:00-21:00 but have a strict rule that no male and female are supposed to be behind a closed door together and alone. Getting caught alone is a serious offense there. At the least, if Elisha has a boy in her room, her roommate must be there the entire time, or the door must be wide open. It's that kind of a college. But Elisha loves it, and they have a good graphic arts program which is her interest. And they have the right religious affiliations for her father.

This year sophomore Elisha has a freshman roommate. That's typical there, the freshmen all have roommates that attended the college last year. Kind of like guides for them, I guess. Elisha was 20 at the start of the year. Lindsey is a mere 18. But the two of them have gotten along rather well.

It wasn't long until Lindsey learned Elisha's "secret." Pretty much everyone knows that I sometimes pop up and surprise Elisha with a visit. I'm sure many of them have read, or more likely heard, about the stories I write and thus know what I do. It wouldn't be hard to imagine what I might do with Elisha. Even though everyone knows that I am checking on her school work and asking about her life there. I'm sure they imagine, although don't know, that I'm checking on more than her assignments.

Sharing the room, Elisha had no chance of hiding the extent of her supervision from Lindsey. Her roommate last year knows, too, but has kept the secret. I'm sure she's been asked for details, too. Elisha just had to hope that Lindsey would keep the details of whatever she saw to herself, too.

By then, Elisha knew well that I don't care about my toy's modesty or privacy. I don't care who sees what. As long as it won't get the toy in trouble. If Elisha's roommate is there, and Elisha deserves a good spanking, then her roommate is going to see Elisha turned over my knees and

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spanked. If I decide that Elisha's pussy is too excited, then whoever is in the room will get to see it relieved. Or whatever I decide Elisha will be getting.

Elisha never knows when I might summon her to my apartment. Nor does she have a clue when I might pop by and see her at the dorm. Like all of my toys, Elisha has to email me daily. Unlike many, I expect to see Elisha's daily schedule, too. I want to know where she is every minute of the day. What she's doing. And who else is there, whether she's with them or not. I've surprised Elisha enough in that dorm. I've even snuck in a couple of times during curfew. I figured that would be the time she'd least expect me. And I love dragging a toy out of bed.

It wasn't long until Lindsey was in their room and I walked in to check up on Elisha. The first two times I did it, Lindsey realized who I was and promptly fled the room. Fine by me, if she doesn't want to be there, I'd never make her stay. She's not my property, so it's her choice what she sees or doesn't.

Then came October. I popped in again to see Elisha. Lindsey was there. I never knock. I knew, from the schedule, Elisha sent me that morning, that Elisha should be in her dorm room. So she had better be. I just opened the door and walked right in as if it were my dorm room. Or, more aptly, my closet – the room where I keep my things. Elisha is my thing, my property

The girls were having a heated, but calm, discussion. Even though both quickly shut up mid-sentence when they saw me come in, I heard enough to get the gist of the conversation. Lindsey wanted to go out to some "get together" in the hope that some boy she likes and wants to get to know, would not only also be there, but talk to her. Elisha was trying to remind Lindsey that Lindsey had an important assignment due tomorrow, which was not finished, and that Lindsey should be worrying about her school work, not a social life. Especially since she doesn't know the boy, and doesn't know if he'll talk to her. If he

even wants to. Lindsey was telling Elisha “you sound like my mom!”

Before either could say a word, my crop was in my hand. “Newbie, undress now,” I snapped firmly. So far I hadn’t even bothered to shut the door behind me. I just glared hard at Elisha. Not that I needed to. My voice told her that I meant business. It wouldn’t have mattered. Elisha has been obedient her entire life. Her father had no problem taking his belt to her bottom if she didn’t behave like a proper “southern lady” in other words. Not when she was 2, and not now that she’s 20. Like me, he believes in firm discipline for naughty girls. Elisha simply answered “Yes, my Queen,” in a rather demure voice and started taking her clothes off.

I’d left the door open for a reason. I knew Lindsey was going to try hard to make a quick exit. Before Elisha’s hands even make it to the hem of her shirt, the first thing she was to take off, I saw Lindsey’s feet moving. She was going for the door.

“Stop, you little miscreant,” I snapped in an icy hard, and steely firm commanding voice. A voice that would have made any drill sergeant proud. “I don’t care what you think you’re doing, *bitch*. You are not going to be a naughty influence on my newbie bitch there. You’ll behave properly, or else.” I have no clue what or else would be. It’s not like I could have either of their rooms switched. The school doesn’t do that mid-term. But it had an effect. I don’t know why, but Lindsey stopped dead in her tracks.

“I don’t approve of shirking school work just to party like some gutter slut. You will not be leaving this room until that assignment is not only finished but done well. Is that clear, *slut*?” Then I glare hard at Lindsey. With my crop in my hand. The door is still open, and I wouldn’t stop Lindsey from leaving. I have no right to. But I definitely look as if I will.

“Yeah...” Lindsey says very quietly. So low that I can barely hear her. I watch as her face drops and she realizes that she’s not going to get to go out. Maybe she obeys

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because she knows it is the right thing for her to be doing. I still haven't figured it out. But she stands there, slouching unhappily, and trying not to look at me. Resigned.

I kick the door shut. "Good slut. A polite answer to that is 'yes, Ma'am.' From now on, you will be a polite slut. Or else you will wish you had been polite, slut. Is that clear, *slut*?" I say "slut" as distastefully as I can, and that's saying a lot since I'm still using my commanding, cold voice. Lindsey seems to be responding to the tone of authority, so if it's not broken...

"Yes, Ma'am," Lindsey says quietly. I can hear a good bit of resignation in her voice, too. And almost as much petulance. Teenagers, what can you do with them?

I see Lindsey's eyes glancing over to her side of the shared room. And very studiously avoiding any sight of Elisha while Elisha undresses. I think she's eyeing the laptop on her bed. I'm sure that will be needed for her assignment. To me, it looks as if she's wondering if she should go over to her side and get started. As if she's wondering how quickly she can finish it and get out of here. Maybe catch up with her friends. Wondering if I'm going to "grade" her assignment as I do most of Elisha's. I'm sure Lindsey has heard that I am a far stricter grader than the professors are here. I demand perfection. I'd bet she has some clue of the consequences that Elisha would suffer for anything less than perfection. I'm sure she's seen Elisha trying not to sit by now.

"Good slut. Strip," I keep my drill sergeant commanding voice as I say it. I say it as if I'm not asking anything unusual of her. As if I was maybe saying "got a pencil?" Not as if I'm asking her to get naked in front of others.

"What?" Lindsey balks in a now very squealy and nervous tone. But she still doesn't move her feet. That tells me a lot. It tells me that she intends to obey. It tells me that she never imagined I would ask this of her, though. It tells me that she doesn't want to undress, that

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she finds it degrading and embarrassing. And she definitely has no clue why I'm asking.

I snap the whip. The crop lands against Lindsey's bottom, on the side of a cheek. With her jeans still on. "OUCH!" Lindsey yelps out, jumping off her feet and cringing as she does. "That hurts!"

"I said: strip, *slut*. I did not say to speak. I said to get every last thing off that slutty ass of yours *NOW*. You are going to say 'yes, Ma'am.' Then you are going to get naked. Quickly, not wasting my time. And you can strip like the slut you're acting like. That means facing me, and don't even think of trying to hide that scrawny body, *SLUT*. Now, *STRIP!*" I show her the whip, holding it up for her to see it. Letting her know the price of disobedience. And letting her know that she's gotten all the explanation she's going to be getting.

"Yes, Ma'am," Lindsey answers in a voice that's even more hushed, more nervous, and far more resigned than I've heard from her. Her eyes go everywhere. All there is for her to see is Elisha finished undressing, not hiding anything, and me glaring coldly at her and hopefully looking impatient as I wait. A second later Lindsey kicks her shoes off.

A couple minutes after that, Lindsey is standing naked in front of me. As I told her, she's not trying to hide herself from me. But I can see her arms hugged firmly to her sides. And her eyes are averted so she doesn't have to see me looking at her naked body.

Ten minutes after that I have Elisha and Lindsey standing side-by-side. And now, I have seen, and touched, every bit of both bodies. I've learned that Lindsey isn't a virgin, although she isn't very experienced with boys, either. I could already have guessed that.

I am not leaving here until Lindsey has her assignment done. And until she learns that pleasing me is a good thing for her to do. Displeasing me is a bad thing. I send Lindsey to her side of the room and tell her to do her assignment. If she finishes, she's to sit there and wait until

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I summon her. It takes me a little while to go over what Elisha has been up to. Elisha has been behaving. I'd expect no less from her.

I tell Elisha to sit on her bed. Then I step over and deal with Lindsey. She seems to be a good student. Her assignment, not a subject I know well, looks to be fine to me. I don't see any real mistakes in it. And it looks to be about 85-90 percent done now. I'd guess that she has about another 30 minutes to go. If I wasn't tired, I would wait while she finished it. But I suspect she'll do better work without me looming over her shoulder.

So I tell her she's taking a break. To go sit beside Elisha. To pay attention to how Elisha is sitting because that's how I expect all my bitches, including Lindsey, to sit in my presence. It takes her a second to adjust herself. I can see that she's not used to sitting like a proper lady, with her back up straight, legs crossed, hands folded on her lap. She's not used to sitting naked, either, especially next to another naked woman while someone not naked stands over her.

I help myself to a chair, setting it in front of them, facing them, and centered. I take a seat. Then I tell them that beginning now, school work is both of their first priorities. That shouldn't be news to either of them, but I can see it's not what Lindsey was expecting. Then I tell them, really Lindsey because Elisha already knows all of this, that I don't accept any grades less than firm A's. Even low A's aren't acceptable to me. On anything, be it a tiny assignment or a final grade. Nor do I tolerate disciplinary actions for anything. Not even the minor ones, nothing more than written "bad girls" that don't even end up in their files, for being a second late for curfew or something. None. Period. Obey the rules.

Then I tell Lindsey that since these two are roommates, they are now responsible for "helping each other" to behave and excel at their studies. Should either "misbehave" both will share the punishment for it. Whatever that punishment might be.

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"Slut, if it had been newbie thinking of slutting when she had studies to attend to, it would get five strokes of my paddle." I take my paddle out of my bag and show it to her. It's one of my favorite ones. About 18" long and 4" wide, made of soft leather with a thin layer of spring steel between them to stiffen it up hard. It's only about ¼" thick. It looks like it would hurt. And it does, as Elisha well knows.

I watch Lindsey's eyes go wide as she sees it. "There's no reason why you don't deserve them now. You'll get them. And so will newbie." I watch as the hardest quivering tremor flows over Lindsey's nude body, jiggling her breasts as it does. "I warned you, discipline here is firm. Newbie, come get your spanking first." That way Lindsey can watch Elisha's spanking and imagine her own. Her imagined spanking will be worse than the reality of it.

Elisha obediently comes over and kneels down for me to turn her over my knees. She grunts hard with every stroke, flinching hard as well. After five of them, she has tears in her eyes. I send her back to her place on the bed, making her sit on her freshly tenderized bottom next to Lindsey.

And then I summon Lindsey for her turn. She trembles as she comes up. She screams with every swat. She screams again as I make her go sit on her bottom, even as she sits on the soft bed.

It took me about two seconds to notice that Lindsey likes this as much as she doesn't want to like it. There's no missing the four stiff nipples pointing at me now. Nor was there any missing the way Lindsey accepted the loss of control, and once convinced that she had no choice, obeyed. And thrived, doing very well at the tasks she was given.

Now, as she sobs from the paddling, I tell her the rules. I tell her that if she doesn't like it, I don't care. I claim her, and thus she belongs to me. She is now my property. She will obey me, without question. Even when

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I'm obviously not concerned with things like her modesty or privacy. Or shame. Or really anything.

Now I decide it's time to reward Lindsey. And I have the perfect reward in mind for her. A slutty reward, befitting the slut she was trying to act like. It doesn't take me much to find out which boy she likes. Or to get him over here. I have to admit, he's surprised to find two of three girls naked when he comes in. And even more, surprised when I ask him if he "likes what sees of Lindsey." Of course, he says he does. And he tells me that he doesn't have a girlfriend at the moment. I very firmly tell Lindsey to get on her knees in front of him. I make her confess that she likes him. Then, without him having a chance to say anything, I make her offer him a no-strings-attached blow job.

It's an offer he accepts. And one that has Lindsey looking utterly humiliated, but also eager. As if she wants to do it, hoping that it will make him like her, but also knows it's very slutty to do with a man that hasn't even taken her out yet. And very humiliating to do because she was told to by someone else. That she doesn't get a choice in it. I say suck, and she sucks.

She does it. For the first few seconds, she seems rather tentative. She quickly gets past her reluctance and gets into it once he starts purring sweetly. He cums on her face. I make her leave it untouched.

After he leaves, I remind Lindsey of the rules again. I don't ask if she's ever been with a woman before. I'm confident that she hasn't. And won't know exactly what to do. Won't willingly do it even if the chance presents itself. Before Lindsey can process it, before she really knows what's happening, I have her face in Elisha's pussy. I'm telling her that since Elisha has behaved, Elisha gets relief from the throbbing ache. Lindsey will be her relief. I hold Lindsey's face in place. Five minutes later, Elisha's cum adds to the sticky glaze on Lindsey's face.

I leave after telling Lindsey that she is to finish the assignment and then send it to me. Once she does, she's

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to sit on her bed and wait patiently to be told what I think of it. Both she and Elisha will remain naked in this room until the curfew ends in the morning. That's about 12 hours now. Bathroom trips are allowed, but even for that clothes are not.

It's after nine when I finally get Lindsey's assignment. With a note telling me that she had Elisha proof it for her. Smart girl. She knows that Elisha knows what I expect. It's fine. So it's time for Lindsey's reward. I tell Elisha to tie Lindsey to her bed for the night. And then I tell Elisha to eat her pussy twice.

The next morning Elisha tells me that Lindsey's pussy was as wet and eager as any she's ever seen. And Elisha has seen a few.

That was early October. Since then, I've seen Elisha at least weekly, which is the agreement I have with her father. I've also seen Lindsey every time along with Elisha. Even if Lindsey didn't get the same lesson that Elisha did.

All was going along fine until Friday night when I summoned them. I know that Lindsey hasn't told her mom about me. Her mom is a single parent that raised her, so her father isn't in the picture. I know her mom has been coming down from their home to visit Lindsey about once a month, too. I'm pretty sure that she hasn't told her mom because it's such a kinky and uncomfortable topic to bring up.

Lindsey tells Elisha that she can't come to my place tonight because her mom is coming to see her.

I don't care. Well, I might, but it's really time that her mom knew exactly how Lindsey was getting those great grades. I tell Lindsey that she will be here. And, since she wants to use her "mommy" as an excuse for her "misbehavior" she will bring her mother over to meet me as well. It is not up for discussion. If they are not both here, on time, I will come find Lindsey and her mom, and Lindsey does not want me to do that. I don't say more. Lindsey knows that I would make it the most humiliating night of her life if I have to come find her.



Chapter Two - Meet My Mommy

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When I'd told Lindsey that she was expected, now with her mom, Lindsey sounded anything but happy. In fact, I'd bet she was panicked. And very close to tears. No way she could bring her mom here without first telling her where they were going and why. I didn't leave her much time, either. As I usually do, I'd given her and Elisha a mere two hours' notice that they were to be here.

I know Elisha will be here on time. I insist that my toys show up exactly on time. Or at least knock on the door, ready to serve, at the precise time I dictated. Nowadays, with everyone's clocks automatically synchronized by the web to the exact nanosecond, there's no excuse. Her phone will have the same time mine does. And my smartwatch. And the smart clocks in my house. Probably even my doormat!

Lindsey knows that, too. And I know that Elisha will do everything in her power to ensure that Lindsey and her mom arrive on time with Elisha. Elisha knows her bottom is as much on the line as her roommate's is. They still share their punishments. And rewards. As if they were a pair. Like two Barbie dolls in my toybox.

I'm just less sure if Lindsey will show up. She should know by now that I'm serious about tracking her down if she doesn't. But, at least at some level, she must know that she's still free to walk away from me. It would be forever – once a sub walks away I never allow it back under any circumstances. I don't play those games. Either it's mine or not.

But for Lindsey showing up also means telling her mom. That's something she's been working hard not to do. More than that, it means that her mom has to agree to come with her. I have no idea if she will. Or if she'll balk. For all I know Lindsey's mom is busy pulling her out of school and dragging her back home right now.

I intentionally didn't offer Lindsey any idea of what would happen once they got here. That way she can't give her mom any clues, either. And it will have the creative girl's mind going 1000 directions with ideas. Probably none

of which will be the reality. But those images in her head will torment her for the two hours she has.

I'm not surprised when the knock comes on time. I have zero doubt that Elisha would appear. Even if Lindsey refused, Elisha would come accept whatever punishment she got for not bringing Lindsey. She knows if she doesn't come and accept it, it will only be worse when she gets it. She knows I don't tolerate disobedience. Her father doesn't either. Even if she refused to come to my apartment and be punished, he would take care of it when she came home. And that would really be worse for her. Of course, she could refuse to go home, she is an adult, but that's something Elisha would never do. Besides, she clearly likes the firm rules and discipline in her life.

When Sophie, my live-in slave-girl, answers the door, I can see both Elisha and Lindsey standing there. It takes me another fraction of a second to notice the third woman. She's standing quietly, slightly to the side, out of the doorway. She has to be Lindsey's mom. She's about the right age, and she looks enough like Lindsey to be. All three are quiet. Elisha and Lindsey know the rule: do not speak unless spoken to here. I don't know if Lindsey's mom was told, or if she's just quiet. I know Lindsey is a rather quiet, and timid, girl.

"Uh, Hi..." Kara, Lindsey's mom, starts to say in a rather tentative voice. I can see both Elisha and Lindsey's eyes go wide in horror. Both of them know not to speak. To just stand there and wait for Sophie to tell them what to do. "We're here..."

By then I'm at the door. "Shut up!" I snap firmly. I can't tell if Kara is dressed up or not. Either way, it wouldn't be for me. She's wearing jeans and a clean long-sleeve t-shirt. It looks to be either fairly new or very well cared for. But also inexpensive attire. Then again, I already know that she doesn't have much money. Neither does Lindsey. I suspect, if Lindsey didn't have a scholarship, she'd be at community college taking a free program, not at Spring Hill. I doubt Kara could afford to

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help her. And now that I see Kara, my opinion hasn't changed. But she has done a good job with her makeup as if she wants to look her best to see Lindsey on campus. Where Lindsey's friends might see her.

I don't know what Kara is expecting. But the shock on her face tells me she wasn't expecting to be snapped at by a girl young enough to be her daughter. I can see her eyes taking in my apartment appreciatively. She seems to be surprised that I have a nice place, not the typical student apartment with little furniture, all of which came from a thrift shop. I'm sure she's thinking that my parents must be rich and paying for it. She's wrong. I have 2 jobs.

But I still see the hint of that look on her face. I see it all the time, especially when I work at the jail and free clinic. It's the look I get from the bums. The look that says "you got some money so you think you're better than me." As if I were rich or something. I just work hard.

I ignore it. I grab hold of the waistband of Kara's jeans, watching as the look of shock on her face doubles. And then doubles again as horror sweeps into it. "Come," I tell her firmly. I pull her one full step into the apartment, ignoring Elisha and a very shocked Lindsey for the time being. Then I push Kara back. At first, she doesn't move, until I'm pushing hard enough to almost shove her back against the wall.

"Stay," I snap firmly. "That means to stand there. Do not move. Do not speak. Do not disobey." I hold up my riding crop. Right in front of Kara's face, letting her get a very close look at it. And hopefully letting her know that there will be consequences should she disobey me. There always is in my Queendom.

Kara does not look happy to be standing there. I really don't know much of anything about her. I know her name is Kara, Elisha told me that much. And that she's 45 years old. I can see that she has long brown hair, pulled back into a ponytail now. I can see that she has pretty green eyes over a somewhat wide and short nose. I can see that she has a full, wide mouth framed with medium-

deep pink lips. Even now that she's half-scowling. She looks to be about average in height, so maybe around 5'5". I'd guess a hair on the lean side as well. I can see the lines of her collar bones at the wide neck of her shirt. I can also see that she has a good, shapely, girly figure. And a rather ample chest. But I can't see enough to guess how ample. Probably at least a D-cup I think. I take one step back and without a word, quickly snap a picture of Kara standing there. I like to have a photo of all that have any part in a session, even if it's just watching. I don't ask if Kara minds, either. It's not like she's naked. It's just a picture I could have snapped as she was walking down the street. It will also make a nice picture for a profile page on my ShameBook site if Kara earns herself a place there.

While I'm doing that, Sophie silently points Elisha and Lindsey into the apartment. Just inside the door, I keep a small empty space, and that's where I always stop my toys. Along that wall, they can give up their clothes before continuing into the apartment. Toys don't need clothes. They'll just get in my way.

"Newbie, undress and give me your clothes," Sophie tells Elisha. Elisha is here at least weekly, and that's plenty often for Sophie to know her "name." the one I've given her, "Newbie Bitch," not the one on her birth certificate. I never use a toy's real name here. There's not really much of a reason for me too. To me, that's just a good habit to be in. That way, when I have more than one toy here, they won't learn each other's names.

"Yes, Miss Slave," Elisha says quickly. Then she reaches for the bottom hem of her dress. "Undress" is one of the specific commands I use. It tells a toy not just to take its clothes off, but in what order as well. The toy is to start at the very top and remove the highest thing. Then it's to fold it neatly and offer it to slave politely. Once slave accepts it, the toy is to remove the next highest thing. Not to undress in layers as most people typically do.

Elisha is wearing a knee-length cotton sundress today. I'd bet she changed into it when I summoned her.

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It's easy to get off. She's not wearing much in the way of jewelry or accessories, either. She wouldn't. She knows it all will be quickly coming off anyway, so why bother? It's only a few seconds before Elisha is offering her dress to slave.

That leaves Elisha in nothing but a rather cute baby blue bra and panties. That's another of my rules, I insist that my toys wear a matching bra and panties. A set, not just the same color. I think it looks better, and toys should look good.

Elisha is a very busty woman. She's a 34-DD. With just her bra on, it really shows, too. It doesn't help that her bra is fairly immodest despite its $\frac{3}{4}$ cups. The cups are lacy but foam-lined to cover her breasts. They also leave the tops, and every bit of her cleavage bared. There's only a thin ribbon at the bottom to join the cups in the front. That's rare on a bra of this size. It has thin ribbon straps over her lean shoulders, too. But it does have a wide, lacy band around her chest. Elisha just reaches up behind her back and unclips it, then slips it off her shoulders. She doesn't even think about trying to cover her now bare breasts. She just folds her bra up as if her breasts weren't exposed to everyone. Then she offers her bra to slave.

Elisha reaches to her waist and slips her panties down to her ankles. With her flats still on her feet, she steps out of them. In another second, they're folded. Now Elisha holds her panties out atop her upturned palms. She has her hands together to make a little table, her hands in front of her nipples and six inches out. Her panties are atop her hands. "Here are this bitch's panties, Miss Slave," Elisha offers in a sweet voice. Sophie takes the panties off of Elisha's hands.

It only leaves Elisha with her shoes. She squats down and slips them off. Then she hands them over to Sophie. "This bitch is now completely naked, as instructed, Miss Slave," Elisha tells Sophie that she's finished. Sophie steps back and sets Elisha's things on a little table.

Elisha puts her hands behind her back. She stands up straight. She keeps her eyes forward, not trying to watch what else is going on, but standing still and silent as she waits.

Kara is not very still. But she hasn't said anything yet. I can see that her eyes were shifting over to sneak a peek at Elisha. But not since she heard Elisha offer slave her bra. Obviously, Kara thinks she should offer Elisha some shred of privacy. Mostly I see disbelief on Kara's face. As if she never imagined the slightly prim (in public) Elisha stripping so shamelessly.

Sophie steps back up, this time standing in front of Lindsey. "Mousy, undress and give me those clothes," Sophie tells "Mousy Bitch," formerly named Lindsey.

"Yes, Miss Slave," Lindsey answers quickly. Lindsey has undressed here enough times that I've stopped counting. She knows exactly what to do. And she's done it enough that she's used to it. But tonight is different. Her mother is standing right next to her. Where I have them, there are only about three inches between each of them. I do that because the inexperienced toys find it uncomfortable to be so close to one another. So I put them as close as practical.

Unlike Elisha, Lindsey didn't think to wear clothes that would come off easily and quickly. She's dressed to visit her mom, not to come here. She has on a nice blouse and jeans, with sneakers. But, once given her instructions, she doesn't hesitate to start unbuttoning her blouse.

Even though I can see her cringing as she does. She hasn't done that since the second time she stripped for me. It tells me that she's very uncomfortable about undressing right next to her mom. Probably very humiliated to have her mom listening to her undress like this, too.

That leaves Lindsey in her bra and jeans. It's enough for me to see that Lindsey is wearing a matched set of black undergarments. And that her bra is far more modest

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than Elisha's. Lindsey's bra has full cups that almost completely cover her mounds, except for the top.

Now is when the difference in outfits matters. Lindsey has to remove the next highest thing. That's her bra, not her jeans. She knows it. And she does. It leaves Lindsey standing there in her jeans, fully covered from the waist down and just as naked from the waist up.

I'm pretty much leaving the undressing of those two to Sophie. She does it most of the time anyway. And it lets me stare at Kara as the girls strip down. I can see Kara slowly starting to fidget more and more with every word Lindsey says. With every piece of clothing that Lindsey offers slave. She doesn't look. She doesn't even try to. I'm sure she wants to give Lindsey privacy. Not that she has any. Privacy and modesty are not allowed for my toys. It's amusing to watch, the way Kara is almost squirming around on her feet as Lindsey slips off her jeans, leaving her only her panties and socks. Then her panties. And socks. I watch Kara flinch hard as Lindsey announces that she's completely naked.

Sophie takes Lindsey's and Elisha's clothes and slips away. She'll take them to the playroom, the spare bedroom in my apartment. I have a four-drawer file cabinet in there that I use for nothing but my toy's things. Each girl's clothes go in a separate drawer, which Sophie then shuts. It locks. I have the only key, so those two won't be getting their clothes back until I decide to return them.

To some extent, enough that it's noticeable, Lindsey looks like Kara. Both are lean women. But Lindsey is a little shorter at 5'3". Knowing that, and seeing the pair of them side by side, I'm more confident of my guess at Kara's height. Lindsey isn't as busty as Elisha, or as busty as Kara looks to be, but she's not small either. Lindsey is a solid C-cup. Both Lindsey and Kara have fairly oval faces with small noses. Both have the same green eyes, too. Lindsey's hair is a little lighter shade of brown. Both have the same wide mouth, but Lindsey has somewhat lighter

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lips. They look to be a little plumper, too, but that could just be from the way Kara is pouting. Both seem to have girly, curvy figures.

Both Elisha and Lindsey stand properly, hands behind their back, eyes forward. Elisha looks relaxed and calm. Lindsey looks to be the exact opposite. She fidgets but hides it well. She is definitely uncomfortable.

Kara looks just as uneasy as Lindsey does. Maybe even more so. I'm still standing in front of Kara, my eyes locked on hers. "I hope that this mousy bitch has told you that I am supervising it by now. I ensure that it does all of its studies and does them well. I ensure that it behaves like a proper bitch as well. It belongs to me now. That means that it *will* do what I say, or it *will* suffer the consequences of disobedience.

"This evening I have time to check up on this mousy thing, so I summoned it. It questioned me! It said it was supposed to go out with you. I don't care. Its school work is obviously far more important than you are. That comes first. Since I am supervising this thing out of the kindness of my heart, it will be at my convenience.

"You may stand there and wait while I discuss school with *my* mousy bitch. If you move off this wall or say one word, I will summarily toss you out of here. Mousy will not be tossed out with you. Mousy will stay until I am done checking up on her and newbie. I warn you now, that mousy bitch is in trouble for questioning me. That is never allowed, and it knows that. Now, stay."

I step quickly over to Lindsey, leaving a rather stunned Kara standing there. Kara follows me with her eyes but stays on the wall next to Lindsey. "As for you, mousy bitch, you've earned yourself a nice spanking for questioning me. You know that's not allowed, right, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Lindsey answers in a very nervous voice.

"You will get ten strokes of the paddle."

"Yes, Ma'am," Lindsey is almost crying already as she hears her punishment. She pretends to hate the

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paddle. She cries like a baby through her spankings. They also make her nipples rock hard and make her pussy so wet that it starts to drip. I doubt it's the paddle. I think she really does hate that. I think it's the firm discipline of being turned over my knees that excites her. The proof that she has no choices, just obedience.

I turn, without moving, to face Kara. "And don't think you've been any better behaved. You've been a very naughty mommy. What kind of a mother would take time away from her little bitch's studies just to visit? Don't you care one iota about this bitch? Never mind, you probably didn't even think about its studies. That would be higher thought.

"You deserve a spanking of your own for distracting *my* bitch from its studies. But your fat bottom doesn't belong to me, so I won't spank it unless you ask me to." By then I am smirking wide.

I very quickly shift my gaze back to Lindsey. "You can take your mommy's spanking for her. Doubled. Once for her selfishness in distracting you from proper behavior, and once for not being a big girl and accepting her own spanking. That's 30 strokes for that little bottom. Won't it be so nice and beet red? I'll bet you don't sit until Monday!"

Kara's eyes are wide, her face a mask of unbridled horror. I can see her lips moving as if she's trying to say something. And I can see her trembling. Now she turns her head to look at Lindsey. Just in time to hear Lindsey's voice break with sobs as she reluctantly says "Yes, Ma'am" and resigns herself to an unbearable spanking. One worse than any she's ever had before. It's then I see absolute utter shock on Kara's face. As if she'd never expected Lindsey to accept the sentence.

"Now, I'll give you one minute to beg your mommy to girl-up and accept the punishment she earned herself. Starting... 2 seconds ago." I'm smirking wide.

Lindsey doesn't waste a second. She forgets that she's nude. She spins to face her mother. She almost

drops to her knees but stops herself. Lindsey trembles. But she doesn't hesitate. "Please, Mom! Please, will you please ask her to spank you! Please, mom, please don't make me suffer thirty strokes, it would kill me! Please, mom, please ask her to spank you! PLEASE!" Lindsey begs as shamelessly as anyone possibly could. And she doesn't stop for even a breath until I tell her that her time is up. When I do, Lindsey very reluctantly returns to her place on the wall and stops talking. But I can tell she wants to beg more. I think she'd beg until her mother agreed. However long that was.

"If there's something you want to ask me," I say teasingly to Kara, looking her right in the eyes. "ask me now, very politely. Just like your little bitch would."

For about two seconds, Kara says nothing. She just stands there, shock on her face, and fidgeting. Slowly she starts to cringe. Finally, in a very hushed voice, Kara says the only thing any mother would do. "Will you please give me my own spanking, Ma'am?"

Relief instantly washes over Lindsey. But not over Kara. It's more as if Lindsey's nervousness jumped over to Kara.

I give Kara my fullest attention. "You want to take your spanking like a big bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Her reluctant voice says she doesn't but is going to rather than let Lindsey get it. I guess she's figured out that Lindsey would stay and suffer it no matter what Kara did. But neither has figured out that I wouldn't leave Lindsey's bottom any sorer from it. I don't want them to figure it out, either. It would be all the excuse Kara would need.

I confess, I only half expected Lindsey to show up tonight. And I less expected Kara to come with her. What I really didn't expect was for Kara to act fairly timid when she showed up. Maybe I should have. Lindsey learned that timidity somewhere. Now I can see where.

"I don't want there to be any misunderstandings, bitch," I firmly, but in a soft voice, tell Kara. That much is

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definitely true. I don't want there to be. I want Kara to know full well what she's getting herself into. I'd never touch anyone I thought didn't. But it's also for the hidden security cameras in here. In this age, a girl has to protect herself. And there are crazy people out there who would have a very different version of who said/did what. The cameras might be grainy and low-res, but they're good enough to show who did what. And now they'll show Kara agreeing.

Now I've started calling Kara "bitch" too. Just like I refer to Elisha and Lindsey. I didn't at first. But now that she's agreeing to enter the Queendom, she should understand her place. Her place will be beside the other two. At the very bottom. Well below even Butt Monkey, the puppy Sophie rescued from a trip to the shelter.

"Spankings will be given in the dungeon. I have a rule. No bitch is allowed to take anything beyond where you are now. Not even clothes. You are a bitch. If you want your spanking, you'll have to give my slave your clothes first. Do you want to undress and accept your spanking naked, like a bitch should, *bitch?*"

I can see a faint, but sure, flinch run through Kara every time I tell her that she's a bitch. I just can't tell why yet.

"Yes, Ma'am," Kara's voice lowers a little more, and I hear even more reluctance in it. And I notice that she won't meet my eyes. Instead, hers have shifted downward, her head falling forward a little, so that she's looking at the floor.

I want Kara to be uneasy. In a way, it's like a test. When a submissive is out of her element, lost, doesn't know what to do, and uneasy, she will revert to her true nature. Obedience when given clear instructions. Kara has had plenty of time to go running. And to drag Lindsey along with her. Anyone should know that if she went to the college administration with the story she already has, they'd move Lindsey faster than she could blink an eye. All she'd need to say is "hostile environment" and they'd give

her anything she wanted. But she hasn't. And that tells me something.

"Then you will undress like a bitch should. You will start at the very top and take off the one thing that is highest on that body. You will fold it up neatly and politely offer it to my slave. Once my slave takes it, you will resume by removing the next highest thing. There is only one exception, and that's your shoes. Those you will take off out of order if, and only if, you must to get something else off. You will take them off immediately before whatever they are in the way of.

"By 'offer it to my slave' I am telling you this: Put your hands together, palms up, to make a little table with your hands. Hold your hands out, flat, six inches in front of your breasts and even with your nipples. Then politely offer it. You heard the others offer their clothes, so you can figure out what to say.

"When you have absolutely nothing left on or inside your body, you will tell me that you are completely naked. Then you will stand there with your hands behind your back and wait. You will be very thoroughly inspected to ensure that you are truly naked. If you are, you will be taken to the dungeon. There you will be shown where to stand and wait for your turn. You will be turned over my knees like a naughty little toddler. And I will paddle your bare bottom the ten strokes you deserve.

"In my dungeon, you may not leave. You may not stop your spanking. No matter what. If you ask, I will ignore you. Set foot in there, and whatever it takes, your bottom will hurt before you leave it.

"You must lie over my knees where I put you. You may not say a word during your spanking except to humbly count off the stroke and ask for the next. You will do both immediately after the stroke lands. You may not make any effort to cover, hide or protect your bottom. Nor may you, at any time, so much as think about covering any part of your naked body. After you have all ten strokes, I will put you on your knees and you will humbly thank me for

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spanking you. If you break any of those rules, I don't care if it's the first or last stroke, I will start your spanking over again until you behave for a full consecutive ten strokes."

"Is that clear, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Kara's voice hushes even more, and now I can hear it breaking with a sobbing note. I can see her hugging her arms tightly to her sides, too. And cringing hard.

"Then ask me - humbly - to spank you properly." I quickly hint at what I expect to hear.

"Will you please allow me to strip naked, check me, turn me over your knees, and spank my bare bottom like I deserve to be, Ma'am? I know that I won't be able to stop my spanking, Ma'am..." By the end of it, I can see her eyes getting wet.

"Give my slave your purse, bitch," I firmly, but softly tell Kara. Then I watch as she starts to hold it out to Sophie, catches herself, and pulls it back. She sort of juggles it for a moment, getting it atop her upturned palms, then holds it out to Sophie and says: "Here is my purse, Miss Slave." Sophie takes it.

Kara has a bit more clothes on than either of the girls did. I can see a necklace and a watch. I stand there while Kara starts to very hesitantly take her clothes off. I watch as her hands go to her shoulders. They touch her shirt. But then her fingers slip over to the necklace. Then back to her shirt, and back to the necklace. As if she can't decide which is higher on her. "That shirt is higher, bitch," I tell her with a good bit of exasperation in my voice as if it should be obvious to her.

"Thank you, Ma'am," Kara says politely in a rather embarrassed voice. But still a very nervous voice. She quickly moves her hands down to the bottom hem of her shirt. And then they freeze, the hem in her grip. Her hands tremble for a second. Then, finally, they start lifting her shirt up. At first, it bares nothing more than a slice of her flat, toned stomach and the pronounced feminine curve of her waist. It makes me wonder why she's wearing a

loose-fitting shirt. A woman her age with a figure like hers should be flaunting it, not hiding it.

But finally, it starts to reveal a simple and basic white cotton bra. It's a thick, heavy bra, too. It looks to have full cups that almost completely cover her mounds. It's a snug-fitting bra, too. One that has her mounds push in against her chest snugly. It has a wide band around her chest. And heavy straps over her shoulders.

Kara folds it quickly, trying hard not to look as if she's covering herself. But she folds it right in front of her breasts, effectively blocking my view of them. She offers it to Sophie and Sophie takes it. It leaves Kara standing there in her bra, a state she'd obviously prefer not to be in, as she takes off her necklace and hands that over to Sophie as well.

Kara is at the point where she's going to have to start exposing her private places to my eyes, despite having plenty more to take off that would allow her to hang onto her modesty for a few more moments. That's why I have my toys undress this way. It reminds them that their modesty isn't a concern here. And I'm anxious to get a good look at Kara's breasts, too. I want to see if they're droopy, especially given their size.

Kara takes about half a second to get her hands up behind her to the clasp. Then about five seconds to get it undone. The straps fall to her sides. Her hands take them to pull it down. Her eyes shift away so she won't have to see me staring at her. Then her bra reluctantly slips from her shoulders. It falls from her mounds.

And that shows me a pair of very nice breasts. They're huge. I up my size estimate to no less than a DD-cup. But they're not flabby. They're rather firm. They do have a bit of a crease at their undersides, but that's from their sheer size, not from them hanging down. They have a shape more like rounded half grapefruits with gently sloping tops. And fully rounded tips. Her mounds seem to angle slightly outward toward her sides, leaving a very deep, moderately sharp, V of cleavage between them. Her

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mounds are milky white, the rest of her skin just a little bit bronzed by the sun. She has huge dark brownish pink rings atop those mounds, unlike Lindsey's light pink, but wide, rings. And she has a pair of wide nipples, with rounded tips, rising off each ring like half marbles, only standing up more than a marble would. I don't have to touch those nipples to see that they're as hard as rocks. I can see the faint wrinkle lines in her rings from those nubs pulling tight. Kara hands her bra over to slave.

In a way, it gives Kara a brief reprieve. Next to come off will be her jeans. But she needs to get her shoes off to take her jeans off. She squats down, a bit to my disappointment, and unties them. But slipping them off isn't so easy. Not while squatting down and trying to balance on one foot. She ends up rising about halfway back to her feet. Then she has to lean forward to slip them off. For about two seconds it gives me the view I was hoping for: her huge mounds dangling down. To my delight, her mounds don't change shape much at all. Nor do they sag. They seem to just hang down, holding their fully rounded shape. With her hard nipples standing down from their medium-dark tips.

And then Kara is slipping her loose-fitting jeans down. It shows me a pair of basic, inexpensive, plain cotton panties. They're simple, but not quite a perfect match to the bra. They're more like stuff that's sold in three packs of panties, not matching sets of bras and panties. They're not the cutest, either, but I know being seen in them was about the last thing Kara was expecting when she left home. They have modest bands around her hips and fully cover both her pubes and her bottom. But they let me see her nicely toned, shapely legs. Firm legs.

I see Kara's face scrunch up. I see a faint tinge of a blush creeping into her cheeks. I can see her eyes silently pleading. Then, when I say nothing, a second later her hands tentatively start for the waistband of her panties. A few seconds later, her panties are off. Kara fumbles, trying

to fold them in front of both her pubes and her breasts, an impossible task.

And it leaves me a good view of Kara's bare pubes. The first thing I notice is that her mound is rather puffy, standing down between her tightly squeezed thighs. And Kara is clamping them tightly together in a vain, and futile, effort to hide some of her pussy. I can see her thick lips as their tips push together and turn down slightly, fully closing her slit. And I can see her slit. It's a fine line now, but it looks to be long, curving upward and flowing into her pubes. It doesn't, it's just how puffy that mound is. And I can see that her pubes are shaven. Poorly shaven tonight. There's a short layer of stubble covering everything. That would get her spanked if she were my toy. I like my pussies clean and well-groomed. And I think although it's hard to be sure, that I see a touch of wetness at that slit.

It leaves Kara with only two things: her watch and her socks. Neither is doing anything to afford her any shred of modesty, so neither is a big deal for her to take off. She gets them off and hands them over to Sophie. And then she says the words I've been waiting for. The words she's been dreading. "I am completely undressed now, Ma'am." Not exactly the words her daughter used, but for this, I'll let her get away with it.

"Are you ready for me to inspect that old body and see for myself how naked it is?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Kara answers in the most grudging voice.

"Then ask me to, *bitch*. Politely."

"Will you please inspect me, Ma'am?" Kara isn't being the most humble with her words. I can tell she doesn't want to say them. I can hear the reluctance in her voice. The embarrassment.

I know that Kara has no clue just how thoroughly I will inspect her. It's the same inspection I give any toy. I leave nothing unchecked. Before I am done, I will see every last bit of that body. Especially the places she wants to cover.

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I start at the top. I skip her hair for now, but I will get to that later. I warn her that her hands are not to move. They're to stay behind her back unless I move them for her. And her feet are stay put unless I move those, too. Then I run a finger behind her ears. I turn her head for her, getting a good look at each. I look at her eyes. I tilt her head back and look at her nose. Then I pinch the corners of her jaw, opening her mouth. I use a gloved finger, sticking it through her lips, to push her cheeks out and see between them and her gums. Then to lift her tongue up and see under it. I know I won't find anything hidden away. That's not the point. The point is for her to experience the most humiliatingly detailed body inspection. And I want her to know just how closely she's been inspected.

From there I go down her neck and out her shoulders. I take hold of her right arm and bring it out. I go down it, spreading her fingers and looking between them. Turning her hand over to see both sides of it. I lift her arm slightly to see her underarm. "Yuck. I see stubble. Don't you know to shave your underarms, or do you prefer to look like a chimpanzee? Don't answer that!" There's barely any stubble there. Just enough that I know she hasn't shaven them today. But did yesterday. I put her hand back behind her and take the other one for the same inspection.

Then I'm going down her chest. It doesn't take me long to get to her ample breasts. I've been waiting for that as much as Kara has been praying that I just look at them. I start by getting a good look at them. But then I put a hand to her right breast. I make sure not to ask her, or even let her know I'm going to touch her mound. I just act as if I am entitled to touch it. To do as I wish with it. I give it a light squeeze, feeling its firmness. It has some give to it, a bit of sponginess, but it's mostly firm. Then I lift the mound up, stretching open the crease under it and fully exposing its underside. I have latex gloves on, which should have been a clue to Kara. I put the tip of my finger to the underside of Kara's breast, drawing my finger along

the place where her mound meets her chest. "More yuck! They're sweaty! Don't you bother to keep your boobs clean, *bitch*? It stinks!" It doesn't. There's only the thinnest film of perspiration and no smell at all. But Kara won't know that. And I want her humiliated. So I make it up, degrading her by insulting her intimate body. It works, too, I can feel her shirking as I announce it for all to hear. It leaves me only one thing to check. I put a finger to her nipple. It has a slightly rough texture to it, covered with the faint wrinkles of hardness. And it's as stiff as steel. I bring my thumb over and give it a light pinch. Just enough for her to feel me pinching it and know that I can feel its hardness. I decide not to mention it now. I might later, though. Instead, I just release her mound, letting it fall, and plop back against her chest as if it's nothing. She'd never do that. She wouldn't want to feel her breast bumping back against her. It's as if her breast is nothing.

Then I slowly eye my way down her stomach. I stop for just a second to peek at her navel. But then I'm going down again. When I get to her pubes, I'm squatting down so that my eyes are close to the level of her pussy. I reach down and push her ankle out to the side, spreading her thighs until neither is touching her mound. That way I can see every bit of it swelling down from her body. And now I can see the glistening sparkle of that honey at her slit, too. But her lips stay put, their edges squeezing against each other.

After delaying there long enough for Kara to know that I've gotten a good look at her stubble-lined pubes and pussy mound, I go down both legs to the tips of her toes. And then I rise back to my feet. So far I haven't found anything that Kara missed. Nothing but skin.

As I rise back to my feet I notice that the blush on Kara's face has deepened to an almost crimson. I can see her cringing, too. But for a brief moment, I can see the relief on her face. As if she thinks it's over now.

I put my hands on her shoulders. I nudge her to start turning around, without telling her what to do. At first, I

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feel the resistance as her body almost refuses to move. But then, slowly the resistance starts ebbing away as Kara, rather reluctantly, starts shuffling her feet in baby steps to turn around. I even hear a muted groan as she turns. I stand her facing the wall. And so close to it that her nipples are almost touching it.

I guess Kara didn't think I'd inspect her from the backside as well. I've held off inspecting Elisha and Lindsey just so that Kara wouldn't know what to expect. Now I start running my fingers through Kara's hair, letting my fingertips caress her scalp while her silky tresses run between my fingers.

From the back, there's not much to do besides look over Kara's body. At least not until I get down to her waist. I take my time getting there, letting my gloved fingers inch their way down the sides of her back. That way, Kara knows that I'm checking it all out. I even lift her hands off her back to see under them.

And then I get to her bottom. It's definitely not fat, or even flabby. I see a pair of nicely rounded, moderately firm, globes. Globes with a defined curve at their bottoms that doesn't sag at all. Her cheeks have only the slightest layer of soft flesh over them. They still look taut and youthful. Her cheeks are full, their inside edges squished flush against each other to fully close off her crack. Even with the prominent mound of her pussy puffing down beneath and behind her globes. It looks to be a slightly short crack, too. And all of that is atop a pair of curvy legs.

I feel a hard flinching shudder race through Kara's body as I put my hands to her cheeks. I can feel it as it shoots through the firmly toned muscles of those cheeks. I can already feel that they're in as good of shape as the rest of her body. Kara clearly takes care of herself.

I feel a much harder shudder and a good cringe race through Kara as I pull her cheeks wide open, stretching her crack to its fullest and baring her tight asshole to my eyes. She reflexively tries to jump forward, only to lightly bump the wall. And discover that there's nowhere for her to go.

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It offers me a good view of her dark ring. The purple-brown swath of flesh around it, roughly triangular and almost the size of a quarter. And the gently funneled pink-brown ring of her asshole. That's almost tiny by comparison, certainly no larger than a dime. It's lined with a number of thick wrinkles and countless faint ones. It looks small. It looks to be clenched to its tightest, too. As if Kara doesn't want it touched. "Oh, YUCK!" I blurt out. "Don't you wipe after you poop? Obviously not by the look of this crappy little anus!" I put as much disgust into my voice as possible. Her asshole isn't that dirty. No more so than anyone else would be. But I want to degrade her, and I know I have. I can feel her tensing up and instinctively trying to pull away from me. That tells me all I need to know. I hold her cheeks wide, her ring on display, as she cringes. Then I release them and finish going down her body.

I go all the way down to her feet. This time I lift her feet off the floor, one at a time, and check the soles of them as well. And I check between her toes. Only then, now that I've seen almost every bit of Kara's body, do I rise up.

Now I put my hands to Kara's hips, getting a good little grip on the tops of her hip bones. I don't tell Kara what to do. Instead, I use my hands to pull her a step back from the wall. Then I turn her, putting her side to the wall. I glance up to her chest, seeing the way her huge breasts swell off her chest. And seeing that they look just as well-rounded from this view. Only now I can see how slight that crease under them is. I've turned Kara so that she's facing the door. That has Lindsey and Elisha just behind her. Where they can see her bottom.

I keep one hand on her hip as I move my other hand to her shoulder. I hold her hip steady while I push her shoulders down. Now I really feel Kara's reluctance resisting me. She does not want to bend over. At first, it was rather difficult. But then I feel the resignation as if Kara accepts that she really doesn't have a choice. Then

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resistance vanishes and she allows me to easily lean her forward. I bend her all the way until her back is almost flat with the floor. And I make sure that her feet remain open as I do. Maybe about 18". Plenty to make sure that her pussy is unhindered as it pokes out towards me, behind her.

From this angle, I can better see her pussy. I can see every bit of her mound. Now I can see that while the front of her slit is narrow, at the back, closer to her tunnel, I can see that her lips are looser and part to expose a good slice of the tips of her light purplish inner folds. And I can see that the flesh just behind her pussy is darker, but quickly fades into the swath around her asshole. And I can see that the back of her slit is wetter than the front.

I put my fingertips to her soft lips, feeling their plumpness. And watching goosebumps erupt over those lips as a hard cringe almost topples Kara from her feet. I ignore Kara's reactions, as long as she stays put leaning over. I use my fingers to nudge her lips wide apart.

The first thing that I notice is that her inner folds are slightly short, despite looking long in her slit. They flow together to make the knot around her clit, and then run up as a single ridgeline that seems to extend for about half of her slit. The next thing I notice is how brightly flushed, and light, Kara's inner pinkness is. Her tunnel appears small and tight. And rather "meaty;" I can see its spongy soft walls puffing inward and lying flush against each other. And I can see a good bit of her honey wetting every speck of pinkness.

I put the tip of my finger to the entrance of Kara's tunnel. Then I take it away, using it to caress lightly over every bit of her sloppy pinkness. I make sure to avoid her clit, until the very end. As I brush over the loose folds atop it, I can feel the too-stiff nub, like a steel pea, under her folds. And then my fingertip is back at the entrance of her tunnel. I press steadily. Not gently, but not roughly. More casually, as if she wasn't a person with nerves to concern myself with. More as if she were a plastic doll. I push the

entire length of my finger into her tunnel. And then I stop for a second. It gives me a chance to feel the fiery heat burning in those walls. To feel the slipperiness of her honey. And to feel the tiny little twitches erupting like machine-gun fire all over her walls. The walls that lie snugly around my finger now.

"This pussy is acting rather slutty, bitch! You're being inspected, not fucked, you shouldn't get all hot and bothered by a strip search!" I say it in a scathing, mocking voice that the others definitely hear. Then again, were I to inspect either of them, I have zero doubt that both of their pussies would be just as aroused right now.

I take my time, spending a long moment probing around Kara's depths. Mostly just letting her feel my finger touching every bit of her insides. Letting her know that there isn't a single cell of her pussy that I haven't checked. Then I slowly draw my finger out. I hear the faintest of needy purrs escape from her lips as I do. And she's trying as hard as she can to hide it.

Before Kara can think about it, my left hand has her cheeks spread again to fully bare her asshole. My well-honey-greased fingertip quickly rests atop Kara's tight little asshole.

"OH!" Kara blurts out the most nervous and horrified squeal as she feels my slippery finger touching her ring. I feel her muscle cinch to its tightest clench. And I ignore that. Her choice, if she wants to resist the inevitable, she can bask in the extra discomfort of her futile resistance.

I press firmly. My fingertip pushes easily into the narrowing funneling at the top of her asshole, then meets the resistance of a hard wall as it finds her ring of muscle. I press a little harder. My finger pushes past the resistance, forcing her muscle to stretch as it's shoved aside. "UGH!... OW!" Kara cries out loudly as my finger starts pushing into her muscle. And through the thick ring of muscle into her bottom. "UH!!!" Kara grunts again. I can feel her body tense up hard. I felt her flinch, almost jumping forward away from me. She probably would have

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if my hand on her cheeks hadn't steadied her. I just keep pushing, her muscle squeezing tightly around my finger, its drag slowing me down a little. I push until every bit of my finger is inside Kara, the webbing between my fingers flush against the outside of her asshole.

I have no doubt that Kara does not want to do this. Right this instant she's busy silently telling herself that it will be over soon. And praying for me to hurry up and do whatever I'm going to do to her here. Obviously, I make different plans. "Stop that, *bitch!*" I firmly scold Kara. "You will relax your bottom fully so that I may inspect every bit of your rectum all the way to the back. I will just wait until you decide to stop fighting me."

I do wait. I stand there with my finger stuck in her bottom and do nothing at all. It takes a moment and a couple of sobbing grunts. But finally, I feel the pressure around my finger start to loosen. But only a little. I tell Kara to *fully* relax her anus and bottom for me. And I tell her how to do that. To push down like she's trying to use the potty and can't quite go. That will make her asshole stretch wide to allow her waste out. Or in this case, my finger in. I stay still, waiting for about half a minute until I feel Kara's asshole loosen around my finger. And I feel her rectum pushing back.

"Good bitch. Now you will remain *fully* relaxed while I inspect your rectum like the worthless loser of a prisoner you ought to be. Is that clear, *bitch?*"

"Yes, Ma'am," Kara grunts out, a couple of little sobs in her very hushed voice.

I scold Kara, my finger still not moving a bit. I scold her for the hushed voice as if she's embarrassed to have her little girl hear her. I "punish" Kara by making her promise me, in her normal voice, that she will be a big girl.

"I promise to be a big girl and behave by keeping my anus and rectum fully relaxed while you check every bit of my butt thoroughly, Ma'am." Kara merely recites the line I suggested. She uses a normal volume, but a voice that rings with shame punctuated with a few very

uncomfortable grunts. I also see goosebumps erupt to cover the valley of her crack.

I slowly start moving my finger. "UH!!!" Kara groans, drawing it out into an almost miserable cry. She shivers crisply but otherwise stays still. I feel her asshole wanting to clench tight, but I can feel her forcing it not to. I can also feel that her rectum is about half full. Not to the point where she will feel like she needs a toilet, but not that far from it either. Still, there's plenty of room. Rectums are rather stretchy. They can easily fill far beyond what anyone would consider comfortable enough to hold.

I take my time probing the inside of her bowels. I make sure that I don't miss a speck of what my little finger can reach, about the bottom half of her insides. Mostly I make sure that Kara feels how thoroughly I'm checking. I don't even shy away from rotating my finger, which Kara definitely feels as it glides along the loose flesh over her asshole.

I don't feel anything of interest. Not until the pad of my finger is pushing down, towards Kara's pubes, to probe that slice of her rectum. The walls of her rectum are nothing more than a very thin filmy membrane, like a sausage casing. Just beyond that thin wall is the thicker, spongy, walls of her pussy. As my finger presses against her rectum, I get a good feel of her firm, but soft, walls beyond. And even from here, I can feel the hot sparks twitching her muscles as they erupt throughout her walls.

I probably spend about a full minute exploring the depths of Kara. She spends the time grunting uncomfortably and shivering lightly, but sharply. I'm sure she's never had her bottom inspected so thoroughly before. I know she's acting as if it's killing her, but it isn't. It's just something weird to her. My finger feels wrong as if it shouldn't be there and she should be getting it out of there. I suspect most of Kara's discomfort is mental. From feeling that strong desire to remove my finger, yet making herself stand there and feel it. Because she was told to, not because she wants to.

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I pull my finger as slowly as I can manage to from Kara's bottom. I pay close attention to make sure that Kara behaves and remains relaxed while I do. She does, and my finger feels almost no resistance as it glides through her rubbery loose asshole. The only thing I do feel are some little twitches erupting in the muscle under that tender flesh.

I step back, leaving Kara bent over.



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The first thing I do is tell Sophie to check Lindsey and Elisha, and then to bring them back to the playroom for their spankings. I'm not hurrying for the moment. Mostly I'm making Kara wait, still bent over with her bottom poked out. And I'm sure she's wondering if I'm done with it, or not. Probably thinking I'm leaving her in that position to spank her now, even though I did say it would be in the dungeon. She seems to be a newbie herself. She probably doesn't know that the dungeon isn't just another way of saying my apartment.

It's not quite, but close to a minute before I return my attention to Kara. I just grab hold of Kara's hair. It's fairly long, hanging down to the bottoms of her shoulder blades when she's standing. Now it hangs down over her face. It makes a good leash, too. I keep hold of it and start walking. "Come," is all I tell her. As she was standing, her butt was pointing toward the playroom, so as I walk, her hair pulls her backward. She quickly straightens up to her feet and spins around. Realizing that I have a good grip on her hair and am not letting go, she follows me.

It's a short walk, past the living room, down a short hall, and into the playroom. I stop Kara at the door, just before she crosses the threshold into the playroom. It takes me a minute to sharply scold Kara to stand properly. Straight, hands behind her back, her feet opened just enough to have her puffy mound on unhindered display.

I stand in front of Kara, just inside the door of the playroom. It is one place where I know there's a security camera pointed directly at Kara. It will have a view of her from head to toe. From the front, obscured only by me standing there. But still enough for it to be obvious that she's naked.

"Once you set as much as a single toe into this room, you and that filthy body belong to me. I will do as I fancy with it. You get no say in anything. And you may not leave until I allow you to. I don't care if you are utterly humiliated. I don't care if it hurts. I don't care if you cry. That is my body while it's in here." I tell her softly, but

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very firmly, as if reciting the facts of life to her. I don't pause to give Kara a chance to object or change her mind. I've warned her. If she wants to leave, nothing is between her and the door. Instead, I point to a plain wooden bench inside the door, against the wall, and to my left. Kara's right. "Go sit there, bitch," I tell her in a quiet, but steely command.

Kara hesitates for half a second. Then she very tentatively puts her foot forward, and into the playroom. I wait until her foot touches the floor. "Welcome to my dungeon, bitch." I tell her with an evil smirking grin on my face. Her foot is inside now. She's mine. She stepped in on her own. I move fast and grab hold of her breast, squeezing it slightly on the hard side, but not enough for it to be uncomfortable. I see her eyes go wide and lock on me as she feels the squish.

I pull her forward, slightly roughly. It takes Kara by surprise. She stumbles the first step, keeping her feet under her, but barely. "OOH!" She blurts out in shock.

"Stop wasting my time, bitch," I snap. Then I push her back and to the side, shoving her gently toward the bench. Kara gets the hint. Even if she doesn't, I push hard enough that her feet are moving, so she doesn't have much choice about it. About the time she realizes what I've done, the backs of her calves are lightly bumping against the bench. But now her breast is free. Stiff nipple and all.

I immediately start scolding her in my stern, disapproving voice. "What are you? A garden slug? Stop slouching and sit like a lady, even if you are a filthy little bitch. Sit up straight! Eyes forward. Cross those fat legs right over left... all the way! Fold those hands in your lap so I don't have to smell your skanky reeking pussy!"

I'm just a little surprised to see Kara snap to it. She very quickly pulls herself into the proper posture. And sits. She's not exactly still, though. I can see a good bit of nervous fidgeting even though she's trying to hide it. I can see a look of almost fear on her face. A hard, shriveling

look. As if she's ready to cry, too. I think that's because Kara is so far beyond her experiences that she doesn't know what to expect. And that has her too-nervous. All she knows is that she will be spanked like a little girl would be. And that it will hurt.

I've already decided to leave Kara for last. I want her to watch the other two get their spankings and hear their squeals as the paddle lands on those bare bottoms. Sitting there, watching her daughter cry out, will be far worse for her than the spanking. Lindsey tends to exaggerate. A lot. It will make Kara think she's in for something far worse than she is.

That leaves me several minutes to waste while I wait for Sophie to get Lindsey and Elisha inspected and brought in here. I could, and have on other occasions, just left a toy to sit in silence. I'm sure that would be agonizing to Kara, too.

But I have another idea. Kara agreed to a spanking. But so far she hasn't said anything about my openly degrading her, either. Maybe she just thinks that's the way of things here. There's no question, however, that she's aroused. Her hard nipples and her twitching wet pussy announce it plainly, even if Kara wants to deny it.

She did accept that she belongs to me while she's in this room. Maybe she just thought it was only for her spanking. The way she's fidgeting, she's not exactly grinding her pussy against the bench, but those little squirms are definitely going to be brushing her clit against it. She's not getting still either.

Since her clothes started coming off, I've been wondering about her. A lot of mothers, most, would have grabbed Lindsey and ran. But Kara stayed. She must know by now that Lindsey likes coming here, and it's obviously improved Lindsey's school work. I've heard that Kara is divorced and hasn't been dating in quite a while. Her two younger kids take up all of her free time. I know plenty of women with that same problem. I can't fault them for giving their all to their kids.

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But it also hints that Kara is lonely. That it's been a while since she's had any "adult time" with anyone but herself. I doubt she'd submit just to get that time, though. Very few would be so desperate. But I'm still surprised by how many women (and men) have a recurring fantasy about giving up control completely and just being used, at least now and then. Of "adult time" where they can turn their brain off. Of not having to make decisions and choices. Not worrying about what another wants. Of being able to fully relax and just enjoy whatever is done to them, at least if they can be confident that it will have a happy ending for them.

I suspect that's Kara. The signs are all there. I suspect she's long fantasized about a man just taking her, away from everything, seeing to whatever needed attending to, tying her down, and using her. I doubt she's ever thought about a woman seizing her, though. But now that she can feel my firm hold on her, she's slowly accepting it and starting to just let things happen to her. I'd bet a good part of that is that she knows Lindsey has been here many times now, and that Kara never had a clue about it. That Lindsey hasn't been injured either. It shows her that she can trust me with her body.

Still, like most newbies, I'd bet she has never imagined even a tiny fraction of what I've done with toys. Her vision of BDSM will be light ropes tying her to the bed for her lover and playful spankings. Not true discipline. I don't know how she's going to react to stern discipline, but I suspect it won't bother her much. Because here, discipline is reserved for the naughty, and rewards are given to the good. It gives her a clear path to what she wants. Obedience. Relax and obey, and get what she needs. I suspect, now that Kara is getting a taste of the firmness and clarity, she'll start to relax a bit. I'm going to find out.

I'm going to shock her again. I don't tell her anything. I just unlock the drawer with her things in it and get her purse out. I fish her phone out of it before tossing

it back in the drawer and shutting it. I step over to Kara and hand her phone to her. She takes it, recognizing it instantly. She holds it in her hands, unsteady and unsure, as she tries to sit properly with it.

"I like to flaunt my toys, bitch." I tell Kara in a soft, teasingly sweet voice. With a wide smirk on my face. "Especially the filthier ones." I pause for just a half-second. "You *do not* want to disappoint me, bitch. You are going to very politely send a hello and a selfie of those fat tits to my friend. His name is Ken. He will be allowed to watch your lesson tonight so he can see what happens to stupid mommies who don't think of their daughters first. His number is 402-XXX-XXXX... start dialing *BITCH*, before I make you regret that fake modesty you keep trying to show. Show those ugly tits instead, *NOW*."

Kara starts dialing the number I'd read off. She quickly types out a fairly generic, and short, message. But she's polite. "Mr. Ken; Ms. Sarankhova just told me that you will be watching my lesson tonight. She told me to send you a selfie of my boobs."

While Kara is typing out her introduction message, I step back. Several steps so that I can get all of Kara into the frame. Sitting demurely and texting on her phone. I snap a quick picture of her. A second later I hear the shutter of her phone as she snaps the selfie and sends it to Ken. She has no idea who Ken is. Or what he might do with her picture. She just has to trust that I wouldn't have it sent somewhere it shouldn't go.

I don't actually see the picture that Kara sends. Only Ken gets it. Instead, as soon as I take Kara's phone from her, which is as soon as she's sent it, I quickly open the app and look at it. Then I send it to myself. And erase that text from her outbox. Now I have a copy.

It's not a bad selfie. It does show her face. I'd have made her resend it if it didn't. I want her to be able to be identified from the picture. I want her to know that if anyone in her life should see that picture, they'll know who is showing off her breasts. And it very clearly shows her

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ample, firm mounds with their stiff, medium-dark nipples standing up. They're at the bottom of the frame, but it is a selfie and it's hard to get much more than she did in the frame. At least Ken got a good look at those rounded melons.

I return her phone to the drawer with her things. And then I completely ignore Kara. But it's only for a minute or so. Then Sophie is leading Elisha and Lindsey in. I don't have to ask or be told. I know both have been fully inspected and have nothing. Sophie is a perfectionist.

I have Kara sitting on one end of the bench. The bench is very plain. Amish built. It's nothing more than a board to sit on with a couple of legs on it. It looks nice, though. And it's hard. It's a little short, too. That's intentional on my part. It's big enough for two women to sit on it unless either is a bit fat. With three it's rather snug. Their bodies will be squished against each other for them all to get their bottoms on the bench.

I can't decide if Kara would be more uneasy with her naked body pressed against Elisha's or Lindsey's naked body. If I could, I'd know which one to put in the middle. Instead, I decide to just line them up in the order I'm going to spank them in. That puts Lindsey in the middle. I want to spank Elisha first for Kara. I want to let her see it as she sits there imagining her daughter about to suffer it. For a moment, she'll forget that she's about to as well. It should make Kara very uncomfortable. More so when she watches Lindsey demurely walk up to get hers.

Lindsey is the narrowest of them as well, but not by much. Elisha and Kara simply have fuller hips. Softer curves. Even so, the bench is tight with all three of them on it. All three sitting like proper ladies. And I didn't have to tell Lindsey or Elisha. They know.

I take my time getting a chair. I have Sophie bring over the spanking chair. It's just a plain wooden chair with a wicker seat. It doesn't have any armrests, but those just get in the way of a good spanking. I have Sophie set the

chair in front of the bench, facing it. I take my seat and send Sophie to bring me the paddle.

Sophie brings me my favorite paddle. It's black, Made of soft leather with that spring steel in the center. It's the same one I used for Lindsey's first spanking. I use this one a lot. It hurts. More than some. But it also doesn't bruise bottoms easily. It lets me give a few more swats before I have to worry about bruises that last more than an hour or so. I am not going to be sending any of these women out of here with bruises tonight, or any night.

Kara looks horrified. She has since the moment she saw the others come in. As if she expected the modesty of at least being spanked in private. Isn't that silly, after I'd told her that I don't allow bitches privacy?

"Pay close attention, you stupid prissy old hag. Newbie will show you to properly accept your spanking. In case you need a reminder, Mousy will show you as well." I firmly warn Kara. Not just because I want her watching closely. I don't want to have to scold her through everything. "Newbie, come get your spanking."

"Yes, my Queen," Elisha calmly says without moving. Then she rises to her feet. Elisha is the tallest of the three by a few inches. But she's a fairly tall woman anyway. She's fairly lithe, too. She casually walks up to where I'm sitting, about two steps from the bench. She doesn't hesitate or walk slowly. I wouldn't allow that.

Elisha stops directly in front of me and drops to her knees. She kneels in the position I've taught them, her feet and knees spread wide, her bottom back between her heels, her back up straight, eyes forward, hands behind her back. "My Queen, this naughty bitch has earned itself ten strokes of your paddle. May I please have ten of your hardest strokes now, my Queen?" Then Elisha waits in silence.

"Over my knees, newbie," I tell Elisha.

"Yes, my Queen," she answers. Then Elisha rises to her feet and, without stalling, steps around to my right side. She drops back to her knees. She scoots forward

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until her waist is flush against the outside of my thigh. Then Elisha leans forward, stretching her chest over my lap. She wiggles her chest slightly, jiggling her ample breasts to get them in place. Then she lies over my thighs, her back flat, her weight on me. The underside of her breasts lies flush against the outside of my left thigh. Elisha keeps her hands behind the small of her back. And the tops of her feet flat on the floor. She doesn't spread her legs, but she's not squishing them together, either. She lets her head hang slightly forward. The most important thing is that she has her body fully relaxed and loose. I take a second to point out every detail of the posture to Kara. Every word seems to make her even more anxious.

I very gently lie the blade of the paddle across Elisha's cheeks. It's just enough for her to feel the paddle touching her bottom. I hold it there. It's Elisha's cue.

"My Queen, may this bitch please have the hardest spanking that you can give on its bare bottom, Ma'am? I deserve it for disappointing you, my Queen."

I bring the paddle back and raise it up as high as my arm will go. Then I snap it down, putting about $\frac{1}{2}$ the strength I could into it. It lands with a loud, splitting crack as the leather slaps hard against her flesh. Hard enough to push the tips of her globes in where it touches them.

"UH!" Elisha grunts out hard through clenched teeth. Her body tenses to steel as a million needles of pain shoot into her firm globes. Her hands squeeze tightly together. She hangs tensed for an instant, and then quickly the tension ebbs from her straining muscles, lying her loosely over my lap again. Elisha shudders lightly as she relaxes.

"That's one, my Queen. Thank you for spanking this bitch's naughty bottom, Ma'am. I deserve another stroke, My Queen, will you please make this one harder so it hurts me more, Ma'am?" Elisha asks for her next stroke. I can hear the strain already creeping into her voice. It's not that she quiets down any, she doesn't, but she's breathing a little harder now and that masks her words slightly.

I lift the paddle off her cheeks, revealing a bright and angry pink stripe across the center of her bottom. It looks as if it's on fire. I can see Kara's eyes find a new level of horror as they see the stripe glowing across Elisha's white bottom. I think I hear a gasp from her as well. But then Elisha is grunting again as the next stroke cracks against her bottom, leaving another stripe just below the first.

Elisha manages to take all ten strokes the same way. Not a single screech from her. Just those hard, strained grunts. Grunts that grew more and more uncomfortable by the stroke. When I lift the paddle from her bottom after the last stroke, every bit of her cheeks is glowing a very bright shade of red. But not a deep, bruised shade. Still, it clearly looks as if her bottom would be on fire.

And it is. That's obvious when I tell Elisha that her spanking is over. She rises off my lap, then to her feet. She shifts around and drops back to her knees in front of me. I can see the strain on her face. I can see her wet eyes. I can see the little lines of tears rolling down her cheeks.

And I can hear the strain in her voice. As if she's panting and sobbing as she speaks. "Thank you for spanking this naughty bitch's bare bottom my Queen. This bitch is very sorry for disappointing you, my Queen."

"Go back to your place, newbie," I tell her.

Elisha rises to her feet and returns to her place. On the bench. I do see her steeling up her nerves and sucking in a sharp breath just before her bottom touches the seat. And I see her face scrunching up hard when it does. But to her credit, Elisha obediently sits back down in her place. With her legs crossed. On her freshly paddled bottom. It has to sting even worse to sit on it, but Elisha doesn't move. She sits, enduring the added discomfort.

"Mousy, come get your spanking," I forget Elisha and turn my attention to Lindsey.

"Yes, my Queen," Lindsey says. She gets to her feet and comes to me, just as Elisha did. I watch Kara cringing in horror as Lindsey comes over without hesitation. Then

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Kara cringes harder as Lindsey asks for her spanking just as humbly as Elisha did.

A moment later Lindsey has stretched herself over my knees, offering up her bare bottom. With her slightly leaner figure, and narrower, bonier hips, Lindsey doesn't have quite the bottom the others do. Hers is a bit smaller and tighter. But she does have a pair of softly curved globes. A very nice little bottom.

And now that little bottom is bent over my thigh, the warm blade of my paddle lying softly against it, as Lindsey demurely asks me to give her a hard spanking.

"OWWWWWW!" Lindsey screeches out loudly as the paddle cracks against her bare flesh. The stroke is the same as I gave Elisha. Lindsey tenses, as almost everyone does. She tenses so hard that her body vibrates for an instant. Then she lets the tension flow from her body, lying loose over my lap again. Except that she's shuddering lightly. And already fidgeting slightly, her waist grinding against my thigh. If there was any looseness to her bottom it would have her cheeks jiggling. But the looseness isn't there.

It takes another second for her screeching cry to fade. Then Lindsey pants a couple of noisy fast breaths. But then she politely asks for the next stroke to be harder.

The second stroke gets an even louder screech from Lindsey. And it leaves her sobbing as she asks for the next. It almost has Kara sobbing, too, just from watching it.

Lindsey makes it through all ten strokes. When the paddle lifts up, her bottom is just as red as Elisha's. But no more so. I'm sure it stings her just the same as Elisha's stings, too. As Lindsey kneels before me, her face is a complete mess. She's been crying since the second stroke, and bawling like a baby since the fourth. But she behaved in spite of it. After apologizing and thanking me, she returns to her seat, sucking in a squealing breath as she sits, squished in between her mom and Elisha.

I pause for a couple short seconds. "Your turn, prissy bitch, come get your spanking."

Kara is almost sobbing as she gets to her feet. She is by far the slowest of the three. And the most hesitant. I can see her eyes darting back and forth between me and the paddle waiting in my hand. She takes about five or six steps to cross over to me. And a long time to get down to her knees, and then adjust herself into the proper posture. I can see that she's being attentive to her posture. Overly so. It's a stalling tactic. But I can't really fault her for getting her posture right.

"I have earned myself ten strokes of your paddle. May I please have ten of your best strokes now, Ma'am?" Kara asks for her spanking. It's not exactly the humble line Elisha and Lindsey used, and they recited it almost verbatim. But it is moderately polite. And it does ask for a good spanking. I suspect it took all of Kara's willpower just to ask that demurely.

I order her over my knees. It takes her a long time to get herself in position. I notice that her breasts are so big that the tips of her mounds are beneath the bottom of my thighs. Those are going to jiggle. I notice that her bottom has pulled nicely taut, too. It offers me a pair of well-rounded globes with only the slightest looseness to their flesh. Prime paddling fodder.

I lie my paddle against Kara's bottom. She jumps, flinching so hard that I feel not just her body tensing, but her waist pushing hard against my thigh as she does. She goes nowhere. She sobs a quick, panicked breath. "May I please have a good spanking, Ma'am?" Kara asks, her voice already breaking.

I decide not to accept it. It's not as humble as it could be. Plus Kara keeps referring to herself as "I," not as "this bitch." It might seem slight, but it's not to me. "I" is for a person. "This bitch" is mere property, as if unworthy of being a "she" or an "I." And that's what I want for Kara. I want her to feel as if she's my thing, not Kara anymore. So I scold her in a harsh voice, reciting the line and urging her to humble herself properly this time. It's the only second chance she will ever get at anything. She's already

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heard her "little girl" behave like a "properly penitent bitch." Mommy should, too.

"Ma'am, may this prissy bitch please have the hardest spanking that you can give its bare bottom, Ma'am?" Kara asks, a little more of the sobbing in her voice, and a little more of the nervousness.

"OWWWWWWWW!" Kara screams out as the paddle swats her bottom. "OH, FUCK THAT HURTS!" Kara tenses to steel as the swat lands. She jumps forward as she does, so powerfully that it pushes my legs to the side a little. Then she springs back, her breasts jiggling and bouncing against the outside of my thigh. She squirms hard, her bottom wiggling. She cries. "OW! OW! OH, JESUS, THAT HURTS SO MUCH! PLEASE, MA'AM..."

"Shut up, bitch!" I snap loudly, in my coldest voice. "I warned you not to say a word. You spoke. Don't bother to count that stroke, it doesn't count. Your spanking starts over. Now, ask for your stroke, *BITCH*."

Kara starts bawling hard. And it's only been a single swat. I'm sure she thinks that it was as hard as I could spank her, even though it wasn't close to my hardest. She fidgets hard, too. And she doesn't relax as much as the others did. She stays about half tense. Mostly from using those muscles to squirm I think.

"Ma'am..." Kara says between pitiful sounding sobs, "May this prissy bitch please have another of your hardest strokes on its naked bottom, Ma'am?" She asks, her words half lost in the sobs. I guess I know where Lindsey learned to whine, too.

I swat Kara's bare globes again.

"OWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!" Kara screams out so loud that the others flinch slightly. I'd bet they want to cover their ears. She stiffens and jumps. Then squirms wildly as she bawls. For several seconds I hear nothing but her crying. "That's one, Ma'am. May this prissy bitch please have another of your hardest spankings on its bare bottom, Ma'am?" She manages to eke out.

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And then she screams another loud “OW!” drawing it out for several ear-splitting seconds, as the paddle gives her the stroke she asked for. I'm sure she would be crying louder now if that were possible. It's not. She's been at a full-out bawling since the last stroke. She can't do much more squirming, either. So I sit there, holding the paddle lightly against her bottom, as she flops around like a fish out of water and screeches. Her breasts bouncing hard against my thigh. It's about ten seconds before her sobbing voice counts off the second stroke.

All of the strokes have stung her just the same. I've made sure to shift the paddle slightly, landing it on unspanked virgin flesh rather than glowing pink flesh. And I still have room on her rounded globes for at least one more strip before her entire bottom is an even pink. Despite that, Kara is acting as if every stroke is worse than the last.

I'm not known for my patience. Or for my mercy when it comes to toys and their punishments. Despite Kara's infantile screeching sobs, which I know aren't warranted by the moderate paddling, as soon as Kara has counted off her second official stroke, the paddle is back up. And snapping down her third stroke.

Kara screams at the top of her lungs. Again. She stiffens to steel again, too. Only this time the stiffness comes on so suddenly that as her legs tense, her knees lock, arching her bottom up off my thigh. It only lasts an instant, but her bottom is up. Then her knees give, dropping her waist back onto me and her feet start kicking wildly. It's almost comical to me. It has her firm globes jiggling slightly as her hips squirm so energetically against me. It has her huge breasts bouncing all over the place, bumping against my leg. Her head thrashes, tossing her long hair everywhere.

It takes several long seconds for her scream to fade into a bawling cry. Then it takes a couple more seconds for Kara to finally count off the fourth official stroke. Her fifth, what would have been the halfway point, but she

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misbehaved on her first. I half wonder if she's not drawing her screams out just to stall off the next stroke for another second or two.

I pay no attention to Kara. I do see both Elisha and Lindsey sitting across from Kara. With their eyes forward, it's impossible for them not to see everything. Elisha has a look of amusement on her face as if she finds it silly that Kara is being so loud and wiggly. Lindsey is almost in tears as if she believes that it hurts her mother as bad as it looks, and worse as if Lindsey blames herself for getting her mom spanked. But both sit obediently still and silent.

As soon as Kara has counted off the stroke, my paddle is up and snapping back down again with her fifth swat. Only now I am out of virgin flesh to land the strokes on. Every bit of Kara's rounded bottom is glowing brightly, a medium-dark shade of pink. Enough that her skin will burn as if it's on fire while needles of pain shoot into her muscles beyond.

With nowhere else left, I land this swat atop the center of her cheeks. Right on that pinkness. The paddle lands with the same power as every other stroke has brought, only now it sends that sting shooting into already-stinging flesh.

Kara screams again. The stiffness hits her suddenly, snapping her body hard and tossing it around. As she draws her scream out, she starts to thrash around wildly. Her shoulders rock from side to side, raising up and down, pulling her bouncing breasts along my leg as they do. Her hips thrash just as hard. Her feet kick up and down against the floor. I can feel every fast kick lifting her waist a tiny bit. I can see her bottom dancing, cheeks jiggling, too.

She's still screaming a few, several, seconds later. Although her scream is fading as her lungs run out of air. At first, I think it's just another of her energetic squirms. But then I realize it's not. Kara's shoulders are rising up off my leg. As she is, a few inches taller than me, her knees are resting on the floor. Another half second and her

weight will be back on them instead of over my legs. As if she's going to get up.

I won't allow it. I did warn Kara that there was no changing her mind. Come in this room, suffer the full spanking to my satisfaction, no matter what. No matter how badly her bottom hurt from it. If I hadn't have explained the rules to Kara so thoroughly, I'd feel bad for her. But I did. She accepted. So I don't.

I wait until her weight is on her knees and her breasts have risen up high enough that only her nipples are still touching my thigh. I bring my paddle up quickly, even though Kara hasn't counted off her stroke. I put my free hand to Kara's back, just beneath her neck. I snap the paddle, putting just a hair more power into it. I shove her back hard. I time it well. Her chest crashes back down against my thighs at the same instant the paddle cracks a stroke across her fiery globes.

Kara screams. This swat came before she expected it. Before her last scream had fully faded. It left her to suck in a fast breath just to have the air in her lungs to scream again. It left me to hear an almost unbroken double scream.

I ignore Kara's scream. "Bad bitch!" I scold her firmly. "I told you that you don't get to stop. Now you will start over, again, *BITCH*. Count your first stroke, bitch."

Kara goes on screaming. But I'd raised my voice to where she should have been able to hear me over herself. She squirms hard as she screams. But she's not trying to get up again. Just thrashing around hard. It takes her close to fifteen seconds to still and silence her scream.

"One, Ma'am..." Kara counts out off in a voice that's purse sobs. It's a hushed, shamed, voice, too. It has a fair bit of deep throatiness to it as well. And a very hefty note of resignation. As she counts, her body finally starts to loosen up. That's a change I notice after her near-constant thrashing for the last couple strokes.

I go right on spanking her bottom. As soon as she's counted off her first stroke (actually her seventh), my

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paddle is rising back up to snap a second stroke against those fiery red globes. Only now I do have to lighten up the strokes slightly, shaving about 10% of my strength from them. Kara probably won't notice it. But her bottom will. Another nine like she's been getting might be too much. It might bruise her bottom. I don't want to do that, no matter how many strokes Kara gets herself.

But she surprises me. She lies over my legs fully loose and limp as the stroke lands. Not a thrash or a squirm to her. I do feel the tension explode, stiffening her body for an instant, but not moving her body as it has been doing. The tension doesn't show this time. I only feel it as she tightens up over me. Kara screams again, just as loudly as ever. And she draws her scream out until her lungs are just too empty.

Kara sucks it a deep breath. A loud, very fast, and noisy one that lets me hear the raspiness to it. Then in her very shamed, throaty voice, she counts off her second stroke.

I lift the paddle and quickly snap another stroke onto Kara's glowing hot cheeks. Kara reacts just as she did to the last stroke, screaming, but tensing for only an instant. Except for this time I see a huge dollop of honey explode from her pussy mound. It shoots back a couple of feet, falling, and finally landing atop the upturned sole of Kara's left foot. It sticks, her creamy honey clinging to her foot. The dollop looks to be about the size of a dime.

It tells me something about Kara. The firm discipline arouses her. It must be. I know it's not the pain itself. But her pussy has to be far wetter than it was when I began for it to shoot a dollop of honey-like that. And now, the only real difference in what Kara is experiencing is the discipline. The firm structure. Being told what was she was going to do, and then not permitted to do anything but. My not tolerating her childish resistance. And not caring about her overly obvious display of pain. A display that she's not making now.

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Now Kara has surrendered. It's apparent. She's lying still and demurely allowing her bottom to be spanked. Accepting the spanking that she was sentenced to. But also in the firm belief that she's unable to do anything but accept it. Disobedience will only make things worse for her. Obedience is the path.

Kara owes eight more strokes. She lies there, just as fully relaxed, and takes all of them just the same. Screaming with each, as loudly and as long as her lungs can manage, but otherwise not reacting. Except that, every time that instant of tension snaps through her body, her pussy shoots out another dollop of creamy honey. And her voice takes on a slightly throatier tone as she counts off her stroke. If anything, she tenses less, not more, as the strokes go on.

Lindsey and Elisha just sit there, unable not to watch everything. I can tell Lindsey would prefer not to see it. As much as she'd prefer that Kara didn't have to endure it because Lindsey had questioned me. But that's a very serious sin in my realm, and thus carries very serious consequences.

And then, finally, Kara makes it to ten. Or 17, depending on which way you're counting. It's enough to leave her cheeks glowing a very bright, and angry, shade of medium red. Deep enough to look bad. But not so deep as to be bruised. Just the skin of her bottom tanned to a very painful red. It will fade. In about three or four hours her bottom will be as white as ever. The stinging will take longer to fade. I'll bet Kara tries not to sit for at least another full day. And sleeps on her stomach. That bottom is going to be sore. It will make a nice, unignorable, reminder to Kara of my rules. And that I will expect Kara to obey the rules that concern Lindsey, too.

Naturally, I send Kara back to her seat, firmly ordering her to sit on her stinging bottom right beside Lindsey. Now it's Kara's turn to realize how hard that wooden bench is.



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Bitch*

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Kara looks utterly miserable as she sits there, still sobbing, tears running down her cheeks. I'm sure that's just from the biting sting in her bottom. She clearly is not used to suffering like this. Nor is she used to discipline. I could tell that it came as a surprise to her to find that I'd meant what I'd said. What she agreed to. She must have thought she wouldn't really be made to stay. That if it was too bad, and she couldn't whine out of it, she could get up.

I stand facing the trio, about one step back from Lindsey who is in the middle of the short bench. "Mousy, who owns you?"

"You own this bitch, my Queen," Lindsey answers without hesitation, and with just a trace of strain still lacing her voice. That will be there for a while, at least if she's sitting on that bottom.

"Who do you obey, first, last, and always?"

"This mousy bitch obeys you, my Queen."

"Who is more important, me or your mommy?"

"You are, my Queen."

"And who do you never question?"

"You, my Queen. This mousy bitch obeys you without question."

"Remember that, bitch."

"Yes, my Queen!" Lindsey firmly agrees.

Then I turn my attention to Kara. "It's time you stop pretending to be some prissy bitch of a wife and mother and admit to everyone that you're just another filthy peasant whore scraped from some nasty gutter. As if cumming all over your feet while I paddled you wasn't enough for everyone to see what a disgusting bitch you are.

"As of now, I've decided that I own your filthy bottom, as well as your worthless daughter's. You belong to me. You are my property. Not just until you leave, but forever, *bitch*." I quickly run down the basic rules for Kara. What I tell her now amounts to little I haven't already told her. Obey me. Do as you are told. Say nothing. Question nothing. Then I tell her that Lindsey will teach her the rest

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of my rules later when it won't inconvenience me. The next time I lay eyes upon Kara, which will be whenever I decide it tickles my fancy to make use of her slutty butt, Kara will be expected to know, and obey, all the rules of my realm. If she does not, she will be punished for not learning them. And Lindsey will be punished for not teaching them to her.

With Kara still sobbing, I ask her directly "Who owns that body, bitch?"

"You own this bitch, Ma'am," Kara sobs out.

"Whose pussy is that between those fat thighs?"

"Your pussy, Ma'am,"

"And how long has it been since my sloppy pussy has been fucked?"

"About 2 years, Ma'am," Kara very reluctantly admits.

"How horny is my sloppy fuck hole?"

"Very horny, Ma'am," Kara's voice drops a little, her embarrassment clear in it.

That's when the knock comes at my door. Right on time. I'd hoped to have another minute or two, but Kara made her spanking take longer than I'd planned for. Earlier, while Kara was sending a picture of her breasts to Ken, I texted my doorman. He's great at finding me anything I want. Tonight I text him and asked if he had a man, a friend, or just anyone, available with "a hard cock that can handle a lot of attention." He texted back that he could supply that. So I told him when to have it here.

I leave the trio sitting snugly pressed together on the bench with Sophie supervising them. Lindsey and Elisha know not to try Sophie. She's far too attentive to me. Any hint of disobedience from them will not be tolerated. It might displease me, and Sophie would never risk that. She'll be stricter on them than I would be. Kara won't know that, but I hope she'll notice that Lindsey, beside her, doesn't try anything.

I go to answer my door. There's a decently well-built man standing there. I'd guess he's in the latter half of his

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30's. He has short dark hair and a strong-looking face. I have no idea who he is. I've never seen him in the building before, but that doesn't mean a thing. Half of the apartments in here belong to big corporations who loan them to different people daily, it seems. And most of those tenants for a week know that the doorman is the man to see if you want anything in town.

"Hi, Carlos, the doorman-" He starts to say. I think I hear a nice bit of the mid-west in his voice. If I had to guess, I'd say Kansas, but only because that's where most of the aircraft industry is around the mid-west, and in Mobile, Airbus is a major employer. One with several apartments in this building. Constantly changing employees in those apartments, too.

"Oh, you're the dildo," I greet him with a smile. OK, a slightly sly smile. "Don't bother, I'll just call you Dildo." I really hope that tells him two things. First, what he's here to do. And secondly, how low he is on the totem pole around here. I'd bet on the first, but not the second. I do know the doorman fairly well, so I know that he's warned this guy what he was walking into. I hope he listened.

I point to the sofa just into the living room. "You can put your clothes there. I really hope that thing is ready for more than a quickie, Dildo."

I wait as he takes his clothes off. He definitely looks shocked by my directness. And slightly uneasy to strip in front of me, when I'm clearly not going to be doing the same. I just stand there with my crop in my hand. But that's only because it was in my hand when he knocked. I'll give him this, he looks only slightly embarrassed, but still doesn't delay getting his clothes off. At least not until he gets down to his boxers. It takes him just a second to decide to take those off, too.

Once those hit the sofa, I have a good look at tonight's dildo. And I'm sure he's wondering who he's going to be offered. I'd hope it's clear to him that I'm not on his menu tonight. Definitely not after I see what he has

to offer. I'd deem his cock about average, although it's hard to tell with it only semi-hard.

I reach down and grab hold of his cock. Instantly it jumps to attention in my light grip. Yep, average. I'd guess he's about six inches long, and maybe a little over an inch thick. But at least he's circumcised. That way the light pink bulbous head of his cock, the most sensitive part, is fully exposed. It does feel rather hard in my hand, though. I take that as a sign that it's eager for some girly attention.

His cock also makes a natural leash. I keep hold of it and start walking, "come along to the dungeon, dildo." I tell him sweetly. He doesn't hesitate to follow his cock. Especially since he knows I'm leading him to "no-names, no-strings-attached, sex." That's an offer many guys would go far out of their way for. I'm sure he's only wondering what I have waiting. If it will be young or old, thin or fat. Pretty or not. I'd bet the doorman told him he wouldn't be disappointed, no one ever had been.

I lead him right into the playroom. "Do not say a word in here," I tell him with a trace of firmness in my voice. Hopefully letting him know that if he can't obey that rule, the penalty will be swift and harsh. I'll show him the door. He doesn't say anything. I accept that as a yes.

I lead him in. His eyes scan around for a fraction of a second, not seeing much until he finds the bench along the wall. Then his eyes lock on the three fully naked women sitting there. There's no chance of him knowing who any of the three are. All he can see is that there are three. A woman somewhere near his age, and two very young, rather cute girls. A small woman with wavy brown hair, and the tall Elisha with ample breasts and a curvy figure. And tonight, red hair. Elisha tends to change the color on an almost daily basis.

His eyes never stop shifting between the three of them. I can't tell which of them he likes the best. Each has a somewhat different body style, but all are attractive. I can tell, by the grin on his face, that he's rather pleased

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with the menu in front of him. As if the offerings are much better than he'd expected. I lead him to stand in front of the bench, right where the spanking chair is.

I'm still holding onto his cock, and now I can feel a few twitches from it against my hand. I stand him with his side to the line. "Mousy bitch, get over here. Kneel. Show your stupid mommy how a proper bitch sucks a cock." I snap my fingers.

His eyes go wide. Maybe he wonders if one of the two girls is really Kara's daughter. Maybe he's just surprised by the directness of my command. Or by my not asking "mousy" if she was willing.

"Yes, My Queen," Lindsey answers in a sweet voice without any hesitation. With him watching closely, trying to see, maybe guessing, which of the two girls is "mousy." Lindsey rises to her feet, and a second later she is properly on her knees in front of him, her hands behind her back.

I release the cock. Lindsey doesn't hesitate to stretch her mouth wide open. And then her head is leaning forward. His cock stands out straight. He watches as Lindsey's mouth steadily closes the last couple of inches. And then Lindsey's lips are closing around the head of his cock. She doesn't even slow down. Her lips keep moving, his cock inching deeper and deeper into Lindsey's mouth.

Lindsey is good at this. I've trained her well and given her enough practice at it. I know that her jaw is still stretched to its widest in spite of her lips being softly closed around his shaft. I know that Lindsey is sucking gently. I know that his cock is more just lying atop her hot tongue, sliding over it as her head comes forward. I can see Lindsey smoothly craning her neck, straightening out the angel of her throat as she moves. I can see her keeping her hands behind her back, loose and unused. Where they belong. This is cock sucking, not cock touching.

Her lips glide slowly, and steadily, down the length of his shaft. At first, he stands there, purring soft

encouragement, and grinning to tell me he approves of my choice. Obviously, he likes Lindsey and her perky breasts.

But then his cock reaches the back of Lindsey's mouth. I see a little surprise, pleasant surprise on his face as she doesn't slow down. I'm sure that he feels the head of his cock bump against the back of her mouth. And then start slipping along it, angling slightly, and pushing further into her. I'm sure he can feel her mouth narrowing as it funnels toward her throat. His purrs grow more enthusiastic by the second.

And then, with about four inches, maybe a little more, of his cock into her lips, I can tell by the look on his face that he feels her throat. He feels that spongy soft head squishing flat against the firm, rubbery wall. It's not actually a wall, it's just the top of her throat. It's far narrower now than his cock. And there's a stiff little flap there to keep his cock out of her windpipe. In a fraction of a second, the steely hard shaft of his cock is pushing hard against that rubbery resistance.

And then he blurts out the sweetest gasp. Lindsey never slowed. Her lips kept moving forward. Even as his cock pushed hard against the resistance of her body. And then as it shoved its way into her throat. Now he'll be feeling the tightness of her rubbery tube, as it stretches taut around his cock. Squeezing all around that hard shaft gently, but rather snugly.

Lindsey just keeps going. His cock keeps slipping through her silky lips, pushing deeper into the tightness of her throat. Until, finally, there isn't any cock left. Lindsey's lips are flush against his pubes. His balls bounce lightly against her chin. As they do, Lindsey's tongue slips out, past her lips, and flicks a single line over the top of his sack as she's reversing her stroke.

And then, with him purring utter delight and sweet surprise, Lindsey is moving back, releasing his cock with the same steady stroke she swallowed it. Lindsey sets a leisurely pace, not hurrying, allowing him to really feel every intimate detail of her stroke and throat.

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Lindsey goes up until only the head of his cock remains in her mouth. Until the rim at the base of his cock head bumps against her lips. Then she reverses her stroke again. As she does, her lips not slowing or pausing, she swirls her tongue around the soft head. Only once. That's all she has time for before his cock head is slipping too deeply into her mouth again.

He moans a very sweet, and loud, encouragement. He stares down, watching the top of Lindsey's head as she steadily strokes his cock with her lips. As she never varies her rhythm, even as his cock pushes into her tight throat. She never misses a lick to his balls, or a swirl around his cock head, either. She just goes on, steadily. And she keeps her loose arms behind her, never using them for anything. She kneels and swallows him. Over and over again.

Dildo, I never did get his name and didn't bother asking or introducing myself, stands there moaning the sweetest of encouragement. He's fairly still for the first dozen or so strokes but quickly becomes very enthusiastic. Soon his hips are squirming. And thrusting his cock against Lindsey's mouth does nothing for him. It's nothing new to Lindsey. She knows how to deal with that. She lets her head move with his thrusts, keeping her pace steady as her lips glide along his shaft.

I let him enjoy it for a while. Around two full minutes. I'd let him go longer, I don't care how much of Lindsey's mouth he enjoys. But that's the point where I notice the first little twitches rippling across his pubes. The ones that will have his cock twitching and knocking against the inside of Lindsey's mouth. I don't care about that, either. Lindsey is used to that. Almost all cocks do that before they cum. And if I don't stop her, Lindsey will keep going until she's sucked every drop of cum from that hard cock. It's what I've taught her.

What I don't know is if this dildo is always so quick to cum. It could just be because Lindsey's skill, something he clearly never envisioned ever experiencing, has him

excited. It could just be because it's been a while since he's been with a woman. It could be the excitement of being with a woman other than his wife, that thrill of doing the forbidden. Or he could just be a two-minute tom. It doesn't matter, I'm not ready for him to cum. Especially since I don't know if he will go more than once or not. Some men can't get it hard after cumming just once. That has got to suck. Seconds and thirds are even better.

"Mousy, ride that cock," I firmly tell her.

Lindsey finishes her stroke. Only this time she lets his cock slip completely from her lips. "Yes, my Queen," she says the minute it's out of her mouth. And now her voice is a little deeper and breathier than it was. She rises to her feet, still not using her hands.

Dildo is just standing there. His eyes are still locked on Lindsey. Only now they're taking in gentle feminine curves. Appreciating her moderately ample, perky breasts with their hard nipples standing out. His cock stands straight out, twitching lightly, and glistening from tip to root with a film of Lindsey's saliva. There's no missing the hunger in his eyes, either. He likes what he sees. He wants Lindsey.

I just swirl a finger in the air. Dildo doesn't see it, I'm mostly behind him. But Lindsey does. It's a cue to her anyway.

Lindsey catches it. Once she gets to her feet, she slowly turns in a circle. She pauses, halfway around, her back to Dildo. It offers him a good view of her tiny, rounded, and firm bottom. And that's what his eyes stop on. Lindsey quickly spreads her feet. Then she leans all the way over, putting her back flat with the floor.

Now Dildo has a good view of Lindsey's pussy mound poking out from under her globes. It lets him see her long, narrow and plump lips. Lips that don't meet, leaving a wide gash between them. A gash that bares a good slice of her light inner pinkness. And the steely hard nub of her clit. All of which is dripping wet right now. Lindsey wiggles her bottom slightly, teasing him.

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Lindsey rises back to her feet and finishes her turn so that she's facing him again. "May this bitch please be allowed to ride that huge penis, Sir?" Lindsey asks in her sugariest voice. She even bats her eyes as she does. And smiles invitingly.

I bet there aren't many men who would refuse her. Not after the immodest peek at her pussy. It's clearly as eager as his cock. Instead, Dildo just stutters. "Uh... yea... uh... um..."

That's enough for Lindsey. It's not like he declined. It's close enough to permission for her. She puts her hands to his sides and gently nudges him over to the massage table in the center of the room. It's only about one good step for him. And he doesn't need much encouragement. I'd say he is rather willing to allow Lindsey to lead him over there. And "help" him up onto the table.

He doesn't delay. He quickly lies back and gets comfortable on the table. Lindsey doesn't delay either. She knows I wouldn't want to be kept waiting - I've given her an instruction, and it should be obeyed. Without stalling or any delay. She climbs up on the table, taking care not to put any of her weight on him. She straddles his hips.

Lindsey reaches down under her hips and very gently nudges his cock into place as she lowers herself the last little bit. She stops with the tip of his cock squished gently against the bottom of her sopping wet gash. Lindsey gives the lightest wiggle of her hips. It's enough for the head of his cock to nudge her lips and folds aside and slip between them.

Lindsey has her back to his face. She leans forward a little, which gives him a very good view of her firm, tight, rounded bottom. And it has her bottom taut enough that it reveals every bit of her tight asshole as well. Lindsey lowers herself until her pussy lips are flush against his pubes.

Lindsey immediately starts moving. Not so much her hips, but her entire body. It draws her body along his legs,

the tips of her stiff nipples dancing lightly over the tops of them. It draws her pussy along his length, too. She uses the same slow, but the steady rhythm that she did with her mouth.

As she moves, her tight pussy snuggles around the sides of his shaft. Her oily honey, and there's plenty of it, lubricates its path. It lets him feel the fiery heat burning in her walls as her spongy walls stroke along his cock. Over and over again. Slowly, letting him feel the softness of her meaty walls as they tease him sweetly. Steadily, a constant unwavering motion.

It doesn't even take the first stroke for Dildo to start moaning sweet purrs. His voice sounds deep and manly, even as he purrs. His hands come up toward Lindsey's hips. He glances at me for a split second, as if making sure I'm not going to object. Then his hands are on Lindsey's bottom, caressing and teasing her as she strokes his cock.

It takes about three strokes before I see his hips starting to thrust up against Lindsey's pussy. As if his cock, thinking for itself, wants to hurry along. But it does him little, if any, good. The way Lindsey has her body angled, his hip thrusts mostly just pushes the top of his cock against the walls of her pussy instead of driving it into her. It leaves him at her mercy, unless he moves, which he's not going to do.

It doesn't take a single stroke for his cock to be glimmering with a fresh, and very thick, layer of Lindsey's honey, too. Or for Lindsey to start purring. She's allowed to purr. Her purrs are slightly high-pitched, girly, and breathy. Somewhat on the sultry side. She purrs steadily, her need ringing out a little more with every moan.

And it doesn't take more than three strokes for his cock to be twitching again. He's still close to cumming. Leaving me to decide whether to allow it now, and hope he's good for another round, or stop it. I really don't want to stop it. He's barely had 15 seconds of Lindsey's pussy. And I do want her to feel him fucking her. Or rather her fucking him. I want her to feel the sweet strokes of his

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cock inside her. It will arouse Lindsey hotter than any fire. I already know that. I want her that hot. I want her so hot that she can't stand it.

I decide to hope for the best. I might be a little short on time tonight, but I'm sure it wouldn't take the doorman long to find me another dildo if I need it. I did tell him that I wanted a cock that was good for a few rounds, so maybe he passed that tidbit along when he found this guy. I can hope.

It doesn't take long. No more than a minute and probably not even that. I know he cums when I see the snapping thrust of his hips and the hard, relieved grunt that goes with it. Then Dildo falls loose on the table, lying there and allowing Lindsey to keep going, riding his cock as it spurts more and more cum into the condom.

Only when Lindsey feels his cock stop twitching completely does she stop. She straightens up, then slowly lifts her hips until his cock slips from her pussy. Then she crawls off the table, being careful not to touch him as she does. She stops beside the table and turns to face him. With the biggest smile, and glassy, dreamy eyes, she tells him: "Thank you for allowing this mousy bitch to ride your wonderful penis, Sir. This bitch hopes that it wasn't too unpleasant for you, Sir. May this bitch be allowed to clean your penis for you, Sir?"

He just nods dumbly. Lindsey takes that as permission. She reaches out, touching him as gently as she possibly can, and slips the condom off of him. She drops it in the trash. Then she gets a wet wipe and warms it by holding it in her hands for a moment. She uses that to wash his cock off. The condom is a signal to her - she knows that it means I don't know, for certain, that this man is safe. As in healthy. Thus, his cum is not to be touched. But once she has his cock washed with the disinfecting wipe, she licks it with her tongue to "finish" cleaning it.

I send Lindsey back to her place on the bench. She doesn't hesitate, her pussy aching badly for attention, to

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go and squeeze in between Elisha and Kara again. And sit properly, waiting to be told what's expected of her next.



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I snap my fingers, loudly. "Now that your little baby has shown you how a filthy whore attends to a penis, get up here and show me what your cock sucker can do with this dildo, prissy bitch. *Now.*"

Kara looks surprised. And slightly horrified. I'm glad Dildo isn't looking yet. He won't see her tremble hard and cringe as she says "Yes, Ma'am." I don't know why Kara is so surprised. She just watched Lindsey. Does she think she's special or something? I just told her that she was nothing but my bitch now, and I'd use it as I fancied. Did she really think her pussy would be spared? The look on her face tells me that she hoped it would be. But not why she wanted it to be.

She comes up to the table, a little slower than Lindsey did. Dildo is still lying on it. Maybe he thought the safe move was to do nothing until I told him something. Or maybe he's still basking in his afterglow. Lindsey did take very good care of him.

I just point to his cock. It's still about $\frac{3}{4}$ hard. Not quite enough to be standing up straight, but enough that it's still at its full size. "Go on, *bitch*, suck it. And you'd better not act like that prissy thing you've been faking. Suck it like a gutter whore, gutter whore." then I just glare at Kara with my coldest glare.

She gets the hint. I will be very unhappy if she does anything other than sucking this stranger's cock. She slowly leans over him. It takes a few seconds, and she uses her hand to lift it up, but then I see his cock between Kara's lips. And I see her start bobbing her head. I see her long hair flowing around, tossing over him as she does.

"Slow down, bitch!" I immediately snap. Kara slows just a little. I give her a few more seconds. "I'm sorry, Dildo, it's this filthy whore's first time here. Obviously, it needs a lesson."

I grab hold of Kara's head. A hard, vise-like firm grip. I slow her down to the same pace Lindsey was using. It starts him purring again softly. Maybe I adjust her position a little, too. Just to where her huge firm breasts are

bouncing against him. With their rock-hard nipples. Guys seem to like that. I steady her head, guiding her through several strokes, before warning her that I expect the proper pace and releasing her head. She keeps going.

Her strokes are long, but not the full strokes that Lindsey was using. She gets about half of his length into her mouth before I see her start to gag on the thickness and reverse. I doubt she knows those tricks with her tongue, either. I know she's not using them. I think her blow job, which is probably as good as any he had before Lindsey, comes as a slight disappointment to him. As if he expects all three of them to have the same skill.

It might be a little disappointing to him, but clearly not to his cock. It only takes a few strokes for that to be jumping right back to attention. Maybe not quite as stiff as before, but very close to it. And he moans again.

I snap my fingers again. Kara flinches slightly as if expecting me to tell her to stop. She doesn't, but I can see that's what she's expecting. Instead, I just wave for Lindsey to come over to me. She does.

I point to his cock. The place where it's disappearing into Kara's lips. I nudge Lindsey's head down. Even from the other side of his hips, it has her eyes only a couple of inches from the cock. And a bit less from her mother's face. I make sure that Lindsey has a very good view of what her mom is doing. The intimate details. Lindsey watches as his cock glides in and out of Kara's lips.

"Mousy, is this prissy bitch performing correctly?"

"No, my Queen," Lindsey doesn't hesitate to answer.

"What is it doing wrong?"

"It is not swallowing the nice gentleman's entire penis, my Queen, as any whore should. And worse, my Queen, it is using its hands."

I slip into place behind Kara. It's time for her to learn a little something. I reach up and take hold of her wrists, holding them in a rather tight grip. I pull her hand from his cock, leaving only her mouth on it.

"Show it, mousy," I firmly command Lindsey.

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"Yes, my Queen," Lindsey doesn't hesitate for even a fraction of a second. She reaches out and puts her hands to her mother's head. Then she does nothing for an instant, instead waiting as Kara finishes her stroke.

Lindsey waits until Kara starts to reverse her stroke. She doesn't let her, holding her head firmly. Lindsey isn't the strongest girl. She leans forward, putting her weight behind her hands. It's plenty for what I've told her to do. She forces Kara's head to keep moving.

I see Kara's eyes pop wide open. I feel her hands trying to pull away from me, too. I hold them as firmly as Lindsey does her head. And I hold her wrists up high above the small of her back. That drives Kara's shoulders down, preventing her from rising up and taking away a good bit of the resistance she could muster to fight Lindsey.

I see Lindsey forcing Kara's head back a little, stretching Kara's neck taut. Kara's head keeps moving steadily down his length. Dildo must feel it. I can see his eyes are now watching Kara's head rather intently. "This is how the cheapest of gutter whores sucks a cock, prissy bitch," Lindsey tells Kara in a very sweet voice.

Kara chokes hard. I hold her, pinning her shoulders forward. As the first contractions snap her muscles, her legs tense, thrusting her bottom up. Her hands pull hard away from me, but I hold them up.

Lindsey ignores Kara's hard choking, too. She keeps Kara's head moving steadily forward, Dildo's cock leisurely slipping deeper into Kara's throat. Stretching her throat wide, probably wider than it's ever been stretched before. There's no doubt from the tension in her body that Kara is as uncomfortable as she is surprised. She keeps trying to lift her head.

And Lindsey keeps her head moving down. All the way down until Kara's lips are flush against Dildo's pubes. Then Lindsey reverses the stroke and starts leisurely bringing Kara's head back up.

About two inches of his cock slips from Kara's lips. Then I hear Kara gagging and sputtering hard. The cock has slipped out of her throat, allowing her to make noise again. Her body relaxes slightly.

Lindsey keeps going, bringing Kara's head up until only the head of his cock is left in her mouth. I nod to Lindsey, letting her know to keep going. It's the first time Lindsey has ever helped me teach anyone. But I know she remembers this lesson well. Only then it was me holding her head, her hands bound. That lesson hadn't been a complete surprise like this one is turning out to be for Kara. And it's not rocket science. I had Lindsey do it instead of Sophie for one reason. I wanted Kara to know it was her daughter. That Lindsey was perfectly willing to shove that cock down Kara's throat, choking her horribly, simply because I told her to. I want Kara to deeply feel that Lindsey cares only for me, and nothing for Kara. If it were a contest, Kara has lost Lindsey to me.

Lindsey keeps going, using the same rhythm, forcing Kara's head up and down. Driving his cock all the way down Kara's throat with every stroke.

Kara keeps choking hard. And gagging. And heaving, the contractions of her muscles thrusting her bottom up every time the cock pushes into her tightness. Kara fights hard for the first few strokes. She tries everything to get away from me, or at least to get her head out of Lindsey's grip. Desperately every time the head of his cock is pushing against the top of her throat, about to choke her hard. And when it does.

But after about a quarter of a minute, maybe five strokes, Kara gives up. She doesn't fight at all any longer. Her body even goes loose, except for the brief moment when her muscles snap hard as she chokes on his cock. Otherwise, she dumbly allows Lindsey to move her head up and down the shaft.

It's as if Kara has accepted her place in this. Her body is to be used to service this cock. I don't care if she chokes on it. I don't care how intense the pressure

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stretching her throat is. I don't care how hotly her throat burns from it. I don't care if she likes it or hates it. I don't care if she wants it or not. I only care that her mouth is used. As if she were nothing more than... the wipe Lindsey used to clean his cock. Just a thing.

I don't let it go on too long. Maybe a minute. That's long enough for Kara to feel, and believe, that she will be used without a single thought for, however long, I wish. And used however I wish. It's long enough for Dildo to be moaning very sweetly. And for his cock to be at full hardness again, ready for more action. But not long enough for Kara to stop choking. From what I can see, that would take another minute or so, and as tempting as it is, I'll finish her lesson and teach her proper slutting another time.

"Enough of that, prissy bitch, ride that dildo like a gutter whore," I firmly command Kara.

Lindsey doesn't give Kara a chance to argue. She keeps her grip on Kara's head. As Kara's head is rising up at the top of her stroke, Lindsey keeps it moving until his cock clips from Kara's mouth. Only then does Lindsey release Kara and scoot back a little to give Kara some room.

I release Kara's hands, too. She'll need those to get up on the table. Kara straightens up to standing. Then she hesitates, looking down at the eager man as if wanting to see him. As if trying to decide if she would do it or not. If this guy was up to her standards or not.

I very lightly tap her fiery red bottom with my hand. It's a spanking so light it wouldn't bother a fly. But it's enough for Kara to feel it on her already-stinging globes. "ride that dildo, *bitch*," I remind her firmly.

"Yes, Ma'am," Kara answers in a demure, resigned, and slightly hushed voice. Then she starts climbing up onto the table with him. I quickly tell her that she's to face him as she fucks him, not with her back to him as Lindsey had done. It gets me another muted "yes, Ma'am" from Kara.

And a few seconds later it gets Kara on her knees straddling his cock. She has her toes curled under as if she'd been standing and simply rolled forward onto her knees. This way, her toes are the only part of her foot on the table.

Kara takes a deep, but quiet, breath. As she does, I nod to Lindsey. Lindsey reaches out and takes hold of his cock by its root. She lifts it up, bringing the tip of it against Kara's long gash. Her very wet gash. Lindsey doesn't hesitate. She slowly adjusts the head of his cock, letting it caress along Kara's folds until the tip is directly under Kara's tunnel. And pressing lightly against her slit.

Kara freezes in place as she sees Lindsey reach for the cock, and then feels the cock stroke softly over her slit. She glances at me, a bit of shock on her face, then quickly turns to Lindsey. Her hips stay still as Lindsey draws the spongy head along.

Dildo keeps his eyes on Kara's huge breasts. It tells me that he appreciates them.

"Help it, mousy," I softly tell Lindsey. Lindsey doesn't answer me. Instead, she does as I've told her. She slides her hand up along the length of Dildo's cock to the top. Once her hand is there, she uses her fingers to very tenderly part Kara's lips and long, wrinkly folds. The cock's head slips right between Kara's folds. Lindsey releases Kara's pussy, taking her hand away. It leaves Lindsey's fingertips glistening with a bit of Kara's honey.

"Ride. Penis. Now. *Bitch*." I repeat the command firmly, bringing my crop up as I do.

Kara starts lowering her hips. Slowly, but that's what I want. She goes all the way down, her pussy swallowing his entire length inside her wetness. I haven't had that good of a look at Kara's pussy yet, but I've seen enough to know that he will be feeling her very pleasantly. She will be slightly snug on him. Her walls will be soft and spongy, but firm enough. Her walls will be fiery hot. Her walls will be twitching against his cock. And she will be as wet as the ocean.

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Dildo purrs softly as she slips down, her tight pussy enveloping his eager cock. His eyes stay on her breasts, watching them as they jiggle slightly as she moves. His hands start moving, slowly making their way to her lean legs. In a second, his hands are on her legs, caressing her skin. He moves slowly as if wondering if I'll object. I'm not going to. He can touch Kara where he wants to, as long as it's just feeling her body. In a few more seconds, his hands have made their way up to Kara's taut bottom. He probably hasn't seen the redness of it. He just hasn't been in a position to see that. So he doesn't avoid touching the soreness. It won't feel any different to him, so he still doesn't know.

I see Kara slightly clenching her teeth as his hands touch her very sore bottom. Wisely, Kara decides not to complain about it. Instead, she concentrates her efforts on establishing a slow, rhythmic pace as she rides his cock.

Quickly Kara's legs rise a half-inch or so off the table, leaving her balancing on her toes. Now her legs alone are working to pump her hips up and down. I can see the tendons in the creases of her thighs straining as her legs lift all of her weight. But I can also see her moving fairly smoothly, telling me that she's done this before. It's obviously been quite a while for her, but I'd bet this is how she's always rode a cock. Doesn't matter for tonight. I only want to make Kara ride it. I want her to believe that I own her pussy, and I decide what's done with it. Not her. Given the modesty I've seen so far, I would bet anything that Kara could never have imagined herself having sex with a man she didn't know. A total stranger. She doesn't even know his name. Or anything other than he has a penis.

Surprisingly, it only takes Kara a few seconds to fall into a smooth, leisurely rhythm. She moves almost gracefully, her pussy stroking along his cock. Noisily. There's an almost loud slurping sound as his cock slips into and out of, her too-wet pussy. And now there's a very thick

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layer of her clingy, creamy clear honey covering every bit of his cock.

Kara uses full strokes, too. Every time she rises up, I can see the pinkness of his cock head just starting to emerge between her slightly darker inner folds. And now her folds are a bit prominent as they lie against his cock. And now I can see goosebumps erupting over Kara's lips and pubes. They really make the stubble on her pubes stand out, too. Enough so that I wish I'd made her shave them before bringing the Dildo in. Oh, well. He won't notice, and if he did, he wouldn't care.

I point to Kara's pussy, right where Dildo's cock is vanishing between Kara's medium-pink, sloppy-wet, and loose, folds. I grab Lindsey's hair and gently pull. That's all I need to pull, and she's moving to follow. I bring her head down over Dildo's waistline, turning it so that her eyes are staring at Kara's pussy. While she rides his cock.

"There, mousy bitch..." I tell Lindsey in a soft, slightly taunting voice. "Get a good look at mommy's filthy pussy..." my voice grows more teasing. Even though I could and Lindsey would still hear me clearly, I don't lower my voice from its normal volume, either. I want Kara to hear me. I don't care the least if Dildo does. "Doesn't it look so slutty and eager for that cock, mousy?"

"Yes, my Queen," Lindsey answers, a little touch of a tease to her voice, and about as much "ick factor" in it. As if watching her mother's pussy get fucked, rather closely and intimately, isn't on her top ten list. Not that she turns her eyes away. She watches obediently as I told her to.

It's been less than half a minute. Kara hasn't said a word. She just steadily rides his cock. Only now I can see her head lolling back slightly. And her jaw hanging open. I can hear her panting throaty deep "UH!s" as she strokes his cock, too. She starts shuddering lightly. Her ample breasts are already jiggling just from the movement of her body.

"You know, mousy, it was right about 20 years ago... maybe even to the day... just imagine it - then it was your

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daddy's cock slipping into that disgusting slop pit, stroking it, fucking it, cumming in it like mommy was just some worthless dumpster for his cream... and that created an utterly useless mousy bitch!" I can't keep the hint of a giggle from my voice. "Do you think this trashy pussy liked your daddy's cock fucking it that day?"

"UH!" Kara grunts out a very hard moan. A crisp shudder sweeps over her body. She starts working her hips even faster. "UH!... UH!" her moans, like blurted, tense grunts but so throaty and sweet, start getting even harder and coming a little faster. I wonder if that's from the embarrassment of knowing that her daughter is closely watching this cock fuck her while hearing about Kara fucking her father and creating her. I wonder if Kara is imagining Lindsey imagining mommy and daddy having sex like young lovers. I hope so. Kara would have to think that Lindsey finds the idea a bit gross. And so much worse with the added graphics of it.

I put a hand to Kara's hip. I don't need to hold Lindsey in place, she'll stay there on her own until I tell her otherwise. I pinch Kara hard, my fingers digging into her waist around her hip bone. I use the grip to force Kara to slow her strokes.

"UHHH!" Kara's grunts instantly double in the pleading urgency as she slows. A few seconds later I can see her creamy honey leaking out around his shaft. And I can see the crisp, shivering shudders flowing over her body growing sharper. I can see her nipples straining to a new level of stiffness, too.

"UHHHHHH!" Kara's grunting moans grow ear-splitting loud. And just as needy.

"Yes, my Queen," Lindsey answers the question. "Prissy bitch must have loved fucking my daddy, Ma'am, or... you wouldn't have a mousy bitch, Ma'am."

"UH! EE-AHHHHHH!" Kara screeches out in the hungriest voice. Her head still hangs back, jaw open. Only now it's thrashing from side to side, tossing her long hair wildly as it does. Her breasts are bouncing around just as

wildly. I can feel her legs fighting me to speed her hips up, but so far I'm able to hold her to the leisurely pace. Kara's arms fall to her sides. Her hands clench into fists. It strains her muscles to the point her arms seem to vibrate as they hang there.

It has got to be pushing Kara quickly to the cusp of an orgasm. I can see the "problem." Not that it's a problem. Kara's folds are a bit short. His cock slitting through them, stretching her pussy wide, has her pinkness pulled slightly. Enough that the hard nub of her clit is pressing lightly, but surely, against the top side of his cock. Every tiny movement of his shaft stroking in and out of her tight pussy, has it not only stroking her walls but stroking along against her nub. The nub filled with all those needy nerves.

By now Kara's moans are so sultry as to do any porn star proud. "I guess that filthy slop pit likes a good cock to fuck it, doesn't it, mousy?"

"Yes, my Queen, it looks like it does, Ma'am," Lindsey answers with a fair bit of slyness in her voice.

I wave Lindsey to pull her head back. I wait a few seconds until Lindsey is clear of Kara. Then I switch to my most disgusted voice, raising it just slightly. "You are such a slut!" My free hand grabs hold of one of Kara's bouncing breasts, squeezing it tightly. If anything, that gets her shuddering a hair harder. "You're trying to cum all over my Dildo like some filthy gutter skank!"

Now my hand is pulling hard forward on Kara's breast. It makes Kara lean forward, and that, along with my hand on her hip pushing her, brings her hips up. And that starts drawing his cock towards slipping from her pussy. "Did I say that *MY PUSSY* was going to cum? NO! I said *MY PUSSY* was going to ride this Dildo. NOT cum all over it like a piece of gutter filth!"

I keep pulling Kara forward by her breast. His cock slips from her pussy. It makes a slight sound, but enough of one that I can hear it, splatting sounds that drop onto his pubes. That's just all of her creamy honey clinging to him.

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"I'll teach my pussy to act so cheap and disgusting!" I firmly tell Kara in my ice-hard voice. "Mousy, attend to it," I add in a firm voice, but one without the hard edge to it. A warmer voice.

Lindsey immediately leans forward. She stretches her mouth wide open and then sticks the tip of her tongue out. She puts her tongue to the underside of his cock, as close as she can get it to the root. Right where it meets his sack. She's careful to only allow her tongue to touch him. Nothing else, not even a lip or a breast. She flicks her tongue quickly, and lightly, over the exposed underside of his cock, steadily drawing her tongue up towards the spongy bulbous head of it. His cock twitches sharply from that, jumping up and around his pubes. It doesn't do any good – Lindsey follows it, her tongue never leaving it. As instructed, she'll keep his cock fully interested. And she'll get a good taste of her mother's honey. Her mother's pussy.

I keep pulling, almost dragging Kara forward. I can see her bottom rising up, her knees bending, as she comes along. In a second or two, her free breast is dangling over Dildo's face. And dangling so far down that the tip of it brushes against his face, pulling her steely nipples over his cheekbone. He doesn't seem to mind that, either. And then her chest is over his eyes, and he's looking down towards her pubes. His eyes are just in time to watch a fine strand of honey trickle from her mound and run down. The honey lands on him, leaving a little line on his stomach. He doesn't object to that, either. Nor does he as much as flinch when a second rivulet trickles from her slit and lands on his neck, all the way up to his chin.

I keep Kara moving. Only now I'm pulling her over to the side as well. Kara's hands fumble to grip the edges of the table and steady herself. And then she realizes where I'm pulling her. She has to almost jump to toss her legs off the side fast enough to get her feet on the floor before I pull her off the table. She manages, landing on her feet

and mostly bent over at the waist as I still squeeze a hard grip on her breast.

I don't stop her. Instead, I tap the back of her knees with a foot, buckling her knees. I shove down on her hips. That's enough to drop her down to her knees. Now I release her breast. But then my hands are on Kara's lean shoulders. I can feel her collar bones under my firm grip. And I keep shoving her down until she's on her knees and her bottom is back between her heels. It's as far down as I can send her bottom.

Now I grab Kara's hair. I use that to pull her forward. At the same time, I use the hand I still have on her shoulder to keep her from rising up. Kara starts leaning forward. She gets about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the way forward. Just enough that her breasts are starting to dangle. I let go of her. An instant later the sole of my shoe is on Kara's back, just beneath her neck. And now my foot drives Kara's shoulders down.

I shove Kara all the way forward until her shoulders are flush against the floor. Then I move, leaving my foot in place as I do so that I'm more to her side. It lets Kara feel the hard rubbery sole of my shoe scraping on her back as my foot turns. I step around just far enough so that I can lean forward and grab Kara's ankle. I am far from gentle. But it's Kara's fault. I did tell her how to kneel properly, so it's her fault she's not doing it now. I yank her ankle, dragging her leg from knee to foot along the floor, and stretch her legs wide apart. As wide as they will go. And I use my foot to hold her shoulders down as I do.

I don't want to speak. That would just give Kara a hint that I don't want her to have. Instead, I point for Lindsey. I cue her, with some graphic gestures, the best I can manage with one hand, to bring Dildo around to me.

A moment later, Lindsey has Dildo off the table and brings him around. She brings him behind Kara, guessing that's where I want him. Kara is a pretty big clue. I have her shoulders down and her bottom up. Her bottom pulled taut as well. And that has her crack stretched wide open

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between her rounded globes. It has her pussy mound, in all its sticky wet sloppiness, sticking out just beneath those globes, too. I can see the tall, hard goosebumps lining her lips and the creases of her thighs. I can see a bit of her honey still steadily weeping from her slit, too.

I point to Kara's tight, medium-dark, little asshole. As I do, I look at Dildo and smile an invitation. I raise a shoulder and eyebrow as if asking if he wants Kara this way, too. He looks at me with a good bit of question on his face. But it's more to say "is whoever this is actually going to go along with this, too?" not an objection. I wave my hand, again pointing to Kara's tight asshole. He shrugs his shoulders and kneels down behind Kara.

"This is what happens to a stupid bitch who can't behave while I get some use out of *my* pussy. You are going to stay put and take it, *BITCH*. You do not want to disappoint me." I warn Kara in my firmest, and iciest, voice. I'll bet she's wondering what's going to happen to her.

Dildo rises up, shifting from his knees to his feet, as he scoots close to Kara. He moves as I'm warning Kara to behave. About the time I finish, Kara is wondering what she's in for. She feels the spongy soft tip of his cock, still rather slippery wet with her creamy honey, bump against her tight asshole.

I'm watching closely. I can see Kara's asshole reflexively clench to its tightest. I can see the crisp tremor run through her body. She doesn't move, though. Then again, my shoe is on her back holding her firmly down to the floor. "OH!" Kara blurts out in a very nervous voice. "IT'S TOO BIG!" And so far, it's still only the spongy head of his cock pressing against her asshole.

I just wave for Dildo to keep going. His hard cock seems to need no further encouragement. I'm sure he didn't mind hearing Kara call it too big, either. He uses a hand to steady his shaft and pushes it against her ring. Kara's asshole has just enough funneling to it for the tip of his cock to slip into the widest bit, where her ring opens at

the valley of her crack. And the funneling will guide his stiffness, aiming it directly at the tiny opening in its center.

Dildo keeps going, slowly, but steadily, applying a little more pressure to his cock. It looks to me as if he hasn't done this much before. Maybe never. It also looks to me as if he's trying to be easy on Kara. His choice, I guess. Not that it will matter to Kara.

In another second, the pressure is too much for the weak muscle of her asshole to resist. It surrenders. The cock jumps, plunging forward about half an inch. As it does, Kara's tensed asshole is instantly stretched wide around it. It treats me to the view of her dark ring squeezing tightly around the paler shaft of his cock. "UGH!" Kara screeches out loud and hard. Kara tenses hard, her body snapping against the foot holding her down for him. A very sharp tremor flows through her body as the burn and throbbing erupt in her asshole. As hard as she's fighting this, her asshole has to feel as if it has been hit with a hammer or something.

Dildo keeps going, pushing his cock forward. In another second or so, he's buried all of it, clear to the root, into Kara's bottom. Now her glowing red cheeks are pushed flush against his hips. He puts his hands to her hip bones to steady himself.

And then he's thrusting. Slowly and easily at first, taking his time and giving Kara a chance to get used to it.

"UGH!-AHHHH!" Kara screeches as the cock starts its second plunge into her depths. Her cry ends about as his cock has reached its deepest point. He slowly starts picking up his speed. Kara keeps screeching loudly. Her grunted moans stay strained but grow sultry at twice the pace of his cock. In about twenty seconds, her cry is pure lust but still laced with a hint of the discomfort of being stretched too wide and stuffed too full.

Kara's cries keep getting a little more sultry. With every stroke, I see his balls bumping against, and bouncing off of, Kara's sloppy wet pussy mound. And then I see Kara's pussy mound start dripping. Slowly at first. And

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decent-sized droplets of her honey. But then it starts dripping faster, too.

I snap my fingers as I wave Lindsey over. I have her get down on her knees beside Kara. I point, and Lindsey gets the message. She locks her eyes on his cock, watching it thrust, now fairly powerfully, into Kara's tight, dark asshole. Seeing her mother's asshole stretched, seemingly impossibly wide, around his cock. Watching the cock drive shamelessly into her butt. And hearing her mother's urgent, hungry, erotic moaning grunts as she endures it.

"Isn't that the trashiest, filthiest thing, mousy?"

"Yes, my Queen," Lindsey answers.

"Does your prissy mommy bitch like it, mousy?"

Lindsey giggles slightly, but quickly hides it. "Yes, my Queen, this bitch's pussy is dripping, Ma'am."

I see Dildo's face relax, the trace of worry that had been on it fading as he hears Lindsey report that Kara's pussy is dripping. And he puts a little more power into his strokes. That just gets harder, and sweeter, moans from Kara.

Kara can't believe it. I can tell. She can definitely feel his cock filling her asshole and bottom, and that's by far the biggest thing that she's ever felt there. Uncomfortably big. But she can also feel her pussy snapping hard with twitches, billions of hot sparks racing through it. She can feel the pressure building in her pussy as she inches closer to the edge of climax. She just can't figure out that it's because his cock is thick enough to be pressing against the backside of her pussy, stroking it from behind, as it pounds her bottom.

I whisper quick instructions to Lindsey. Lindsey just nods. Then she puts her hand to Kara's back and tenderly strokes it. In her softest, sweetest voice, Lindsey tells Kara "don't cum, prissy bitch, your Queen will be very displeased with you. Your Queen will tell you when She wishes her pussy to cum."

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"UH-AHHHH!" Kara cries out, seemingly oblivious to Lindsey's warning.

Lindsey keeps stroking Kara's back, keeping her hand away from Kara's bottom and Dildo. "Be a good bitch, prissy... Please be a good bitch for our Queen, prissy... please don't let that super slutty pussy cum before our Queen wants it to... I know you want to cum, don't you, prissy?"

"YES!" Kara screams out, "I WANT TO CUM RIGHT FUCKING NOW!"

"NO!" Lindsey balks, "Please mom, please behave for our Queen! Please don't cum until She wants that pussy to! I'll stay with you if She'll allow me, mom. Please, don't disappoint our Queen!"

"UHHHH!" Kara screeches through clenched teeth, "I'M TRYING! I HAVE TO CUM SO FUCKING BAD, BABY! I CAN'T STOP IT!"

"Please, prissy, please don't cum! Please be a good bitch for our Queen! I know you can be good, prissy!"

"You like it up your filthy ass, don't you, prissy," I scathingly jump in. Lindsey instantly stops talking, allowing me to take over.

"YES! I LIKE IT UP MY ASS, MA'AM!" Kara screams. "AHHHHHH!!!!!"

"Don't tell me, bitch, beg Dildo to give it to you like the worthless whore you're acting like!"

"DILDO, PLEASE FUCK THIS PRISSY BITCH UP MY ASS! FUCK MY ASS HARD, DILDO. RAM THAT HUGE COCK UP MY TIGHT ASS LIKE THE CHEAP WHORE I AM!"

It's not the politest request, and Lindsey notices it. Dildo doesn't. He just adds a little more pounding to his strokes. And that makes Kara screech a little more. But after a few hard thrusts into her bottom, Kara cries out "YES! POUND MY SHITTY, FILTHY ASS EVEN HARDER, DILDO! RAM THAT HUGE DICK UP MY ASS! FUCK MY ASS HARDER!"

Dildo grants her request. He pounds her with everything he has.

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Kara responds by shivering constantly, and so crisply that it's as if her entire body is vibrating. Her pussy steadily weeps honey, too. So fast now that he can't be missing it. The front of his balls and sack are covered in it. She cries out a loud and still strained "AHHH!" with every ramming thrust.

"Prissy, tell mousy to watch you take it up the butt closely," I firmly, and very tauntingly, tell Kara.

I don't know, maybe Kara thinks degrading herself like that will please me and get her the climax she can't stand delaying. Or maybe she just obeys without thinking. "MOUSY, BABY, LOOK CLOSE! WATCH ME TAKE IT UP THE ASS LIKE THE CHEAPEST WHORE. WATCH ME! WATCH MY ASS GET FUCKED LIKE A WHORE, BABY! I WANT YOU TO SEE MY ASS FUCKED HARD! OH, FUCK ME, I'M GONNA CUMMMMMMMM!!!!!"

Fortunately for Kara, that's when Dildo grunts hard and slams his cock into her bottom. Then his strokes slow considerably as his cock spurts his second load of cum into a fresh condom. In a second, he's slowly stroking her bottom with his cock as it finishes emptying his cum.

Kara cries. I stopped holding her down once Kara screamed out that she loved it. I'm still not. She lies there, on her face and knees, sobbing hard and mumbling "no, I gotta cum!" very softly. After about half a minute, Dildo pulls his cock from her bottom.

I snap my fingers. "Newbie, come clean my dildo up."

"Yes, my Queen," Elisha quickly answers. Then she hurries over to him and kneels in front of him. She takes his condom off, washes his cock, and kisses the cleaned shaft for him. By the time she's done, despite the silkiness of her lips and the tenderness of her washing, his cock is floppy and utterly soft. I guess my dildo is done for the night.

I tell Sophie to "get rid of the Dildo, since it's now useless." Sophie takes him by the hand and walks him out of the playroom. She'll allow him to dress, and then show

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him right out the door. If he argues, Princess Lilly is napping on her throne (what used to be my sofa). Princess Lilly never lets anyone argue with slave. Or any of us. Since she's a pit bull, most people take her growled "go aways" to heart. Sophie is back fairly quickly, so I guess the dildo didn't mind leaving now that he was done.

Kara just lies there, her face on the floor, sobbing and pleading with G-d for some relief. I stand over her, watching her hands to make sure they stay away from that throbbing, aching pussy.



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Now that Dildo is gone, it's time to wrap this up. It's getting late, and I never want a playtoy in my house after 21:00. That last hour before 22:00 is my hour. Some days that's all the time I get. Some days I don't even get that hour. When I can, it's almost sacred. And it's starting to get close to 21:00.

That leaves me three things to take care of before I send these toys on their way. Lindsey, Elisha, and Kara's pussies. I have little doubt that all three of them are throbbing for release after this evening's session. I know that just watching, and being obedient, is plenty to arouse Elisha. Just as I know that Kara wanted, and expected, to be allowed to cum with Dildo. Or at least by the dildo.

The unsure and agonized look on Kara's face tells me that much. That now she's wondering if she'll get to cum. Since there are no men left here to see to that for her. I doubt she's thinking that a woman could take care of it. It seems to be an idea that has never occurred to Kara before. Something she hasn't considered might be demanded of her. Despite being nude with two other women. At least not now with her daughter in the room.

I snap my fingers. Kara has been "resting" for long enough on her knees and shoulders now. Her asshole has even fully cinched back to its normal tightness after its reaming. That only took a few seconds. Now she's just a flushed and sweaty, panting, mess. "On your useless feet, prissy bitch." I firmly command.

"Uhh..." Kara groans very softly under her breath. She tries to hide it. And then she slowly draws herself up to her feet. She stands, still quivering lightly. And with slightly wobbly legs under her. A very dreamy look in her glassy eyes, and an equally frustrated look on her face.

I keep to my usual routine of not telling Kara anything. Instead, I just slide around behind her. Kara's not paying much attention to anything, so she doesn't even notice me moving. She's still busy fidgeting and squirming from that ache throbbing between her thighs. Lindsey clearly sees me moving around, but she doesn't

show it. Not that Kara would notice that, either. Lindsey is mostly to Kara's side and a little behind her.

It gives Lindsey a good view though as I reach down and grab hold of Kara's wrists. I think it takes her by surprise. I don't feel any tension or resistance from her. Instead, her arms are rubbery as I bring them behind her. I cross her wrists at the small of her back and zip tie them together. Snugly, so she won't be moving them or using her hands for anything. I don't want her hands getting down to her bottom, and this will guarantee that they don't.

"Newbie, come," I call Elisha over. As Elisha steps toward me, I point to a place on the floor behind Kara. Elisha just heads for it, but it's not like she has far to go. About two steps. Then, with another gesture from me, Elisha is dropping to her knees.

I have Elisha close behind Kara. Facing Kara's backside. Kneeling, it puts Elisha's face roughly even with Kara's bottom. It would be a little better if Elisha were a couple of inches shorter – then her eyes would even with Kara's asshole. And it has Elisha's nose about two inches behind the tips of Kara's still-glowing cheeks.

"Newbie, tease this thing's bottom... sweetly," I softly instruct Elisha. There's no reason to be firm or commanding with her. Elisha is too eager to obey.

"Yes, my Queen," Elisha answers in a very soft and muted voice. Only because her face is so close to Kara's bottom. Elisha knows what I want her to do. She moves leisurely, not rushing anything, to bring her hands up to Kara's bottom. Elisha's long fingers are tender and gentle with Kara's sore bottom. She doesn't touch the glowing red skin. Instead, Elisha softly slips the tips of her fingers into Kara's narrow crack.

Elisha quickly, and easily, pushes Kara's cheeks aside to bare her freshly-used asshole. I'll bet that's still a little tender from the dildo. I'm pretty sure that was Kara's first anal experience. She definitely acted like it was.

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Once Kara's tightly cinched ring is fully exposed, Elisha simply leans her head forward a little, wiggling her shoulders to adjust her position, and puts her silky soft lips to Kara's asshole. Directly atop the still-hot, darker flesh. Elisha parts her soft lips slightly, opening them just enough. The Elisha pushes the tip of her tongue out, putting its rounded point to the rim of Kara's asshole. To the edge of the pinpoint of darkness right at the center. Elisha begins slowly drawing her tongue around the nervy flesh, caressing Kara's ring with her tongue's wet softness.

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!" Kara stiffens to steel the instant she feels Elisha's tongue on her. I see her hands snap hard against the strap that holds them up and unusable. Her hips jump into high gear, thrashing hard from side to side. That does nothing to ease the stimulation - Elisha's head moves right with Kara's bottom. Elisha merely grips Kara's globes a little tighter so they don't pull from her fingers.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!" Kara goes on screeching out, her voice a near scream. And very erotically charged. She shivers crisply as she squirms around on her feet. And goosebumps are now covering every bit of her bottom, mound, and pubes. "STOP!!!! OH, FUCK, STOP!!!!"

I'd never let a toy tell me to stop. I even warned Kara that I'd ignore her if she asked me to. Elisha knows that I'd never stop. I don't need to tell her to keep right on going. Elisha just keeps slowly tracing a line around the rim of Kara's asshole.

Kara's asshole spasms. It snaps hard to full tension but then relaxes just as fully before snapping hard to impossible tightness again. Those tiny fractions of a second of looseness are enough. It allows the tip of Elisha's tongue to slip right into the funneling atop Kara's asshole and caress even more of that hungry flesh.

In about two seconds, Kara's head is hanging back again, her jaw gaping. Only now she's not moaning. She's screeching loud "OOH!s" over and over again as she

shudders hard. It takes about two more seconds for me to see the first drop of honey fall from her slit.

I let Kara have about half a minute of that. It's about 29 seconds more than I needed. I really just wanted Elisha's saliva to wet and lubricate Kara's ring. But since Kara so obviously enjoys Elisha's tongue... I don't see any reason not to entertain myself by watching her shiver, thrash, and screech for a moment.

Then I tell Elisha "diddle that filthy thing." It's an instruction Elisha's had enough times before. She doesn't hesitate to pull her lips back from Kara's asshole but still keeps her face close.

Kara loosens up instantly but keeps shivering. Instead of screeching, now she pants to catch her breath.

Kara gets about a second, maybe close to two, to calm down. That's how long it is before the tip of Elisha's long, slender finger is lightly touching the ring of Kara's asshole. And pressing firmly, but also gently, against the rubbery hard muscle. It doesn't take long at all for Elisha to win out. Not with Kara's asshole so well teased, and its flesh so slippery with Elisha's saliva. Quickly Elisha's ungloved finger is pushing right into Kara's snug ring, casually stretching Kara as it slips inside her bottom.

Elisha knows the technique. She slips every bit of her finger into Kara. Kara barely manages to grunt once and that's only as Elisha's finger stretches the muscle. Then Elisha presses slightly forward with the pad of her finger, pushing the so-thin wall of Kara's rectum snugly against the backside of Kara's hungry pussy. Elisha starts moving her finger, holding the light pressure, in tiny circles. Her finger moves Kara's rectum with it, easily, and uses Kara's bowels to tease Kara's pussy.

"UHHHH!!!!!!!" Kara blurts out the loudest, most hungry, and sultriest, of moans. She doesn't exactly tense to steel, but she does stiffen up, shivering harder than ever as she does. And her hips are thrashing again. Only now her bottom pokes back a bit toward Elisha's face. At least until her bottom bumps against Elisha's nose. As if Kara

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wants to grind her bottom against Elisha. "OH, FUCK! YES, MAKE ME CUM! UHHHHH!"

I doubt... I know Kara won't last long like this. She's too close to orgasm. Her weeping pussy tells me all I need to know. As if her guttural moans didn't.

I snap my fingers and point to a place in front of Kara. "There, mousy," I say firmly.

Kara is oblivious to everything. Her head hangs limply back, lolling from side to side with her thrashes. It keeps her seeing the ceiling. And not noticing as Lindsey comes over and drops to her knees. Or as Lindsey scoots forward a little, until her face is a mere two inches from Kara's pubes. It has Lindsey in the same position as Elisha, only in front of Kara. And with her eyes an inch or so lower, since Lindsey isn't as tall as Elisha.

"Diddle it, mousy," I command Lindsey in a soft, but steely firm, voice. I don't want Lindsey to hesitate, even though I just told her to play with her mother's pussy. Essentially I've told her to have sex with her mom, albeit in a fairly less intimate way than possible. That's a line, a taboo, that some have a real problem crossing, even when they secretly want to.

Lindsey doesn't hesitate. I just don't know if it's her obedient nature or the firmness of the command that gets her moving. Or maybe the so-obvious need of Kara and the knowledge that this is the only release I will allow Kara. Whatever motivates Lindsey, in about a second she has the pad of her upturned finger lightly against the pounding hard nub of Kara's clit.

And then Lindsey's finger is moving. It moves in the same tiny circle that Elisha's is. Kara's pussy is sloppy wet, so much so that Lindsey's finger glides over the tip of the nub on the oily film so lightly that Kara's nub never moves. It just stays there, poking out from its knotty nest, allowing Lindsey to tease it.

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!" Kara screams out a squeaky, loud, and pleading moan. Her hips now snap as they thrash. I thought they might grind against Lindsey's finger,

but instead, her hips are still thrusting back as they wiggle. Now they thrust sharply, ramming her bottom back against Elisha's finger. Almost trying to drive Elisha's finger deeper into her. It can't, all of Elisha's finger is already inside Kara's bottom.

Kara's breasts are bouncing everywhere as she trembles and squirms. I reach out and grab hold of one, squeezing it hard. Hard enough for it to be rather uncomfortable for Kara. I hope hard enough to get me Kara's attention but that's hard to tell. She doesn't even react to the squeeze.

"Say thank you to newbie for fingering your filthy butt, and *then* thank mousy for diddling your sloppy cum dumpster. Once you've done that like a proper whore bitch, you may cum if you can stay on your feet while you do, *BITCH*."

"Thank you, newbie, for finger fucking my disgustingly filthy ass, Ma'am, and making it so fucking good!" Kara screeches out, her voice a throaty moaning broken by countless deep grunts. "And thank you, mousy, for diddling my sloppy cum dumpster pussy for me and making me have to cum right fucking now, Ma'am.

"May this prissy bitch please be allowed to cum now, Ma'am?" I guess Kara took Lindsey's earlier warnings to heart. Better to be safe and ask than assume and pay for it.

"Did you cum that time, 20 years ago, when you made that mousy little bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Kara cries out.

"Then ask it to watch as you show it how you came like trash while you made it. You may cum when it agrees to watch closely."

"Mousy, baby, please, please, please!" Kara blurts out, urgently begging "Watch me cum just like I did when your father fucked me like a trashy whore and we made you! Watch me closely, mousy, please, watch how I cum!"

"Yes, prissy," Lindsey tells her.

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I move very quickly. I shove Lindsey's head forward a little until her nose is in the crease of Kara's thighs and her eyes are about ¼" from Kara's weeping slit. And I hold her head there. I barely have Lindsey's head in place before Kara lets go. At least Lindsey doesn't resist me at all.

Kara screams "YES!". Her hips thrust back hard, once, ramming her bottom back with all her might. It smashes her fiery red globes firmly into Elisha's face. But it doesn't move Elisha. Elisha doesn't let it. Kara shudders hard, her body squirming wildly as she does.

And then, less than a second later, Kara's pussy spasms hard, shooting a huge gob of her honey out, past her folds, through her slit. It lands on Lindsey's face, right next to her eye. It's far less than another second before Kara's hard snapping pussy is shooting out another dollop of honey, and then another.

Kara's knees buckle several times. As they do, Kara's hips drop a couple of inches. That drives Kara's pussy mound onto Lindsey's face, dropping it against Lindsey's eye and cheekbone. Hard enough to push Lindsey's head down with Kara's hips. Kara's overly sloppy mound crashing into Lindsey's face splats even more of Kara's honey onto Lindsey's face. Then Kara's pussy grinds against Lindsey's face, smearing the honey around. Even into Lindsey's hair a little. And then, as Kara's hip rises up, her knees recovering, I can see the disgust on Lindsey's face. Perfect. I can see that Lindsey keeps teasing Kara's clit properly, too.

Kara grunts out sweet "UH!-Ahhhh!s" over and over as she cums. She squirms hard, straining the bonds that hold her hands, wiggling every which way, and weeping honey. Her orgasm lasts a good minute. Maybe a little longer. I watch as each wave crashes over her, sending fresh crisp shivers over her body. And fresh icy-hot sparks through her body, racing along every nerve from her pussy.

Finally, Kara starts to slow down. Then she starts panting hard and fast. Harder than a dog after a 10-mile race. And shivering as she does.

Kara has the most blissful, dreamy look on her face. Her eyes are closed. Her body loosens until there isn't a tiny bit of tension left in it. She looks well sated.

"Mousy, newbie, trade," I quietly instruct them. If Kara hears the command, she doesn't react to it. I doubt Kara is listening, though. I'd bet anything she's sure that she's done now. After all, she's barely staying on her feet, her body waving and wobbling everywhere on her rubbery legs.

Elisha quickly, and gently, slips her finger from Kara's bottom. Now Kara's bottom offers no resistance. Even her asshole is fully relaxed and stays that way as Elisha's finger draws along it. It doesn't take but a couple seconds for the girls to swap places. I doubt Kara notices that, either.

I tell Lindsey to tease Kara's asshole. I see Lindsey's face wrinkle up in disgust as she hears the command. More so than it usually does. I guess she wanted to leave at least this bit of her mother unexplored. Oops. As if I'd care. But Lindsey doesn't hesitate to obey.

In well under a second she has Kara's glowing cheeks stretched wide open and her lips on Kara's now loose ring. And then Lindsey's tongue is moving forward.

Unfortunately for Kara, Kara is so busy drifting in her afterglow that she doesn't notice what's happening to her until it's too late. With Kara's asshole fully relaxed, Lindsey's tongue is easily able to slip into the funneling. And stay there. Where it's not caressing the rim, as Elisha's tongue did, but more the short tunnel of Kara's ring. Any deeper and the tip of Lindsey's tongue would pass through Kara's asshole and emerge into Kara's rectum. But just before that happens, Kara's body instinctively tenses her asshole, squeezing Lindsey's tongue in Kara's hole's grasp. But that grip isn't hard enough to stop Lindsey's tongue from caressing Kara's asshole.

With a wave from me to cue her, Elisha's finger is already resting atop Kara's still throbbing clit. I can see the little nub pounding, so I know Elisha can feel it. I'd bet she

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can see it. I know she can see the honey still slowly weeping from Kara's slit. From the pussy that no one touched to make Kara cum.

"EEEEEEEE!" Kara suddenly blurts out a very nervous, very erotically-charged cry, as she feels Lindsey's tongue start to caress her asshole. "OH, FUCK NO! NO! STOP! I CAN'T DO IT AGAIN! STOPPPPP!!!!!!!"

And then Elisha's finger is so slowly and softly gliding over the tip of Kara's nub that Kara's words fade into a primal grunting, screeching, almost squeaky, moan. And Kara is back to her intense shivering and thrashing hard squirms.

"UH!" Kara grunts with all her breath. "I. Can't!... UH!" But that's the last objection Kara raises. She starts screeching her needy, hot moans again.

I just watch as Kara squirms and suffers the sweet agony. I know what she's feeling. Her pussy, still twitching from her first climax is almost too sensitive now. Too tender to be touched. But nothing is touching it. Her clit is just as tender, but with all that creamy honey on it, Elisha's not really touching it. Her finger is gliding too deftly over it. It will be sending fresh lances of icy-hot sparks shooting from her pussy and racing over every nerve she has, tingling their way through her body. Only now those sparks will be hotter, tingle her more sharply, and tease her more intensely. It will feel better, but also almost feel like it's too much for her to handle. Yet I'm not giving her a choice but to stand there, thrashing about, as these two girls quickly push her pussy back to the cusp of a second climax.

"Prissy, have you ever cum more than once before?" I ask Kara.

"NOOOOOOO!" Kara screams out. "MA'AM!"

"Oh, well," I teasingly tell Kara. Then I move a foot. I put my shoe down atop one of Kara's feet, stepping down lightly and pinning her foot to the floor. It's my way of letting Kara know that her feet are staying put. And so is she. I hope Kara realizes that this is about to be her first multiple orgasms. She's going to cum again.

It doesn't even take her long. Probably not even another minute, although I'm not timing her. By then I can see Kara's pussy weeping a steady little rivulet of honey. I just nod for Elisha to get her close-up view. I don't really care if Elisha watches Kara's pussy cum or not. But I want Elisha's face under Kara's pussy. I want Kara to feel her pussy grinding hard against Elisha as Kara cums. Elisha doesn't hesitate. I think I even see a trace of a smirk on Elisha's face.

"Mousy, finger fuck it," I firmly tell Lindsey.

Lindsey quickly pulls her lips back from Kara's asshole. But with Elisha teasing Kara's clit, Kara doesn't show any relief. Kara goes right on screeching and squirming.

A split second later, the tip of Lindsey's finger, without a glove, is against the rubbery ring of Kara's asshole. Kara's loose, unresisting asshole this time. Lindsey's finger easily pushes into Kara's ring, gently stretching her loose muscle around it. Kara doesn't even grunt this time.

But Kara screeches louder than ever the instant she feels Lindsey's finger moving. As I've told Lindsey to do, Lindsey starts stroking Kara's bottom with her finger. She moves leisurely, not rushing, and not being rough. She pushes every bit of her finger into Kara's bottom, keeping her finger angled so that the pad of her finger is putting a light pressure forward. So that her finger is stroking the backside of Kara's pussy walls as it pushes into her. All the way into Kara's bottom, until Lindsey, doesn't have any finger left to put in. Lindsey reverses, drawing her finger steadily back out of Kara's bottom just as smoothly. She uses her finger to stroke Kara's pussy this time, too. She draws her finger almost all the way out of Kara's bottom, until only the tip of Lindsey's finger is left surrounded by the thick ring of Kara's asshole, but not beyond it. And then Lindsey reverses again. And again.

With a cue from me, Lindsey starts picking up the pace of her finger. In about half a minute, she's thrusting

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her finger fast and hard into Kara's asshole. Ramming it into Kara as powerfully as a finger can ram. While keeping up the light pressure against Kara's pussy.

This time I notice that Kara's asshole is not tightening up. Instead, it's fully relaxed. Her muscle lies soft and rubbery as Lindsey's finger slams through it. Kara is the opposite of relaxed. She screeches guttural cries. She wiggles, shivers, and thrashes as if swept away in the waves of a sweet orgasm. Only Kara has yet to cum. But she's there.

I tell her to ask Lindsey to take care of her first. I don't mention Elisha or Kara's release. I just tell her to beg Lindsey.

"MOUSY, PLEASE, PLEASE, FUCK MY DISGUSTING SHITTY ASS LIKE THAT! PLEASE, MOUSY, FUCK MY FILTHY ASS FOR ME! OH, FUCK ME THAT'S TOO FUCKING GOOD!"

And then I wait a few seconds before having Kara beg Elisha to "diddle sloppy slut hole and make her cum like a filthy whore." Which Kara doesn't hesitate to do.

Then I make the screeching Kara, who squirms so hard she can barely stay on her feet, wait a little longer. But then I tell her to cum.

Kara does. Instantly. I watch her bottom slam back hard, knocking into Lindsey's face hard enough to throw Lindsey's shoulders back a little. I watch Kara's pussy spasm and shoot fresh dollops of honey, this time onto Elisha's face. I watch Kara's knees buckle, coming far closer to giving out from under Kara, and drop Kara's pussy firmly onto Elisha's face. I watch Kara's pussy grind energetically against Elisha's face, shamelessly fucking herself on it. And we all hear Kara screaming out loudly as she does it all.

This time Kara's orgasm goes on for more like three minutes. Not only does it last three times as long, but it seems to be three times as hard. I know I see Kara's shoulders bucking forward and back, throwing Kara's head and hair around wildly.

As Kara's orgasm finally begins to ebb, Kara just barely gets back up to her feet. And then she almost falls over to her side several times. She wobbles dangerously.

I can see both Elisha and Lindsey grinning a little at that. And now I don't hesitate at all. As Kara's orgasm is still ebbing, I instruct the girls to switch again. It puts Lindsey back on her knees in front of Kara's pussy, and Elisha behind Kara's bottom.

Kara has barely stopped screeching. She pants even faster than before, and she's only managed about two pants before Elisha's lips are back against Kara's asshole. Kara's very relaxed asshole. Kara doesn't even react as Elisha pushes her tongue into Kara's rubbery ring.

But then Kara screams as Elisha's tongue starts slowly circling around Kara's asshole. And now Kara, who couldn't be any looser, is rubbery enough that Elisha's tongue is licking every last bit of her asshole. I wouldn't be surprised if the tip of Elisha's tongue was even just beyond the inside rim of Kara's ring.

And I have Lindsey's finger back on Kara's clit just as quickly. Last time Kara had a few seconds to cool down and start to catch her breath. This time, she's not even completely through her orgasm when the girls are pushing her towards the next.

"OW! PLEASE, MA'AM, IT HURTS! STOP!" Kara screeches out loudly, her body instantly back at full thrashing squirm.

I ignore Kara. I let her screech, and ask for mercy one more time. After that, Kara just moans out more hungry grunts as the girls very quickly push her to a third climax. I suspect for the first several seconds it does feel as if it hurts Kara. Her nerves have got to be on fire. So sensitive that any touch overstimulates them, and her brain interprets that as painful. But only for a few seconds. After that, it's pure sweet agony for Kara.

I let Kara alone for a moment while the girls push her back toward a climax. It does not take them long. Probably not even a minute. And this time, there's a

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decent-sized rivulet of honey flowing from Kara's pussy. Her pussy has got to be twitching sharper than it ever has. It's enough that I can see her mound quivering as the muscles behind it snap. And I can see her loose folds jiggling. But I can barely see her huge breasts. Her shoulders are squirming so wildly that her breasts fly about, almost in a blur.

I have no doubt that Kara is ready to cum again. Just as I have no doubt that if I don't let her, it won't be too long before she does anyway. Time to torment!

"Does my pussy want to cum again, bitch?"

"YES, MA'AM!"

"Is my pussy going to cum hard?"

"YES, MA'AM."

"Harder than when you made my mousy bitch?"

"YES, MA'AM!!!"

"Do you want your baby girl to make you cum harder than its worthless daddy's dick ever did?"

"YES, MA'AM!"

"Beg my mousy bitch."

"Please, mousy, please!" Kara instantly cries out. "I'm going to have the best orgasm of my fucking life! Please, mousy, please baby, please give it to me! Please, diddle my filthy pussy and make that sloppy old thing cum so hard. Make it cum harder than your daddy's tiny dick ever thought about! Please, baby, please I swear I will!"

Then I tell Kara to beg Elisha to keep tonguing her asshole. Kara forgets everything. The shy, reserved, prissy middle-aged mother is gone. There's nothing left but the shameless gutter slut. "EAT MY ASS, NEWBIE! PLEASE, NEWBIE, SHOVE YOUR TONGUE ALL THE FUCKING WAY UP MY FILTHY ASS AND LICK MY SHITTY BUTT! FUCK MY ASS WITH THAT INCREDIBLE TONGUE, NEWBIE, PLEASE!"

Elisha doesn't answer. It's not like she could with her tongue in Kara's asshole. But Elisha keeps going. She doesn't change a thing. She keeps leisurely caressing the

tingling, needy nerves of Kara's asshole with her hot, silky, wet tongue.

"I know what my pussy wants!" I blurt out very excitedly. And loudly. What I really want is to see if Kara has truly left her shame behind. If she's that into her pussy right now, that nothing else even enters her thoughts. "It wants mousy to bite its clit. Hard. Beg mousy to, prissy."

Kara doesn't hesitate. The instant I've told her what to do, Kara screams out a hungry, pleading, sultry and throaty cry. "MOUSY, PLEASE BABY! PLEASE BITE MY QUEEN'S PUSSY. BITE THAT CLIT AS HARD AS YOU CAN. PLEASE MOUSY, BITE ME HARD!!!!!!!!!!!! BITE THAT FILTHY CUNT!"

I just tap the back of Lindsey's head as Kara is begging. That's all the cue Lindsey needs. I see the utter revulsion blossom on her face. And then I see her mouth open wide. For an instant, her lips surround Kara's pulsing hard clit and Lindsey's fingertip. Then Lindsey's fingertip slips from under Lindsey's lips.

"OW!" Kara screams out loudly. I can see Lindsey's jaw closing, her teeth biting against Kara's steely nub. Kara's body snaps to full tension. And then some. She tenses so much, and so fast, that as her bottom is slamming back into Elisha's face, her shoulders are flying forward and down. That pulls her clit right out of Lindsey's lips. But it's too late for Kara. Her knees buckle as the first wave of an orgasm hits her like a tsunami.

The wave crashes into Kara so hard that her body jerks as if it were lying on live wires. Without her knees, her hips keep dropping. Her shoulders being so far forward has her fairly unbalanced when her legs give. Kara drops this time. She drops, her stomach crashing down onto the top of Lindsey's head. But then Kara's legs tense, lifting her bottom back up. Without her hands, Kara doesn't have a prayer of lifting her shoulders. Instead, her legs propel her forward, right over Lindsey's back.

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Kara lands on the top of her head, her body draped over Lindsey's head, her feet kicking around wildly. It takes another second for Kara to fall to her side, crashing to the floor. But finally off Lindsey.

Kara lies there, twitching, spasming, and jerking with every lightning-sharp tingle of sparks. With every wave of orgasm flowing through her body. She lies there almost silent, merely panting hard for breath, but not even moaning. Her pussy twitches as sharply as the rest of her, pumping out dollop after dollop of honey. Most land on her thighs, where her thrashing legs smear it around. But the first dollop landed on the top of Lindsey's head. And that's where I'm going to leave it for now.



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Kara is now utterly useless. She's totally done for the night. She's still lying on the floor with her eyes closed. She's breathing deep, slow breaths now. But she's still twitching as she lies there. And her slit is still slowly weeping honey. It's been a few minutes, but Kara isn't quite finished with her climax yet.

I have no doubt that this is by far the longest and most intense orgasm of Kara's life. For now, she's not thinking about that. Or anything else. She's lying there, basking in the sweetness flooding through every cell of her body. Only later, much later, will she start thinking about the orgasm. Or more precisely, how she got to it. How it was women who gave it to her. Anally. And how her daughter bit her. I doubt she'll remember all the details, like her pussy grinding against Lindsey's face. I know she'll never ask Lindsey about it. Or Elisha.

With Kara so done for the night, it only leaves me one thing to do. I don't want to send Lindsey and Elisha away without some relief of their own. I don't have to ask if they need it. I know both of them do. I can see it. Lindsey might have been disgusted to touch her mother, more to use her mouth, but it did nothing to soften Lindsey's stiff nipples or aching pussy. And Elisha's just as eager.

It's really too late for me to worry about their school work tonight, which is what I'd originally summoned them for. I'll bring them back over another day for that. It will get done. But tonight went off-plan the minute Lindsey questioned me. That I just couldn't let go. Lindsey needed to suffer some serious consequences for that. Like tasting her mother's bottom.

I decide to offer them a quick relief. At least quick by my standards. I never allow anything to be too quick here. But I don't intend to draw it out too much or make them work too hard for it. I still want to get rid of them by 21:00, and that's only about 20 minutes from now.

With a snap of my fingers, I summon Elisha to stand before me. She's quickly in place. It just happens that

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she's also about four inches from Kara. OK, maybe I planned that, too. I have Elisha's bottom facing towards Kara's head.

And then, with another snap of my fingers, I summon Lindsey over. I tell her to stand in front of Elisha, facing her roommate. I have them stand close together. There are no more than about two inches between the tips of their noses. The tips of their toes are touching. Their breasts would be, especially with Elisha's being ample, but Lindsey is a bit shorter so that has the top curve of her breasts just below the bottom curves of Elisha's. It also has Lindsey facing in the direction of Kara's head. Not that Lindsey can see Kara. Not with her standing so close to Elisha. She won't be seeing anything but Elisha.

I tell the girls to put their hands softly on each other's hips. Both quickly do. Neither mind touching the other. They used to be very uneasy about it, at first, but once I had them eat each other's pussy, they quickly grew accustomed to touching each other. And enjoying the release that usually came with it.

I tell Lindsey to put her finger to Elisha's clit. Not to do anything more than that, just to put it there. The pad of her finger squarely, but lightly, atop Elisha's clit. Once Lindsey does that, I stall for a second or three and then tell Elisha to put her finger to Lindsey's pussy.

I don't need to tell these two what I expect of them in detail as I would with Kara. These two have been mine long enough that they already know what I expect. So they stand there, silent and still, with their fingers lightly on each other's pussy, and just wait for instructions. They both keep their eyes open, and forward, looking directly at each other. With scant inches between those eyes, they're not seeing much else, either.

"Both of you bitches, diddle," I tell them. I don't need to make that command firm.

Both immediately know what I want them to do. They start moving their fingers in leisurely, tiny circles. Just as they both did to Kara. Neither puts much pressure.

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As soon as their fingers start moving, I see them start glistening with a coat of honey. Those pussies are going to be sloppy wet.

Both try hard not to show the blossoming urgency building in their pussies. And then in their entire bodies. They both know that I expect them to stand there. Not to squirm around like a gutter whore. Like Kara did. I know that won't happen. But I enjoy making them fight themselves as long as possible. It wouldn't even be any fun to watch if they stood there like statues when they came.

For the first couple of seconds (OK, short seconds), they don't show much of anything. Then I hear it before I see it. Both girls start breathing deeper, and slower, measuring their breaths as they resist the urge to fidget. Their breaths quickly grow deeper, and noisy, as they do.

A few more seconds and I can see their nipples starting to strain. Pulling up even tenser as they stiffen harder. That wrinkles the colored rings around them, raising up little lines like mountain ridges. Those send goosebumps erupting and spreading out, flowing across their breasts.

Almost as quickly I can see more of those goosebumps starting to flow up their pubes. By then their pussy mounds are already covered with them. Those steadily rise and cover their bare pubes. A mere second or so later, before their pubes are even $\frac{1}{4}$ covered, I see the little bumps spreading onto the glowing hot pink flesh of their bottoms. That looks so cute covered in goosebumps as it stings them.

Now I hear a bit of raspiness creeping into their breaths. And I can see the first shivering quivers rack them. It doesn't take long for those quivers to turn into strong tremors, either. Barely long enough for their breaths to take on a decidedly moaning note.

I can see their hands, as they rest on the other's hip, now gripping it firmly. I can see the tension in their arms, too. Really their entire bodies. I can see the glimmering

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wetness on their pussy mounds, too. I can even see their toes trying to curl. But they end up just tensed, pressing hard against the floor.

It's been less than a minute. Not even that close to a minute, really. There are no clocks in the playroom, so neither of these two will have a clue how much time has passed. But both know that I have a five-minute rule. I will not even consider allowing an orgasm before a bitch has been diddling for five full minutes. Or in this case, is diddled. And that's five well-behaved minutes.

Not that it matters. They're not allowed to cum until I tell them to. They're not allowed to ask to cum, either. Not even to hint. It doesn't matter if the five minutes are up or not. When I am ready for them to cum, I will tell them to cum. When I do, I expect to watch an orgasm right then, not ten seconds later.

But what I really like watching is what I'm watching now. These two are both so clearly suffering a very sweet agony as they hold back a climax. I love seeing the way they fidget and squirm. And hearing their so needy moans as they try to stifle them, and fail miserably.

I love watching as they try to stand still despite the crisp shivering shudders flowing over them. As their hips squirm, the squirms steadily growing more pronounced and sharper.

Now I'm treated to the sight of their firm bottoms, too. Both are firm and rounded. Neither has much of any looseness to it. But both jiggle just slightly as their hips wiggle harder and harder. And with their cheeks glowing that bright, deep shade of angry pink that announces to the world that those bottoms are still sharply stinging. I'd bet the flesh of those globes is still burning lightly, too. Both endured a rather stern punishment tonight.

And I get to watch as their breasts jiggle. Elisha's larger ones, also a little softer, dancing a little more than Lindsey's smaller ones. But with the girls standing so closely together, Elisha's breasts are touching Lindsey's with every bounce. Mostly it's the tender underside of

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Elisha's spongy mounds glancing over the slightly firmer top sides of Lindsey's. And sometimes brushing against Lindsey's stiff nipples as they do.

I give them a little time, waiting until the five minutes has about half passed. Then I gently put my hand to Lindsey's quivering red bottom and softly caress her globe. "Does this bottom sting, mousy?" I ask her in a very teasing voice.

"Yes, my Queen. This bitch's bottom stings it very badly, Ma'am."

"Why is that bottom so sore, bitch?"

"Because this mousy bitch was so stupid and questioned you, My Queen. This bitch is very sorry for not immediately obeying its summons without question, Ma'am." Lindsey apologizes again.

I take hold of Lindsey's wrist, lifting her hand off Elisha's hip for a second. I can feel the tension in her muscles, but she tries hard not to offer me any resistance. Even as her hands try to tense back up into a fist. But it's only for a second. I put Lindsey's hand on Elisha's bottom. Lindsey can't help herself. There's just too much tension flooding her body for her not to tense her hand up and grip Elisha's globe. Elisha doesn't really show it, but I know with her sore cheeks, she can feel Lindsey's finger biting into her cheek.

"Is that bottom stinging sharply, too, mousy?"

"Yes, My Queen," Lindsey answers.

"And why is newbie's bottom stinging it so badly, mousy?"

"Because I was a naughty bitch, my Queen, and newbie didn't stop me and make this bitch behave, Ma'am."

"Whose fault is it that newbie's bottom is hurting so much?"

"It's this bitch's fault, my Queen," Lindsey answers, and this time, even though her hungry moaning voice, I can hear a bit of shame in her voice. Enough that I know she feels bad about getting her roommate spanked.

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"And whose fault is it that your mommy got spanked until she cried like a baby?"

"It's this bitch's fault, my Queen."

I move Lindsey's hand back to Elisha's hip.

"Your mommy's pussy is very disgustingly slutty, isn't it, mousy?"

"Yes, my Queen."

"Did you get a very good look at that filthy thing?"

"Yes, my Queen."

"Did you pay very close attention when mommy showed you how she fucked your daddy?"

"Yes, my Queen." Now I can really hear the mix of shame and revulsion lacing through Lindsey's moans.

"How does mommy's sloppy skank pit taste?"

"My mommy's pussy tastes sweet, and very hot, my Queen."

"I suppose those sopping wet little cum dumpsters are just throbbing for an orgasm, too?"

"Yes, my Queen," Both answer quickly in unison.

"Fine, go ahead and cum all over each other like the trashy roommate whores you bitches are."

"Yes, my Queen!!!" Both moan out loudly.

And then both screech loud primal moans as they climax. Both look about the same as they cum, too. Squirming around on their feet, hips thrashing wildly, pussies all but dripping their honey. And both screech loudly through them.

Lindsey takes longer to cum than Elisha. About twenty seconds longer. As I've taught them, neither stops diddling the other's pussy. They're not allowed to until I tell them to. But this is the first time I've had them diddle each other at the same time.

It leaves Lindsey still masturbating Elisha after Elisha has finished her orgasm. Lindsey's finger goes right on as if Elisha hadn't climaxed. And that has Lindsey's finger so sweetly teasing Elisha's too-sensitive clit as her orgasm ebbs. It has Elisha shuddering hard and crying out sweet, but tormented moans.

Finally, Lindsey finishes her climax. Only then do I tell the girls to stop. Immediately they stop rubbing but leave their fingers in place. I tell Elisha to bring her finger up to Lindsey's lips. And then to shove all of her finger into Lindsey's mouth. Elisha does, leaving her finger there.

The same finger that's now coated with a thick layer of Lindsey's oily honey. The finger that's now lying softly atop Lindsey's tongue, letting Lindsey get a very good taste of her own pussy.

I tell Lindsey to give Elisha her finger the same way. Lindsey does, and now Elisha gets to taste her pussy as well. I leave them standing that way for several long seconds, their fingers in the other's mouth. Tasting their own pussy on their friend's finger.

And then I tell them to stop acting like such trashy sluts. I have the pair of them line up, standing side by side. Standing properly, hands behind their back, even as their rubbery legs are still a bit unsteady. I have them standing with a mere inch between their hips, and maybe two inches between their shoulders. It's close enough that if either wobbles, their bodies touch. Eyes forward and silent, too.

Now I turn my attention back to Kara. It's been several minutes since her orgasm ebbed away. But Kara is still lying loose, relaxed, and completely inert. Still basking in the sweet afterglow of her orgasm.

I pick up my crop as I step over to Kara. I use it to lightly tap her breasts. On the sides of her mounds. "Mmm..." Kara purrs softly, as if asleep, with the first couple of taps. Then, as the taps start to grow a little firmer, but still not hard enough to leave a pink spot on her mound, Kara mumbles a little "ow" under her breath.

Kara's eyes pop open as she realizes what's happening.

I snap for Kara to stop acting like a slut and get to her feet. I stand there as Kara starts to rise. Her movements are fairly uncoordinated and rubbery. She

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struggles to get her feet under her. She wobbles a little once she's up.

I put Kara in the line. Beside Elisha, not Lindsey. And I make sure that Kara is just as close to Elisha as Lindsey is to Elisha's other side. But I do remind Kara that she's to stand still and silent, eyes forward.

"Whose prissy bitch are you, prissy?"

"Yours... my Queen," Kara answers in a voice I've yet to hear from her. It's a little hushed, a lot embarrassed, and even more demure. It's a voice I'd expect from a playtoy.

I firmly, but softly, tell Kara the new way of things. She has proven to me that I cannot trust her around Lindsey. She tried to distract Lindsey from her studies tonight. Since mousy belongs to me, I will not tolerate it being distracted. "Well, you wanted to see mousy tonight, so you did get your wish. You got to see *all* of my mousy little bitch!" I tell her with a little teasing giggle.

From now on, Kara may not communicate with Lindsey. Not even an email or a text. Instead, she may text messages to Elisha, and Elisha will pass them along when it won't interfere with Lindsey's studies, and if they're "appropriate." If Lindsey wishes to tell Kara anything, she may politely ask Elisha to pass a message along. Naturally, all messages will be copied to me. By Elisha.

There are a few topics that I tell Elisha are off-limits. Lindsey and Kara may not mention Elisha, other than Kara may include a polite message to Elisha asking her to pass a message to Lindsey. Nor may they speak of sex. Nor may tonight be mentioned. Nor may they discuss the possibility of any in-person contact. And they may not mention their sore bottoms, or their pussies, in whatever they say. Ever. Elisha will not pass any such messages.

Whenever Kara wishes to visit Lindsey from now on, Kara must *first* ask me if she may be allowed the privilege of seeing her daughter. If I decide to allow it, I will tell Kara when and where to present her worthless butt. She will then be *fully* inspected. If she's up to my strict standards,

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she will then be allowed to see Lindsey. With full supervision. The visit will last however long I decide it will. And while Kara is here, just like tonight, she and her body will completely belong to me, to be used, or not, as I fancy.

While at home, which is a few hours north of here by car, Kara may not date. Not even coffee. She may not have sex with anyone, either. If she masturbates, she must do so standing on her feet, her feet opened enough so that she can put her phone on the floor between them and it gets a very good view of her pussy. That way she can make a video of it. And send me the video.

Then I tell Kara the "bad" news. She is now part of the "roommates" as I refer to Elisha and Lindsey. If any one of the three misbehaves, all three of them will be punished equally. With the biggest, most evil, smirk on my face, I tell Kara "that means if I find out you've touched that sloppy cum dumpster of *mine* without videoing it, not only will you be over my knees for it, but so will mousy and newbie. It doesn't matter that they weren't even there. Touch *my* pussy, and get your daughter spanked. Her roommate, too." I tell her that also means if Lindsey, or Elisha, misbehaves, Kara can expect to be spanked for it as well.

"Yes, my Queen," Kara says in her same demure voice, her eyes now cast slightly downward, as she accepts the rules. She doesn't question a word. She just very calmly and demurely accepts the terms.

So I push a little further. I tell Lindsey that she is to offer a written apology. Specifically, she is to write "This stupid bitch is your mousy bitch. This bitch will never question its Queen again. You own this bitch, its body, its bottom, and its slutty cum dumpster, my Queen." She is to write it 120 times. One time for each minute of my time that her disobedience has wasted making me spank her. And, since they are now a trio, both Elisha and Kara may write the same, changing only one word: "mousy" to "newbie" and "prissy" respectively. They will do this tonight. I don't care if it's late. My toys email me every

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morning before 06:00, when I look, I'd better see their "assignments."

For Kara's benefit, I tell her that it is to be handwritten. Neatly. Penmanship counts. I do not allow cross-outs and erasures. I expect it in ink. If I can't read one letter on a page, the page does not count. If there's one cross-out, erasure, or even a stray mark on a page, the entire page does not count. I don't care if her hand gets so tired that it cramps. She can then take a clear picture of her handwritten pages and email that.

"Yes, my Queen," Kara demurely accepts the punishment.

I tell Kara what I expect to read in her morning emails. And that I expect emails from her now, too. Kara accepts that as well.

"My slave will show you to the door," I tell them. I unlock the file cabinet with their clothes in it and tell Sophie to allow them to dress, one at a time, and show them out.

I tell Sophie that Butt Monkey, her puppy, may have one treat. He likes used panties for treats. He thinks they make perfect chew toys. I tell Sophie it's her choice which of the three "naughty bitches" donates her panties to the Monkey. Then I leave them there.

Sophie brings Lindsey out first. Then Elisha. Kara is last, coming out about ten minutes after I left them there. The look on Kara's face tells me who donated her panties to the Monkey, too. Kara.

The next morning I have the email from Kara. It's polite. It's very humble. And her writing is very neat.

THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"

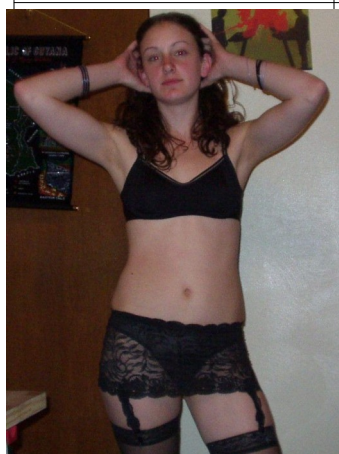
My friends, family, and slaves who appear in this story and numerous others. Only those in this story are shown.



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

Age	Height	Weight
21	5'4"	121
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	26	34

Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"



Slave-whore ("Paige")

Age	Height	Weight
21	5'7"	118
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	29	34

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



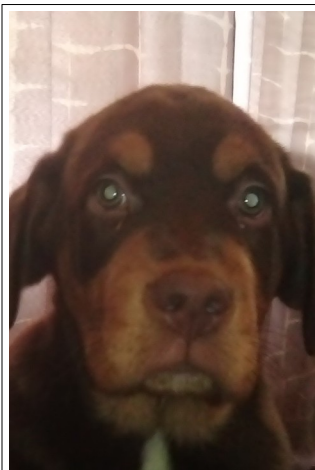
Newbie Slut-Bitch (“Elisha”)

Age	Height	Weight
20	5’7”	141
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
36-C	31	38
Debuts In: “Georgia Girl.”		



Princess Lilly

Age	Height	Weight
5 (Human)/35 (K9)	2’2”	
Hair	Eyes	
Black & White	Puppy Dog	



Prince Butt Monkey

Age	Height	Weight
13 Mo.	3'	75
Hair	Eyes	
Brown, Tan, White	Puppy Dog	

GUEST APPEARANCES

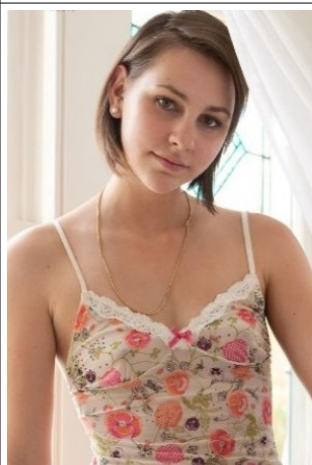
My other play toys who make an appearance in this story



Newbie Bitch (“Elisha”)

Age	Height	Weight
20	5’7”	143
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
36-C	31	38

Debuts In: “Georgia Girl”



Mousy Bitch (“Lindsey”)

Age	Height	Weight
19	5’5”	137
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Brown	Trimmed
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-C	28	36

Debuts In: “Queen Comes First, Mommy”