

*Here I Am,
Mistress!*

Nadia saran



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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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Prologue:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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put on a show on their account.

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

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

Chapter 01: Pretense

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It's late Sunday morning and I'm sitting around my living room with Izzy, my BFF #1. We're just chatting and sipping on cups of green tea served by Sophie, my 19-year-old live in slave-girl. The tea is a new blend I found online. We're talking about taking Lilly, my foster dog, to the dog park downtown to let her run and play for a while. Lilly might be a pit bull, but she's so un-pit bull-like! She's a giant furry love sponge that everyone just adores. Mostly because she's silly.

That's when Dmitri calls me. I don't know him that well. He's a good friend of my friend Nikolai. And like Nikolai, he's a Dom. I've done a favor for him twice before. I think I've met him about three times. But we're both Russian and we have the same ideas about what D/s is. So we get along well.

He tells me that a friend of his, not in the lifestyle, called him to ask for a favor. His friend has a friend who would like to "talk" to a Domme about his 18-year-old son who "seems to be interested in serving a woman." He immediately thought of me for two reasons. One, they're in Satsuma, which isn't too far from Mobile, where I live. And two, he figures the boy would appreciate a "beautiful young Domme." He tells me that his friend is an "important associate," which is Russian for "he's spending lots of money with me," and asks if I'm interested, would I talk to the boy sometime soon.

In Russia, favors are a currency more valuable than Rubles and Euros. Favors will get you far more than even Euros will, and get it for you far quicker. With far fewer questions asked, too. So naturally, I agree to do him a favor. I tell him to give them my address and tell them that the parents may bring their boy within the hour. He laughs "we'll see if they are so interested." He knows exactly what I'm doing. If they're serious, they'll be here. Satsuma isn't more than 20 minutes from here, assuming they take I-65/165, and only a fool would come any other way. If they're not so interested, they won't drop everything and rush over. No sense in wasting my time if they're just playing around. He tells me he's already texting the message along and asks me to let him know. If they're serious. If I'll accept the boy. If I send him along. If they're a waste of time. Just let him know.

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I see no reason to send Izzy away. Like me, she's cute and a 20-year-old college student. I've known her for her entire life. Literally. I met her the day she was born. Which was two months after I was born. Our moms have been BFFs far longer than that. According to Jenny, Izzy's mom, I was the first "kid" Izzy ever met. Since she was about two hours old when my mom rushed over to see Jenny, I don't doubt that.

Besides, Izzy knows that I'm a Domme. She's been here for countless sessions before. She might not have any interest in playing herself, but that doesn't mean she's opposed to having a little fun. Which mostly means watching a sub humiliated. I've found that the presence of a pretty young vanilla girl just makes it more humiliating for the sub. And my subs tend to enjoy the added embarrassment.

I do tell Izzy what might be coming over. She just laughs. Then she comments that it won't be too intense of a show today, since it's a first meeting. I tell her "you never know..." She laughs and says she's definitely hanging out.

The knock on my door comes 40 minutes later. As always, I send Sophie to answer my door. And like always, I have Sophie dressed in one of her "slave uniforms." It's a sultry all-lace dress that starts at her breasts and hugs her curvy body down to an inch beneath the bottom curve of her bottom. The lace doesn't hide much of anything. It just makes you look closer to see through it. And she doesn't have any underwear, neither bra nor panties, on under the dress. This dress is baby blue with frilly white lace fringing. She has on matching fingerless gloves. And boots with sides made of stiff lace instead of leather. Plus a plush, baby blue, horseshoe clip to hold her hair back. And obviously the pastel green, white lace fringed, collar that's locked around her neck. That never comes off. Never. Nor does the cute little dog tag on it that proclaims her to be my property.

I've only told Sophie that a "family" might be coming over. If they do, show them to the sofas in the living room. She answers the door, and not recognizing the trio as playtoys of mine, she asks what she may do for them. She's very polite, too. It's the father who answers Sophie

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and tells her that he was told "Miss Rodgers would meet with them now." Sophie brings them in and shows them to the sofas.

I nod to Sophie. She introduces me as her "Mistress, Miss Rodgers." I offer the parents a cup of tea while we chat. Both accept. I don't offer the boy anything. He says nothing. Maybe he knows his place. Maybe he just doesn't like hot tea. Boys have weird tastes! SO says the girl! Sophie serves the tea, humbly, and on her knees as a slave should. I don't have to tell her to, she's been mine long enough to know that I always expect her to serve politely. Like a slave should.

I ask them why they think their son might want to devote himself to a woman. The boy sits quietly, allowing his parents to answer for him. He seems to be a quiet boy. Not many 18-year-olds would defer to their parents without being directly told to, and even the few would. Maybe they told him to let them do the talking. It's hard to tell.

What I can tell is that the boy is decidedly average looking. Neither a football player nor a geek. Just so ordinary. I'd guess he's around 5'9" and 165 or so. He has a cute face with short sandy-blond hair and brown eyes. He's not wiry. Nor is he stocky. He's so average! But he does seem to be on the quiet side. Not that it's a bad thing.

This time it's mom that answers for him. She tells me that he doesn't seem too interested in the girls at school. But she has caught him "looking at disgusting sites" online. Sites with a clear BDSM theme. And twice in the last week, or so, she's caught him – gasp – masturbating while looking at those things! I ask for more detail and she tells me that he was watching a video of a 20-something woman spanking a slightly younger man. And doing other things to him while she spanked him.

It's all I can do not to laugh at her. Seriously??? What 18-year-old guy hasn't surfed some porn? OK, so it was a spanking site. Big deal. So tame! Maybe he just liked the woman. It's not like ugly girls have much of a career in porn, is it? I assume not, anyway.

Dad speaks up to tell me that their son refuses to discuss it with them. The minute he opens his mouth, mom shuts her and defers to dad. But then she adds that the boy only blushes and runs away when

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they ask. She thought that maybe talking to a Domme might be enough for him to “know what it’s all about.” She doesn’t say that they hope that will be the end of it. She doesn’t have to. I can see it.

I walk over to my desk and take a seat behind it. After a few seconds, I tell the boy to come sit on the stool beside the desk. He does, but he doesn't look too excited about it. He sits like a typical teenager. I quickly, and sternly, scold him to sit up straight. To keep his eyes forward. To spread his knees wide and rest his hands on his thighs. He grumbles and doesn't look happy about it, but he straightens up. Then I tell him that he is not to move. Nor is he to speak, except to politely answer whatever he is asked. And he will answer, his parents will not. I turn to them and tell them not to say anything, to let him answer for himself.

It takes me about one minute to figure out this boy doesn't want to be anyone's playtoy. He's a young guy who has poorer-than-average luck with the girls. It's not because he's a loser, he really isn't. But he is too interested in vintage cars. And few girls share that interest. And those who do generally are more interested in cruising the beach in those cars. I allow the conversation to shift that direction, telling him about my kind-of-restored Mazda Miata convertible. He asks me if it has the traditional Wankel engine. I surprise him by knowing what that is, and more by knowing that the car does have one. With a little smile, I tell him that I had to learn a little about engines to get my pilot's license, and Wankels are used on some smaller aircraft. We chat a couple of more minutes.

But as we do, I’m no longer watching him. I’m watching mom and dad. I definitely believe they’ve gone way off on a tangent by thinking of bringing him here. I wonder why they’re even trying to manage his personal life for him. It’s almost like an arranged marriage. And I am so opposed to those!

Here’s what I see. Dad is paying attention to what the boy is saying. He seems to notice the boy light up when the conversation shifts to cars, even given my limited knowledge of cars and things mechanical.

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Mom is just the opposite. When the conversation is about sex, and especially about D/s, mom is paying close attention to me. But she seems to lose interest when the conversation shifts.

I really don't want to embarrass this boy. I think his parents have done a good enough job of that already. But now my curiosity is piqued. So I gently shift back to asking him about the video he was caught watching. I don't comment on mom hovering so closely over her 18-year-old son. He sheepishly tells me that the spanking was "OK," but what he really liked was the woman delivering it. Apparently, he tells me with a good blush on his face, she has rather ample breasts that swung around nicely. I can appreciate that. And pretty much every guy I know would appreciate that as well. But I see what I want to see. I see mom's reaction. As soon as we're back to a sexy topic, she's paying very close attention while trying to pretend she's not.

So the boy is going to suffer another minute. I ask him about the woman, and he very reluctantly tells me. I'm not really listening. I'm trying to watch mom out the corner of my eye. I'd rate her interest at about a 6. Then I ask about the spanking, how the actor was getting it. He tells me, although it's clear he doesn't want to. Now I'd rate mom's interest level closer to a 9.

And that tells me what's really going on here. And it tells me that mom so deserves a spanking. I send the boy back to sit on the sofa with his parents. Then I decide to be... me. A little sly. I ask mom if she'd come over and take the stool. I have a few questions for her since she's his "primary caregiver." She comes over very hesitantly.

But when she sits, she sits up straight. But she also keeps her knees together. Then again, few women will sit with their legs spread. Especially outside of their home. I sternly tell mom that ladies cross their legs politely when sitting. Her legs cross, and they almost fly they move so quickly.

I start with where she expects me to start. I ask about her son. It's familiar territory for her, and she's comfortable telling me about him. She talks about his non-intimate life just as any parent would talk about

their son.

I slowly shift to the topic of D/s. She keeps talking, but the conversation is still supposedly about her son. She admits that she's the one who wanted to introduce him to a Domme. She only wants him to be happy, even if it is... that way. Her words.

I ask her what she thinks of the concept of the spanking. She tells me that she could never imagine allowing anyone to spank her like that. Or at all. But if that's what he wants, "as long as he's happy..." I notice that she fidgets very slightly on the stool as I shift the conversation. As if she's trying to hide her fidgeting. As if she actually thinks I wouldn't notice! I just don't let on that I do.

I ask about her sex life on the pretense that a parent's sex life often "shapes" a child's. I have no idea if that's true or not. But my mom is a Domme, too, so it might be! She tells me, blushing slightly, that her sex life is "fine." I have to ask a couple of pointed questions before she tells me that it's vanilla. She's never played any kind of games, never wife-swapped, never done anything out of the ordinary before. And neither has her husband. He, according to her, is rather traditional. I doubt that. If he was, they wouldn't be here. He'd be more likely to drag the boy to a therapist to "cure" his "lewd desires." As if that would work! One thing I've found, people crave what they crave, and no amount of wishing is going to change it. So why try?

She finally lets her fidgeting show a little obviously when I ask if her sex life is "satisfying" for her. She assures me it is. I quietly ask when the last time she had an orgasm was, and she sheepishly tells me it was a "little while ago." I take that to mean a long while ago. She tells me that she doesn't masturbate, she doesn't find it satisfying. And she tells me that her husband is "obviously" satisfied with their sex life. I assume that she means he cums when they have sex. That's the impression I get anyway.

By now, I have no doubt what's really going on in her head. She's always had an interest in D/s and on the "s" side of it. Seeing that video affected her. Just that alone was enough to make her think her son had

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inherited her desires. And she truly does want him to be happy. She doesn't want him spending his life in an unfulfilling relationship. As she is. And, the icing on the cake, she gets to flirt around the very edges of D/s for a few minutes by dragging him here. I ought to spank her right now for using her son like that. She should have just told her husband the truth and found herself a Dom or Domme.

But I can also see that she'd never do that. She comes across as rather aloof, and rather prim. The kind of woman who is too concerned with appearances. The kind who would never dare to risk anyone thinking she was anything beyond a proper wife.

I decide to conduct a little experiment. And I know better than to give her too much time to think. If I do, she'll balk. I don't want her thinking with her "proper" mind. I want her thinking with her more primal mind. And her pussy.

Her name is Abigail. She hates it, so she shortens it to Abby, just as most women do. "Abigail," I use the hated formal version of her name, just to see the effect it has on her. She doesn't object, but I see on her face that she feels slighted that I've used it. Good. "Could you stand up for a sec?"

She doesn't ask me why. Not that I'd tell her. She stands, a little slowly, and a little reluctantly. Mostly what I see on her face is puzzlement. She's wondering why I'd ask her to get up before I've told her anything about her son. As soon as she's on her feet I ask her to turn around and face her son. She doesn't hesitate to do that. I'll bet she thinks I'm going to have one of them tell the other something about him. Or maybe render my verdict.

"Open your feet just a little, Abigail. I prefer ladies to have proper manners in my home." Again, she doesn't hesitate. She just thinks I really care about posture. And after all, this is a favor, and I'm sure they went through some trouble to arrange it. Just as I'm sure they don't have many other options.

It has her standing about three back from the little, and somewhat low, stool. It's a stool I picked out specifically to be

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uncomfortable. It's plain and simple, just a 12" round seat and four legs to support it. Just a little lower than most seats would be.

"Thank, Abigail. Now lean forward and rest your hands on the far edge of the stool. Do it now, Abigail." I tell her firmly.

Now she moves very hesitantly. But she moves. It takes her a moment, but she bends over and grips the far side of the seat. I'm sure it's not lost on her that her bottom is now poked back and out slightly towards me. I bet she wonders if I'm going to spank her.

Instead, I tell her to pick her head up and just look at her husband. It's where she'd be staring if she looks straight ahead and that's what I want. She does that. I can see the total puzzlement on her face too. The look to her husband says "I don't know what's going on here."

I guess it's time to tell Abby what's going on. And for the moment of truth, where all will be revealed. Whether I'm right or not. But I think I am. "Abigail, since you are Darren's primary care-giver, and you are supervising his sex life, it is very important that you have a good sex life yourself. You can't allow any repressed thoughts to influence you. It's clearly been a minute since you've had a good, satisfying orgasm, so before I can allow Darren, should I accept him that is, to go home under your supervision, I'll have to be satisfied that you're capable of closely monitoring my slave-boy."

I start moving my hands to Abby's waist. "This wouldn't be an issue if you were having regular, satisfying orgasms. But since you haven't had one lately, I'm going to have to check your genitals-" My hands slip under the waistband of Abby's jeans and quickly slide around to her front where I can unbutton them. "Just to ensure that you're sexually healthy yourself." By then, I've quickly unbuttoned her jeans. The zipper is flying down while she's still processing what I'm saying to her.

I pull her jeans down, stopping them around her thighs a couple of inches beneath her bottom. "Stand still, Abigail," I tell her very firmly. Then I reach up and slip my hands under the waistband of her panties. "Still," I repeat firmly as I slip her panties down and folds them over the

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waist of her jeans.

Abigail stands still. Sort of. She quivers slightly as she's bared. And I hear a sharp, and very nervous, intake of breath of her. I can see that her face first shows absolute shock, then wrinkles up quickly. But still, she stands there as I expose her.

Her husband watches her but says nothing. He looks surprised as well. As if he could never have imagined this. Never imagined Abby standing still as long as she has. But he isn't balking at it, either. It makes me wonder if he hasn't suspected something, at least subconsciously. Darren, however, looks as shocked as Abby does. He so did not expect this.

I admit, like this, I can't see too much of Abby. Certainly not as much as I'd like to. I'd like her fully naked. But that's not going to happen just yet. Abby is far too nervous and even more reserved to just get naked. I'm going to have to push her there slowly. And I so intend to, just to prove that I can! I hate sexual repression!

As she sat on the stool I could see her face. It's moderately oval, with well-rounded features. Especially her jawline. She has shoulder-length brown hair that's straight, but also full-bodied giving it a little bushiness at the bottom, as it dangles along her shoulder blades. She has a slightly wide, but softly rounded nose beneath greenish-blue eyes. And she has a decently wide mouth framed by a pair of thin, light pink lips. Abby is 43, or so she told me. She looks about that.

But from my angle, all I can see is Abby's bottom. I can see that she has full, well-rounded, and curving hips. I can see that she has equally full, and very rounded, cheeks. They look a little soft, but I don't mean flabby. Just spongy. They're full enough that they lie flush against each other, fully covering her crack. But they don't have any hang or sag to them. Instead, they have a good rounding to them, both across and as they swell out from the tops of her thighs. With Abby bending over about halfway to flat, it's pulled the skin of her globes reasonably taut.

Of course, that's not what I'm looking at. I'm looking at the puffy

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mound of her pussy between the tops of her thighs. I can see a pair of plump, long, and wide lips that are shaven, but not quite smooth. Judging by the stubble I see, I'd bet she shaved yesterday. I know she would have shaven today if she'd thought there was any chance of being seen. And I can see a few short black hairs on her pubes, just above her lips, all twined together into a short, but decently dense, fur.

I can see about half of her inner folds. They're loose and wrinkly as they rise up from the slit between those lips. A slit plenty wide enough at the front, but at the back narrow enough that her puffy outer lips are rising up as they lie against the protruding folds. There, her folds part, leaving an open gash between the about ¼" wide and right above her tunnel. At the top, her folds flow together, gently blending into a single ridgeline that completely covers her clit and its nest. All of it in a pink as light as her lips.



Chapter 02: Revelation

Chapter 02: Revelation

I move quickly. I'm still confident that if Abby gets too much time to think about what's happening to her, she's going to balk, scream, and run. Maybe in that order. Maybe she'll run first!

I put my fingers to Abby's puffy lips. I start to open them wide, pulling them gently open as I spread them fully to see everything beyond. "Abigail, just stay still and relax. This will not hurt. I'm just getting a good look at your vulva now. Relax, it will be easier for you."

Now that her lips are wide open, I can see the knotty nest of folds around her clit. And I can see the hard tip of her clit poking its eager little head up like the tip of my pinkie. And it's about the same size. It rises far enough above those loose, soft folds that I could easily get a clamp around it without touching them. But not much more than that.

And I can see the entrance of her tunnel gaping just slightly open. It shows me how spongy and soft her inner walls are. How pulpy they, are too. Spread like this, I might be able to slip a finger easily into her tunnel, but it would touch the sides all around. With just a glance I can't see all the way to her depths. But I can see a heavy coating of thin honey, almost watery, with a faint white tinge to it that clings to everything. And is just starting to pool along the bottom of her tunnel.

I quickly run my gloved fingers along her folds, feeling how loose and soft they are. They're well coated with her honey on the insides, too. And that lets me feel that her honey is oily-slick. I can smell her aroma, too. She's very lightly musky, with a tinge of sweetness, and just a hint of sweatiness to it. OK, the sweatiness is probably from sitting in the car for half an hour to get her, not part of her scent.

"There, that didn't hurt at all, did it. Now just relax and be still while I check your clitoris."

By the time I've said it, the pad of my first finger is coming to rest lightly atop her nub. The first thing I feel is how rock-hard it is. It's like pressing against a stone. There's almost zero softness to it. The second thing I notice is that I can feel it throbbing with her heartbeat. That's a certain sign of a fairly intense arousal. And I'm barely touching her nub!

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It's covered with a coating of her honey. I very tenderly stroke the pad of my finger over the gently rounded tip of her nub.

Abby instantly shudders hard. She tries to hide it. Just as she tries very hard to mute the deep, throaty "AH!" she lets out through tightly clenched teeth. It's soft, maybe her husband heard it, maybe not. But there's no denying it's a sweet moan, not a strained one. I can only imagine why she wants to hide it!

I take my finger away and Abby breathes out a relieved sigh.

I don't give her any time. Not even enough to finish her sigh before I tell her "It's really important that you stay very relaxed now, Abigail. This won't hurt. I just want to check your vagina."

As soon as I've said it the tip of my finger is gliding into her tunnel.

This time Abby can't mute herself. She blurts out a very throaty and soft "OOH!" as my finger inches into her pussy. She shudders hard, too. I doubt she notices that.

But her husband and son do. Both go wide-eyed as they see Abby's eyes close and hear the honeyed moan from her lips. Both have a good view of her face, and along the underside over her chest. But she still has her clothes on, so there's nothing for them to see. Her loose-fitting blouse hangs down enough to hide her pubes and pussy. And what I'm doing to her there.

When my finger is completely inside her tunnel, I take a fraction of a second to feel her. I feel a fiery hot heat burning in those walls. I can feel their sponginess, too. They are cuddly soft. But I can also feel the firmness of her muscles as her pussy squeezes snugly around my finger, cradling it. And I can feel a few light twitches erupting in those walls.

I barely wiggle my finger inside her pussy. Instantly I feel her pussy snuggle down around my finger. Her walls explode, suddenly countless little twitches erupt just everywhere as hot sparks tingle her nerves. And her walls almost snap as they twitch around my finger.

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Abby doesn't have a prayer of hiding it. Her entire body trembles hard and fast. She pants lightning-fast breaths, every one of them a deep, sensual "HM!" And she's loud. Her mouth hangs wide open as she moans out, eyes closed.

I stop. I've teased her pussy for all of a second. Abby shudders hard, almost cumming hard, just before and as I stop. As soon as my finger is still again, she groans out a loud, frustrated "OH!" and shudders again. Then she just pants softly, catching her breath.

By now, no one has any doubts that Abby is loving this. I don't. The smirk on Sophie and Izzy's faces tells me they don't either. Her husband stars at her, a slight grin on his face, but a look of complete surprise on his face. Darren just gawks wide-eyed at his mom as she stands there, leaning over with her panties down, and so clearly too hot from it.

I give Abby a few seconds to get her breath. But I still don't see the need to confront her with her truth. I can play. I can tease. I can explore this obviously submissive toy's body to my heart's content. I already know that as long as I keep up the pretense that this about Darren, not her, she'll go along with it.

"slave, fetch me 16 french Foley. Hurry." I softly tell Sophie.

"Yes, Mistress." Sophie obediently answers as she's hopping to hurry for the playroom where I keep most of the supplies I use on my toys. I keep the "sex toys," the non-living ones, there too. And I guess the living ones, too, since that's where I keep Paige, my live-in whore. Sophie will be back in half a minute or less. She knows where everything is. She stocks that room.

"Abigail." I use a firm voice, but one that's not cold or strict. Not even a voice that's all business. I put just a touch of softness, of caring, in it. Right now, Abby needs that. And already Sophie is hurrying over to me with the paper packet I'd sent her after. Good. I still don't want Abby to have too much time to think. She might suddenly remember that she doesn't want anyone to think of her as a living sex toy and get all shy and prissy on me. Better she doesn't think and just feels.

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"How can I check your vagina like this? I can't believe you're not crossing your legs! Your bladder is just way too full!" Sophie is opening the packet for me. She's been mine long enough that I have silent cues for her, so she knows what I want her to do without my having to say it. The little nod of my head tells her I want her to get it ready for me. I'd never have Sophie do the important part. She's not properly trained for it.

"You need to stay very relaxed, Abigail," I add a little more firmness to my voice as I tell her. Sophie holds the "business end" of the #16 French Foley catheter out for me. It's a narrow one, one of the smallest, and the smallest in my collection. They're like \$1 on Amazon, so I don't mind using them up. And I'm a student nurse. I know how to put one in the right way. They even let me do it at the student health clinic where student nurses are the only nurses the patients, other students at the college getting free health care, get. Nothing is really free...

"You're going to feel a big stick down here, but if you stay relaxed and still, it will be over in a couple of seconds and you won't feel a thing." that's all the warning she gets. It's the same warning any patient would get. But I don't give her time to think about it. Not even a split second. Even before I have the last word out, I'm putting the freshly greased tip of the catheter to the opening of her urethra, a hair beneath (as she's bending over) from the rim of her tunnel. The tip is just slightly bigger than the opening of her tube, but her tube is rubbery and will so easily stretch.

She doesn't really feel it yet. Just that I'm prodding her, near her pussy, with something soft and flexible, like latex. I push. The kind-of-stiff section at the tip of the catheter starts sliding right into her tube. And now, Abby feels what's being done to her.

She grunts a loud, very uncomfortable, "OW!" as the tube slides into her body. I'm sure she never thought of any but her doctor sticking her there. And I'm sure she's not thinking about it now. Not yet. She will in another second or two, but by then it will be too late. Her hips

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move forward, but just a little. I just let my hands go right along with them.

And then, it's over. Abby doesn't even have time to squeal again. She shows her relief with a deep exhale.

I busy myself snapping a syringe of sterile water into the smaller port of the catheter. I push its plunger, shooting the water through a tiny tube inside the bigger catheter. It inflates a little balloon almost at the tip. That's now inside her bladder. The balloon swelling up will ensure that it stays there until it's deflated.

There's only one thing left to do. Humiliate Abby. I do it by snapping a piece of clear IV tubing into the larger port. The other end of the four-foot-long tubing is already connected to an empty drain bag. I toss the bag up onto the stool, just behind Abby's hands. Then I release the clamp on the catheter.

A slightly dark stream of golden pee starts to flow immediately, through the tubing, and fill the bag. Abby can't feel herself peeing, but she can feel her bladder draining. She wasn't that full. I didn't think she'd be, or she would have asked to borrow my ladies' room. But I also know that a bladder can hold a few hundred milliliters, several ounces, without its owner feeling it. They're never empty. I can always drain about 6 or 8 ounces out of one.

Everyone can see the bag on the stool as it steadily fills. The deep color filling it leaves no doubt what is filling it, either. Or who it is coming from. Abby shouldn't be able to see the bag, but I know she's shifting her eyes down and glancing at it. She isn't the kind who could resist a peek. And I know she'd rather see it filling up instead of what she's staring at now. She's seeing nothing but her husband and son, both now gawking back at her with abject shock on their faces. Neither would have ever imagined Abby would submit to anything, let alone something so invasive and uncomfortable. Yet she is.

Abby realizes it, too. She starts fussing, for lack of a better word. I think she'd get up and run now if she dared to get up. I see her face turning redder and redder until it's glowing bright with her blush. And I

see the fidgeting. Not one part of her body can stay perfectly still as she stands here.

It doesn't take quite half of a minute for the flow to stop. I'd guess there's close to half a liter in the bag. It's enough that Abby would have felt it, but not enough to make her want a toilet now. More to like to think about stopping on the way home, or even waiting till she gets there and then hurrying to her bathroom. But it looks like a lot as it fills the bag.

"There, now you're empty and I can check your genitals properly. Just stay very relaxed and I'll be done in a few seconds." I don't really have anything to check. I already know that just being poked so embarrassingly has excited Abby a little more. It's what she's been craving. Submission.

I prove it by putting two fingers to her clit, telling her only that "I'm going to check your clitoris now, Abigail." And I'm really not telling her. I'm telling her audience what I'm doing to her so they know. As soon as I say it I touch her aching swollen nub and pinch it especially lightly in my fingers.

Abby cries out a loud, pleadingly hungry, and throaty-deep, "UH!" as her hips suddenly start thrashing from side to side. There's no missing the sensuality in her moan. And there's no missing the erotic shudders sweeping over her body. She closes her eyes so she's not seeing her family staring wide-eyed back at her.

I quickly release her nub and tell her "now I'm going to check your vagina again." And I slip my finger into her tunnel. I slide it in a little faster this time, too. And Abby cries out another moan as I do.

As I wiggle my finger, for about two seconds, Abby pants more of those "HMM!" moans again. Her moans are even more sultry, deeper, and fast than before. So fast I can't even tell where one stops and the next begins. She shudders hard the entire time. And I can feel her pussy squeezing my finger tightly, twitching around it as more sparks tingle those hungry nerves. I can feel her heat, too. And her wetness is up to the level I deem "sloppy." I mean just everything is coated with as thick

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of a layer of honey as can cling to it. Her knees even buckle once. That's all they have time for.

I stop and slip my finger back out. Abby pants with utter frustration for several long seconds. Several times as long as I was teasing her. I just slide back from her bottom a little and give her a few seconds to compose herself.

"Abigail." I say in my stern, "I mean business" voice. "You will stand up. You will set your pee bag on the floor in front of the stool. You will turn around and sit down like a lady. Do not say anything. Just sit. Do not worry about that tube, you won't feel it when you sit on it. Do that now, Abigail... come on, Abigail, *now*."

The firm note in my voice shocks Abby just enough that she quickly stands up and puts the bag on the floor. She turns and sits just as quickly, right up to the point where her bottom is about to touch the seat and squish the rubbery tube under her pussy. She hesitates a fraction of a second, slowly a bit, and sits. She doesn't feel the tube, just feels it running under her mound. She quickly crosses her legs and puts her hands behind her back. Then she sits.

Abby has the most humiliated look on her face. As if she's about to start bawling. She's already blushing a deep red. And she's not quite still, fidgeting on her bottom as she sits. But she says nothing. She just waits.

I make her wait about a quarter minute. "Does that tube bother you?"

"No... I don't really feel it at all..." Abby admits in a muted, shamed, voice.

"You are in my realm now, Abigail. I expect females to act like proper polite ladies in my realm. That is the last impolite, casual, answer I will tolerate from you. A polite answer, befitting someone of your status here, would be 'yes, Ma'am,' or 'yes, Miss Rodgers.' Now does that tube bother you, Abigail?"

"No, Miss Rodgers," Abby answers with even more shame in her

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sheepish and mute voice. It's so low I wonder if her husband can even hear her.

"You should be ashamed of yourself, Abigail. You really ought to be punished strictly. Have you no decency? I can't believe you used your own child like that! *You* are the one in your family who wishes to serve. Not Darren, but you didn't really think he did. You just used that poor boy as an excuse to come see me and feed your primal desires by hanging around the edge of them for a few minutes. DO not dare to lie to me, Abigail, or I promise you will regret it. Have I said anything that isn't 100% true?"

"No, Miss Rodgers..." Abby answers in an even more sheepish voice. And then she starts crying. It's not a bawling cry, but a silent weeping one instead. Still, there are enough tears running down her cheeks. She keeps her eyes open, but I think that's only because of hard glare into them. And the impression that closing them would not be tolerated. It wouldn't.

"Do you wish to serve, Abigail?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers..." She so quietly answers through her mute sobs. But they're enough to break her voice.

"Your family may leave your worthless bottom here. I will... it doesn't matter. I'll just do whatever I want with that body. You will have as much say in it as befits a peon of your standing. Since you are nothing, that is none. I'll just do whatever, and you won't have a say in it. I will own you and your body fully. When I'm done with that body, I will call your husband to return for you when I'm ready to dismiss you for the time being. He might even return and fetch you!

"You will stand up. You will fix your pants. Just bring that tube up the front along your pubes and hang it out. Keep the bag below your pussy. Walk over there. Kneel in front of your husband. Tell him the truth for once in your waste of a life. Then ask him for permission to give yourself to me for... until I dismiss you. Go on, Abigail, now."

She gets to her feet, the tears flowing a little faster. She pulls her

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pants and panties back up. As she does, she very diligently aligns the tube straight up the center of her pubes. When she buttons her jeans, it's rising directly behind it. Then she goes over and kneels before her stunned husband.

"Jake... I'm sorry I never told you..." Abby's voice shames to a new level of sheepishness. "I've had fantasies about this as long as I can remember. I have no idea how she knew it. Or how she made me do that. I am so utterly humiliated right now! She's got me carrying around a bag of my pee!"

"Please Jake... I need to explore this... will you please leave me here for a little while and allow me to give myself to her. Please, Jake... I have to... do this. Please? May I stay and not hurt you?"

Her husband didn't expect her to do it. It shows on his face. Absolute surprise. He's too stunned to answer. He just nods his head softly.

Abby comes back to me. I leave her standing beside the stool for a moment while I decide which way I want to go. Punishment by humiliation, or just plain humiliation which would be easier for Abby. I go with the harder, for Abby, option.

"Abigail, go apologize to Darren for using him so shamelessly. And I expect you to be very polite to him. He is my guest. You are nothing. Ask him to come hold your clothes for you. Go on."

Her head falls forward. She crosses the two steps as if she were walking to her own execution. So reluctantly. So slowly. Then she kneels before her son.

"Darren... Sir, I am so sorry for using you like this. I knew I was... I just didn't have the courage to tell your father what I needed... and I really needed... just a little glimpse of it... I'm sorry, Sir... Will you please come hold my clothes for me, Sir? Please, I don't want to disappoint Miss Rodgers and get in any more trouble than I'm already in..."

Darren looks just as stunned as his father does. But after a

second, I see the faint tinges of a smirk on his face. I can read minds. At least I can read his enough to know what he's thinking. Payback. Mom might have embarrassed the heck out of me, but now she's going to get hers for it. He agrees and follows her up to my desk.

I tell Abby to set the bag on the floor between her legs. Then I tell her that she's "undress." She's to take her shoes off first, those just get in the way. Then she's to stand facing me. And start at the very top of her head, taking off the highest thing she comes to. And then the next highest, and so on, until she gets to the tips of her toes. She's to take everything off. And I mean everything. Not so much as a hairpin left. Not even her rings. Everything except for skin, hair, and her "pee tube." As she takes each piece off, she's to fold it neatly and offer it to Darren, asking him to hold it for her.

Abby looks like exactly what she is. A suburban housewife. And by Mobile standards, Satsuma is the suburb of the suburbs. She has nice clothes on. She has plenty of expensive jewelry on, too. It gives her a minute as she takes her earrings off and hands them over. Darren takes them, she looks around as if wondering what he's supposed to do with them. I have Sophie fetch him a paper bag to put her things. Her husband just watches intently and gawks at her unexpectedly humiliating display. Or more at the way she just accepts the humiliation, blushes and weeps softly, but accepts it.

She gets her blouse off. Then a necklace. That's when Abby blushes even deeper and cringes hard. It's the first real cringe I've gotten from her, at least since I was done probing her body. It's when she realizes that her bra is going to be the next thing off. It will leave her breasts bared, but also leave her fully clothed from the waist down. In jeans. It is not a way she'd prefer to be seen.

She very hesitantly reaches up behind her back. As she does her eyes silently plead with Darren to look away. Not that he has much choice. I have him standing right beside me. There's really nowhere for him to look except at her. She unclips her bra. Then her hands hesitate another second before reaching up to her shoulders and slipping the

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straps over them. They fall down her upper arms. She hugs her arms tightly to her body, holding the bra up that last second.

I'd bet Abby is shy about her breasts. They're fairly small. And I doubt, with Abby being 43 years old, that they're too pert.

She finally accepts that she doesn't have a choice. She lets the bra fall from her chest. She quickly folds it, focusing her eyes complete on what she's doing and refusing to look at Darren now. She holds the bra out. "Here is my bra, Sir. Will you please hold it for me and not give it back to me, no matter what I say, until Miss Rodgers wishes me to have a bra to cover my boobs, Sir?" She doesn't have any choice about the line, either. I scripted it for her. Just to add another little touch of humiliation for her.

Darren takes it and puts it in the bag. He barely glances toward her breasts. I'm sure he's no more eager to see them than Abby is to show them.

I, however, openly check them out and make certain that Abby sees me appraising her breasts. That always makes a woman feel shy and self-conscious.

Abby's chest is flat and thin. Thin enough that I can make out the bottom edge of her ribs, but just barely. Thin enough for her to have a narrow waist with a good feminine curve to it. And a flat stomach with skin that, while not fully elastic and taut, isn't loose either.

Her breasts are as small as I thought they would be. They're clearly soft and spongy. But they're not big enough to have any sag to them. Not even to lie back against her chest. They more swell off her chest like soft half oranges. And they're about the size of those half oranges. They sit centered above her rib cage. But like most small-breasted women, they also sit slightly off to the side. As if they start at her sides and go inward, but then don't have enough breast to reach all the way to the centerline. Instead, they leave a wide cleavage between them.

She has a pair of very pretty nipples. They're as wide as marbles.

And they're long, standing up a good ½" from her soft mounds. They have gently rounded tips, but then they have straight sides, like wooden dowels, all the way down. They're a medium shade of purple-tinged pink that looks exotically dark against her milky white skin. And they have matching rings around them that are just a little small of being proportional to the nibs. Naturally, those nubs are standing up stiff and hard now. And they're angled, just a few degrees to the outside of straight at me.

Next off are Abby's jeans. Those she takes off without much added embarrassment. Then, she realizes, the waistband of her pink, and rather lacy, panties is above her wrists. That puts her panties above the several items of jewelry on her wrists and hands. And that means her panties have to come down first. She slips them down, again refusing to look anywhere near Darren as she does. She offers them to him.

It leaves her standing there in basically just her socks as she starts taking her watch off. It leaves me a nice view of her pubes and the neatly trimmed black bush there. It's well-trimmed inside of the creases of her thighs, and straight at the top. And it's cut short, which leaves the skin of her pubes visible through the weave of dark hairs.

She has lean legs. There isn't an extra pound on them. Then again, it doesn't look like there's an extra pound anywhere on her. At the top, her thighs don't fully touch each other, leaving a little valley for the mound of her pussy to puff down into. And now, from the front, I can see just how puffy that mound is. It has to swell a good inch and a half down from her body. I knew it would be puffy. I could see that and feel it in the plumpness of those lips. But this is puffy! It makes it look as if her slit is rising up the front of her body, even though the wide gash doesn't rise above the bottom of her pubes. Even better is the ridgeline of her wrinkly loose inner folds. It looks thick as it fills the space in her gash. And it looks like those folds are so plush that they're pushing her outer lips out as they rise between them. But they don't stand out past the outside of those lips.

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It takes Abby a couple of very uncomfortable minutes to get all of her jewelry off and finally takes her socks off. The entire time she keeps her eyes averted from everyone. And finally, she recites the last line. "Miss Rodgers, I am completely naked now, Ma'am. Will you please allow this nude peon to serve your whims, Miss Rodgers?"

Abby looks comical as she stands there with her feet opened just a few inches, her hands behind her back, eyes forward. And most ridiculously, the clear tube hanging down from her pussy to the bag half full of pee just in front of her feet.

"Sit," I tell her firmly but in a gentle voice. She sits down on the stool. I don't have to tell her to sit demurely with her legs crossed. She leaves the bag where it is, in front of the stool on the floor. And that leaves the tube sticking out from under her and hanging down. With just a few drops of yellow still dotting its clear length so there's no doubt where it goes.

I silently usher Darren back to his seat on the sofa. Then it takes me a minute to get Jake's attention away from Abby. "You didn't have a clue, did you?"

"No." He sputters, "but it explains why she was... insistent on wanting to introduce Darren to you..."

"I'm sure the two of you will have plenty to talk about later then." I smile. "You're welcome to stay and see everything for yourselves if you want. But it is going to take me a few hours. I have to... thoroughly acquaint myself with the body I'm being offered before deciding if I might be able to find some use for it. On top of that, it's clear to me that Abigail is a rather... aloof and informal peon. She'll have to learn some manners, and a good deal of humility today.

"Leave me your number, if you don't plan to stay for every bit of it, and I'll call you when I'm ready to dismiss her. Until I am, she's not free to leave. She stays until she's done whatever I conjure up to do with her body. You can take her things with you, she won't be needing anything while she's here. Clothes and such are just for modesty, and peons aren't entitled to even a shred of modesty here. Or privacy.

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"When you return for her, you can bring her some things to wear. Just root through her drawers and closet and pick something you'd like to see her in. The only rule is that you can't bring anything that's in that bag. Absolutely nothing. That stays... not here."

I lower my voice so that Abby won't hear this part. "You have my word, she won't be injured, and there won't be any men around her. But she needs this. She needs to get over that ache she's been feeling for so long, or else she's just going to get prissier and keep trying to get around D/s. I'll take care of her for you. You'll get her back as she is, just happier. Trust me."

I smile and turn to Darren. "And you, find a date. Do you want me to introduce you to some nice girls? I don't know any that are into cars, but I know a couple of nice bimbos that would love to go out." HE quickly glances at Izzy, a very pretty girl, and decides I'm not talking about her. He just smiles back at me slightly.

I ask Jake to do one thing before he leaves. He follows me over to my desk. He has to come around it to face Abby. I have her on the stool with her back to the sofas. She sits, fidgeting slightly, but demure, on the stool.

Jake stands in front of Abby. "Abigail, I want you to understand what you're getting into. If I leave you here, you'll have nothing. Not even your clothes. You'll be naked. Miss Rodgers here will do whatever... there's really no telling what she'll do to you, I certainly don't have a clue. And you're not going to be able to refuse anything. Or able to leave. Once I leave, you will have to stay here and obey Miss Rodgers until I return for you. Do you really want me to leave you here naked?"

I glare at Abby. "Politely, you useless peon."

"Yes, Sir," Abby sheepishly tells him. "Will you please leave me here naked and return for me when Miss Rodgers is ready to dismiss me, Sir?"

"As you wish." Jake disbelievingly tells her. "You're hers now. I'd

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behave if I were you. I doubt she'll put up with any of your theatrics."

"Yes, Sir. I'll behave for Miss Rodgers, Sir."

I just grin. And I leave Abby there, her back to everything and everyone, completely ignored. A few minutes later Darren and Jake are out the door. And Jake takes all of Abby's things with him.



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No sooner are Jake and Darren out the door than Izzy turns to me and says, "Okay, what are you going to do to *that*?" It's all I can do not to laugh! The way she called Abby "*that*!" It is so totally something I would do. And it definitely lets Abby know that Izzy considers her beneath herself. Far beneath.

I grin. "I haven't decided yet. I mean, it's not like I have a lot to work with there... But I am fairly disgusted with it. I can't believe she used her son like that!"

"I know, it's like how low can a 'ho go!" Izzy laughs. "Besides, Darren doesn't seem like a bad guy."

"I don't think so either. I have just the girl for him. I think you've met Shawna..."

"I have... they'd be so adorable together!" Izzy giggles.

"Yeah, well, we'll have to play matchmakers later. Now I have to something with *that*." I smile back at Izzy. I know Abby can hear us, even though the entire conversation is taking place literally behind her back. And she's required to sit still and silent while we talk.

I walk back over to my desk and quickly tell Abby to stand and bend again, this time leaning all the way over and resting her forearms on the stool. She doesn't hesitate. I'd bet she expects me to take that catheter out of her now. Not yet. I have an idea...

I tell her to spread her feet, opening her legs fully. It takes me a snapped reminder, in a stern voice, to get her legs all the way apart. Apart far enough that I can see the tendons lightly straining at the creases of her thighs.

I doubt she realizes what she's doing. With the cheeks of her bottom being a little loose, I had wondered if I'd have to spread them. I don't. This position has her cheeks pulled fairly taut. Tightly enough that her crack has opened and now fully bares her asshole to my eyes.

The inside edges of her globes now form a V with its valley gently rounded. At the bottom of the valley, I can see her medium-purple ring,

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surrounded by a lightning swatch of purplish flesh. Her ring is fairly small. It has a moderate funnel shape to it, shallow ridges of wrinkles flowing into the funnel, and diving towards the center. But there's no puckering to it. I can't even make out the ring of muscle. Just the purple flesh flowing into the tiny little center of the ring. A ring that's tightly shut now.

I snap on a pair of latex gloves. It doesn't really startle Abby too much. She's probably expecting them, still thinking I'm going to take that embarrassing tube of out her. I squirt a little dollop of lubricating gel on the tip of my first finger. Then I lightly touch the slickened tip of my finger to Abby's tight ring.

Abby's ring immediately cinches up to it's full, straining tightness. "NO!" Abby desperately blurts out in a shrieking squeal. "NOT MY BUTT!"

She sort of gets her way. I take my finger away from her asshole. But only to grab a paddle I keep behind the desk. It's not my favorite paddle, but it will do. It's made of a stiff hard leather. It's about 18" long and 4" wide. And close to ½" thick. That doesn't count the wood handle on the leather blade, either.

I swing the paddle hard. Abby never sees it coming. It lands hard, with a crack like lightning, across both of her taut cheeks.

"OW! FUCK, THAT HURTS!" Abby screeches out. As I lift the paddle off her bottom I can see the light pinkness blooming in her milky globes. She wiggles her bottom a little, trying to shake off the sharp sting lancing into her bottom.

"That was for saying 'no.' You're nothing. No one cares if you want it up your butt or not. It's going up your butt. Because I say so. You have one more coming, for speaking. I warned you not to. Ow is fine. 'fuck, that hurts' are words. They're not allowed. And if I hear another potty mouth filthy word out of that mouth, I'll wash it out. Now behave and take your second swat like a girl, peon bitch."

I swat Abby again, putting a good part of the strength I have in my

arm behind it.

"OW!" Abby cries out. Then she bites her lip. Literally, as she tries not to whine about the swat. It's only left her cheeks medium pink. They're not even red yet. She wiggles them again as if that's going to do anything for those fiery needles of sting! She stands there, almost sobbing.

Izzy giggles. Loudly. "Didn't she say, oh, like half an hour ago, that no one would ever spank her?"

"Yes, she did. But she didn't mean it. She just wanted to be a prissy bitch and lie to herself by telling herself everyone believed it!"

I don't bother to put any fresh lubricant on my finger. There's still a film of it on my finger. And I'm sure there's some smeared on her wiggly bottom. I quickly put the tip of my finger back to the tensed ring of her asshole.

"NO!" Abby cries out in sheer panic. "OH DEAR GOD, NO! NOT IN MY BUTT!"

I quickly swat Abby's bottom again with the paddle. She screeches as the paddle hits her bottom, loud and pained. It leaves her cheeks well pinkened, but not quite red yet. And it leaves her fidgeting hard as she stands there. But she hasn't stood up yet. I wonder if she has some sort of phobia about her bottom, or something. She sounded truly and purely panicked when she cried out.

Abby sobs lightly from the slicing sting of the leather against her bare flesh. But before I can get my finger back to her asshole, Abby starts pleading through her sobs. "Please Miss Rodgers, please, not in my butt, Ma'am! You can spank me all you want to, just please don't do that to me! Please, I don't care what you do to me! Just please, nothing in my butt, Ma'am! I swear, I'll do anything you want me to. I don't care! Anything but that. Anything. Just please, not in my butt! I'm begging, you, not in my butt!"

I swat her bottom again. This one leaves Abby sobbing a little heavier. And it leaves her cheeks so pink they're just short of red.

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Nowhere near bruised yet. I won't paddle her that far. I'll come up with another way to punish her before bruising her.

"Abigail." I scold her firmly, my voice full of reproach. "You will not speak. Not even to beg. You do not have a choice. You are nothing. Nothing doesn't get choices. I will check that butt. All the way up into its depths. I don't care if you like it or not. You will stand there and hold that butt still for me. You do not have a choice. Unless you count being punished until you finally decide to submit *my* bottom to me. You will do this. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers..." Abby bursts out into a loud, fully bawling cry. She shudders as she squirms. She's far too wiggly to be fidgety. She's squirming. She's not even close to still

I ignore that and put the tip of my finger to her asshole for a third time. I feel her ring cinch up to it's very tightest. Her bottom snaps hard from side to side as she wiggles it. She cries even harder.

I press, very gently. It's not nearly enough pressure to push into her yet. She jumps forward with an ear-splitting screech. Her bottom must move several inches. Unfortunately for Abby, my finger goes right along with her bottom. It stays against her tight ring. And Abby stays crying.

She doesn't beg anymore. I guess she's learned her lesson. I can see that her bottom has to be stinging her a nice reminder. She just cries.

I press a little harder. At first, her muscle feels like a hard, unyielding knot under my finger. But it doesn't take much pressure. Especially not with the funnel shape of her asshole. My finger starts sliding forward, making its way so slowly into her bottom.

"OH!" Abby screeches again. It's just as ear-piercing loud. Her bottom thrashes for an instant. I haven't even pushed into it yet!

But I do feel the ring of muscle starting to loosen a little and turn rubbery. I feel it just starting to stretch open. I feel the very tip of my finger slipping into the funnel.

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Abby screeches another "OH!" She tries to pull forward suddenly, but I expected it and my finger follows her, its tip staying where it is.

And then it happens. Her muscle rather easily allows my slender finger to stretch it just a little and slip right through the tight ring. It's not even that tight anymore. Tight, but not obscenely tensed as it was. I just feel it squeezing snugly around my finger as it slides right through.

"OOH!" Abby screeches out loudly, drawing it out as my finger slides into her last little bit of bodily privacy.

I slide all of my finger into her bottom. And I wish I had more finger to give her. But I don't. No sooner is the pad of my finger past her ring than I feel how full Abby's bottom is. It's fuller than her bladder was. It's full enough that I wonder if she's been "feeling the call of nature." If not, she's soon going to be seriously wanting that toilet. But it's not full to its limit. Not even close. I just wonder if maybe that's why Abby was so reluctant to allow me into her bottom. She was feeling the fullness and feeling so shy about it.

Abby stands there frozen in place now. Perfectly still. She breathes fast, almost panting breaths. They're deep, but they're laced with pleading "UM!s" they don't sound pained, but they definitely aren't sweet. Or even comfortable whines.

I hold my finger still for a couple of seconds. As still as I can manage. I can see that Abby is uncomfortable, but I'm not so sure why. A little finger in the butt isn't that bad. Certainly not even a tenth of how bad she's making out to be. Time to tease, torment, and explore this toy! "Abigail... I'll give you one chance to tell me the truth before I just figure it out myself. Why are you uncomfortable with my finger in your dirty butt? What don't you want me to find back here?"

"I've... never had anything in my butt before, Ma'am!" Abby blurts out over her groaning whines. "Not even my doctor has been in there! I can't stand it, Ma'am, please!"

"Okay... I'll just find out." I press the pad of my finger down lightly. It lets me feel the filmy thin membrane of her bowel, lined with

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thick veins. Veins which feel a little hard in her case. And beyond that is the paper-thin wall of smooth muscle of her bowels. Both of those do little to cushion the feel of anything. It lets me feel right through them. And where I'm pressing, just beyond them are the backside of the spongy soft walls of her pussy. I can easily feel the heat in them. It's as hot as fire, or so it feels. And I can feel the little snaps of those twitches as more icy hot sparks erupt all through those walls. Just as many sparks as I felt with my finger in her pussy. And they're jolting Abby's nerves just as sharply.

I give my finger the slightest little wiggle, gently caressing it over the insides of her Abby's bowels and massaging her pussy walls through it. It's the tiniest little wiggle. Abby should barely feel it.

Most women are sensitive this way. It's simple biology. There's just not nearly enough rectum to cushion the sensations before they get to her pussy. It stimulates the same nerves that my finger would if it were in her pussy. But experience has taught me that not all women are as excited this way as others. Some are just too squeamish about having their bottoms invaded to relax and feel it. Then again, not every woman reacts as sweetly as others to a finger in her pussy either. But some women react more strongly to the backside stimulation. In my experience, it's generally the more sexually experienced women. I assume that's because they're so used to having those nerves teased from one side, when it's done from the other, it's new and unfamiliar.

I wondered how Abby would react. She's definitely squeamish about her bottom. But I can also see that she enjoys being made to submit to it. To anything. That wiggle answers the question for me. Abby has been tensed to steel, her muscles so stiff that they vibrate, since my finger entered her. And once my finger made it inside, even her asshole loosened slightly. That, to me, was a very interesting response from her. As she's whining and squirming so desperately to end this, her body is relaxing to allow it.

Abby suddenly shudders hard and crisply, as if hit by a bolt of lightning. She screams out a very deep and throaty cry. It almost sounds

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like a strained “MM!” that’s long and drawn out. It lasts until her lungs are empty. Her bottom moves just as suddenly, and sharply. It thrusts hard back as if trying to drive more finger deeper into it. It can't, the webbing of my finger is already flush against the rim of her asshole, but it sure tries. And Abby's knees buckle. She catches herself, but it takes almost a full second for her to get them straight again.

I quickly repeat my little experiment. Only this time I put a few fingers to the mound of her pussy and press firmly, but not hard, against the puffiness. She reacts the same. Only now I can feel the snapping twitches racking her pussy hard. I can feel her clit throbbing, too, but it’s been doing that since I first touched it. Maybe before.

I take my hand away from Abby’s mound. It has a very heavy coating of her honey clinging to my fingers. It’s enough that it looks like it would just drip off if I turned my hand upside-down. It’s far too much to have come from simply touching her lips. It tells me that those sharp twitches in her pussy pushed some of that oily honey right between those loose folds.

Question answered. Obviously, Abby is sensitive in her bottom. It looks like just as sensitive as she is in her pussy. I doubt she knew it, though. To know, she'd have to try it. And that would mean something going into her bottom, something she's plainly refused to allow. And obviously, I'm going to make her allow more of now. She's going to love it! In fact, I've just decided that I'm going to make her finish, however, I decide to do that, anally. With nothing at all touching her pussy. She will just feel so slutty!

I ease my finger back out her bottom. As soon as it’s out of her, Abby pants deep sighs of relief. I give her a few seconds of peace. I let her think that I’m done with her bottom. How silly of a thought is that! She just showed me that not only does it arouse her, she secretly gets hot by being made to allow it. It’s a neon sign: “Mistress, make me take it!”

“Slave, this peon’s bottom is just too full to really acquaint myself with. Since it’s obviously not properly potty trained, fetch me a bowel

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moving suppository for it."

Abby shudders. She weeps a little more. Sophie scurries off to fetch it from the playroom. And she's back in well under a minute with it. And with a smirk on her face. She saw how much Abby liked that fingering.

I keep a few different kinds of suppositories handy. All are available over-the-counter. And each kind acts differently. The kind I asked for basically makes the paper-thin wall of muscle tighten up a little, which makes it try to push everything out of her. It will also make her urge to empty stronger than some other kinds of laxatives. Which will make her even more uncomfortable.

I use two fingers on my left hand to hold the bullet-shaped waxy suppository with its tip to Abby's asshole. Abby cries, as hard as ever, her sobs instantly ramping back up the instant she feels it against her muscle. I hold there for about half of a second.

Then I decide to give it to her as easily as possible. It will be different for her than my finger. Unexpected. I use the backs of my fingers to push the insides of Abby's cheeks wide, stretching out the flesh over her muscle as taut as I can. It pulls about half of the wrinkles around her hole out. And it's just enough to start pulling her muscle to open at the bottom of that little funnel. Not fully open, but to start, giving the ½" or so thickness of her ring its own funneling.

I push. Abby screeches "OW!" as she sobs. And she shudders again. I use the pad of my finger, not its tip, to push the slippery bullet into her ring. I push until my finger is flush against her muscle. I hold there for a couple of seconds and then pull it just slightly back.

It lets me see her rubbery ring, the purplish flesh over opened. And right in the center, snuggled all around by that dark flesh, is the very end of that bullet, a little white rod with a slight inward curve to its base. Its end is flush with the outside edge of Abby's muscle, the suppository sitting right in the center of her asshole, all the way through the thickness of the muscle. And an inch or so beyond, given its length.

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I push Abby's cheeks together firmly, closing her crack. It also takes all of the stretching tension off her muscle. And covers the outside of her asshole with cheek. I hold them closed for a couple of seconds. Then I part them fully without going so far as to stretch her ring again. Her asshole has cinched tight again, the bullet vanishing.

I have no doubt where it is. It's just inside her muscle, its base resting against the inside of her tensed asshole. And that will work. I push her cheeks closed again, hold them, and then open them again. This time I pull them fairly wide, stretching the flesh over her muscle, but not pulling it fully taut. The suppository doesn't rear its head. Her bottom has "swallowed" it.

"Abigail. You will sit on the stool like a proper peon wench now." I tell her firmly.

Abby moves very quickly to sit. I'm sure that's just her relief to no longer have her bottom offered up. It will be safe if she's sitting on it. Then, as her bottom touches the hard wood, Abby sucks in a sharp, pained breath. Her bottom reminds her that it's just been spanked. And it still stings. It doesn't want to be sat on. She sits, choosing the sting of it over the danger of offering her bottom up.

I wait until Abby is fully sitting and still. Then I look her in the eyes. "This is what you are going to do, Abigail. You will sit there. You will sit very still and very quietly while that suppository begins to do its job. Then you will be given an enema to rinse your bottom out. You will behave for that, too. Once your bottom is cleaned, I will get a good look at it and decide if there's some way that slutty bottom might be of amusement to my friends and me. Now be a good little bitch and just sit. And wait. Some person will tell you when it's time for your enema."

Abby's tears run. She looks as nervous as I've seen her. She fidgets slightly, trying her best not to. And she sits.

I send Sophie to fetch another cup of tea for Izzy and me. Then Izzy and I head for the sofa, where we can be comfortable. It leaves me a view of Abby's lean back, but that's plenty of view to see if she's sitting still. And it leaves Abby with nothing to see but the wall. Nothing to

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distract herself from the two worst thoughts she could imagine. That soon she will have no choice but to make herself endure an enema. The second thought, the one she's going to start having in about two or three minutes, is that she really wants to run for the toilet, but has to just sit instead.

It doesn't take long. Maybe two minutes. Maybe not quite. And it doesn't start slowly. It doesn't exactly hit her all at once, but fairly quickly. The first thing we hear is Abby's breaths taking on a squealy-groaning note as they pick up their pace. Then we see her fidgets get a little more energetic. We can see her trying to lean forward, to double over a little, but stopping herself. That makes her back look so artificially stiff. Her sobs get louder, too. And then the muscles in her neck strain as her jaw clenches tight.

This isn't about making Abby need a toilet. I couldn't care less about Abby's bowels. This is about Abby. It about "making" Abby sit there, as uncomfortable as she can imagine herself being, and just wait to be made even more uncomfortable. She has to know that nothing is physically stopping her from getting up and going to the bathroom. The only thing stopping her is that she's not allowed to. She has to wait to be allowed to before she may, no matter how badly her body tells her otherwise. She has to disregard that. And she has to make herself do it willingly. It will make her feel truly owned. As if she is just a hunk of property. And she will know that she's choosing to be that property. That's why she's sitting there. To feel the utter lack of power she's choosing.

By the five minute mark, Abby is crying very hard. I knew she would be. Her urges have to be fairly strong by now. It has to be killing her to just sit there and make herself be still. It goes against everything her body is screaming for.

I rise and slowly make my way over to her. From behind. It's all of three steps, so it doesn't take me long. I gently put my hand on Abby's shoulder, as if reassuring her. "That's a good bitch, Abigail," I tell her sweetly and softly. It's to let her know that she's pleasing me by sitting

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there and ignoring her obvious, but light, suffering. She'll need that. It's what Abby craves. She wants to be owned. She wants to be uncomfortable. She wants her body used. But she also needs to know that her sacrifice is pleasing. That she's not giving everything she is for nothing. I give her shoulder a gentle squeeze.

"I know you want a toilet now, bitch." I keep the honey in my voice. "Don't you?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers, I need one very badly right now, Ma'am."

I stroke her bare shoulder softly. "Not yet, peon. First, we have to rinse that bottom out. It's time for your enema. I know it's going to be very uncomfortable. You are going to behave for it. You will stand up, turn to your left, and lean all the way over my desk. Then you will reach around, outside your hips, and spread your cheeks. Pull them as wide open as they will go so I have easy access to your anus to give you the enema. Offer your butt to me. Then you are going to stand there until you are told otherwise. You will be a big bitch and behave for your enema. You will get up and lean over at your normal pace. I know you want to be a good peon bitch so you only have to do this once. Now, over you go, Abigail." I lift my hand off her shoulder.

My directions were clear, telling her exactly what I want her to do. It doesn't ease her crying up. But she rises, breathing out a deep groan as she does. She leans over the desk, moving faster than I thought she would, but not as fast as I told her to. I let her get away with that much. It's not easy for her, especially since I'm making her offer herself up for it. "Here is this peon bitch's anus, Miss Rodgers..." Abby offers once her asshole is fully stretched and displayed for me. Her voice is sheepish, reluctant, and quiet. "It's ready for my enema, Ma'am... Please, Miss Rodgers... I don't think I can do this! Please... help me?"

I make Abby wait like that, holding her cheeks open and displaying her asshole while I send Sophie to fetch the enema. I order a yellow one, which is filled with mineral oil tinted with yellow food coloring. It's my enema of choice when my goal is to embarrass and humiliate a sub. The oil doesn't add water to anything. Everything comes out just as it

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normally would, which makes for a more embarrassing, albeit disgusting, sight. The one I've ordered for Abby is 12 ounces. It's my small one. But her bowels are already somewhat full, so it will seem like more. It will stretch her bowels, both the membrane and the muscle behind tautly. It will make her feel an urge stronger than she's ever felt before, and won't feel again naturally. It will even make her endure some light cramps behind her pubes. But that's all it will do to her.

It's a syringe-type enema. When Sophie brings it, I have her carry it where it can be easily seen by Abby and walk in front of Abby, not behind her. That way Abby can see what she's about to get. She can think about how she's going to allow that huge enema to be given to her, and how badly she doesn't want it to be.

Sophie hands it to me and pulls the cap off the pre-lubricated nozzle for me. It's just a standard nozzle, about six inches long and as thick as a pencil. It's even moderately flexible for her comfort! I just put the tip of that nozzle against Abby's asshole and hold it there. It gives her one last second to think "here it comes!" And then, in my honeyed but firm voice, I tell her "just relax Abigail." I know there's no way she's going to relax. "and stand still so we don't have to start over." A little threat to let her know that she's going to have to behave for it.

I press gently. The tip easily slips right through her tightly cinched and resisting ring. It's designed to. I let all of its length slip into Abby's bottom. It should reach about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way to the back of her rectum. Not that she will exactly feel that. She'll barely feel the tip inside her. And it won't even be uncomfortable where it passes through her ring.

None of which stops Abby from screeching out a desperate "OW!" as it pushes through her muscle. Even though it doesn't hurt her at all. She stays there, her chest flush on the top of my desk, and supporting most of her weight. Her knuckles turn white as she grips her cheeks hard. But she holds them apart for me.

I start pushing the plunger fairly slowly. I wouldn't want to inject the oil too quickly into her. That would just force her insides to stretch too quickly and painfully.

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"EE!" Abby cries out the instant she feels the first cold drops inside her. She shivers to let me know it's cold, too. It's not. It's room temperature. But against her 100-degree body heat, it feels cold. I ignore that.

It takes her about fifteen seconds, which has about an ounce and a half of it inside her, to cry out the first strained "UH!" I imagine it's the point where she's feeling the fluid pressing against the insides of her, just getting full enough to start stretching her. She quickly cries out a few more "UH!s" with increasing strain in them as she's filled.

Then Abby cries out a loud "OW!" Her back arches up a little, its muscles stiffening. Her legs tense up, too. Her hands grip her globes even harder. I hear her, very faintly, under her breath, whine "Dear G-d, please... let this be all of it!" Since it's so quiet I let her get away with it. Especially since her "OW!s" drown it out. An ounce later I hear her, just a little quieter, pray "Oh, dear G-d, I can't take anymore! Please... no more up my butt!"

I ignore that too. It was so quiet that it was little more than her lips moving. I decide to torment her. "Good peon bitch, Abigail... just relax... you're halfway done now!"

Abby groans out loudly, then shrieks a pained "OW!" Once she's gotten her cries out, she sobs. And under her breath prays "I'm not going to make it... please, get it out of me!" She keeps shrieking loud "OW!s" Her lips move as she silently begs God "get it out of my butt, get it out of my butt" over and over again.

I just keep filling her bottom up. She manages to stand there and take it all. I knew she could take it, there's plenty of room in her rectum for it. It was the standing there part that I knew she'd have trouble with. It's why I have her leaning on the desk. It's easier for her to stand still this way than with nothing to brace her waist against.

Abby doesn't show it at all when I ease the tip out of her asshole. But I can see her asshole cinched so tight the muscle is straining hard as she stands there. I set it on the desk beside Abby.

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I put my hand to the small of Abby's nude back and stroke her back softly. I use my most honeyed voice to reassure her as I tell her what horror is in store for her next. "Good peon bitch, Abigail... I knew you could be a big bitch! Now just relax. You will stand up and sit back down on the stool. You *will* sit there for at least five minutes. You *will* be still for every second of that. Once you've done that, when I can spare a slave, I'll have a slave take you potty. Go on, Abigail, sit now."

Abby starts to stand. She raises her chest about 1/3 of the way up and freezes as she screams out. I can see the sudden tension in her stomach muscles, especially low down. I know those cramps just hit her. They're not that sharp, but I'm sure Abby thinks they are. She so over exaggerates everything!

I use a hand on her shoulder to keep her moving as she screams out again. Then to push her around and down until she sits. I don't have to remind her to sit properly.

Once she's sitting, her face all scrunched up, her eyes running with tears, and her stomach, as well as every other muscle I can see, tensed up hard, I reassure her again. "That's it, Abigail... just relax." I put a hand on her bare thigh and stroke it softly. "Just be still and let the enema really clean that bottom out so it won't be filthy for me when I look at it. Remember, sit still so you only have to wait five minutes. Be a good bitch for me, peon."

"Yes, Ma'am..." Abby's voice is pure bawling cry.



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I only make Abby wait for about five and a half minutes. It's plenty for the enema to have done its job. The suppository doesn't really do much other than make her want to go that much more strongly.

Abby spends the time in absolute misery. She cries hard. She cries out a lot of "OW!s" She fidgets lightly. But she doesn't really move. She obediently sits there.

I tell Sophie to go take Abby for a "thorough deskanking." Sophie knows I mean. I've already had her get the playroom ready for it. I mean for her to give Abby a complete bath. From a lover, it would be a rather enjoyable experience, at least part of it would be. But from Sophie, a virtual stranger and one in absolute power over her, it will be a humiliating experience for Abby. I'm going to make sure of it.

Sophie knows to be sweet to Abby, as long as Abby is behaving perfectly. When Abby misbehaves, Sophie is on her own to deal with it. And Sophie is harsher with the toys than even I am. She detests displeasing me, and she detests just as much when the toys do. She refuses to allow them to displease me even a bit, and when they do, she's truly irked with them. And she shows it.

She goes over to Abby and softly, in her fairly heavily Southern-accented voice, tells Abby, "Move normally, not like some whiny bitch. Pick up your pee bag, stand up, and come with me. Behave and I'll take you potty, bitch."

Abby doesn't need any more encouragement than that. She screams out a cry as she bends over to pick up the bag. Then another as she gets to her feet. Her cheeks clench tightly together. Sophie gently takes Abby's hand and starts walking her back. Abby walks with baby steps, shuffling her feet quickly to keep up with Sophie.

I give Abby a few steps, letting her get to the playroom door. Then Izzy and I follow Sophie. We plan to watch the embarrassment.

Abby cries out a couple of more "OH-OW!s" as Sophie walks her in.

Sophie walks Abby right over to a little training potty. Like you'd have for a two-year-old. Only this one is clear. And it's bucket is lined

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with a clear plastic bag. It lets everyone see right through it. And see everything in it. See everything happening vividly, too. Sophie just points and tells Abby to sit on it but to hold herself until given permission.

The toilet is designed for a little child. That makes it too low for Abby. She sits. But to do so, she has to bend her knees as they're above her waist. She quickly spreads her knees and feet wide when Sophie tells her to. She gets her back up straight, too. She rests her hands on her thighs. She even looks straight ahead. "Abigail..." Sophie asks in her sweet voice, "can you be a big bitch and sit very still while you go potty?"

"Yes, Miss Slave..." Abby tearfully answers, blushing, in a very eager voice.

"Ask for permission. Humbly. My Mistress is watching!"

"Miss Slave, may this peon bitch please be allowed to use this toilet I'm sitting on now, Ma'am?"

"You may, Abigail," Sophie tells her.

Abby blushes even brighter. Using it isn't an option for her. She lets go and a powerful torrent of yellow-tinged liquid erupts from her bottom. With Abby sitting on the clear toilet, all three of us can see how her cheeks have spread as she sat, exposing her eager asshole. And we can see the torrent shooting out of that little ring. We can see the liquid filling the bucket under her bottom, too. And the best – we can see her face and she has to see us watching her so closely. Especially Sophie. Sophie intends to ensure that Abby does what I want her to do, and fully empties that butt out.

Abby cries out "OW!...OH, OOH..." As she explodes. She stays mostly still. The torrent flows, seeming endlessly, out of her body. As it does, it takes everything else out along with it. The suppository, making her bowel want to tense up, makes certain of that.

Izzy wrinkles up her nose and whispers to me "it never ceases to amaze me what lengths you'll go to just to humiliate some woman. Or how many women will so gladly let you!"

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I make it a point to move around. I want her to see that, while she's naked and using a toilet, everyone around her has clothes on. We have privacy. We have modesty. She is shamelessly on display. And I make sure she sees that we're seeing everything she's doing. She blushes so brightly it looks as if her entire body is flushing! She is definitely coming to understand what it is to be nothing! Especially now as I'm driving home how she has absolutely no privacy. None. Even this one, most private act, isn't private for her. It's a shameless show.

It takes Abby a while to get really empty. It always does. Enemas tend to do that, especially the larger ones. They come out, leaving you to feel empty, and then hit again in just a couple of minutes. That's how it happens to Abby. And when that second wave hits her, I'll bet she's so glad Sophie left her on the potty.

Abby doesn't get to decide when she's done. Sophie does. Sophie waits until that second wave is gone. Then she just tells Abby to stand up. She's done now. Abby stands, cringing as she does, and trying very hard to keep her front to us. Sophie waits until Abby is standing properly with her hands behind her to give Abby a single baby wipe to clean her bottom with. That ends up in the potty as well.

Sophie tells Abby that "I am not cleaning up your poop." She has Abby take the bucket out of the potty and take the bag out of it. Then tie the bag securely shut before carrying it over to the trash. It's just another reminder of what Abby did, and how she did it. Plus it forces her to see what she knows everyone else got a good look at.

Then Sophie has Abby stand with her legs wide open. Under Abby, Sophie puts a stool with a bucket atop of it. It has the rim of the bucket a few inches under Abby, Abby's pussy mound centered over it.

Everyone watches this part, too. Abby just stands there, hands behind her, and stares straight ahead. And with the pee tube still hanging down from her pussy mound.

Sophie kneels in front of Abby. She gently opens Abby's pussy lips, pulling them wide to bare all of Abby's tunnel. Then she casually slips a douche nozzle into Abby's pussy. Sophie opens the line and lets

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the vinegar and water solution flow. It quickly flows right back out, draining down into the bucket. Sophie runs about half of the large bag through Abby's pussy before pausing.

She gets a brush. It's kind of like a bottle brush, about 6" long and 2" across. It's cylindrical. And it's made of a soft sponge. Sophie gets it wet, then she lathers the spongy head up with soap. She casually, as if she can't feel a thing, pushes the brush up into Abby's pussy. The soft sponge easily squishes down into the space her pussy allows it, but it firmly strokes against her walls, teasing them even as it scrubs them with the soap.

Abby winces hard. She tenses up, too. That soap lightly stings her pussy. Sophie ignores Abby's discomfort and scrubs vigorously.

It doesn't take more than a few seconds of Sophie's scrubbing with the soft spongy foam for Abby to start purring sweet throaty moans along with her whines. Sophie scrubs a few more seconds.

Then she uses the rest of the douche to rinse Abby's pussy out. She even scrubs and rinses Abby's lips, pinkness, folds, and clit. Once Sophie is done, she rather loudly points to the bucket. "See how skanky you are, bitch?" She makes Abby look in the bucket where a good bit of Abby's honey swirls in with the sudsy water.

I walk over to Abby. I release the clamp on her catheter, letting a little more urine flow out. It only takes a few seconds. As it should, she's already almost fully emptied out. I leave the clamp open as I use a syringe to deflate the little balloon. Then I tell Abby to stand still as she feels the quick "slice" that will hurt a little. I tug the tube out of her with a single, quick, and mostly gentle, pull.

Abby breathes a sigh of relief once it's out of her. I just close the plastic clamp and let the tube fall from my hands. Then I walk away and leave Abby to Sophie. Sophie makes Abby pick up her own bag and toss it in the trash. She makes Abby take the plastic back out of the douche bucket, tie it up, and trash that, too.

Izzy and I watch as Sophie takes Abby by the hand and walks her

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across the hall to the bathroom. She has Abby stand in the tub with her back to Sophie. The curtains stay fully open, offering us a good view of Abby standing there. And of her rounded bottom, still glowing pink.

Sophie warns Abby that it will be a little cold. She gets the handheld showerhead off the wall and turns the water on. Cold water only. That's all subs usually get here. She wets Abby's hair.

Abby squeals and jumps when the icy spray hits her. Sophie giggles "I told you!" then her voice firms up. "Now behave and stand still, bitch." Abby mews whines and shivers hard as goosebumps cover her entire body. Sophie washes her hair.

Then Sophie spends several minutes diligently scrubbing every bit of skin that Abby has with a very sudsy plastic scrubber. Even the soles of her feet. When Sophie is done, Abby is covered completely with a whitish film of lather. Now Sophie completely shaves Abby. Her legs. Her underarms. Her feet. Her bottom. And her pubes. All get shaven silky smooth, not a single stubble of hair to be found anywhere. Sophie never asks if Abby minds having her bush shaven off. She doesn't care. I want Abby shaven, so she's going to so smooth for me.

I'm treated to another shrieking jump for Abby as Sophie starts rinsing her off with the cold water. It takes Sophie a couple of minutes to spray every bit of it off of Abby. Abby can't stand still. And it's not just the shivering. There's plenty of shrieks. And fidgets. And everything else as Abby freezes in the water.

Only when Sophie decides that Abby is clean, does Abby get a towel to dry herself with. And then she gets a hairdryer to dry her hair. Abby needs to look her best.

Sophie walks Abby back to the playroom. She immediately makes Abby stand on a scale, weighing her and announcing that "this bitch weighs 61.46 kilos, 135 pounds, absolutely naked and emptied out." then she measures Abby. Her height as well as her chest, bust, waist, and hips, recording all of it. And loudly announcing all of it, including her computation that Abby wears a 75-A bra, or in US Sizes, a 34-AA. Abby cringes and blushes just slightly as Sophie announces her small bra size.

Chapter 04: Deskanking

Then Sophie has Abby stand against a bare place in the wall with her back flush against it. Sophie has Abby pose like that for a set of four high-resolution pictures. All show her full-body, completely naked, from the top of her head to the tips of her toes. One picture each from the front, back, and both sides. And then she hands Abby a stiff paper sign, like the letterboard of a mug shot, to hold up in front of herself for another picture. Sophie has to nudge Abby's hands to get the sign positioned perfectly, its top edge even with a line across the very tops of those dark rings around her nipples. That way it covers all of the coloring around her nipples, as well as her nipples and the rest of her breasts from there down. But it leaves the tops of them visible.

It looks like a police mug shot. Except that my sign has "I am the property of Miss Rodgers" across the top in a hot pink banner. Beneath that it has her full name. Then all of the usual stuff, plus her measurements, her bra and panty sizes, and even the date of her last period. Later it will be cropped to a very nice and equally slutty mug shot just for my records. And I use them on the ShameBook, my website where I keep a page for each of my toys detailing their sessions. With pictures, video, and personal information. Some intimate personal information, too.

I do that on almost every sub's first visit here. I like to have a good record of my toys. And I might need those measurements if I ever want to get some special clothing for the toy to wear. And I do have to keep the ShameBook up to date! Abby will need a page! But I just decided, I'm not giving Abby the password to her page. I'm going to give it to her husband. Then she'll have to ask him if she wants to see it. And he can see what really excites his wife. Despite Abby's desire that he never know.

Finally, Sophie walks Abby back over to me and tells me "this peon bitch is ready for you, Mistress."

I just slip my hand between Abby's thighs as she stands there. And I feel what I expected to feel. Hot wetness. Again. Already. As I thought it would, the embarrassment of being clinically measured in

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public, and photographed nude, was enough for Abby. Despite the complete “deskanking,” her pussy is already eager and wet again.

Now it's time to play with my toy... I quickly consider a few ideas of what to with Abby. While I'm doing that, I have Abby lift her hair up to bare her neck. I fasten a hot pink training collar around it, buckling it and then locking it in place with a shiny little padlock.



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I decide to start slowly. I figure I can build Abby's arousal up gradually as we go. To begin lesson number one, I clip a leash to Abby's collar. Then I blindfold her. "You will learn to walk on a leash like a good bitch. It seems that it comes naturally to dogs, but since bitches aren't that smart, it might take you a few years to master it."

I hold the leash taut, gripping it about a foot and a half from the collar. The short leash will be easier for Abby to follow than a longer one. "Come, bitch," I snap just as if I were talking to a dog. A dog, not Lilly my foster dog. Lilly is smart. And she's a very good dog. I'd just have to tell her to come and she wouldn't leave my side. Abby... is going to learn to behave that well. Leashes also make nice whips.

I start walking. Abby doesn't know what to do. At least not for a fraction of a second until she feels the collar digging hard into the back of her neck. She takes a step forward. It eases the pull of the collar against her neck for an instant. Then it takes another step forward.

A step later Abby feels the collar slide around her neck. Now it pulls her not just forward by also to her left. She turns to follow the direction she's being pulled. The collar keeps shifting around as she turns. By the time it's back digging into the very back of her neck, Abby has made the turn into the hall. And she missed the wall by two or three inches! She wouldn't have been the first sub to hit a wall learning to walk while leashed. It's a very unique feeling to be led by a leash blindfolded. Unable to see, the way she's always navigated, Abby now has to learn to rely on the pressure against her neck to cue her which to walk. And when to walk. Or be dragged along.

Abby's feet are far from steady as she walks. I can see both a slight stumble and a pronounced hesitancy in her feet. And her steps are slightly short. They'd be shorter if they could be. My pace won't allow it.

I walk her a few laps around the living room. It gives her a chance to get used to being walked. But it also lets her get used to the turns and anticipate when they'll come and in which direction. And she is anticipating. I can tell by the tautness of her leash. I suddenly make a

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very unexpected "S" turn. Because my living room isn't huge. I do live in an apartment. It's all I have the room to make. But it's enough. As soon as I begin the unanticipated turn, Abby's feet stumble badly.

I stop Abby. "Oh, you sneaky little bitch!" I teasingly scold her. "You're trying to anticipate! Stop trying to think! Bitches don't think! Just be a good little bitchie and walk on your leash!" I start her walking again, and she stumbles, but not too badly. She follows.

I mix it up, walking Abby all around the apartment. It lets me mix up the turns so that Abby can't anticipate them. It takes ten or fifteen minutes, but eventually, Abby starts getting used to the leash. Used to accepting the idea that of allowing the pressure of its tug to guide her. Used to the idea of not having any idea where her body is going, just that she's (literally) blindly following the leash. That only I will keep her from hitting something. That she has to accept that and trust her body in my hands.

When I see her start loosening up and more following the leash than trying to anticipate and think, I end the exercise stopping Abby in front of the living room sofa.

I order Abby to kneel. She cautiously gets down, as if she's still worrying about hitting something. But there's enough room for her to get down, even clumsily as she does, without hitting anything.

It takes me a little tap of my crop on the soles of her feet as I tell her to open her knees as widely as she can, her feet the same distance apart. A tap to her back as I tell her to keep it up straight. I don't have to remind her to keep her hands behind her. She's been doing that all along, as I've told her to. And it's been funny to watch. She's always wanting to use them, even if just for balance as she knelt. Instead, she ends up fighting herself to keep them in place.

Now that Abby is on her knees, I take the blindfold off. Then I teasingly ask Izzy if she'd like a good foot massage from my new massage toy. I think Abby catches that she's the massager I'm offering my friend.

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Izzy accepts. I thought she would. She's a sucker for a good massage, but really, what girl isn't? Izzy doesn't care to play with the toys, though. But a foot rub really isn't playing. It's not like she's touching Abby anywhere important. Or worse, Abby touching her.

I stand beside Abby. She's about to learn that I am a very particular Owner. I like everything done in a specific way. And I accept nothing less than exacting obedience from my toys. And my subs. And especially my slaves!

I tell Abby to take Izzy's sneakers off. I don't wait for Abby to even move her hands to do it. I start giving her instructions. I'll give them only once. I demand she follows them. And I expect her to remember them for the future. I tell her first to remember her place. She's a mere peon bitch, and thus is absolutely nothing. Izzy, "Ms. Hawkins" to her, is a guest of the Queen of this realm, and thus an actual person deserving of respect and deference. And also entitled to use Abby's body however she fancies, something Abby has no say about. Abby needs to ask in a manner commensurate with her sub-lowly status. Humbly. Besides, it's not like Abby has any pride to worry about! What is there to have pride in? Being nothing? Seriously?

"Ms. Hawkins, if it pleases you, Ma'am, may this peon bitch be allowed to take your shoes off for you, Ma'am?"

Izzy rolls her eyes. She's heard lines like that enough here but seldom directed to her. That's only because she so seldom will allow me to share my toys with her. "Go on... bitch," Izzy says. I doubt Abby notices what I do. She doesn't know Izzy nearly well enough to catch it. But I do. I can see Izzy holding back a little giggle.

Abby unties the shoes. I'm giving Abby step by step directions. First to untie them, and to be as gentle as she can force her hands to be. Izzy's feet matter! Then to loosen the laces before slipping them off of Izzy's little feet. Then to tuck the laces in neatly and set the shoes beside Izzy's feet. I give her similar directions for taking Izzy's pink ankle socks off. And remind Abby that I expect her to take care of Izzy things as she neatly puts them up for Izzy. I just allude that I don't care if

similar care is taken of Abby.

Now that Izzy's feet are bare, it's time for Abby to get to work. I tell her to start at Izzy's heels. Those are the easiest to massage without tickling. I warn Abby right from the start that she does not want to tickle Izzy, too. I instruct her to put her hands to Izzy's heel, both hands and start kneading the flesh very tenderly.

Almost immediately I swat Abby's upper arm with the crop. I pick that place because I know Izzy is phobic about whips so I don't want the tip soaring anywhere near her sensitive feet. It's a very light tap, one that leaves a pink splotch that will be invisible in less than five minutes. I scold her that I said gently and tenderly. Izzy is a girl! Not a man or a ball of dough! She wants to be kneaded so sweetly. I takes me two more swats to Abby's arms. Each time she loosens up her grip a little. But eventually, Abby learns what gently means to me. And her arm won't sting for that long!

I stay where I am standing over Abby. In about half a minute her hands are already creeping up Izzy's little foot. She's a size 6.5, so she doesn't have much in the way of foot to start with. It means there's no reason for Abby to rush. A little tap on Abby still-stinging bottom gets those hands to slow right down.

I stay over Abby for the entire foot, which takes her at least fifteen minutes as slowly as I make her move. That's when she reaches Izzy's toes. That's when I tell Abby that each toe wants an individual massage from her. That takes Abby several more minutes, but only one crop swat to remind her not to rush Izzy's massage.

Then I finally sit down and tell Sophie that I'd enjoy a foot massage as well. Sophie eagerly starts taking my shoes off for me and then rubbing my feet. I just reach my crop over and tap Abby on the head. "Now that you know how to massage a foot, peon, start over and massage that foot all over again. Then you can do the other. No one cares if your hands cramp. Because no one cares about you! What's to care about? Nothing! Because you are nothing! Now massage, bitch."

Forty minutes later both Izzy and I are basking in the bliss of well-

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massaged feet. I suspect Izzy got the short end of this stick, the inexperienced masseuse, but I equally doubt she's noticed. She's nearly as demanding as I am. Sophie is putting my shoes back on for me. And I'm watching closely as Abby does the same for Izzy.

Now it's on to Abby's next lesson. She's given. Now she'll learn to ignore herself and obey. I have a hold on Abby's leash as I stand. Then I order Abby up to her feet and lead her back to the playroom. But this time I don't bother to blindfold her. I can feel the difference on the leash, too. She's walking much steadier and easier now that she can see.

As soon as we get there, I lead Abby over to the comfortably padded massage table. I wonder if she's thinking she's going to be giving a massage now? She just might be, if I had an appropriate practice dummy for her. But Izzy would never allow a sub to touch that much of her. I save myself for the most skilled toys. I have Paige for the occasions I want to treat Sophie to a massage. And Paige doesn't get massages, at least not for her. She only gets them when I want to tease a toy by making it put its hands all over a naked girl.

I tell Abby to get on the table, on her hands and knees. I instruct her to spread her knees wide, all the way to the edges of the table. Her ankles, too, just barely not falling off the sides. Her feet are to hang off over the end. Her back is to be straight and flat, parallel with the table. Her hands are to be on the edges, her arms straight, just up far enough to hold her back taut and flat. It has those hands a few inches out past her head. Her head is to be held up, staring at the wall ahead. Gravity has her hair hanging down, partly covering her face.

Obviously, this position has Abby's pussy prominently displayed between Abby's wide thighs. Its puffiness makes it swell out just behind the back of those thighs, too. I didn't check it earlier. I have too much confidence in Sophie. I knew I'd see exactly what I'm seeing now. A perfectly shaven pussy with lips as smooth as glass and silky soft. I kind of expected to see a decent amount of wetness, too. But what I'm seeing now is more like a sloppy wetness. Almost dripping. The outside of her mound is covered, as are the creases of her thighs. The very tops

of her thighs, where her mound has rubbed against, is "oiled" up with her honey as well.

I so hope Izzy doesn't see it. She knows that Sophie scrubbed Abby's pussy clean, and got all the honey off, and out, of it. This is fresh wet honey. Honey that flowed as Abby was massaging Izzy's feet. Obviously, Abby enjoyed giving that massage. I'll bet she enjoyed my strict supervision of it, too. I didn't let her get away with slacking off even the tiniest bit. I made her give her very best, from start to finish. And to ignore the cramping tiredness in her hands to do it. But she heard Izzy's approval. The soft purring "OOH's" Izzy made as Abby pleased those feet.

"Slave, fetch my favorite paddle," I tell Sophie. She brings it right over. It's about the same size as the one I keep under the desk, 18" long and 4" wide. It's thinner thought. And it's not leather. It's made of two layers of a soft rubber, like rubber bands, with a paper-thin sheet of spring steel sandwiched between them. That gives the paddle enough stiffness that it holds its shape. It's my favorite because the rubber stings more than leather. And at the same time, it won't bruise. At least not with a sane number of strokes. It just hurts worse. But the redness fades quicker.

"Abigail, would you like to have your bottom paddled a nice deep red?"

"No, Miss Rodgers," Abby says quickly and firmly.

I make sure Abby can see the paddle in my hand. "Are you going to be a very good peon bitch, then?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Abby replies. Her voice tells me that she caught the hint. Behave or she's going to get acquainted with this paddle. "I promise to be on my very best behavior for you, Ma'am."

"Then stay, bitch," I tell her firmly. "That's a pretty simple command. All you have to do is not move. Not even a teeny bit. Just stay. Can you do that, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am. I won't move at all, Ma'am!"

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Abby has no idea what a challenge it's going to be for her. And she doesn't get a clue or any kind of a warning from me. I just nod to Sophie.

Sophie takes a soft, silky feather and starts stroking it slowly down the outside of Abby's pussy lips. Well, one lip. She doesn't make it all the way down that lip, much less to the other, before Abby blurts out a deep, throaty "OH!" and shivers hard. I see the little goosebumps that instantly erupted all over that plump lip, too.

I do the only logical thing. I give Sophie half a second to get her hand out of the way. She already knows to do that. She saw Abby's bottom *move*! Abby shivered that hard. And not because she's cold. Then I swing the paddle.

It lands with a loud and very slightly higher-pitched, crack than the leather one did. It lands square across both cheeks, too.

Abby shrieks a loud, and now pained, "OW!" Unfortunately for Abby, she lets her bottom move forward an inch or two, reflexively moving away from the blow. She pants a few "OW!-EE!s" as I lift the paddle.

"I said to *stay!* " I firmly remind Abby, "and that includes while you're spanked for moving!" then I give her bottom another swat, landing this one directly atop the already fiery, stinging, red flesh of those globes. Abby shrieks out again. She starts to pull forward, but catches herself and hold her bottom almost still. It's really just a little twitch of those cheeks as if she were tensing up. I'll let her get away with that much. It's almost impossible not to flinch with the hard impact of the blow. And I don't want to just paddle Abby endlessly. I want her to force herself to stay still and suffer intensely. Suffer the teases of the feather.

I nod, and Sophie starts the tease over again. On the other lip this time. She gets almost to the bottom of the lip before Abby can't stand it again and shudders crisply. The paddle strikes her bottom, getting me a loud yelping, as the shudder starts to ease.

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It has Abby sobbing softly. It would be hard for her not to be. This paddle really stings. I'll bet Abby's bottom is burning so hotly that she's thinking her bottom is going to be a bloody mess when her husband sees it again. It won't be. It will be lightly pink. But Abby won't know that. She won't know that this paddle won't bruise her. She'll just feel the so-sharp stinging as it cuts into her nerves.

I nod, ignoring Abby's sobs. Sophie resumes the teasing, now stroking her feather along the wet ridgeline of Abby's exposed inner folds.

Abby can't handle it. Sophie has barely moved the feather when Abby blurts out a throaty, and squealy, "OOH!" and almost jumps as she shudders. Then she quickly cries out a pained "OW!" as she's paddled yet again for not behaving.

Sophie decides to tease those eager, sensitive loose folds again. Abby moans out and shudders crisply again. She gets another swat. And then it's all repeated in its entirety. But on Sophie's fourth try, Abby finally manages to hold that brightly glowing pink bottom of hers still as countless goosebumps erupt over her mound and beyond.

It goes on for several agonizingly sweet minutes. Sophie alternating her strokes along Abby's outer lips and the ridgeline of wrinkly folds. Never anywhere else. Abby sometimes staying still, sometimes getting herself spanked again. Until finally Abby manages to hold still for a minute or so of the erotic teases.

I sincerely hope Abby doesn't think that's all she's going to have to endure. I just nod to Sophie again. Sophie's feather just drifts upward. Before Abby knows what's happening, the tip of the feather is dancing atop Abby's tightly snugged asshole.

Abby shrieks out another her throaty moans. This one is even squealier, too. Her hips, and her bottom, don't so much as shudder as they wiggle wildly all over the place. Goosebumps cover her entire globes. I'll bet she never expected to feel that! Much less like it.

The goosebumps don't vanish from her globes, even after I give

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Abby the stroke she just earned.

Abby sobs silently. I can hear the nervousness in her breaths and sobs. I know what she's thinking. "You expect me to stay still for that?"

Sophie just giggles. I've teased her asshole with a feather enough before. She knows how intense the tingles are. And how hot they get her. A single drop of Abby's honey falls from the ridgeline of her folds. I guess Abby likes the tingly teases, too.

We try again. Abby moans out even more urgently as her hips wiggle. I swat her bottom. She cries out. Just before Sophie starts the next tease, Abby begins bawling. It takes me a minute to read her lips and figure out the words she's silently mouthing "I'll never hold still for this!"

Abby suffers through four more swats on her bottom. It leaves her bottom glowing a nice bright, almost neon-bright, shade of pink. But finally, she makes herself hold still. She moans so urgently I wonder if she might not cum right then, too. It also gets a few more drops of honey from her slit, but every tease to her asshole gotten me one or two of those.

We've been here close to 40 minutes already. And that's a very long time for anyone to stay rigidly still on all fours. I want to make Abby move from the sweet teases, not from the fire burning in her muscles. So I decide to skip the next part of this and move on. I'll get to teasing the inside of her pinkness, and her clit, later. Lessons sometimes work better when learned slowly. And I have no doubt Abby will look forward to more sessions to learn more, too.



Chapter 06: Sweet Suffering

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I have Izzy help me get the stocks out. They're fake, but they are made to look like the ones used in the town square hundreds of years ago. A couple of my friendly frat boys made them for me. They're made of two 4x6s, one atop the other with their narrower sides touching. They're hinged. They have cutouts for the neck and wrists. Fairly small cutouts. Sophie was the model we used to build them, and Sophie is a fairly tiny girl. But they're big enough for Abby. She's not so thick either. They have a 4x4 post to hold them up a few feet above the floor. And at the bottom of the post, there's a platform to keep it from wobbling. A long platform, but one that's only 34" wide. It's the same width as the stocks are. A width that was chosen to fit through the 36" door of the closet I keep the props in. And naturally, one end of the stocks is hinged, the other end has a latch to take a padlock.

Once we've wheeled them out, I give Abby the news. Not that she can't guess why, or rather who, we're wheeling the stocks out for. That's kind of so obvious! I tell her to get off the table. Then I walk her the single step over to the stocks and tell her to bend over. To lie her neck and wrists in the little grooves. Once she does that, I lower the top half and lock it in place. Then I have Abby spread her feet to the edges of the platform. I wrap a heavy chain snugly around her ankles, then clip it to the platform. It will ensure that Abby's feet stay spread. It has her back close to flat as well.

Now Abby isn't really going anywhere. She can move, especially her hips. There's plenty of room for her to squirm and wiggle. But she's not going anywhere. She'll squirm hard, but she's also going to stand there, slightly uncomfortably, and endure whatever tease, or torture, I have in mind for her.

And she's already slightly uncomfortable. Stocks were never meant to be comfortable. After all, back when every town had them, they were for punishment. They force her to hold her weight up with the muscles in her back. Otherwise, if she doesn't, that weight will go on the front of her neck, and that will choke her. So she uses her back to ease the pressure on her throat. Her hands are utterly useless to her with her wrists locked in those little slots. She squirms them, trying to see if she can pull them out. She can't. She realizes that quickly. They're pinned, and she can't use them for anything.

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I blindfold Abby. The second she sees the blindfold, and knows what's coming, she starts to get just a little bit nervous. She's new. Maybe she hasn't figured out that the blindfold won't change what's next. She'd be in for the same whether she could see it coming or not. But now she knows she won't see it coming, not that she could see behind herself anyway. She won't know until she feels it.

I send Sophie to get Paige out of her kennel. Abby doesn't even know Paige exists. She's been in her kennel the entire time Abby has been here. And Paige knows better than to let on that she's back there. She just waits quietly until, maybe, I send Sophie to fetch her so that I may use Paige's body somehow. But I know Paige has heard everything. She always listens very attentively. And Paige loves it. She'd be touching herself as she heard the sounds if she could. She can't. So she just suffers the desire to.

Sophie brings Paige out by her leash. Abby doesn't know anyone is there. I cued Sophie silently to fetch Paige, and Paige knows not to speak unless spoken to by someone who matters.

I point to Abby's sloppy-wet pussy mound. "Tease." The one-word command is the only word I say. But I see a tiny bit of the tension flow from Abby's body as she hears it. Tease doesn't sound bad.

Paige knows exactly what I want her to do. She kneels behind Abby, her face a few scant inches from Abby's pussy mound. She uses her long slim fingers to gently ease Abby's lips and folds wide apart, baring Abby's throbbing clit and wetness to her eyes. It gets Abby fidgeting slightly, but also almost eagerly, as she wonders what will be done.

Paige puts her lips to Abby's wet pinkness, her lips open wide. She lies the soft and rounded tip of her tongue alongside Abby's hard clit. She hesitates a second as the first erotic shiver sweeps over Abby and Abby purrs out a deep, breathy, moan.

Paige starts her tongue moving very slowly as she swirls it one time only around the hard nub. As she does, she makes sure to keep her tongue gliding over the nub, touching it lightly, and caressing it softly.

Not licking it, just swirling around it with a glancing touch. A touch that's almost too sensual with its lightness.

Abby moans more urgently. Her moans growing deeper and throatier as Paige's tongue inches around her hand nub. And she shivers hard.

Once Paige's tongue has made its way around Abby's clit, Paige moves her mouth slowly, the tip of her tongue tracing a line along Paige's pinkness as it glides over. Her mouth goes to the end of one of Abby's wrinkly folds. Paige sucks the loose flesh into her mouth, lying her tongue softly along what would have been its underside. She sucks softly as her lips creep along the fold, inching down towards Abby's tunnel. She nibbles very gently as she goes.

Once Paige's mouth reaches the bottom of that fold, she allows it to slide from her lips. Then she stretches her mouth wide and softly puts her stretched lips to Abby's pinkness, surrounding the entrance of Abby's tunnel. Paige again sucks, but even lighter than she did before. Just barely enough for Abby to feel it. To feel her tunnel being so gently drawn into Paige's mouth. Paige puts the tip of her tongue to the top of the rim of Abby's tunnel. She makes a single swirl around the very rim of Abby's tunnel, her tongue sweetly teasing the nerves there. When Paige's tongue finally returns to its starting point, she doesn't take it away. Instead, she sticks it out, pushing it as far into Abby's tunnel as her soft tongue will reach. Paige starts another single swirl, her delicate tongue so tenderly caressing its way along the twitching, hungry, needy walls just inside her tunnel.

As Paige finishes her lap around Abby's pussy, she takes her time drawing her tongue back out of Abby's pussy. Her mouth starts moving again, this time going "down" further. At first, Paige's tongue traces a slow line along the tiny strip of flesh just beneath Abby's tunnel. As it goes, Paige's lips plant soft kisses on that short strip. It takes a couple of seconds. But finally, Paige's tongue makes its way all the way to Abby's asshole. Paige puts her tongue to the rim, her lips surrounding it, and sucks very softly. Abby's asshole tenses, cinching tightly, but it

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doesn't help one bit. Paige's tongue deftly swirls around the rim, right along the edge of her ring of muscle. Paige gives Abby's asshole one single lap.

When Paige finally completes that swirl, a lap she takes as slowly as she can manage to move her tongue, she sucks and nibbles her way back up Abby's other loose fold.

It brings Paige right back to her starting point at Abby's clit. And that's Paige's cue to begin another circuit. Something she'll do over and over again until I tell her to stop.

Abby moans loudly and urgently. It seems every moan that comes out of her mouth is even more sultry and needy than the last. She squirms, energetically, as Paige teases her. But nothing Abby is able to do even comes anywhere near close to interfering with Paige's teases. So Abby shivers sharper. Squirms harder. Moans more desperately.

But that's all Abby can do. I've trained Paige very well at this. It's the way her tongue makes its circuit around Abby's pussy. First a sensitive area, Abby's clit, then a less sensitive area, a lip. And so on, alternating between the more sensitive places that will push Abby toward a climax, and the more taunting places that will allow her ebb back slightly from that edge. It's an endless cycle of push and ebb. A cycle that will ensure Abby hangs there, almost cumming, but never getting that last little nudge over the edge. It's a cycle that will quickly drive Abby bananas.

And now, with Abby in those stocks, there is absolutely nothing Abby can do about. Just stand there and suffer that unfulfilled need and beg, pray, for that little nudge into bliss. A nudge that I hope she knows she will get only when and if I decided to give to her.

It only takes about a minute, two tops, for Abby to moaning and squirming as avidly as she possibly can. "Look!" I squeal to Izzy with some excitement in my voice. Faked excitement, but I think Izzy can tell I'm talking to Abby even though I'm speaking to Izzy. "Doesn't this skanky peon bitch squirm so entertainingly!"

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Izzy shakes her head. But she smirks, too. "She is rather... eager, isn't she?"

"So what? You know how I love a good squirming! Slave, fetch us some tea while we watch this bitch amuse us." I say.

Sophie serves us tea, and she takes her time doing it. I hope, and doubt, that Abby catches it. It's not me, Izzy, nor Sophie teasing her pussy. Thus that feminine tongue belongs to someone she hasn't seen yet. Someone she didn't have any clue was even here. And maybe, she'll never know who that tongue is attached to. She'll know she's had sex with someone, but won't even know if it's a male or a female, let alone who it was. Maybe never. She'll just have to go through life wondering whose tongue tormented her pussy so skillfully. And if I have any sense of Abby, she'll never look at a woman she doesn't know again without wondering if maybe it was her. Not even the cashier at Whole Foods!

Izzy and I (mostly I) get a pair of folding cloth director's chairs and take seats. This is going to be a good show, and I want to relax as I enjoy it.

I give it a couple of more minutes, letting Abby really get energetic and moaning very desperately. Then I send Sophie to fetch my phone. I have a new iPhone. I get up and make a short video clip. It shows almost all of Abby in the stocks. But it shows very little of Paige. Mostly just the curly tresses of her honey-brown hair hanging over her face and brushing against the backs of Abby's thighs. It's perfect!

I text Abby's husband "She looks so eager to cum, doesn't she? Do you want to see a very surprising finish live?" And I attach the half-minute long video of Abby moaning like a porn star and squirming around. It doesn't take him long to text me back and tell me that yes, Abby does look eager to cum. He also asks just how Abby is going to cum, and why it will surprise him. What a cautious man!

I text back "She'll cum by a finger. You'll just have to be surprised by the rest." He texts back that he'll come see her cum. I text for him to be here in an hour. Izzy sees the text and rolls her eyes as she giggles. It doesn't take an oracle to see that in an hour, Abby is going to be a slutty

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mess to look at. Or that Abby will be right where she is an hour from now. He texts back that he'll be here. I remind him to bring fresh clothes for Abby, and he assures me he will.

Izzy and I kick back and watch the show. Paige tongues away, never varying anything, and never giving Abby even a hint of a respite no matter how much Abby moans for it.

When Jake arrives an hour later I send Sophie to answer the door. Izzy and I follow her, greeting Jake just inside the door. Darren is nowhere to be seen, but that's no surprise. I didn't figure he'd want to come back any more than Abby, or Jake would want him here.

Jake immediately hears Abby's moaning pleas from the next room. She's too loud for him not to. It makes for an annoyingly loud background soundtrack while I talk to him and warn him what he's about to see.

I tell him that "my whore, skanky," is the one working on Abby. He'll see her soon enough. But he's never to tell Abby anything about her, not even that she's young. Only that she's female. Nothing more. He agrees to that condition. I hope he sticks to it since I know Abby is going to badgering him for whatever she can get out of him about Paige as soon as they're gone.

I tell him that I'm not taking her blindfold off. Please be very quiet and just watch the show. Afterward, Sophie will show him back to the living room to wait until Abby is ready. Maybe a few minutes. When Abby is brought out, he's not to mention seeing the show. He can tell her that later. But then, it's time for Abby to dress and leave. She'll be useless for a while, several hours, after this.

I don't tell him anything more. He agrees. We all walk back to the playroom where he's greeted with a live view of a more enthusiastic version of the video clip I sent him. Abby is in the same position, as is Paige. Only now Abby moans out so desperately and sensually. I offer him the seat that had been mine.

"Oh, Abigail..." I coo rather loudly so she'll hear me over her

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screeching moans. "Do you want to cum?"

"I CAN'T CUM, MA'AM!!!" Abby screeches out in a very sultry-deep throaty voice. "Dear G-d, I've been trying forever now! I can't cum, Ma'am. Please! This is torture! I have to cum so badly. Please, Ma'am, please! Let me cum! Please, Miss Rodgers, I can't stand this agony! Please, I'll do anything you want me to! I don't care! Whatever! I'll take a dozen of those enemas! I don't care! Just please, Ma'am, have mercy on me and let me cum! I'll be your slave for life! Just please, May I please cum!" Abby begs shamelessly.

It gets her husband's attention. I'll bet he's never heard her beg like this before. I'll bet he's surprised to hear she's had an enema. And utterly shocked, it looks, to hear her offer to endure a dozen more just to cum.

"You silly bitch!" I laugh at Abby. "You should know you can't cum! You will cum when I allow it, and not before. All the sweet agony you've been enduring should have taught you that!"

"IT DID!" Abby cries out, "I CAN'T CUM! Please, Miss Rodgers, please, I'll do absolutely anything you want me to do! I don't care! Just please, Ma'am, please! May this skanky peon bitch PLEASE be allowed to cum, Ma'am? Please, Ma'am? Please! Please, may I please be allowed to cum!"

I sigh. "Will you be a good bitch while a finger gets shoved up your bottom?" I never said my finger.

"YES, MA'AM! I swear I'll stand so still. Shove anything you can find up my butt! I don't care! Shove a baseball bat up my butt! Just please, Miss Rodgers, please! May I please be allowed to cum!"

I signal Paige. She stops and backs off.

Abby screams, as if in pain, from the frustration. She fidgets so hard that the chains on her ankles rattle loudly and constantly. Paige doesn't have to grease a finger. Her fingers are already covered with a thick coat of Abby's honey, and that's as slick as any lubricant. She just casually puts the tip of one finger against the tensed ring of Abby's

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asshole.

Abby pants hard and deep. Her bottom still somewhat from its full squirminess, but it's less than still.

Paige presses her finger. She's not the gentlest, but she tries not to be rough either. I think it's more that this isn't a thing, much less a big thing, for Paige so she doesn't think it should be for anyone else, either. Her finger presses right into Abby's asshole. Even from where Jake is sitting, four or five feet back from the side of Abby's bottom, it's patently obvious where Paige's slender finger is disappearing into.

Abby doesn't scream. She just freezes and lets out a very deep, and long, moan as Paige's finger presses into her.

Judging by the look on Jake's face, it's not the reaction he expected. He watches, his eye's glued on Abby.

"Abigail..." I say. "Do you still want to cum?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Abby cries out, her body not moving, "I was good! I was a good peon bitch, Ma'am! It's all the way up my butt, Ma'am, please Ma'am, may this bitch please be allowed to cum now, please!"

I wave for Paige to do what I've whispered to her to do. She starts wiggling her finger, pressing it down very lightly, and stroking it over the backside of Abby's pussy walls.

Abby screams. It's a very hungry, sensual scream. Her body trembles, vibrating hard as shudders rack her so fast they can't even be separated. She keeps on screaming, just as loud, her voice raspy and deep.

After about ten seconds, Abby's bottom starts thrusting back hard, trying to impale her bottom forcefully on Paige's finger. It does nothing. Paige's hand, snug between Abby's cheeks, just moves with Abby's bottom.

Then Abby grits her teeth hard. She pants, her pants stay deep and raspy, but now taking on the slightly-squealing "EE!" sound I'd heard earlier. Her bottom keeps thrusting back, picking up power with every

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useless thrust. And Abby's "EE!s" pick up their pace, too, in seconds becoming so fast and close together that you can't tell where one ends and the next begins.

Now Jake is gawking. His face is a mask of unfettered disbelief as he watches Abby. I'm sure he recognizes her "EE!" noises. I've already figured out those are her "I'm going to cum now!" sound. It's a sound I'd hope any husband would recognize.

Suddenly Abby screams out "OH, FUCK! MY ASS! I'M CUMMING... NOWWWWW!"

Abby slams her bottom back against Paige's finger. Then she explodes, her body thrashing every which way wildly, rattling her chains, and not going anywhere. She screams out "YES!!!" then she returns to moaning out deep and raspy throaty breaths at full volume.

I can see the waves of her orgasm crashing over her. As each hits her, Abby's body shudders crisply.

She's still shuddering crisply, waves of the first orgasm hitting her hard when she screams out "OH, FUCK ME! MY ASS IS GOING TO CUM AGAIN... RIGHT NOW!"

And Abby does. Less than a minute after her first orgasm. An orgasm that had only just begun to ebb away. And already a second is crashing over her. It puts some added vigor in her already-wild squirming around. I even hear her head knocking hard against the stocks holding it. Her knees try to buckle, but that chokes her, and that makes her knees straight back up and take her weight again. Her hands are balled into fists, and now they strain to squeeze tighter. They have nothing else to grip.

Abby screeches on for another half minute or so, maybe all of forty seconds. The wave of her climax, or maybe climaxes, keep hitting her hard, sending her body snapping with each fresh shudder. And her pussy dripping shamelessly.

Then she screams again, "AH! AH! OH, SHIT! MY ASS GOING TO CUM AGAIN! I CAN'T STAND THIS, OH FUCK, MY ASS IS CUMMING!"

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And then she does. Just as graphically and energetically as the first two.

I don't wait too long. Maybe ten seconds. I'm afraid if I wait too much longer, Abby will cum again. And I'm not sure she could stand another one. She is really "suffering" as orgasms far more powerful than what's she's know, crash over her. One right on top of another. I nod to Paige and she just slips her finger right out of Abby's bottom.

Abby doesn't even slow down. She goes right on thrashing away and crying out her throaty moans. Paige backs up. Smart. Otherwise, it won't be long before that wild bottom slams her in the face. I wave for Sophie to put Paige back in her kennel. She can wash her finger later.

I walk over to Abby. I just swat her bottom hard with my hand. Compared to the paddle, it's a very light spanking.

Abby cums! Again. She screams out, and her shudders snap back to full-force. Even with Paige's finger gone. Just the spank pushed over the edge for a fourth time.

She goes on for about two minutes. Maybe a little longer. That's how long it takes for the waves to finally ebb, now that nothing is teasing her back to the edge for another climax.

When the waves start to ebb, Abby falls "fidgety still." And fairly loose and spent. She stands, her legs rubbery, panting hard for her breath.

I don't want her to hurt herself. I quickly unlock the stocks, then lift her head out of them and sit her on the floor. She sits for a few pregnant seconds, then slowly just falls to her side and lies there. She sweats. She pants. Her pussy still weeps a little honey.

I leave Sophie to get the chains off Abby's ankles and, once Abby is ready to stand on those legs, bring her to the living room. I take Jake and we walk out to the sofas. Izzy tags along behind us.



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As soon as we're out of the playroom Jake starts sputtering questions at me. "How did she... I mean, nothing was touching her... woman places? How did she.. like that?"

When we get to the sofas, I explain the concept of anal orgasms to him. He sounds stunned as he tells me he never would have imagined Abby would allow that, much less ask for it, and never enjoy it! Plus, she came again from a spanking. With nothing touching her pussy or bottom. I tell him that she did, but she was already aroused and orgasms are part psychological. Abby enjoys being subservient, being relegated to the role of sex toy and amusement. Forcing that on her excites her, and... he saw the results.

He asks, only half-jokingly, how heavy of chains I had to use to use to hold Abby down for the enema she "apparently had." I don't think he believes me when I tell him that Abby wasn't bound. She stood there, bending over the desk, and allowed it. And allowed it rather humiliatingly. Not to mention uncomfortably.

It's about ten minutes before Sophie leads Abby in on the leash. Even then Abby is lost, walking through a dream on rubbery legs. She also looks utterly content. Sophie brings her to me and snaps harshly for Abby to kneel. Abby slowly drifts down to kneel. Not rigidly, but loosely, her body wavering slightly as she kneels.

Jake just glares at her. She's obviously sated and happy.

I keep the conversation going, talking to Jake about Abby. As we do, Abby obediently kneels and stays quiet. Even as I tell Jake that Abby secretly loves having her bottom violated. She just likes to whine about.

It takes a while, maybe ten more minutes, for Jake to notice that Abby isn't saying anything, even though the conversation is about her. He asks why. I tell him to ask her.

"Abs... why are you talking?"

"I'm nothing but a peon bitch, Sir, I am not allowed to speak unless spoken to, Sir," Abby answers politely, her voice still breathy and sensual.

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"Did you enjoy... that?"

"Yes, Sir, very much, Sir"

"Isn't this bitch so skanky and slutty?" I teasing ask Jake. "Are you sure you want it back?"

"Yeah."

I reach down and unlock the collar from Abby's neck. I take it off and hand the collar and leash to Sophie so she can put them up. "You may have it, then."

I turn to Abby. "Abigail, you are far too skanky for me. You may not contact me. From now on, you may only contact me through your husband. I suggest you ask him politely to email me every Sunday and Wednesday and tell me what a complete slut you've been. When it amuses me to use that skanky body again, I will let him know. He may decide if he wishes to bring you and leave you here again. I suggest you be very sweet to him. Got it?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers, I will beg my husband until he agrees to email you. I won't let him miss one, Ma'am! Will you please try to find some way for this peon bitch to amuse you again, Ma'am?"

"I'll think about it, although I don't know what a useless whiny bitch might do to amuse me."

I tell Jake that it's up to him when, and if, Abby is allowed to dress. He brought the clothes, so they are his, at least while they are in my realm. I only ask that, if he allows her clothes, she dresses like a proper peon bitch. One-piece at a time. And asking permission. Then, before Jake has a chance to give Abby her clothes, I ask if he'd care for a cup of tea.

He accepts, not realizing what I have in mind. I tell Sophie to fetch the tea and to take Abby with her. Abby can serve her husband. And I tell Sophie that I'm counting on her to make sure Abby gets it right.

A minute or so later Abby follow Sophie out. Both women are holding their hands out flat, palms upturned and even with their nipples,

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six inches out. Atop the little trays their hands make, each has a cup of tea resting atop a saucer.

Abby goes right to Jake and kneels down in front of him, her knees wide open. "Here is your tea, Sir. Thank you for allowing this skanky peon bitch to serve you, Sir." She very sweetly offers the tea to her husband.

He takes it, a dumbfounded look on his face. He takes a sip.

"Forget about Abigail and human concepts like pride. Do you enjoy her serving you like this?" I ask him.

Jake glances down at Abby, still kneeling in front of him, nude, hands behind her back. And her thighs glistening with a mostly-dried coat of her honey. "Well... it is kind of... nice..." He cautiously says. Meaning that, like any man, he loves it. He just doesn't want to offend Abby by saying so.

"Abigail, ever night you will serve your husband something he asks for properly. Is that clear, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am, this bitch will gladly serve its wonderful husband properly every night, Ma'am."

I tell Jake that whenever Abby is being relegated to obedience or service, to just call her bitch. It will remind her of her place. I wonder if he'll do it. I know he will once he sees how demure she will instantly become.

He finally finishes his tea and tells Abby to stand and get dressed.

Abby stands but does nothing else. I have to cue Jake. He pulls a pair of panties out of the bag, simple, and comfy, white cotton ones. He hands them to Abby. Abby takes them and holds them. "Sir, may this bitch please have permission to put these panties on its slutty bottom now, Sir?" Abby asks humbly, not even a hint of reluctance in her voice.

"Put them on... bitch."

"Yes, Sir." Abby answers. Then she hurries to pull her panties on.

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Five minutes later Abby is dressed casually in jeans and a blouse.

Jake takes her by the hand and leads her to the car. I let her go with one last instruction. She's to behave all the way home, and then, once they are inside their home, she will behave until Jake tells her that she's dismissed.

Abby demurely walks beside her husband, allowing him to lead her out by her hand.