Three Way
Training
Nadezhda Sarankhova

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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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Three-Way Training

Introduction:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter One – Darla

The knock on my door, the first of three I'm expecting, obediently comes right at 13:00. That's one, of many, things I am strict about. I insist that my toys arrive exactly at the time I set. It's not that difficult with everyone's phones and smartwatches setting themselves off the internet.

It's like everyone's clocks are synchronized. It's important, especially on days like today when I have three toys summoned for the afternoon. I don't want them all showing up at once. I want them arriving one after the other, with little, if any, time between them. I want just enough time to get one ready before the next shows up.

I can't be sure if these three will appear on time. None of them are my toys. None have been here before. I've done all that I could do. I pointed it out clearly to them that I expect them exactly on time. And I threatened a harsh spanking for anyone so much as a minute off. That's something I almost never do – make a threat. My toys already know the rules here. I mean what I say. I expect my instructions followed precisely. There are consequences if they are not. But these are toys that haven't learned that yet.

I usually send my live-in slave-girl Sophie to answer my door. But this time I get up to get it myself. I've decided to greet this toy myself.

The first of the toys to arrive is Darla. I put her first because I know the least about her. I've never even had any direct contact with her.

Last night I got a call from Nikolai, a friend of mine, and a fellow Dom. He told me a little, what he knew, about Darla and asked me if I could "see" her as a favor to him. That's something I do fairly often, swapping toys as favors with my Dom and Domme friends. It allows me an extra bit of the one thing I crave – variety. And it allows the toys the same. No two Domme's have quite the same style.

I open the door to see Darla standing there. At first glance, she's "as advertised." She's somewhere around average height, at least for a petite woman. Maybe around

5’5”. She’s lean, I’d guess around 130 pounds. Even with her blouse on I can see enough to tell that she has a curvy figure. I can tell that while her breasts aren’t huge, they’re not small either. They’ll look slightly large on her narrow frame.

Darla has long blond hair, worn straight, that hangs halfway down her back. It frames a small, slightly oval, face. She has bright green eyes. She has a slightly long and wide nose that looks a bit big on her face. Under that, she has a fine, wide mouth framed with a pair of plump light pink lips. Overall, it's a pretty face. But it does show her 41 years. There are a few gentle lines around her eyes and nose.

Today she's wearing loose-fitting charcoal pants that look to me as if they're part of a pants suit. So does the cream-colored silk blouse she has on with it. And the light gray pumps with what are probably two-inch heels. She's wearing a good layer of makeup, well-applied, too. I can even catch a whiff of some light floral perfume on her. To me, it looks as if she's dressed for a business meeting. The rather expensive gold watch on her wrist says the same thing. And it's all wasted here.

Beside her stands a slightly lanky man. He looks to be a couple of years older than she is, maybe 45 or so. He looks tall, probably around 6’1”, more so with him close beside his petite wife. He has dark hair. And he too looks to be dressed for a business meeting, not an afternoon in my playroom.

Then again, he’s not here to play. At least that’s what Nikolai told me. He told me that he only wanted to watch his wife. I'm not so sure about that. I've found that of the men who tell me that, most end up eagerly joining the fun long before the halfway point if invited. But it is something I plan to respect.

Darla seems to reflect her professional life. She's an event planner. From what Nikolai tells me, it's a two-girl shop, Darla and an old friend of hers. They bring on the help, all temps, by the busload for the events they

organize. I'm told she does rather well at it and has a number of "high-profile clients." I really didn't get into the details. I just don't care, other than to ensure that no one Darla encounters here will be someone she might encounter in her vanilla life. I wouldn't want anyone learning of her time here that it would better not shared with.

When Nikolai called me last night, he told me that Darla is a “high-octane bitch” in her professional life. He’s seen her. He’s used her company before. She takes charge and barks orders like a drill sergeant.

According to her husband, she’s about the same in her home life. As her husband put it, she’s “imposing.” Nikolai says he really doesn’t know, he’s only seen her socially once or twice. And never played with her. He didn’t even know she had an interest in playing.

At least not until Darla’s husband called him. He works for Nikolai, running one of the companies that Nikolai has some interest in. I never asked which one. It doesn’t matter to me, I already know the true boss of whatever company it is – Nikolai.

He told Nikolai that Darla "wanted to try something new." Nikolai makes no secret of his private life, or of his three live-in slaves, so it didn't take much imagination to figure out what he was hinting at. After a little prodding, he told Nikolai that Darla wanted to "disconnect" for a couple of hours. She wanted not to be making decisions. She wanted not to be giving the orders. She wanted to turn her brain off. She wanted to be used as if she were nothing more than a "blow-up sex doll." Obviously, she also expects to get her own relief.

Nikolai assures me that he warned her that she’d be in a for a hefty dose of things she’d find humiliating, and other things that she’d find “decidedly unpleasant.” through her husband, she told Nikolai that she knew that. And welcomed it, at least to the degree that it was necessary to make her feel “immaterial.”

I had to think about seeing her. Seriously think, mostly because I had never spoken to her. But in the end, I agreed as a favor to Nikolai. I asked him to relay very specific instructions. Her husband is welcome to watch, as long as he does not interfere in any way. Not even to ask a question. He may do nothing more than “watch.”

Which includes two other things. First, it was his job, not hers, to make certain that Darla “presented her worthless bottom” promptly on time “so that I may make full use of her skanky body.”

The second is going to be the hard one for Darla. Darla may not speak unless I specifically tell her to. Otherwise, no matter what, she must not make a sound. Not even a nod of her head. Even if a question is asked. Her husband will answer for her. If there's a choice to be made, he will make it for her. Not that I plan to give her much in the way of choices.

I completely ignore Darla, turning my attention to him. “Hello, I’m Miss Rodgers,” I greet him. “I know you were already told, but I want to make something crystal clear to *you*. The instant you bring this bitch-" I watch as Darla's face tightens up noticeably as she hears me call her a bitch. I have no doubt that she had to stop herself from snapping back at me. "through my door, it utterly belongs to me. I will do whatever I feel like doing with it, and I don't care one iota what it thinks of anything. I don't even care if it thinks. It will stay here until I tire of that old bottom and send it away. It is not free to leave, nor are you free to take it home. If this useless *bitch*-” I say it to watch her face tense up again, “disobeys, I will use whatever force I feel like to *make it obey*. I’ve agreed to let you watch this worthless thing be taught just how meaningless it truly is, but the minute you interrupt anything, I will put you out. You only, this bitch stays until I tire of it.

“If that’s acceptable to you, bring this bitch in and stand it there.” I point to a place just inside the door. There are a few feet of empty wall there, before the coat

closet, that I keep empty for just this reason. “Otherwise, take it… anywhere but here. Once you bring it in, the choice is made and you will live with it.”

I see a bit of uncertainty on his face. It’s as if he never expected Darla to ask for a session, and still isn’t quite sure if he should bring her in or not. As if he’s used to asking her. “Come on, honey, let’s go in…” He says softly. He puts his arm around Darla’s waist and nudges her forward.

Darla takes a rather tentative step forward. As if she’s finally realizing just what she’s getting herself into, and maybe starting to have second thoughts about it. Or maybe she’s just nervous at the thought of having no control over anything, even her body. That is definitely going to be a new experience for her.

She makes her choice. She must have been thinking that she didn't have to let her husband lead her in. She could turn back and step out, and no one could stop her. She's half right, I wouldn't have stopped her. I can see it. After that first hesitant step, she straightens up, stiffening slightly and starts walking purposely forward. In a few quick strides, she pulls slightly away from her husband's arm and puts herself along the wall. In the spot, I pointed to. It's her way of telling me that it's her choice to be there, not his to put her there. I'm going to let her get away with that for now. For now. She’ll learn her lesson soon enough.

And it shows me her personality. Darla is going to be a force. Giving up control is something she’s not going to do, no matter how much she wants to. It’s just too alien to her. I’d bet she doesn’t even know how to.

I pick up my favorite crop. The pastel green one that's made of soft leather. It looks rather girly with its fringe of white lace. But it only looks girly. It has a strong swat to it. A good sting, too. It can easily leave welts if I want it to. Or bruises. But its flat tip won't split skin like a bullwhip would. I hold my crop up causally just to let Darla get a good look at it. Her eyes lock on it, following it

around as she imagines feeling the sting of it against her flesh. Wondering just how sharply it will bite into her. Wondering if she's going to feel it. I'll bet she's thinking that she's not. She won't allow it. She'll ignore the rules and object before she endures more than a gentle tap from it. How wrong she is. She'll figure it out.

I stand there in silence, letting Darla's tension bloom, for at least half a minute. Then I snap my fingers. "slave, get this filthy bitch's things put away."

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie quickly answers hurrying over.

Now I turn my attention to Darla. "You *are going* to stand there. You *will not* do anything to help or hinder my slave. You will stand there like a mannequin. There is no question about that. The only question I have is how sore you will be before you obey. Because you *WILL* obey, *BITCH*."

Now Darla looks at me with a bit of question on her face. I know that she doesn't understand the instruction I've given Sophie. She doesn't know that I mean for Sophie to strip her nude and take everything to be locked away in another room. Sophie does.

I glare back at Darla.

Darla's eyes shift to Sophie as she steps over to where Darla is standing.

There's nothing for Darla to do. So there's no reason for Sophie to give her any instructions. I already have. I told her to do nothing. I suspect it won't be long until Darla learns that nothing means nothing. Even though I was clear in my command.

Sophie starts by silently reaching out to Darla's arm and taking her purse from Darla's grip. For the first instant, I see Darla's arm tense up to resist. Then she relaxes it and allows Sophie to take it from under her wrist. To slip the strap off her shoulder, down her arm, and off. Sophie puts the purse on the floor, starting a pile.

Sophie doesn't slow down. She moves normally as if this is nothing different for her. She brings her hands up to

Darla's chest. To the top button of Darla's blouse. Sophie undoes the button.

Darla stands fidgeting. It's not nervousness, but more like a cat ready to pounce. It tells me that, as I suspected might be the case, Darla is going to have a hard time accepting a subservient role. She clearly wants to. It just comes too unnaturally to her. Right now it's all she can do not to bite Sophie's head off.

I watch as Sophie undoes another button, baring a tiny sliver of a pink and white lace bra. Just the center of it, between her mounds. Sophie immediately moves down to undo the next button. I see the tension start stiffening Darla's muscles. It tells me that Darla's urge to object is growing as Sophie casually goes about undressing her.

I already know what Darla is going to say. She's going to say something about being a big girl and capable of taking her own clothes off rather than being undressed like a child. And by a stranger. I decide to give her another little warning.

I bring my crop up. I pause for a second, while Sophie keeps working, holding the crop about a foot out from Darla's face. In front of her eyes, letting her see it. Then, without any warning, a tiny flick of my wrist snaps the crop out and right back in. It lands squarely in the center of Darla's cheek. It's a rather light tap. It's just enough of a swat to leave a faint pink splotch on her white cheek the shape of the crop's tip.

"AH!" Darla yelps as the crop stings her cheek.

"Behave, *bitch*." I snap rather sternly at Darla before she has a chance to say anything more. "I said stand and do nothing. That's for thinking about opening that filthy cocksucker of a mouth. There won't be another warning. Next time you do anything but stand in silence, you will be punished."

For an instant, Darla stays tensed. Then she mostly relaxes, leaving only a slight twitching tension in her muscles.

Sophie has ignored everything and steadily unbuttoned Darla’s shirt. Now she brings her hands up, slipping them under the shoulders of the blouse. She gently lies her hands on the bare skin of Darla’s shoulders, letting Darla feel Sophie’s feminine touch. Sophie’s hands move over Darla’s shoulders, her thumbs bringing the blouse along. In a couple seconds, the blouse is slipping off Darla’s lean shoulders and down her arms. Then Sophie is folding it and adding it to the pile.

It reveals a rather sexy bra. I see pink cups fringed with white lace. Half cups, that leave a good slice of the insides and tops of her mounds bare. The bra has narrow ribbons of silk for shoulder straps. It has a narrow band around her back. And it has a cute pink bow between the cups. There’s a heavy wire under the cups, too. It looks as if it’s pushing her mounds up to maximize her breasts. And her cleavage.

I prefer my toys to undress in a specific order. From the top down, not in layers as most people normally do. It's simple: start at the top and work down, taking off the highest thing first, and ending with the lowest thing. The only exception is shoes, which may be taken off if necessary to get something higher up off. Sophie knows the order. Even though I didn't specify how she was to undress Darla, she follows my usual method. I figured she would.

Sophie is only 5’2”. She’s small. She has to step close to Darla as she reaches her hands around behind Darla’s back. Sophie isn't hesitating one bit. She quickly unclasps Darla's bra, letting the straps fall loose at Darla's sides. Then her hands move up to Darla's shoulders. Sophie's fingers slip under the thin ribbons of straps. She starts steadily, but not too quickly, caressing her hands along Darla's shoulders and taking the bra's straps along. In a couple seconds, the straps slip off her shoulders. A second later the cups slip off Darla's mounds, baring her breasts. Now Sophie moves faster to slip the bra down and off.

For an instant, I wonder if Darla bought her breasts. They look to be rather firm and full. But then I decide she didn't. They're natural. But full.

Her mounds are shaped like a half grapefruit. There is a slight, almost non-existent, crease at the underside. It's not even enough of a crease to hide any of her flesh, just to make me look up to see the last of it. The tips of her mounds are just as fully rounded. The tops have more of a gentle slant to them as they rejoin her chest.

Darla has light pink nipples. They're fairly wide, maybe just under the width of a marble. They have well-rounded tips to them. And they're surrounded by a pair of even lighter pink rings bigger than silver dollars. Noticeably, her nipples aren't quite centered on the tips of her mounds. Or at least they don't look to be. They look to be pointed slightly upward, as if they're on the place where the tips of her mounds flow into the tops, instead of on the tips. That's what made me wonder if they were fake. That's pretty common with falsies.

Her breasts are definitely firm. But they don't have the hardness that fake ones would. Nor do I see any scars. I think hers are just naturally full and firm. They do have a touch of looseness to them, more age than anything. It's just enough softness to convince me they're natural.

Next to come off is Darla's belt. Darla barely reacts to that, although I can see a slight flushing in her face. It's enough to tell me that Darla still is struggling with her new role. Then Sophie kneels down to take Darla's shoes off of her feet. Darla's slacks wouldn't have a chance of coming off with them on, even though the pumps are fairly minimalist. Darla has stockings on as well, but those aren't coming off.

Now Sophie is back up to her feet. She reaches to Darla's waist and unbuttons Darla's slacks. If Darla hadn't guessed what was coming off next, she'll know now. And she does, I see the tension starting to creep back into her muscles.

And then Darla's pants are slipping over her hips and down her lean thighs. At first, it bares a rather trashy pair of white panties. They're solid white. They have slightly wide, maybe an inch or so, sides stretching around her hips. They have a much smaller V in the front that barely covers her pubes. In the back, there's even less. Just the band around her hips that swells down slightly into a short and wide V atop her crack, and a narrower strip of fabric running down her crack. It's little enough that the entirety of both globes is bared.

As Darla's slacks continue down her legs, they reveal her stockings. They're thigh-high. The kind that stays up by themselves, not the kind that requires a garter belt to keep them up. They're sheer but white. At least they're not pantyhose, I can't stand those. On me or on a toy.

I can see it on Sophie's arms as she lifts Darla's feet to slip her pants off. There's a fair bit of tension in Darla's muscles again. Darla has to force herself to loosen up every time Sophie goes to remove something. But she stands there, silently beginning to fume, allowing Sophie to strip her.

It takes Sophie about a half a second to judge the height of everything else on Darla's body. It's a close call, but Sophie doesn't hesitate. The waistband of Darla's panties is just a hair higher than the watch on Darla's wrist. But only because the panties arc up as they span across her hip bones.

Sophie's hands go right to Darla's hips. Her fingers slip under the waistband of those panties, lifting them slightly. With a feathery light, and erotic, touch, Sophie's hands glide over the bare flesh of Darla's hips. And right down Darla's thighs. Sophie's fingers take the panties down as well.

It bares Darla's pubes. She sort of has a bush on them. It's more of a small tuft in the shape of a triangle on her pubes. It's trimmed well inside the creases of her thighs, leaving a strip of bare flesh along its sides. The same on the top. Her fur is also cut rather short, giving it a

slightly sparse look. Its point ends above the top of her slit. It's also a very sharp triangle.

It leaves every bit of her pussy mound fully exposed. I can see her long, moderately wide, and thin, lips puffing down prominently. I can see the top of what looks to be a narrow slit between those lips. Her mound swells down enough that it has a somewhat steep look to it as well.

I raise my crop up, letting Darla see the reminder to behave. But now that the intimate parts of Darla's body are fully exposed, I can see some of the tension easing in her muscles. As if there's no reason for her to object now. The "damage" is done.

It doesn't take Sophie long to finish stripping Darla. The watch comes off next. Then the stockings are the last off. Once Sophie has it all neatly folded and piled up, she takes the pile and carries it off to the playroom. I have a file cabinet in there just for storing my toy's clothes in. now none of the drawers are fully shut. Sophie will put Darla's things in one of them, then shut the drawer. It will lock. I have the only key, so once that drawer is locked, Darla won't be getting her things back until I give them to her. Or to her husband, which is a possibility today. She might have to get them back from him.

I stand in front of Darla for a few seconds. As I do, I eye her nakedness fully. Mostly I'm letting her see me fully taking in her nude body. As if I'm sizing up her body. That tends to make any woman very self-conscious. And that's what I want. I want Darla to feel every bit as fully exposed as her body is. I want her to know that her body is being judged. That she's being appraised as if she were nothing more than a hunk of meat at a butcher's counter. Or some toy to be used. Not as if she were a person with feelings and needs of her own. As if she's nothing. It only takes those few seconds for me to see the blush starting to bloom in her cheeks. And for me to see her body shirk slightly inward, as if cringing away from my eyes.

I put my hands to Darla's bare shoulders and quickly spin her around to face the wall. She blurts out a little

squeal, mostly of surprise, as she's turned. I ignore that. Instead, I grab her wrists, pull them behind her back, and coarsely slap a pair of cold steel police-issue handcuffs on them. I feel a hard flinch run through her arms. It rattles the chain lightly. It comes too late to resist the cuffs locking her hands. But only because I moved fast. I don't give Darla any time to get used to the idea that her hands are now useless to her. I put my hands back on her shoulders and spin her around again.

I put my hand to her chest, just above her breasts. I push her, fairly roughly, back until I feel her bottom and shoulders pressed against the wall. It's enough of a surprise to Darla that I see her eyes pop wide open.

I don't give Darla any instructions. Or any clue what's going to happen to her. Why would I? I wouldn't tell my sofa I was going to sit on it, and Darla is nothing more than a thing now. Nothing more than furniture. She should expect to be treated as such.

I move quick, not giving Darla a chance to do, or say anything. I can tell some part of her is itching to speak up. I bring my hand up under her jaw, put my fingers to the corners of it, and pinch hard. It forces Darla's jaw open. I keep pushing. As I feel her jaw muscle tensing to resist, I push even harder, stretching her mouth wide open.

I'm wearing sneakers today. I plant one of my feet, the rubber sole of my shoe against the bare flesh of Darla's foot, right where her ankle meets her foot. I step down, not too hard, but enough to firmly pin her foot to the floor. The back of her leg, and heel, are already back against the wall. Between my foot and my hand, Darla isn't going to be moving too much.

It leaves me one hand free. And that's all I need. I bring it up to Darla's mouth. I put a single, and gloved, finger into her mouth. I make sure to hold my pinch on the corners of her mouth. And it's a good thing. As she feels my finger lying along the top of her tongue, I feel her trying to bite down and close her mouth. I'm not sure if she'd actually bite me or not. I'm not finding out, either.

I usually search my toys before letting them back to the playroom. It's not about actually finding anything. I've never caught a toy hiding anything inside its body. If I did, I'd probably exile the toy immediately. It's about the toy knowing that it's been searched. That I have invaded every last recess of its body, without bothering to ask if it minded. That it had no say in it. I want Darla to know I will go wherever I please on her body, and no one will care what she thinks of it. Nor will she be able to stop me. She'll only be able to be used.

I feel Darla's head trying to pull away from me. She can't move it back, it's already against the wall. But she does try to move it from side to side. It's easy for me to hold it steady. I'm sure it's more because my finger is fully inside her mouth, reaching almost to the back of her mouth. Almost, but not quite, choking her. I sweep my finger slowly over the top of her tongue, to one side. Then I keep going, rolling my finger under her tongue and lifting it up. I get both sides of her tongue. Next, I use my finger to push her cheeks out, exposing the outside of her gums as well.

I slip my finger out of her mouth. I keep holding her mouth open. I still feel her trying to wiggle her head away from me. I'll bet now she's wondering what I'm going to do with her. I've explored every bit of her mouth. I even made it a point to let her feel me touching her teeth. There's nothing left. There's no reason for me to keep her jaw stretched so wide. Yet I am.

I hold my hand out. Sophie puts a "cock gag" in it. I'd told Sophie what to do before Darla arrived, so I didn't have to tell her now. Not when Darla could hear it. With my hand down by her waist and Darla's head pinned against the wall, she can't see what Sophie is passing me, either.

The gag is a simple one. And a very effective one. It started its life as a 1½" thick dildo. It's fairly fat but also short at about five inches long. I glued a layer of dense foam, like memory foam, over it. That makes it close to 2"

thick, but also lets it have some spongy give to it. Then I drilled a hole through the shaft, about an inch from the base end to pass a strap through. I have some leather straps that will fit it, but for today I'm using a simpler strap: a thick, long zip tie. It fits snugly through the hole, except for the buckle at the end. That won't fit through.

I bring the gag up and put the tip of it between Darla's front teeth. It has a fairly shallow taper to it, the rounded tip quickly opening to its full width. About half of the taper fits between Darla's teeth. I put the flat of my hand to the base of the toy. Then I push, steadily increasing my pressure.

It's not long until the toy has no choice but to push forward. That forces Darla's jaw even wider, straining her muscles as it stretches them. I see her eyes pop wide as she tries to shake her head. And tries to wiggle away from me. She doesn't get anywhere. Then foam around the toy compresses against her teeth and the toy shoves its way into her unwilling mouth.

I push the toy fully into her mouth, stopping only when the strap is against the corners of her lips. That will have the rounded tip pressing against the back of her mouth. The fat shaft will have her tongue pressed firmly down against the floor of her mouth. It will press just as firmly against the roof of her mouth. It leaves the softer foam to squish around and fill every last nook, stuffing her mouth completely with the gag. Now not even air will be getting through there. But it doesn't reach her throat, leaving her able to breathe through her nose. But not to make a sound.

I use the flat of my hand to hold the gag in place. I use my other hand to quickly wrap the tie strap around the back of her head, slip it through the buckle, and cinch it down until I see the pink plastic pushing the corners of her lips in. I can feel Darla trying to push the gag out. It's not going anywhere.

I move down. I keep Darla pinned against the wall. But that doesn't stop her from turning her head down to

watch what I'm doing. "These boobs look fake to me..." I say to Darla's husband. "Are they implants?"

"Uh, no... not that I know of anyway..." He answers. He's been married to Darla for 15 years now, so it is possible that she had them done before meeting him. And never mentioned it. And he never saw any scars to know to ask her about it. But I think he'd know. I don't really think they are anyway.

"Let's find out," I say. I casually put my hand to Darla's breast. I lift her mound up, squeezing it less than gently in my hand as I do. I lift hard, stretching the underside of her breast taut. As I'd seen earlier, there are no scars there.

Still holding her mound in my grip, I put my other hand to her nipple. It's standing up hard now, about ¼". Hard might be a bit of an understatement. They're like ripply steel. Rippled from the texture of her nubs. But almost impossible to compress more than a tiny bit in my finger. I pinch her nipple firmly, pulling it up while holding her breast still. Then I look closely around the edges of her rings. As large as hers are, that's another place a plastic surgeon would cut for a breast job. But not on Darla. Her rings are too faint to hide the scars. That doesn't stop me from leaning forward to get a close look, though. I want Darla to know that I've inspected her breasts in detail. I give her mound several firm squishes, too. And I stroke my fingers along the underside to feel her silky skin. Then I inspect her other breast.

I work my way down the rest of Darla's body. As my eyes move down, so does my hand. It keeps a light, but persistent pressure on her body. Enough to keep her pressed up against the wall. By the time I get down to her feet, my hand is on her pubes.

I rise back up. Darla watches me. I can see curiosity on her face as if she's wondering what I'm doing. Why. What's next. I can see a modest blushing on her cheeks, too. Like any woman, she's embarrassed to be inspected so closely. To have someone else not only seeing her most

intimate places but also obviously sizing them up. Deciding how those places might be put to use. For my pleasure, not hers. I can see a bit of flushing, too, letting me know that she hasn't fully accepted her role yet. She still wants to object. I can hear faint murmuring sounds as she tries to shout through the gag stuffing her mouth too full. I can feel the rippling in her muscles as she squirms and fidgets. I can feel the tension in her leg as her reflexes have her wanting to move that, too. I hold her in place against the wall.

I have no illusions that Darla is going to behave for what I plan to do next. I know it's going to come as a bit of a surprise to her. I know it's going to be new to her, too. At least unless she's spent time in one of our finer prisons, but I doubt she's that kind of woman. If she were, she likely wouldn't be here.

I have no plans to allow her to misbehave, either. I want her to feel, and accept, that she doesn't have a choice. That no one cares what she wants.

I pause for about one second. Just enough time for me to see the uneasiness make Darla's fidgeting start to grow. The fidgets, her muscles moving, will make it harder for her to resist me. And at some point soon, I expect her to try. But who knows, maybe she'll pleasantly surprise me and behave.

As soon as I see the antsiness start to bloom, I move quickly. I reach up and grab hold of Darla's long hair. I give it a good yank. It snaps Darla's head forward. I keep going. My tug pulls her head forward. I keep my hand up so that Darla can't lean forward. It leaves her no choice but to follow her head. Her feet stumble as they shuffle forward the first step. I step back and keep pulling her head. I move quickly as I cross the two steps. That way Darla doesn't have a chance to catch her balance. Or to think much. It leaves her to hurriedly shuffle her feet and keep pace with me.

I bring her to the arm of the sofa. As I near it, I step off to the side and loosen my pull on her hair. I have to. I

step back, behind Darla, too, as she starts to recover and straighten up. I put my foot, the rubber sole of my sneaker, against the crack of her bottom. I use my foot to shove Darla forward. It's a good kick. Enough to knock her off balance again, and send her stumbling to the sofa. She bumps into it hard, her waist against the top of the sofa's arm.

Darla's hands would be flailing. They'd be coming out in front of her to cushion the bump as she hits the sofa. Chained behind her, they just squirm and rattle their chain. I grab hold of one of Darla's wrists. With a vise-tight grip, I lift her hand up. The cuffs bring her other hand up as well. It rotates her shoulders to their limit. And then, once Darla's shoulders won't rotate anymore, her rising arms force her head and shoulders down. I keep lifting her hands, driving her face down into the cushion in front of her. That bends her fully over the arm of the sofa.

My feet scoot up behind her heels, bumping hard against them. It nudges her feet forward just a little. But that's enough to have her toes under the sofa. I keep my feet against her heels stopping Darla from backing up. That will keep her feet in place. The pressure I have lifting her hands up will keep the rest of her in place.

I snap my fingers. Sophie quickly comes around and stands beside the sofa in front of Darla's head. Sophie reaches over Darla and grabs hold of the chain between the cuffs. She pulls forward a little harder than I was lifting, driving Darla's face a little firmer into the cushion. Enough that Darla rolls her face to the side. The side that lets her see out into the living room, not to see the back of the sofa.

I drop down to my knees. Then I scoot forward a bit, bringing my knees up behind Darla's feet to block them in place. On my knees, sitting back slightly has my eyes directly in line with Darla's pussy. Now I have a perfect view of her plump mound puffing back at me from between her somewhat spread legs.

In this position, Darla's lips are pulled slightly apart, stretching her slit into more of a gash. This way I have a good view of her deep pink inner folds. Or rather the edges of them that stand out in her gash. Hers look to be long, tall, and rather wrinkly loose. They are also already covered with a coating of her creamy thick honey.

I use my thumbs to push Darla's lips off to the side, opening her pussy for my eyes. As soon as Darla feels my touch on her pussy, I feel the tension in her body as she tries to straighten up. To stand up. She can't move. Her hips try to squirm from side to side. To pull her pussy away from me.

This is as good of a time as any to teach her a lesson. I don't even have to rise to my feet. I just pick my crop up and lean back. Way back so that my head isn't anywhere near her bottom. Darla doesn't even know I'm doing it.

A second later the crop snaps firmly against Darla's taut cheeks. It's about half of the power I could put into a swat. It sears an angry pink stripe across her cheeks. Actually two lines, one across each cheek. Bent over, her firm bottom is pulled taut. Her cheeks spread, stretching her crack open and leaving a bit of a gap between her small cheeks.

I feel the snap of Darla's muscles as the unexpected sting of the whip slices into her virgin bottom. I hear her suck in a sharp breath of air. Then I hear a mute squeal as she tries to object and the gag keeps her nearly silent. Her hips start wiggling, pulling from side to side as she tries to get them away from me. Her feet bump against the sofa and my knees as she tries to move them. I see the tension in her arms as she tries to rise up. Sophie keeps enough pressure on her to hold Darla's face in the cushion.

I watch Darla's face, too. I watch as an array of emotions sweep over it. First is shock, but that quickly turns to disbelief. Then horror. Next to appear is the pain. That stays on her face as the horror turns to anger. Finally, the anger eases and the humiliation starts to bloom. I know Darla was thinking that she could avoid my whip.

That she'd just somehow manage to stop things before its sting shot into her bottom. Now she's realizing that she won't be able to stop it. She vigorously shakes her head no.

Clearly, Darla hasn't yet accepted her place as a thing instead of a person. That it is now her place to be whipped if that's how I chose to use her bottom. But just maybe she's realizing that I don't care one iota if her bottom stings.

I still don't tell Darla anything. I don't tell her why she's being whipped. Or what I expect of her. But I do give her a couple of short seconds to process. To realize that she's pinned down, and no amount of squirming is going to get her up. That her bottom and pussy are still on full display, and fully accessible for me to use, however. And hopefully to associate her wiggling as I touched her pussy with the sting of the crop. And maybe to realize that if she misbehaves again, her bottom will be stinging more than it already is.

I set the crop down by Darla's feet. Now my hands go back to her puffy mound. This time, as my fingers touch her lips, I feel a crisp shuddering shiver sweep over Darla. I feel her tense to steel for an instant. And then I feel her relax just a little. Enough that her muscles are merely hard instead of steely.

I push Darla's lips wide apart to bare every bit of her pinkness. Now I can see that her inner folds aren't as long as I thought they would be. But they are tall. And very loose. I can see them flow up where they meet and meld into a long, loose, and fairly smoothly textured ridgeline. I can see the hard nub of her clit poking its pea-sized head up from its nest in those folds.

It doesn't take me long to get a good look at her pinkness. There's not too much to see, other than her hard clit and the creamy layer of honey covering everything. It's enough for me to know that her pussy is liking this. Even if she isn't.

I just wiggle my fingers to get them to her folds. I push those apart, too. It gets another, sharper, shiver racking Darla's body. Pushing her folds aside reveals a little more of Darla's stiff nub, too. Enough for me to see that it's more like the size of a marble, not a pea. It was only the tip of it poking up before.

It lets me see the entrance of her narrow tunnel, too. Now it's about the width of my thumb. I can see her meaty walls, open at the entrance, but quickly swelling inward and touching each other to block my view into her very depths. I can see that her tunnel is as wet as the rest of her.

Another little wiggle of my fingers is all it takes for me to shift so that I'm only using one hand to hold her open. I put the tip of my finger, on my free hand, to the entrance of her tunnel. I hold it there for a second as another hard shiver flows through her. Then I push. I don't try to be rough with her, but I'm not going for gentle either. I don't want her to feel it tenderly, as a lover's affectionate touch. I want her to feel it causally, more business-like. As if I'm just familiarizing myself with her pussy. As if I'm still judging her body critically, and now the very depths of her most intimate places. I push every bit of my finger into her tunnel.

My small finger just barely reaches the back of her pussy. I can only lightly feel, and stroke over, the tip of her cervix, the hard muscle that's the opening of her womb. But I can feel every bit of her soft, spongy walls. I can feel a fiery heat burning in them. And I can already feel sharp twitches randomly popping up through them as my touch teases a nerve ending here and there. Those will be icy hot sparks to Darla. Sparks that will shoot along her nerves. Sparks that will quickly push her arousal to its heights.

I take a long moment, ignoring Darla as I make sure to touch every bit of her walls. Then I release her lips and folds, letting them close around my hand so that Darla can feel just how much of my finger is inside her. After a

second, I pull my finger back out of her pussy. It comes out with a thick, creamy, layer of her honey clinging to every bit of my gloved finger.

I don't hesitate. I move my eyes up to Darla's very last secret. Her asshole. Hers looks bigger than it is. There's a wide swath of brown-tinged pink flesh surrounding it. Flesh that starts pink at the edges and steadily turns to a slight brownness as it flows toward the center. It's lined with countless fine little wrinkles. There's not a big wrinkle or fold to be seen, giving the swath and her ring an almost smooth look. At least with her cheeks taut and her crack stretched, it funnels inward with a moderate steepness. All toward a small, squiggly little point of darkness.

It's to that tightly clenched point of darkness that I put the tip of my honey greased finger. For a lightning-fast instant, I feel another shiver race through Darla. The sharpest yet. Then I feel Darla tense hard. And I feel her bottom snap as it tries to wiggle. As it tries to toss my finger away from her resisting ring.

I take my finger away. A second later Darla is jerking to full tension again as my crop snaps across her bottom. I make this swat a little bit harder than the last, too. Maybe Darla will realize I could do worse to her than I am. I watch as the plethora of emotions flow over Darla's face again.

I put the tip of my finger back to her tightly cinched asshole and hold it steady for a couple of seconds. I feel the crisp shiver flow through her, tensing her body up. And then, after about a full second, I feel the tension ebb from her body. Even from her asshole, leaving it rubbery soft, but still tightly closed. I see a tear roll from her eye, too.

I push. It's the same uncaring, unaffectionate, casual push I used in her pussy. I just efficiently press my finger firmly against her rubbery firm ring. It steepens the funneling a bit at first. Then I feel her ring yield. I never feel it resist me, but I don't feel it loosen to accept my finger either. It just chooses not to fight. With her asshole

squeezing lightly around the sides of my finger, I press until every bit of my finger is inside her bottom.

I don't pause. There's no reason to. I think Darla has accepted that there's nothing she can do about it. Her butt will be inspected just as closely as every other part of her body has been. It doesn't mean she likes it. Just that she knows there's nothing she can do to change anything.

I take my time slowly probing around her insides. I make sure to prod every speck of her rectum. At least the part that my finger can reach. I make sure that I use just enough pressure for her to feel me poking her.

I save the bottom for last. And not because I have to rotate my finger for that. I'm sure Darla feels the light drag of my finger twisting on its film of honey through her rubbery muscle. I press down, first feeling the wiggly wall of her rectum. That's thin, like plastic wrap or something. And feels about the same, as if my finger is pressing against Saran wrap. Almost immediately I feel the firmness of her spongy pussy walls just beyond. The thin walls of her rectum do nothing to dull my feel. To me, it's like poking a wrapped roast at the grocery store. It feels about the same. A thin membrane over a meaty roast.

But it feels very different to Darla. She feels the pressure of my pushing against her bowels. But then, just as quickly, she feels me touching her pussy. Her pussy doesn't care which side of its walls are teased. The same nerves run through the entire thing. And they don't care which side of them is teased. They only know to tingle when stroked softly.

I feel a snapping tremor flow through Darla's pussy. Her body follows, snapping with a hard twitch an instant behind. That twitch turns to a sharp shiver. I feel her asshole snap tight, clenching my finger as if to hold it in place. A tiny stroke after that and I see a dollop of her honey emerge from between her folds. I feel her pussy start to spasm, snapping crisply under my finger. I see a line of goosebumps erupt at the top of her crack and shoot like a bullet up her spine as she shivers again.

I have no doubt that the sensation, the idea, that this is arousing Darla is as much a surprise to her as it is sweet for her. I don't want her to like it too much, not now anyway. So I stop. It takes a long second for me to feel her asshole loosen a little so that it's not clamping my finger. Once it does, I pull my finger from her asshole. And I quickly pull my gloves off.

Then I take Darla’s hand from Sophie as I rise back to my feet. I use my other hand to grip Darla’s hair. I pull her up by her hair, easing my pressure on her wrists as I do. I turn Darla around so that she’s facing me.

I keep a firm grip on Darla. “slave, put this bitch on the bench until I’m ready to use it.”

“Yes, Mistress," Sophie answers. She reaches her hand out to Darla's chest. She brings her hand up underneath one of Darla's breasts, wrapping her fingers around it. Her thumb comes up against the underside of Darla's nipple. Sophie closes her hand, squeezing Darla's breast firmly in her grip. And squishing her hard nipple between Sophie's thumb and the side of her first finger. Sophie doesn't tell Darla anything, either. Keeping a firm grip on Darla's breast, she starts walking. She pulls Darla along by her breast.

Chapter Two – Allison

I manage to finish with Darla about ten seconds before the time I budgeted for her runs out. Now that I think about it, maybe she shouldn't have been the first on the schedule today. I would guess that Darla's sore bottom has just touched the bench when the next knock comes at my door. And it's right on time.

I open my door. I probably would have let Sophie get it this time, except she's busy. Her job is Darla. She's to place Darla on the waiting bench, and then stay there to make certain that Darla waits properly. As in that Darla sits still and demurely awaits her fate. I leave Darla's husband sitting on the sofa.

There's a somewhat small, slightly stout, younger woman standing there. She's still curvy. And cute. It must be Allison, the one I'm expecting next. There's also a man about her age standing beside her. He's slightly "soft" and a tiny bit on the nerdy side, at least by looks. He's taller than she is. I'd put him at about 5'10" or so, but only about 150 pounds.

Allison is a 24-year-old student at Tulane University in New Orleans. It's about 110 or 120 miles west of Mobile. That's a little farther away than I usually like for toys. But there are exceptions to every rule. And I don't know much about Allison yet. I've never spoken directly to her, either.

I first heard about Allison Tuesday, when I got a text from Dawn's father asking me to call him when I had a second. On a Tuesday, that's about all the time I'd have, too. But I did call him back. His text did mention that it wasn't about Dawn, so I figured he had a favor to ask.

He told me, briefly, about his friend, a man he's worked with for close to 20 years. A man who knows all about his lifestyle. And who knows about the arrangements he's made for his daughter. That Dawn "belongs" to me while she's in Mobile. That I *fully* supervise her and make use of her as if she were mine. But with the exception that Dawn will remain a virgin until she's married. Dawn, who graduated college last spring, has a job as a substitute teacher here in Mobile. A job she

couldn't have gotten back home. The town is too small. She lives here, with me. Her father pays for her upkeep, something I call "bitch support," like child support only for a bitch. I only charge him about what it costs me to have her here. I never charge to spank. Lately, she's been dating, with my permission and supervision, another teacher. One who knows that she's a submissive and welcomes it. One she likes as much as he seems to like her.

He told me about Allison. Even though he's been friends with Allison's father for so long, Allison has never met Dawn. Distance has prevented that. Dawn's family is from the southeastern part of Alabama. That's where she's always lived before coming to Mobile for college.

Allison was a good student in high school. She's been steadily slipping since she left to go to college. She's now a fourth-year junior. She'll be a senior next year. But if she keeps going the way she has been, she'll end up a few credits short of a degree. That would mean another semester to graduate. And her scholarship only covers five years. If she takes longer, then it's up to her to pay for it. Which means it's up to her father since Allison doesn't even have a job.

He tells me how Allison grew up similarly to Dawn. Her father was just as strict as he was. He didn't mind punishing Allison for even minor breaches of his rules. But he did allow her a great deal of freedom when she stayed within the rules. Obviously, with her away in college (if New Orleans can be considered away from her home in Baton Rouge), such close supervision hasn't been possible. It won't be for me, either. I'm farther away from her than her father is.

According to him, Allison feels that she’s outgrown parental discipline. And yet still sees that she needs the discipline. She would just prefer that it not come from her parents as it always has. I'm not so confident about that, at least not until he sends me a copy of something Allison wrote. It reads like a diary entry to me. Maybe part of a

private online journal. In it, Allison writes about how she feels directionless without the firm guidance. And how she's so eager to explore her now full-fledged womanhood. How she wants to be both his daughter, strictly minded, and a "real woman." How she needs someone to take full control of her. In every way, including her sexuality, and that's one way she's not going to allow her father to control her. It's a way he's not so eager to control her, either. I'm pretty sure it's also the reason he prefers that it be another woman, too.

One of my "rules" (with the occasional exception) is that I don't allow toys to bring themselves here, or pick themselves up. Someone else must. And it can't be just anyone. It can be a close relative. It can be a spouse. It can be anyone they live with. It can be an employer. I want someone who is physically close to the toy, someone who will see it most, preferably every day. And someone with either a close personal relationship or power over the toy. Someone the toy will think twice about alienating.

That’s why the guy is here with Allison. Since she clearly doesn’t want her father to be her escort, she doesn’t have a job or employer, and she doesn’t have a boyfriend, much less anyone living with her, I left it up to her to find someone as close as possible to one of those groups, preferably in one of those groups. I had her father tell her in no uncertain terms that she answered to me for the week, not him. It was my instruction for her to find an escort that day, and have her escort contact me. That there would be harsh consequences for disappointing me. He texted me back that he’d passed it along to Allison, and despite being very surprised by his message, she said she would follow her instructions.

Then he emailed me about four hours later. I guess Allison didn't stall too long to find someone. He told me that he's the RA in her dorm. I emailed back and forth with him a couple of times, learning that he kind of knows Allison. To him, she's mostly just another "lost girl" in his dorm. He agreed to bring her, probably only because

Allison wanted to come. Even after I made my rules clear to him. Especially the ones that he wasn't to expect anything, now or later, from Allison. And that he will see plenty, but is never to speak of it to anyone, even Allison.

He agreed. And he told me a little about himself, too. He's a fourth-year senior. He's majoring in structural engineering. He doesn't have a girlfriend, but dates "occasionally," which I take to mean not so often. Then again, with his duties and studies, he probably doesn't have a lot of free time. I didn't have to ask if he knew anything about D/s. His emails told me that much without him having to say it.

As I open the door, I greet him, not her. I give the m the same "welcome" speech that I gave Darla. The one reminding them both, and especially Allison, that he would be making any decisions, not her. She was not even to speak unless I directly told her to. He tells me that he knew that, and both agree to it. I'd laid all my rules out in the final email to him, the one telling him when and where to bring her. Even the rule that Allison, once she arrived, would not be allowed to leave. Even if he asked for her to be allowed. He assures me that he explained it all to Allison, in detail, and she agreed.

Allison is just a couple of inches taller than I am, maybe about 5'4". I would not call her a big girl. But she has strong shoulders and a slightly wide frame. That's all it looks to be, is wide. I can see rather pronounced curves to her body. She definitely looks girly. Maybe like a woman who does manual labor would, only without the toned muscles and roughness. I'd guess she weighs about 140 pounds. And I can see that she has an ample chest. Guessing, I'd put her at about a 36-D. But with a narrower waistline and rounded, curving hips. There's nothing fat about her body. I doubt there's even going to be much looseness to it.

Allison has fairly short black hair. It's straight, hanging down to the tops of her shoulders. But today it's pulled back into a knot behind her head. It frames a

slightly rounded face with soft, flowing lines to it. Just enough roundness to hide her bones, even her jaw, but not look plump. She has brilliant green eyes over a short, slightly wide nose. And she has a wide mouth framed with deep pink, almost red, plump, and plush lips.

She has a bright smile, too. She's smiling now, even though she's clearly nervous. I point to the spot along the wall, the same spot Darla just vacated, and tell him to "put this bitch there." He lightly nudges her arm just above the elbow as he tells her to go stand where I want her to. Then Allison takes a deep breath and steps forward, into my world. She walks steadily, but not quickly, and takes her place.

I see her eyes scanning the room just as anxiously as Darla's did. I'm sure that's because this is going to be a first for Allison, too. I know she's never played before. I don't know how much she's even thought about it if she has at all. What I do know, is once the chance was offered to her, the chance to have someone else assert complete control over her and her body, she all but jumped at it. That doesn't mean she's not nervous. She clearly is. She hasn't a clue what to expect. What's going to happen to her. Only that whatever it is, she's not going to have a choice in it. Or be allowed to quit.

She blushes the minute she sees the older man sitting on the sofa. I'm sure she's wondering who he is, and more importantly why he's here. He's old enough to be her father. He almost is her father's age. She keeps on blushing as I ask her escort to take a seat on the sofa as well. If he followed my instructions, and by the way, I can see Allison cringing now I suspect he did, Allison doesn't know that I plan for him to wait on her. I'll call that her first lesson. She shouldn't expect to know things. She stands uneasily, her hands at her sides, but fidgeting lightly.

Unlike Darla, I had a chance to email Allison's escort. I was able to give him more rules than I wanted to relay to Darla. Relaying them just increases the chances of something getting screwed up. I told him that it was *his*

responsibility to make certain that Allison appeared properly. Not hers. I didn't care how he did it, just that Allison appeared as directed. On time, exactly. Not wearing any makeup or jewelry. Bringing nothing, not even her purse. And wearing only "basic" clothing, which means: shoes & socks, pants or skirt with a blouse, or a dress, and a matching bra and panties set. Absolutely nothing else. From here, I can't see anything else, but I wouldn't be surprised to find her purse and phone in his car. It also means that she's to be freshly shaven to silky smoothness, as she normally grooms herself. At the least, I expect her legs and underarms fully shaven and her pubes neatly trimmed. I would have stripped her naked, checked her, and then given her nothing but what I wanted her to wear. I doubt he did that. I figure he explained it to her in detail, and not seeing anything that wasn't up to standard, took her word for it. I hope she doesn't disappoint them both.

I'm about to find out, too. My way. There's no reason why Allison shouldn't get the very inspection that Darla just got. Neither is anything but a life-sized play doll to me.

I snap my fingers. "lezzie, come strip this bitch,' I call out.

Dawn comes hurrying out of the kitchen where she'd been doing chores. I doubt anyone even knew she was there. "Yes, my Queen," Dawn says as she crosses directly to the waiting Allison. I don't see any recognition on the other's face. I'm not using their names. I never do. I doubt either knows that it's her father's friend's daughte r approaching. I don't plan to tell them either. I don't even know if Allison knows that her father's friend's daughter is here. She may not know.

Dawn starts undressing Allison exactly the same way that Sophie undressed Darla. From the top down. Allison, however, is dressed far more casually than Darla was. More like she would be to walk around campus. She's wearing almost-snug-fitting jeans and a pullover shirt.

With sneakers and ankle socks. I'm pretty sure that there's a bra and panties underneath, too. I'll know for sure soon enough.

Dawn's hands go to the bottom of Allison's shirt. As they reach it, I remind Allison of the rules. That she's to do nothing to help, or hinder, Dawn. She's to stand there like a rag doll and be undressed.

Allison stands there as Dawn lifts her shirt up. It only takes an inch or so for me to see that Allison's stomach is flat and toned with strong muscles. As if she works out frequently. Not manly, or like a weightlifter. More like a girl who uses the dorm's gym daily. I can see that there's no fat, too. Her stomach is going to be lean. A second later I see just how pronounced the feminine curve at her waist is. She has a good, strong, hourglass shape to her. With smooth flowing lines.

Allison stands rather uncomfortably. I can see her silently cringing while trying to look as if she's not. I can see the blush reddening on her cheeks. But unlike Darla, Allison isn't tensed up. I don't see any hints that Allison is going to balk. Or that she even wants to object. I'd bet she doesn't. It's clear that she's rather embarrassed right now. It's clear that it's difficult for her to stand there. It's clear that, if she has to undress, this is her least favorite way of doing it. But I can also see a bit of demure acceptance as if she knows that she doesn't have a choice.

Dawn raises Allison's shirt up, exposing a lacy lavender bra. It has full cups with a swath of silk lining most of them. It has narrow ribbons over her shoulders, but a wide band around her back. Its cups are stuffed full, squishing her mounds back against her chest. It has a heavy wire under the cups, lifting those mounds up, too. It gives her a long, deep V of cleavage. And it lets me see that I was right, her breasts are ample.

Dawn has to use one hand to lift Allison's limp arms so that she can slip the shirt over Allison's head. I'm a little surprised that Allison manages to keep her arms limp as

she was told to. Most women would instinctively want to lift them to help Dawn. Dawn then gently lowers Allison's arms down to her sides and slips the shirt off. A second later it's folded and starts a pile on the floor next to Dawn's feet.

Dawn is about the same size as Allison. She's a tiny bit lighter, maybe ten pounds. Dawn has rather ample breasts, too. I know she's a C-cup. I'd bet Allison is just a bit bigger there. Even though they're eye-to-eye, Allison tries hard not to look at Dawn.

I figure that's because Dawn is wearing what she always wears in the apartment. Nothing. She's fully nude, except for a necklace that her father gave her and requires her to wear at all times. He refers to it as her collar. He's told her that once she marries, her husband will take it from her neck and return it to him. I wouldn't interfere with that, so she keeps it on. I know the two men are closely watching Dawn. And now both have a rather full view of her firm and rounded bare bottom.

Dawn doesn't shy away from Allison. I've taught her better than that. She steps close to Allison, wrapping her arms around Allison's chest to reach the clasp of Allison's bra. Allison's wide frame and ample breasts are just a little too much. Plus the girls are the same height. As Dawn reaches around, her bare breasts are pushed up against Allison's lace-covered mounds. I see a faint, crisp shudder race over Allison as Dawn's breasts squish against hers. Dawn doesn't show anything.

And then Dawn is backing off a bit. The straps of Allison's bra hang down at her sides. Dawn puts her hands to Allison's chest just beneath her shoulders. She slips her hands up, caressing Allison tenderly, and then over to catch the bra's straps in her hands. She keeps going, smoothly caressing her way across Allison's shoulders and

down to her elbows before the bra falls free. Dawn catches it and starts folding it to join the pile. As Dawn steps back, I can see her nipples are nice and hard.

Allison’s are, too. As hard as rocks. Now free of the constraining bra, Allison's mounds hang down a little while holding their fully rounded shape. Enough to leave a fair crease at their undersides. But otherwise, they have the shape of half grapefruit on her chest. Her nipples are straight forward, even though her mounds look to angle slightly to the side. At the tops of her mounds, they almost touch, but then open into a wide, very deep, inverted V.

Each mound is topped with a deep pink, almost reddish, ring slightly larger than a quarter. Centered in each is a nipple about as wide as a pencil eraser. Her nipples are slightly short with rounded tips, giving them a somewhat pointy look. At least now, with them at full stiffness.

Dawn kneels down to take Allison’s shoes off. It doesn’t take long. As she’s doing that Allison stands mostly still. Now, with her breasts fully exposed, she blushes a deep, beet red. And she fidgets a little more. Maybe it’s because the men’s eyes are clearly locked on her mounds, and she’s not allowed to do what she wants to do: cover them.

As Dawn rises back to her feet, the men get a brief flash of her pussy mound as it pokes out from between he r thighs. Then it's gone as she stands. Her hands go to Allison's waist and efficiently unzip Allison's jeans. Then Dawn's hands slip into the waistband of those jeans, softly caressing Allison as they do. Dawn hooks her thumbs on the waistband and leaves her hands to caress Allison's hips and thighs as she slowly slides Allison's jeans down.

It bares a matching pair of panties. Lavender. Silky. They’re all lace boy shorts, with a wide band low around

her hips. There's only a modest triangle of silk at the front to cover her pubes and nothing more. It doesn't take Dawn long to finish slipping the jeans off Allison and fold them.

It seems Allison is properly dressed. Those panties and the ankle socks are the only things left on her. It makes the choice rather easy. The panties are far higher on Allison than the socks. Dawn's hands are quickly slipping softly under the waistband of the lace panties.

In about two seconds, Allison is cringing so hard that she looks as if she's about embarrassed to tears. And her panties are halfway down her thighs, leaving her pubes, and everything else, fully exposed. It's enough for me to see that Allison's grooming will be corrected here. She has a full bush. Full enough that I'm a little surprised that the small swath of silk hid it. Her fur is fairly short, giving it a slightly sparse look, and curly. It is trimmed, barely, inside the creases of her thighs. I'd bet that's for Allison's comfort, not appearance. No one likes stray hairs in snug panty lines. I can see her fur flow down between her thighs and cover her lips as well. At the top, the line is less straight. Despite the fur, I can see her mound puffing down prominently. And I can see the wide gash between the edges of her lips. I can see the ridgeline of her inner folds rising all the way up that slit, too.

And then Dawn has Allison's socks off. That leaves her completely naked as she stands with her back against the wall. And with her front side on full display to the two men here, as well as Dawn and me. But it's the men who are shamelessly eyeing the girls.

Allison looks as embarrassed as anyone could possibly be. I doubt she's that close with her RA. I'd bet she picked him only because he qualified and was willing. I know she never expected to be standing nude in front of

him. I know that she's cringing in horror as she thinks about what he's already seen, and knows that she's going to have to see him every day. That he will always have the mental image of her naked in his head. Will he be thinking of that every time she has to talk to him?

I stand off to the side, allowing the men an unobstructed view of Allison. As I do, I slowly snap a pair of latex gloves on my hands. Allison and her escort won't know about the inspection that's to come. But Darla's husband will. He just watched Darla get one. Allison's eyes can't help but nervously flick to my hands with each snap, wondering what I'm going to do to her now.

Somehow, Allison manages to keep her hands loose at her sides. But I can see on her face how strong the urge is for her to bring them up and cover her body. I stand there, slowly moving my eyes over her body just as I did with Darla. I want Allison to see my appraising her nakedness. I want her to know that I'm judging it with a critical eye. Not like a man would, with an appreciative eye, either. Harsher. It gives me a chance to see the flowing curve of her wide, rounded, hips. And that her thighs are well-toned, too. Her calves are toned and shapely. But everything has the smooth, softly flowing feminine lines to it. Her shoulders have just enough meat on them to fully hide the lines of her bones. That contributes to the strong look of her body. But they're still lean, too. As are her arms.

I never said a word to Darla. Instead, I manhandled her, helping myself to her body for its inspection. I did that because I knew Darla wanted to feel inanimate. But that's not what I want for Allison. I don't think that's what Allison wants, either. Not that she'd mind it one iota. I want Allison to know that she's submitted. That she's accepted her loss of control. That it's been replaced by demure obedience.

“What a stout body…” I say looking Allison in the eyes. “I’ll inspect every last speck of it. Open that mouth,” I tell Allison in a kind, yet icy firm voice.

Allison remembers that she’s not to speak. She says nothing. She opens her mouth. Not all the way, not stretching her jaw muscles to their limit, but about halfway. Maybe as if to eat a bite. “All the way, bitch,” I snap, turning my voice icier, “stretch that jaw wide.” Allison opens it most of the way. Enough that I can see the lines of her muscles as they start to strain. I’ll accept that.

I bring up my hand, balling it up and leaving one finger extended straight. I do that right in front of Allison's eye, letting her see it. Then I move a little slowly. I lie the tip of my finger on the tip of Allison's tongue. Slowly, I inch my finger along the top of Allison's tongue. I feel its slight texture as I do. Allison feels my finger sliding deeper and deeper toward the back of her mouth. Toward the point where it will choke her. My finger isn't quite that long. It stops just before that point. It lies across her tongue, its tip just at the point where her tongue angles down at the back. The backs of my fingers lie lightly against the outside of her lip. Allison's eyes are nervous and wide. I feel the tremors flowing over her, each one is seemingly a little stronger than the last. I see her eyes trying the impossible, to watch my hand.

I use my finger to slowly explore every bit of the inside of Allison's mouth, just as I did Darla's. I leave not a single cell untouched. And I know Allison feels it. I tell her that she really needs to floss better, which she really doesn't need to do, just to make her think about how closely I'm seeing the inside of her mouth. And hopefully, get her wondering what else I'm going to inspect so carefully.

Once I'm done with her mouth, it doesn't take me long to get down to her breasts. Maybe she was expecting it. She should. Who'd want to skip those? But I still feel the crisp shivering tremor flow over her so powerfully that her untouched breast jiggles slightly from it the instant I touch her mound.

Her mounds look just as full, rounded, and firm as Darla's are. But they have a bit more sponginess to them. I notice it the instant I start squishing her breast in my hand. It's like a wet sponge. A heavy one, I notice, as I lift her mound up to stretch its underside taut and pull the crease out. As I hold her breast up, I stroke the underside of it, feeling that her skin is silky soft, and smooth. Then I stroke and pinch her little nipple, feeling that it's as hard as cement.

"Hands on the back of your neck, bitch," I tell Allison, letting the gentleness back into my stern voice. Then I wait the few seconds it takes Allison to get her hands up. "Bend forward, bitch, show me how those flabby boobs hang. Back straight with my floor." I just stare at Allison.

It only takes her about half a second to get moving. She moves slowly, but not hesitating. Just reluctant. She leans forward. As she does, her breasts first shift towards her shoulders, the creases underneath them vanishing. Then they dangle freely. She stops just short of having her back flat. I don't punish her for that. I suspect, as far as she can tell, she thinks her back is flat. Instead, I just put a hand to her shoulder and push them down until her back is flat. And her breasts dangling as free as they ever will.

Her mounds hold their shape as they hang, unlike many as ample as hers. Allison quivers slightly. Even that is enough to have those big mounds jiggling slightly. To me, they're still like half grapefruits. They're that firmly rounded. I put my hand to one and give it a squish as she

stands there. It feels the same to me, like a stiff wet sponge. But the squish sends another sharp quiver racing over her. Like this her nipples are slightly more prominent, now poking straight down at the floor.

I tell Allison to stand back up. I don’t tell her to move her hands, so she leaves them where they are. Once she’s up, it doesn’t take me long to inspect my way down to her toes. “Turn around, bitch, let’s see how flabby that butt is.”

Allison turns around. She looks slightly relieved to be staring at the wall. At least now she doesn’t have to see the men so blatantly ogling her naked body.

Instead, they're ogling her naked bottom. The same bottom that I'm sizing up. Hers is full and very well-rounded. It's also firm with toned muscles. It's full enough that her cheeks stand out prominently above her thighs, each with a smoothly flowing curve to its bottom. But there's no sag or hang to those globes. They're full enough that the inside edges of her cheeks are pressed firmly against each other, fully closing her crack off. At the sides, her cheeks seem to flow perfectly into her wide hips.

Now that I've seen every bit of her standing body, the only place I see anything is at her elbows. From the back. There are a few faint wrinkles there. But that's it. It's somewhat unique on such well-toned arms.

I tell Allison to take three steps back. She does, clearly not yet realizing why I want her to back up from the wall. “You will show me that slutty pussy, bitch. Spread your feet as wide as those fat legs will stretch. Lean forward until your back is flat with the floor. Put your palms on the wall, even with your shoulders and with your elbows bent 90 degrees. Hold your head up and stare at my wall. Once you are in place, say ‘Here is this bitch’s vagina, Ma’am.’ do that now, bitch.”

I see a light flush bloom instantly over Allison's body, even from the back, as I tell her what to do. She doesn't hesitate, but she does move reluctantly. She positions herself as instructed. "Here is this bitch's vagina, Ma'am," Allison recites in a fairly muted voice. It's the first I've heard her voice. It's soft, moderately high-pitched, and girly, with a decisive Louisiana drawl to it. I turn to her escort and ask him if that's her normal volume. He says it's a little quiet for her. I make her repeat the line in a normal voice.

It has her furry mound jutting out proudly from between her spread thighs. It lets me see that her lips are long and wide, yet look narrow. As her mound puffs out, it has her lips more straight than flat against her body. It has her gash on full display, too, letting me see the long, low, ridgeline that seems to flow its entire length. And showing me the layer of silky fine fur covering her lips. Thankfully, at least, she has that trimmed right at the creases of her thighs.

I use my fingers to push her lips aside and bare her pinkness. Now, with her lips stretched wide open, her folds begin to separate slightly. Enough for me to see that the single ridgeline only runs about halfway. Then her folds separate into two short, loose folds. Folds that are a medium shade of pink-purple. Folds that are covered with a fine coating of watery thin honey. I suspect the fineness of the honey layer is only because that’s as much of the thin cream as would cling to her.

I use my fingers to push her folds apart as well. It lets me see the entrance of her tunnel. And the edge of her walls. Her soft, spongy, almost loose walls. Walls that have a slightly more purplish hue than the rest of her, too. A tunnel that’s clearly flooded with more of her watery honey.

At first, I don't see her clit. That wouldn't be that unusual, they do come in different sizes, and Allison has a good bit of loose folds to hide hers. But one wiggle of those folds and it jumps out from them as a violent shiver flows over Allison. It must have been caught up in the tight knot where her folds flow into the ridgeline. Now it's standing up a good ¼", maybe more. It's wide, like the tip of my pinkie finger, and about that shape. It's almost a deep purple. And it's already throbbing. I can see the steely hard nub pulse with her heartbeat.

Mostly because I don't want to push Allison into a climax yet, I take care not to touch her clit as I bring the tip of my finger up to the entrance of her tunnel.

"OOH!!!!" Allison purrs loudly, and very sweetly, in a hungry tone as I push my finger into her pussy. The instant I touch the very entrance of it, I feel hard tremors flowing over her body nonstop. As I enter her obviously too-needy tunnel, the tremors sharpen and grow more powerful. I see goosebumps erupting like mountains over her lips and thighs. The shiver quickly overtakes her, shuddering her entire body. Especially her bottom. Once I reach her depths, and my finger is still, her purr ebbs into fast, panted, squeaking breaths. The shivering doesn't ebb. It warns me that I'd better be careful, or I am going to push her to orgasm long before I want her to. Her pussy is too eagerly ready.

"AH!" Allison gasps out in the neediest screech every time my finger moves inside her. I can feel her pussy walls twitch crisply every time, too, snapping down around my finger so hard that I feel the hot sparks erupting in her walls almost as strongly as if they were in my finger. I can only imagine how intense the sparks shooting along her nerves must be. How eager this pussy is to cum.

When I finish exploring her depths, and I make sure that I've touched every last speck of her pussy, I release her folds and lips. They close around my finger, her soft lips lying gently against my hand. And they close around the tip of her clit. Now that it's freed from its nest, it stands up so prominently that it sticks out a tiny fraction of an inch beyond the outsides of her furry lips. I could tuck it back into her mound for her. I don't, I leave it standing out. This way, when she sits, her clit will be pressed firmly against the wood of the bench. I hope she obediently stays still.

She screeches a pleadingly desperate “OOH!” as I pull my finger from her pussy.

I can see her asshole as she stands. Her firm globes are curved enough at their bottoms that they leave a sharp V before their insides lie against each other pointing up from her pussy. Her ring is visible in that V.

I tell Allison to “show us your anus, bitch.” and I add instructions. I watch as Allison’s hands move, coming back and wrapping around the outside of her thighs to grip her rounded globes. She pulls them apart. She stretches them as wide as they’ll go, stretching her crack wide open. “Here is this bitch’s anus, Ma’am,” Allison offers up her last place. She says it in her normal volume, but now with a nervous tremor to her voice. As if she dreads what I might want with that part of her.

There's a wide swath of light pink flesh rising up from her pussy that seems to cover the valley of her crack and parts of the inside edges of her globes. It rises up past her asshole about half of an inch. There's a smaller swath of deeper purple-pink flesh close in to her dark ring. Her ring is tight, no larger than a dime, with a pinprick at its center. It's lined with wrinkles, some a little more pronounced than others.

I put the tip of my honey greased finger to Allison's asshole. With only the lightest pressure, my finger completely eclipses her ring. Allison quivers sharply, nervously, but stands still. And holds her cheeks wide open for me. I'm sure by now she's realized that not even this last, dirtiest, part of her body will go unexplored.

I start pressing slightly. I feel her muscle holding firm under my pressure. Hard. Reflexively resisting the idea of me entering her bottom. My finger pushes her ring slightly inward, funneling it a bit. "UGH! UGH!" Allison pants nervously before I enter her bottom. Then she cries out a squealy "UH-Mmmmmmm!!! as I feel her ring surrender. My finger starts slipping into her asshole. Her muscle, rubbery, tightly grips around my finger. Luckily for her, her honey is so slick that there's no drag, even with her asshole so tight.

It doesn't slow me down, either. The honey keeps me pressing smoothly into her bottom as she cries out a very unwelcoming "MMM!!!" I might believe her cry if I wasn't watching goosebumps erupt in the purple flesh squeezing around my finger, shoot up her crack and onto her spine. Or if I wasn't seeing the shivers racking her body grow sharper and needier with every millimeter that I push deeper into her.

I push my entire finger into Allison's very tight bottom. Not just her asshole. Her rectum might not have the muscle to tighten around my finger, but its walls are lying snugly against me.

I take my time, moving my finger very slowly as I prod the inside of Allison's bottom. I make sure to touch everything. I make sure that she feels me poking against her loose walls. As I usually do, I save the part of her bowels that lie against her pussy for last.

As I explore Allison's rectum, I see her bottom twitching crisply as a fresh tremor racks it with every tiny movement I make. I hear Allison panting a lot of uncomfortable "UHM!s" with those movements, too. I doubt Allison can stand still. I'm not sure I'd want her to. I love watching her bottom snap so powerfully that it almost jumps.

I press down a touch on the firm side. Immediately I feel a hard, sharp snap under my finger. Right where the meaty walls of her pussy are. "OW!" Allison screeches out loudly. A good-sized dollop of her watery honey shoots from her pussy and lands on my wrist. Thankfully it lands on the end of my glove. It falls to the floor. I see her clit twitch, its tip jumping almost ¼". Her muscles tense hard. She rises up to her tiptoes as her bottom snaps up powerfully. Then her bottom snaps a single thrash from side to side. Slowly it ebbs, and Allison lowers back to her feet, panting more, and squeakier "UHM!s" as she does. I can feel her pussy twitching the entire time. I couldn't even begin to count how many tingly sparks I feel erupt and shoot through those walls.

To keep Allison from cumming, I keep my finger still until she's back on her feet. Then I move along and prod the next little slice of her pussy walls from the backside. I don't even get there. The tiniest movement, the instant my finger starts moving over her rectum, stroking the backside of her pussy beyond, Allison jumps and cries out again. I get shot with another dollop of honey, too.

It keeps going on like that. The entire time. It takes me a couple of long minutes to finish inspecting her rectum. After every tiny movement, I have to stop and let her arousal ebb back from the edge to keep her from cumming. Her honey must flow quickly. By the time I'm done with her bottom, there's a fair-sized puddle of it on my floor.

Allison screeches more, and shudders, as I pull my finger from her bottom. Only now her asshole is spasming around my finger, too. That warns me that Allison is almost over the edge into orgasm. But I get my finger out of her bottom before she gets her release. Which is what I want.

Allison pants with tense, needy relief as my finger finally slips from her bottom. I tell her to stand up. She does, rather quickly. I tell Dawn to take Allison to slave, and have slave sit “this bitch beside that old bitch, to await its fate as well.”

Dawn gently takes Allison’s hand and leads her back to the playroom.

Chapter Three – Elena

Next up, the final contestant for this afternoon's spankings is Elena. She arrives exactly on schedule as well. It leaves me about a minute between finishing with Allison, and Elena knocking on my door. As she does, I see a little surprise on both men's faces, as if they're wondering just how many girls I'm having over for this afternoon. Elena is the last. But they don't know that.

Elena is one of the women from my "A file." That's what I call the constantly changing list of women, and some guys, who want to come to play, but haven't. All of them have come to contact me through a mutual acquaintance, either another of my toys or a friend in common. While I do get a steady stream of such requests from my website, I've yet to agree to meet anyone who came to contact me that way. At least, when they come through someone I know, I can learn a little about them before deciding if I even want to email them.

The list changes frequently, mostly because I limit its size. These aren't the women who are sent to me as "favors," such as Allison and Darla were. These are just women who want to play and happen to know someone who can give them my email. With my permission, of course. Women who are asking to see me, not those I was asked to see.

Mostly I tend to use them for "filler" in other sessions. Such as on those times when I want an audience for a toy's session. An audience that will obediently join in if I wish it. Rarely does one of them make it into my toybox. The last was Jess, and that was almost a year ago now. To earn that coveted place, a toy has to bring something to the toybox that's not already in it. More so now as I'm trying to thin it out a bit.

I doubt Elena will earn herself a place in the toybox. Originally I added her to the list as a complement to Allison. That was before I'd ever heard of Darla. But then Nikolai asked me to see Darla as soon as possible. I decided to add Darla to Allison's session. And then I decided not to bump Elena out of it.

These three women couldn't be much more different if they tried. Darla and Allison are both newbies, having never played before. Elena has. Darla has a strong personality. Allison is the opposite. Elena, I can't be sure about yet, but it won't be as relevant since she already should know how to submit. Darla is middle-aged. Allison is a student. Elena is young, but she's also employed and lives on her own. She's been in a long-term relationship before. Darla is now. Allison hasn't yet. But they also have one thing in common, all of them are eager to play here.

Elena has been on my list for a couple of months now. That's a relatively long time. Long enough that many women would have given up. Or found someone else they wanted to play with. An attractive young woman like Elena could easily have found someone who wanted to own her. I take that to mean she hasn't been looking, or that she's a timid woman who will never look. She'll just be alone until the right person comes along, recognizes what she is, and approaches her the proper way – telling her that she now belongs to him or her, not by asking her out on a date.

Since I've had the chance to email Elena for a while now, I know a fair bit more about her than I do the others. I know that she's 24 years old. I know that she's been a stray, an unowned bitch, for about nine months now. Before that, she had a live-in boyfriend for close to five years. She calls him her former master, but I'm less confident about instilling that honor upon him.

She's told me about their life together. I'm not so confident that he truly owned her. It almost sounds more as if he simply took advantage of her. Used her for a maid, a cook, and a whore. Not that she would have objected to any of that. But I doubt he was putting any thought, much less concern, into her needs. Luckily for him, he accidentally met many of those needs.

I recognize her instantly as I open the door. Over the last weeks, as I considered seeing her, I've had her send

me a couple of pictures so that I could see what was on offer. Including a nude picture.

Elena is 5'7" tall, making her a couple of inches taller than the others. She's also a little lighter at 134 pounds. It gives her a lithe figure. Not quite stickish, but definitely as narrow as Allison is wide.

Elena has a very slightly oval face with soft, flowing, lines to it. She has light-to-medium brown hair. Very brown, almost with a reddish tinge to it. It's long, flowing down in wavy locks to the bottom of her shoulder blades. She has bright blue eyes. She has a slightly short, and equally wide, nose. And she has a wide mouth that seems to almost fully span her face. It's framed with fine deep pink lips. And it frames a bright smile. A smile that I can see as I open the door. Elena is glad to be here.

Beside her stands a man about her age. Her escort. Like Allison, Elena didn't have anyone who exactly fit the bill. No close relatives nearby. No significant other. No one living with her. She does have a boss, who would qualify, but she didn't want to ask him. That, she was sure, would cause problems. Mostly because a manager with her company recently lost his job over a drummed-up sexual harassment complaint, and now all the managers are being very sensitive to putting themselves in a position that could be misconstrued. Given that, I told her to find someone close to qualified, and have him contact me.

She picked a neighbor. A single man who lives in her apartment building. A man who she said has always been "really super nice" to her. It took me exactly one email from him to realize why he's been so nice. He wants to date her. He's asked her out a few times. She's never agreed. I'd bet she likes him well enough, though. If she didn't, he wouldn't have been her choice. I wonder if she's not secretly hoping that I will teach him about her. What she needs and how to treat her. And then he'll claim her properly. Or maybe he was just available. It's not like I could ask her why she picked him.

He actually makes a good escort for her. He's tall enough, I'd guess around 6'2" or so. He has a strong, powerful build. Not so big, but strong. I can see defined muscles in his arms, below the sleeves of his Polo shirt. I can see enough to know that his chest is going to be just as well toned. He clearly works out, or works hard, using those muscles. He has short black hair.

His strong, manly look contrasts well with Elena's narrow, feminine appearance. And her somewhat demure manner. She hasn't spoken. But I can see it in the way she's carrying herself. She's properly dressed, wearing sandals and a black knee-length sundress. She doesn't have a purse or anything else in sight. She has her hands behind her back, held casually and loose. More noticeably, she has her head tilted a scant inch to give her eyes a downcast look. She manages to stay still, too. And relaxed looking. She doesn't fidget. It makes me think she might be used to waiting.

I repeat my speech for the third time. I want Elena and her escort to hear it. But mostly I want it recorded. I have several cameras throughout my apartment, one of which is aimed right at the door. This way, if there's any "misunderstanding" later, I can show, quite clearly, that she agreed to play by the rules. All three did. The camera is always on.

I point to the empty spot on the floor. It's a laminate floor, but I'd still bet that by now it's warm from all the feet that have been standing there. Allison hasn't been off of it for more than a couple minutes. Barely long enough for me to get her on the bench and get back to the door. I tell him to "leave the bitch there and help himself to a seat on the sofa." I have two sofas, and that leaves him plenty of room to find a seat without being close to another of the men waiting. The men who both have their hungry eyes on Elena now, wondering, probably hoping, that she too will be stripped naked.

I give him a minute to get settled. Elena calmly stands where he put her, facing the three men, but also

keeping her eyes slightly downward. As if looking at their feet instead of them. She keeps her hands behind her as well. The posture makes me wonder if she's had more training than she says. Or if maybe her boyfriend was better of an owner than I thought he was.

Elena came to me through a long-time toy of mine named Natalie. Natalie is currently on long-term loan to Vince, my IT guru. Natalie and her daughter, Shawna. It's an arrangement that all three seem very happy with. It also slightly complicates things. Natalie isn't allowed to contact me at all, except in a true emergency. Otherwise, she has to send everything through her "guardian," Zeke. It forces her to reveal a good bit of personal things to him, which is why I do it. But it also adds another person to the chain should I try to learn anything about Elena from Natalie.

I know that Natalie, who has a part-time job for extra income above her… generous divorce settlement, works with Elena. That alone tells me how Elena knows about Natalie's private life. There have been plenty of times that I've had Zeke take her to work or pick her up there. And expected Natalie to behave properly for him, regardless of who saw what. I'd bet everyone there knows Natalie is owned.

I know that Natalie has known Elena for a few years now. I know that Natalie knew her ex. She doesn't seem particularly fond of him, either, which I admit, might be coloring my opinions of him. According to Natalie, at least when others were around, he treated Elena like a girlfriend, not like the piece of property she was. Of course, she never heard Elena say no to him, either.

I'll bet the men are wondering if I'm going to strip Elena. Both Sophie and Dawn are waiting in the playroom with the others. Each keeping a close eye on one. And Sophie keeping a close eye on Dawn as well. I snap my fingers. "Whore, get your skanky butt out here!"

"Yes, my Queen!" Paige calls out quickly. She's been unseen, and unheard, in the kitchen as well preparing

Seder plates for our supper tonight. It is the second night of Passover, and I'm Jewish. Thus, the house is Jewish. All Passover customs are respected here.

The men immediately turn their attention to the hallway, where Paige is about to emerge. Their eyes go wide again as Paige steps out of the hall, into view, and hurries over to me. Well, as fast as she can move. Unlike Dawn, Paige is wearing a pair of police-issue leg irons that limits her strides. She's also wearing a hot pink dog collar locked around her neck with a shiny brass padlock. And that's all she's wearing.

Like Dawn, Paige doesn't show the slightest hint of modesty. I've long since broken her of that. She ignores the men gawking at her and comes directly to me. She keeps her hands behind her back, as I require, offering a full view of her nakedness, too.

Paige is the tallest in the house. She's 5'7", the same height as Elena. She's lean, too, weighing a mere 103 pounds. It gives her an even narrower frame than Elena. Narrow enough that there's not so much room for girly curves. It's more of a stickish figure, with arms and legs that are equally narrow.

Paige is definitely attractive, in that plainer girl-next-door way, not like a model. She has a nice oval face with glowing green eyes, a slightly large nose, and a very wide mouth with moderately plump deep pink lips. All of it framed by wavy, almost curly, long dark brown hair. She looks like a college girl, which is exactly what she is. The blond-haired Sophie as well. Paige has a very pert pair of modest B-cup breasts topped with wide, light pink nipples that are almost always stiff. They are now, standing out from the tips of her mounds, giving them a pointy look. It's an attribute that the men are appreciating. Paige also has a rather cute, rounded, firm, and petite bottom. That's what the guy's eyes are on as she steps in front of Elena.

"Strip this filthy bitch, skanky," I tell Paige in a soft, moderately firm, voice. I don't need to be stern with her. She wouldn't even dream about disobeying me. Like

Sophie and Dawn, she strives to please me, and that means she'll do whatever she's told without hesitation. As a slave should. Even a skanky slave-whore.

"Yes, my Queen," Paige answers softly, in a rather honeyed voice. As soon as the words are out of her mouth, Paige's hands are moving to the bottom hem of Elena's little dress. While it covers her down to her knees, making it modest in my book, at least for a toy to wear, it's also sleeveless. It has straps, about an inch wide, over her shoulders, but otherwise leaves her bare from just above her breasts. It covers her mounds fully though. Even with it on, I can tell that Elena is going to have average-sized mounds. And she'll probably have the smallest of the three. Maybe about the same size as Paige's.

Elena shows very little as she stands there. She looks loose and relaxed as Paige brings the dress up. I can see that she's letting Paige do the work, as I told her to, and not trying to help her. Her arms look like they're rubber to me. It only takes a few seconds for Paige to have the dress up and over Elena's head.

It leaves Elena standing in nothing but her bra and panties. And her sandals. It's a rather cute 3/4-cup bra, too. It has narrow black straps over her shoulders. It has see-through sheer, somewhat lacy, black cups that are fringed with black lace as well. But it also has a swath of silky pink fabric behind the sheer black to hide her breasts. It has little pink bows where the straps join the cups, and another, slightly larger, bow where the cups meet. It has a thin, light wire under the cups. It squishes her mounds back against her chest. It also leaves most of the tops and insides of her mounds bared to make a nice, albeit shallow, V of cleavage.

She has a flat, smooth and toned stomach. She definitely looks thin, too. But quite so thin that I can see her ribs. I can see a nice feminine curve to her waist. It contrasts with her lean shoulders. Those are lean enough to show the lines of her collar bones.

Elena has full, but not wide, hips. They're just enough to be softly rounded, giving her hips a noticeable curve, and hide the points of her hip bones. Her legs are lean and firm. Their muscles are obviously toned, even though they're not quite showing.

Elena is wearing a pair of all-lace black boy-shorts panties. They're cut low on her hips and waistline, but with wide sides to them. The sides taper down gently to form the point of a wide V between her thighs, fully covering her pubes while leaving the tops of her thighs exposed. They do about the same in the back, leaving maybe half of her globes bared.

There's no question what is the highest item left on Elena's body. It's clearly her bra. Paige's hands reach for the clasp behind Elena's back. As she wraps her arms around Elena, Her breasts almost touch Elena's. Paige leans forward just a hair, putting the tips of her nipples against the tips of Elena's cups.

I've always taught Paige to be as slutty as possible when I used her with a toy. The men here won't pick up on it. But I gave Paige a slightly different command than I gave the other two. I told her to strip this "filthy bitch," not this "bitch" as I referred to the other two. It's subtle, but it is a difference. One I don't want the audience to pick up on. I'd prefer they just assume that Paige is far sluttier than the other two. It tells Paige to undress Elena and to be the trashiest slut she can be while she does so. It tells her that I'm expecting her to put on a show, not just to get Elena's clothes off. And it had better be a show that bests any porn movie. Within the limits. Paige is supposed to be undressing her, not having sex with her.

Paige leans in a little more, squishing her mounds firmly against Elena's. Elena will definitely feel the hard sponginess of Paige's breasts. Paige brings her hands behind her, leaving the thin black lace straps of Elena's bra dangling at Elena's sides.

Paige drops to one knee. That puts her eyes about even with Elena's shoulders, maybe a little lower. Paige

doesn't hesitate to lean her head forward until her lips are on Elena's chest. She plants a soft kiss on the bare flesh.

For the first time, Elena shows something. She shivers, blurting out a deep, and very needy, breath as she does. She shivers again and again as Paige plants five more kisses, each soft and affectionate, on Elena's chest. Each one slightly lower than the last.

Paige kisses her way down. Soon Paige's chin, and then the edges of her cheeks, are gliding over the insides of Elena's breasts as Paige's mouth moves down between them. Paige stops when she reaches the bottom of the bra. She opens her mouth wide, slips her tongue under the thin bow connecting the cups to lift it slightly, then clamps the fabric in her front teeth. Without rising, Paige slowly pulls her head back from Elena taking Elena's bra with her. The straps are already loose as they hang over the ends of Elena's shoulders, so it's not long before they easily slip right over her shoulders and fall. That lets Elena's bra fall as the straps drop down her upper arms. And bares Elena's breasts.

Paige doesn't stop. The straps do, about at Elena's elbows. Paige's teeth still gripping the bra hold it up as it pulls back from her chest. Paige shifts her leg, bringing her smoothly down to both knees. Just as smoothly, she starts slowly sitting back. That lowers her head. She leans forward, keeping her head the same distance from Elena's body as it descends.

By the time the straps finally fall over Elena's hands, Paige is sitting all the way back with her tight bottom between her heels. She sits up, straightening her back while leaving her bottom where it is. It leaves her eyes about even with the waistband of Elena's panties. And it leaves the bra dangling from her mouth. Much to the delight of the three men looking on appreciatively.

Paige brings her hands around. She puts them together, in front of her navel, turning them palms up to make a little tray with her hands. She opens her mouth wide. The bra drops from her mouth. It falls a couple of

short inches and lands squarely atop her hands. Paige starts folding it.

Now Elena's breasts are fully exposed. Yet she's not cringing or flinching. I don't even see a blush on her face. But I do see a touch of uneasiness every time her flitting eyes dance over to her escort. As if she doesn't mind showing off her breasts, but does care if this man likes what he sees. It tells me my guess was right, Elena does like him or knows that she would if he would treat her as she needs to be treated. I'd bet she's hoping the show today will teach him something. Like not to ask her on a date. To simply knock on her door and tell her to strip, put on her black dress, and come along. I'd bet she'd prefer not even to be told where he's taking her. Just to come with him.

Elena's breasts are not large, but they're not small either. They are firm and full, swelling off her chest like half oranges. Hers are by far the most rounded of the three, too. The other's breasts have a bit of a slope to their top sides. Elena's don't. Even the tops are perfectly rounded and full. Her mounds sit at the outside of her narrow chest, leaving a sharp inverted V of cleavage between them. Sort of. They don't fully meet, even at the top. Close, but not quite. Each mound is topped with a small ring the size of a quarter. Her rings are a rather light shade of pink that seems to fade, almost into the whiteness of her mounds, at the outside edges. Centered in each is an equally small nipple. Slightly smaller than the eraser on a pencil, and not standing up even a quarter-inch, despite being as hard as rocks. They have slightly rounded tips to them. And they're light pink, just as are her rings. Her mounds didn't drop a bit when the bra came off. And now they have no crease along her chest, leaving every speck of their undersides fully visible.

It doesn't take Paige long to fold her bra and add it to the pile she's making. Paige puts her hands behind her back again. As she starts leaning forward, the men give her their full attention. They watch as she leans close,

keeping her head from rising up. She shifts it slightly to her right, away from the guys, leaving their view unhindered as lips near the sideband of Elena's panties. Paige stretches her mouth wide. As she finally touches Elena's hips, her lips are wide enough to span the lacy waistband. The touch of her silky soft and delicate lips on the bare flesh of Elena's hips sends a powerful shiver flowing through Elena.

Paige ignores it. She puts the tip of her tongue to Elena’s hip, just below the panties, and then slips her hot, wet tongue under the fabric to lift it up. Paige closes her teeth, gripping the panties, without her teeth ever touching Elena’s body. Paige stays put, her lips lightly against Elena’s skin. She lowers her shoulders, bending even further forward and scooting her wide-spread knees back a hair. That lowers her head. And it takes the side of Elena’s panties down with it. Paige lowers her lips about six inches. Then she opens her teeth, releasing the panties. She lifts her head back. Now the left side of Elena’s panties lies along the top of her thigh, leaving her one hip fully exposed. The waistband rises at an angle to her other hip.

Paige moves her head to Elena’s right hip and repeats, bringing that side of her panties down the same distance. She leaves it there. It has about half of Elena’s smooth pubes bared. If she has any fur, it’s not much. There’s none to be seen now.

Paige shifts, bringing her head to the center. She leans in, putting her lips to Elena’s freshly-bared pubes. If Elena had a full bush, the spot would be covered. Paige plants a soft kiss there, sending another crisp shiver flowing over the woman. It takes two more kisses, each getting a slightly crisper shiver from Elena, for Paige’s lips to make it down to the waistband of Elena’s panties.

Elena sucks in a sharp, almost antsy, breath as she feels Paige's lips on her pubes. I'd guess Paige's lips are about an inch above the top of Elena's slit. Elena shivers hard as the tip of Paige's tongue finds her pubes. Then

even harder as Paige's tongue slips under the waistband of those panties. It's sharp enough that I start to wonder if Paige's tongue might have found Elena's slit under that lace. Paige's tongue lifts the fabric, and her teeth clamp down on the center of the waistband. Paige grins wide.

Paige moves very slowly. She starts lowering her head and scooting her knees back as she does. That way, her lips stay where they are: just barely touching Elena's body. Paige's silky feminine lips gliding over Elena's bare pubes. And pulling Elena's panties down as she goes.

Paige keeps going. Even once the panties are down enough that the mound of Elena’s pussy is exposed. Paige leans forward, lowering her head, and adjusting her knees to keep steady, as the now-bunched-up panties start pulling down Elena’s thighs.

Elena has a rather puffy mound. It stands down between her thighs, her long, wide lips laying against the inside edges of her thighs as Paige keeps the panties slowly pulling down Elena's legs. Her lips fully meet, their edges leaving only a fine line of a pink slit between them. Her pubes are fully shaven and that lets us all see every last detail of her mound. I only wish her legs were opened, but that's not possible with the panties still around her thighs.

Paige gets the panties all the way down to Elena's narrow, slightly bony, ankles. It has Paige leaning all the way over. Enough so that her bottom has started to rise up, offering the men a rather shameless view of her bare pussy poking out from under her globes.

Paige stays down, her long hair flowing over the tops of Elena’s feet. She uses one hand to lift one of Elena’s feet, then her head to wiggle the panties down and over Elena’s foot. She does the same with the other foot.

Paige lifts her head up, staying on her knees as she straightens her back. Then she brings her hands around front again and drops Elena's panties onto them. She folds them and adds them to the pile.

Paige leans forward again, putting her face all the way to the floor. She plants a soft kiss on the tip of Elena's big toe. Then she uses one hand to lift Elena's foot up slightly. She uses her teeth to pull the sandal from Elena's foot. Rising up again, she drops it into her hands and adds it to the pile before repeating to get Elena's other sandal off.

Once the pile is complete, Paige rises back to her feet. With her hands behind her back, she turns to face me. "This filthy bitch is completely naked for you, my Queen. May this skanky whore be permitted to be of further service to you, my Queen?"

"Wait." I give Paige a simple one-word command. But I use a soft, almost affectionate voice with her.

"Yes, my Queen," Paige answers. She has no idea what else I might have her do. Nor does she care. Obedience has always been a strong point of hers. She not only prefers to be told, directly, leaving no room for questions, what's wanted of her, she likes it. She doesn't like the "guessing games" of life.

I start my inspection of Elena. She gets the same inspection as the others got. She might be far better behaved than the others, but that's no reason to short the inspection. Elena seems relaxed, mostly, as I start. But I can tell it's a first for her. At least as complete of an inspection as I'm giving her. I can see just a hint of questioning in her eyes as I start with her mouth. No surprise to me. If her boyfriend inspected her, like most men, he likely skipped right to the more intimate places. As if his inspection was only about seeing her body.

It doesn't take long to inspect Elena's breasts. It's not so much because of their size, but their fullness. Every speck of them is in full sight as she stands. No crease to lift out. That doesn't stop me from paying attention to them, though. I still put a hand to one of her mounds. I'd never skip getting a good feel of them. They're as firm as they look. Not quite hard, but definitely like the firmest of wet sponges. They squish, though. Rather nicely. A pinch

lets me feel that her small nipples are even harder than they look. They have almost no give to them. They have a fairly rough texture to them, too, but that's only from them being so hard and pulled tight.

Elena doesn't hesitate to turn her back to me when instructed. That gives me a good view of her firm little globes. Like Paige, she doesn't have much of a bottom. Lean, lithe girls seldom do. There's just enough to clearly define her cheeks. The inside edges of her globes don't quite touch, leaving her short, shallow crack slightly open. Not quite wide enough for me to see her asshole, but enough for me to glimpse the darkness around it. With her legs now opened, I can see the mound of her pussy swelling down prominently, too.

Elena obediently leans over as instructed, offering everyone a complete, and shameless, view of her pussy. As it rises out beyond the back of her thighs, I can now see the wetness glistening along the line of her slit.

I kneel behind Elena, putting my eyes about even with her mound. Then I bring my fingers up to spread just her thick, soft, lips wide open. It bares every last bit of light pinkness.

The first thing I notice is the creamy honey that's clinging to about everything. Her honey is about the thickness of honey, too. It's almost clear, with a faint hint of a white tinge to it. It has a moderate musky aroma to it. But it's a clean scent, too. There's no hint of sweat, or anything else. Just her intimate scent.

She has long, thin, short inner folds that seem to rise most of the way up before melding together into a short, dense knot. Then a short ridgeline rising the rest of the way up to the top of her slit. And she has a pea-sized clit that's standing out eagerly from its nest among those folds.

I spread those folds as well, exposing the entrance of Elena's tunnel. Hers isn't exactly narrow, but it's not much wider than my thumb. With her folds stretched wide, I can see about ½" into her tunnel. It's enough for me to see her

meaty walls. They're not quite loose. More spongy as they swell inward. And covered with her honey. I almost think that I can see a faint twitching in her walls. Maybe I can, maybe not. It's that faint if it's there.

I pull my glove on, with a little snap. Elena doesn't flinch, telling me that she's had her pussy inspected before. That's no surprise, men love to check them. I'm sure her ex did so frequently. She doesn't flinch as she feels the tip of my finger at the entrance of her pussy.

I casually push my finger into her tunnel. I feel light shivering tremors flowing through her hips as my finger enters her. She stays mostly still as she purrs a soft, and sweet, moan. I slip all of my finger into her tunnel and feel the heat burning through it. And feeling her spongy soft walls cuddling around my finger.

I don't feel any little twitches in those walls until I start exploring her depths. Then I do. They come on suddenly, and powerfully. One instant she's calm, the next I can feel the spongy walls firming up as they snap around my finger. And I hear Elena moan a much needier purr, too.

I take my time. I always do. I'm not letting a toy hurry me along with anything. Elena stays put. Her pussy keeps snapping. Her purrs grow slightly more urgent. Even with her thick lips closed around my finger as I draw it out, once it's free of her mound, it still has a thick, gooey coating of her aromatic honey clinging to it.

With her feet spread fully, her crack is stretched decently wide open between her taut, firm globes. Enough so that I can now clearly see her asshole. Exposed, her asshole isn't dark at all. It's actually light.

It's the same shade of light pink as her pinkness is. As if the pink just flows right out of her slit, down a bit, and then out to color a fair-sized swath of flesh. Her ring is the same shade as the flesh around it. But it is also well defined. And tiny, about the size of a dime. It's flush with the valley of her crack. It's lined with countless, moderate folds of wrinkles, all flowing into a tiny, and rather tight,

looking pink center. To me it looks more like a knot of wrinkles, all flowing together and jumbling into a knot, instead of a hole. The noticeable ring of firm muscle around that knot makes it look like the asshole that it is.

As I put the gooey tip of my finger over the top of that ring, I feel the first flinch from Elena. It's small, but for the first instant, her hips want to jump forward. Her ring snaps to its full tightness, letting me feel the steely hardness of her muscle. It's one of the hardest, strongest rings I've felt. It could offer a fair bit of resistance. But just as quickly, it returns to its rubberiness. It's still firm, but not more so than before. Even with my finger still lightly pressing against it.

That tells me Elena is no stranger to this. She knows enough to know she does not want to be tensed up. No asshole is going to block a finger. The tightness will only make it more unpleasant for her. The reflex, the instinct, to resist tells me that Elena isn't a fan of this. Yet she stays put waiting for it.

I press. Her ring moves inward, but barely. It doesn't seem to funnel. At least it doesn't feel like it does. It's more as if I'm pressing against a solid rubbery wall. I keep pushing, casually, as if I'm utterly unconcerned with Elena or her comfort, but not trying to make it uncomfortable for her either. Just not caring how it is for her.

Quickly, I feel her asshole start to slowly, reluctantly, yield to the pressure. I can feel her ring, under the tip of my finger, simply widening. As if it has nowhere to go, so now it's stretching. It is. It takes almost a full second. And I can feel the muscles moving over my fingertip as it opens. Then, finally, I can feel a bit of empty space at the center. Now my finger slips forward.

"Ugh!" Elena grunts uncomfortably. She tries to mute it, managing to quiet herself, but not cover it up. I feel her muscle squeezing tightly around the side of my finger. It's a tight grip, even though Elena clearly isn't squeezing it. It's just small. And rather taut. It's tight enough that the light pink rim of her asshole is

squeegeeing a good bit of the honey off my finger as it pushes into her bottom. I feel some drag on my finger from the tightness, but it feels like there's enough of a honey film left to keep it from being unpleasant to her.

"Uh-mm!" Elena pants several times, her voice muted, but also broadcasting her discomfort. She stays put, suffering the uncomfortableness, without even trying to move away from it.

It's hard to tell how narrow Elena's rectum is. It's fairly full. Not so much that it would be uncomfortable for her, but enough that I suspect she'll be noticing it soon. Like before the session is over. I ignore the waste inside her and go right on exploring her insides. And making sure that she feels my finger gently, but firmly, prodding every bit of her bottom. My finger moving inside her is plenty to make the firm mass of her waste move around. To shift to make room for my finger. To push against the wall of her rectum every time it does. Elena will definitely feel it. And hopefully, feel a slight bit of embarrassment knowing that I can tell just how full her bottom is. It's nothing I haven't felt before, too many times to count.

When I finally get around to the part of her rectum that lies against the backside of her pussy, the part I saved for last, I feel violently sharp, but small, tremors flow through Elena's body with every touch. Her honey flows slowly, but I can see a fresh layer of it welling up along her slit. I can see the tension creeping into the muscles of her legs, too.

Elena keeps panting grunts as I explore her. They're quiet, but I can hear a bit of strain creeping into them, as if it's getting more uncomfortable for her, but she's trying not to show it. She grunts a little harder as I pull my finger from her bottom. Then she breathes out a deeply relieved sigh once it's out of her. But she stands fairly still the entire time.

I rise to my feet and step aside. I just wave a hand toward Elena's bottom. "Skanky, kiss its sore little boo-boo."

“Yes, my Queen," Paige answers. There's no reluctance, hesitation, or disgust in her voice. Just a sweetness that says she's eager to do whatever for me. And glad to finally be given an instruction to follow.

Paige quickly drops to her knees behind Elena. She doesn’t waste any time getting her knees and feet spread as wide apart as her leg chains will allow. She sits back, her bottom between her heels, and her back straight. She pulls her hands behind her back.

Paige moves her head forward. In a couple of short seconds, her face is a fraction of an instant from Elena’s bottom. Paige stretches her mouth open. She keeps moving forward. Her puckered lips slip right into Elena’s open crack. Then land around Elena’s asshole, Paige’s lips completely surrounding the small ring of muscle. And the inside edges of Elena’s firm globes lightly against the front of Paige’s cheeks.

Paige knows not just what I want her to do, but exactly how I want it done. She starts with her lips firmly against the valley of Elena’s crack. She sucks lightly. Just enough to put a light pulling on Elena’s ring. Then Paige sticks her tongue out, putting the tip of it against the rim of Elena’s asshole.

Paige presses the soft, hot, wet, and rounded tip of her tongue against Elena’s rubbery hard muscle firmly. Then Paige starts moving her tongue, very slowly. She traces a line over the edge of Elena’s asshole. The inside edge, where the knotty folds of wrinkles vanish.

This must be a new experience for Elena. The instant Paige’s tongue starts moving, caressing its way tenderly along Elena’s asshole, Elena blurts out a shocked, very erotic, and equally loud “OOH!!!!!” She draws her squeal out. Her head reflexively snaps up, tossing her hair back. Her body tenses up to steel.

Paige ignores it all.

Elena’s head snaps hard, thrashing back and forth, tossing her hair wildly all over the place. She screeches another long, drawn-out "AH-EEE!!!". Her body trembles,

powerfully, but also not moving that much. As if her tensed muscles are so strained that they vibrate. The tension in her legs has her rising up to her tiptoes.

Paige knows to expect it all, or at least the possibility that Elena might show some of it. It's nothing that Paige hasn't seen before. Paige ignores Elena, letting the edges of Elena's cheeks move her head along with Elena's wiggling bottom. Paige's tongue stays put, caressing its way around Elena's asshole.

Paige traces a few circuits around Elena’s ring. It keeps Elena thrashing and wiggling the entire time. Then Paige stops. She backs her head off slightly. Elena starts to settle down, now panting erotic, needy, purrs. Lightning-paced purrs that are deep and throaty.

The men are watching intently. Gawking. All seem rather surprised that Paige would be so willing to tongue another’s asshole. And that Elena would so clearly like it. There's no doubt about that, either.

Paige leans in again, planting a fleeting kiss directly atop Elena’s asshole. Then she straightens up. She waits on her knees.

I reach over Elena's goosebump-covered back and grab hold of her long hair. I give it a tug. She quickly stands up before the tug turns into a yank. As if she knew what I wanted. As soon as Elena is on her feet, I reach over and grab her wrists. I cuff them behind her back. Then I tell Paige to take Elena to Sophie and have her put on the bench.

Chapter Four – Measuring Up

When I step into the playroom, Sophie has all three of the women sitting properly on the bench. She also has three chairs set out along the wall, a little way down from the bench, where they'll have a good view of the room. Those are for the men, all of whom follow me into the playroom. With a wave of my hand, Dawn shows the men to their seats.

The bench is not big. It's also very plain. It's nothing more than a 2x12 board for a seat and some legs to hold it up. A seat that's only three feet long. It doesn't even have a backrest on it, and I have it a few inches out from the wall so that the wall can't be used for one. It's long enough for two to sit on comfortably. With three, it has them all squished up snugly together.

They're sitting properly. All have their backs up straight, and their eyes forward. All have their hands behind their backs, although the cuffs on their wrists leave them little choice about that. All have their legs fully crossed, right over left. All are still and silent.

They're also squished snugly together. Their sides are not just touching but pressed firmly against each other. Their thighs. Their hips. Their shoulders. And in Darla and Allison's case, even their breasts are lightly touching. They have no choice but to sit so tightly together. It's the only way all three bottoms will fit on the bench. I can only imagine how unhappy Darla was to keep scooting over as Sophie added more women to the bench. I'll bet none are thrilled to be sitting so intimately with strangers either. The men don't seem to mind the sight one bit, though.

With three toys here, I don't have a lot of time. At least not if I want to finish this session today. And do anything with them. It took me about 40 minutes just to get them to the bench. I figure anything else is going to take just as long. It doesn't leave me a lot of time to get too creative with these toys. But it's also a first session, and I really need to get to know them better before I do too much with them.

One thing I usually do with new toys, if not the first time it’s here, the second, is to weigh and measure the toy. I like to have that on file for all of them. Sometimes I need to know. I usually do a very thorough and detailed measuring. One that’s in-depth as well. Complete with detailed photos of the toy. Very detailed in-depth photos.

With three here, I seriously thought about not bothering today. More so because I know Darla is a one-time playtoy here. At least I think she will be. Nikolai didn't mention anything more. Elena, I suspect will be an infrequent plaything, if I bother to invite that back. I'm less sure about Allison, though. With Darla and Elena probably being one-time toys, there's no real reason to get their measurements. Not really with Allison, either, since I have no idea what her future might hold. I don’t even know if she’d want to return. Or if I will want her to.

Instead, I decided to do a shortened version of the full "interview" with each. Not because I need, or particularly want the information. For the effect, it will likely have on the toys, especially Darla. I can still see the pride on her face. She hasn't learned her place yet. Then again, I haven't started to teach her what her place is. Not really.

With a wave of my hand, Dawn brings out the scale and sets it beside me. I decide to start with Darla. I turn to her escort, her husband Tim, and ask him the first question. "How old is this bitch?" He tells me her age. Then I ask her birth date. As I'm asking, I have Sophie noting the answers on a tablet. That way I'll have them for later.

“Blond hair,” I declare as I step forward. I put my hand to Darla’s head, feeling the flinch in her face as I touch her. I put my thumb under her eye, my fingers over. Even though Darla has her eyes open, I use my fingers to stretch her eyelid wide. I lean in a little closer and stare into her eye for a moment before pronouncing it "green."

I look down, staring at the deep V where her crossed thighs meet her body. "Pubes trimmed," I announce as if

that wasn't obvious to everyone. Then I reach out and grab hold of Darla's hair.

I don't tell her to come. Or even to get up. I pull, firmly, but without yanking too sharply. Then I start walking. I feel Darla's hair go rather taut in my hand for an instant. Then Darla realizes what's expected of her. She gets to her feet. The tension vanishes from her hair. She even leans her head forward a little to ease it more. She grunts unhappily. And she follows me.

I lead her up to the scale and bring her around behind it. She hesitates for an instant as I pull her toward it and she realizes where I'm taking her. Then her taut hair reminds her to move. I stop her just before she steps onto it. I release her hair and quickly bring my hands down to her hips. I get a good grip on her hip bones, my thumbs slightly digging into her globes, and shove her forward. This time I stop her with both feet on the scale.

“HHHH!” Darla blurts out a pained, startled breath through her gag as my crop lands on her bottom. I grab her hair again, this time yanking it hard to bring her head up. I release it, putting my hands to her head and positioning her head so that she’s looking forward. Not down as she was. I have her standing facing the men. That way they can see her nude body as she stands on the scale. I’m making Darla look out and see them all looking directly at her.

“129 pounds,” I announce, letting everyone, not just Sophie, know what Darla weighs. It has the desired effect on Darla. I see the rose of a blush blooming anew in her cheeks. No woman wants anyone to know her weight. Especially a group of strangers. Even more so with them staring at her nakedness. It should add a touch to the feeling of being sized up like merchandise, something I’m emphasizing with Darla.

I leave her standing on the scale while Dawn brings me the measuring stick. It’s nothing but a pair of yardsticks end to end. That gives me 72 inches or six feet. Plenty for most girls. I set one end on the scale. I make

sure the stick is straight, and flush against Darla's body. It lies against most of her spine. And right along the crack of her bottom. I put my hand, flat, on the top of her head with the tips of my fingers touching the stick. "5 foot, five and ¼ inches," I announce. Then I hand the stick back to Dawn.

She hands me a tape measure in its place. I start at the bottom, wrapping the tape around Darla's hips. I make sure it's the widest part of her hips, too. "Hips: 35 ½ inches." Darla cringes just a little. I move the tape up and wrap it around her waist. "Waist: 29 ⅞ inches."

Then I bring it up again. I feel Darla flinch hard as the back of my hands nonchalantly push her breasts up a little. Just enough for them to stand straight off her chest with no crease, not to stretch anything. It gives me an almost right angle where the soft underside of her breasts meets her chest. I wrap the tape around her chest as high up as I can get it. Its edge touches the underside of her mounds. "Chest: 34 ¼ inches."

I pull the tape loose, leaving it draped around her body as I slip my hands out from under her breasts. Then I wrap it around Darla's chest again, this time over her breasts. The tape lies flush against the tips of her hard nipples. "Bust: 37 inches." I let the tape fall away from Darla's body.

I hesitate for a second. "2 ¾ inches, we'll be generous and call that a C cup,' I announce. For a few seconds, Darla blushes brightly.

I leave Darla standing there, one eye on her and my crop in my right hand. Where it's ready to swat her bottom if she moves. I ask her husband the last two questions. The first is when did Darla start her last period. He has to calculate it, but he sounds confident with his answer. Then I ask him when the last time Darla had an orgasm was. He first tells me that it was last night. That's when they had sex. I see Darla's eyes shifting away. And the blush returning to her cheeks. There's something about the way she's trying hard not to be seen that tells me Darla didn't

quite enjoy that as much as he did. I ask him about her climax before that. He tells me that it was about a week before. They'd had sex the night before, then gone to sleep. In the morning he saw her masturbating in the shower. I wonder if she did this morning as well, and he just didn't notice it. But I go with the one he saw for my record. Not that it really matters. I just wanted everyone to hear it.

I use Darla's hair for a leash, walking her back to the bench. Then my hands on her hips turn her around. I use the same grip to shove her hips down, sitting her bottom on the bench. She starts to cross her legs. I lightly stomp my foot down on her toes, stopping her. Then I grab her leg and roughly cross them for her. I nudge her head back up so that she's looking forward. As if I'm putting a doll on the shelf. I make sure that Darla's side is flush against Allison's side, too.

I step over to stand in front of Elena. That way I can look down on Allison. I do, then glance over to her escort. I ask him how old Allison is. He tells me she's 24. He doesn't know her birthday, other than that it's in February. Since Dalton, her escort is the RA from her dorm. That's a far cry from a husband or boyfriend. I didn't think he'd know the answers to many of the questions.

"Now you will answer, bitch," I tell Allison in a slightly firm, demanding voice. "You will be very polite. You will not move, just speak. One very humble sentence that tells him what the question was, and what the answer is. Speak now, then shut up again, bitch."

"This bitch's birthday is February 28th, 1998, Sir." Allison's voice seems to be a little quiet, and a bit throaty. More sultry than anything. And definitely girly, especially with that New Orleans drawl to it. It's the first I've heard any of the three speak.

Now he tells me her birthday. Allison sits still. But this is far from the most embarrassing part of what she just watched me do to Darla. I'd bet she's guessing I have the

same plans for her and Elena. I know it doesn't come as a surprise to her.

I ask him what color "his bitch's" eyes are. I already know they're green. I've seen enough of her by now. He doesn't seem as confident as I am, so I tell him to get up and look. He definitely doesn't seem to mind, but I do think he thought I'd simply have her tell him again.

He stands without delaying, steps over to where Allison is sitting and leans over enough to get a full-on view of her face. He tells me that her eyes are green. Then he straightens up again.

I ask him if her pubes are fully shaven, trimmed, or "a wild jungle." this time he rather eagerly leans over, stopping his eyes just a few inches above the fold where her legs cross. Then he announces they're trimmed. His face tells me he rather enjoyed looking closely.

"Put your bitch on the scale," I tell him. I don't tell him exactly how I want that done. With Allison, I don't really care, as long as she gets there. And I'd like to see how he handles her.

The answer is gently and kindly. Not exactly like a lover, but he's definitely being nice to her, albeit it seems to be in a friendly way, not an intimate way. It's enough for me to know that they've never dated. And he hasn't really thought about it. That he thinks she's rather pretty naked, as well.

He takes hold of her by the shoulder, avoiding touching her breasts. "Let's go stand on the scale…" He tells her softly. There's no firmness or commanding tone to it. He very gently nudges her to rise to her feet. He keeps his light grip on her shoulder, using it to more steer her toward the scale than to pull her along as I did with Darla.

For her part, Allison doesn't resist him. She allows herself to be led over to the scale. She doesn't try to stall or slow down, either. But I can see the look on her face. A slight blush, too, as the thinks about what's next. About standing there, facing the men, while her body is publicly

sized up for all. She might be cringing inside, but it doesn't slow her step down.

She steps up on her own. Even though he still has his grip on her, he's not guiding her. She takes the lead, putting herself where she thinks I want her. Once she's standing on the scale, he releases his grip. With a hint from me, he returns to his seat, leaving her standing there.

This is how I get to know my toys. There's no doubt that Allison if given a choice, wouldn't be on that scale. Or naked. Yet she is, and she's not getting off of it. Despite the blush that's very slowly deepening on her face. It tells me that she's willing to please me, even if it embarrasses her greatly. Especially the way she put herself on the scale. It tells me that she's been raised to value obedience. That she's accepted, obviously long ago, that obedience won't always be the easiest path for her.

I decide to push her into the new, the unexpected and see how she reacts to it. I have my crop in hand as I step up to Allison. I have no doubt that Allison, her edginess steadily growing, is expecting me to announce her weight next. I have no doubt that Allison has prepared herself for that. She knows she's going to be embarrassed, and that I won't seem to care, but she's accepted that.

As Allison stands, I can see the faintest trembling flinch to her. She's not exactly rigid, like a soldier at attention, but she's not slouching either. I doubt she really could slouch. She has too strong of a posture to her. She keeps her head forward, but I see her eyes darting across the onlookers. The women are mostly trying to sit still and look as if they're paying her no attention. The men are more openly gawking.

There's really nothing wrong with her posture. It leaves me no choice but to get picky. To invent a few things I'm not happy with. I give her a light tap across the backs of her thighs with my crop. It has less than ½ the power I could have put into it. It still lands with a loud snap, a crack that's slightly louder on account of the firmly toned muscles it lands against. It sears a faint pink stripe

across the backs of her lightly tanned thighs. Faint enough that it's not glaringly obvious, but it's still easy to make out.

“UH!" Allison blurts out in surprise. She wasn't expecting it. She jumps forward as the light sting shoots into her thighs. She jumps so sharply that she almost hops off the scale. She catches herself at the last minute and stays roughly in place.

I scold her for not having her feet centered on the scale's footpads. She moves very quickly. She looks down, seeing the black non-slip rectangles on either side of the dial. She wiggles her feet quickly, too. And a lot, getting them as close to perfectly centered as anyone could. That has about four or five inches between the inside edges of her feet. It's just enough to make every bit of her pussy mound fully visible.

I'd really like to correct her posture. But there's just nothing I can do. Her back is fully straight, something that seems to come naturally to her. Her shoulders are squared. Her stomach is flat and perfectly aligned with both her chest and hips. Her breasts are standing straight out.

I give her a second swat across her forearms. It’s about the one thing I can find to pick on. I scold her for slouching again. Her wrists are still cuffed together behind her back. Below the shiny cuffs, her hands just seem to be dangling freely, the tips of her fingers along the tops of her fully-rounded globes. I tell her that she should be gripping her left wrist in her right hand, and holding both at the small of her back. It takes her about three seconds to wiggle and squirm her hands into place. The last second, maybe more, spent wiggling them into a precise position. Then her hands still, and I see the tension of movement ebb from her arms.

I swat her across her bottom, this one just a tiny bit harsher than the first two. “And don’t think I don’t see those eyes looking around.” Instantly Allison’s eyes freeze, staring straight ahead. By coincidence it has her staring at

her escort. He has the center seat. And that's the seat the scale is in front of.

I give Allison a couple seconds to get herself together. It takes about two before I see the tension gone from her muscles. Now she just stands calmly.

I announce Allison's weight. 142 pounds. Then her height, 5'4¼ inches. I notice a faint cringe flow over Allison with each announcement. I'm pretty sure I'm not the only one who notices the blush blooming in her cheeks with each, either.

I measure Allison's hips and waist. Her waist is 31¼ inches. Her hips are 38 inches. I figured they'd be slightly wide. I can see the well-rounded curve of them. I can see the curve to her narrower waist, too. That measures out a hair more pronounced than I thought it would. Then I measure Allison's chest and bust.

This time I don't announce her measurements. I've measured her chest at 36½ inches, her bust at 40¾". A 3-inch difference would equal a C cup. 4 inches is a D cup. and 5 inches is a DD cup. Her mounds rise 4¼ inches straight off her chest. I'll size that as a D cup. It's the closest.

Instead, I turn to the men. "Anyone care to guess how big this bitch's boobs are?" I bat my eyes at them. I don't think it was necessary. The men quite eagerly take the chance to gawk a little more openly at her mounds. At the pert nipples standing atop each.

For her part, I can see the rosy blush on Allison's face. And finally, I can see the fidget in her body. It's light, but visible, mostly in her arms and legs. It gives me an excuse to swat Allison's bottom again. This time, it's a more moderate swat, about half of what I could give. A swat that sears a glowing pink stripe across her milky white cheeks. Allison squeals a loud "OW!" as she scrunches her face up hard. It lasts about two seconds while she stands tensed. Then her body relaxes again. And now she doesn't fidget. I scold her for not being still. That, plus the stroke, was enough to steady her.

The men whisper among themselves for a second. After about fifteen seconds Dalton tentatively offers “Are they 36-C’s?” Almost instantly, Pete, Elena’s escort, blurts out “no way! Those are more like 40-DD’s.” Then, not to be left out, Tim suggests, “They’re not that big. Maybe a 38-D?”

I grin. “No winners this time.” Smirking wider, I turn to Allison and order her to politely tell the men what size her breasts are.

“This bitch has a 36-inch chest with D-cup boobs, Sir," Allison says. I think I can hear a touch of embarrassment in her voice, but otherwise, the crop in my hand reminds her not to show it.

I ask Dalton to step up again. He does. I think he’s expecting me to have him return Allison to her place. I see a single, very faint, antsy tremor flow over Allison as I invite him up. Allison must realize that there are a couple of questions that were asked about Darla that haven’t been asked about her yet. That, whatever I’m going to do, I’m not sending her to the bench yet.

I’m not. “Do its boobs look firm?” I ask Dalton, a hint of a tease to my voice.

“Oh, yeah,” He answers.

I turn to Allison, staring hard into her eyes with an icy cold glare. I hope it reminds her of her instructions. She’s not to speak, or show anything. I don't know if she wants Dalton to touch her or not. I'd suspect she doesn't want it but isn't exactly opposed to it either. More like, while it wouldn't be her choice, she accepted that it might happen when she asked him to escort her. That, if it did, it would be part of the price of having an escort.

“Go ahead, feel how firm those fat boobs are, and tell the others. Get a good feel, all you want." I tell him with the tease back in my voice. I don't take my glare off Allison.

Allison catches it all. And understands what's expected of her. I watch Allison as his hand casually reaches for Allison's breast. He hesitates, his hand just

short of touching it, his eyes on Allison. As if he's searching for some clue from her. For her permission to touch. Allison, still locked in my icy stare, offers him nothing. His hand goes to her breast.

As soon as he touches it, I see a crisp shiver flow over Allison. I see the goosebumps, too. I suspect most of them are hidden under his hands, but I can see enough of them around her hard nipple. I hear a fair sharpness in her breath, too. But she obediently stands still.

Dalton, seeing that Allison isn't pulling her breast from his loose grip, takes that as her permission to go on. He starts by gently stroking her firm mound. He takes his time, enjoying it, but not taking so long that I tire of watching. It takes a couple of short seconds for the goosebumps to cover her mound and start creeping out onto her chest. I even see the tiniest little jiggle to the tip of her nipple as it strains to harden up even more.

Dalton gives her breast a good, but not too hard, squeeze. As if he’s kneading dough. It’s enough for him to feel the firm sponginess of the mound, but not close to hard enough to be uncomfortable to Allison. Allison must not object. I hear a faint purring sweetness creeping into her breaths.

He takes about a minute. I’d bet it’s also about as long as Allison can stand it without finally misbehaving. And showing something. She’s definitely enjoying the sweet manly touch to her breast. I just wave my hand, inviting him to explore her other one as well. I don’t need to offer twice. He “examines” it just as thoroughly.

I ask him if Allison is a virgin. I hadn’t bothered to ask if Darla was. I’d bet there isn’t a single married woman over 40 who is. Even the most prudish woman tends to give that up on her wedding night. He tells me that he doesn’t know. He adds that he’s seen her date, but not often. And that he’s never heard of her “doing anything.”

I tell him that by now, “his bitch” knows how to properly answer a question. He’s to ask her. He’s to learn, in detail, what this bitch has done before.

Allison is blushing even before the first question comes. He asks her simply if she is a virgin. “No, Sir,” Allison answers in a slightly embarrassed, somewhat reluctant, and rather accepting, voice. “This bitch is not a virgin, Sir.”

He asks her “how many?” That’s the only words he says.

“This bitch has had sex with one person, Sir.”

“When?”

“This bitch had sex with him her final year of high school, Sir. That was 2017, Sir.”

Dalton looks lost, so out of Allison’s sight, I point to her mouth. He gets the hint. “Have you ever done oral?”

“Yes, Sir. This bitch has given oral to two men, Sir. One in 2017, and one in 2020, Sir.” It doesn’t take a math genius to figure out the second was likely at college, the same college both are now attending. I’d bet he’s wondering who the boy was.

I point to Allison's bottom. Dalton's eyes go wide for an instant, but then he rather hesitantly asks her if she's "ever had butt sex."

“No, Sir, this bitch has never had anal sex, Sir.”

I have to whisper the last hint to him. I just whisper one word, quietly enough that I doubt Allison hears it. Dalton barely hears it. I whisper “girls?” Dalton gets the hint. “Have you ever slept with a girl?”

“No, Sir, this bitch has never done *anything* with another woman, Sir.”

Now, I know. Allison is far from the most experienced woman. I know freshmen who have done far more than she has. I don’t know why she hasn’t. I don’t know if it’s because of her moral upbringing (something I only suspect she had), or maybe the boys just haven’t been after her. She’s pretty, but she has that strength to her that I’d bet some boys would find a put-off.

On my cue, he asks her when her last period began. That’s another topic any woman would be embarrassed to publicly discuss. Allison answers “This bitch began its

most recent period… 3 weeks ago, on a Friday… that would have been the 25th of March, Sir."

Then he asks her the final question. "This bitch last masturbated its pussy last Friday night, Sir." At least he thought that was the final question. I have him ask her if she came. She says she did. Then I have him ask her how many times. She says "This bitch came just once, Sir."

I tell him to ask her a question I already know the answer to. "Yes, Sir, this bitch's pussy is very horny now, Sir." She answers. Then, to a follow-up question, "Yes, Sir, this bitch would love to cum this afternoon, Sir."

"Take your bitch back to the bench," I tell Dalton, "before it diddles itself right now!" I felt her pussy. I felt just how nervy it is. How eager to cum.

I wait until Dalton has Allison back on the bench in her place between Darla and Elena. And he's taken his seat. By now, I think everyone can guess that it's Elena's turn on the "hot seat." That it's her turn to have her more intimate secrets revealed to all. All eight. Three men and five women in the room, all watching her closely.

Pete, Elena's escort and neighbor, has obviously known Elena for a little while. It's just as obvious to me that he's interested in her. A lot. It seems that he's paid attention to her. He knows not just that she's 24, but that her birthday is November 1st. Simple math would tell him, if he didn't know, that it was in 1997, making her about four months older than Allison.

He doesn't have to look, either. He knows that she has blue eyes with her light brown hair. He knows that her pubes are trimmed. I know that he saw them for the first time a few minutes ago, as Paige stripped her. I'd bet he hasn't stopped thinking about how much of her body he's seen now. It's a sight he clearly likes.

If you know me, you know that I never like to repeat anything. At least not exactly. Darla and Allison got moderately different measurings, but also ones that got me the same information. I decide that Elena's should be a little different, too.

I leave her sitting on the bench, with Pete standing beside and in front of her. Instead of simply putting Elena on the scale and measuring her for myself, I ask Pete what her height is. He says he doesn't know. I tell him to guess, and if he's off by more than 10%, Elena will pay for it since "that stupid bitch must have been acting like a shy, modest little mouse if you don't know that."

He guesses that she's about 5'6". I tell him to guess at her weight, too. I can see Elena sitting there with a slightly hopeful look on her face. As if she's hoping he gets it right. But I don't see much nervousness. That tells me what I already suspected. Elena wants him to pay attention to her. She doesn't fear the punishment if he's wrong. But if he is, it will crush her.

Pete looks nervous. As if he's afraid to over guess. As if he believes she, like most women, would prefer he thinks she's leaner than she is. As if he's had no experience guessing a woman's weight, either. He sighs, "I'm really guessing… maybe… 125 pounds?"

"Now, bring your bitch up to the scale, and let's see exactly what it weighs," I tell him.

"Come on…" He almost uses her name before remembering that I told him he was not to, under any circumstances. I want no names used here today. "Friend." He settles on a generic name for her. "Let's find out how good my guesses were."

He puts his hand chastely to Elena's arm. He leads her up to the scale. Elena doesn't show much reluctance, telling me that his guesses were fairly close. But I do see enough of a blush to her face to know that she doesn't want the rest of us knowing the answers in quite such detail. I'm not so sure about Pete. She might not mind him knowing.

He doesn't have to guide her onto the scale. She steps up on her own, Pete simply keeping his hand on her upper arm. She very quickly wiggles her feet into place, centering them on the no-slip pads. Obviously, she paid close attention to Allison's weighing, or at least to what

Allison got in trouble for. And she's not going to make the same mistakes. She doesn't have to adjust her hands. Those were in place, her right hand gripping her left wrist before she rose from the bench. I'd bet since Allison was scolded for it. Her head is forward, and her eyes are still. It has her staring at Dalton. The scale hasn't moved. She has her back up straight, too. And she's rather relaxed and still. There's really nothing to punish her for.

I tell Pete to "tell us all exactly what his bitch weighs." He looks down to the scale, leaning forward slightly to make sure he's seeing it correctly. He straightens up before announcing "She's 134 pounds, five ounces."

I have Dawn get him the yardstick. He measures her height just the way he's seen me do the other two. He announces that she's "five foot seven and ¼ inches." He hands the stick back to Dawn.

I ask him to guess again. This time at her measurements. I remind him that he's seen, and heard the other two bitches' measurements, so he should have something to go by. I even add that "I hope you do better guessing this one's boob size than you did with the fat one."

Pete takes a moment, as I suggested he do. He eyes Elena over rather closely. Then he guesses. He guesses "34-30-34, with a B-cup."

I hand him the tape measure and tell him to measure her hips. As lean as Elena is, the bones of her hips are visible, poking their lines through her skin. I have him measure directly over them, the tape meeting itself behind her back. It has him staring at her little, and slightly flat, bottom as he reads off the measurement. “32 and ½ inches.” It’s still within 10%, so Elena is spared again.

I tell him to measure her waist, showing him to put the measure around her body just above her navel. It’s the narrowest part of her waist with her standing up straight. He announces that her waist is “27 and ¾ inches around.” That’s narrower, but still barely within the allowed 10%.

Now I stop him. I ask the others to offer their opinions of her bra size. Dalton guesses that she's a 32-A. Tim guesses that she's a 32-B.

I tell him to measure her chest. "And don't be a prude, I don't care if your hands touch those tiny things. Just get the measure all the way up along their underside." Unfortunately for Pete, her mounds are too small and pert for him to have to lift them. He announces that her chest is "31 and ½ inches."

I tell him to measure her cup size. "Measure straight around this thing's chest over the top of those ant-bite-sized nipples." He does, finally touching her breasts as he does. He tries not to show it, but I can tell he'd like to play with them.

He announces that it measures "33 inches, plus a hair. A hair is about 1/16th of an inch by the look of it. I tell him to do the math. One inch is an A cup, two a B cup, and 3 is a C cup. "A hair over 1½ inches. Does that give her a B-cup?"

I nod. "Yes, a 32-B." I point to Tim. "As he thought." I smirk, "but don't worry, you're within 10%. Barely."

I offer him the chance to feel the firmness of her breasts. He gladly accepts it, his face telling me that he's been looking forward to the chance. "Ooh…" I hear Elena purring sweetly under her breath as he touches her. I'm sure it's her trying to encourage him. To let him know that she wants them touched. And also to hide it as her breathing, not speaking. She wouldn't want to get in trouble.

I crack the whip firmly across her lean bottom, searing an angry pink stripe across her cheeks. I'd been waiting for an excuse. Any excuse. If she didn't give me one soon, I was going to have to invent one. But she did.

My crop lands with a loud, splitting crack. It's the hardest swat I've given yet, about 60% of what I could do. It sends a hard flinch through Elena, stiffening her muscles to steel. I see the tendon strain in her neck as well as her arms and legs, as she grits her teeth hard. She holds her

breath for several seconds, not wanting to make a sound. As she loosens back up, I see that her eyes are wet. But she didn't make a sound as the crop's sting cut into those little globes. I scold her for "moaning like a cheap whore."

I don't waste any time. Nor do I give her any time to pull herself together. I tell Pete to resume his fondling of her breasts, adding "this time the bitch will behave its slutty butt while you examine those worthless little things."

Elena behaves herself. I can hear her measuring her breaths to keep herself from purring. Despite the sting in her cheeks, she stays still.

Now it's time for her question and answer session. Pete tells me that Elena isn't a virgin. He knows she's lived with another man, so there's little chance he's wrong. Not many men would share a bed for four years with a woman they weren't having sex with, at least occasionally.

He doesn't know how many lovers she's had. She tells him "This bitch has had sex with one man and two women, Sir." I have him ask if she's attracted to girls, and she says no. She tells him that both of the women were ladies that her ex-boyfriend brought home and wanted to see her with. So she was with them. She does confess that both very easily brought her to orgasm, a favor she returned for them.

She tells him that she's only had oral with one man, presumably her ex as well. She's also had anal sex with him, and only him.

She tells him that her last period began exactly two weeks ago. And she tells him that it's been about a month since she's touched herself. She doesn't remember the date, but she does remember that it was a Monday evening. She also remembers that it was the day he carried her groceries in for her. He remembers that day. He decides it was the 14th. The actual date doesn't matter so much as how long it's been.

I tell him to put Elena back on the bench. Now I have less than zero doubt that Elena likes him. So I whisper

instructions to him. He glances at me, but with a grin on his face. Then he follows the instructions.

Once Elena is seated and squared up in a proper posture, I have him use his fingers to brush her hair from her face. Hers is long and frizzy, so there are a fair number of strands in her eyes. That would annoy her. And with her hands cuffed, she's not going to be doing much about it. As I suggested, he makes sure to let his hand touch her skin lightly, caressing over her neck and shoulders as he does. Then, softly, he tells Elena, “Don’t worry, bitch, I’ll take good care of you this afternoon. I’m going to make sure that you cum before you set foot back in your apartment… Does that pussy want to cum today?”

“Yes, Sir, this bitch’s slutty pussy would *very* much like to cum today. Thank you for taking care of this bitch, Sir.” Her voice is pure hope and sugar. I hope it leaves him no doubt that she’d like him to take her.

As I’ve told him to do, he puts his hand to her nipple. He pinches it, but his pinch is playful. It’s just enough for her to feel the pressure of his strong hand on her small, and very hard, nub. “Don’t worry, bitch,” He reminds her softly, “Just behave for Her.”

“Yes, Sir, this bitch will be on its best behavior for Her, and you, Sir.” Elena shudders as she tells him.

Now that all three are squished on the bench again, I turn to Tim and ask him if he has a “pet name” for “his bitch.”

He thinks for a minute, before answering “not really. If anything, I usually call her ‘boss’ if I don’t use her name, but that’s because she’s in ‘boss mode,’ barking orders so often.”

I nod to Paige. She has the name tags and my glowing green sharpie. "Then this is now 'bossy bitch'" I declare for all to hear. Paige writes “bossy bitch” in huge green letters on the name tag. Then she steps up to Darla. She peels the back off and sticks the name badge on Darla’s bare chest just above her right breast. Paige leaves it there.

I turn to Dalton. If Allison has a pet name, he wouldn't know it. So I tell him, "make up a pet name for this fat butch of a bitch."

Maybe it's the way I changed "boss" to "bossy bitch." But to my surprise, After hesitating for a long moment, Dalton offers "Mousy." As Paige is writing "mousy bitch" on a name badge, he tells me it came to his mind because Allison is such a quiet girl around her dorm. That she's almost timid. But she's also outgoing with her girl friends, once she gets to know them well. By the time he's done explaining, the name tag is stuck to her chest. "Hello, this is *mousy bitch*."

I turn to Pete and tell him to make up a name for Elena, and warn him that I'm not into any cutesy names. No "honeys, sweeties, sugars,' or such will be accepted. Actually I tell him to name this "string bean of a bitch he brought us."

He thinks for almost a full minute, glancing over to Elena several times. As if he wants to pick something that I will accept, but that she will like. Or at least not mind. He looks over her body several times. I'd bet the names that he's coming up with are too cutesy. Enough that he knows better than to suggest them.

I wonder if he's noticed that all of the other names, those of my bitches as well as the other two, are derogatory. There is no "sweet bitch," or "cute bitch." He suggests "twiggy," an obvious reference to her lithe, almost stick-like figure.

I nod, and a moment later "twiggy bitch" is stuck on her chest. Elena has a new name. And she doesn't seem to mind. What I can see on her face is a question. She now knows that Pete sees her as slim and narrow. She's only wondering if he likes that or would prefer a more shapely woman.

Chapter Five – All Tied Up

Now I know all I'm planning to learn about these women. At least for today. I'm sure even that limited interview came as a surprise to them. They came expecting to play, not answer questions. Even if I did manage to make that rather embarrassing for them. So it's time to get to the play.

For a second I consider gagging Elena and Allison. I definitely don't want them speaking, especially to their escorts. More so as the real fun begins. I decide not to. I doubt either woman will. Elena seems to know better. Allison seems to understand the concept of obedience. She might not understand why she's been told not to speak, but it won't matter. She knows she's expected to do as she's told.

That only leaves me the question of which toy to start with. I've been starting with Darla. Obviously, I won't start with her every time. That would be too predictable for me. But for now, I decide to grab Darla first. She'll be the best fit for where I'm going.

I just step down to where she's sitting on the bench. Then I grab hold of her hair, right at the top of her head, twisting its locks in my fingers. I yank hard. Darla seems to have been expecting it. She starts rising to her feet the minute she feels the first pull. But I'm yanking fast and hard. I get ahead of her, giving her hair a sharp tug before she gets up to her feet.

I keep moving, stepping forward even before Darla is all the way up. She never gets fully upright, either. I hold her head down a little way as I start walking. Enough to keep her looking down at the floor and her frantically fumbling feet as she tries to keep up. Good, I want Darla to stay off balance as much as possible today. Physically off balance, too.

I drag the almost-stumbling Darla over to the massage table in the center of the room. Then I drag her around it without stopping. I bring her to its center, turning her to face the table. And the men. I keep hold of her head, loosening my grip enough to let her hair pull through

my fingers. That lets me have enough reach to keep hold of her and step around the table.

It puts me between Darla and the men's eyes. I pull firmly on Darla's hair, again. It makes her step forward until her waist is flush against the side of the table. I keep pulling, tugging down now as much as forward, bending Darla over the table. I pull her down until she's all the way over the table. Until her chest is flush against the top of the table. Firmly so, squishing her breasts flat against it hard enough that I can see the sides of her mounds starting to push out beyond her sides.

I snap my fingers, waiving Paige forward. Paige comes over, bringing a length of chain. It's a rather heavy chain, something Home Depot calls a log chain. I know it has links that seem to be half the size of my hand, and as thick as my finger. I know it's heavy, too. It's about two feet long, which is plenty for what I have in mind.

I take the chain in my free hand. I drop it over the back of Darla's neck. I'm not rough, but I'm definitely not gentle, either. I just drop it, letting the heavy, cold steel links fall against her. Then I have to release her hair to grab the free end of it. I pull that up under Darla's neck, pulling on the longer end, dragging more links over the back of her neck as I do. Once it's taut, and about ¾ of the way around her neck, I loosen my pull, letting the weight of the chain droop it down along the side of her neck. I bring the other end over to meet the newly-made loop. I use a clip to hook the end to the center of the chain. It's a simple clip and it doesn't lock. But it won't matter. Without the use of her bound hands, she's not taking any clip off. So it might as well be the heaviest padlock. I don't have that tight around Darla's neck. I have it snug enough that it's touching her flesh all the way around, and lying flush against her, but just barely pressing into her skin. I don't want it to choke her. I just want her to feel its snugness.

Now I don't have to hold Darla down. I just hold onto the chain. I pull it taut, keeping Darla from rising up. One

of the nice things about the portable massage table is the steel-tube frame that supports the top. It makes the perfect anchor for tying anything to. In this case, for chaining anything to. Holding the tension on the chain, I wrap it around the tube frame, clipping it to itself the same way I did around Darla's neck. Then I let go of it and step aside.

I'm barely off to the side before I hear the chain rattle. It's a good rattle, but it's a heavy chain. That's Darla trying to stand up. I can see the light ripples flow through her muscles as she tries. Her head rises less than ¼". She gets the hint. She lies her chest back down. But she doesn't quite relax.

I'm not done, though. But I am done with the chains. Instead, Paige fetches me a length of stout rope. Darla can't see anything. But she can hear and feel. She doesn't see me leave her there and circle around behind her again. But she does feel my hand gripping her calf just below her knee. I feel a sharp flinch run through her leg as she feels the touch. Then she stills, but a bit of the tension remains.

I start by wrapping three coils of the rope around the top of Darla's left calf. I make them snug around her. And I lie them flush against each other. Then I tie the end of the rope around the much longer end, knotting it around her leg. I wrap three more identical coils around the bottom of Darla's thigh, just above her knee, before bringing the rope back to the knot in front of her kneecap. I tie the short end around the length again. I toss the long end of the rope along the floor, aiming it to the corner at the far side of the table. Then I do the same with Darla's right leg and a fresh piece of rope. That rope goes to the opposite corner of the table's far side.

I know Darla can feel the rope, snugly but lightly, tied securely around her knees. I'm just as sure that she can tell they're not connected to anything. Not yet. I'm sure she's wondering what I plan to tie them to. I don't know how creative Darla is, what she might be imagining or might never dream of. I can see that Allison and Elena are

watching rather intently, although Elena is trying hard to hide it. Both obviously assuming that whatever happens to Darla, they will get the same next.

I return to the far side of the table. I drop down to one knee and reach under the table to get hold of the free end of the rope. I purposely chose longer ropes for this, leaving myself far more than needed to make this part easier for me. Once I have hold of the rope, I rise back up to my feet.

I take care to leave the rope lying limp on the floor as I thread the free end around the tube steel frame of the table. The same tube that I have Darla's neck chained to. Only the rope is much closer to the corner of the table. The frame is made like a rectangle of steel tubing. It has a solid metal tabletop to it, but where the top joins the frame it's more like Swiss cheese. There are about a dozen holes through the top as it joins the tube. I'm not all the way to the corner. I'm two slots out from it. That's about ¼ of the way down the six-foot length of the table. Maybe 18" or so. I do the same with Darla's other leg.

Darla still doesn't have a clue what's coming. The ropes are long enough to still be loose on the floor. Without them pulling on her legs, she has no way to feel anything. As far as she knows, I'm ignoring them. The others know better. They're all watching to see what I do next.

I take both ropes in my hands. At the same time, I pull on both of them. It takes a second or two for the slack to pull out, drawing the ropes taut. I pull harder. Darla's left leg surrenders a fraction of a second before her right does. The rope, pulled hard by me, almost snaps her knees up once her feet lose their grip on the floor. The ropes pull them up, and also apart. I pull, drawing every bit of the free ends of the ropes through the slots. It brings her knees up until they're about two inches under the table. And they're stretched wide apart.

Now Darla is truly bent over the table. Nothing is supporting any of her weight, other than the table. Her

chest lies flat over it. Her thighs are pulled up almost as flat under it. The tendons in the creases of her thighs stand out, straining hard as the ropes pull her knees wide. Her hips are bent almost a full 180 degrees. Her bottom is pulled taut. Her crack is stretched most of the way to wide open. Plenty wide enough for her asshole to be fully exposed. Her calves and feet are free, for the moment. They kick, futilely, neither accomplishing nor touching anything. Darla's bound hands squirm hard, seeking anything and finding nothing.

This is how I want Darla for the moment. I tie both ropes off, leaving the long free ends dangling down to the floor. Darla fidgets, squirms, wiggles, and generally tries to worm some part of her body free. Nothing she does, little more than tiny movements, achieves anything more than tiring her out and testing my rope work. The ropes win.

Darla lies there, her head tossing from side to side as she tries to move. I'm sure that she's acutely aware of just how fully exposed her bottom is. Her pussy as well. How taut and firmly held it is as well. That nothing she can do, no amount of wiggling, will even move either more than the tiniest fraction of an inch. Barely enough to even be seen. After about a quarter minute of her futile squirming, I see her honey start to flow, adding a fresh layer to her already glistening slit.

I leave Darla like that, letting her wonder what's going to happen. I casually step over to the bench, stopping in front of the now-empty place where Darla was seated. I look down on Allison.

Allison starts fidgeting. She tries not to show it, but she's too nervous to hide it fully. I expected that. It's not a true nervousness, but more the anxiousness and unease that comes from being far beyond anything she's ever experienced before.

By now, I've realized that Allison almost certainly had a similar upbringing as Dawn did. Her father was strict and had no issues disciplining her sternly whenever warranted. I'd bet he disciplined her the same ways Dawn was, too.

Not just the common punishments for teenagers, like groundings, but strict versions of them. Spankings, too. Maybe even standing in the corner, washing her mouth out with soap, hard labor chores, and any number of other punishments that would be physically unpleasant for her.

And now Allison is realizing that none of that, everything that's at least familiar if unwelcome for her, has prepared her for what might happen today. That there are ways her father never exerted his power over her. Intimate ways. Not just physically, either. Simple ways, such as stripping her and weighing her. That would be humiliating enough. More so when it's done blatantly in front of others with less than zero regard for her privacy. That's a way of stripping her bare that she's never imagined before.

I am sure that she's confident I won't injure her. After all, her father is the one who commanded her to come here and submit to me. She seems to trust that, while he would definitely allow her to suffer a deserved punishment, he would never allow her to be injured. But still, she knows this is going to be, by a huge mile, the most intimately, and invasively, she's ever belonged to another.

"Your turn, mousy bitch, "I tell Allison in a soft, but firm voice. I hope my voice tells her that there isn't a choice for her. It's going to happen. She's expected to docilely comply. And will regret it if she doesn't. "Go stand to the left of bossy bitch with your waist flush against the table."

Allison takes a quiet deep breath. She rises to her feet. She starts walking, her steps a little short. Steps that grow a hair shorter with each one. But also that never stop. Her eyes immediately lock on Darla, still squirming, stretched over the table. I have no doubt that Allison is imagining herself being similarly stretched over the table.

I see her arms quivering slightly, although they don't move. I see the edginess on her face, too. The closer she gets to the table, the more she sees of Darla. The more she sees just how fully exposed, and accessible, Darla is

bound. The more she realizes that in this position, Allison will have absolutely no hope of having even the tiniest shred of control over her body. That I, a woman she knows nothing about, will be able to truly do anything to her.

It takes Allison a second, but she puts herself in the proper position as instructed. In the end, her well-learned obedience wins out. As if it’s just too well instilled for her to do anything but obey.

Darla’s bottom is centered along the edge of the table. It leaves about two feet, maybe a little more, on either side of her hips. That’s plenty of room for Allison’s wider hips. Allison leaves a little space between her and Darla, about three inches, as she stands against the table.

I wait until Allison is in place. Then I keep my eyes on her closely as I step over to the table. I want to see if she scoots closer as I approach. She doesn't. Soon I can see that her waistline is pushing firmly against the edge of the table. She put herself as instructed.

Allison quivers but doesn't move, as she stands there while I tie ropes around her knees. I tie them the same as I tied Darla's knees. Allison, having just watched Darla bound to the table, thinks she knows exactly what I'm going to do with her. I wonder if she’s trying to think of how I might tie her over the table with Darla already there. Or if she thinks maybe I’ll just rope her and let her wait. Or if maybe I have another table somewhere.

Once I have Allison's legs roped, I leave the ropes lying loose at her feet. That way she'll have to guess for a few more moments about how she'll be bound. I can see her edginess slowly ramping up as the seconds tick off. I'm going to draw it out as long as I can.

I have Paige bring me another length of chain identical to the chain around Darla’s neck. Unlike Darla, I leave Allison standing. She trembles slightly but stays still as I wrap the heavy, cold chain around her neck and clip it snugly. I take the free end and let it dangle down between her ample, full breasts, lying against her chest and

stomach. It almost reaches the tabletop. It has Allison quivering a little harder, too.

I give it several seconds. That's enough time for Allison to feel the weight of the chain on her. Then I take its free end, dragging it along the insides of her breasts as I bring the free end up and across the table. It reaches, but just barely, to the rail. I clip it around the rail, leaving Allison standing straight. It does lock her to the table. The heavy chain will remind her that she's bound to it. She's not going anywhere. Just waiting, demurely, until I deign to do something more with her.

I step over behind Darla's bottom, taking a second to enjoy the view of her pussy and asshole so fully bared. Then I snap my fingers and point to the empty place at Darla's other side. "Scrawny bitch, come take your place," I add a touch of a taunt to my voice as I summon Elena to her place.

Elena doesn't hesitate to rise and start coming over. Unlike Allison, she doesn't slow down. I don't see much of the edginess on her that I still see on Allison. It tells me that Elena is used to being tied. It won't be new to her. She's not nervous about it. Although the curious look in her eyes tells me that she's never been bound as she thinks she might be about to be. That she's wondering how exactly I plan to tie her and Allison with Darla already over the table.

Elena takes her place beside Darla, putting her waist flush against the edge. She stands calmly, quivering only faintly, as I tie the ropes around her knees. And the chain around her neck. Now neither of them can step back from the table, even if they try.

I glance over to see the men are just as curiously watching. None of them seem to know, if not what I'm going to do, how I might manage it. I'd bet all three think that I intend to tie all three women over the table. But can't figure out what I'm going to do with their legs. It looks as if there's just no way to spread the other two's legs wide with Darla already between them.

They’re going to have to wait another minute. I can’t do much of anything with their legs now. Lifting their knees would pull their feet off the floor. It would leave them nothing to hold them up. Their bottoms would drop all the way until their backs hit the floor. That’s definitely not what I want.

So I return to Allison. I unclip her chain from the rail but make no move to unclip it from around her neck. Instead, I hold the free end, still looped through the rail, as if it was a leash. "Over you go, bitch. All the way. Do not disappoint me," I firmly tell Allison, staring into her eyes as I do.

Allison needs another deep, and silent, breath. Then she leans over. Just short of putting her chest on the table, about the moment her stiff nipples first touch it, Allison hesitates for an instant. But no longer. She starts moving again, slowly lowering herself the rest of the way. It’s not as easy for her, or anyone, to do as it sounds. I can see the muscles of her back straining to hold her chest up. To support her weight. She finally start putting the weight of her upper body on the table, easing the strain on her muscles. With her, significantly larger, equally full, breasts, her mounds squish out even more than Darla's do. Allison wiggles her ribs slightly, adjusting herself for comfort, once the table has her weight.

I pull the chain through the rail as she leans forward. That way, should she try, her neck will stop her from rising back up. I want her to know that this is a one-way trip. Once Allison is down and settled into position, I pull on the chain, drawing it taut. It pulls her neck down a hair more, leaning her chin slightly towards the rail. I clip it into place around the rail. Now she won’t be able to rise up. Her head and shoulders are locked just as firmly in place as Darla’s.

I leave Allison for a second, and order Elena to lie herself over the table as well. She doesn’t hesitate. But she does keep her feet closer together than even Allison does. I lock Elena down as well. Then I look to see Allison

trying hard to glance over at Darla and Elena. Not to see them, but dying to know what I'm doing. For some hint of what I might do with her.

I kneel down behind the three women. I'm just about perfectly centered behind Darla. It makes me keep back a hair more to stay clear of her still kicking feet. I reach over to the side, gripping Allison's right ankle. I get a firm grip on it. "Give me this leg, you mousy little bitch," I firmly command. "Relax that leg so I can move it as I wish.'

I feel the stiffness slowly ebb from Allison's leg. It's more of a forced relaxation, not a good one. There's still a bit of tension in her muscles. Her entire body. I can feel the quivering tremors in those muscles, too.

I feel some resistance, as if Allison's leg is wooden, as I start to move her foot. But not so much that I can't move it. I barely lift her foot off the floor before I start sliding it over to the side. I pull it along, towards Elena. With my eyes, I imagine a straight line extending down from Darla's slit to the floor. Flowing right along the line of her slit. I bring Allison's foot over until its inside edge is even with my imaginary line.

It spreads Allison's legs decently wide. I'm sure she'd move her other foot, but she's too antsy. She's not thinking clearly. She doesn't realize that the table would fully support her weight, as it is supporting Darla's. She just thinks she'll fall over if she loses the support of that leg. I plant her foot on the floor and feel the weight returning to it long before it's fully down.

I keep my hand on Allison's ankle but slightly loosen my grip. It's more to remind her to leave it where I put it than to hold it still. I reach over with my other hand and grip Elena's ankle. I probably could just tell her to move her foot, and she would. But I'd prefer to place it more precisely. And so far, Elena has been told to do everything. I want her to experience having it done for her as well.

She offers no resistance, allowing me to lift and slide her foot over. I bring her foot over to meet Allison's placing them with their inside edges touching each other. It

appears that both women have feet about the same size, with probably no more than one shoe size difference between them. It lets me line them up more evenly.

Once I have their feet flush, slightly pressed, against the other's, I release Elena's ankle. I keep my loose hold on Allison's. I felt the flinch run through her leg as she felt Elena's foot touching her. I'm more confident of Elena leaving her foot where I put it.

It's not the reason why I pulled Darla's knees up first. But without doing that, I wouldn't be able to so easily position Allison's and Elena's feet. Darla's legs would be in the way. Now Darla is completely out of the way. Her hips are merely between the other girl's hips. As their legs stretch to the side to meet, they angle out underneath of Darla's bottom without touching it. They can both see Darla lying between them, but otherwise, it's as if she's not there.

Paige hands me one of the thick tie straps. I release Allison's ankle and quickly loop the heavy plastic strap around their legs, just above the ankle bones. I cinch it snug, binding Allison's right leg to Elena's left. Now neither can move her foot without also moving the others. And stretching the other's legs wider open, something she'd likely resist.

Now I take my time. I rise and move around to the opposite side of the table. I lean over and pick up one rope, the one tied around Allison's left, and so far still free, leg. I bring it up, lacing the free end of the long cord through the outermost slot in the rail. Slowly, I start pulling the rope through its slot.

Allison can't move that much. She immediately turns her head to watch me. Nervously watch me. Her eyes are glued to me as I'm lacing the rope and starting to pull it.

I bring the rope taut. Then I stop, leaving Allison's foot on the floor, the rope only barely pulling against her leg. After a second, Allison's eyes dart from my hands to my face, searching for some hint.

"AHHH!" Allison squeals in shock as I suddenly, without any hint to her, yank the rope hard. It pulls the rope through the slot. It snaps against her knee, jerking her foot up off the floor. It leaves her only her left leg to support her weight, and that leg is bound to Elena's. It puts Allison off-balance, momentarily shifting all of her weight to the table. I know it when I see her melon-like breasts squishing out from under her chest.

I bring her knee all the way up, just as I did with Darla's. Only Allison's knee is pulled out all the way to the edge of the table. It has her thigh held up along the underside of the table, parallel with Darla's, and with about 18" between them. I pull firmly on the rope, keeping it taut, and forcing Allison's knee to rise up all the way to the rail. Then I knot it off, binding Allison's knee in place.

I leave Allison like that and step over to Elena. Elena tried hard to watch what I did with Allison, but she missed more of it than she saw. Darla is in the way, blocking most of Elena's view. With her head chained snugly in place, there's little Elena can do about it.

It seems as if Elena figured most of it out. She waits calmly, showing only the slightest edginess, as I bring the rope up. She doesn't squeal in shock when I pull her knee up, either. Her leg offers me almost no resistance, telling me she was expecting it. I only start to feel some, not her resisting me, but me straining her rubbery muscles as they're stretched when her knee nears the rail. In a couple of moments, I have Elena's right knee bound just as firmly to the opposite corner of the table. And that has Elena's right thigh pulled up along the underside of the table parallel with Darla's right thigh. And about 18" from Darla's.

It leaves me the more troublesome legs to deal with. Allison's right and Elena's left. The two legs that are still bound together with their feet on the floor directly beneath Darla's rather wet pussy mound. I have their ankles bound with a tie strap. Their knees are free, not tied to each other or anything else. But each woman's knee also has a

long rope knotted snugly around her knee. Separate ropes that are not tied together. While the ropes would let me raise each knee separately, the strap around their ankles would force the other to bring her leg up as well.

There's a reason I don't have a strap around their knees. It wouldn't work. As they're now standing, if their other foot were on the floor, their feet would be spread three feet apart. That's fairly wide apart. Enough so that I would have both legs angled into a moderately wide inverted V shape. A V that would be wide enough to have a decent amount of air between those knees. Pulling their knees together might strain their tendons hard. It would definitely stretch their thighs wider than they should be.

I take hold of both ropes, bringing them up. I lace both through the same slot in the railing. The center slot. The slot directly under Darla's chin. As I do, six eyes watch me. Two of them rather anxiously. Allison is trembling just as hard as ever, despite lying over the table. Elena looks, to me, more uncertain and questioning than nervous.

I start slowly pulling on the ropes. I pull them together, at the same pace. I'm careful to keep them equalized, pulling on both women's knees evenly. This time I'm not yanking on the ropes. Instead, both of them feel the pressure of the rope's pull as it gradually increases. Slowly the pressure grows, making it harder and harder for them to resist it and keep their foot on the floor.

It's not long before Elena yields. I'd wondered if she'd be first. She seems to have fewer issues with trusting me. Once Elena's weight is off her leg, free it of the resistance, the rope starts drawing her knee forward under the table and up to the rail. With Elena's ankle bound to Allison's it almost doubles the pull on Allison's leg. Now I'm pulling on her knee and Elena, pulled along by the other rope, is pulling Allison's foot up and out.

That's all it takes for Allison to lose the battle. Her foot loses its grip on the floor and starts rising up with Elena's. They get about ⅔ of the way up before the tops of their thighs start touching the underside of Darla's. I'm

surprised they made it even that far up with Darla's calves still kicking around under her.

Darla's calves and feet don't still as the other's thighs rise up to hers. The center of their thighs crosses almost perfectly under the center of Darla's. That leaves Darla's knees in the wide-stretched V created by the other's legs. As If Darla's calf and foot are hanging down roughly in line with Allison's pussy. And Elena's on the other side.

I keep pulling the ropes, bringing Allison and Elena's knees up a bit further. Squishing their thighs firmly against Darla's. It unnecessarily pins Darla's thighs even more firmly against the underside of the table. I keep the pull even as the ropes go taut. It's now a hard pull, too. That keeps their knees from shifting around. It brings their knees up together, Allison's knee rising up in line with Darla's left ear, and Elena's with Darla's right ear. It only leaves a few, maybe six at the most, inches of space between Allison and Elena's knees.

Now I tie those ropes off to the rail, keeping the tension on their knees as I do. I have every ounce of their weight on the tabletop now. All three of them. There isn't a foot close to the floor. I have all three women bent snugly over the table. All three of their bottoms pulled to their tautest, cracks pulled wide to bare assholes, and pussy mounds puffing straight back from their bodies. All three pairs of legs splayed wide, pulled tight against the underside of the table, invisible and out of the way. Except for the six calves dangling down, none still, under their three heads. And there's no way any of them are moving more than a tiny fraction of an inch.

The only thing I wish I could change is that Allison's right and Elena's left legs aren't pulled quite as high up as the other four legs are. I didn't have a choice about that. Darla's legs are in the way. Even with Darla's legs squished firmly against the table, there are about three inches between Allison's and Elena's joined knees and the railing. Far less than an inch between the other four knees and the

railing. But I also managed to keep those joined knees in line with Darla's pussy.

All three lie over the table. There are a few inches, about four, between the outside of Allison's hips and the bottom edge of the table. Maybe four more between Allison and Darla. Then about the same between Darla and Elena. And close to the same between the outside of Elena’s hips and the top edge of the table. It has all three of their bottoms spaced equally, or close to it, along the length of the table.

There’s no reason for me to tie their knees together. Neither Allison’s nor Elena’s is going anywhere as it is. I do leave their ankles bound together, essentially turning two fidgeting calves into one.

And now, they’re ready.

Chapter Six – Stuffed Up

Obviously, I didn't go through the trouble of tying these women so intricately for nothing. I want them just as they are. Folded over the table into the shape of a taco shell, fully baring every bit of their bottoms and pussies. And with their wrists still bound, there's absolutely nothing any of them can do besides lie there and feel whatever is done to their bodies.

There's no reason for me to waste any time now, either. Especially since I now have Sophie available to assist me. She's no longer needed to watch anyone. These women won't be misbehaving. They won't be doing anything.

I tell Sophie to set the first tray up. She hurries over to the wall behind the women, where they can't see her, and fetches one of the portable tables I have there. These are just cheap little folding trays that I bought for about $10 at Wal-Mart. They're fake wood and not the sturdiest things. But they'll do. They're small, their tops about 18-by-20 inches.

Sophie unfolds the legs on one of the tables. She briefly sets it down, draping an old pastel pink towel over it. Then she picks it up again and carries it over to the massage table. She glances over to see me staring at Allison's bottom. That's all the instructions she needs. It tells her which of the three bound women I want to start with. Allison or Elena, the two on the ends.

Sophie sets the table in front of Allison's head, about a foot back from the woman. Long before Sophie has the table down Allison's apprehensive eyes are locked on it. That it's empty seems to only heighten her nervousness.

She tries to keep her eyes locked on the table after it's down. She can't. To keep her eyes anywhere but down forces her to strain her neck hard, lifting it up as far as the chain will permit. That stresses her muscles painfully. After about fifteen seconds, the tension wins out and she lowers her head, relaxing those neck muscles. For a couple of short seconds. Then, after a quick breath, she's lifting her head back up again to watch the table.

Sophie isn’t rushing. I haven’t told her to. She moves casually. She gets another table and sets it out in the identical place in front of Darla’s head. Then a third in front of Elena’s.

Now Sophie returns to the cabinets. She gets out an array of three toys that I’ve pre-selected. Sophie takes them, along with a small single-use packet of lubricating gel, and sets them out on the table in front of Allison.

All three toys are vibrating butt plugs. The first one is long. Eight full inches long. It is, however, the narrowest of the three at a mere one-inch thick. It’s bullet-shaped with smooth sides. I’d bet it looks to be a mile long to Allison. I’d bet Allison doesn’t recognize what it is, either. It does look like a cheap vibrator, except for its base end where it’s wider so that it won’t slip all the way into her bottom.

The second toy, the one in the middle of the line, is a little shorter. It's only six inches long. It's also egg-shaped, not tube-shaped as the others are. It really does look like a giant egg sitting atop a rounded base. It's shorter, but it's also thicker. The pointy end of the egg isn't much different from the tip of the narrower toy. But at its widest, this toy is 1⅓ inches thick. That’s about the width of a finger more than the first. It’s enough extra width to be plainly visible. Especially to Allison.

The third toy is the shortest of the three, at a mere five inches long. That's also roughly the average length of a man's cock. Naturally, it's the thickest toy, too. This one is 1⅔" across. That's thicker than most men. This one has a tube-shaped shaft, with a short tip like an upturned bowl on it. That's not the pointiness of the other toys. It's a much shallower tip that will stretch her faster, further, and more uncomfortably.

All three toys have been modified by me. It doesn't matter, though. Sophie carefully stands all three upon their base ends. Allison won't be able to see the modifications. All I've done is make one small addition to each toy. I've added a narrow plastic tube that runs the

length of the shaft emerging into a small hole at the tip. Like an artificial urethra for the artificial cocks. It wasn't so easy to add. Inside, the vibrators have batteries, a motor, and a weight to make them vibrate. I had to twist and snake the tube around to avoid all of that before gluing it in place. Its other end has a small screw-on port, like an IV would, that fitted flush into the base, next to the power switch.

Allison watches closely as Sophie lines the toys up in front of her. With each toy, her eyes grow increasingly antsy. Her body squirms more eagerly, too, testing the ropes that much more. The ropes hold easily. That just makes Allison even more nervous. Her eyes lock on the toys, as much as she can hold her head up. Her face scrunches up, almost wetting her eyes as she trembles.

Sophie lays out identical trios of toys in front of Darla, and then Elena. Both watch closely. Darla can't object. Elena knows better. But now I can see Elena looking edgy, and fidgeting around slightly, for the first time.

I have Sophie bring out one last toy. This one isn't modified with the added tube. It won't matter. I have no intentions of actually using this one. The women won't know that. Nor do they know the other three have the tube. This toy is longer, about 10 inches long. It's made to look exactly like a cock, complete with textured fake veins and a purple bulbous head atop its thick shaft. The shaft is 2¼ inches thick. It must look like it's as big as a baseball bat to these women. And that's what I want. It will be far more effective than a whip.

"Girls, go to the men," I tell my slaves. Sophie goes to Darla's husband and kneels down in front of him. Paige kneels down in front of Elena's escort. And Dawn kneels down in front of Allison's escort. All three face the men they're assigned to. The escort of the woman they undressed. Sophie is the only one with clothes on. And she has only her typical "slave dress." It's an all-lace dress that covers her from breasts to just below her bottom,

leaving the rest of her bare. It's worn with matching, lace-sided, and high-heeled boots, but without undergarments. That way, it makes the men look harder to glimpse her body through the delicate lace.

But I'm starting with Allison. Mostly because she's now on the end, first in line. Partly because she's the most nervous. I do so love to see girls squirm and squeal.

I stand in front of the women, between them and their escorts. I face the men. "Boys…" I begin in my very teasing, taunting, voice. "It's time for these fuck toys here to stop pretending they're actual ladies and *show* you, their escorts, just what complete, brain-dead, worthless gutter sluts they really are – and like being.

"For this… demonstration, each of you will choose *one* of the toys in front of your bitch to stuff the bitch with. It doesn't matter to me which of them you select."

I quickly turn to the women. None of them are exactly holding their heads up, certainly not to where I can see their eyes. But all have them up just enough to take another look at those toys. I have little doubt that all three of them are imagining those toys, long or fat, pushed into their pussies. I'd bet Allison and Elena are wondering if the men they've chosen as escorts will be gentle for them, or not. Neither knows her escort that well.

"And bitches, if you think about giving your escort a clue, any clue, about which you'd prefer, pray that I don't see it. I don't care if it's a cringe, a batted eyelash, or a blatant nod of the head. If I see it, I chose the toy, and I chose this one!" I hold up the comically large one. I have no doubt that none of the three are anxious to experience that toy. It just looks way too big. "Now hang still while your guardian decides which toy you'd like stuffed in you."

"Lezzie," I coo softly. Dawn rises to her feet. She reaches down and takes Allison's escort by his hand. As she's leaning forward to take his hand, she very softly whispers "thinnest one is the nicest" in Dalton's ear. I don't hear her. I doubt the others do, either. I told her to offer him some advice. Now that I see the lost look on his

face, I'm glad I did. I don't even think it's that he doesn't know what Allison would prefer. I doubt he knows what any woman would prefer. Not that I think him to be that inexperienced, but he definitely looks as if he was wondering. As if he has little, if any, experience with toys and women.

The questioning look on his face told me that he does not want to hurt Allison. The way his eyes were darting over those toys, I could tell he was trying to guess which would be the easiest for Allison. He just didn't know if length or width would be easier for her. I'd bet he'd take the compromise option and go for the egg in the middle. And that would have been fine with me. But after inspecting Allison so intimately, I know that the longer, thinner one is going to do the trick for her. I know she'd have a hard time with the other two, too.

Dawn doesn't let him stall. Not that he would. He doesn't seem to be trying to, as if Dawn would. But his eyes stay on the toys. I'm sure he's thinking how much longer, and barely thinner, that toy is compared to a cock. And wondering if Allison's inexperienced pussy will be able to handle the length.

Dawn leads him up to the toys arrayed before Allison. "Just choose whichever toy you think will stuff this mousy bitch the most, Sir," Dawn tells him in her sugariest voice. "Take your time and get a good look at the choices before you select, Sir."

Dalton takes about ten seconds. Just long enough for his eyes to roam over each of the toys. Then he reaches out, stopping his hand just short of the one Dawn suggested. He closes his eyes and picks it up.

Allison watches him intently. All three of the toys make her nervous. I suspect the idea of him seeing her over-aroused pussy used by anything makes her just as nervous, as if she knows she's going act like a slut, and would prefer he not see her like that. As if it will embarrass her.

Allison cringes as he picks up the toy. With his eyes shut, he misses it. I don't, her face wrinkles up hard, eyes wide in horror. I don't know which toy she would have chosen, but this one would be a fair guess. She'd know the width would be an issue for her. Her face scrunches up harder as the toy rises off the table. But now her head is facing the floor so Dalton misses it as well.

Allison fidgets twice as energetically as a second ago. She still can't move, so it more looks as if she's trembling hard in fear. If I couldn't see the honey flowing from her slit, covering her inner folds to the point it's almost dripping from her, I might wonder if she was scared or hot. Now I know she's both. Hot, but nervous about what's going to be done to her, whether it's going to "scratch her itch" and just how… slutty she's going to act. I'm sure a corner of her mind is wondering if this guy will keep his promise, her secret, too. Or if he'll tell everyone she knows what a slut she is.

Dawn brings him around behind Allison. It's the closest he's gotten to her pussy. The first time he's gotten a fully unhindered view of her mound puffing out with its light fur. Of her sopping wet slit. And that's right where his eyes go. Men. His eyes lock on her pussy, watching the light quivers flow through her lips as she fidgets.

Dalton stands dumbly behind Allison, gawking at her clearly aroused pussy. He holds the toy in front of his stomach, standing about two feet behind Allison's bottom. To my amazement, he seems not to have noticed that it's not a dildo in his hand. It's a butt plug. I suspect he has so little experience with "girl's toys" that he's never seen an actual butt plug before. He literally wouldn't know one if it was in his hand. Which it is. He seems not to have noticed the added holes in its tip and base, too. Maybe he thinks those are for faking a man's orgasm or something.

I call for slave. She does the same, taking Tim by his hand and bringing him up to the table of toys arranged in front of Darla. She doesn't offer him any advice. I figure, after years of marriage, he should know his bitch well

enough to know which of these she'd prefer. And which she'd least prefer. I just don't know if he'll try to be easy for her, or not.

I know all three of these women can accommodate all three of these toys. None of them are going to tear, or otherwise injure, any of them. All of them are going to be uncomfortable for them, just in different ways. The width will be more filling, stretching the woman wider. The length will fill her deeper, likely stuffing depths that have yet to be stuffed.

Tim only takes a few seconds. He glances over each toy quickly as if interested in little more than its size. Then he picks the shortest one. The thickest one. I think I even see the hint of a smirking grin on his face as if he's chosen this one specifically to make this as difficult for Darla as possible. Maybe it's his little revenge for her bossy attitude. Maybe he thinks that's what she wants. I'll never know. Sophie brings him around behind Darla's exposed bottom and waits behind him, as Dawn is doing with Dalton.

I wave to Paige. She gets the message. She takes Pete by the hand and leads him up to the toys before Elena. Now Elena is watching anxiously. I'm sure she, like the others, is imagining those toys stuffed inside her. I'm more confident that she can recognize them for what they are, too. And where they're likely to be filling her. All are larger, far longer, and thicker than most butt plugs. These would be more like specialty items. Rare enough that it's not so likely that Elena has any experience with any of them. But maybe she has with the smaller common ones.

Obediently, Elena doesn't offer Pete any hints. She simply glares nervously at the array, her face scrunched up, her eyes following his every little movement. She cringes slightly as his hands near a toy. Any toy. Every toy. It doesn't matter which. Elena cringes equally as she imagines the feel of all of them.

Pete, like Dalton, seems clueless as to which Elena would prefer he select. She's not gagged, and she's not

screaming for help, so clearly she wants him to choose one for her. She just seems very reluctant and nervous about all of them. And accepting, that this will be her fate for the moment, a fate she's powerless to change.

Pete takes his time. Well over a minute. He carefully examines each of the toys in turn. He frequently glances down, over her back, towards Elena's bottom, as if trying to imagine the toy in his hand inside her. As if trying to figure out which will be the easiest for her.

Unfortunately for him, he's yet to have a decent look at her pussy or asshole. He won't know how tight she looks. Or how rubbery her walls and ring will be. I don't have a clue what his experience level is, other than that he has none with Elena. But it seems to me that he's beyond his experience. He has no clue which to pick.

In the end, he takes the compromise choice. The middle one. The egg. It's neither the longest nor the shortest. It's neither the thickest nor the thinnest. It's in the middle. I guess, in many ways, it's the safest choice for a man who just doesn't know what his woman likes. Once he's made his choice, Paige brings him around behind Elena.

His eyes immediately shift to Elena's pussy. There's no missing the slight downward slant to them. With her body folded so far over, her rather puffy mound stands out very fully. Along with her narrow gash of a slit. A slit that's sloppy wet with her honey. And smooth, which leaves her lips completely visible. With her splayed legs, there's nothing close to her mound, leaving it rising prominently. And quivering lightly, but erotically, as it waits.

His eyes seem to mostly avoid the much smaller, tighter, wrinkly ring of her asshole. Even though it still glistens slightly from a now-sticky film. A film of her honey, the only lubricant I've used on her. Although it appears that a fair bit of fresher honey has wept over it from her mound. Otherwise, it's rather clean. I just don't know if that's because the idea of anal doesn't appeal to him, or if it's because he thinks that it won't appeal to

Elena, and thus likely will never be “on the menu.” So far, the clearest thing about these two is that they like each other, and he has no clue how to approach Elena. And that she likes him, but that won’t matter unless she’s properly approached.

“OK, guys, let’s get your bitches stuffed nice and so full!” I announce in a taunting, but rather sweet, voice.

It's their cue. Before any of the men start to move, my girls each take hold of their wrists. The ones holding the toys. The girls rip open the little packets of lubricant and squeeze a bit onto the tip of the men's toys.

Dawn grips Dalton's wrist a little firmly. As she does, Sophie and Paige are doing the same with their men. Dawn starts moving his hand, guiding it to turn the toy so that its tip is pointing toward Allison's body. With the tip still a foot or so back from Allison, Dawn doesn't exactly aim the tip at any specific target yet.

Dawn starts moving the tip of the toy steadily towards Allison. She doesn’t hurry, but she doesn’t stall either. She won’t feel this. But even if it was her body, she wouldn’t stall. That would disappoint me, and that would be worse to her than the momentary unpleasantness of the biggest toy. It takes a bit less than two full seconds for the tip of the toy to cross the foot distance. Sophie and Paige move their men’s hands at about the same speed. That way, all of the toys find their targets at almost the same instant.

Dawn gets Dalton’s hand over halfway there. I’d guess the tip of the toy is about two inches from Allison’s body. That’s when I see Dalton’s arm tensing up. It’s when Dawn starts aiming the toy. She angles its tip slightly downward. Then she raises his hand a bit. It has the toy in the right position. Its tip pointed directly at Allison's tight, and unsuspecting, asshole. And pointed at Allison's navel beyond. It's the point when Dalton realizes where the toy is going.

Dalton tenses up. It doesn't look as if he's really resisting Dawn, but more as if he's resisting the idea of

putting his toy in Allison's bottom. It's not enough resistance that Dawn can't keep him moving. That's all it takes. The resistance fades to less than half of what it was.

I have to watch all three of them, not just Dalton. It's why I have one of my girls assigned to each bitch. All of them are well trained and well behaved. They'll follow my instructions. They won't let them men deviate, and if the men try, they'll tell me. But that's not why I'm watching. I need to see how each of the girls reacts. The men, too.

Tim doesn't hesitate at all. He allows Sophie to easily guide his hand and the toy into position. Maybe he did figure out what Darla was in store for. Or maybe he just doesn't object to doing this to her, despite her professed aversion to anal penetration. Or maybe, for whatever his reasons, he wants this to be unpleasant for her. Maybe to discourage her from returning. Or maybe his revenge for her bossiness. I might never know the answer to that.

Pete resists the most. It takes a good bit of Paige's strength to keep him moving. Not that she's the strongest woman, but she's not weak either. His entire face, not just his eyes, widens in horrified shock. His eyes flit back and forth at warp ten between the toy he's chosen, and the wrinkly, unsuspecting, rather tight hole that the tip of that toy is about to push into.

The women, for their part, are all lying still in place. Well, held securely in place by the ropes. All of them fidget sightly. Allison the most. Allison trembles hard. Darla more struggles to free herself. Elena merely quivers as she waits for the unfamiliar, the unknown, to be done to her.

"OHMYGOD!" Allison forgets her manners and screeches out as she feels the tip of the toy touch her body. Even with its pointiness, the tip easily eclipses her small ring, covering it and some of the darker flesh around it. Dawn doesn't hesitate. I told her that I wanted a single, smooth motion, and a constant speed, from the instant they started moving the toy, until every last bit of it was inside the bitch. So that's what Dawn is going to give me.

Allison tenses up hard and suddenly. So sharply that I see a slight arching of her back as her muscles turn to steel. Her shoulders try to rise up. The chain rattles as it's snapped taut. Her feet kick wildly as her knees knock against the underside of the table. Her hips try to wiggle away, but they can barely move ⅛ of an inch. That's not enough to do anything.

Dawn keeps it moving steadily. The moment it touches her body, as Allison is screeching and trying to thrash, the toy is already pressing hard against her ring. For an instant, her ring holds tight. The toy pushes it inward, funneling the flesh around it. Then there's no more flesh left to stretch. No more fine wrinkles to smooth out as it does. The pressure against her hard muscle is enough to force her ring to start opening. That lets the pointy end of the toy slip into the small opening. As the toy tapers steeply, it stretches her asshole wider. And slips into her bottom.

"OW!" Allison screams out a long cry. The toy keeps going smoothly, plunging to the very depths of her rectum. She struggles hard, squirming against the ropes that hold her almost perfectly still. There's nothing she can do besides cry out as the toy steadily pushes into her forbidden backdoor.

That's what Allison does. She squeals, loudly, plaintively, as if in true pain. In truth, it probably does hurt her, but not that badly. She was unprepared for this. And she has no idea how to let this happen comfortably. Instead, she resists the inevitable. And that keeps her muscle tense and hard, even as it's stretched. It will feel to her as if that muscle was a toe hit by a hammer. A hard, aching, pounding, throb of pain. That will quickly fade into a light burning from it stretching far beyond the familiar. Then, she feels her bottom suddenly full where, just a blink of an eye ago, it was empty. It's a sensation that her body doesn't know how to interpret. At first, while the toy is low in her rectum, close to her asshole, it will feel like an irresistible urge to empty, now, regardless of anything else.

As her rectum keeps filling, the urge becomes unbearable. The toy pushes about halfway into her before Allison is no longer able to control her urge. Her body reflexively pushes, trying to empty itself. That relaxes her asshole, making it easier for the toy to push even deeper into her.

I see it. For an instant, her ring no longer squeezes against the hard, white shaft of the toy. The dark flesh relaxes, going rubbery loose. Dawn keeps the toy moving steadily. Then it's as if Allison realizes that she's almost inviting the rest of the toy into her bottom. Although that's the one thing she could do to ease it for herself, her panicking instincts would never tolerate her inviting it. Instead, her asshole snaps to its full tightness, squeezing hard around the shaft. I can see the lines of her steely muscle as it tries to crush the toy still.

It doesn't work. No asshole is strong enough to resist. Instead, the toy keeps on going, filling her even deeper. And deeper. Then it reaches her depths. Where her rectum narrows slightly before joining her colon. This toy isn't quite long enough to reach the very back, but it is long enough for it to feel to Allison as if it does. It's about ½ inch short of pushing the back of her rectum out to make more room. Dawn stops, the wide disk at the base of the toy now flush against the outside of Allison's asshole.

Dawn holds Dalton's hand still and steady. She ensures that he holds the toy in place preventing Allison from pushing it out. Not that she could. But it also has his hand touching her bottom.

Allison squirms wildly inside. Outside, she tries to, but she can barely move. After several long seconds, she starts to still. The hard wiggling isn't doing anything but shifting the toy around inside her bottom, making it press even harder against parts of her rectum. That only makes the fullness more intense, to the point of giving her light cramps.

As Allison finally starts to still, I see the goosebumps start erupting. At first smaller ones, like hills, line the dark flesh stretched taut around the white shaft. They flow

outward. Then more erupt, like the highest mountains, over the outside of her pussy lips. They flow outward as well. Then meet the ones spreading out from her asshole. Then, in less than a second, a line shoots like wildfire straight up her spine. It sends a crisp, ultra-erotic chill, through her body. That snaps her body hard against the ropes.

"AH!" Allison starts panting fast, squealing, very strained breaths. She starts crying lightly as well. Dawn ensures that Dalton holds the toy still. It takes a couple minutes, but eventually Allison stills. She lies there, the sobbing gone, the anxious panting squeals growing louder and squeakier until they almost sound like a mousy sobbing.

I might think Allison hates this. She's acting like she does. But I can see the proof that she likes it. I suspect at least half, maybe more, of her discomfort is the humiliation she's feeling. She asked this man, a man she admittedly doesn't know that well, to bring her here. That's all. Now she's "allowed" him to shove something deeply up her butt. Before an audience. She'll be thinking of him having that mental image to hang onto, of her bent over with this thing up her butt, and her doing nothing about it. Not even asking for it to be taken out.

Dawn nudges Dalton. She points down to Allison's pussy. It's quivering hard. So hard that the edges of her folds can be seen wiggling. Then she points down to the floor. There's a puddle of Allison's honey on the floor the size of a quarter. A puddle that wasn't there a moment ago. Then she points to a small spot on his pants, atop his zipper. There's another "Allison spot" there. To leave her honey there, it had to shoot several inches out of her pussy and past her lips. It did. That is enough to convince Dalton, that no matter what Allison is showing, at least her pussy is liking this so far.

As the toy touches Darla's tiny, slightly funneled, light brown ring, Darla flinches hard against her ropes. She tries to shout something through the gag. I see her

fervently shaking her head no, her hair tossing about wildly. But as with Allison, there's nothing Darla can do. In well under a second, the light brown flesh stretched tautly, its wrinkles pulled out, around the white plastic shaft. And the thick toy is steadily pushing into her bottom. She tries to jump forward, pulling her bottom away from the invader, but the table holds her from moving.

Darla's asshole pounds its throbbing ache even harder. Her muscle burns hotter. That's from it being stretched wider, almost to the point where her flesh would tear from the tautness. Her rectum feels the same sudden filling, only more intensely than Allison. The wider toy stretches her filmy walls even wider.

I see the goosebumps erupt on Darla, too. They start in a single row along the line where the bottom curve of her hard globes meets her equally firm thighs. They flow along that line, then stop for a full second. About the moment the toy finally reaches its deepest, the base flush against the outside of her asshole, those goosebumps just appear. They instantly cover her cheeks and her lips. The ones on her lips are so tall, so firm that they pull some of the looseness out of those lips. That opens her wide gash a bit further, baring even more of her pink-purple folds. Folds that quiver almost wildly. But in time with her squirming hips. In time with her spasming pussy.

Tim never resists Sophie. I don't know if he's done anything like this before. I'm pretty sure he hasn't with Darla. I'm just as confident that Darla hasn't. But he doesn't seem to object to it.

Elena is just as surprised to feel the touch and pressure of the toy against her asshole. I hear her suck in a deep, lightning-fast, nervous breath as it starts pushing its way into her bottom. Quickly stretching her asshole wide around its blooming taper. Unlike the others, Elena doesn't fight it. She doesn't allow it either, telling me what I already suspected. Whatever her anal experience, her anal education is very limited. Far more so than her experience. Still, not fighting it is enough to save her the

pounding moment of throbbing pain. It doesn't save her the hot burning in her muscle, though. That she has to bear.

Elena starts quivering hard, maybe the hardest of the three, but only once the toy stops moving. When it's fully inside her bottom. I don't see much gooseflesh on her, either. But I can see her honey flowing to soak her slit and lips. She's quiet, too. Once it's fully inside her she simply breathes a little louder as she takes very deep breaths. Breaths that she measures to a steady pace.

Pete stares in disbelief. Especially after the way, Allison screeched so loudly. He assumes only the gag stopped Darla from screaming, too. But Elena stopped herself, despite the thick toy pushing steadily into her tightest little orifice. At first, he resisted Paige. But once he saw Elena accepting it, he relaxed and allowed Paige to do all the work. Now he just stares in disbelief at her bottom. And her sloppy-wet pussy.

I give it about half a minute, allowing the women some time to get used to being fully stuffed. Then a nod from me signals my girls to take the men's hands away from the toys. None of the toys moves. All of them have a small indentation around them where the shafts join the bases. Their assholes, the now very taut rings of muscle, lie in those grooves. That's enough to hold the toys in place.

I hold my hand out, and Sophie goes to bring me a paddle. It's one of my favorite ones, albeit a small version. This paddle is only about the size of a hairbrush. And like that brush, it has an oval-shaped head with a handle. It's thin, no more than ¼" thick. It's made of two-pieces of soft black leather with a very thin layer of spring steel between them. The steel, while flexing with pressure, is stiff enough to hold the paddle in shape as if it were wooden.

Allison lies over the table, fidgeting panicked squirms, and panting squeaky "AH!s" over and over again.

"Since this mousy bitch decided to misbehave, there must be consequences for that. You filthy sluts were

warned to behave. This one did not. The consequences are one swat of my paddle on each cheek." None of them can see the paddle I'm holding. I'm behind them, and there's no turning their heads. But hearing that she's to be paddled, Allison cringes hard. She shudders hard, too. Enough so that I see her firmly toned globes jiggle sightly despite not having any looseness to them. Wisely, she says nothing.

"Oh, and since all three of you cum dumpsters are sharing this lesson, you may all share the punishment as well. *ALL* of those worthless, filthy, stuffed bottoms will be paddled."

I hold the paddle out to Dalton. "Your bitch will ask you to paddle its bottom properly. Your bitch needs the punishment that it's earned. Do not short-change it by going easy on that bottom. The paddle won't injure it, no matter how hard you swat those cheeks. Just give it a good swat on each of those tender cheeks." I have to glare at Dalton for a second before he takes the paddle from me. He holds it in his hand.

"Mousy, you will *very* humbly ask your escort to paddle your naughty bottom. You will ask for good swats. If he doesn't give you good swats, you will ask him to swat you again and make them harder. You may speak now. Ask for what you deserve and you *WILL* behave like a big bitch for it unless you want all six of those cheeks spanked a few more swats. Beg."

"Sir, I'm sorry for misbehaving… Bad girls deserve spankings, Sir… would you please paddle my naughty bottom for me, Sir? Please, Sir, I deserve to be paddled. Will you please give me the paddling I deserve, Sir? Please, Sir?"

Dalton hesitates for an instant. Then he almost reluctantly takes the paddle from me. He stares at the soft white globes of Allison's bare bottom.

"You want me to paddle you?" He asks more to himself than to Allison, or anyone else.

"Yes, Sir," Allison answers. I expected it. With her, it's clear that obedience rules the day. She's been told that she deserves punishment. She won't question that. She's been told what her punishment is. She won't argue it. She'll simply suffer it and move on. And from now, she'll try even harder to behave. "Please, Sir, please paddle my bottom. I've been bad, Sir, so I deserve to be paddled. Please paddle me as hard as you can, Sir. I want you to, Sir. I want you to teach me that I have to be good and mind, Sir. Please paddle my naughty bottom good and hard, Sir. I won't cry, Sir, no matter how good you paddle me."

"Uh… OK." Dalton says with some disbelief in his voice.

Dawn takes his wrist again. She steps close to him, pressing her nude body against his clothed body, as she wraps her free arm around him. He lets her guide him into a proper position. Then she brings his hand up high. Almost to the limit of what he can reach. "Just put your manly strength into it and snap that paddle on its naughty little cheeks, Sir," Dawn whispers to him sweetly, her voice laced with a sultry honey.

The paddle snaps. It's a hard swat, but I don't see the strain in her muscles. I'd bet it's about ⅔ of what he could manage. But it's enough for the paddle to land with a loud, splitting crack against her tender flesh.

It's enough to send a sharp finch through Allison, tensing up all of her muscles. She already has her teeth gritted hard. She sucks a pained breath in but keeps silent. Other than the raspiness of her breath, she doesn't make a sound. It takes her half a second to start loosening up from the swat. By then, Dawn has Dalton lifting the paddle to swat her other cheek. And to reveal a very angry, glowing pink splotch the shape of the paddle on the tip of her cheek.

The brightness alone is enough for everyone to guess just how sharp the sting lancing into Allison's globe must be. How badly her cheek must be stinging her. And

burning. All three of the men are watching. None should have any doubt that Dalton has given Allison an honest spanking. Or that it truly hurt for Allison.

But it does bring a thick and fresh coating of honey to Allison's pussy. The spanking made her hips thrash. She couldn't have stopped them if she tried. The ropes do, but that still leaves her muscles pulling against the bonds. And that is enough to have her bowels shifting around in the looseness of her insides. Shifting the toy around with them, stroking it against the too-thin walls of her rectum and everything beyond. Like the backside of her pussy walls.

Seeing that Allison isn't crying, screaming, or complaining, builds Dalton's confidence. Dawn merely has to guide him into the next stroke, not nudge him along. It's just as hard as the first, cracking an equally loud and bright pink splotch onto her other globe.

"What does a polite bitch say, mousy,' I taunting tell Allison.

"Thank you very much, Sir, for being so kind as to give my naughty bottom the good paddling I so deserved, Sir. I appreciate it a lot, Sir. I tried so hard to be a good girl for you while you spanked me, Sir." Allison's voice breaks with a heavy sobbing note, but she isn't crying. Her eyes are nice and wet as she finally opens them from their scrunched shut. Her face is still scrunched up. The goosebumps still cover her body. She fidgets even more energetically against the ropes.

I tell Dalton to pass the paddle to Tim. Tim smirks slightly as he takes the paddle. I guess he won't mind spanking Darla, either. I'd bet he'd love to hear Darla beg him for it, but that won't be happening with the gag in her mouth. She's just going to lie there.

I tell him to go ahead "and give his bitch the good spanking that mousy earned the bitches." I add the last part for Allison, just to remind her that she's not the only one paying for her misbehavior. Everyone is. That should

be a little extra humiliation for Allison when she has to face the others, knowing that they suffered because of her.

Tim gives Darla a hard swat. He doesn't need any encouragement from Sophie either. I think he could have done worse, but I have little doubt Darla got a little harder of a swat than Allison did. Oh well. It's not like it's my bottom stinging. It's Darla's taut little globe with the bright pink welt splotch in it.

Darla stiffens hard as the paddle strikes her soft flesh. It sounds as if she tries to screech, but the gag blocks her. She tries to wiggle her bottom, to shake the sting out of her cheeks, but her hips can't move. At least not enough to jiggle her taut globes. It is enough to wiggle the thick shaft inside her bottom.

The thickness of it makes this toy the "worst," too. It has her walls pulled tauter, and presses more firmly against everything beyond. As it wiggles, that makes it squirming over the backside of her pussy walls a little firmer. A little more teasing. It strokes her nerves a little more. And sends hotter chills shooting through her body. All of which conspires against Darla to make her pussy burn even hotter. I can see the honey flowing onto the meaty folds standing up into her wide gash. And the goosebumps lining her slit, along the edges of her plump lips.

Tim doesn't hesitate to swat Darla's globe. It makes Darla flinch a hair harder. And it gets her honey flowing a hair faster. It takes Darla a long moment to start loosening up. Longer than it takes Tim to hold the paddle out to Pete.

Pete doesn't take it. Instead, after a second or two, Paige puts her hand to his wrist and moves it over to the paddle. She about puts the paddle in his hand. He stares at it as if it's a serpent. And he glances back and forth, tentative little peeks up to Elena's waiting bottom.

A blind girl could see that Pete has no interest in hurting Elena. At least not now while he still believes Elena won't welcome it. I don't know how he'll feel about it once he realizes that Elena wants him to. Maybe he'll like it.

Maybe he won't mind. Maybe he'll still not want to do it. The only thing I can tell from the look on his face is this has never even occurred to him before.

"Your turn, scrawny. Beg very politely for your guardian to give you the paddling mousy earned you. Be *very* persuasive. Speak now, bitch."

"Yes, Ma'am," Elena answers in a soft, resigned, but accepting voice. A voice that has a slight nervous tremor to it, too. "Thank you for agreeing to be my guardian today, Sir. I am very sorry that mousy was a bad bitch and earned this bitch a spanking, Sir. I… don't know if you mind or not, Sir, but will you please give this bitch the spanking that it deserves, Sir? Please, Sir, I want you to spank my bare bottom just as hard as you possibly can. I want you to make it hurt badly, Sir. Please, Sir, please give my little bottom the hardest spanking you possibly can, Sir, so that I can show Her that this bitch will be good for Her. Please, Sir, Please make it hurt badly, Sir. Please, I want you to spank me that hard so badly, Sir. Please, Sir, show Her that you can be a strict guardian for this bitch, Sir."

Pete doesn't look convinced. He does look willing, though. Barely. Paige has to guide his hand up high and whisper some encouragement. Then he snaps the paddle down. It's firm, not far from the best he could do. It does make a decent crack and sear a moderate pink splotch onto her pale globe.

It sends the wave of tension through Elena's body, too. It might be the lightest, but it sends enough sting into her globe to get her face scrunched up. But there's not a sound from Elena. She was holding her breath as it landed.

It takes about half a second after the sting sears her globe before Elena starts to relax. "*PLEASE, SIR!"* Elena blurts out in a tense, slightly wavering, but very desperately pleading cry. "Please, Sir, don't count that one. I know you can make it hurt more, Sir. Please, Sir, please, make it hurt so much worse, Sir. Please, for me, Sir, make it the hardest stroke you can give me, Sir. *PLEASE*!"

Pete looks horrified and shocked. It makes him hesitate for a full second, the paddle stopping in mid-air before Paige gets his hand moving again. He turns to me. I nod, pointing to her already pink cheek. He looks to the glowing rosy globe. Then, still, reluctantly, he swings the paddle.

This time ears ring as the paddle strikes her soft flesh. It's enough that the tension doesn't flow over Elena, it snaps her body hard. "UH!" Her breath explodes from her lungs. I can see her eyes wetting heavily, but Pete won't be able to.

For the first split second, Elena hangs, tensed to steel. Then her body starts trembling hard. The trembling continues as she starts to relax. Her hips and bottom can't move. But I can see the end of the toy wiggling slightly. I can see her pussy quivering almost wildly. It takes about two seconds for Elena to again be lying over the table without the tension. Now her bottom glows a bright, rose red.

"Thank you, Sir… that was so much better, Sir. If you can, Sir, will you please be so kind and make the next one even harder, Sir?"

It shocks Pete. He must have expected her to object. That was a hard swat. Those needles of pain have to feel like knives in her cheek. I see Elena taking another deep breath, her hands already gripping her wrists with their strength, as she braces herself for the swat.

Pete glances at me, then down at Elena's milky cheek. He faintly shrugs his shoulders. He puts everything he has into this swat.

"UH!" Elena cries out as it lands. Her body trembles so hard that it vibrates. The tension doesn't soon ebb from her muscles. As she hangs frozen, a couple drops of honey rain down from her quivering wet slit.

Chapter Seven – Filled Up

All three little bottoms are still glowing rather brightly. I hope that's enough to remind these three to behave. I'm not going to keep warning them. It's much more fun to keep spanking them when they misbehave. For me, anyway.

I take my time walking around the table. But I leave the men standing where they are, behind their bitches. I leave my girls where they are too, for the moment. They're still beside the men, standing intimately close to them, and silently encouraging them to stay put. Paige has, however, relieved Pete of the paddle.

As the women fidget, squirm, and generally wiggle their stinging bottoms, I stand across the table, facing them. And their men behind. More the men. The women can't really get their heads up enough to stare at more than my stomach. And most don't bother straining their necks for that.

It's time to move along. They've had all the time that I'm going to give them to get used to those toys. I suspect none of them are quite comfortable with them yet.

"Before I begin the next lesson, it's important that these bitches be clean. I can't stand working on dirty bitches. They're filthy enough as is."

I snap my fingers and hold my hand out. Sophie catches her signal. She slips away from Tim's side and hurries over to the cabinets. She grabs three pre-filled syringes and hurries back to her place. She hands me one. She hands the others to Paige and Dawn.

Each syringe holds four ounces. I have them already filled with a yellow-tinted fluid. It's just mineral oil and a couple of drops of food dye. The color reminds me of what the solution is. I use several different ones. But this is my enema fluid of choice for most occasions.

I hold mine up, letting the men see it. They're not that big. Each is one inch thick, and slightly over two inches long. That's all it takes to hold four ounces. Everyone is staring at it. By the looks I see on their faces, I

don't think any of them are certain what it's going to be used for.

"To clean these filthy bitches out, each will be given *three* of those syringes. One every five minutes." As they hear it all three women start trembling. At least Darla and Elena do. Allison was already trembling. She hasn't stopped since I started binding her.

I see looks of fear on each of their faces. It's more than the usual nervousness. It tells me that all three are newbies now. I've moved beyond anything Elena has ever considered, let alone done, before. The others don't have close to the imagination that she does.

Allison, trembling hard, starts sobbing lightly. She squirms hard against her bonds. They hold her still. Even her bottom is still. The end of the toy wiggles with her squirms, but barely. It teases her pussy rather effectively, though.

Darla clearly fights her bonds. Her hands struggle to get off her back and to something. Anything. Her feet kick wildly, hoping to hit anything. Her muscles snap hard, trying to pull any part of her body free. She shakes her head vigorously, tossing her long hair about, in an insistent "no."

Elena is by far the calmest of the three. She trembles just as hard, though. She squirms. She fidgets. She's still forcing herself to measure her breaths, though. That keeps her quiet. Except her breaths are starting to sound a bit on the squealy side. She doesn't sob. She doesn't insist that she be spared. She lies there, demurely awaiting her fate. As if she's accepted that her place will be to suffer it, albeit hideous.

I think Allison actually has the most trust that I won't hurt her. Darla doesn't seem confident of that at all. More confident that she's going to hate this. Elena looks, to me, to be too nervous. As if her former owner might not have been too careful about not injuring her. Or pushing her beyond what she could handle. What she truly wanted and would never ask for. As if she's used to being taken too

far, and believes that I might do it as well. But that there will be nothing she can do about it.

Obviously, all three assume that this will be hideously awful. I suspect none believe that they need flushing out. I know that none could imagine any reason why that would be appropriate for a session. Let alone enjoyable for them.

“No reason to wait, guys, lets's start pumping those butts nice and full!" Immediately Dalton starts to step to his side. Out from behind Allison. I grin. "Don't worry about any accidents," I tell them in a very taunting voice that's meant for the girls. "Those plugs will prevent that." I reach my hand out, firmly patting Darla on her back, between her shoulder blades as I add "No matter how hard the bitch tries to empty, it won't be able to." I grin even wider. Tim grins too. He knows that I could tell that's exactly what Darla was thinking. I'd bet a good part of her still thinks it's an option. That the idea of not being able to poop, no matter how hard she tries, is unbelievable to her. The concept of being that far out of control over her own body is just as alien to her. Unimaginable. Her imagination is about to broaden considerably.

I tell the men that the tips of the syringes, where the needles would attach, will twist right into the ports on the back of the toys. I tell them to do that now. Surprisingly it’s Tim that fumbles the most. But at least he doesn’t show any reluctance as the other two do. Pete very closely watches Elena for any signs of discomfort. Despite her earlier show of apparently welcoming the pain of the paddle, it’s as if he thinks this will be very unwelcome. Dalton watches Allison as well. I just can’t tell exactly what his interest in her is. If he’s so concerned about her not liking it, or if he's only concerned that this might be far beyond what Allison expected and is willing to participate in. Neither woman says anything. Darla looks as if she's trying to object, but she's gagged. With Allison and Elena obedience still wins.

I wait the several seconds it takes for all three of the men to get their syringes screwed into the ports. "Push

those plungers!" I teasingly tell them. Sweetly, too. "Don't worry about going too fast, you can't. There's still plenty of room up those filthy tight little butts."

Tim is the first to start pushing. He doesn't really hesitate. Nor does he look as if he's trying to be gentle for Darla. More as if he's just shoving the fluid into her. Not that it matters. The rubber end of the plunger has enough drag to keep his pace reasonable. It pushes the light oil through the tube, through the toy, and out the opening at the toy's tip.

Allison shows it first. I figured she'd be the one. She or Darla. But Allison is quick. So quick that I suspect she reacts as soon as the first drop of cool fluid touches her fiery hot insides. "MMMM…." She groans in a squealing voice through clenched teeth. Her face crunches up hard. She squirms desperately against the ropes that keep her still. The goosebumps along her spine quickly flow outward until they now cover her entire back. The pace of her breaths picks up, turning into lightning-fast pants in about two seconds. Her teeth clench even tighter until I can see the muscles of her neck straining hard. She vibrates from trembling so hard.

Darla reacts almost as quickly. Only the fluid is filling her much faster than Allison or Elena. Tim is pushing harder, more confidently. Dalton is still pushing slowly and tentatively, as is Pete. All three are intently watching the bitches.

Tim watches as Darla snaps tight against the ropes. As her head shakes just a little more vigorously "no." As her hips try futilely to wiggle away. As her feet kick wildly, but now try to kick him as well. They can't, not with her knees pulled forward. She'd have a better chance of kicking me, except I know it and stay well out of her reach. All of their reaches. Her hands quickly turn purple as she pulls her wrists too hard against the cuffs, trying to get her hands back to her bottom. No doubt she's thinking of trying to pull it out of her butt. She can't reach. Her

fingers are close to a full inch short. It doesn't stop her from trying. Continuously.

Elena stays the calmest as those first few drops begin to fill her bottom. She cringes hard and shivers harder. She doesn't struggle, but she does squirm and fidget hard. As if she's unable to lie still for it. She keeps her breathing measured as her eyes squish shut.

None of the women call out for the men to stop. I'm pretty sure Darla is trying to. I'm pretty sure it's not a humble, polite request either. It's more of a bitchy demanding one. Too bad, for her, that the gag has her fully muted. She makes only the dullest noise. She did agree that Tim would decide things for her, and she'd be ignored or unable to object. I hope she believed it when she agreed to it. Because that's where she is now.

Dawn and Paige very quietly encourage their charges to push the plungers and fill the bitches up. Both of them have been where these bitches are now. Both know exactly what it feels like. And what I have in mind next. I'm standing closer to Allison and Dawn because I'm more worried about Allison. So I can hear Dawn as she whispers sugary sweet encouragement to Dalton. I hear her promise him that she's done this, and it won't "kill your bitch," as Allison seems to be acting like it will. She tells him that it's "not *that* bad," too.

All of them keep going, albeit Tim the most enthusiastically. Dalton and Pete, despite the encouragement, keep their eyes on their girls as they push more slowly. I'm sure both think that the slower filling will be easier, giving them more time to get used to it as it goes on.

Allison squirms hard. It takes about ten seconds for her to start sobbing. By then she has just under half of the enema. Two ounces, which is not very much. It feels like, though. With that toy stuffing her almost all the way to the depths of her bowels, the fluid has nowhere to go. All it can do is slowly stretch her rectum a little more and

surround the shaft. While pressing against the inside of her asshole, trying to find its way out of her.

It's not getting out. Even this thinnest toy has her asshole stretched too tautly around the shaft for anything to seep past. So her rectum stretches, its walls pulling tauter, and making Allison's unbearable urge just a little stronger.

Darla's rectum is already stretched almost to its widest. But not to its deepest. As the fluid is pushed out the front of the toy, it stays there. It stretches more of her rectum in front of the toy, filling those depths the wider shaft spared.

Elena's toy fills her a little deeper than Darla's, but not all the way to her depths as Allison's does. And it's egg-shaped, holding different parts of her rectum stretched to different widths. The first of the fluid, this enema, will flow from its tip and fill the couple of inches of rectum in front of it. Stretching that last part of her bowels just as wide as the rest.

Elena lies, quivering, as she's steadily filled. She looks to be trying hard not to show anything. It doesn't take long before her measured breaths start quickening. Then they're more like pants, deep and fast. It makes her quiver even harder. And it has her pussy steadily dripping tiny dollops of creamy honey. Her folds aren't sticking out past her lips now, but it doesn't much matter. Her goosebump-covered lips are quivering as well.

Once the men have pushed all of the fluid into the women, I have them twist the syringes off the ports. The ports are self-sealing, which means nothing leaks. Sophie collects the empties.

Allison squirms the most. Enough that the minute rocking of her shoulders is grinding her ample breasts against the table under them. I know, I can see them squishing around under her weight. She makes, by far, the most noise, too. She sounds almost like a dog crying, panting fast, squealy "Mm!s" over and over again. She sobs lightly, but that's starting to ebb. Her pussy,

however, is as sloppy wet as it's ever been. Her face is scrunched up hard, her eyes squeezed shut.

While Allison looks the most uncomfortable, it's Darla who fights the hardest. Not that she can really move. But I can see her muscles straining hard as she still tests the ropes. There's no missing the tension snapping those muscles. Or the violent jerks against the ropes. I can even see the tension snapping in the ropes as their tautness is tested.

She's plainly trying to move her bottom any which way she can. And getting nowhere. It has the base of the toy wiggling. Which means the shaft is dancing around inside her bowels. She's trying to push it out, too. I can see her asshole as it starts to loosen around the hard shaft over and over again. The shaft is just too wide for her. At least with her ring sitting in the shallow groove. The shaft stays put. Her purple hands strain harder to get to it. Her head shakes "no" over and over again. Nothing changes. Darla is left to lie there and feel everything.

Elena shows the least. She pants her mewling squeals. She trembles hard. She lies there, her quivering pussy slowly dripping more honey. Her face is scrunched up, too, her eyes squeezed shut, but not as hard as Allison. She isn't struggling against her bonds as Darla is, just twitching against them with the trembles.

I'm still in front of the women, on the opposite side of the table from the men. I start with Allison and grab her hair. I use it to pull her head up. Hard. Until I feel the firm resistance of her strained, taut neck. When I can't lift it any further. I hold her head up. It has her eyes almost straight ahead, angled only very slightly downward. Or they would be if they were open.

"Open your eyes, mousy bitch!" I snap a firm, almost barking, command. I don't want Allison to misinterpret it as anything other than what it is. A demand, not a request. She takes a second, and clearly struggles, to open her eyes about halfway while her face stays scrunched up hard. I guess that will do. I can see them.

I kneel down in front of her, staying back enough that I'm out of range of her thrashing calves and feet. I glare icily into her eyes. "Those eyes will stay open, bitch. Speak."

"Yes, Ma'am," Allison answers in a muted, strained, breaking voice. It's all I needed. I just wanted her to remember that they have to stay open. I'll see how obedient she really is now. I know it's going to be a chore for her to keep them open.

I hold my stare into Allison's eyes. I say nothing for several seconds, letting a very uncomfortable silence take hold. "Oh, guardian…" I say softly. I'm sure the men have introduced themselves by now, but I still don't use names. The girls and these bitches won't know their names. I see no reason to tell them, either. "Flip that little switch on the toy."

"UHHHHHHHH!" Allison blurts out. Her eyes pop wide for a moment in shock. Then she starts panting lightning-fast, very squealing, "OOH!-AH!s" over and over again. Her squirming doubles, becoming far more desperate and energetic. Now her clenched teeth start chattering. She quivers more sharply, too.

Dalton has a slightly uncomfortable look on his face as he watches the instant effect it has on Allison. The switch started the toy vibrating. The thin layer of oily enema fluid surrounding it, trapped between the vibrating shaft and the walls of Allison's rectum, does nothing to dampen it. Instead, it makes it more intense for her. The fluid transmits the vibrations. It spreads them out evenly distributing them. Sending them equally into every last bit of her tautly stretched rectum. The rectum that's pushed firmly against the nerve-laden backside of her pussy. They'll flow unhindered through the thin wall and right into her meaty pussy. I have no doubt that her long-neglected pussy is already twitching crisply as it rockets toward climax.

It doesn't leave me much time. Seeing Dalton's slight, obvious, discomfort at Allison's thrashing screeched

moan, I know he needs a touch of reassurance. “Oh, mousy…” I coo firmly and teasingly to Allison, still glaring hard into her now wide eyes. “Tell your kind guardian how nice he was to flip that little switch. Speak, bitch.”

“Yes, Ma'am. Thank You, SIR!" Allison's voice is half muted. It's all deep, squeaky, and throaty. It's a pure sensual moan, laced with strain, and breaking. She can't keep it steady, either. It rises and falls with the twitches in her pussy. "It's going to make me… CUM!!!"

“BITCH!” I snap harshly to make sure I have Allison’s full attention. “I don’t care if you cum like a cheap whore. But I strongly suggest you do not. You will regret it very deeply. It will not spare you the rest of this enema.” I don’t tell her that if she climaxes, it will change nothing. The vibrations will go on. Her rectum will still be just as full. Unlike with a partner, her pussy will not get even a fraction of a second’s rest. Even while she’s cumming, the vibrations will go right on teasing her. They’ll push her through her orgasm. Then they’ll tease her over-sensitive nerves and push her towards another. That teasing will be even more intense than the one she’s enduring now. That will be her “punishment” for cumming. Her too-sensitive nerves teased mercilessly, almost painfully, and very effectively. Lying there to endure the same thing she now is, only a more intense version. And no relief. Not until I’m done.

Dalton looks surprised to hear it. Especially in a voice that he now recognizes as her sultriness. As if he can't imagine how she could possibly be so aroused with her bottom so full and nothing even close to her pussy. It looks to me as if he believes it, though. He knows that I didn't tell her what to say. That she meant it.

I let go of Allison's head. In half a second it hangs down, lolling around as she trembles and pants squeals.

I step over to Darla. I stand back a hair more from her, knowing that she’s going to try and kick me. She’s that kind of a girl. She wants to resist being used. But be used despite it. She doesn’t want to not be the boss, she

wants me to show her that she's not the boss. Of anything. To prove it to her over and over again. That she's just my plaything with control over less than nothing.

I grab her hair. I don't bring her head up gently, as I did with Allison. I yank, snapping her neck sharply as I bring it up. Then I slap her face hard to get her attention. "Hey, stupid bossy bitch!" I scold Darla coldly, my voice utterly uncaring. "Have you figured out yet that you can't poop that thing out of *my* butt? You know what, bitch, I don't care. It's not going anywhere until I want it to! If I see that head of yours shaking 'no' one more time, all three of you filthy sluts will be paddled twice – after you stop complaining as if anyone cares what that butt wants. You will also all be paddled *until* you stop. Don't delude yourself into thinking I give a hoot how red and painfully stinging those cheeks are. I won't feel a thing, bitch."

I turn my eyes up to Tim. 'Go ahead, guardian, flip this stupid bitch's switch."

Tim doesn't hesitate. He doesn't hurry either. He watches Darla with a kind of curious disbelief, and a slight smirking evilness, on his face. He flips the switch. The vibrations erupt instantly.

Instantly it has a very hard effect on Darla. She trembles, violently hard. So much so that she can no longer struggle against her ropes. She can't do much of anything besides lie there trembling, her muscles snapping hard. She's screaming into her gag, but the gag is muting it to nothing. Honey flows from her pussy. Oily and thin, hers clings to her body. It runs, in a single line, from her slit, along the crease of her thigh, and starts down her leg. There's no missing it. Nor is there any missing her asshole. The dark ring of muscle clamps tightly around the thick shaft stretching it to its limit. As if to hold it in place. So tightly that the flesh starts lightening to whiteness. Her hands regain some color, too. They no longer pull so hard against the cuffs. They no longer try to reach her bottom. They lie loose atop her back, her fingers fidgeting and wagging. I drop her head. It shudders along with the rest

of her. I don't bother giving her the advice not to cum. That's all it is. Advice. Not getting it personally, and hearing it given to the other two, will reinforce to Darla that she's nothing. That no one is thinking about her body and what it might go through. Besides, she knows not to cum, she definitely heard me tell Allison.

I lift up Elena's head. I'm fairly gentle with her, as I was with Allison, even though I bring it up as far as I can. She must have heard me tell Allison to keep her eyes open. Hers are open, but merely a slit. Enough for me to see the color in them, so I'll let that be enough. She pants her deep, throaty breaths.

"There, scrawny! Now be a good bitch and ask your guardian to flip your switch too, so you can show him what a gutter slut you are, bitch. Speak."

"Y… Y… Yes, Ma'am," Elena stutters. "Sir, will you please flip the switch for me and allow me to show you how totally slutty I am. Please, Sir?" Elena asks. Her voice trembles slightly.

Pete hesitantly reaches down and flips the switch.

"UHHHHHHHHH!" Elena moans out loudly the instant the vibrations begin. She tenses fully, straining her lean muscles to the point they start to stand out and show through her skin. She gives up any effort of measuring her breaths, or of controlling herself. She moans, her voice raspy, deep, and overly-sultry, primal "UHHH!s" over and over again. To me, she sounds like a porn star faking good sex. Only she's definitely not faking anything.

Elena isn't still. She quivers, her body seemingly fully covered with gooseflesh. Her honey flows as well. Her light skin flushes a bright pink. It only takes a second for a thin layer of sweat to cover her, making her shiver more crisply. And she goes on moaning as loud as ever.

"Thank your guardian, bitch," I tell her firmly, but also a touch sweetly. "Tell him what that switch did to the bitch. Speak."

"Thank you, Sir, for allowing me to show you how slutty I am. OH, OOOOOHHHHHHHHH!" Elena moans out,

breaking up her sentence. It's a needy, urgent, and hot cry. "I don't know what's happening to me, Sir… All I know is my pussy wants to cum RIGHT NOW!. It's already twitching… OH, FUCK… It's just like getting fucked, only better, Sir!"

Pete stares down at Elena's back and bottom with utter disbelief on his face. As if he could never have dreamed this up, let alone thought Elena would enjoy it. But I don't see any revulsion on his face, telling me that it doesn't bother him that she does. I see a bit of lascivious interest on his face, too. As if he's enjoying the sight of her so close to climax.

"I wouldn't cum if I were you, scrawny bitch. You will so wish you didn't. Now lie there like a good little fuck toy and let this nice man watch you squirm and moan like a trashy whore." I lower her head slowly.

I step back from the table. I take a few long seconds to look over the bitches. Mostly just to watch them squirming around as if they're on fire. At least as energetically as if they were. And to listen to the erotically charged moans two of them are making.

I look over the men as well, although I doubt they notice it. I want to see how each is reacting to the show. Pete is definitely enjoying it. He watches as much of Elena as his eyes can take in. I'd bet he's wondering if and hoping that I'll let him be more involved. That I'll give her to him.

Tim is watching Darla just as intently, only he's harder to read. He seems to be able to tell that Darla likes it a lot. But I see something on his face that tells me he wishes that she didn't. He doesn't seem put off by it, though.

Dalton watches Allison, too. To me, he looks to be what he is: a college-aged guy treated to the sight of three nude women. I see him peeking at the others as well, although he's focused on Allison. He definitely doesn't mind the sight. But unlike the others, I see only a moderate amount of concern for Allison on his face. It's

clear that he hopes she enjoys it. And that he won't go on if he thinks she's not. He's not going to hurt her. I can see the interest on his face. Enough to tell me he wouldn't mind if she was given to him. Or one of the others was. But despite the show, he doesn't expect it. More hopes for it. The way he looks at Allison tells me that he's never thought of her sexually before. Maybe he assumed she was prudish, or too mousy to be a good date. Or maybe she's not his type. He definitely never imagined her acting as she now is. He's almost studying her body as if for the first time imagining it that way. And as his. But also knows that it's not his, and likely won't be.

"Guys…" I switch to my teasing voice. "You may speak to your wards. You may touch their bodies, however, and wherever, you wish. You have one job for the next five minutes while these filthy bitches wait as the first enema is agitated to very thoroughly clean their insides out. Your job is to keep your ward calm and relaxed so that its urge to cum like the trashiest whore does not become irresistible. That's all. Try caressing it and encouraging it to behave. Try being *very* sweet and kind to it as long as it behaves.

"Trust me, your wards really do not want to climax so soon. They still have two enemas to go. If it does, that's its problem, not mine and not yours. Nothing will change. The bitch will get no special treatment for being the sluttiest. The enema, the agitation by the vibrator, will go right on. That will be torture for your ward. Its pussy will be too sensitive as the unbroken stimulation continues, pushing it very hard towards a second, or tenth, orgasm. Enduring *that* will be its punishment and trust me, it will be a very hideous punishment. I suggest you do everything you possibly can to keep your wards calm and relaxed.

"Go on, hands on the bitches. Their five minutes begins now." I tell the men.

None delay getting their hands to the bitches. Dalton goes for Allison's shoulders. Allison shudders hard, and rather erotically, as she feels his gentle but manly touch on

her back. She purrs softly with her squeaky moans. It encourages Dalton to caress her a little more. It tells him that Allison doesn't mind his touch. He keeps his hands on her back, studiously avoiding her breasts and bottom.

"Shh... Mousy... you don't want to cum..." He softly tells her. There's a good bit of caring in his voice, and a gentle softness, but not the tenderness of a familiar lover. More the caring of a doting parent. "That's it, mousy, you can do it... you hear her, it will be so much harder on you if you cum... fight it, mousy... just relax... relax..."

Tim doesn't hesitate to put his hands to Darla. He goes right to her stinging red bottom and caresses it. His hands do flow up her back and along her sides. But he seems to focus on her bottom. It's a familiar touch as if he knows her body well. I'm sure he does after so many years of marriage. Unlike Dalton, whose hands have that slight tentativeness of first exploration, as if he's learning something new and enjoyable with every movement.

"Hey, bossy, go ahead and cum," Tim tells her. "Come on, bitch, be so obstinate that you make it worse. As she said, I won't feel it. You know you want to cum, so do it, *BITCH.* Show me you're such a stubborn bossy bitch. Be the boss, take that control, bitch, make it worse!" I hear a good bit of taunt in his voice. More as if he's daring her to do it. I don't interfere, even though it's not how I suggested that he treats her. He knows her better. And she's not cumming. Maybe that's the right approach for Darla. Dare her to do it, and she won't just out of spite. Fine by me. I can force her to cum anytime I want to.

Pete quickly has his hands on Elena. He starts on her back. I see her muscles twitching, sending an icy hot shiver racing through her body. Her muscles twitch everywhere, every time, he touches her. It puts a good purr into her throaty moans. Unlike the other two, I can see a bit of desire and hunger in his touch. I figured I would. He's eager to get his hands on the nude woman, and he doesn't mind showing it. She doesn't seem to mind it, either. He starts with her back, but as time passes, and

Elena seems to enjoy the caresses, he grows more and more emboldened. His touch takes in more and more of her body. At first, it's just her stinging bottom. She seems to like that, too. Then his fingers are slipping around her sides to find the sides of her smallish breasts. She likes that, too.

“That’s it, scrawny…” He tells her with a good bit of sweet affection in his voice. “You heard her, relax and don’t cum… You don’t want it to be harder for you… I don’t want you to have to suffer like that… behave for her… just relax and try not to cum for me, okay, scrawny? You can do it, girl…” He tells her sweetly.

All of the bitches lie there, suffering the sweetest of agonies, for the full five minutes. None climaxes. All are very close to it. All calm down a bit as their men touch them affectionately. By the time the five minutes have passed, all of their pussies are flooded-wet, sloppy messes with quivering lips and folds, that twitch crisply.

I send Sophie to fetch three more syringes. I have her bring them up and lie one atop each bitch's shoulders, alongside the chain around the bitch's neck. With the chain holding her down, it's a place that won't be the easiest for the bitch's squirms to toss it off.

“Scrawny, you can be first this time. Ask your kind guardian to give you the next enema to fill your bottom even fuller, bitch. Speak.”

“Yes, Ma'am," Elena's voice is pure raspiness. "Sir, will you please be so kind as to give this bitch another enema now, Sir? Please, Sir, please fill my filthy bottom even fuller, Sir, so that it will be cleaner, Sir. Please give it to me, Sir." I hear a fair bit of nervousness in her voice. Enough to tell me that Elena is imagining being even fuller. Imagining how that's going to feel. And worried about it. But she doesn't hesitate to sweetly ask for it.

Pete, slightly hesitantly, picks up the syringe. He moves a bit slowly. He first looks to me, as if asking if he should, and when I nod to him, he starts moving to her bottom. It doesn't take him long to have the second

syringe twisted into the port. I think the only part that surprised him is that Elena hasn't been allowed to release the first enema before getting the second. He expected three separate enemas, not three combined into one rather large one.

Pete starts pushing the plunger. He's slow with it, as if afraid that it will be too much for Elena, and doesn't want to hear her scream or something. His eyes are on Elena.

He sees her head snap back hard. From behind he doesn't see her jaw hang open. But he does hear her scream "UHHHHHHHHH!" It's not a plea for mercy. It is the sultriest, more desperately urgent, moan she's made yet. Elena draws it out for several seconds, about five. Then her body shudders violently hard. Enough so that it's snapping against the ropes gets a light rattle from the table. "FAST!" Elena screams out at the top of her lungs, her voice pleading, but also breaking hard as she hangs on the edge of climax. "OH, FUCK, GO FAST! GET THAT SHIT IN ME NOW BEFORE I CUM ALL OVER THE PLACE, SIR. SHOVE IT UP MY ASS NOW!!!!"

I see Pete start to push the plunger a little harder. I grab his wrist. "Slowly!" I tell him. "You filthy bitch!" I scold Elena firmly, my voice icy and hard. "How dare you speak, let alone speak so crudely. Just because you're a gutter slut, doesn't mean this kind man should have to hear that filth come out of your utterly disgusting mouth!

"You will pay for opening that mouth. You will get your enema as slowly as he can give it to you. And if you cum like a total whore, you can have another, and another, until you behave. Once all three of your bottoms are full, all of you will be spanked three strokes. One for each piece of filth you spewed. And *then* your five minutes will begin. Now, ask him to punish you, bitch. Speak!"

"YES, MA'AM!" Elena half screams, half moans out. "I'm sorry for being so nasty, Sir. I want you to teach me to be a good bitch, Sir. Please, Sir, please punish me for being so nasty, Sir. Make me behave while you give me

the slowest enema you can, Sir. Please, Sir! Make me behave, Sir."

Pete looks to me. I nod, then release his hand. He concentrates. He holds the syringe with one hand and pushes the plunger with the other. And he tries to go slow.

"UHHHHHHHHHH!!!!" Elena screams out. She's mostly frozen, her jaw hanging wide open as her throaty hot cry escapes. She stops only when she runs out of air. And then she sucks in another, throaty deep, breath and screams out all over again. Her honey flows even faster. I even see her asshole snapping as it spasms hard around the shaft holding it wide.

As Pete pushes more of the oily liquid into her bottom, there's nowhere left for it to go. All it can do is stretch the already-taut walls of her rectum even tauter. And press more firmly against the backside of her pussy. The fluid keeps transmitting the teasing vibrations at full power, sending them into her pussy. A little more effectively now that her bowels are pushing harder against it. It makes her nerves tingle more intensely. It makes her pussy ache that much harder, pounding her nerves as it begs her for relief.

It takes Pete close to a minute to push the fluid into Elena's bottom. When he's done, I have him unhook the syringe. Elena doesn't relax a bit. I tell him to hold off comforting her. He can do that for her five minutes after these bitches are punished for her trashy outburst. Elena goes on moaning as loudly as her lungs will.

I move along for the moment, telling Tim to take his syringe. He hooks it in quickly, then hesitates for a second. He heard everything Elena said. It would have been impossible not to. He was watching Elena, too. And I think he was appreciating her lithe body, about half the age of his wife's. Or maybe it's her far more servile demeanor. Probably both.

I'd bet he intended to push the plunger hard and force the fluid into Darla's bottom quickly. I'd bet he thought that would be the least comfortable for her. But

now, after Elena's screams, he's reconsidering. As if he's now thinking that slower would be less comfortable for Darla. In the end, he starts pushing. Slowly.

It takes a few seconds, maybe enough to push the first ounce into Darla's bottom. That's when I see the tears suddenly start to flow from Darla's eyes. Hard and fast. And I see the change come over her face. It relaxes slightly as it takes on a slightly blushing look of utter shame. I see her asshole spasming hard around the thick white shaft, too. And I see little dollops of honey appearing at her wide slit as her pussy twitches hard.

It makes me wonder if Darla has finally accepted her powerlessness. She lies, quivering and shuddering, but otherwise still. She looks as if she's screaming loudly into the gag, but I barely hear anything. I see her hands clenching into tight fists now, too. Then, just before Tim stops pushing, I see her body start to snap with violently sharp, but faint, tremors.

Once Tim has disconnected the syringe, I wait to make sure he backs off from Darla. I want her to lie there and feel alone, neglected as if no one has any use for her at this moment so she's left to endure the sweet suffering. Then I move over to Allison.

I tell Dalton to take his syringe and connect it. He does, one eye on me as he waits for me to tell him to give it to her. His other eye stays on the quivering, thrashing Allison. I tell Allison to ask him very politely to give it to her.

"Sir, I need another shot of the enema," Allison says. Her voice is too breathy. It's almost hard to make words out of it. It doesn't help that her voice breaks and stutters, too. "Will you please give me another squirt of the enema, Sir? I'm trying so hard to be a good girl for you, Sir. I haven't cum like a slut yet, Sir. Please give me another squirt, Sir."

I tell him to ask her if she wants it fast or slow. I do just to make Allison's enema slightly different. That way

none of the three are exactly the same. “Would you prefer it quick or slow, mousy?” He asks.

Allison lets out another long moan. She shudders hard. I see her head flop to its side for a moment as she glances up to me for a hint. I keep my face blank, showing her nothing.

I have no doubt Allison has never had anything in her bottom before. Much less an enema. She’s clueless. She has no idea which would be easier for her. She doesn’t know what to ask for. But she knows not to delay asking for something.

Allison doesn’t know how Darla got hers. No one ever said. She definitely heard Elena ask for it quickly. She should have heard Elena told that she would be getting it slowly – as punishment. She probably heard Elena’s very desperate moan, drawn out the full minute it took Pete to fill her bottom. She also won’t have a clue how much experience Elena has. Or if Elena knows what she was asking for.

I doubt Allison's thought process was nearly that complex. I'd bet all she thought about was that she had to ask and ask now. "Will you please give me my enema quickly so that it will be easier for me to be a good girl, Sir?" Allison asks. I'd bet she just picked fast because that's what Elena clearly wanted.

He glances at me. I shrug. I don't care how she gets it. Nothing is going to injure her. Her rectum can still stretch plenty. If it was too full, I would have sent her to the toilet before we began. He holds the shaft of the syringe firmly in his hand. He puts the palm of his other hand flat against the plunger. "Here it comes, mousy…" He warns her.

Dalton pushes suddenly. He pushes as hard as he can. The plunger would slam forward, but the resistance of the incompressible liquid being forced through the narrow opening and tube slows it down. It takes about three seconds for the entire four ounces to shoot hard out the tip of the toy, into her rectum.

“OWWW!!!!” Allison screams out in her breathy voice. She shudders hard as she does. Her pussy twitches hard, shooting a single dollop of honey out about a foot. That narrowly misses Dalton. He doesn’t miss it.

The liquid shoots into Allison's bottom so fast that, to Allison, one minute she's waiting for it, then an instant later it magically appears all at once. It has nowhere to go. All it can do is stretch her rectum tauter around the toy. Thicken the layer of fluid surrounding it, but not cushioning the vibrations one iota. That has the vibrations tickling her pussy's nerves twice as powerfully in the blink of an eye.

It's more than Allison can stand. "UHHHHHHH!!!!!" Allison screams out a guttural moan, her body snapping and thrashing hard against the ropes. Her pussy shoots another, much heavier, dollop of cum out her slit. This one flies back even further landing on the front of Dalton's jeans. It leaves a spot almost the size of a quarter. It leaves Allison thrashing harder than anyone against her ropes.

She hasn't cum, but she came very close to it. I'd bet she hung on the very edge of it for several too-intense seconds. Now that all of the fluid is inside her bottom, and her nerves are not surprised by the tickling teases, she doesn't ebb back more than the thinnest hair. She hangs there, close to losing control. She pants loud, breathy "UH! s" over and over again as if she were being fucked by the biggest cock.

I leave Allison squirming harder than Dalton imagined a woman could. I pick up the paddle. The same one I used earlier. I hand it to Pete. Elena is the first on this trip. I tell him to "give his bitch the three swats it earned, and to make them good ones." Then I tell Elena to ask him for each swat, thanking him afterward before I give her permission to speak.

“Sir, please paddle my bare bottom even harder than you did last time, Sir. Please, Sir, I deserve the hardest strokes you can give me, Sir. Please spank my bare bottom so hard, Sir.”

Pete does not look convinced. But he does give Elena a good and hard swat. She barely reacts to it. At least visibly. She tenses hard as the paddle strikes her bottom. Her breath explodes from her lungs, but it still has the decisive moaning to it. She very quickly relaxes despite the harsh sting in her cheek. Or the rosy red glow on it.

Pete won't know why. He won't know that tensing up, something the stroke forced Elena to do reflexively, also tensed her pussy and rectum up. That just sends more powerful vibrations racing along her nerves, shuddering her body hard, and forcing her to "catch" herself. To stop herself and hold back from falling over the edge into orgasm.

"Thank you, Sir," Elena says in a very raspy voice that breaks. There's a slight sobbing note to it, tears flowing from her eyes. But there's even more of a desperate plea for release in it. "for spanking my bare bottom so hard, Sir. Will you please give me another spanking, Sir, and please make this one even harder, Sir. Please make me behave for you, Sir."

He swats her again, getting the same flinching, shuddering reaction from her. She asks for the next and gets it. I suspect one or two more would be too much for her. She'd cum. She barely doesn't this time.

Pete passes the paddle to Tim. With Darla gagged I can't have any fun with her. So I just tell Tim to give her three good swats. He does, not hesitating or giving Darla a rest between them. He gets the same hard flinching, and brief, reaction from Darla. Then he passes the paddle to Dalton and stands, watching Darla's bottom glow bright rosy red.

Dalton looks as if he doesn't want to spank Allison. I give her the same instructions as I gave Elena. Allison asks for her spanking, telling Dalton that she really does deserve it, even though she was good. Scrawny was spanked earlier for Allison's misbehavior, so Allison now "owes" Elena. It's fitting that now Allison is also spanked

for Elena's misdeed. She asks him to make it a good one, just as Elena got.

Dalton spanks her hard, but not as hard as Elena was. Allison thanks him and asks for her second. She makes the same flinching reaction as the others. She gets her second stroke. It leaves Allison sobbing a fairly infantile cry as she asks for her third. The third makes her finch a little sharper, her pussy shooting another good-sized dollop of cream onto Dalton. It leaves her bawling hard as she thanks him, too. He gives me the paddle.

I tell the men that their five minutes start now, and they should "calm down these filthy sluts before they cum all over themselves." All three quickly have their hands on their wards. Tim makes a point of kneading Darla's sore bottom as he taunts her to cum again. The other two have soothing, tender hands on their girls. All three have roving eyes that watch all of the girls.

All three girls squirm hard. Both Allison and Elena are crying out the most urgent moans. All three pussies are sopping wet. All three shiver crisply. The men's tender hands do little to calm them this time. I doubt much of anything would.

Their bottoms are far too full. It's not just the enemas, those aren't that much. But they also have rigid shafts stuffing their bottoms full. Unlike a traditional enema, the shafts are holding their assholes stretched taut and wide. The fluid distributes the vibrations evenly over every last nerve they have, teasing them all. The fiery chills shooting along those nerves are getting to be too much. Too much to resist as they push them toward orgasm.

A cold, violent shudder runs through each woman as she feels Sophie setting the third enema syringe on her back. By now, all of them know exactly what that means. All of them are probably trying to imagine how they will last another five minutes. And maybe even how they will bear another enema filling them even more than they already are.

By now all of the bitches are feeling rather full. Definitely more so than they have ever felt before. The urge to empty their bottoms has got to be nearly unbearable for them. Their rectal walls will be stretched taut and pressing firmly against everything beyond. For a good part, that's the walls of their pussies. But it's also their bladders, urethra, and the rest of their bowels. All will feel as if their bladders are too full, although the pressure against their urethra will stop them from peeing if they try.

It's a question of volume. All three of the toys have roughly the same volume, about 26 cubic inches. I designed it that way, selecting toys that would occupy the same amount of space, despite the differences in their shapes. And sizes. That way, all of these bitches are filled equally. Each "squirt" of the enema is four ounces. That adds about seven more cubic inches of volume filling their bottoms. That brings the total, as of now, to a whopping 40 cubic inches. It sounds like a lot. It is a lot, for a rectum, but it isn't that big. If it were a brick, it wouldn't even make a square 3½. Roughly the size of a couple of decks of cards. While it is definitely big enough to be rather uncomfortable, it's not so big that she won't be able to accommodate it inside her. Another squirt will bring the total volume to about 47 cubic inches. That's still well under the limit of what a person can accommodate without risking injury. Quart-sized enemas are often used for bowel cleansing, and those are 58 cubic inches. It is, however, larger than my typical sixteen-ounce "cleansing" enema. That's a mere 29 cubic inches or just slightly more voluminous than the toys. I usually reserve enemas in the 17-32 ounce range for punishments. Then again, none of these bitches has been exactly the best behaved, or they wouldn't be here!

Most people have little difficulty holding 16 ounces in, albeit very uncomfortably. Beyond that point, it grows increasingly difficult to retain the fluid. Eventually, it will escape no matter what the bitch wants or tries. A full quart is virtually impossible for anyone to retain. The point

where control is lost varies. It's determined by the strength, and tautness not of the rectum, but of the thin layer of smooth muscle lining the outside of her walls. The stiffer that muscle, the harder the squeeze on the fluid, the less that can be retained. None of which matters right now. The toys are all wide enough to act as a cork. Their assholes are simply stretched wide enough to be too taut around the shaft to slip out of place.

Yet all of these bitches are most certainly filled to the point where they are rather uncomfortable. They'll have small, but sharp, cramps flowing through their bowels just behind their pubes. Their bottoms are swollen large and firm from the fluid. They feel too full. Like the worst case of the runs, times ten. Except now they're not running to a toilet. They can't empty themselves. The toys won't allow it. It leaves them feeling the pressure swelling powerfully inside them, screaming for them to do something they're physically incapable of doing – releasing it.

The toys vibrate. That agitates the fluid, wiggling it around inside them. Endless tiny waves flow over every cell of their rectums, stroking it and teasing it. The vibrations flow unhindered right through, and into their pussies. Where very hungry nerves wait to be teased. Adding to the volume makes the vibrations tease more intensely.

Those vibrations are now flowing through every single nerve in their pussies. While their rectum is squished against only one side of it, their bowels have swollen enough to now be squishing their pussies. Pushing the nearer wall hard against the further wall. Essentially tightening her pussy so much that a toothpick would feel like a thick cock to her. And all of that has all of them hanging very close to the edge of a powerful climax.

All of the three know that they're about to get another squirt. None of the three think they'll be able to take it. All will be. I'd bet Allison and Elena both think they'll have to ask for it, too. I don't know if they realize it or not, but after the last squirt, I'd bet they do: it's going to

be next to impossible for them to resist cumming while they get their squirts. All of them nearly did last time. I'd bet, assuming they won't manage to resist it, they're all wondering how painfully sweet it's going to be when they do, and the stimulation goes on without the mercy of the tiniest break.

I know or just found out, one more thing. Only Elena has any experience with a woman. While I didn't get into the details of her lesbian encounters, I can guess. I did hear that all of them were with women her ex chose for her. He would have had the women do what he wanted to watch, not what they best enjoyed. And in general, men's interests are not exactly aligned with women's, especially a girly woman's. Although I'm sure the girls snuck a little in for themselves, I doubt it was much.

I should start with Darla, but the gag makes it impossible for me to make her do anything. Elena started last time. Allison the first time. I guess I'll go with Allison again this time. "Mousy, it's time for your third enema!" I tell her very enthusiastically. I sound the exact opposite of how I'd bet Allison is feeling. I use a firm voice, but one that's also rather sweet. "I guess that overly slutty slop pit you call a pussy wants to cum by now, doesn't it, bitch? Speak."

"Yes, Ma'am," Allison cries out loudly in her breathy voice. It's more of a moan than an answer, mostly masked by a guttural "UHHHH!"

"Does that filthy thing really want to cum?"

"Yes, Ma'am! I've never been so horny in my life, Ma'am. I have to… cum, right now, Ma'am!"

"You'll get this squirt slowly, bitch," I tell Allison in a very taunting voice. "That way you have much longer to enjoy the feeling of being filled and stretched so wide inside. You deserve to suffer since you've been naughty enough to get everyone spanked, but I'm feeling generous. Would you like some help to behave while your bottom is stuffed more?"

“Yes, Ma’am, may I please have help, Ma’am? I really want to behave for you, Ma’am.” The sultry breathiness of Allison’s voice belies the sobbing in it.

“Fine. You will ask lezzie, the bitch that’s assisting your guardian, to help you behave. Ask it very humbly.”

“Lezzie… Ma’am… Would you please be so kind as to help me behave while my bottom is pumped fuller? Please, Miss Lezzie, will you please help me to behave? Please, Miss Lezzie, I don’t think I’ll be able to be a good girl, Ma’am. I don’t want to misbehave, I want to be good for Her. Will you please help me, Miss Lezzie?”

I nod to Dawn. It’s her signal that she’s been properly asked. She moves around to the front. The side of the table that I’m on. She kneels down in front of Allison. Dawn very tenderly puts her hands to Allison’s jaw and nudges Allison’s head up so that Allison is looking straight ahead. And that has her looking directly into Dawn’s eyes. And Dawn into hers. Dawn has a warm smile on her face, too.

Dawn leans her head in a little until there's barely the thickness of a sheet of paper between her nose and Allison's. Dawn lowers her voice to a soft, sugary tone. Allison can't stop moaning. Her jaw hangs open. Her breathy moans seem to explode from her mouth, her hot breath flowing over Dawn's mouth and chin.

“May this filthy bitch, mousy, have permission to speak, my Queen?” Dawn asks me. I tell her that it may speak, but only to her, and only until its bottom is full. And only then if it does so very humbly. Even while its bottom is being stuffed, a bitch has to remember its place!

Dawn holds Allison's head up for her with one hand. That spares Allison from straining her neck muscles to hold it up. It's a kindness to Allison. The tension in her muscles would make it harder for her to resist a climax. Dawn uses the tip of one finger on her free hand to slowly, and very lightly, trace a line down Allison's cheek. It's a very sensual touch.

“Listen to me, mousy. I will help you be a good bitch for the Queen. You have to keep your eyes open, mousy. The wider the better. Don’t scrunch your face up like that. Relax. Tensing up like that only makes you cum faster…” Dawn pauses for a moment, stroking Allison’s cheek a second time. Then she begins a third line, so affectionately, on Allison’s cheek. “That’s it, mousy… let me look into those bright green eyes. Relax, there’s nothing you can change, so just accept it. Don’t fight the enema… now ask your handsome guardian to give it to you as slowly as he can… let’s show the Queen how good you can be for Her.”

Allison sobs lightly. She quivers nervously as she squirms wildly against her bonds. She only has her face about half scrunched, and her eyes about half-open. She has no choice but to stare into Dawn's eyes. To feel Dawn's very girly touch. And to ask for the unbearable enema.

“Sir… Will you please give me the next enema now? Please give it to me as slowly as you can manage to, Sir. Please, Sir, I’ve tried so hard to behave for Her. Please do this for me, Sir. Please help me show Her that I can behave, Sir. Please give me the slowest enema you can manage to, Sir.”

It only takes Dalton a couple seconds to twist the final syringe into the port. And to start pushing on the plunger. He pushes very gently. It barely moves. It moves slowly, creeping along as it pushes the fluid into Allison’s straining bottom drop-by-drop.

“UHHHHHHHH!!!!” Allison screeches out a breathy moan as she feels the fluid pushing into her. Or more likely feels her bottom resisting as it’s forced to stretch even more than it already is. The first couple of drops will be enough to send another sharp cramp shooting through her bowels. And to make her asshole feel as if there’s a hammer pounding on the inside of it, trying to burst through.

Dawn immediately moves her free hand to Allison's back. Dawn caresses Allison's back slowly and softly. Like the most tender lover exploring silky flesh for the first time. "Relax mousy," Dawn tells Allison in a sweet voice. "You're so tense! You'll misbehave like this. Relax. Stop fighting it. I know the enema is unpleasant. But you have to accept it. You know you're going to be filled. Fighting it is just a waste. Relax and let it happen. It will be easier not to cum that way."

Dawn keeps stroking Allison's back for a couple seconds. Then Dawn slips her hand down to Allison's shoulder. Dawn gets a good, but very gentle, grip on Allison's shoulder. She softly kneads the muscle. For an instant, it's hard as Allison stays tensed. Then Dawn's tender ministrations start it relaxing. The relaxation flows over to Allison's other shoulder. Dawn feels it and smiles. Dawn keeps working her hand over the muscles of Allison's shoulder and back, her touch staying very tender and erotic.

“UH!" Allison blurts out a hard grunted moan. She sucks in another panicked-fast breath. "OOH-AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!" Allison screams out, her voice staying breathy and sultry. Her body falls loose, or about halfway to relaxed. She trembles violently as if she were lying on live wires.

“That’s it, mousy,” Dawn tells Allison in the most honeyed voice. The voice of an eager lover. Dawn turns her face slightly to lean in past Allison’s nose. Dawn brings her lips up to almost touch Allison’s ear. Dawn sticks the tip of her tongue out. A hard shudder flows through Allison as Dawn’s soft, hot, and wet tongue touches Allison’s ear. “That’s it, mousy… that’s so good. You’re relaxing! Now feel those vibrations tease your hungry vagina so nicely.” Dawn uses the tip of her tongue to slowly draw a line along the edge of Allison’s ear. “I know how badly your vagina wants to orgasm, mousy. It is going to be so good for you when the Queen grants you an orgasm. The best one ever. I only hope that She’ll let me be the one to give it to you.

You're being so good for Her… I hope She lets me put this soft tongue to that vagina and lick it slowly, tenderly, until She grants you release. I'll bet you have the sweetest taste.

"Would you like it if the Queen decides to grant you that reward? For me to lick your vagina and clitoris until you explode and cum all over my plain face? I'll make it so good for you, mousy…"

"YES!" Allison screams out, her voice breathy and deep, but now taking on a slightly shrill urgency to it as well. A pleading shrill. "I want it! I want to cum!"

"Tell your manly guardian what it feels like now, mousy… he needs to know," Dawn whispers to Allison. Then Dawn's tongue teases Allison's ear anew.

"Sir… It feels like my pussy has become my entire body. It throbs so hard. It tingles badly. It aches for an orgasm. I can't stand it, and now it's my entire body feeling it! She's making me relax, Sir. It makes my bottom hurt less, too. It… I'm not as close to cumming as I was before, but I need to even more than I did! It's killing me, it's too intense! OH!!!! It's like I'm one big pussy that has to cum right now and isn't!"

"That's it, mousy… don't be shy, he can't take proper care of you if he doesn't know what you're feeling… this is what the Queen wants you to feel… relax and enjoy it… it feels so good, doesn't it?'

"YES!!!! Miss Lezzie, it's too good!"

"Relax!" Dawn tells Allison, her hand giving Allison's muscles a little firmer of a knead as they start tensing again. Dawn keeps stroking and licking, Allison. She goes very slowly, taking her time, totally unhurried. As if Dawn wants nothing more than to enjoy the feel of Allison's body. Unlike a man's touch, or at least those Allison has to know. Those manly touches that always hint that they're not what the man truly wants to do with her. The opposite of Dawn's touch.

It keeps Allison screaming out moans that grow more hungry and shrill. It keeps Allison lying still, her body

snapping as the tingles race along her nerves, shivering her body crisply. It keeps her pussy pounding harder by the second as the need for orgasm blossoms to fresh heights in her thick, burning hot, meaty walls.

Dalton listens to Allison. Dalton keeps steadily pushing the plunger very slowly. He watches the show of Dawn essentially making out with Allison. After about ten seconds he watches Allison's pussy too. It rhythmically squirts fair-sized dollops of Allison's honey powerfully out of Allison's slit. Several of those hitting him.

"That's all of it," Dalton tells me. And probably more says for Allison to hear.

Dawn hears it, too. She quickly moves her lips down until they're a fine hair away from Allison's moaning lips. "You've been so good, mousy. Thank you for pleasing the Queen. I really hope she lets me release that ache for you." Dawn puts her lips softly onto Allison's. Instantly, Dawn's delicate tongue is deep inside Allison's mouth, hungrily exploring it.

A shocked look floods Allison's face. But it vanishes quickly. Soon Allison's tongue is tentatively sipping into Dawn's mouth, sliding along Dawn's tongue. Dawn makes it a long, and slow, kiss. "You are so hot, mousy!"

Dawn takes her head back about two inches from Allison's face. She pauses for a moment, still looking into Allison's eyes. Still with that sweet, hungry smile on her face. Dawn licks her lips. "My Queen, may this bitch please be allowed to continue helping the mousy bitch to behave for you, Ma'am?"

"Whatever," I sigh as if I couldn't care less what Dawn does now. "Just behave your slutty butt, Lezzie."

"Thank you, my Queen," Dawn says. She rises to her feet and steps forward. She keeps Allison's head up as she does. Dawn gently lowers Allison's head, lying her chin against the edge of the table. She moves slowly as she has with everything.

Dawn steps forward until her stomach is almost touching the top of Allison's head. If Allison obediently has

her eyes open, which she probably does, her eyes are just above the sharp line at the top of Dawn's bush. Looking down directly into Dawn's bush and pubes. Dawn leans over. Dalton's eyes are glued to Dawn, Allison is momentarily forgotten, as he watches her lower her chest until only the tips of her nipples are lightly touching Allison's back. Dawn leans just her head forward now. Dawn's ample breasts jiggle slightly, drawing her stiff nipples over Allison's back as they do. It gets a very hard shiver from Allison. Then Dawn's lips touch Allison's back, at the very base of her spine and top of Allison's crack. Dawn plants a slow, soft kiss there. It gets an even harder shiver from Allison.

"AHHH!!!" Allison shrieks urgently as Dawn moves. She keeps her chest exactly where it is, scooting her feet back about half an inch. Maybe less. It draws Dawn's nipples over Allison's back, one on either side of Allison's spine. It draws Dawn's lips up slightly. Dawn allows her feathery soft lips to draw over Allison's spine. She plants another tender kiss on Allison's spine, sending another crisp erotic shiver flooding through Allison. Dawn keeps going. She doesn't stop as her breasts flow off the tops of Allison's shoulders. They flow along the sides of Allison's head as Dawn's lips keep kissing their way up Allison's spine. Dawn stops only when her lips reach the top of Allison's neck. Then she reverses and starts kissing her way down Allison's spine just as sensually.

All of the men are staring at the show Dawn is putting on. I snap my fingers and point to Elena as I step over to her. "Your turn to get filled up, scrawny. Ask skanky whore to help you."

Elena doesn't hesitate to ask Paige to help her. I didn't think she would. She's been touched by a woman before. It's not new to her. She gets the very same treatment that Allison got. Including the excruciatingly slow filling from Pete. And, once Elena is filled up, screeching away like Allison, Elena gets the same affectionate teasing that Dawn is still giving Allison.

By now Dawn's hands are on Allison's body, too. She strokes Allison's sides. She avoids the fiery red sore spots on Allison's bottom. She does let her fingertips slip down just enough to graze the sides of Allison's firm breasts. In a minute or so, Paige is giving Elena just as slutty of a tease.

That leaves Darla. I prefer, strongly, to save Sophie's attention. I very seldom use her on a toy. She's my personal handmaiden. And my highest slave, in power over the others when I allow her to be. I have Paige, my slave-whore, to be used when I wish a whore. I also have three toys and three slaves.

Luckily, it's not an issue I need to ponder. Darla isn't a woman, she's an inanimate thing. At least that's the way I'm making her feel. I'd never tease a thing, like a piece of furniture. It would be a wasted tease. Furniture wouldn't even notice that it was being licked. And Darla is a thing. I'm sure she knows that the other two women are being teased by the girls. And expects to be as well. Not getting it will make her feel even lower as if she's not even as valuable as those two are.

I tell Tim to give Darla her last enema. I can see on his face that Tim was expecting, and hoping, to see Sophie teasing Darla. But he says nothing about it. Instead, he gives her the enema as slowly as he can. Just as I told him to. It leaves Darla without any distraction. It leaves Darla tensed up as she's filled. And that makes it more uncomfortable for her. I hope that makes her feel, and believe, that no one here cares what Darla goes through. Just as no one would care what a sofa went through.

Once all three of the women are filled, I announce that their five minutes begin. Dawn stands up in front of Allison and uses her hand to bring Allison's head up again. Paige does the same with Elena. I have to remind the men that they're to be caressing their wards, teasing them, and easing the enema for them. They're too busy watching the "girly shows." Dawn drops to her knees, moving very slowly. She stays back an inch or so from Allison's face.

It's the perfect distance. As Dawn lowers, the tips of Dawn's breasts lightly touch Allison's forehead. From there they flow softly down Allison's face. Dawn goes all the way down until she's looking Allison in the eyes again.

“Did you hear the Queen, mousy? Only five more tiny minutes and this will be over if you’re a good bitch. Pay attention to me, mousy, I’m going to devour your body for those minutes.” Dawn gives Allison another hot kiss. Then she slowly rises back to her feet.

Dawn keeps her word. She starts off by leaning over at Allison's fully exposed left side. As she does, she lets her hands gingerly flow over Allison's back. She lowers her lips fully to Allison's side, putting them tenderly to the squished side of Allison's breast. Dawn sucks gently, pulling a bit of the spongy firm mound into her lips, and kisses it with her tongue. It sends a powerful shuddering twitch through Allison. A twitch that tries to raise her left shoulder up and offer Dawn more of her breast. The ropes hold her still. Dawn goes on, stroking and kissing Allison as sensually as she can. Paige gives Elena the same.

Dalton does not mind joining in. His face tells me that, in a million years, he never would have imagined Allison doing anything with another girl. And loves the sight of it. He doesn't mind touching Allison alongside Dawn. He grins wide as Dawn slides her hands up to his, lacing her fingers in with his, and guiding him to stroke Allison. Then Dawn uses her tongue, the tip of it, holding her lips wide open, to trace a line the full length down Allison's spine.

By the time the five minutes are over, all three women are a complete mess. Their pussies are beyond sloppy wet. All of them twitch and have dripped. All of their assholes strain hard as they grip the shafts. All of them scream the most begging and needy of moans. All shiver and shudder at every touch.

The men aren’t much better. All three of them have noticeable bulges in the fronts of their pants. All three grin as they watch the shows. And touch the nude women.

Dalton and Pete, briefly sharing their ward's bodies with Dawn and Paige, both took the opportunity to "accidentally" brush against my girls' bodies a little. I think Tim might feel a little left out.

I announce that time is up.

Chapter Eight – Cleaned Out

Now that these bitches have all endured the full triple enema and the final five-minute wait, it's time to move along. I'm sure the men expect, and the bitches are praying for, some very quick relief from the enemas. So far none of the bitches have cum. All three seem to have heeded my advice not to. I'd bet all of them are wondering how much worse it could have been. If any had found out, they would have wished they behaved. It would have roughly doubled the pounding ache in its pussy, the burning need for an urgent climax. It would have made its pussy doubly sensitive to everything it was feeling, almost to the point where the pleasurable sensations would have begun to turn painful. It would have driven the bitch crazy. And it would have put on a far sluttier squirming, screeching show for these men. Me, too.

But nothing is going to be quite that simple here. These bitches are going to “earn” every pleasure they get. Humility, shamelessness, and obedience will be their path to reward. I’m ready to grant them the relief they desperately want. But for their sake, they still need to do something more to earn it. To show their guardians that they truly wish to behave and submit to their authority.

I move casually as if I am definitely not in a hurry. I ask all three of the men to come around to my side of the table. They do, keeping their eyes on the hard fidgeting women as they do. I have each stand in front of his ward.

I tell the bitches what I expect of them. They are to answer whatever questions their guardian asks them. Very humbly and politely. Potty mouth will not be permitted. Period. Any word that a “respectable proper lady” wouldn’t use in a kindergarten classroom is forbidden. Modesty will not be tolerated either. They are to answer utterly shamelessly, fully, and honestly the questions regardless of how personal, invasive, or embarrassing the answer may be. They are not to hesitate, stall, or otherwise show any shyness or reluctance to answer either. I expect direct, simple, polite, honest, and full answers.

I don't say it, but the gagged Darla won't be getting any questions. She can't answer. It should reinforce the idea that she's just an inanimate thing here, while the other two are slightly more valuable. Or closer to being actual people.

I suggest that Dalton and Pete take turns asking their wards a question. A quick rock-paper-scissors between them decides that Pete gets the first question. I tell him to firmly take hold of Elena's head and lift it up. To kneel down so that he may look her in the eye as he asks the question.

Pete puts his hands to the sides of Elena's jaw. He gently lifts her head until he can see her bright blue eyes. Her face is fairly scrunched tight, her eyes only about half open. Her mouth hangs wide as she cries out her overly-needy, pleading moans. "Scrawny..." Pete begins. I've told him to ask something "private" about her. Or about how she's feeling right now. But also to avoid any questions that might hint whether she wishes to remain here. Or what she might want him to have her do. "How does your butt feel?"

"My... backside has never felt so full, Sir," Elena answers, hesitating for an instant only to choose a word that won't get her in trouble. "It feels like my insides are being stretched too far. My... backdoor feels like someone is shoving against it trying to get out. I feel cramps in my insides. The vibrations make it feel like whatever is inside of me is moving and stroking me. It feels like my insides are so full that they're going to explode, Sir."

Dalton asks Allison the same question. Allison tells him roughly the same thing. She chooses the words that have proven safe for Elena, too. Now it's Dalton's turn to ask a question first. He asks Allison how her pussy feels.

"My girly place feels exactly like it would if a man were there, only about a million times more intense, Sir. It feels like I'm in the middle of being with a man, Sir, and if I don't finish right now I'll explode and die. It feels like I'm swelling up there, it aches so much, Sir. It is far more

intense than anything I have ever imagined, Sir. It's so good that… it hurts so good! I can feel it twitching too, Sir… almost like it can't stay still while it feels this. It's hot, Sir, I feel it burning. I know that I'm wet, Sir, I can feel my juices running all over me. It's very weird, but good, Sir, because I feel all of the pleasure, but I can't feel anything inside me there, Sir."

Pete asks Elena the same question and gets about the same answer. Only Elena goes further and adds that she's glad her hands are locked up because if they weren't she wouldn't be able to resist the urge to touch herself right this minute.

Pete asks Elena how Paige's touch felt. She answers that Paige's touch is very soft and affectionate. It felt too good on her body. It made her body relax, but that made the sensations she was feeling even stronger and difficult to handle while denying herself the release her body needs.

Dalton asks Allison how Dawn's touch felt. "Her touch is very erotic and soft, Sir. Her hands are very feminine and delicate, her skin is like silk, Sir. I've never had a girl touch me… intimately before, Sir. She was very sweet and tender. It drove me crazy, Sir. Every time she touched me it sent the most arousing chills shooting through me, Sir. I couldn't get enough of it, Sir. It relaxed me, too, Sir, but that made my girly part tingle and throb so much harder that I couldn't stand it. Her touch felt… hungry like she wanted my body as much as a lonely man might."

For his next question, he asks if the spankings hurt. She tells him "Yes, Sir. They hurt a lot, Sir. My bottom still stings from them. I just don't care right now with my girly part screaming for my attention and my bottom straining so hard."

After Elena answers that question, Pete asks her when the last time she was spanked was. Elena tells him it was close to a year ago. The very day her ex left her. He turned her over his knee and spanked her, with his hand,

for being such a disappointment to him. Then he made her sit on the sofa in silence as he took his things and walked out.

Dalton decides to ask Allison the same question. She tells him it was only about a month ago. When she returned home from school for a weekend and her father looked over her progress this semester. He made her pull her panties down and lie on her bed while he gave her five strokes with his belt. They hurt, leaving her bottom deep red. He told her, as she lay there crying from it, that he would come up with something to ensure she put more attention into her studies. Only then did he allow her to pull her panties back up before making her stand in the corner until she completely stopped crying.

Now it's Dalton's turn to ask first. He asks Allison "how does it feel to still be punished like a child by your father when you're an adult?"

"I'm not an adult, Sir," Allison answers. "Adults are responsible for their own lives, Sir. My father still pays all my bills while I go to school, Sir, just as He did when I was under 18. He makes sure that I have everything I need, Sir. It's only right that I obey His rules while he's taking care of me, Sir.

"But it is very humiliating to have Him punish me, Sir. I hate having to pull my panties off in front of Him. It makes me feel like I'm four, not twenty-four, Sir."

This time I decide to butt into the conversation. "Mousy, you do know that the shame and embarrassment are part of the punishment, don't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Allison answers me, "they're a very bad part of it, Ma'am. As much as I hate the spanking, and it hurts, The humiliation is worse, Ma'am. I'd do almost anything to avoid it, Ma'am."

"Don't be shy, bitch," I scold Allison firmly. "Tell him exactly how it feels."

"I'm sorry, Ma'am!' Allison blurts out with a pleading tone over her moans. "It makes me feel so ashamed of myself, Sir. I feel like… I'm not allowed to have any privacy

or secrets from Him, Sir. Like I'm not allowed to run my own life, Sir…"

Allison sobs once, blushing brightly. "I really love that He cares for me so much, Sir. It makes me feel like He really knows the real me, and accepts me for myself, Sir. I… uh… like the feeling of knowing that I can't mess up, that He will make sure I do what's best for me and all I have to do is listen to Him, Sir. I… just hate myself when I misbehave and act like a child so He has to punish me like one. I should – I want – to behave much better for Him, Sir."

Now I let it move along to Pete's turn. He asks Elena the same question Dalton began with, only modified. He asks about her ex punishing her, not her father.

She blushes slightly, although it's hard to see with her body so brightly flushed, as she answers. After hearing me prod Allison to answer fully, Elena gives a longer, and fuller, reply. She tells him that a "good girl" should obey her man. That she finds it humiliating to be punished, but for different reasons. She's ashamed of herself for disappointing him. She doesn't care about him seeing her body. Or the infantile nature of a spanking as a punishment. Not even the pain of it. The part that makes her so ashamed of herself is that she could manage to follow directions and be a good woman for her man, after all, he's done for her. She tells him that it's "very comforting" to know that she doesn't have to worry about anything or figure things out. That her place is to do as her man wishes. When she doesn't, she deserves punishment. She wants to be punished. She wants him to remind her that it's her place to obey him and not to make things harder for him. "Besides, I'm his girl, Sir. I'm his to do with as he wishes."

I decide that's enough. I announce that the bitches will be allowed to *ask* for relief from their enemas now. Relief is not promised. It is up to their guardian, so they should ask very nicely if they wish him to consider granting

it. But first, I tell the bitches, we have to decide which bitch will be allowed to ask first. The others can wait.

To decide, we're going to vote. Or at least the men are. There are two choices, Allison and Elena. I'm assuming Dalton will vote for Allison and Pete will vote for Elena. Tim can't vote for his charge, Darla. She's not in the running. It will likely make him the deciding vote. I tell the men, the women obviously listening, that they will vote on which of the two bitches has earned the privilege of being the first to relieve that unbearable pressure in her bottom by being "the more humble and polite, the better behaved, and the least modest" of the pair.

As I suspected, Dalton and Pete both vote for their charges. Tim doesn't take any time to consider his choice. He votes for Elena. I suspect that's because I didn't have to prod her to fully answer the last question. I didn't only because she had the benefit of having heard Allison's answer.

I'm not disappointed. In fact, it might be a bit easier for me. Pete is, I think, more likely to go along than Dalton. Even more so now that he's starting to get the idea that Elena likes him and wants him to do these things with her. Dalton, I suspect, has less interest in Allison, and thus might be less eager to go along.

With a snap of my fingers, Paige is scooting off to the cabinets. Sophie, the next closest to Pete, slips beside him and puts her arm around him. She guides Pete to walk around behind Elena, standing him back where he had been. She leaves him there, returning to her place beside Tim.

Elena has the smallest and firmest bottom of the three. The leanest, slimmest legs and thighs, too. As she's bound, those narrow thighs are stretched wide apart. They're pulled up under the table as well, stretching her bottom taut. Even like this, her globes have a defined bottom edge to them. A nicely rounded little curve. One cheek on either side of her fully displayed pussy.

Pete is busy looking at Elena's fidgeting bottom. He doesn't notice as Paige comes back. She brings only one thing. A 3-gallon zip lock baggie. She hands it to Pete. He stares at it as if he can't imagine what it would be for.

I ignore Pete for a moment. Instead, I lean forward, close to Elena's ear, and lower my voice to tell her what to say. This way, Pete won't know what she'd going to ask until he hears her say the words. It will sound a little less as if I'm putting the words in her mouth.

“Sir…” Elena begins, her voice raspy, deep, and very needy. “I can’t… go with the plug in my bottom. I really hate to ask you, Sir… Especially since I think I’m going to lose control the instant it’s not corking my bottom… Will you please help me to go potty by taking the plug out of my bottom for me, Sir? I’ll tell you exactly what to do, Sir. Please help me go potty, Sir…”

Pete looks slightly disgusted. Now he looks again to the huge baggie in his hand. A clear baggie. I didn’t think he’d refuse. He’s too interested in Elena. He only hesitates a short second before saying “sure.”

“Thank you, Sir," Elena quickly moans out. "Will you please put the bag over my bottom and my girly place, Sir? Please make sure that it's snug against me all the way around, Sir, I don't want to make a big mess, Sir, and I know I won't be able to stop myself… I'm depending on you to help me be clean, Sir…”

Pete definitely has no idea how to hold it. He crudely pulls it open and gently puts it up to Elena’s bottom. Paige puts her hands to Pete’s. She guides him, mostly moving his hands and the baggie for him.

“Thank you so much, Sir,” Elena says. “Please tell me when it’s in place for me, Sir.”

Paige guides Pete to hold the bag longways over Elena’s crack. To stretch the sides wide until they encompass Elena’s entire globes before pushing the rim of the baggie flush against her body. To pull the bottom end up, over Elena’s mound and hold it flush against her pubes. The only place where so much as air can escape is the top.

Well above Elena's asshole. "The bag is there, scrawny," Pete tells her after Paige nods to him.

"Thank you again, Sir. Please just push the bottom of the bag up until you can grab the end of my plug through it, Sir. Then please give it a little wiggle so that I can feel that you have it, Sir." Elena waits as Pete follows her instructions. He gives it a very gentle wiggle to cue her.

"I am really sorry, Sir," Elena blushes as she goes on. "I know this will be disgusting, Sir, and I hate that you have to see this, Sir. I don't want to have any secrets from you, Sir. Please allow me to show you that I have forgotten all my modesty, Sir. Please watch my bottom closely, Sir. Please just slowly pull the plug from my bottom, Sir, then keep watching my bottom so you can see that I will be shameless and not hide anything from you, Sir. Whenever you're ready, Sir."

Pete takes a deep breath. He starts pulling. I see a look of surprise on his face. He expected it to come out easily. It doesn't move. Elena's asshole is squeezed around the shaft, gripping it tightly. He pulls harder until it starts moving.

"OOHHHHHHHHH!" Elena purrs out, her voice as raspy and sensual as ever. The toy keeps going, slowly moving through the tight ring of her asshole. Pete watches it, probably only hoping for a clue, some warning before it finally slips free and releases Elena's mess.

Elena's egg-shaped toy, the one Pete chose for her, doesn't release in the blink of an eye. The other two toys will. With this one, it tapers more gradually. As the taper begins narrowing toward its rounded tip, the narrowing shaft allows her asshole to start relaxing a bit. It would, and will, cinch back tight. But it will take it a moment after being held so wide for so long. For several seconds, it would gape. Her muscle closing slightly slower than the toy is narrowing leaves a paper-thin space around the toy.

Quickly, the yellow-tinged enema fluid is seeping through her ring. At first, it's a weak flow, merely raining down into the clear bag. Then the top starts slipping free

of her ring. Her bottom explodes. It's as powerful as opening the biggest of firehoses. A powerful geyser of brown dotted yellow shoots back. It hits the inside of the baggie, bouncing off of it, covering everything inside before falling down into the bottom of the bag. Very quickly, the bag is starting to fill with the fluid. And then Elena's waste starts shooting from her bottom amid the stream. That too falls, intact, to the bottom of the bag, piling up. Now that the dam has burst, her bottom keeps spraying her mess out with the enema.

And then, a stream of golden pee, just as powerful, starts shooting from Elena's bare lips. With her legs splayed so wide and her body folded over the table, her mound is almost straight back. Her pee shoots straight back. It lets Pete see her peeing as well.

"Scrawny!" I snap firmly and coldly. "I did not say you could pee on your guardian!" She's not, the baggie is catching that as well. By now the weight is pulling the bottom of the bag down, below the level of her pussy, as it fills. The bag is far larger than needed. There's no way Elena has more than half a gallon inside her, and that's both her bladder and her bowels. The bag will hold six times that, leaving it far from filling or overflowing even as it sags.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Elena blurts out very nervously. But even that doesn't begin to mask the sultriness in her voice.

"I don't care, bitch," I snap back, firming up my voice a bit more. "You'll be punished for it."

"Yes, Ma'am," Elena very reluctantly accepts.

I wait several minutes. Maybe four or five. It takes her bottom that long to empty. Finally, both Pete and I see her asshole cinch closed as the flow trickles away. It still leaves her bottom rather messy. Most of her crack. A fair part of her globes, especially the inside edges of them. Even a bit on her mound. But all of that is covered by the baggie. There's nothing on the floor or Pete. He managed to catch it all in the bag.

Paige fetches a packet of baby wipes. She sets it atop Elena's back and opens the lid.

"Scrawny, stop going potty now," Pete tells her, following Paige's quiet instructions. Elena answers quickly that she will. Pete takes the baggie away, holding it well away from his body, and hands it to Paige.

"Thank you for helping me go potty, Sir," Elena says as she feels the bag pulling back from her bottom. She clenches her asshole even tighter to make sure she doesn't have an accident now. Not after that. "I really hate to ask you this, Sir, because I know you don't want to do it. But I need you to help me one more time, Sir. I can't clean myself up like this, Sir. Will you please wipe my bottom for me, Sir? Please, Sir, please wipe my bottom for me. Please don't leave me messy, Sir. Please clean me up for you to look at, Sir?"

Paige grins. Mostly because she knows it's her job if Pete doesn't. But Pete reluctantly tells her that he will. Paige holds up a pair of yellow kitchen dishwashing gloves. Pete, relieved, reaches for them. Paige pulls them over his hands for him. Then she stretches the top of the baggie open and holds it to make a trash can for Pete.

Pete works very quickly. He's diligent, though, wiping every bit of Elena's bottom with the wipes. And then, once he's done, closely checking her body, especially her pussy mound, to make sure it's clean. He tosses the wipes, as he uses them, into the baggie. When he's done, Paige seals it to ensure that nothing will leak out. She takes the gloves and sets them aside with Elena's baggie.

Now it's Allison's turn. She's allowed to empty her bottom exactly the same way Elena was. And made to ask Dalton to do the same "favors" for her. She asks, blushing deeply as she moans out her requests. Dalton reluctantly agrees. I suspect, after seeing him agree, that if he hadn't seen Pete do it first and knew that he wouldn't have to touch anything, he would have refused. But really, all he has to do is hold a baggie.

And watch. That's really the reason for the clear baggies. It has the bitch's asshole so fully displayed. It lets her guardian actually see a sight most people have never seen. Her asshole gaping wide as her waste flows from her body. To see her asshole fully as the mess emerges from it. Knowing that these unfamiliar men are seeing that has got to be embarrassing for them.

Darla isn't given any instructions. I simply have Tim put the bag in place and pull her toy out. I can't tell if she's trying to empty or not. It doesn't matter. She is. She will whether she wants to or not. There's too much pressure inside her not to. Tim looks as if he wouldn't mind leaving her messy. But he cleans her thoroughly. I suspect he figures it will benefit him. That he'll be touching her body before long and would prefer it be clean when he does.

Chapter Nine – At First Suck

Now it’s time to move to the third part of my planned session. It’s time for their first lesson. A slut lesson, naturally. It is kind of what they came here for. I'm sure the men, at least once they realized they'd be sticking around, thought they might see something, too. And like most men, prayed they would. More so because they're the only men here.

I don't take more than a second to consider which of them will go first this time. Darla is not in the running. Her lesson will be last. And it will be slightly different than the other two. Darla is a different kind of toy. She needs to be treated differently. It will take her longer to get to where the other two already are.

Elena would go first. She wouldn't mind. All things considered, I think she's rather anxious to get to the even sluttier parts of the lessons. I know she's hoping to entice Pete. And this will be an enticing lesson. It's one reason that I think about leaving her for second. It will arouse her to have to wait patiently and be ignored while she sees others where she'd love to be. Another reason is that I suspect, whatever little "whore skills" these women have, Elena is going to be the most skilled.

Allison, on the other hand, is going to be the most nervous and least skilled. I already know that her experience is limited. And I know that she's very self-conscious about that. Plus, Dalton isn't her lover. I doubt she's ever considered him as a candidate for that title either. It's pretty clear Dalton has never considered asking her out. I'm getting the impression that she doesn't know him that well. No better than maybe a work friend or someone like that. That will make her more reluctant to do anything in front of him. However, her obedience shows. She will likely push her modesty, her embarrassment, aside and obey. Even when it calls for her to humiliate herself by showing off just how inexperienced she is.

I decide Allison will be the most amusing of them. Thus, she’ll be going first. Not only that, I think it will arouse her more not to know how skilled the others are.

She'll assume they're far more experienced than she is. It will deepen her embarrassment to think she's showing skills she believes far inferior to the others.

I don't tell Allison what's happening. I never would. It will just keep Allison feeling more uneasy, more tentative, more unsure of herself, to know something is going to happen to her, but have no clue what. Millions of ideas, each more degrading or uncomfortable than the last, will flood her mind. I think that will keep Allison nicely aroused. If I'm right about her, she's very similar to Dawn. She craves structure. She longs to have that firm hand to submit to. More so now, as she's yearning to explore her sexuality, a topic she has very limited knowledge about. She doesn't want to fumble her way through it. She wants to be guided. She wants to know how to be a pleasing partner for a man. She wants to be able to please her partner.

That's going to be her first lesson. She's going to learn that submission to me will give her just that. Not just the firm hand in her life that she appreciates already, but the same firm hand guiding her into the next stage of her life. Guiding her to become a "real woman." the obedient, well valued, well cared for, and exceptionally pleasing woman she wants to be. That she will learn what she wants to know. That she won't have to fumble. There will be no trial and error, no guessing what her partner enjoys. She will be plainly told, and shown, what's wanted of her. And then she will give it. That won't be a choice for her.

It takes me a few minutes to get Allison untied. I start with her legs, which allows her feet to quickly fall to the floor as they're freed. It's also the reason I used two ropes, one on each woman's knee, for the joined legs. I have to cut the tie strap around their ankles, but once I do, Allison's foot is on the floor, and Elena's legs are still exactly where they've been. Once I have the ropes off her legs I unclip the chain from the table. I leave it clipped around her neck. For the moment, I leave her hands bound behind her back as well. But since I plan to free those

before this lesson is over, I replace the clip holding the chain snug around her neck with a shiny padlock. That way, even with the use of her hands, she won't be able to release it.

I keep hold of the free end of the chain. I use it like a leash, pulling it to bring Allison's shoulders up off the table. She doesn't need much encouragement. She quickly stands up. I let the chain droop down. It's long enough that at its lowest, it's lying against her chest between the ample mounds of her breasts. Mounds that are topped with those darkish rings and nipples. Nipples that are still straining to new heights of stiffness.

I have the men back in their chairs. All have watched me as I untied Allison. All of them casually keep an eye on the other two women as well, although from their seats they can see little more than the top of the women's heads. They can see that all are still fidgeting a little. They can see both Darla and Elena turning their heads, straining their necks, as they try to glimpse what's happening to Allison. What they figure they're in for some version of next.

I give a light tug on the chain, making sure I have Allison’s attention. She about jumps out of her skin as her eyes lock on me. I stop in front of her, turning to face her. I have my crop in my other hand, ready to discipline Allison.

I stare right into Allison's eyes, my glare icy cold. My voice is hard, but not hard, in its all-business tone. As if I am simply telling Allison what will be. Which is exactly what I'm doing. My voice is neither cold nor warm. If anything, it's rather detached. As if this is nothing to me, and concerns me even less than nothing.

“Mousy, you have very little experience with orally pleasing a man. You will show me just how pitiful you are at it. Now. Go ask your guardian to choose one of the men, himself or one of the others, for you to ask if you may borrow his penis to show me your utterly childish skill. Go now, bitch.”

Allison blushes a deep red. Her face scrunches about halfway. Her voice rises, a heavily embarrassed squeak suddenly in the otherwise breathy, deep sultriness. "Yes, Ma'am," she shyly answers.

I keep hold of the leash, casually walking beside Allison as she crosses the few steps to Dalton. She walks slowly with baby steps. I keep my crop ready. It takes her almost half a minute to cross no more than six or seven feet of space.

Allison stops about two feet back from Dalton. Dalton already knows what Allison is supposed to ask him. He heard her instructions. He looks up at her face. Allison fidgets hard, squirming on her feet. She blushes a bit deeper now. She hesitates for a half second or so. “Sir-” Allison begins.

“UMMMM!!!” Allison blurts out a loud, and very surprised, squeal as my crop taps the back of her legs. It’s not a hard tap, but it is firm enough to sear a light pink stripe across the center of her thighs. Her eyes pop wide open in surprise, telling me she hasn’t the foggiest idea why she’s been disciplined. I didn’t think she’d know.

“I said to be humble, *bitch*. Ask him like a proper little bitch, mousy.” I raise my voice, adding in a bit of a firm, demanding tone. “On your knees, *bitch!*”

“Yes, Ma’am!” Allison quickly blurts out, now knowing what her mistake is. She’s already dropping to her knees before her mouth opens. In about a second, Allison is on her knees. Her thighs are almost straight up and down.

I give Allison a lighter tap on the sole of a foot. “Kneel properly, you disgusting bitch.” I tell her, my voice growing slightly cold as it takes on a heavy note of disapproval. “Spread your knees and feet wide, unless you’re trying to be a modest mouse and hide that floppy pussy. NOW.”

Allison’s knees fly across the floor as she says “Yes, Ma’am.” She opens her knees as wide as she can. Wide enough that I now see the tendons in the creases of her

thighs straining. And everyone can see the mound of her pussy swelling down between them. Her wide thighs leave a bit of space between them and her lips, just as it was with her bound over the table. Even with the fur lining her pubes and lips, everything is visible. On her lips, her fur is almost dripping it's so wet.

I don't give Allison a chance. The instant her knees stop moving, I tap her bare bottom with my crop. Allison yelps, but not quite as loudly this time. She's starting to expect the crop. It does tell her what part of her body isn't where I want it. But she still doesn't know how I want her. I scold her, a little more firmly again, to sit back and put her bottom between her heels. She moves very quickly.

It's probably a coincidence, but Allison keeps her chest up. It spares her a very unpleasant tap of the crop. And it also has her ample breasts on full display to Dalton as she kneels before him.

Now my crop taps her under the chin. This one I have to make rather light so that it won't hurt her too much. I scold her to bring her head up, eyes straight forward. Not downcast as they are. She's mostly looking at his feet. Or was. Now that I've scolded her head up, her eyes are straight ahead. It has her looking at his chest. It also has her face fully visible to all. It has the desired effect on Allison. She immediately realizes that she can't hide her face as she asks. She blushes a little deeper.

I gently bring the tip of my crop up from behind Allison. I bring it up under her bottom, putting the soft tip of it lightly against the furry lips of her pussy. I use short motions, stroking the tip of my crop over her lips. "Now ask very politely, *bitch*."

"Sir," Allison begins. "She wants me to show everyone how bad I am at... oral. Will you please choose one of you three for me, Sir? I'll ask whichever man you wish to allow me to use his penis to show Her how bad I am, Sir."

Dalton looks a bit mystified. As if he didn't expect Allison to actually go through with it and ask. Now I can

see that he's also wondering if he does choose if she's going to go through with that as well. She's basically asking him to choose her sex partner for her. To choose from himself and two men whose names she doesn't know and has never seen before. Promising to be with whomever he selects. It's not an offer many women or any women in his experience would make.

He glances to his left. There's no mistaking the hungry, slightly lecherous, leer on Tim's face. He definitely wants to try Allison. It's that look that's the deciding factor for me. I decide right then that Tim isn't getting anyone except Darla unless Dalton or Pete choose him. I seriously doubt Pete will. It's pretty obvious that he wants Elena for himself. Maybe that's why Tim is so hungry for Allison. Maybe he can see that Elena isn't a likely option. Or at least is less likely than Allison. It's pretty clear that Allison and Dalton are far from a couple. Or interested in each other.

Pete has a very appreciative look on his face. There's no mistaking that he finds Allison attractive. But there's a slight hint on his face that he'd prefer Elena. Even watching Allison, his eyes seldom stray far from Elena's body. And never for long. I have no doubt he'd accept Allison's offer, but he clearly is already dreaming of Elena making the same offer to him.

"You may ask me, mousy," Dalton chooses. As he does, his eyes are closely looking over Allison's face and body for a sign. A clue. A clue whether it was the choice she wished him to make. If she even wished him to choose. If she's going to go through with it or not.

"Yes, Sir," Allison responds, the blush on her face deepening even more. There's enough of a gleam in Dalton's eyes for me to see that he's thinking of this as a "free blow job," something few unattached college guys would pass up. But also that he still doesn't have much interest in Allison specifically, although he definitely finds her naked body appealing. I hope Allison can see it, too. I

hope she can see that it's the blow job he wants far more than her.

"She wants me to show Her how bad I am at oral, Sir. May I please borrow your penis to show Her, Sir? I'll do my best to make it pleasurable for you, Sir." Allison's voice is very embarrassed. But there's no revulsion in it, either.

"Sure, mousy," Dalton tells her.

Both just stay where they are for a second or two. Allison's hands are still bound, so there's nothing she thinks that she can do. Dalton is obviously still uncertain and waiting on Allison.

I give Allison the lightest tap with my crop. So light that it barely even leaves a faint pinkness on her cheek where it lands just above her jawline. "What are you waiting for, bitch? Do you expect this man to do everything for you?" I put a hand to the back of her head and nudge it forward, towards Dalton's crotch. "Get that cock out, bitch, and show me how badly you suck it, *bitch*." I give the back of Allison's head another nudge, this time pushing it forward until her lips graze his zipper.

Allison gets the hint. She tries to get his zipper in her teeth. She fumbles badly, letting me and probably Dalton know that she's never done this before. Not this part anyway. It's not that easy to unzip and unbutton jeans with teeth. Allison lets it show. It takes her a moment to get his pants open, and that does little more than show off a pair of white briefs under them.

For an instant, Allison just stares at the bulge in those briefs. It's not the biggest bulge, but it's going to be at least average. It's definitely already rising to the occasion, too. But Allison is wondering how exactly she's expected to free that cock from the briefs, especially with his jeans still mostly in place. And without the use of her hands. Her hands fidget as if instinctively trying to come up and take over.

Before Allison gets herself another swat, she realizes that she has to try. And somehow get it done. Trial and error is the only way she's going to figure out how to do it,

too. She puts her lips to the waistband of his underwear. She fumbles for a moment but gets a good grip on them. She lifts her head slightly to pull them up from his body.

Immediately his cock jumps to full steely hardness. With Allison holding his underwear up, as his cock stiffens, in under a second, its deep purple head springs up. It, and about an inch of his shaft, rises up along his stomach, twitching slightly.

Allison struggles to pull the waist band of his underwear down. She gets it most of the way down his shaft, exposing a fair bit of his length before the jeans stop it. She has to let go of it to get her mouth on the fly of his jeans. It takes a couple of hard tugs on each side to pull his jeans down an inch or two. Then her lips go back to the waistband of his briefs. As she puts them to it, her soft lips touch his shaft. It takes her a little work to get the waistband in her teeth again without biting him. That leaves a bit of her saliva on his cock. Now she tugs his briefs down far enough, barely, that his cock is fully exposed. But not his balls. It's just enough for his cock to lift a half inch or so up from his body.

Allison doesn't hesitate. But I do see a very shy cringe on her body as she lowers her lips to the tip of his cock. She traps it lightly in her mouth and uses her head to lift it up another inch or so. She squirms, moving her knees up closer to him and then lifting her shoulders and head to get a better angle. Then she gets to work.

Amateurish would be a bit of an understatement. I'd bet she hasn't done this a dozen times in her life. At least it doesn't look as if she has. Then again, it's not nearly as easy without the use of her hands. The hands that still fidget around, rattling the chain of her cuffs, as they try to come up to his cock.

Allison manages to take the entire head into her mouth. She doesn't seem to even be trying to take much more of his length. She doesn't look to be sucking, either. I don't see her cheeks pulling in, a sure sign of suction. I do see her head moving fairly quickly as it bobs up and

down. Her lips are closed lightly around the cock, but I don't see her jaw muscles straining as they stretch. I hope her teeth aren't brushing over his cock, but I wouldn't bet on that.

Dalton seems to enjoy it. He looks down, watching her closely even though he can't see much more than the top of her head. He purrs softly, encouraging Allison. Mostly I see the disbelief on his face. He still refuses to believe Allison would so obediently do this. Especially without having been offered any choice in it.

I let Allison go on for about half a minute. By then she's established a good rhythm. Enough for me to know that it's the best it's going to get. I wouldn't rate it very highly. Dalton seems to give it far more stars than I would. I guess it must be about average for him.

Dalton's cock isn't the biggest, either. It looks to be about six inches long. And maybe a hair over an inch across the shaft. A bit more at the base of its bulbous soft head. That would put it a bit above average, although not that much above.

"That's pitiful, mousy," I announce a bit loudly with a fair bit of mocking scorn in my voice. "no wonder you don't have a boyfriend. Men prefer bitches who can actually please them. Do not stop until you are told to, *bitch*."

I wait a few more seconds, ensuring that Allison will keep going. Then I switch to a very sweet voice. "Would you like for your ward here to be taught to give a man a real blow job, like a proper bitch should? You'll enjoy its slobbering mouth far more once it learns what to do with it." I wish I could cue Dalton to accept the offer, but there's nowhere I won't be seen. Even behind Allison, the other two would see it and know I was "fixing" the questions. The other two are watching intently. And now I can see the curiosity on their faces, as they wonder what kind of a lesson Allison's about to get. And if I'll deem their oral abilities worthless as well and give them a similar lesson.

"Sure… better is always good," Dalton hesitantly answers.

There's no better way to learn something, anything, than by doing it. I put my hand to the back of Allison's head. A split second later, my other hand is under Allison's jaw, gripping it firmly. I pinch hard with my thumb and first two fingers, digging them into the corners of Allison's jaw. It forces her jaw to open wider. I squeeze hard, opening her jaw as far as her muscles will let it stretch. It's enough to leave a small gap between her teeth and his cock. Enough of a gap that those teeth won't touch it. Her lips stay closed around his cock, as if Allison thinks that's something she should be doing. It is.

It also gives me a vise-like grip on Allison's head. A grip Allison won't be getting her head out of. I step in behind her, hanging onto my grip so that I'm basically straddling her bottom. I don't know how strong she is, but she looks like she could put up a good struggle. Now I expect her to. Her reflexes will do it for her if she doesn't.

I keep my vise-tight grip on Allison's head, but I keep my arms loose to let Allison perform unhindered. I hold her mouth stretched wide as she does. I let her take several more strokes her way. "There, much nicer when the stupid bitch opens its mouth, isn't it?" I ask Dalton in a sugary teasing voice.

"Yeah," Dalton purrs out.

This time I let Allison go through her stroke. As she reaches the deepest point of it, I take over. I lock my arms as stiff as boards. It instantly stops Allison's head from rising. On her knees, leaning forward, she only has the muscles in her neck and lower back to fight me. Those aren't close to strong enough. She doesn't fight hard yet. She lets her head stop.

I don't keep it still for more than the tiniest fraction of a second. Literally. I keep her head moving. But now I'm slowing her pace to about half of what it was. It's the pace I always teach women to do this at. It's somewhere between 1" and 1½" per second. It's a rather leisurely

pace for this, especially when compared with the quick pace Allison had been using. While both work, the rapid pace tends to feel hurried, as if the woman only wants to finish the man off. The more leisurely pace says that the woman is enjoying what she's doing. That she's not hurried or rushing it along. That she wants to him fully enjoy what she's giving him.

I start leaning forward. It starts driving Allison's head down. I keep the pace steady. I say nothing to Allison or Dalton. I just force Allison's head to keep going.

It's not long, less than a second before I feel a slight resistance as if the tip of Dalton's cock has finally reached something. It's the point where his cock makes it to the back of Allison's mouth. Where the spongy tip of his cock is squishing gently against the hard back of her mouth. Where Allison's mouth is stretched wide and stuffed full of his cock. I'll bet Allison thinks that's as much cock as will possibly fit inside her mouth.

She is so wrong. As she discovers a fraction of a second later. Feeling the little bump, I don't even slow down. His cock shifts slightly. Her neck stretches a little more as her head lowers. It straightens that bend at the back of her mouth, pointing his cock towards her throat. The cock keeps going as her head keeps lowering. Now the soft tip of his cock slips past the back of her mouth, into the funnel that narrows to her throat.

I feel a hard snapping in Allison's muscles as she starts gagging hard on the shaft. Her bottom tries to jump up. It makes it an inch or two before her hips crash into my legs. That's as far as her hard-spasming stomach muscles can lift it.

I see the skin of her face drawing taut as her eyes go wide in panic. She feels the cock still moving. She can feel the spongy tip of it pushing even deeper into her, filling her more and more snugly as her mouth tapers into her throat. Her jaw tries to close, but with me holding it she can't move those muscles. Her head fights me hard, trying to stop its descent. That's just her reflexes.

A second later I feel the spasms racking Allison double. Now they're as strong as her muscles can make them. She chokes hard. She heaves as the cock now has her stuffed so full that her neck is starting to puff out in front where the thick shaft is. I feel a hard resistance from her throat as the tip of his steely shaft pushes against the very narrow opening of her throat. It's like a wall of hard rubber to me. It's his shaft pushing against the top of a rubbery tube less than half its width.

I keep the pressure on Allison's head, forcing it to keep moving at the same pace. I feel her panicking reflexes fighting hard. For an instant. That's all it takes. Her throat never had a chance of resisting. Her body tried hard but positioned as she is, it didn't have a chance either. The steely hard shaft of his cock pushes through the rubbery wall. It suddenly stretches the rubbery tube of her esophagus wide, more than doubling its width, as it starts pushing through her throat and into it.

The front and sides of Allison's neck stretch and swell out as the cock slips deeper into her. She chokes and heaves hard. Her reflexes try hard to push out the invader as if it were a huge bite of food or something. Something far bigger than she should have swallowed. With her tube stretched so wide it presses against everything in her neck. It has her throat stuffed so full that not even air gets past it, cutting off Allison's ability to breathe. As soon as Allison realizes that, a short fraction of a second, true panic sets in.

I keep forcing Allison's head down smoothly. Allison's muscles snap hard as her reflexes fight against me. The cock keeps plunging into her throat, passing the ⅔ point. About four inches of cock inside her soft lips, two inches remaining.

A second or so later, and two sharp heaves, Allison's delicate lips bump against Dalton's pubes. Every bit of his cock is now inside her mouth. Her throat stuffed full.

"Holy fucking cow!" Dalton blurts out in a sweet purr. He stares down, watching Allison's head swallow his

cock. Seeing his shaft slowly vanishing into her deep lips. Feeling the snuggly tight squeeze of her throat around his length. But now, as her lips touch his pubes, there's no doubt that Allison has swallowed every last bit that he has. The look of blissful astonishment on his face tells me it's a first for him. I'd bet no girl has taken more than half of it before. Three inches, to the back of the mouth, is about the limit for schoolgirls, housewives, and other amateurs. It's usually expensive whores, the filthiest sluts, porn stars, and well-trained bitches that can handle six long inches. Those aren't women a college guy is likely to be with.

I don't pause, not even as Allison's lips press flush against Dalton's pubes. I keep going until her lips push firmly enough against him that he can feel their softness. Then I reverse my motion with a smooth flow. I don't have to pull Allison's head up. She does that on her own. Eagerly. I feel her muscles pushing hard against me, trying to pull her head up even faster. I keep enough pressure on Allison's head to hold the pace steady. The same pace that she went down. It will make for a stroke of about six seconds long. That's going to feel like an eternity to both of them. A very sweet eternity to Dalton.

I hold Allison from rising any faster. I let her lift her head up until only the head of his cock remains in her mouth. Until her lips, lightly around his thick shaft, are bumped by the ridge at the base of his cock head. I see it as the ridge starts to push her lips along his shaft.

I reverse Allison's stroke again. I feel her, muscles cringing instantly. It's another fluid reversal, never skipping a beat. Only now his cock is steadily vanishing into her deep lips again. With these strokes, her lips are caressing the entire length of his shaft, about five inches. The head of his cock, about another inch of his length, stays in her mouth. Lying atop Allison's wet, hot tongue. I have no doubt that Dalton can feel the softness of her tongue caressing the underside of his cock.

I keep Allison going, forcing her to take another identical stroke. I reverse it only once her lips are firmly

against Dalton's pubes. Allison chokes her way through it. But Dalton won't really feel that, especially with me holding her head still.

Dalton stares down at Allison's head. His eyes fix intently on his cock, watching his light-flesh-colored shaft vanish into Allison's deeper purple-pink lips. And then watching it reemerge, glistening brightly with a fresh layer of wet saliva. Feeling the tight squeeze of her throat around his cock. A squeeze tighter than a pussy. A squeeze that his cock seems to keep gliding through. He stares, awed, shocked, and very happily, at Allison.

It only takes two strokes for Dalton to be purring out the loudest and sweetest of manly moans. "Fuck yeah! Swallow it all… mousy!" Dalton purrs over his moans.

I keep Allison going. "Tell this mousy bitch how good of a cocksucker it was *before* I helped it. A scale of 1-10 will do, with 5 being about average. 10 can be the perfect blow job. 1 can be a first-timer's blow job, you know all teeth and fumbles that barely does much. And be *HONEST*." I give Dalton a firm look now, hopefully telling him that I mean for him to be honest and critical of Allison's abilities.

"Ummm…" Dalton groans out a very urgent purr. "Maybe a three?" he says with a bit of uncertainty in his voice.

"Now rate this bitch's proper cocksucking."

"Oh, FUCK! It's definitely a ten!" Dalton purrs out, the urgency growing in his voice.

There's not much I can do to get Allison's attention. Not while I still have to hold her head and "guide" her strokes. I don't want Allison to break this rhythm, so I'm not loosening up. "Hear that, *bitch*? You can actually satisfy a man. This is how you are going to suck a cock from now on. If I see anything else, all three of you bitches will be paddled hard. Now swallow cock, bitch."

I keep Allison's head moving. I have no illusions that she'd keep going on her own. She's not ready yet. She's still choking on the thickness with every stroke. But, after

about ten strokes, her panic is starting to fade. "Hey, bitch, suck that cock, don't think I'm going to do it for you."

After a few more strokes, I feel Allison trying hard to take over. It doesn't last. The instant she starts choking her head is pushing hard against my hands again. It takes another dozen strokes, Dalton purring like a lion through them, before her choking starts to ease. Even more for it to fade to almost nothing.

That's when her head stops fighting it. By now her throat has gotten used to the feeling of the shaft plunging hard into it. Her brain has realized that it's not going to hurt her, albeit uncomfortable. Not so much so that her reflexes need to resist it. And resistance is futile anyway. No matter what, that cock is going to keep thrusting slowly and steadily into her throat.

It's over a minute before I finally loosen my grip on Allison's head. Minutely at first. She keeps going. Over the next few strokes, I loosen up even more. Allison keeps going. She keeps the leisurely pace, too.

Now I can see the change that's come over Allison's face. It happened as she heard, and saw, the irrefutable evidence of just how much Dalton was enjoying her. Far beyond how much Allison ever thought a man would like her. More enticingly, she can now feel that Dalton wants her badly. Maybe not her, she has to know in a corner of her mind, but certainly what she can, will, and is doing for him. At first, her cringe faded. Then, steadily, a look of glee came over her face. Quickly that turned to desire. Now I can see a true hungriness both on her face and in her strokes. She wants Dalton to cum as much as she wants him to keep enjoying her strokes.

Finally, I take my hands from Allison's head. She keeps going, her rhythm unbroken and smooth. I figured she would. She's had enough time to get used to it. It no longer bothers her. Even though she still feels the light burn as her throat is stuffed. And the pressure inside it as his thickness stretches it. Her jaw muscles will burn a little

hotter at the corners of her mouth, too. But she manages to ignore it and keep her jaw held wide for him.

Dalton is far from still. He fidgets in his seat. He grips the edge of the cushion he sits on. His head still stays forward so that he can eagerly watch what Allison is doing for him. And see his cock fully disappearing into her delicate lips, now on her own. He purrs loudly and happily.

It's not long until I can see the root of his shaft starting to twitch. At first, they're faint, but they quickly sharpen. That tells me that he's about to cum. I have very little doubt that is going to be a new experience for Allison. I can't imagine her amateurish attempts ever ending that well.

I simply tell Allison that when Dalton cums, whenever that is, she's going to behave like a proper bitch. She's going to utterly ignore his orgasm. She'll keep going, sucking his cock as if he was not cumming. When he's done, he will tell her to stop. Once he does, she's to stop on that stroke, with her lips flush against his pubes, and patiently wait for instructions. Obviously, Allison can't tell me that she understands. So I don't ask. I tell her firmly that's what she is going to do.

I see the shocked surprise on Allison's face a moment later. Maybe fifteen seconds at most. It happens when Dalton's cock is plunging into her mouth, about two inches of his six into her. That's not so much. The tip of his cock is still in her mouth. His hot, sticky cream shoots from the tip, almost immediately splattering against the back of her mouth. She'll feel it hitting her a split second before she tastes its saltiness. And then feels it starting to flow down the back of her mouth as his cock pushes forward. His thrusting cock will smear his cream around her mouth, and onto her tongue, where she'll get a very full taste of him.

It doesn’t take more than a fraction of a second before I see her eyes start to scrunch up from the unfamiliar taste. And the fiery heat of it. She almost hesitates. But then she keeps going. She keeps going as

she swallows every bit of his length. As every corner of her mouth is covered with his taste.

His cock twitches crisply as it cums. Sharply enough that Allison is feeling it bump against the inside of her mouth. And the feeling of it pushing her throat around as it plunges into it. His second spurt of cum bypasses her mouth altogether. I know she feels his cock jumping inside her as it spurts, but I doubt she feels more than the sticky heat of his cum. It's beyond her tastebuds. His third spurt comes at the shallowest point of her stroke, instantly flooding her mouth. As his cock pushes back into her mouth, it squeezes a tiny drop of whitish cream out the corners of her mouth. They start slowly running down her jaw.

Dalton cums slowly. Or at least takes a long time to finish. Maybe it's been a while for him. Finally, he tells Allison "that's enough, mousy."

Allison is halfway down on her stroke when he tells her to stop. Obediently she keeps going. She pushes her lips flush against his pubes, and stops. She waits, unable to breathe. I see a tiny bit of anxiety, not true nervousness, on her face. She’s wondering how long I’m going to make her wait like this. How long she’s going to have to hold her breath.

I snap my fingers and point to Allison’s bottom. Immediately Dawn comes over and kneels down behind Allison. Dawn puts the tip of her finger to Allison’s slit and draws it slowly over the edges of Allison’s loose folds. Allison shudders hard, goosebumps erupting over her spine. Dawn lifts her finger and shows me a very heavy coating of the freshest honey. I nod to Dawn.

Dawn moves smoothly, neither rushing nor dallying. She puts the tip of her finger to Allison's asshole. Dawn doesn't hesitate. Not even a fraction of a second for Allison to realize where Dawn's finger is. Dawn keeps going at the same steady pace. She presses. Allison's asshole, unsuspecting and unprepared to resist, yields

quickly. It tenses, but only once Dawn's finger starts slipping into her bottom.

"Mousy…" I coo in a teasingly sweet voice.

Dawn presses the pad of her finger downward, gently. Dawn has had plenty of practice doing this. All of my girls have. With the pad of her finger now softly pressing against the backside of Allison's pussy, Dawn's finger continues slipping into Allison's bottom. Dawn has slightly long fingers, letting hers slip a hair deeper than mine. Dawn pushes every bit of her finger into Allison's bottom, stopping only when the webbing between her fingers is flush against Allison's deep purple asshole. Then Dawn reverses, drawing her finger back out. She keeps the gentle pressure stroking Allison's pussy as it goes. Dawn pulls her finger back until only the first half inch or so, about halfway to the first knuckle is left. Just enough of Dawn's finger to fill Allison's asshole, and not beyond. Dawn reverses again, her finger slowly, but steadily, fucking Allison's bottom.

Allison shudders constantly as Dawn's finger strokes her bottom. And through it, her pussy. Now her eyes are wide in surprise again. Her face quickly unscrunches. Her jaw seems to open a little bit wider. She would be panting and moaning, if she could. Instead, her throat merely vibrates around Dalton's cock. He feels it. His face shows that. He likes it, too.

"Be a good bitch, mousy. You will suck his cum off his cock for him. You will lick every last drop off of it. Then you will swallow it all. When those lips leave that cock, I will check. There will not be *ANY* of his cum anywhere on it. You will swallow every last drop of it. You have one try. You will do that as your lips rise up. There is no going back down. Get it right the first time. You will begin once that finger has fully exited your bottom and is no longer touching any part of you. Not one second before."

I pause for a full second. It will seem far longer to Allison as she waits, wondering how much more of this teasing sweetness she'll have to hold her breath and

endure. “When you are ready for that finger to stop, you may show me by *fully* relaxing your asshole. It will not stop until you do. Once you do, you will keep that filthy thing relaxed for a full five more strokes. Then it will slip out of you and you may clean his cock. You can relax that muscle most easily by pushing hard as if you're constipated and trying to empty yourself. Don't worry about making a mess, your bottom was just thoroughly washed out." I add the last with a heavy note of taunting in my voice.

Then I wait. Allison won’t know it, but I am timing this. 45 seconds is the limit. That’s as long as I’m going to leave her unable to get air. So far it’s been about 15 seconds. That leaves her thirty. And I suspect she’s going to take every bit of that to enjoy the tease.

Allison is still on her knees. Her hands are fidgeting hard. Her body trembles harder as she shudders. She immediately tries to relax her bottom. I see the ring of her asshole start to loosen for an instant. Then it snaps tight around Dawn’s finger. A violent shudder crashes over Allison’s body. It’s powerful enough that her bottom jumps up until her hips bump against my legs. Her back even arches up slightly.

Allison has just discovered something. Relaxing herself has a profound effect. It loosens the ring of her asshole. It tightens the muscles at the top of her bowels, pushing her bowels toward her asshole. That pushes the thin filmy walls of her rectum more fully against the backside of her pussy. And that makes Dawn’s tease a little more intense. It also takes away her ability to tense everything up, something her instincts want to do as a way to cope with sharp icy-hot tingles shooting through her nerves. Without the tension in those muscles, she feels the sparks a bit more.

Allison tries again. And again.

Dalton sits there, his cock still fully stiff and fully into Allison’s throat. Every bit of Allison is shuddering hard. Even her head. That makes her throat wiggle slightly.

Enough for it to gently tease his cock. A tease that isn't near as intense as her strokes, but serves to keep it at full hardness. And to sweetly remind him where it is.

It takes Allison about twenty seconds, and at least a dozen tries before she finally manages to keep her asshole loose. As Dawn's finger makes its stroke, Allison shudders hard. As Dawn's finger makes its second stroke, Allison's pussy drips a couple of drops of honey. By the time Dawn's finger finally slips from Allison's loose asshole, there's a puddle of honey bigger than a quarter under Allison's pussy.

Allison doesn't hesitate. Once Dawn's finger is gone, she starts lifting her head up. Very slowly.

"Ooh!" Dalton purrs soft and sweet.

"Use that tongue, mousy," I remind Allison. "I said lick that cock spotless."

I see the muscles in Allison's neck working. She's trying to move her tongue. It's mostly futile now. Her mouth is too stuffed with cock for it to have the room to move. It does nothing more than faintly wiggle against the underside of his shaft. As Dalton's cock slowly emerges from her lips, Allison is able to move her tongue more and more. By the time only the head of it remains inside her mouth, She's able to get her tongue all the way around it.

Allison reluctantly releases his cock from her lips. I shift aside as she starts to lift her shoulders back up to kneel. She breathes deeply. And she has a rather dreamy look in her eyes. As she's rising, I'm looking down at Dalton's glistening cock. I don't see even a tiny speck of his cum left on it. Just the shiny layer of her saliva.

"Thank him, politely, bitch," I firmly tell Allison as soon as she's kneeling. I don't offer her a moment to catch her breath.

"Thank you, Sir," Allison begins in her breathy and needy voice. There's still a hint of the squeak in her voice, too. But the blush is gone from her face. "for allowing me to borrow your penis, Sir. I'm really sorry that I didn't know

how to do that, Sir. I hope you liked the way She taught me to do that, Sir. I really enjoyed doing it, Sir."

"She taught you well, mousy," Dalton answers.

I tell Allison to tuck it in for him. She takes a deep breath as she starts leaning back down. It takes her a couple of minutes to tuck his cock back in and fix his pants with only her teeth. But she gets it done.

I use the chain around Allison's neck as a leash. I have her rise to her feet. Then I walk her over to the bench and have her sit properly. I let the chain dangle down her chest, between her breasts. Its end hangs against her pubes. I leave Allison there. I have another blow job lesson to give.

Chapter Ten – In Its Face

Elena is next up for a blowjob lesson. It holds no surprises to me, and I doubt none to anyone else. Pete happily volunteers his cock, and Elena smiles when he does. She starts with a blow job somewhat more skilled than Allison. A blow job on par with the average housewife. I give her the same lesson, and she chokes just as hard as Allison did. She takes about as long to learn, too.

And it finishes the same way. Elena's pussy dribbling a steady rivulet of honey as Paige fingers her bottom.

That has Elena sitting next to Allison on the bench. Both of them fidgeting slightly as their pussies ache for relief. Both of them are obediently silent and looking at Darla now. I'll bet they expect her to get the same lesson. Which would mean removing her gag, something I've resisted doing so far. It would also mean freeing a good portion of her body which she could then use to resist.

I have a much better idea. There’s no real reason to free Darla this soon. Besides, Darla doesn’t want me to. Not yet. She wants me to make her feel like an inanimate object.

Darla is the last one still fully tied over the table as she was for the enema. I plan to leave Darla that way. But I do want to make a few changes. With the gag fully stuffing her mouth, a blow job is out of the question. Anything using her mouth is.

I have another gag that solves that problem. It's a strong dental gag. It's basically two curved steel bars shaped like a jaw that fits over Darla's teeth. Those bars are joined at the ends where there's a thumbscrew to open and close them. The thumbscrew will also hold them in place, however wide I crank it. There's also an inch wide leather strap attached to the corners that will wrap around her head and hold it snugly in place.

Swapping gags is easy. Far easier than I'd bet bossy is hoping it would be. I don’t remove the gag stuffing Darla’s mouth. I just loosen the strap holding it to her head.

Then, with the fake cock still stuffing her mouth fully, I put the steel bars along the front of her teeth, loosening the thumb screw enough to let me wiggle her jaws. It takes me a very hard pinch to the corners of her jaws to force her mouth open a hair more. But that's all I need to wiggle the bars between her teeth and the hard shaft with its spongy covering. It’s a rather snug fit.

Now that the bars are under her teeth, I start slowly twisting the thumbscrews until they’re taut. That will hold her jaw where it is. I give them another full turn, pulling her muscles tauter. That adds a hair, about the thickness of a sheet of paper, of empty space between her teeth and the shaft. I take another turn.

Now I pull the shaft of the cock gag from Darla's mouth. The new gag holds her mouth just as wide open. Gaping wide. Only now her mouth isn't stuffed. Her tongue can move. She can make primal noises. Anything that doesn't involve moving her jaws. She blurts something that sounds like "nuh!" She shakes her head, breathing out something like “ET E UH” I can guess what she’s trying to demand. I’d bet everyone can.

I take a couple more turns on the thumbscrews, stretching her jaw even more. I stop only when I can feel the hard resistance of her muscles nearing the limit of what they can stretch to without straining. I know they'll burn her lightly already. I know it will be uncomfortable for her. That's how I want it. I don't want her to end up with a pulled jaw muscle or something.

I wrap the leather strap around Darla’s head and fasten it snugly. It will hold the gag firmly in place. Not that Darla had much chance of spitting it out even without the strap. Now she’ll know not to bother. She goes on blurting out noisy breaths as she tries to demand her body back.

I have Sophie fetch me a hood. It's black leather, like a ski mask without the eye holes. And it has a wider opening at the mouth. Darla briefly sees it. Then she sees nothing as I pull it over her head. And zip up the back of it,

pulling it fairly snug over her head. It does have a bit of stretchy elastic beside the zipper to snug it up. I don't use this hood, or any hood, that often. It's too cliché for me. But it serves a purpose now. Or rather the large ring in the center of its back does. A ring that's attached about perfectly at the back of Darla's head.

I hold my hand out, and with a single wiggle of my fingers, Sophie knows what to fetch. She smirks wide as she brings over the J-hook. It's solid surgical steel. It's huge at about 5 inches across, 12 inches long, and with a shaft about ¾ inch thick. At the short end of the J, the hook has a ball, like a pinball, about 1¼" in diameter. At the longer end, it has a large ring. This ring already has a length of rope tied securely to it.

I hold the rope in my hand along with the longer end of the J. Unlike this font, this is a fully curved J, like a fish hook. Or like a U with half of one end missing. It has a full 180-degree curving bend at its base.

I put the ball on its shorter end flush against the tight ring of Darla's asshole. Immediately Darla cinches it tight. "NUH!!!" She screeches out loudly, desperately, and pleadingly.

I wiggle the ball slightly, rotating the ball against her ring. Then I start pressing. Moderately at first, but in a couple seconds, rather firmly. Her asshole gives in. "AHHH-WWW!" Darla cries out. The ball quickly stretches the pink ring of her tiny asshole wide. And slips through. Her ring closes, squeezing tightly around the somewhat narrower, but still wide, shaft.

Darla goes on screeching nonsensical, urgent cries. I move slowly, taking my time to push the shaft deeper into her bottom. That drives the wider ball deeper into her bowels as well. Not that it's stretching her insides even as much as the toy did earlier. It takes me several seconds to push it all the way in.

It will have the ball about five inches inside her bottom. That's about the same depth a barely-average cock would reach. The shaft itself is thinner than that cock

would be, albeit not by much. It's straight and rigid, just as a cock would be. But not like her rectum is. That has little folds and bends in it.

I have the base of the curving J flush against Darla's body. The shiny silver of the steel hook emerging from he r tight pink ring at a slight angle. Then immediately curving up, almost exactly the same way her body does. The thick shaft lies flush along the valley of her crack, the inside edges of her firm globes lying snugly along it. The shaft emerges at the top of her crack, lying flush along her back and rising onto her spine.

I don't hold it firmly in place. I let go, leaving it to wiggle around as I work. As that thick hook wiggles, so too will the wide ball deep inside her bottom. The ball will move far more than the shaft does.

I take the rope at the top of the hook and bring it up to Darla's head. I thread it through the hook at the back of Darla's head. Once it's through the loop, I double it back toward the hook, letting a good bit of slack fall and lie atop Darla's back. I pull it slowly.

It takes a few long seconds for the slack to pull out of the rope. I know Darla can feel the rope moving atop her back as the slack vanishes. Then she can feel it rising off her back.

And then Darla definitely feels the rope go taut. The rope stretches from the hook at the back of her head, hanging about an inch over her spine, all the way back to the loop atop the longer end of the hook. It's tied to that loop.

I don't stop. Slowly, I keep pulling on the free end of the rope. It turns the loop at the back of Darla's head into a pulley. As the rope shortens, it pulls Darla's head back. And it pulls the bend of the hook tighter against her body. To her, it will feel as if it's driving the ball even deeper into her bottom.

As Darla's head is pulled back, it forces her face to turn forward. The pull at the back of her head no longer will allow her to rest her chin against the edge of the table

and stare at the floor. Or she would be if her eyes weren't fully covered now.

It takes a little pulling on my part and some strength. I don't want to injure Darla, so I go slowly. I watch the flesh and muscles in her neck as they're stretched taut. I watch her neck craning as her head is pulled back. That's the "danger zone." I can pull it too far back.

I stop when Darla's face is fully forward. It would have her staring at the men sitting in front of her if she could see. It has her neck stretched almost to its limit. Far enough that she'll feel it. Deeply feel it. Not just the dull burning in her stretched neck muscles, but also a pounding ache in the back of her neck, where it meets her shoulders. Where her neck is bent sharply. It is far from a comfortable position.

But it also has her mouth and throat straight. Everything lined up almost perfectly. As I look through her gaping lips, through the steel jaws of the gag, I can see her tongue squirming around. I can see every bit of her mouth. I can see it funneling toward her throat. As I shine a light into her mouth, I can even see the narrow opening atop her rubbery throat. It's a straight line from lips to throat. I tie the rope off, binding Darla's neck in that position.

Darla squirms hard. Her hands rattle the chain of her cuffs. She tries to twist her head from side to side and finds she can't move it nearly as much as she wants to. No more than about ¾ inch to either side. Not enough to make a difference. Or even be that noticeable. She screeches more, but like this, her cries are even harder to decipher. I don't even try. I don't care what she has to say.

Now it's time for Darla's lesson. And I'm pretty sure Darla is starting to figure at least part of it out. She knows what I did to the other two women. And she must have figured out that all three of them are getting similar lessons. Maybe she hasn't worked the details out yet, but she definitely has the basic idea.

I invite Tim up. He doesn't waste any time. He comes up to where I'm pointing, standing in front of Darla.

If her eyes weren't covered, they'd be staring right at his waist.

"Now that you've seen a proper blow job, how would you rate this bossy bitch as a cocksucker?" I sweetly, and teasingly, ask him.

He gives Darla a three. I have to ask specific questions to get the details out of him. So I do. And I know Darla is hearing every bit of his harsh critique of her abilities. I'd bet she thought, until now, that she was quite good at it and Tim was very pleased with it. He tells me that she "goes shallow." She doesn't take much cock into her mouth. I'd bet about to the same point Allison used to, near the back of her mouth, but not touching it. He tells me that she could open her mouth wider, he's felt her teeth lightly on his cock. She hurries it along. He doesn't feel any hunger or wantonness in her strokes, as if she wants to be doing it as much as he wants her to. She acts more as if it's an unwelcome chore, like scrubbing dishes, to her. She has let him cum in her mouth, but always immediately, and fully, spit everything out; then she went off to wash her mouth out, leaving him to clean himself off.

"Since you brought a fuck doll instead of a bitch, I guess you're feeling slightly left out about now, aren't you?" I ask Tim, but in a teasingly sweet voice that should tell him, there's more to come. Hopefully, he can figure out by now that he won't be left out. That wouldn't be fair.

Tim just nods. His eyes are still fixed on Darla's face. It is a sight. There's nothing to see. The hood covers her head entirely. Even her nose, leaving only a small opening under her nostrils for her to breathe through. And her mouth. But with her mouth stretched to its very widest, little more than her lips and the gaping orifice shows. It covers her chin and the first inch of her neck as well. It makes Darla's face look like anything but a face. More like a black ball with a giant gaping hole in it.

"Bossy needs a good oral education, too. Why don't you choose a penis to fuck this obnoxious bitch."

Tim, as everyone knew he would, chooses his. It looks like he has at least the general idea of what I have in mind. Most men could guess. It also looks as if he's never done it before. Not that many men have. Fewer still like this. It's not something many women would agree to. Bound as she is, Darla has zero control over anything. Tim can do whatever he wishes with her mouth. No matter how unpleasant it is for Darla the only choice she has is to endure it. Even if he stays too deep for too long, choking off her air, there's nothing Darla can do but suffocate. It takes a lot of trust for a woman to agree to be like that. I'm not going to let Tim injure her. But I am going to help him make it uncomfortable for Darla. She'll like it that way.

It takes Tim about ten seconds to have his pants and boxers down to his ankles. It reveals the nicest cock of the three. His is probably a hair over 6½" long. It's close to, if not, 1½" thick. It's almost perfectly straight and swollen as hard as any rock. It stands out straight, thrusting its deep purple bulbous head directly at Darla's gaping mouth. He has a large pair of balls hanging loosely and low below in a sack covered with black fur that's just starting to gray. He has slightly hairy thighs, which I don't care for, but he's not my man, so, I don't care. He's slightly on the lean side, but not loose or flabby.

Tim shuffles his feet forward. He puts the tip of his cock into the opening of Darla's mouth. Her lips are stretched so wide that his cock lies against her lower lip without touching her upper. He steadily pushes his cock forward. Almost immediately it's sliding along the top of Darla's wet tongue. He pushes it deeper into her mouth, his cock beginning to stuff her full.

There's no seeing the look and expression on Darla's face. But her body tells me enough. She's tensed. Her hands fight to free themselves of the cuffs, rattling her chain loud and hard. Her hands go nowhere and accomplish nothing. She looks as if she's trying to move her head, but that's not moving. Her shoulders are trying to move, too. For an instant, she tries to say something,

but the gag makes the sound unintelligible, and that's before his cock cuts her noise off completely. Her feet kick wildly and hard. But with her knees held wide, her feet just thrash beside Tim, hitting nothing.

Tim glances to me, almost as if asking for approval. I nod and he keeps going, pushing his cock deeper into Darla's mouth. He pushes about half of his length into her before I see him reversing his stroke. By then the head, and the top of his shaft, would be pushing into the funneling towards her throat. He should feel her mouth tightening as it starts to squeeze against his cock. He should feel the heat of it. There won't be any missing the sloppy wetness of her saliva. Or her wiggling tongue as it squirms around, trying to find room for itself as he stuffs her mouth even fuller. I'd bet he felt his cock pushing against the rubbery hard wall that's the top of her throat. To him, it feels solid and unyielding. As if there's no deeper for him to go. Reversing tells me that he's never been deeper with anyone. Otherwise, he'd know he could keep going.

As his cock draws back, Darla chokes hard. We can all hear it. As if Darla is trying to cough, gag, choke and puke his cock out all at once. Tim cringes slightly at the awful noise Darla makes, but he keeps going. It takes him a few more strokes, but he finally establishes a steady rhythm. Darla keeps choking hard. Enough that I wonder if she's not exaggerating it in the hope of getting Tim to stop.

Tim doesn't need any encouragement to keep going. In fact, he seems to be enjoying this. I thought he would. But he never goes deeper, pushing past that hard wall of Darla's final resistance.

I decide to help him out. My way. I don't let Tim see what I'm doing. And I work very quietly. I pull a latex glove onto my right hand. Then I shift around to Tim's left side.

I put my left hand to Tim's hip, getting a decent grip on his hip bone. "Let's use this fuck doll fully," I tell him in

a soft voice. Then I move quickly so Tim doesn't have a chance to think about what I might have in mind. Or to question it. I reach my gloved hand around behind Tim, bringing it down at the same time. In one fluid motion, I wrap my fingers around Tim's dangling balls, lightly closing my hand to pin his balls in my grip. As I do that, I bring my thumb up, putting the tip of it flush against Tim's warm asshole. Closing my hand around his sack draws my thumb forward. I feel Tim's asshole start to tighten and resist me, but it took him too long to respond. Before he gets too tight, his eyes pop wide open as my thumb slips into his rubbery tight ring. All of my thumb quickly slips inside.

Now I have a good grip on Tim. I have his balls snugly trapped in my hand. At the same time, every bit of my thumb is in his bottom. My thumb pushes slightly downward, tightening my grip. If Tim tries to move forward, it will pull his tender balls hard against my grip. If he tries to move backward, it will drive his bottom back against my thumb. Tim instantly realizes it and stops.

"There," I tell Tim in a soft and reassuring voice. "now you are my dildo. All you have to do is relax your body. Don't fight me. I'm going to do everything for you. Trust me, you'll like this a lot."

After a half-second's hesitation, I feel Tim starting to relax his legs. It's enough for me to take control without having to fight him. I use both hands, gripping his hips as well as his balls. I start Tim moving forward. And that starts pushing his cock into Darla's mouth.

Almost immediately his cock is pushing into the funneling at the back of Darla's mouth. I can feel the slight drag, the light pressure resisting me, as I move Tim forward. As his cock pushes into the narrowing space, stretching it around his thickness. Then I feel the rubberiness of Darla's tight throat.

I feel Tim tensing up as he feels his cock squishing hard against the seemingly impenetrable wall. I see Darla squirming harder, more desperately, to get free of the tight

bonds. Now it's my right hand doing the work. As I push forward, my thumb starts driving into Tim's bottom. Reflex has Tim wanting to move forward, off my thumb. He can't, as soon as he tries the pressure on his balls stops him before he moves. It lets me keep Tim moving at a smooth pace, shoving his cock hard against the resistance.

The look on Tim's face tells me he's wondering just how hard I'm going to shove his cock against that wall. The spongy soft head of it will already be squished down flat. The narrowness of the funneling will be squeezing lightly and snugly around the top of his shaft. I keep pushing, guiding Tim slowly and steadily forward.

His eyes pop wide as Darla's throat gives. Suddenly his cock isn't pressing against an unyielding wall. Now it's driving smoothly into a very tight tunnel. Her throat squeezes hard around it. "UH-Mmm!" Tim purrs loudly and sweetly.

Darla snaps hard against the bonds as her throat gives in. Her back tries to arch up, but even that can't happen. I can see it in the way her stomach snaps to full tension in less than the blink of an eye. Her reflexes are in control. She's puking. Too bad for her she can't. His cock makes the best of corks. She can't puke. She can't even breathe with her throat stuffed so full. It doesn't stop her instincts from trying. All that does is tighten her throat slightly around his cock, making it a little better for Tim.

I keep a very surprised Tim moving. I keep him going, driving more and more of his cock into the hole that's Darla's gaping mouth. I know Darla is trying everything to fight it. There's nothing she can do. Not even close her mouth and bite him, something I'm sure she's thinking of doing. Too bad for her.

I don't ever stop Tim. I urge him forward until his pubes are flush against Darla's lips. The leather-covered bump that's her nose pushing into his pubes. Then I smoothly reverse his stroke, drawing his cock back at the same slow pace. I draw it back until only the head of his cock is left inside Darla. With her mouth held so fully

stretched, it lets me see the head of his cock as it lies atop Darla's squirming tongue. There's just enough of a gap for me to see that much.

Darla gags hard. Stale breath explodes from her lungs the instant Tim's cock will let it. Saliva runs from the corners of her mouth. She tries to squirm and fight but accomplishes nothing. Not even making it a hair harder for Tim to use her mouth. I reverse Tim's stroke just as smoothly and Darla barely has time to suck in a quarter breath of air before his cock is stuffing her throat too full again.

I keep going, stroking Tim's cock steadily in and out of Darla's throat. It takes a good dozen strokes for me to feel her body starting to resist it less. The rubbery wall of her throat starts surrendering sooner, with less of a fight. And then less still. Stretching it over and over again is getting the tight tube used to being stuffed to triple its normal size.

It takes longer for Darla's reflexes to finally accept that resistance is futile. All it does is make it even more unpleasant for Darla. Her hard choking and heaving start to lighten. I ignore it and keep his cock moving steadily.

It's over half a minute before I sense that Tim is ready. That he's finally accepted this is how to do it. I know he loves it. He's purring far too loudly and eagerly not to be. "Now you do it," I tell him softly. That's all the help he's getting from me. My arms are tired from using him as a standing dildo. I release my grip on Tim's hips at the same time I take my hand from his balls. And slip my thumb from his bottom.

Tim keeps going. He tries to maintain the same steady rhythm, but I can see that he wants to speed up. So I tell him he can. I tell him that he's welcome to use "his fuck doll" however he wishes. That nothing he can do will injure it. He can go as fast, or as hard, as he wants. I don't tell him that speed and power will make it more unpleasant for Darla. Why would I? She's a mere thing, not a person. Who cares if it's uncomfortable for her. I just

remind Tim that he should use it however he wishes. However, he most enjoys the "cum dumpster his cock is stuffed in."

Tim moves slowly at first. Steadily his strokes begin to quicken. And then I see a little more power in them. And then a little more.

It takes a little time, but soon Tim is really pounding her. His cock thrusts into her mouth so fast and hard that his pubes end up slamming into her nose and face with every stroke. I can't even tell when his cock reaches her throat anymore. He just shoves right through it. And right into her throat. For a moment it brings back the hard choking reflex. He thrusts so powerfully that there's a loud slapping noise every time his pubes crash into her face.

Darla struggles away. She can't move, but she tries. She fidgets as much as the ropes will let her. She kicks her feet with everything she has. Her hands turn purple again as they pull so hard against the cuffs. And she lies there, her head immobile, as Tim rams his cock down her throat over and over again.

"How do you like this, *BITCH*?" Tim suddenly says in a grunting, breathy voice laced with his own urgency. "Who's the boss now, *BITCH*?" I have no reason to object to Tim taunting her. As long as he doesn't use her name. He puts his hands to the sides of her head, more to steady himself than her head. He trusts a little harder. It's all he has. He slams his cock into her mouth as powerfully as he can manage.

"Take this, *BITCH*! Take it like a street whore, *BITCH*." Tim mocks her.

It's been about three minutes. Not that long. But Tim has been pounding her very hard. And I could feel that her throat is tighter than average, making it snugger around his cock. But that's something no man is going to complain about.

Tim surprises me. He suddenly pulls his cock from Darla's mouth. Darla gags hard. Saliva drools from her bottom lip. Tim's cock twitches hard, crisply bouncing up

and down. I can see a few drops of his cum clinging to its tip.

Tim grabs his cock, wrapping his hand around the shaft. He thrusts his hips forward, angling his cock slightly upward as he goes. The tip of his cock hits Darla's mask, just above her upper lip. He tugs lightly, pulling the tip of his cock to Darla's nose. His hips bring it forward a fraction of an inch. The spongy bulbous head squishes against her nose. It looks to me as if the tip of his cock is centered over her left nostril.

Tim strokes his cock exactly once. The muscles just above his cock twitch sharply behind his pubes. Tim grunts out loudly with sweet relief.

Darla chokes a hard gagging sound. An instant later a tiny trail of thick whitish cum runs from her right nostril. She chokes another, harder gagging noise.

Tim strokes his cock a few more times. I see the crisp twitches as he spurts more and more cum. All of which goes unseen except for that trickle running from Darla's nose.

Tim must shoot about a dozen spurts of cum, all of them right into Darla's nose. His cock never moves. He keeps the tip of it squished firmly against her nostril. Darla tries to move her head away, but the ropes keep her securely in place.

Finally, Tim takes one step back. It brings his cock away from Darla's nose. "Sorry, I've always wanted to do that," Tim quietly says to me.

"Fine by me," I tell him. "It's your fuck doll, use it, however."

His cum runs from Darla's left nostril. It runs right down the mask, quickly onto and over Darla's upper lip. It drips from her upper lip. Some lands on the floor. Most lands just inside Darla's bottom lip. I barely glance into Darla's gaping mouth before I see more of Tim's thick cream running down the back of her mouth. He must have given her quite a load. Enough to shoot through her sinuses.

No wonder Darla is still choking so hard. She's feeling that cum flooding her sinuses. Like inhaling water, the choking reflex kicks in hard and swiftly. Unlike water, the thick gooey cum will cling to everything. No amount of gagging is going to fully clear her sinuses anytime soon. She'll just have to feel its heat as it clings to her. And smell his scent. It's definitely a better smell of cum than I've ever had! Of course, I'd never let a man do that to me. I doubt many women would. I'm all but certain Darla never would have. Which makes it perfect for today.

Tim takes another step back before he starts to pull his pants back up. The men stare at Darla, almost laughing. And smirking. The women have slightly more horrified looks on their faces. And relieved looks. Relief that they weren't subjected to that. A hefty note of pity for Darla, too.

Darla lies there bound over the table sputtering and choking. Spittle laced with a few droplets of his cum fly from her mouth.

"You filthy whore!" I harshly, and immediately, scold Darla. "I didn't tell you that you could puke out the cum he was kind enough to dump in your filthy holes!" I grab the first gag. The cock gag. I roughly shove its foam-lined shaft back into Darla's mouth, leaving the second gag in place holding her mouth stretched wide. I ram the shaft all the way in, to the back of her mouth, stuffing her mouth fully. I cinch the strap around her head.

It doesn't stop her from choking hard. But it does stop her from making noise. And it stops her from spitting anything out. Any cum that's in her mouth, and there's a fair bit in there now, will be staying put. As will any more that trickles down from her sinuses. Right where Darla will be tasting its hot saltiness. A taste she won't have a choice but to savor, whether she likes it or not.

I probably should take the hook out of Darla's bottom now. I don't need it to hold her head up any longer. But she seems to find it rather uncomfortable. So I decide to leave it there. Let her squirm around, wiggling that little

ball deep inside her bottom. It's definitely keeping her pussy very wet.

Chapter Eleven – Lesson Two, The Backdoor

One thing I've learned over the years is that most men (not all men) would like to try anal sex. I've never figured out why it appeals to them. But I'd bet 80% or more want to try it. I know they'll love it if they get to try it. I also know that few women are interested in trying it. At least those that aren't well-experienced. There is a fair amount of skill to it, on the woman's part, to do it comfortably. Once that skill is learned, however, it can be very satisfying. At least if it's done right. Like anything else, the skill of both partners is important.

What I know so far is that Allison has never tried it. She told me that much. She's showed me that she hasn't a clue how to do it. I'd bet she's never had anything in her bottom, not even a finger, before today. She's definitely nervous about it. She's certain that it will hurt. She probably doesn't even have a clue that there is a skill to it, let alone how to make it comfortable for her. If she does, she forgot it all the instant that enema dildo touched her asshole.

Elena, on the other hand, has clearly done it before. She told me that. But it shows as well. To me, it seems as if she knows what to do, but not how to do it. It leaves her enduring it much the same as if she knew nothing. It also means it's going to be familiar to her. And the familiar is always less nerve-wracking than the unknown. She knows or thinks she does, what she'll be in for.

Even if Tim hadn't told me that Darla flat-out refused to try it, I'd have guessed it. She is, or seemed to be from what Tim has told me, far too bossy to be willing. It's something she'd never let a man do to her. It's something that would, at least without any experience, leave her essentially at his mercy. That's a position Darla will never put herself in. She has to be put there.

I'm going to start with Allison. The same rotation as the last lesson. Although I'd like to change it up, there are a few advantages to starting with Allison. Mostly that Dalton has had the longest rest since his blow job, and thus will be the most ready to go again. But there's never a

downside to starting with the least experienced bitch. It about guarantees me the most nervous squirms. And I love squirming.

I have Sophie fetch me a training aid. A dildo. This one is plastic, not human, though. It's a fairly large one. It's 7½" long, and 1¾" thick. It's shaped exactly like a man's penis. It has a slightly larger, bell-shaped head. It even has realistic fake veins lining its shaft. It is definitely the largest cock in the room. It tops the largest man here by about an inch. It will also be the largest thing, at least in combined length and width, that any of the three have ever had in their bottoms. It is ½" shorter than the enema dildo that Dalton chose for Allison, but it's also ¾" thicker. She'll notice the width far more than the length.

Allison is about to be stuffed very full by this dildo. More so than she's imagined. It won't be as filling as the dildo plus enema was, but it will be more so. It's rigid, and that will make a big difference.

I hold the dildo up as I step in front of Allison and Elena. They stay in proper posture as they sit, but both fidget slightly more. And both of their eyes lock on the dildo that I'm holding up. So far I haven't said a word. Nothing to give them a clue where I might be thinking of putting this dildo. If the slippery wet spots on my bench are any hint, both of them are seriously hoping it's for their aching pussies.

"Lesson number two," I begin in a very sweet, and even more taunting, voice. "Will be anal sex."

I see Allison and Elena cringe. Their eyes go wide, as a very unhappy, and nervous, look comes over their scrunching faces. Both fidget more anxiously now. There's no telling what Darla's doing. Her face is still hidden and she's been squirming away.

"You dumb bitches can do it properly or painfully. I will teach you once to do it properly. Learn or suffer, either way, I won't feel a thing, so I don't care one tiny bit." I keep my voice taunting as if daring them not to pay attention. I have no doubt that by now, both of them know

full well that I mean it. They're going to do it. Whether they learn how or not.

I step close to the women, watching both grow more nervous with every inch I move. More so Allison than Elena, but she's fidgeting too. I love watching them squirm. Both try to be still, and neither is.

I stop in front of Allison. "Would you to be first, mousy?" I ask Allison in the more taunting voice yet.

I don't know what she starts to say. I don't give her a chance. The instant her mouth opens, I put the tip of the dildo to her deep lips. I push. I feel it quickly knocking against her teeth. I feel it pushing her teeth aside faster than she's opening her jaw. Pushing against her teeth for an instant before it has her jaw stretched wide. Wider than Dalton's cock stretched it. Now her jaw is straining just as tautly as Darla's. Then I feel it slip through her teeth and start filling her mouth. I keep pushing, shoving about two inches of the dildo into her mouth.

The dildo isn't going anywhere. It's too big, and it fits too snugly into her mouth. Even with close to six inches sticking out from Allison's taut lips, it barely droops when I take my hand from it. I leave it hanging there.

"Mousy, go ask your guardian – very nicely – to turn you over his knees and shove that dildo up your bottom so you can get your lesson. Go and speak now, bitch." Now my voice is more mocking as if daring her to disobey me.

Allison trembles as she rises to her feet. She walks with more of her slow baby steps. It takes her a long moment to cross the few short feet over to where Dalton is sitting.

Dalton sits, glaring up at Allison. I would have thought that by now, with all that's happened, he wouldn't be surprised to see Allison so demurely obeying. But there's utter disbelief on his face as he watches Allison, nude, her ample breasts standing out from her chest, her hands still bound behind her, and now with the giant dildo sticking out of her mouth, drop to her knees in front of him.

Allison takes a second to get herself into a proper kneeling with her legs spread wide. It gives Dalton a good view of the sloppy wetness soaking her fur and covering her mound.

I tell Allison to give Dalton the dildo. I don't tell her how to. I stand there. After about half a second, I start tapping my foot impatiently to hurry Allison along. It's not like she has much choice. She can't exactly use her hands. She leans forward. I glance to Dalton, my eyes telling him to stay put and let Allison do it. Not to help her. Allison ends up leaning all the way forward. Then she stretches her jaw another tiny hair open and uses her wiggling tongue to push the toy out. It takes a couple of seconds, but the toy finally drops from her mouth and lands on Dalton's lap about an inch below. Allison quickly closes her mouth and straightens back up. I keep tapping my foot to remind Allison that delaying is not an option. She's already been told what to do. And I'm not planning to wait for her to do it.

"Sir… I need to learn how to do anal… would you please help me learn, Sir? Would you please turn me over your knees and shove that gigantic thing up my behind so that She can teach me how to do it, Sir? Please, Sir? Please?" Allison asks in a voice that trembles as much as she does.

Dalton looks unsure. He glances down, seeing again how big the toy is. He probably imagines how tiny Allison's asshole looks. He's had a close enough view of it that he definitely remembers it. Maybe he imagines how taut her dark ring looked around the shaft of the enema toy, and that was barely over half the thickness of this one. The hesitation, the reluctance I see on his face tells me that he's trying to imagine this toy pushing into that tiny, tight, little orifice. And can't. He's imagining it tearing her. Blood. Screams. Maybe her muscle pulling. None of which is likely to happen. But he doesn't know that.

Just as reluctantly he picks the toy up and holds it by the base end. His eyes shift from the toy to the quivering

woman kneeling in front of him. He even notices the tip of it sparkling with a thin layer of Allison's saliva, a souvenir from its time in her mouth. He studies Allison's face, searching for some clue of what she really wants him to do. Not what she's been told to ask him for.

I think he misses the stern, harsh look I shoot at Allison. She doesn't. That, plus the tapping of my foot picking up its pace, tells Allison that I'm getting impatient. I expect to see her over his knees, and I'm not. I'm growing displeased. That she knows she doesn't want.

“Please, Sir!” Allison blurts out, her voice still trembling, but now pleading as well. “Please, Sir, turn me over your knees and shove it up my behind, Sir. Please! Don’t make me wait, Sir, shove that gigantic thing up my behind, Sir!”

It surprises Dalton. More so the way her words grow desperate as she pleads for it. He finally turns to me with a bit of a questioning look on his face.

I tell him how to position Allison over his knees if he's willing to help administer her lesson. "If you don't want to , I'm sure that bitch could beg one of the others into helping it out." There's no doubt that the leering Tim would gladly have Allison over his knees. Not that he would be my first choice for her. Or the second choice.

Dalton leans slightly forward and takes hold of the heavy chain dangling around Allison’s neck. It doesn’t come as a surprise to Allison, she heard me tell him what to do with her. He uses the chain as a leash to pull Allison around to his right side. He keeps hold of the chain. It grows taut as he nudges Allison to scoot forward. He’s tall enough that, as Allison scoots against him, it’s her stomach, just above the top line of her bush, that’s touching his legs.

Still holding the chain, Dalton uses it to pull Allison’s neck and shoulders forward. With her stomach flush against his thigh, there’s nowhere for her to go. She starts leaning forward. He starts bringing the chain down. As she leans over, about halfway down, Dalton reaches behind

Allison. He uses his hand, gripping one of her cheeks, to lift her bottom and hips up. Now her waist is bent over his thigh. It has Allison's knees up, hanging about an inch or two above the floor. Allison wiggles her hips, shaking her bottom lightly, to adjust her position.

Dalton keeps bringing her down until her chest is fully lying atop his legs. Then, as I've told him to do, he opens his legs until the outside of his left thigh is pushing flush and snugly against the underside of Allison's breasts. That leaves her big, spongy mounds hanging down, lying against his leg as they do. It also has his leg under her ribs, offering her support for her body. His right leg stays in the bend of her waist.

With nothing under her knees, it's hard for Allison to keep her legs spread. She tries, mostly because she's unsure if she's allowed to close them or not. Dalton reaches over her bottom and nudges her thighs together. Until the insides of them are flush against each other. He tells her to cross her ankles.

"Yes, Sir," Allison quickly answers him as she crosses her ankles. She lies still, but fidgety. She can't hide the antsiness in her body.

Dalton reaches along her back, slipping his left hand under the chain of Allison's handcuffs. He lets his forearm rest along her spine. The pushes his thumb and fingers into Allison's crack and uses them to stretch her crack until it's spread wide open. Now the dark ring of Allison's tiny asshole is fully exposed.

This is as far as I've given Dalton instructions. He waits. I lean over and whisper them to him so that Allison won't hear. No sense in letting her hear what's about to happen. She's already imagining far worse. And that has her squirming on Dalton's lap. I love it when bitches squirm.

Dalton, following my instructions, very gently places the tip of the vibrator along Allison's dripping wet slit. He slowly rolls the vibrator in his hand, turning it along the length of her slit. Even with her thighs together, the

mound of her pussy swells enough to rise just beyond the backs of her legs. It sticks out just enough, squished between her thighs, for Dalton to get to it.

"AH!" Allison blurts out. "OHHH!" Her body shudders hard as the toy twirls against the tips of her folds. A thick, heavy coat of her slippery honey clings to it.

Dalton rolls it until the tip is fully covered with her clingy honey. Then he takes it back an inch or so so that it's no longer touching her body. Then he turns it so that its tip is facing her body.

"MMMMMM!" Allison squeals nervously as she feels the hugely wide tip of the toy touch her asshole. Over his knees, Dalton holds her crack stretched wide. The valley of her crack fully bared. Even so, the rounded tip of the toy fully eclipses her entire ring, and all of the dark flesh around it. Allison shudders nervously, too.

Dalton holds the tip steady against her ring. He presses it firmly, but lightly against her muscle. Enough for her to feel the pressure as if the toy is trying to barge in. But not so much that it actually stretches her muscle or pushes into her bottom. "Mousy…" Dalton tells her in a soft, reassuring voice. I've given him the line, told him what instructions to give Allison, but I didn't tell him how to say it. I would have been firm. "Take a very deep breath, mousy, and hold it. Then push back as hard as you possibly can, just like you're trying to use the toilet and can't get it out. When you feel the toy entering your butt, it's very important that you ignore it and keep pushing. I'll tell you when to stop pushing. Until then, push as hard as you possibly can. Do that now, mousy."

"Yes, Sir," Allison barely squeaks out in a trembling voice. But also a voice that's still sultry and breathy. Even her nervousness now doesn't hide that. Nor does anything hide the sloppy wetness of her pussy.

Allison takes the noisiest deep breath. Her cheeks puff out as she holds her breath. Her face scrunches tightly as she starts trying to push back.

Allison very obediently pushes hard. Immediately I start to see the dark flesh around her asshole appearing around the edge of the toy. Pushing back makes her rectum try to empty itself. Obviously, it can't, there's nothing left in it after the enema. The emptiness will only make this easier for Allison. As her bowels strain to push out something they don't have inside them, it pushes her rectum back against the inside of her asshole. That tells her asshole to open to allow her waste out. It opens by moving slightly back into her crack. And by loosening the tight ring of its muscle.

“Uhmmmm!” Allison squeals through clenched teeth, still trying to hold her breath. As her asshole loosens, its muscle turning rubbery, the pressure Dalton holds against it with the toy is enough to start the toy pushing into her bottom. Immediately the rounded tip of the toy presses into the center of her ring. The tapering of it starts pushing her ring aside. With Allison pushing, forcing her muscle to stay rubbery, her asshole doesn’t try to resist. It allows itself to be stretched. And, since it’s trying to open, it doesn’t send the pain signals to her brain. The signals meant to remind her to stop the toy.

Instead, the toy slips steadily forward. Dalton should be feeling little resistance. Nothing more than the drag as her stretching, taut muscle squeezes around the very wide shaft. The coating of Allison's honey on the shaft greases its way, allowing it to slip right over her flesh.

Very quickly Allison’s muscle is taut. The pressure Dalton holds on the toy keeps it moving. Her ring stretches further. Her flesh goes taut, all of the wrinkles lining her ring now pulled out. Her muscle burns, but only lightly, as it’s stretched so wide for the first time.

Allison starts feeling it the instant that the tip of the toy pushes beyond her asshole. As it slips into her rectum, it has to stretch that as well. Its filmy thin walls are pulled taut around the shaft. The nerves lining those walls only know that the further they're stretched, the fuller her bowels are. Stretched far beyond anything they've been

before, they instantly send their signals to her brain. The signals that make her think she has to empty herself right this instant. The signals that confuse her brain as the fullness is going the wrong way. It should be and always has, moved down, toward her asshole and out of her body. Now it's going the other way. Deeper into her body, filling her more. And filling her very quickly. Her brain doesn't know what to do, so it reflexively decides that she needs to stop. An almost uncontrollable urge to stop comes over Allison. An urge that has her wanting to tighten her asshole hard. As long as she keeps pushing, her ring will stay rubbery and loose, allowing the toy to slip through it easily. Now it just takes every ounce of her concentration to stay loose. Her eyes pop wide.

Dalton keeps pushing. Allison trembles harder as she lies over his knees. Goosebumps cover her back, bottom, and pussy. She squeals, not as if she's in pain, but more nervously. Her hands fidget wildly, gripping each other as they rise up and down an inch or so over her back and Dalton's arm. Her thighs quiver as they stay in place against each other. Her calves quiver. Her feet fidget around, but mostly stay put, more wiggling anxiously than moving.

"Listen carefully, mousy," Dalton tells Allison, keeping his voice reassuring and soft, if not lovingly tender. "I imagine you feel very full right now. Do not stop pushing. It's important that you keep your butt hole fully relaxed, just like it is now. But now you need to breathe. Slowly, deep breaths. Lie still. Try not to move or squirm. Just lay there and focus on breathing. Do that now, mousy."

"YES! SIR!" the words explode from Allison's mouth with a blasting exhaled breath. She tries.

"I'm watching your butt hole closely, mousy, do not stop pushing," he tells her. He is. His eyes are all but glued to the dark purple-pink flesh stretched so tautly around the beige shaft through her ring. As soon as she lets her breath out, her pushing ebbs slightly. The reflexes

try to take advantage of it. The deep colored flesh ripples as her muscles try to tighten, and then, a fraction of a second later, as soon as Allison feels it, she forces it to loosen again.

Dalton waits, watching as her ring slowly starts snapping less and less around the thick shaft. Listening as Allison's breaths turn from very controlled, measured, deep ones to more natural breaths. She still quivers, but the nervousness starts to fade.

“Good girl, mousy,” Dalton tells her. It’s exactly what I suggested he say. “Now slowly stop pushing, but do not allow your butt hole to tighten up. Do that now, mousy.”

“Yes, Sir,” Allison answers, a bit of the squeakiness gone from her breathy voice. As she stops pushing, her ring ripples, her muscle snapping to tightness, a few more times. She quickly catches them and loosens herself back up. It looks to me as if Allison is still having to make a conscious effort not to tense up.

“Can you feel how deep this thing is up your butt, mousy?”

“Yes, Sir,” Allison answers.

“Good. All of it is up your butt now. You are going to feel the toy start fucking your butt now. As it moves, you are going to want to tighten up. Do not. Make yourself relax. You need to stay loose. Just let me do it all. Let me fuck your butt with this. Your job is to keep your butt relaxed and loose. That's it. Every time you feel the toy this deep up your butt, where it reverses, you are to count the stroke very politely. I won't move on until I see your butt hole stay fully relaxed and soft for three complete strokes. Be a very good bitch for me, mousy."

“Yes, Sir,” Allison answers.

Dalton hesitates just long enough for Allison to answer him. Then he starts pulling the toy back. He moves slowly, as I suggested for her start. It will give Allison a chance to get used to the feeling of the huge shaft moving inside her.

Allison immediately trembles as hard as ever. It seems to be her natural reaction to the unknown, anything she's not used to and she gets edgy. But she allows it. As she is now. She lies over Dalton's knees, not trying to get up. She leaves her bottom in place, still but fidgeting slightly, for Dalton to use.

Dalton seems almost as nervous as Allison is. As if he's afraid this is going to hurt her too badly. As he starts stroking her bottom, Allison breathes out a few nervous squeals but doesn't show any pain. She lies there. Her asshole snaps around the shaft, loosening right back up. I'd bet Dalton can feel the fraction of a second's tension around it, though.

Allison's breaths are deep and laced with the sultriness that's been there from the beginning. With the toy moving, they turn fast again.

The toy slowly draws over the tautly stretched ring of her asshole. That doesn't bother Allison at all. There's just the faint burn from her ring being held so wide open. On this first stroke, Allison's so nervous that she feels nothing more than the toy moving inside her. As if her bowels are emptying. Then Dalton reaches the shallowest point of the stroke when he feels the small ridge at the base of the cock head bump against the inside of her taut asshole. He reverses his stroke.

Allison shudders wildly hard, but only once. Instantly she’s back to the beginning, feeling the toy plunging into her depths and stuffing her over full. She has to push hard again to keep her bottom loose for it.

“One, Sir…" Allison counts off the stroke as she feels him reverse. She can't miss it. If nothing else, she'll plainly feel it at her asshole. The tight ring is no longer being pushed against, driven gently inward. Now it's being pulled on as the toy moves through it as if the toy wants her asshole to come with it out of her crack.

I scold Allison for being so shy.

"Two strokes all the way up my behind with that toy, Sir." Allison counts the second stroke off. It keeps her speaking for most of the outward stroke.

Over the next few strokes, most of the trembling warble fades out of Allison's voice. But not from her body. Her body quivers even harder, the goosebumps growing more prominent, as Dalton keeps stroking her bottom. With each stroke, Allison has to concentrate a hair less to keep her asshole loose, too.

Allison counts off the seventh stroke. Dalton no longer looks too worried. There's no pain in Allison's voice. She quivers hard, but she's not squirming as if it's uncomfortable for her. She's definitely not fighting it. And now, the first drop of her honey falls from her slit. It lands on her thigh and starts slowly running down to her knee. Dalton grins, a surprised look on his face, as he sees that.

Allison counts off another dozen strokes. As she does, her voice grows deeper and breathier. The squeal fades into a light squeakiness. Her body quivers as hard as ever. The goosebumps stand up just as proudly. Her muscles slowly relax, allowing her to lie comfortably over Dalton's knees. Her pussy drips a little more with each stroke.

As Dalton strokes her bottom with the huge toy, Allison slowly becomes accustomed to the sensations. The unbearably intense urge to empty fades until she feels nothing but the fullness. Now she barely even wants to push it out. The burning in her asshole fades. Now she feels the push and pull of the toy moving through her rubbery ring, but that's all.

It becomes easier for her to stay loose. She no longer has to fight her body to stay that way. Then she starts feeling the toy. The shaft is far too thick for her not to. It has her stuffed so full that the wall of her rectum is squished and sandwiched hard against the backside of her pussy. That thin membrane does nothing to dull the sensations of the toy stroking and pressing snugly against the spongy walls of her pussy. So firmly against them, it

feels no different to Allison than a cock would feel stroking inside her pussy. Very quickly those spongy, meaty walls let their ache be known. They throb hard. Millions of tiny tingles, like icy hot sparks, erupt throughout and shoot along her nerves.

Now, with her pussy pounding hard, tingling, and twitching more than Allison can recall "vanilla sex" ever making it, she can no longer lie still. Her feet start fidgeting, her toes curling up. Her hands find each other, her fingers lacing together as she tightly grips herself. The quivering slowly turns to shuddering. She starts squirming on his lap. Her asshole stays fully loose, allowing the toy to thrust into her bottom easily.

“UH!” Allison blurts out the hottest, neediest moan she’s made yet. She sucks a fast breath before another harsh, pleadingly urgent, “UH!” bursts from her gaping jaw. “Twenty-one, strokes all the way up my behind with that toy, Sir.” It comes out as a breathy, squeaky, blurted cry. More of an erotic moan laced with faint words.

Now I see Allison subconsciously start wiggling her hips. The motion is small, at first, but it's there. I can see it so I know Dalton can feel it. Allison's bottom is snapping up against the toy as if trying to drive it a little deeper and harder into herself. It gets even more urgency in her exploding breathy moans.

I nod to Dalton. Slowly he starts picking up his pace a little. On the first couple of strokes, I barely see it.

But Allison feels it. “UH!” She blurts out sensually. Her pussy drips a little more. There’s no doubting that Allison likes it a little more. It encourages Dalton. He speeds up a little more. Allison’s bottom thrusts a little sharper against the shaft. Maybe deeper, but it can’t go any deeper. Dalton is already thrusting it in until his hand bumps against the valley of her crack.

“Oh, you like getting fucked up your ass, don’t you, mousy?” He asks her. I didn’t tell him what words to use, only to ask her if she liked it once she “got into it.”

"UH-YES!" explodes from her mouth in a primal moan.

Dalton smirks slightly. "That's pretty slutty, mousy." he keeps going, giving her a few more strokes of the toy.

"UH-YES!" is all Allison manages to get out. By now most of her body is squirming as it would be during any orgasm. Enough so that her ample breasts are bouncing along the outside of his thigh. Dalton definitely notices that, too.

Dalton lets the toy slip from Allison's bottom.

"UH!" Allison grunts out. She sucks a few fast breaths. "UH!" She grunts again before purring out a very needy and whiny "ooh!" Allison shudders.

Dalton stares at Allison's bottom. For a moment her asshole gapes wide open, letting him clearly see through it and up her bottom. Slowly her rubbery ring starts tightening. It takes about twenty seconds of Allison shivering crisply over his knees for it to cinch fully shut. Another ten seconds, Allison still shivering away, and Dalton can't even tell that her asshole was stretched open. It looks just as it did before he pushed the toy into her body. The goosebumps remain. As do the tiny droplets of clingy honey falling from her pussy.

Allison purrs a few miserably frustrated sounding "Mmms!"

I stare at Dalton, silently urging him to be firm. He gets my hint. He slips his hand from under Allison's fidgety wrists and brings it up to her shoulder. He uses it to start lifting her up. In a few seconds, Allison drops the last inch down to her own knees.

Allison kneels beside Dalton, a very dreamy, but frustrated, look on her face. She pants fast, needy breaths. She still shivers hard enough to have her spongy firm breasts jiggling, her deep nipples standing out fully. Her mouth hangs slightly open as she pants.

"Mousy, that's enough for the first lesson," Dalton tells her, watching Allison cringe hard as she realizes her

chances for relief have just dropped to zero, at least in the immediate future.

Dalton holds the toy up in front of Allison. He cringes slightly but follows the instructions I gave him. He puts the head of it to Allison's lips. He barely has to push. Allison opens her mouth to accept it. He leaves it there. "Go give the toy to scrawny so she can learn her lesson, too."

Allison nods a polite yes, then rises to her feet. She steps over to Elena. Then Allison hesitates. It's not that she's unwilling, she's just smart enough to realize if she "gives" Elena the toy the same way she gave it to Dalton, there will be no way for Elena to get it off her lap. She wonders how I want her to give it to Elena. "Open wide, scrawny," I firmly tell Elena, seeing that she's wondering what to do, too.

Elena immediately opens her mouth, stretching her jaw wide. Allison gets the hint. She leans forward and down a little, tilting her head to get the free base end of the toy to Elena's fine pink lips. The base of the toy is as wide as the rest of it. Elena gets to feel, and realize, just how fat it is when Allison tries to give it to her. The end of the toy bumps against her lips, covering them and a bit of flesh just beyond. Her jaw isn't stretched nearly wide enough to take the toy.

Elena struggles to open her mouth even wider. Slowly, her bottom lip creeps down. She strains hard, almost bringing tears to her eyes before finally the toy is through her lips. Allison gives it a slight wiggle, squirming the end through Elena's teeth. Allison pushes a little of it, about an inch, into Elena's mouth. It goes slowly, Elena's teeth scraping along the top of the shaft. Then Allison opens her jaw a hair and pulls her head back, leaving the toy to Elena.

I tell Allison to take her seat again. Then I tell Elena to go ask Pete if he'll give her the lesson she's due.

Elena gets to her feet. She's fairly close to Pete, so it doesn't take her long to step over to him. I haven't given Elena any specific instructions, as I did with Allison. In

spite of that, Elena drops to her knees. She leans forward and puts the toy on Pete's lap exactly the same way Allison did. Elena was paying close attention to Allison's lesson. I hope Pete was, too. It will save me from having to give directions again.

"Sir, would you please give me my lesson in anal sex? Please, Sir, please turn me over your knees and shove this thing all the way up my bottom, Sir. Please… Will you please do that for me, Sir? I very much want to learn this lesson for… a man, Sir?"

I have no doubt that Elena almost said she wanted to learn it for him. I'm not sure if he caught it or not, but I did.

Pete doesn't look nearly as surprised as Dalton did. Then again, he's seen every bit of Allison's lesson. He knows what to expect. He knows that Allison enjoyed it. She didn't even scream out once, something Pete was certain Allison would do. Repeatedly.

He picks up the toy, then takes hold of the chain around Elena's neck. He uses the heavy leash to pull Elena around to his right side. Not that Elena needs much of a pull. She's quick to scoot herself around and into place.

I doubt she's eager to feel that shaft in her bottom. Her face told me that. Her eyes rather nervously locked on it and scanned it from the moment Allison gave it to her. From that angle, it had to look even bigger. It's more as if Elena is silently screaming at Pete "see what I'll do for you? I'll do anything for you! Come take me!"

Elena allows Pete to easily pull her down over his knees. He gets her into the same position as Dalton had Allison. The only difference is that Elena's knees reach the floor, albeit barely, and her smaller breasts don't hang as far down his thighs. She lies still, more relaxed than tensed although not really either, over Pete's knees. It's clear she's forcing herself to be still. And there's a slight tremble to her body.

She lies still as Pete opens her crack to stretch and bare her tight asshole. She shudders hard as he touches it

to her mound, rolling it to coat it with her oily honey. When he touches it to her asshole, it fully eclipses her ring as well.

Pete gives her the same instructions, only his voice is softer, and a lot more tender as he does. Elena promises to follow her instructions. Pete starts pushing.

The valley of Elena's crack starts pushing in, driven forward by the pressure of the toy. Elena takes a deep breath and starts pushing. I see the pinkness around her ring emerge around the toy. An instant later the dense flesh of her ring starts to appear. It's now smooth, its countless wrinkles long stretched tautly. Elena pushes hard. Then harder, straining herself so much that I see her face starting to darken and her tensed muscles vibrating. A little more pinkness emerges around the shaft.

Pete keeps the pressure constant against Elena's asshole. Her ring is wide, rubbery, and still a bit narrower than the shaft pressing hard against it. And stretching it from inside her ring. The domed tip has pushed about ¾ of the way into her asshole. Far enough to reach the inside rim of her ring, but not really beyond that. But that's enough for it to be pushing against her muscle from inside the ring as well as pushing against its outside.

The pressure wins. Her ring is too rubbery to resist. "OW!" Elena screeches out, "IT'S TOO BIG!" Her body shudders hard, her hips rocking atop Pete's thigh. She stiffens, her knees pulling slightly under his legs and her back starting to arch upward from the tension in her body. The thick white shaft slowly slips forward, vanishing into the over-taut ring of pinkness. There's no tearing or blood or anything, but her flesh is about as tautly stretched as it can be without tearing. I'd bet she could take another small fraction of an inch of thickness, but it would have to be a very small fraction.

Pete immediately hesitates to push any more of the toy into her bottom and looks up to me. I nod my head, telling him to go on. I can see that Elena can accept the thickness. This is going to be a test for Pete more than

Elena. I'd bet she knows she can handle it, despite how huge it must feel to her.

I'd bet her asshole is a little sore now, though. Allison's asshole widened enough to accept the toy on its own. Elena's stopped just short. The pressure Pete held on it forced it the last little bit. That sudden, violent stretching of her muscle is not pleasant. It leaves her ring feeling like a thumb after it's been hit by a hammer. Throbbing a deep ache, that will eventually fade to a burn. The toy sliding through her asshole, pulling over the stinging flesh of her muscle as her asshole squeezes tightly around it. She must still be pushing, her ring doesn't look to be tensing up. It's just tight, stretched near its limit.

I watch as Pete pushes the entire length of the toy into Elena's bottom. His arm strains just a hair from the drag of her ring on the thick shaft. Otherwise, it slips right into her depths. It stuffs her beyond full. Elena lies in place, her body held so tensed that she vibrates, her asshole mostly relaxed, as it plunges slowly into her.

When there's no toy left to push into Elena, I hold up a hand to stop Pete. I'm sure he was about to go on and tell Elena to count the strokes for him, just as I had Dalton instruct Allison to do. But it's not time for that. Elena whined! I don't tolerate that. Ever. Plus she was told not to speak, disregarded that, and screeched about the dildo being too big for her bottom. She has to learn to obey without whining. Elena just earned herself a punishment.

Pete stops, then turns to me wondering what I want him to do. I lean over and whisper instructions. I see his eyes getting wide as he listens, glancing down to the quivering body of Elena. I tell him to trust me. This is what Elena wants and needs.

"Bad bitch!" Pete begins reluctantly scolding Elena. "You were *not* told to speak. You whined like a little baby. That's speaking. Now you will be punished. Then we will start over and *I expect* you to behave like a big bitch next time. You will be spanked three good strokes for your disobedience, bitch. And you will be a good bitch for all

three or you will do those over as well. Is that clear, bitch? Speak."

"Yes, Sir," Elena answers in a very hushed, overly-raspy, voice. Her pussy is wetter than it was before Pete's slow thrust, so I have little doubt her pussy enjoyed it. I'm less sure if Elena knows it yet or not. She takes another fast breath. "I'll be a big girl for my spanking, Sir."

I tell Pete to take the toy out of her bottom, adding "take your time." The toy is too long to be left in her bottom. At least with an amateur spanking her. If the paddle hit the toy, it would drive it deeper into her bottom. And there's not much deeper for it to go before it reaches the back of her rectum, after which deeper might injure her.

It takes about 10 seconds for Pete to pull the toy from Elena's bottom. He asks Tim, sitting between him and Dalton, to hold it for a moment. Then he takes the paddle from my hand.

Pete has already spanked Elena once today. Her bottom is still lightly pink from it, too. He knows what to do. I don't have to guide him through it. I just nod for him to spank her. "Give than naughty bitch a good one. Really make it sorry for disobeying you." I offer a bit of advice.

Pete gives Elena a fairly hard stroke. He must remember her asking for them to be hard last time. The paddle lands with a loud crack. Elena tenses hard as it strokes her still-sore bottom, grits her teeth, but even as the tears well up in her eyes, the only sound she makes is a dull grunt as the air bursts from her lungs.

"Thank you for spanking my very naughty bare bottom, Sir. I am so sorry for disobeying you, Sir. Will you please spank my bottom again, Sir, and please make this the hardest spanking you can, Sir. I really deserve even harder, Sir."

Pete spanks her again. She stiffens faster and harder, her back arching up. She trembles for a second. Tears run down her cheeks. She doesn't cry out, instead just letting out another deep primal grunt. Her voice is

raspy and sultry-deep as she thanks him and begs him to try harder to spank her even harder this last time.

Pete puts everything he can into the final stroke, even twisting his shoulders a little as he uses his body to add to the power. It lands hard, leaving Elena's bottom glowing a bright cherry red. She tenses hard, her body seeming to jump. Another throaty, raspy, deep, and muted grunt escapes through her clenched teeth. She trembles hard. More tears run down her cheeks from her puffy eyes. It takes her several long seconds to loosen back up and lie over his knees. While he waits, Pete passes me the paddle. Tim gives him the toy back.

“Thank you, Sir,” Elena begins in her sultry/raspy voice that now breaks with a silent sobbing. “for not letting me get away with being a bad girl for you, Sir. Thank you for giving me the spanking I so richly deserved, Sir. I’m very very sorry for being so naughty and making you spank me, Sir.”

Elena pauses for a second. “I promise to behave and be a very good girl while you teach me my bottom lesson, Sir. Please let me show you that I can be such a good girl for you, Sir. Will you please put the toy as far into my bottom as you possibly can, Sir?”

I give Pete more whispered instructions.

Pete starts over. Only this time he's very careful not to touch the redness, which is most of her cheeks, as he spreads them wide to reveal her asshole. He gets a fresh layer of her oily honey on the toy. And there's more than plenty honey covering her mound and the creases of her thighs. He puts the tip of the toy to Elena's asshole again.

“Scrawny, I expect you to behave even better this time. Prove that you can be a good bitch. I expect you to stay still and relaxed while I shove this up your butt. Is that clear, bitch? Speak.”

“Yes, Sir. I’ll be so good for you, Sir,” Elena answers him. I don’t hear much nervousness in her voice. But there’s plenty of the sultry-deep raspiness to her whiskied voice.

Pete puts the pressure on the toy, pushing it firmly against her tightly closed asshole. He holds it there.

Elena takes a long, deep breath and holds it. She starts pushing back. She pushes even harder than she did the last time. At least she looks to be straining harder as she does. The pinkness again starts emerging, spreading out around the fat shaft. A second later I see the firmer flesh atop her rubbery muscle starting to appear.

Elena's body suddenly goes loose, as if all the tension in her muscles instantly vanished. She quivers hard. She shudders even harder. The toy starts, moving forward, pushing into her tight ring. She doesn't cry out this time. She lies limply over Pete's knees, shuddering hard.

Until the toy has pushed about ⅓ of the way into her bottom. The breath explodes from Elena's lungs. It's not the screeching cry it was last time. It comes as a deep, raspy, "AH!" At the same time, a violently crisp shudder racks her body. And her pussy spasms hard. It shoots a mid-sized dollop of honey straight back from her quivering lips. About four or five inches back before it drops and lands on the middle of her calf muscles.

Watching Elena's bottom closely, Pete sees her pussy squirt its honey. There's no missing it. Nor is there any mistaking that her pussy is hanging on the edge of an orgasm. Elena, in spite of the hard shivering racing over her body, looks completely relaxed. She doesn't even show a hint of discomfort. Just her arousal.

With a slight, and very confused, grin on his face, Pete keeps the toy moving forward. Into Elena's bottom. Elena keeps shivering hard. Now she moans, too. She's trying to hold her breath. She partly succeeds. She breathes shallow, keeping her lungs mostly full, but getting enough air to purr loud, urgent, and very erotic, moans. Her pussy mound, her lips, and folds, quiver with her body. And her honey flows slowly, steadily wetting her mound with a fresh layer.

Hearing her moans reassures Pete that Elena isn't suffering. The uncertainty fades from his face. The toy

keeps going, Pete steadily pushing it into Elena's very tight bottom. And Elena's pussy goes on weeping honey. Her pussy must be twitching sharp and powerfully. I can see it jiggling her lips and folds as it weeps.

Pete buries the entire length of the shaft into Elena's welcoming bottom. When he stops, there's no more than ½" of it sticking out. Barely enough for him to grip. It has to be very close to the back of her bowels. It's a good thing her bowels are spotlessly empty now, or she'd be feeling some hard cramps.

He stops it at the deepest. Elena lies shivering hard over his knees. When he tells her to breathe, she does. It's far raspier and deeper than anything I've yet to hear from her. I think Pete notices that, too.

It doesn't take Elena but a couple of steady strokes for her bottom, and asshole, to fully relax. Then she moans louder, counts the strokes, and shudders hard. Her pussy weeps honey a little faster, too. Her lips and folds quiver as much as ever.

Elena gets the same lesson as Allison did. And by the end of it, a mere two minutes after it starts, Elena is struggling hard not to cum. It shows plainly. She moans loudly, too. Very sensual and sweet moans. Moans that beg Pete to give her more. Or, better yet, to grant her permission to cum.

Instead, Pete follows my instructions. He takes the toy from her bottom. Then, with the most forlorn look on her face, a look that screams she wants more of it, Pete puts the toy in her mouth.

I tell Elena to go return the toy to Allison. Elena leans forward and puts it to Allison's mouth, exactly as Allison gave it to her. Allison takes the toy from her. Then Elena returns to her spot on the bench. She sits. Her bottom fidgets hard. So hard that it grinds her mound and clit against the hard wood. The rest of her body fidgets almost as much. Enough that even her modest breasts have a tiny bit of jiggle to them.

Chapter Twelve – Slutty Butts

They’re sitting side by side on the bench now. Without Darla on the bench, they have a little more room. Enough that they don’t have to squish tightly together to fit. But they still sit fairly close together, as if both assume that’s what I want. In truth, for the moment, I only care that they sit in a proper posture.

I stand between them and lean over, bringing my head between their ears. I speak very softly, trying to keep my voice down to where only the bitches can hear me. Not their men. I tell them what to do next. Then I rise up and take a step back before telling Allison "mousy, you are first. Now." then I take another step back.

Allison's eyes are a little wide, but there's no trace of the nervousness I saw before. She rises calmly to her feet. She shivers very lightly as she crosses over and kneels down in front of Dalton again. She smoothly lowers her head and sets the toy on his lap.

"Sir," Allison begins. Her voice is still breathy and very sultry. It's honeyed now, too. "Thank you very much for giving me my first anal lesson. It felt so good that it was all I could do not to finish right there over your knees, Sir. She says that I am due another lesson, Sir. I would very much like for you to turn me over your knees again, Sir, and give it to me as hard as you possibly can. Please, Sir. Will you please give me my next lesson as deep and hard as you can, Sir? Please, Sir, give it to me like that so it will be incredibly hard for me not to finish, Sir." Allison has a slight grin, and a lot of hope on her face, as she waits for Dalton's answer.

I haven't given Dalton any instructions. He looks up to me as if asking if I want Allison to get the lesson. I nod. I don't tell him how to give it to her. Dalton sighs as he reaches out and takes hold of Allison's chain leash. He brings her to his side and turns her over his knees again.

This time Allison doesn’t squirm. She lies still and relaxed as Dalton reaches under her bound wrists and spreads her cheeks wide apart. Then she shudders hard, a loud, needy moan bursting out, as he twirls the tip of the

toy atop her soaking wet slit. She stays still as he touches the tip of the toy to her tight, and slightly sore, asshole.

Allison doesn't wait for his instructions. I told her not to. She immediately asks Dalton, her voice urgent and sweet "thank you so much, Sir. Please shove that toy up my behind now, Sir." Then Allison takes a noisy deep breath and starts pushing as hard as her muscles will.

It takes little pressure from Dalton. Allison's rubbery ring quickly loosens and stretches now. In about a second, the dark flesh is taut around the sides of the shaft as the shaft starts slipping forward into Allison's bottom. Allison starts purring a muted "Mmm…" laced with sugar as the toy pushes into her.

Once the toy is almost fully inside her bottom, before Dalton can say anything, Allison very sweetly asks him "Will you please give my behind 60 very good strokes with that toy, Sir? I will count every one of them for you, and I will be on my best behavior for you, Sir. Please spank my naughty behind and start over if I misbehave or allow myself to finish, Sir… Please, Sir, give me some very good, hard, and deep, strokes, Sir. Try your hardest to make me be naughty and finish, Sir, so I can show you how good of a girl I will be for you, Sir."

"Uh… sure, mousy," Dalton answers, surprised to hear Allison ask for anything, let alone to have her bottom pounded with the toy. The moans in her voice, however, reassure Dalton that Allison really does want it.

He starts slowly, as I told him to do the first time.

Allison lies over his knees. This time she manages to keep her asshole loose and rubbery around the toy. She shudders hard but otherwise lies still. She squirms, but not to get off of him. She squirms like a woman about to cum. Her bottom starts thrusting up slightly, meeting the toy mid-stroke and ramming her bottom against it. Allison's moans quickly pick up from urgent to desperately pleading. Hot, needy, and very erotic cries.

Dalton takes that as his cue to pick up his pace. In a few strokes, he's thrusting the toy as powerfully and

quickly into her bottom as he can. And Allison is still snapping her bottom up to add a little more to each stroke.

“Twelve strokes all the way up my behind with that toy, Sir,” Allison screams out in a guttural, needy moan. It takes her the entire length of Dalton’s hard thrust in to count the stroke. “May I please have another stoke up my behind, Sir?” Allison adds, as I’ve told her to, as Dalton is pulling the toy back out of her bottom. She finishes just in time to start counting the next stroke as the toy starts ramming back into her depths.

Allison squirms hard. She shivers violently. Her hands and feet squirm hard. She keeps her ankles crossed even as her feet kick up and down against the floor. Her breasts jiggle hard as they dangle against his thigh. Her pussy weeps a steady stream of fresh, creamy honey. Honey that’s already clinging to the tops of her thighs, not just her mound.

I’ve given Allison some new instructions. The next one comes fairly soon. “Twenty-one strokes all the way up my behind with that toy, Sir,” Allison screams out, her voice as erotic as ever. “OH! I CAN’T STOP MYSELF FROM FINISHING, SIR! I’M GOING TO FINISH RIGHT NOW, SIR. PLEASE HELP ME BEHAVE, SIR! PLEASE DON’T STOP, SIR! MAKE ME BE GOOD GIRL, SIR!!! Twenty-three strokes all the way up my behind with that toy, Sir.”

I nod to Dalton, letting him know that Allison was allowed to say that.

"Mousy," Dalton says. His voice is more reassuring than commanding or firm, but for the first time, I hear a touch of firmness to it. "Don't you dare cum over my knees.” He manages to say that as if he means it. As if he does not want her to cum over his knees. “Take your ass fucking like a big whore, mousy.”

“Yes, Sir!” Allison blurts out, her voice stuttering hard. She counts off the stroke. Her body tenses to steel, her knees pulling up under his thigh, her back arching. Now her muscles are so tensed that Allison vibrates as she lies over his legs. But she manages to keep her asshole

loose for the toy. Her honey flows even faster now. And drips to the floor.

By the 40th stroke, Allison's body is snapping crisply in time with each. At about the halfway point of the inward thrust, her body tenses, her back arching up and a very hard, very urgent "UH!" exploding from her lungs. The sudden, powerful tensing of her muscles must include her pussy, too. It doesn't shoot honey as Elena does, but it's noticeable. A fair-sized dollop of honey suddenly appears atop her slit, directly over her tunnel, as her lips and folds quiver hard. Then, as Dalton begins the outward stroke, her body falls loose, lying over his legs and shuddering.

Every few strokes, Dalton reminds Allison to behave. "Take it up your ass, mousy, and don't you dare cum on me!"

By the time Allison reaches the 60th stroke, tears are running down her cheeks. Dalton stops with the toy fully inside Allison. He takes his hand off of it and uses two fingers to push on the end of it, nudging it to new depths. He leaves barely ¼" of the shaft sticking out past the dark flesh of her ring.

I quickly whisper a few instructions to Dalton. Instructions that widen his eyes again. But he follows them, having decided by now that I must know what Allison likes far better than he does. I'd bet anything that he's wondering how I can so easily read a woman I've never met before so intimately. That's knowledge any guy would kill for.

He leaves the toy where it is as he reaches up to Allison's shoulders. He moves her firmly and quickly, as I've told him to do, and lifts her shoulders up to drop her onto her knees.

Allison half moans, half groans, a deep "UHM!" as she's quickly moved. It's more surprise than discomfort. As she's moved, the angles of her bowels want to shift with the changing angles of her body. But her bowels aren't moving a bit. Not with that toy stuffing her so fully and

hard. Instead, she feels the toy being knocked around with her bowels, bumping against the rest of her insides.

Dalton ignores it as I told him to do. He grabs her chain, tugging it lightly to pull it taut. He leans over, bringing his face close to Allison's. As he does, he uses his other hand to grab Allison's hair. A couple of sharp tugs pull her head around, twisting her neck slightly and angling her head up a bit so that she's looking directly into his eyes. I had him move her head, not his, to angle it so that her eyes looked into his. And his into hers.

Allison still sobs lightly as she kneels. Her face is scrunched up a bit as if to bawl hard. She's flushed a bright pink, too. And she trembles.

“Tell me why you’re crying like a baby, mousy,” Dalton asks. I told him to. Allison is not going to want to tell him.

"I'm crying because my clitoris and vagina are aching to finish so much that they hurt badly, Sir, and I can't stand not being able to touch myself and relieve the throbbing," Allison admits, a heavy note of shame in her breathy moaning voice.

"No," Dalton says the single word, crushing Allison's last hopes. "You haven't behaved well enough to earn an orgasm. Go give your toy to scrawny so she can have her next lesson. While you sit there and wait, maybe that ache will remind you to behave for your next lesson. Go now, mousy. Speak." I told Dalton to use the firmest, most displeased voice he could. He gets the firmness mostly. But he can't seem to put too much displeasure into it.

“Yes, Sir,” Allison answers immediately. About half a second later, as Dalton lets go of her chain letting it hang down between Allison’s plump breasts, she realizes that the toy is still in her bottom. The toy she’s just been told to go give to Elena.

Allison hesitates for a second, maybe two. She’s waiting for Dalton to do something. Anything. She’s thinking he’ll have to take the toy from her bottom. Dalton

glares at Allison and points to Elena. Allison's eyes go wide.

Allison, now understanding that Dalton isn't going t o take the toy from her bottom, quickly tries to squirm her hands down and get to it. She can't. She's a good inch short. She slowly rises to her feet, groaning another needy moan as she does. She turns and starts walking toward Elena, taking the smallest steps she can. Steps so small that one foot isn't even fully in front of the other.

With every tiny movement, the toy shifts hard inside her body. It knocks against everything. Her bladder. And especially her pussy. Every little bump against those aching walls sends unbearably hot sparks shooting along her nerves even as a faint cramp slices through her, just behind her pubes. She trembles as she walks. Her hands keep struggling to reach the toy. They're even farther from it now as she walks.

But we all get a perfect view. Dalton has left just enough of the toy sticking out of Allison's asshole that the very edge of it is even with the top of her crack. It's far wider than her crack, forcing the inside edges of her globes to push around it. Her globes are firm and rounded, the end of the toy looking like a big white disc between those curving hills. A disc that's three or four times as wide as her crack. It wiggles with every tiny movement as she creeps over to Elena.

Allison stands there, looking anxiously at Elena, for a second or two. Allison's waiting for someone to get the toy out of her bottom. Then Allison realizes that no one is going to help her. She's on her own to get this toy to Elena. A toy neither of them can get a hand anywhere near.

It doesn't leave Allison much of a choice. With the toy in her bottom, she slowly turns around, putting her back to Elena. Allison slowly spreads her feet. Not all the way, but about 18" apart. Then she leans forward, moaning very loudly as the toy slowly shifts. Allison realizes that she doesn't have permission to speak. She

wiggles her bottom very slightly, just enough to let Elena know what Allison is thinking. Then she bends her knees a bit to move her bottom back towards Elena.

That was actually a bit of a mistake. Her inexperience showing itself. She gets her bottom too close to Elena, making it harder for Elena to twist her head around.

Elena figures it out. I hear a little rattle from Elena's chains as if she forgets that her hands are bound. Then Elena leans over, arching her back as she does, so she can get her lips to Allison's bottom. The shortness of the protruding end makes Elena wiggle her head as she pushes her mouth firmly against Allison's cheeks to get her lips to the toy. It takes another little wiggle, Elena stretching her mouth to its widest, for her to get her teeth on it. By then, Elena's head is fully squished against Allison's bottom. So much so that Elena's cheeks are flush against Allison's cheeks. And Elena's nose is so fully buried in Allison's crack there's only a tiny fraction of an inch between Elena's eyes and the inside edges of Allison's globes, too.

Elena grips the toy as hard as she can with her teeth. I see her muscles tense up as she starts to pull. Especially her jaw muscles as those have to clamp hard on the toy. Allison's ring stays rubbery. It doesn't tighten around the shaft, leaving as little resistance as possible for Elena to pull against.

Elena barely gets another ½" of the toy out of Allison's bottom. It's just enough for her nose to emerge from Allison's crack. Then Allison shudders hard, screeching out a primal "OH-UHHHHHH!" Allison shudders violently hard. And this time she's not over Dalton's knees. Or the table. Leaning forward, her breasts are dangling down free as the tremors start flowing over her body. That gets her ample mounds jiggling wildly. Her mouth gapes wide as she screeches an unending needy moan.

Elena tries to ignore it. Having had the toy in her bottom as well, she can easily guess what Allison is feeling. Allison feels the fatness being pulled slowly over the

backside of her pussy, stroking her starving nerves as it goes. Allison feels her pussy twitching hard from it.

Elena gets about another ½” of the toy out before the first droplet of honey falls from Allison’s pussy. But now, with Allison's bottom back, the honey doesn't drip to the floor. It lands on Elena's legs, just above her knees. It's fiery hot and sticky as it clings to Elena.

Elena pretends to ignore it. She doesn't show anything. But I see the goosebumps pop up around the hot droplets. And I see her muscles ripple faintly as each new drop falls onto her. Elena keeps pulling, slowly and steadily.

Allison shudders hard. Instinct thrusts her bottom back, trying to pound the toy back into her bottom. It doesn't work. Instead, it pushes the toy through Elena's teeth, driving it a little deeper into Elena's mouth. Then Elena's head moves with the thrust. It gives Elena a better grip on the toy. And it has the toy stuffing Elena's mouth nicely full. It's now deep enough that a piece of the toy, about ½", the slice right at Elena's lips and against the tip of her tongue, is fresh out of Allison's bottom. Still toasty warm from Allison's heat. And undoubtedly covered with the light taste of Allison’s bottom. I’ll bet, as Elena gets that hint of flavor, she’s so glad that Allison has just been cleaned out.

Elena keeps going, pulling her head back to draw the toy out of Allison’s bottom. It takes a long moment. A moment that Allison spends shuddering and screaming a too-needy moan. But finally the last of the toy slips from Allison’s bottom, leaving only Elena’s mouth to hold the toy.

I immediately snap for Allison to take her seat. I don’t give Allison the time for her asshole to cinch shut this time. I have her moving. And my voice gets her straightening up and shifting to drop onto her seat as quickly as she can move. I’d bet her asshole is still gaping ½ open when her bottom hits the bench. But what I more notice is how, just before Allison sits all the way down, a

last droplet of honey falls from her pussy and lands on the bench. Then Allison sits properly, quivering hard. Allison pants fast, slightly squeaky, needy breaths. And she sobs lightly as her pussy goes on aching for relief.

Her subconscious instincts have her hips wiggling again, squirming and grinding her mound against the bench. My crop snaps hard against the side of Allison's hip as I scold her for "fucking my bench like a complete whore." It takes two more swats, each one searing a light red welt on her hip before Allison is mostly still. And that only makes her pussy hurt even more as it pounds its ache.

I just look at Elena with the dildo sticking far out of her mouth. Before I say anything, Elena rises to her feet. She doesn't hesitate even the tiniest bit to take the toy to Pete. Or to set it in his lap. Or to beg him shamelessly to give her the same lesson.

Elena lies over Pete's knees. She stays loose and relaxed, shuddering violently hard, and screaming out loud, very needy, raspy moans the entire time. Unlike Allison, Elena's pussy twitches sharply enough to shoot a dollop of honey out every time the toy is thrust into her bottom. It seems the harder the thrust, the further the drop is shot back from her slit. After 60 strokes, the backs of Elena's calves have a good splattering of her honey clinging to them.

And then, obediently as instructed, Elena returns the toy to Allison. The exact same way it was given to her. She offers Allison her bottom, ½" or so of the shaft protruding from her crack, and Allison stretches her mouth wide to pull it free. Pete doesn't have it quite as far into Elena's bottom as Dalton did into Allison's. Close enough. But not so much that Allison has to bury her nose in Elena's crack to get it. Far enough that as Allison pulls it from Elena's rubbery ring, Elena's pussy sprays two big dollops of honey down onto Allison's knees.

It leaves Allison sitting properly, waiting for instructions, with the dildo sticking out of her mouth. From what I can see, Allison doesn't have as much of the shaft

into her mouth as Elena did. That actually makes it harder for her to hold onto the shaft. But she does, sitting still, fidgeting very lightly, and waiting.

Now it's time for the boy's lesson. Well, the girls will be getting a lesson, too. But this is for the men. I whisper instructions to Dalton since it's Allison that has the toy. He looks a bit surprised at my instructions, but he doesn't complain or argue about them.

“Mousy,” he stands and looks straight at Allison. He keeps his voice fairly firm. I asked for a “disinterested” tone, too, but he only has that about half mastered. “You will take your toy to scrawny’s guardian and ask him politely to fuck your ass with it until all three of us decide you’ve had enough. You will count your strokes and nothing more. You will behave. This will be a much longer lesson, and you will not cum on him. Ask him very politely and sweetly. You want him to give you a lesson. I will be very disappointed with you if you do not convince him to give it to you. Go now, and speak.”

Allison can't say anything with the toy in her mouth. She rises to her feet. Now there's a tiny bit of nervousness back on her face. And her body quivering nicely. It's just the newness of Pete. She doesn't know how he's going to be. With Dalton, by now she knows exactly what to expect. But Pete is an unknown to her. And that has the mousy girl a little anxious. It doesn't stop her from baby stepping over to Pete, dropping to her knees, and putting the toy in his lap.

“Sir… My guardian wishes for you to teach me my next lesson in… anal sex. I would really appreciate it, Sir, if you would be so nice as to shove this toy all the way into my behind and stroke me as hard and fast as you can with it. I promise to be a very good girl for you, Sir. I won’t allow myself to finish and I’ll be still, Sir. Will you please do that for me, Sir? Please Sir, I really want my lesson. Will you please give it to me, Sir?”

Pete looks very surprised. Clearly, he expected to be giving Elena her lessons. And for Dalton to be giving

Allison hers. He takes a second, his eyes roving over Allison's nakedness with a newfound curiosity. I'd bet he's noting the differences. Allison is actually a little curvier than Elena. But she's slightly wider as well. She has that strong-looking body, while Elena's body is lean and almost fragile looking. Allison also has much larger breasts. And just as firm, well-rounded, of a bottom. His eyes stop when he gets to her pubes. There's no missing the wetness soaking her fur. Or clinging to the tops of her thighs. Or covering her mound.

Pete picks up the toy. That's familiar to him. After all, he just used it on Elena's bottom. He takes hold of Allison's chain leash. He starts pulling her around. It doesn't take him any effort. Allison scoots around on her knees, putting herself in place, and then rising up enough to lie over his knees. In well under a minute, she's back in place. This time over Pete's knees.

Allison lies the same as she did over Dalton. Her legs are together, ankles crossed. The underside of her ample breasts hang down, pushed flush against the outside of Pete’s thigh. Pete quickly looks down and takes that sight in.

Then Pete is stretching Allison’s crack wide open to bare her tiny asshole. It’s the first close-up full view he’s had of hers. He’s been too busy eyeing Elena to get this close to Allison. He twirls the toy atop Allison’s slit, getting it wet with her honey, and puts the tip to Allison’s asshole.

Allison feels the firm pressure against her hard, tight ring. “Thank you so much, Sir. Please put that toy as deeply into my behind as you can, Sir, I am so looking forward to feeling you… taking me like this, Sir.” Allison doesn’t wait for an answer. She takes a noisy deep breath.

Allison starts pushing. Hard. It's even easier for her this time. Her dark ring loosens quickly, and soon her taut flesh is stretched snugly around the shaft as the toy starts slipping into her bottom. Allison shivers lightly as it pushes into her.

Allison lets her breath out once it reaches her depths. “Thank you, Sir. It feels so good to have you fill my behind so much, Sir. Will you please take my behind now, Sir, fast and hard like a real man, Sir?”

Pete smirks slightly. It looks as if he takes Allison's trashy request as more of a taunt. A dare. He starts moving the shaft. His first stroke is moderately slow. Allison counts that off. By the fifth stroke, he's picked up to full speed. And he's ramming the shaft into her bottom with all the might he can muster.

“UH!” Allison grunts hard and urgently, with each thrust. “Five strokes all the way up my behind, Sir. Will you please let me have another, harder stroke, Sir?” She asks as Pete starts pulling the toy back for the next thrust.

Pete seems to think it’s a dare. He tries hard to pound Allison more. To give her what she’s asking for. Her pussy is already dripping honey, and she’s shuddering crisply, so there’s no question that it feels good to her.

The powerful strokes go on. Allison’s bottom keeps snapping, thrusting against them to add a bit of pounding to each. Her grunts grow sharper, as if she’s really feeling the pounding thrusts, but also needier by the stroke. Her pussy weeps slightly faster, too. And she shivers more crisply.

Allison counts off the twentieth stroke. That’s when I whisper instructions to Pete. “Mousy,” Pete starts giving Allison her instructions. He keeps pounding her hard with the dildo as he does. “you are going to tell me when your pussy can’t stand even one more thrust without cumming all over me like a gutter whore. You *will not* cum unless I tell you to. If you say you can’t stand it too soon, you will stay put while I fuck your butt another 100 strokes before I think about ending your tease, bitch. Do you understand me, bitch?”

“YES, SIR!” Allison screeches loudly, her voice telling me she knows she’s in for the most agonizing sweetness. She goes on counting the strokes.

Pete goes on pounding her bottom hard with the toy and watching her pussy. Her creamy honey, slightly on the gooey-thick side, keeps dripping. And then it more flows from her slit.

Allison's body keeps shivering hard as hotter and hotter sparks shoot along her nerves. She snaps, bringing her knees up and arching her back with every thrust. And rolling her hips as she snaps to thrust her bottom against the toy. Slowly her body starts to tense up. Her muscles turn to steel. They keep tensing as she snaps more violently until her muscles strain so much that she's vibrating. Her pussy lips, and the tips of her folds quiver enough to be jiggling. A harsher grunt seems to be bursting from her mouth on every stroke but laced with more pleading urgency than pain. It's enough to announce the strokes are hard and are teasing her pussy even harder. Her hands clench tight, her fingers laced together. Then her hands pound up and down, beating against her back and Pete's wrist. Her feet kick hard against the floor. Her toes have long since curled up.

Allison counts off stroke number 140. that's a little more than twice what she's endured so far. Her asshole is the only part of her body that is loose and relaxed now. The flesh is taut, but her muscle stays rubbery and soft, allowing the toy to stroke her bottom without resistance.

“PLEASE, SIR!” Allison screams out. Her voice is so deep and breathy that her words are almost lost in her harsh agonized, and too-needy, moan. “I CAN’T STAND ANOTHER STOKE, SIR! I HAVE TO FINISH RIGHT THIS SECOND, SIR.”

“Wouldn’t that be so slutty of you, mousy, to cum like a whore over my knees while I’m fucking your butt with a giant dildo?”

“YES, SIR!” Allison screams. “IT WOULD BE VERY SLUTTY, SIR! BUT I HAVE TO FINISH NOW, SIR! MAY I PLEASE FINISH BEFORE I GO INSANE, SIR?”

“Do you want to be a good bitch, mousy?”

“YES, SIR!”

"Do you want to be a good bitch or a slutty whore, mousy?"

"I WANT TO BE A GOOD GIRL, SIR!" Allison screams.

"A good bitch would count off another 20 strokes. Then I will stop and leave this toy all the way up your filthy butt, *bitch*. You will go to scrawny, tell her to take the toy from your butt and go give it to your guardian. You will tell her to beg him to give her this same lesson. You will tell her to beg him to make her take at least 20 more strokes than you did. You will not cum like some filthy whore. Once scrawny has the toy, you will SIT STILL on the bench and wait until someone wishes that body for something. Do you understand me, *bitch*?"

"YES, SIR!" Allison screeches as she breaks into a full-blown hard crying. She's up to 167 strokes before Pete finishes her instructions. She keeps counting. And she keeps vibrating. And her pussy keeps running with honey. She grunts out even more agonizing, begging, moans, too.

Allison counts off the 187th stroke. I'm not timing it, but it's been about five minutes. Pete's thrusts are as quick as they are powerful. Pete stops. He uses the flat of his hand to tap the base of the toy, bumping it a little deeper into her bottom. A couple more little bumps, and there's barely any of the toy sticking out beyond the dark ring of her asshole. So little that Elena is going to have a hard time getting a grip on it.

As I told Pete to do, he grabs Allison's hair and quickly yanks her shoulders up by it. A good hard yank that pulls her hair. And drops her to her knees. "stop stalling, bitch, get over there and give scrawny the toy, NOW." Pete tells her about the same instant that her knees are hitting the floor. "Hurry up!"

"Yes, Sir," Allison screeches in a breathy sobbing voice. She cries out a loud, strained, "UHM!" as she quickly gets to her feet. There are only about two steps to where Elena is sitting. Allison almost runs, crying out three more pained yelping moans as she does.

“Scrawny, will you please take the toy from my behind and take it to my guardian. Please beg him until he agrees to give you the very hard lesson I just learned. Please beg him to make you be a better girl than I was and wait for at least another 20 strokes, scrawny. Please, be a good girl for Him, scrawny, please.” Allison turns around and bends over. She spreads her legs wide and scoots back a bit, offering her bottom to Elena.

Elena, now knowing exactly what is in store for her, grimaces as she leans her head forward. It takes her some wiggling, and wide stretching of her mouth, to get her lips into Allison's crack and to the toy. Elena tries a couple of times to get a grip on the toy. I can see the muscles in her neck working as her jaw opens and closes around the shaft.

Elena doesn't get her teeth on the shaft. Instead, her lips and teeth move along the valley of Allison's crack. Allison must feel it. After a couple of tries by Elena, I notice Allison's stomach muscles tensing slightly as she pushes. She pushes hard enough to start the toy moving back. Out of her bottom.

Elena must feel Allison pushing the toy out of her bottom. I see Elena trying quickly to get her teeth on the end of the shaft. This time she gets it.

I immediately tell them to stop and stay where they are for a minute. “So you bitches want to cheat, do you?” I sternly scold them. I know both of them are wondering what they’ve done to cheat. I don’t tell them yet.

“Scrawny, open your mouth. Wide!" I snap. Elena opens her mouth. Or rather stretches it a tiny fraction of an inch further than it already is, which is as far as it will open. It barely lets me see into her mouth, and I have to lean over and squint to even do that. It looks like Elena has about ¼" of the shaft in her teeth. I'd guess there's no more than another ½" between Allison's cheeks. The rest of the toy is still inside Allison's bottom, waiting for Elena to pull it from her. "Stay, scrawny."

I step in front of Allison. I put a hand to her back, between her shoulders, just at the base of her neck. A

little pressure there keeps Allison from raising her shoulders as I grab her hair and yank it up with a hard snap. That brings Allison's face forward, stretching her neck back fully. I lean over to glare into her eyes.

"You want to poop your toy out, fine by me. Poop it out, bitch," I tell Allison in a very mocking voice. Immediately I reach around, past Allison's hip, and grab hold of Elena's hair. I pull it taut, keeping her from moving her head back.

Elena does the only thing she can do. She stays put with her mouth wide. Allison does as she was told. She pushes back again. Soon I see the toy start moving, slowly. It creeps back, emerging from Allison's asshole and quickly vanishing again into Elena's pink lips.

While Allison pushes the toy back, I step around to Allison's side. From there I can get a better grip on Elena. With a hand on her shoulders, holding her head in place with her hair, I push her shoulders down. That cranes her neck enough to give the toy a straight shot. Right into Elena's mouth.

I just stand there, tapping my foot impatiently. Allison keeps pushing. The toy keeps going. I see the toy stop as it starts to push into the narrower funneling of Elena's throat. And then it stops again as it reaches that rubbery hard wall at the top.

Now Allison strains hard, still trying to push the toy out against the rubbery resistance of Elena's throat. That's a fair fight. Either muscle could win. I just tap my foot a little faster. I see Elena try swallowing. As her throat relaxes from that, the toy finally pushes into the very narrow tube.

Elena trembles, gagging slightly, as the too-fat toy slips into her throat. And starts stretching it wide. Wide enough that her throat burns hot.

Allison strains as she pushes back, her bowels pushing the toy deeper into Elena's throat. I wait until I see the fake cock head starting to emerge from Allison's quivering bottom. I tell Elena to bite down. She quickly

does. A little swat to Allison's bottom gets her to move her hips forward. Elena's tight grip on the shaft holds it still. Allison's hips pull her bottom off the shaft.

I point to the bench. Allison quickly takes her seat. I see her pussy drip a few drops before it's on the bench. Then Allison fidgets hard for a second. She sees me glaring hard at her and stops herself. Somewhat. Stopping makes her shudder harder. And that still grinds her clitoris and mound against the bench. I give her a few seconds. Then I tap her pubes with my crop, searing a light pink splotch onto the milky flesh beneath her dark bush. Allison's eyes pop wide. I scold her for squirming. She shivers hard, her breasts jiggling around. But now she keeps her bottom still. She starts crying a little harder.

"Aw…" I coo in a very taunting, mocking voice. "Does the little bitch want to act like a gutter whore and fuck my bench until it cums?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Allison answers, her voice heavily shamed. She blushes again, too.

"Too bad, bitch. Sit still."

"Yes, Ma'am,"

I turn to Elena. I'm closely watching the time, too. With that toy in her mouth, Elena won't be able to breathe. I don't want her turning blue or passing out. But I wouldn't mind a little burning in her lungs. "I hope that toy likes filth, after all, it's now been shoved up two filthy bitch's butts. I hope you can really taste mousy's butt. Your turn, now, scrawny, go ask him for your lesson."

Elena can't say anything. She rises to her feet. She doesn't dally, either. She goes straight to Dalton and kneels down. As Elena is going, I look Allison in the eyes and tell her "when that bitch is done, she will poop the toy into your throat, too, bitch. That way you can taste its filthy butt."

Elena leans forward. Opening her mouth isn't enough to release the toy. She tries. The toy stays put. Her hands stay bound. Elena quickly figures out that if she doesn't do something, she's going to suffocate before that

toy comes out of her mouth. She realizes that only the dirtiest end sticks out of her lips, and Dalton isn't going to touch that to pull it out for her. She coughs hard. The toy pushes out about ¼" she starts coughing hard, over and over again. With each heave, the toy moves a hair further out of her mouth. It takes about fifteen seconds, but finally, the toy slips from her throat. Then the next cough shoots out a lung full of air. With the toy stuffing her full, the air has nowhere to go. It pushes hard against the base of the toy and almost shoots the toy out of her mouth. Now Elena drops her toy onto Dalton's lap.

Elena asks for an identical lesson, plus twenty strokes. In a minute, she's over Dalton's knees, screeching the hottest, and hungriest moans while her pussy squirts big dollops of oily honey onto her calves and feet.

Seven minutes after that, the two women are sitting side by side on the bench, the toy now fully down Allison's throat. And Allison's eyes nervously watching me, wondering how long I'm going to make her wait. Both women shiver crisply as they sit.

Chapter Thirteen – The Last Of Mousy Virginity

I wouldn't want Allison to miss out on any of the fun. As she sits beside Elena with the dildo, fresh from Elena's bottom, fully down her throat, I step over to her. I lean over and whisper instructions to her, leaving her sitting squirming still on the bench while I do.

By now it's been about 30 seconds that Allison has been unable to breathe. That's already too long for Allison, at least in her opinion. I'm sure it's enough for her to feel a light burn in her lungs as her body tries to remind her that it needs air. She could go twice as long before it became serious, but I doubt she knows that. She doesn't dally. Not even a fraction of a second. She quickly rises to her feet, and in a few seconds in kneeling before Dalton. She leans forward and immediately starts gagging the dildo out of her mouth. It takes her a long moment to get it far enough out that she can drop it onto Dalton's lap.

Dalton looks at Allison. I'm sure he's wondering what lesson she's going to ask for now. What more could she get? That last lesson clearly pushed the limits of what Allison could endure without cumming. It probably pushed her further than he's ever seen a woman go.

Allison takes a couple of short seconds to get herself back up into a proper kneeling position. She shakes her head a little, tossing her hair behind her shoulders to fully expose her frontal nakedness to Dalton. She takes a deep breath. Allison uses her sweetest voice. It's still very breathy, laced with an unbridled urgent neediness. "Sir… Am I pretty enough for you?"

"Of course," Dalton quickly answers. She is attractive. Not that many men would tell a nude woman she isn't. Still, I can see the light blushing, and hear a faint tremble to Allison's voice as she asks. She wasn't so sure what he'd say.

"My behind is a virgin, Sir. I've never had anyone use it for anything, Sir, not even a finger. I would very much like you to be my first, Sir. Would you please use my behind for your pleasure and take the very last of my virginity, Sir?

“Please, Sir. My girly place is aching so badly that it's bringing tears to my eyes. I have never needed to finish even one tenth this badly before. You have no idea how badly I want to feel your huge penis all the way inside my behind using me like the trashiest of girls, Sir. Will you please take my behind's virginity, Sir? Please let me feel your big penis so deeply inside me, stroking my filthy behind and making me want to finish, even more, Sir.

“I promise to be a good girl, Sir. I won’t let myself finish, Sir. Not until you and Her are completely done with my body *and* tell me to finish, Sir. You can take my bottom however you wish, Sir. Please let me feel you inside my behind, Sir. Please let me enjoy that, Sir. Let me feel your hot sticky cream shooting into my behind so deeply, Sir.”

I told Allison if he thought she was pretty enough, to beg him to fuck her bottom. I told her to be utterly shameless. She has one chance. If he doesn’t agree, she won’t be happy. I never said what would happen to her, though. Now she looks up to Dalton, her big eyes pleading and hopeful.

Dalton quickly looks over to me. I nod, telling him that it's fine for him to accept. I'm hoping he will. If he doesn't, I've already told Allison that she's to ask him to choose another to give her bottom to. By now, it's been about an hour since Dalton's blow job, so hopefully, he's ready for seconds.

He eyes her body over. All there is to see is the hopeful expression on her face. The gentle quivering flowing over her. The sparkling wetness covering her mound and drenching her bush. Her wide, dark nipples standing out at their hardest.

Dalton shifts his eyes, scanning the room. There’s not much to see here, either. Just the portable massage table in the center of the room, with Darla, still tied over it. The cabinets on the walls. The chairs they're sitting in. And the bench that Elena is still waiting on. Otherwise, the room is empty. There’s no bed, and I’d guess that’s what he’s looking for. Somewhere to enjoy Allison.

“Just pick something..." I tell Dalton, switching to a sweetly teasing voice before I add "or some bitch, and bend the bitch over it. However, you want it is fine. Find yourself a view you can enjoy while you break its bottom in."

Dalton takes hold of Allison’s chain leash. He rises to his feet. Allison waits on her knees. “Come along, mousy,” he tells her. Allison quickly gets to her feet. Dalton starts leading towards something.

He walks Allison the few short steps to the bench and stands her in front of it. He puts his hand to her shoulders, about to bend her over. I decide he didn't fully understand my hint. So I'll help him understand it. Boys can sometimes be so dense! I put a hand to Allison's hip and nudge her to her side. It moves her a foot or so, but that's all I wanted. Now, instead of facing the empty half of the bench, Allison is standing in front of Elena.

Elena sits properly, as I’ve insisted they always sit. Dalton’s hand is still on Allison’s shoulders. He gets the hint this time. He grins as he puts a hand to Allison’s hip to steady it, and starts pushing her shoulders down.

Allison doesn’t resist. She lets him bend her over, opening her legs wide as he does. It allows her to lean over further without straining her leg muscles as much. Dalton pushes her down until her back is flat. That has Allison’s face about three inches above the top of Elena’s crossed thighs. I just point down. Dalton’s grin widens a little. He pushes Allison’s shoulders down a little more. Until Allison’s face is buried in the deep crease of her folded legs, the top of Allison’s head flush against Elena’s stomach. And that has Allison’s face pushed firmly into Elena’s bare pubes.

It also has Allison’s bottom ready for Dalton. Her cheeks are pulled taut as they swell back with their full rounding curve. Her crack is stretched open. Not fully wide, but wide enough for her asshole to be exposed at the bottom of the crevasse. Enough for Dalton to have a view of the dark pink-purple swath of flesh in her milky white

crack. And of the wrinkly flesh covering her tiny ring. It also has the sloppy wet mound of her fur-lined pussy poking back at him. A single droplet of her honey falls from her wide slit.

I whisper to Dalton "a single stroke in that slop pit would get you nicely greased up…" Instantly Dalton's eyes shift down a hair to the plump mound of Allison's pussy. Her pussy is still twitching hard enough to have the tips of her folds jiggling slightly. And everything is covered with a thick layer of clingy honey.

Dalton doesn't waste any time dropping his pants. His cock is already stiff and hard, standing out straight, as he does. I'd bet it's been like that for a while now. I'll bet Allison could feel that steely hard shaft under her as she lies over his knees, too. I know her wild squirming as he gave Allison her lessons only encouraged that cock to stiffen up even more. I have no doubt Dalton could feel her body moving over his cock, too – and stroking it as it did.

Dalton puts the spongy tip of his cock to Allison's dripping slit. He starts slowly pushing his cock forward. For the first instant, I see an unsure look on his face, as if he's aware that Allison didn't offer him her pussy, yet he's helping himself to it. As if he wonders if she's going to mind him doing this. He barely gets the soft head of his cock into her slit.

"OOH!-Mmmmm!" Allison purrs hotly. She shudders hard as goosebumps erupt over her mound and race up her crack, then her spine. The chill only makes her shudder more sharply. Her bottom wiggles slightly, as if it's unable to stay still.

Dalton's eyes go wide at about the point where the tip of his cock is pushing into her tunnel, stretching those meaty walls taut around it as it strokes over them and teases her nerves. He gets about another inch into her before her bottom starts pushing back, driving his cock deeper and faster into her fiery tunnel. As he slips in, her tunnel squeezes around his cock. And snaps with sharp

twitches as it cuddles the hard shaft. All of which Dalton feels. And that should leave him no doubt that Allison does not mind his cock in her pussy even the tiniest bit. But if there was, when her hips thrust hard, slamming back the last inch until her toned globes crash into his hips, should remove the last doubt. With his cock buried fully inside her tight pussy, Allison shudders crisply.

Dalton reverses and starts pulling his cock from her pussy. Allison keeps shuddering and purring the sultriest of needy moans. Purring those moans right into Elena's pubes where Allison's face is still buried. It takes Dalton a couple seconds to draw his cock from her steamy tunnel. It emerges covered in a thick coat of creamy honey. A coating thick enough that my fingernail could draw lines in it. And just as slippery.

I'm not telling Dalton what to do. I don't know if he's ever tried this before or not. And if he did, how it was for his partner. Or how skilled his partner was. By now, Dalton has penetrated Allison's bottom twice with the toy. A toy thicker and longer than any cock here. I hope he was paying attention to how he was doing it.

He must have been because he does the same thing now. He puts the light purple tip of his cock against the tight ring of Allison's asshole. Her ring is only a tiny shade of deep purple, but it's enough to make it plain which is which. He uses his hips, shifting slightly forward. That has his cock pressing firmly against the outside of Allison's ring. At first, the spongy head of his cock just squishes down and out. Then the steely hard shaft starts doing the pushing.

Allison pushes back. In less than a second her asshole goes rubbery, loosens, and stretches wide enough that his cock starts in. It jumps slightly, about ⅛ of an inch forward as it slips into her muscle. Then it starts gliding smoothly into her bottom. Her deep flesh is taut around his light shaft, all of its wrinkles gone. Her ring squeezes lightly around him. But there's no resistance.

Allison purrs a little louder as he stuffs her bottom full of his cock. She stays still and relaxed for him, too. But she shivers. Crisply enough that as the shivers reach her shoulders, it has Allison's bare breasts squirming against Elena's bare thighs and knees.

Dalton buries all of his cock inside Allison's bottom. When he stops to reverse his stroke, his balls dangle flush against the mound of her pussy. Her cheeks are squished against his hips. The curly hairs around his shaft tickle Allison's taut asshole.

"Oh, damn!" Dalton says softly to himself. "That pussy is snapping like a rubber band on the bottom of my dick!"

Allison stands still, shuddering as the crisp shivers flow over her body. Her asshole stays rubbery and loose around his cock. Inside, her bowels lightly snuggle his shaft as her thin walls lie taut around his thickness.

Allison shows no signs of discomfort. I didn't expect her to. I'd bet she did. Dalton, too. That's why I chose a training aid that was significantly longer and thicker than any man she's likely to meet. After that huge thing, Dalton's cock is easy for her.

Dalton doesn't give her much time to get used to it. He starts stroking his cock almost immediately. He puts his hands to Allison's hips as if to steady them. His first stroke is fairly slow, as it was with the toy.

Allison screams out the neediest moan in her deep breathy voice. The crispness of her shivers double. Her hips wiggle slightly. By the second stroke, Allison's hips are trying to buck back and drive his cock into her bottom. They thrust hard, too. Enough that I see Dalton's thumbs digging into her firm globes as her globes snap back against his grip.

Over the next few strokes, Dalton's rhythm quickly picks up. Allison's moan turns to deeper, more powerful, grunts that are even needier. Her thrusts grow more powerful as well as if urging Dalton to pound her bottom harder. She stays in place, obediently keeping her face in

Elena's pubes, but she's far from still. She shudders and squirms hard.

In about ten strokes, Dalton is really fucking her bottom, just as he would a pussy. He thrusts hard into her. Hard enough that with each stroke his balls swing forward and bump against Allison's sloppy mound. By now his sack, and the fur covering it, are as drenched with Allison's honey as her mound is. And Allison's honey only flows faster now. Quickly his powerful strokes have his balls bouncing enough that tiny droplets of her honey are shaken from them with each thrust.

Dalton can't help but to look down. The sight of his cock thrusting so easily into a woman's bottom draws his eyes. The way the dark ring of her asshole is stretched taut around his shaft, rubbery and snug, yet offers almost no drag or resistance. The way her bottom tightly snuggles his cock. The way the tips of her folds, standing out in her slit just beneath his cock, quiver hard and weep honey. Allison's very rounded and toned cheeks as her bottom snaps back against his cock.

He does look up some, too. Elena sits still, fidgeting lightly against the bench. Obediently she keeps her eyes forward, giving her a good view over Allison's back to the top of her bottom. And of Dalton's stomach, with its deep black curly hairs. It lets her see the look of ecstasy on his face as he fucks Allison. It lets him see the hopeful and frustrated look on Elena's face as she sits, waiting her turn, with her pussy throbbing hard as it aches and burns with fire. It lets him see Elena's smallish, pert breasts, their fully rounded and firm shape standing out towards him. Their light pink rings and small nubby nipples that are as hard as his cock. It lets him see Allison's hair dancing around over Elena's waist and thighs. And see how her head stays buried in Elena's pubes.

Elena has a slightly aromatic muskiness to her honey. It's light and fairly sweet. But it's strong enough that as Elena fidgets her mound against the board, Allison with her nose so close is going to be smelling Elena's private scent.

She has to be feeling Elena's fidgeting, too. That will tell Allison that Elena is just as eager to cum as she is.

By twenty strokes, it's obvious that Allison is struggling hard not to cum. Most of her body is as tense as steel, except her asshole which stays rubbery for Dalton. Her grunts are hard and loud, but also pure primal urgency. There's no pain in them. Dalton goes on, thrusting his cock powerfully into Allison's bottom. His strokes aren't as long as the ones with the toy were. Probably about half the length of his cock. But they do go as deeply into her as he can. With every thrust, a light slap rings out as his hips crash against her globes. And his balls bounce against her mound.

His thrusts are hard enough that each one knocks her hips forward a bit. Her shoulders would move, too, if they could. Her head is too firmly against Elena’s stomach. But there’s enough movement that it has her bare breasts squished against Elena’s thighs, grinding Allison’s hard, wide nipples into Elena’s thighs.

It does not take Dalton long, despite the earlier blow job. No more than five minutes. The way his face grimaces, I’m sure he’s trying to take longer, but can’t. Not without suffering the way Allison is.

His hips slam forward. It’s his hardest thrust yet. He grunts out a loud, very satisfied, purr. He shudders hard, too. He keeps going, only now his strokes start to slow.

Allison's entire body snaps hard, tensing even more, with that thrust. "OOH!" Allison screeches out. She must feel the heat of his cum shooting hard against the depths of her bowels as he cums. Her hips wiggle as he slowly strokes her bottom. His cock keeps twitching, jumping hard inside her bottom, as it spurts more and more of his cum. His strokes are steadily slow as his spurts ebb.

Finally, Dalton pulls his cock from Allison's bottom. The condom on it has started to slip off about ¼". That space is now filled with his whitish cum. Allison cries out a long, deep, and frustrated "OOH!" It sounds miserable as if she needs to cum more than anything. And has been left

with no way to cum. Her hips shudder hard. Her wiggling pussy mound slings several huge dollops of honey. Her folds quiver hard. More honey flows. Allison shudders more. Allison groans out her frustration again.

Allison stays put, shivering hard, dripping, and moaning miserably for her orgasm. She fidgets and squirms. “Take that condom off my dick, *bitch*. Right now. Tighten your asshole up to hold onto it. If it comes out of your ass, you won’t be sitting for the rest of the day,” Dalton tells her. It’s the instructions I gave him earlier.

I watch Allison’s asshole. Dalton does, too. “Yes, Sir,” Allison says in her deep, breathy, voice that now breaks with a squeaky hungriness. Instantly I see her dark ring tense up, squeezing hard around his steely shaft. I can see her little muscle straining hard. I don’t know if Dalton does or not, but he definitely feels the squeeze around his cock.

Dalton starts pulling back from Allison. Slowly. As he does, Allison's very tight asshole hangs onto the condom. His cock, its way greased by the condom's lubricant, starts reluctantly slipping from the latex tube. "OHHH!" Dalton purrs a loud, and sweet, moan, "damn, that's so tight!" Dalton shudders hard, and happily, as he pulls his cock out.

"UMM!" Allison moans out loudly. There's no pain in her moan. Her bottom shudders as hard as Dalton's hips. Her pussy weeps honey. Her asshole stays clenched tightly around Dalton's thickness as his cock pulls through her ring, dragging hard over her flesh. Or rather feeling as if it's grating over her flesh. In truth, it's the thin condom against her flesh, and that's not moving, so nothing is chaffing her ring.

After several seconds, Dalton's cock pulls from the base of the condom. He quickly takes a full step back from Allison's bottom. His cock stands out straight, still steely hard, jutting out toward her bottom.

Allison's bottom shudders. Her asshole gapes wide, slowly cinching back to full tightness. The end of the condom, about an inch and half of it, dangles freely from

her bottom, hanging out her asshole and drooping over the rim of her ring to lie along her crack. It reaches down to glance over the top of her mound. A tiny droplet of Dalton's cum falls from the open end.

Dalton gawks. He stares at the free end of the rubber hanging from Allison's bottom. He watches her ring cinch shut, finally squeezing tightly around the floppy latex of the condom. It wiggles, dancing around, flitting over her slit, as her bottom shivers.

I told Dalton to give Allison a short moment for her asshole to tense back up. He does. He's still staring at the danging condom end. It does make an embarrassingly funny sight. "Clean my dick, bitch," Dalton tells Allison, trying hard to sound firm.

"Yes, Sir," Allison answers in her deep, needy voice that now breaks with a sobbing frustration. She quickly lifts her head up. And stands. She turns around to face Dalton and drops to kneel properly before him.

Allison's hands are still bound, and by now she's figured out they're going to stay that way. She looks to Dalton's cock. It's still almost fully hard, although it won't be staying that way for long. It's mostly clean, except for a thin film of lubricant on his shaft. His balls are another story. They sparkle with her wetness. Honey is plainly visible clinging to and covering them.

Allison starts leaning forward, closing the last couple of inches until her lips find the tip of his cock. She sucks, opening her jaw wide, and draws his cock into her mouth. She swallows it. Then she slowly pulls her head back, letting the shaft emerge from her lips with only a fine layer of her saliva covering it.

"Don't forget my balls, bitch, after you skanked all over them," Dalton tells her before the head of his cock slips from her mouth. It tells Allison that no answer is expected. Not with his cock in her mouth.

Allison has to scoot her knees back a hair. That way, as she leans into Dalton, her lips slip under his softening cock. Thankfully for her, he's still stiff enough that his cock

stands out. This way, it's out of the way of his balls. Allison wiggles her head around to get her lips to the bottom of his sack.

She opens her mouth, letting his balls dangle between her wide stretched lips. Her tongue comes out and starts licking them. Slowly and very softly. She starts at the bottom of his sack. Then she licks the back of them. It's easy for me to see her working, with her lips so wide. But then she tries to get to the front. That's not so easy. She can only get the tip and underside of her tongue against him, neither of which is of much use for licking her cream off of him.

Allison decides to take a chance. She holds her head back, her eyes upward, and raises it up a little, letting his balls lower down into her mouth. She closes her lips around the top of his sack, just below his cock. His cock continues softening. Now more limp than hard, it starts to droop down and lies atop Allison's nose. She sucks very gently, getting a sweet purr from Dalton. But that’s about all she accomplishes. She doesn’t manage to suck much of her honey off of his sack.

Allison opens her mouth again. She releases his balls as she twists her head to the side. And down, so that she's now looking forward at his pubes. His loose cock stays atop her nose, only now bending so that its tip is pointing up. Then, as Allison's head shifts to her side, his cock flops to lie atop an eye. Allison tries hard to ignore it. She sticks her tongue out, and this time gets some of it to his balls. She licks softly. Her tongue pushes his balls around as it gently glides over them. With his balls bouncing around, even slightly, against her tongue it's not easy for Allison to lick the honey from them. That his hairs are so drenched only makes it harder. She ends up having to suck the honey off of those. It takes her a couple of minutes to lick his sack clean. Dalton stands there, clearly not minding the delay one bit. His soft cock flops around slightly against her face as her head wiggles while licking.

Finally, Allison backs her head away. It's the first time her eyes are able to see the sack she's been licking clean. Until now she's had only taste to go by. And feel. I'm sure she could feel the hot stickiness of the honey against her tongue. She looks quickly, making sure that he's very clean. She takes an extra second to lick the last of her cream off his thighs.

Allison shifts her head back, letting Dalton see the bright rosy blush on her cheeks. Licking her cream off of him made Allison acutely aware of just how wet her pussy is. Of how much it wept onto him while he used her bottom. Now she knows that Dalton felt it all and knows exactly how hot that made her. As if it wasn't already obvious.

Dalton points to the bench and tells Allison to go sit. He doesn't give her a reason, or tell her how much longer she's going to have to wait for her release. He simply tells her to go sit and behave. Exactly as I told him to tell her.

Allison rises. She walks reluctantly over to the bench.

Dalton almost laughs. She walks with tiny steps, her legs stiff and almost unwilling to carry her away from the hope of relief. But that's not what he's watching. The end of the condom is still hanging out of her bottom. Her crack is now closed, the edges of her globes lightly but flush against each other. The limp rubber tube hangs about an inch past the edge of her crack. It jiggles as she walks, bouncing against her cheeks.

Allison signs heavily as she takes her seat beside Elena. Dalton looks between her legs as she sits. Stares. For an instant, he gets the sight of her pussy mound, fresh honey flowing onto the outside of her lips. And of the end of the condom dangling down from her bottom. The condom soon touches the bench, and immediately Allison's globes lower onto the wood, squishing the condom between her bottom and the seat. She crosses her legs and starts to fidget hard. "Uhhh!!!" Allison moans out as her pussy grinds against the bench. She quivers hard,

then catches herself and forces her body to start stilling. She pants fast, deep breaths. She cringes, but that soon fades. She sits, looking miserably frustrated.

Dalton pulls his pants back up and takes his seat again.

I snap my fingers and point to Elena. “Your turn, scrawny bitch. Go beg your guardian to fuck you up your butt. Politely. Bitch-like. Speak!”

Elena doesn’t hesitate to rise to her feet or drop down and kneel before Pete. “I’m sorry I’ve been such a trashy woman, Sir. I wish I could offer you my bottom’s virginity, Sir. Would you please use my bottom for your pleasure anyway, Sir? Please let me feel your huge penis inside my bottom, Sir. I want you there far more than you can imagine, Sir. Please let this trashy body and bottom give you some pleasure, Sir. Please use it, Sir.”

Pete isn’t reluctant. He’s seen how much Elena liked that toy in her bottom. And how much Allison liked Dalton. He grabs her chain leash. “Come on, bitch, you can bend over mousy.”

"Oh, Yes, Sir!" Elena answers in a girly high, very eager, and happy voice. She's on her feet as quickly as Pete is. She lets him lead her over to Allison. She spreads her legs and almost leans herself over. She plants her face just as fully into Allison's pubes as Allison did. Then Elena wiggles her bottom in invitation to Pete.

Pete is quickly inside Elena’s very enthusiastically welcoming bottom. And Elena is quickly screeching very needy urgent moans in her raspy voice. She shivers hard, her knees constantly buckling, as he thrusts into her bottom. Her bottom bucks against his cock, as Allison’s did. Her pussy shoots dollops of honey with each thrust. And it seems each one is shot a little more powerfully. Most hit Pete, covering his balls and thighs.

Pete takes his time. Elena screeches and moans the entire time. It takes him close to ten minutes to cum. But when he does, he grunts the hardest, most satisfied, moan. He pulls his cock out, leaving his condom dangling from

Elena's bottom just like Allison's. Maybe a little further, but not much more. It takes her longer, several minutes, to lick the mess she sprayed all over his balls and thighs clean. And then Pete sends her to the bench as well, telling her to sit beside Allison.

Pete takes his seat beside Tim.

Chapter Fourteen – Dyke 101

I know everyone, especially Tim, is expecting Darla to get her lesson next. Darla definitely is, too. So far that's been the case. All three have gotten a similar lesson, then I've moved on to the next lesson. But I have something special in mind for the fuck toy Darla. She's just going to have to wait a moment for it. Tim is going to have to wait a moment for his turn, too.

I walk back over to the bench and immediately grab hold of Elena's leash. This is one of the times I can easily switch the order. The last couple of times I couldn't. Elena, the last one to get her lesson, was still too close to the edge of her orgasm to last through another lesson. She is now, too. But she'll be able to last through this lesson.

A sharp tug on her leash gets Elena quickly up to he r feet. I walk her over beside the bench, about three short steps from where she is. I put my hand to her chest, squishing it against her breastbone, causally bumping her mounds aside as my hand pushed into her cleavage. I push her firmly back until I feel her bottom, heels, thighs, and back all bump hard against the wall. "Stay, bitch," I tell her in a very firm voice. Elena doesn't move as I pull my hand back. I just drop the leash, letting it fall to crash against her body and dangle between her breasts. The end of it dangles down to her pubes.

With Elena standing in place, I point to the place beside her. "Stand there, lezzie," I say, my voice still firm, but now also soft and affectionate as I address my girls. Dawn quickly moves into place. Without my having to tell her anything, she stands up straight with her hands behind her back. She backs up until she's flush against the wall. Then she scoots over until her side is snugly pressed against Elena's side. Dawn opens her feet just enough to expose her pussy mound fully between them, her thighs close to her puffy mound, but not touching it.

I point to the spot beside Dawn and tell Paige to take it. She doesn't hesitate either. In a short moment, she's standing exactly the same way Dawn is. Then I step over

to Allison, take hold of her leash, and walk her over to the end of the line. By now she's seen enough to know how I want her to stand. I push her back as I did with Elena, but that's all I do. She puts herself in place before I have the chance to crop some part of her that's not perfectly in place.

I turn to face the men. I look to Tim. "Patience is a virtue that is rewarded here," I tell him. Then I quickly shift my gaze to Pete.

"These bitches will now learn a lesson in proper pussy eating," I tell the men, as I look on Pete. I know the girls can hear me, too. I'm only a few feet from them. I want them to. Dawn and Paige do not need a lesson. Both have plenty of experience and are quite adept at it. Not as skilled as my favorite vibrator, Sophie, is, but close.

The three guys all have very eagerly interested looks on their faces. I see them quickly looking over the line of four women with renewed interest as if for the first time imagining the possible couplings. And imagining the sight they're now hopefully expecting to see soon.

None of the women exactly cringe at the idea. Dawn and Paige show nothing as if it's just another thing to them. Not new. Not disgusting. I'm sure the men figure that with both living here in my realm, both have plenty of practice at it. Elena shows only a faint hint of anxiousness as if she's not bothered by the idea. It's not new to her, either. But more as if she's expecting her skills to measure up far short of Dawn, named "Lezzie" standing beside her. I'm sure Elena is thinking that there's a reason Dawn got that name. Allison looks nervous again. But this will be new to her. She's busy imagining another woman's intimate taste flooding her mouth. Thinking of how she squirms and leaks when she's touched, and wondering how eagerly her partner is going be squirming against her mouth. And knowing that she has no clue how to do it. What another woman would enjoy her doing. She blushes slightly as she thinks of these others seeing her inexperience. Her inept performance.

"I'm sure you boys won't mind watching your ward's service another woman," I tell the men with a smirk on my face. "And it is important for a proper bitch not just to know how to behave itself, but how to best please others, regardless of the other's gender. Who knows, maybe one of you boys might wish your slave bitch to service a woman for you someday." The smirk stays wide on my face. The men's faces tell me the answer. All would gladly have them do it if they could think of a woman willing to participate.

I look straight at Pete. "You can be first this time. Go take scrawny's leash." Pete is quickly on his feet and over to Elena. He reaches down to her bare pubes and takes hold of the very end of her leash, leaving the heavy chain sagging down enough that it's still between her smallish breasts.

I have Pete bring Elena out two steps, then turn her to face the line. He brings her to her side so that she's standing directly across from Paige, but only because Paige is in the middle of the remaining trio. Those three are still in the snug, tight line I have them in.

I tell Pete to take his time getting a good look at the remaining three: Dawn, Paige, and Allison. I tell him that he's welcome to touch them as he pleases. But not to move them off the wall, or penetrate them, even a little bit. Otherwise, I don't care what he does with those three. As long as, after examining them to his heart's content, he chooses one. Picks one to provide a pussy for Elena's "tongue service lesson." He may pick whichever of the three he wishes. Whichever of the three he'd most enjoy watching Elena practice on.

Pete takes his time. I'd guess about a full minute to look over each woman. He starts with Allison, who stands fidgeting. She has the strongest-looking body, with a sharp posture, ample breasts, and a soaking wet bush. Then he skips Paige and moves over to Dawn. She has a more delicate, but slightly similar body shape. She also has ample breasts. But Dawn's bush is well-trimmed. And wet,

but not as soaked as Allison's. Dawn's is only wet close around her mound, whereas every hair of Allison's, from top to bottom, is soaked. And then Pete moves back to Paige. Paige is fairly tall, but she's also by far the leanest of the three. Her body shape is more like a stick with gentle feminine curves to it. She has the smallest breasts of the three, too, albeit rather pert and firm ones. And her pubes are fully shaven. There isn't a single stubble of a hair below her waist. Her mound is wet, just like the rest of them.

Pete puts his hand to Paige's breast, just as he did with the other two. He gives it a gentle squeeze, feeling its firmness. He strokes over her wide, stiff nipple. He runs a finger over the outside of her wet lips, feeling how silky smooth they are. He brings his finger up, a layer of Paige's oily thin honey clinging to it, and sniffs it. Her scent is light and sweet with a faint muskiness to it.

Pete eyes and fondles all three of the women. As he does, Elena obediently stands where she is, and stands properly. That has her eyes open and ahead, forcing her to watch Pete, the man she obviously wants for a boyfriend, casually feel up three other nude women. I don’t see any distaste on her face. For the first time, I see more cold calculation in those eyes. As if she’s sizing up the others. As if she’s paying very close attention to Pete, and what he seems most interested in about each of those bodies. As if she’s acutely aware of the similarities, and differences, between each of their bodies and hers. And dying to know which of them Pete will choose for her. As if Pete will obviously choose the body he finds most attractive. I saw a good bit of fear on Elena’s face as Pete skipped over Paige to get to Dawn. Paige’s body is, by far, the closest in shape to Elena’s.

There are few real, meaningful, differences between Paige and Elena. Paige looks younger. Several years so. Which she is. Paige’s pussy isn’t as sloppy wet as Elena’s is, but then again, Paige hasn’t been teased repeatedly the way Elena has, either. Paige’s mound is slightly flatter than

Elena's her clit somewhat narrower, too. Paige's legs are more lithe, but not too much so. Paige's face is more ovalish than Elena's with slightly stronger, but very delicate, features. Paige has a wider mouth with slightly fuller lips, too. But both have a similar light pink coloring to both their lips and nipples.

The biggest difference between them is their breasts. Elena's are firm, almost hard, and fully rounded like half oranges. Paige's are more shapely with a gentle curve to their undersides and slope to their tops that tapers to her nipples, giving her breasts a slightly pointy look. But they're just as firm. They're slightly larger, too, and stand out from her chest a bit more.

I stop Pete before he tells me his choice. I don't want him to announce it. Instead, I tell him to "tell scrawny to ask whichever bitch you wish if it may use it." Then I point to Allison, "Mousy." I point to Paige, "Skanky." and I point to Dawn, "or Lezzie."

"Scrawny, go ask very nicely if you may use Skanky's pussy to practice on," Pete tells Elena. I guessed right. And I see a little relief on Elena's face. He's picked the one with the closest appearance to her body. She's assuming that's the body type he prefers. Maybe hers, too.

"Yes, Sir," Elena answers sweetly. She takes one step forward. She smiles at Paige. "Skanky, my… escort wishes me to learn how to properly tongue a woman. I promise I will do my very best to follow His instructions and make it good. May I please borrow your girly place to practice on?"

Paige grins. She knows I would have allowed Elena to say "pussy." But Elena isn't taking any chances with the "no bad words" rule. She's keeping her language fit for kindergarten. Which is fine by me.

"You may, scrawny," Paige says with a glimmer in her eye. As my slave-whore, she isn't often allowed the treat of being pleasured by another. At least not for her enjoyment. I know she's hoping that I will allow her release at the end. And thinking that it is a possibility. I would so let Elena experience a woman cumming on her

face. Preferably as messily as possible. And Paige can get messy.

I turn to Pete, making sure he sees that I'm talking to him, not to Elena. "Grab hold of skanky and walk it over to the table."

Pete has Elena's leash still in one hand. He shrugs his shoulders and then reaches out with his free hand. He puts his hand to Paige's breast, cupping it. He takes a quick, gentle squeeze on her firm mound. He pulls his hand back slowly, drawing it along Paige's breast until nothing more than his fingers are left. He grips her nipple lightly. His hand slips a little more, leaving him holding nothing but the ring piercing Paige's left nipple. Now he gets a good grip on the ring. "Come with me, skanky," he softly tells her.

"Yes, Sir," Paige answers. Immediately her feet are following him. She doesn't even flinch as he pulls her along by her nipple ring. She just keeps up with him so he's not pulling hard on it. She even keeps her hands behind her.

Elena follows along, too. With Pete still holding her leash, she assumes she's supposed to. Not that it would matter. It's not like she has a choice but to follow the leash.

He walks Paige over to the table, but then he's unsure what to do with her. He doesn't know what position I'd like her in. Or exactly how. Darla is still bound over the center of the table, limiting some options. It's clear Paige isn't going to be lying on that table, at least.

"We'll call this lesson Dyke 101," I tell Elena and Pete. "Scrawny, be polite. Give skanky a *very* sweet thank you for allowing you to play with her pussy until you figure out what to do with one."

Elena turns her attention to Paige. Paige smiles and bats her eyes. "Thank you, skanky, for allowing me to borrow your girly place to practice my tonguing on..." Elena again tells Paige in a sugary voice. I put a hand to the back of Elena's head and with a single little shove,

thrust her head forward until her lips are almost touching Paige's. Elena gets the hint. She puts her lips to Paige's. She kisses Paige. It's a long and passionate kiss that Paige eagerly returns. The men, especially Pete with his close-up view, definitely enjoy watching it. More so as Paige's pert breasts squish against Elena's chest. And Paige's hands slip around Elena, gently caressing Elena's sides and bottom.

Once Elena ends the kiss, I tell Paige to lay on “that thing,” and spread her legs so “this bitch can get to that skanky thing.” As I do, I point to the very center of the massage table.

Paige isn’t the least bit tentative. She’s been mine too long, and she’s too well trained. She knows I would not appreciate any questions now. More so with newbies in the playroom. She knows that I mean exactly what I said. I’ve told her what I want. Her place is to give it to me quickly.

She hops up on the table beside Darla, her feet dangling over the edge. She uses her arms for balance as she leans back a bit and pulls her feet up until they’re on the edge of the table. Without pausing, Paige stretches her left leg wide, planting her left foot on the opposite side of Darla. Paige swings her bottom over, directly atop Darla’s, and lowers it until her bottom is on Darla’s bottom. Cheek-to-cheek, quite literally. The bottoms of Paige’s rounded globes lying to the tops of Darla’s taut ones. Paige shifts her left hand to the opposite side of Darla as well. Now Paige lies back, laying her back flat atop Darla’s. It pins Darla’s hands tightly between their bodies. Paige brings her hands in until they’re lightly touching Darla’s hips. She lies her head back, letting it loll to the side and over Darla’s right shoulder. Then Paige stretches her feet as wide as she can, splaying her legs, knees up and bent, to very fully expose the silky mound of her pussy. She lies still, loose and relaxed as she waits.

The men stare, all with thrilled, but equally disbelieving, looks on their faces. I guess they didn’t expect Paige to just lie atop Darla. It doesn’t look like they

mind the sight, though. It looks to me as if they wish they were on the other side of the room where they would be seeing tails instead of heads.

"On your knees, scrawny," I snap a soft, but firm, command and point to the spot on the floor where I want Elena. Directly behind Darla's bottom. Between Paige's wide-stretched feet.

Elena hurries over to her place and drops down to kneel properly. She smartly thinks to scoot her knees all the way forward, until they're even with the edge of the table. Sitting back, her bottom between her heels still has Elena's head a fair ways back from Darla's bottom. It has Elena's eyes about even with Darla's pussy.

And that gives Elena a perfect view ahead. She might be staring directly at Darla's sloppy wet pussy. Seeing Darla's gaping wide slit and her pink, wrinkly loose inner folds standing out from it. And seeing Darla's hard, wide clit throbbing. Or the thick layer of Darla's honey clinging to everything. But Elena can also see Paige's gently puffing mound. Her long, wide, and loose lips. The edges of Paige's folds rising into her wide slit. And the layer of clear, oily, honey coating Paige's slit and folds. She can see the point where their bottoms are squished hard together, too. Their cheeks are almost perfectly aligned. There's less than an inch of space between their two tightly cinched assholes.

Elena's hands are still bound behind her back, leaving them useless to her. I'm not freeing them, either. I tell Elena to open her mouth wide, then to come forward, rising up to her knees as she does, and put her mouth to "skanky's skank pit." I tell Elena that I want her lips stretched as wide as she would for a man so that she can fully surround Paige's mound with them.

Elena doesn't hesitate. Nor does she flinch as her lips surround Paige's mound and touch her. I tell Elena that she's to use her tongue to find Paige's slit, leave the tip of it against Paige's loose folds, but not push it into her slit. I just pause for a few seconds to give Elena time to obey.

It’s not like she can tell me when she’s done it. But I do see her neck muscles still, so I know she’s found it. And she’s now getting a taste of Paige’s honey. A taste that’s going to be clinging to her tongue for some time this afternoon.

I tell Elena exactly what I want her to do now. And how I want it done. In detail. I tell Elena to start slowly drawing the tip of her tongue along the line of Paige’s wide slit, making sure that her tongue tenderly caresses the edges of Paige’s folds. I just wait, allowing Elena a moment to do that. I can’t see much, if anything, of Paige’s mound. It doesn’t matter. In about three seconds I see the first goosebumps erupting beside Elena’s lips, flowing into the creases of Paige’s thighs. And then flowing up onto Paige’s bare pubes. That tells me that Elena is doing exactly what I told her to do. And Paige is feeling it so sweetly.

I tell Elena to suck lightly, just enough to draw Paige's mound a hair deeper into Elena's mouth. I tell her to keep her tongue stroking Paige's slit at the same pace. I give Elena a few seconds, watching as the first shivers start flowing over Paige's lithe body. Then I see what I was watching for. About every two, maybe two and a half seconds, Paige's legs snap with a single sharp twitch. Now I know that Elena's suction has done what I wanted it to do. It's pulled Paige's hard clit up from its nest of loose folds. With Paige's nub standing up straight and rock-hard, Elena's tongue is stroking it with every lap.

I remind Elena to keep the suction constant. I can see Elena’s cheeks pulling in slightly, and that is a sure sign that she’s sucking. I tell Elena to push her tongue lightly into Paige’s slit, making sure that it slips between her folds on every stroke, and just barely touches the pinkness at the valley of Paige’s slit. I give Elena a few seconds, watching as Paige starts to shiver sharper, to get her rhythm going.

Now I tell Elena to add the first real tease. On every stroke, every time Elena's tongue feels the hard stone of

Paige's swollen clit, she's to very slowly swirl her tongue once around the nub. Keeping her tongue softly against the hardness the entire time. She's to slow the rest of her stroke down so that her pace is steady throughout, matching the slowness of her caress to Paige's clit. With Elena's first swirl, I hear Paige gasp out a deep breath. A breath laced with a slightly girly moaning sweetness.

I let Elena go on for a short moment, letting Paige enjoy the sweet teases of Elena's soft tongue. It gives Paige a second for her shivers to start bringing needy little squirms to her body, too. Then I tell Elena to add the next tease to her stroke. She's to keep doing everything she's doing. And now, as her tongue slips to the bottom of Paige's slit, and she feels the entrance of Paige's tunnel, Elena is to very sweetly let her tongue swirl around that, too. Not over it as it has been doing. Instead, it's to find the very rim of Paige's tunnel and trace a single line around it, staying in contact with the rim the entire time.

That will have Elena's tongue slipping through the thickest of Paige's flowing honey. Her tongue will offer the honey an easy way to seep into Elena's mouth and flood it with Paige's taste. It also has Elena's tongue feeling the pulpy texture of Paige's twitching, hungry walls. And it has Paige feeling millions of icy-hot sparks shooting along her nerves as Elena's delicate and feminine tongue slowly glides over her.

As Paige lies atop Darla's back, her squirming quickly grows more urgent. I see her toes curl as her legs stiffen. Then her legs stiffen some more until her muscles are so hard that her legs seem to be vibrating. Paige manages to keep them wide open, though, giving Elena easy access to her pussy. Paige's gasps quickly fade into in a steady, measured deep breathing. The girly squeal in her breaths keeps rising, making even her breaths sound like primal moans. Her hands instinctively seek something to grip. They settle on the closest squishy thing, Darla's hips. She grips Darla's hips so tightly that her fingers start turning white. Her head rolls slowly, but enough to have her

dangling hair tossing lightly around. Paige's wide nipples strain to stiffen even more atop her mounds. Mounds that hold their shape, now standing up like squishably firm mountains. And Paige's honey flows, faster and faster. Soon Paige's oily honey weeps from the bottom of her slit, and past Elena's lips, to drip down onto Darla's mound. Darla's mound that's already sopping wet with Darla's honey.

"Scrawny," I firm up my voice a little to ensure Elena hears the last instruction. I've let her go on for about a minute now, which was long enough to get Paige really showing how fully she's being aroused toward orgasm. "Your tongue is to stay where it is, doing what it's doing. Lift your lips up off of that skanky pussy. Stick your tongue out further as you lift your mouth up. This way your guardian can *see* you obeying his order to fully pleasure this whore."

It takes Elena a couple of seconds. She slowly lifts her fine pink lips off of Paige. Almost as soon as they're no longer touching Paige, Elena starts moving her head, and tongue along with it. That makes it easier for her to lick Paige's pussy. She still has to move her tongue to make those swirls, though. She finally gets her lips up enough to leave about ¼" of space between them and Paige's shuddering body.

That's enough. It gives Pete a good line of sight between Elena's lips and Paige's pussy lips. It lets him see Elena's tongue slowly working its way along Paige's slit. Paige's wrinkly and loose folds are being pushed apart as Elena's tongue inches its way into the space between them. Paige's lips and folds quivering as her pussy twitches. Paige's honey flowing from the bottom of her gash. Paige's marble-wide clit standing up, poking its swollen, deep purplish rounded head up about her pink folds. Paige's clit now pulsing as it throbs its powerful ache.

And see Paige's clit seem to jump as Elena's tongue touches it, and keep jumping as her tongue slowly creeps

its swirl around the nub. It's not jumping, but her pussy twitches hard enough that it looks as if it is. Then Paige shudders just as hard when Elena's tongue swirls again, this time around the entrance of Paige's tunnel.

I wait another minute or so. Pete spends the entire time staring at Elena's head, watching very closely as her tongue rhythmically torments Paige's pussy, driving Paige to sweet agony as she resists her explosive urge to cum.

I whisper instructions to Pete. Pete nods. He quickly glances down. Just long enough to see Elena's little nipple straining to full hardness. "Hey, guys," Pete offers, raising his voice slightly, "come on over if you want and get a good look at my bitch's tongue eating this whore's pussy like a total lesbo."

Neither man needs any more encouragement. If they were prudish, they wouldn't be bringing a woman here. They wouldn't want to, either. Both are quickly on their feet. They don't waste any time queuing up beside Paige's left foot, the opposite side from Pete. And neither looks anywhere but into the gap between Elena's pink lips, and Paige's glistening-wet, pink folds. Both gawk openly. Both enjoy the sight, the swelling bulges, still slightly subdued after two orgasms, tell me they love the sight. I'd bet both are wishing they had their phones to snap a quick picture. Too bad for them. I have a no electronics policy in here for that reason. Pete can take all the pictures he wants of Elena eating pussy, as long as he provides the pussy for her to eat at his place, not mine.

Paige squirms and moans the entire time. Very urgently. And very eagerly. She grips Darla hard. She squirms atop Darla's back.

Darla lies there, still bound immobile. She feels Paige's erotic squirming over her back. She feels Paige's narrow fingers biting into her hips as Paige grips them with all her strength. She feels the toned globes of Paige's bottom grinding hard against her own cheeks. And she feels the clingy, fiery, oily wetness flowing from Paige's pussy as it rains down onto her pussy. It took about half of

a minute for the effect to fully take hold on Darla. But then I can see Darla's folds quivering almost as powerfully as Paige's. And I can hear Darla's breathiness. She's getting hot just feeling how needily aroused Paige is atop her. Feeling Paige's pussy dripping onto her pussy.

I wait a few more minutes. It lets the men get a very good look at what Elena is doing. It's a sight their eyes never leave as if they can't get enough of it. I wait until Paige has endured a full five minutes. Since Elena lifted her lips. Five minutes of proper teasing, every second of it bringing a proper squirming from Paige. Then I simply nod to Pete.

I've already told him that my nod is his cue. From now on, whenever he's ready, he may tell Paige to cum. He doesn't have to rush, he can make her wait as long as he wishes to watch. He doesn't even have to give her permission.

By now, Elena's lips are covered with a sparkling layer of Paige's honey. It's oily. It clings to Elena's lips. But it's also so heavy of a coat that it's run down Elena's chin. It covers Paige's quivering mound, the creases of her thighs, and runs down the crack of Paige's bottom. Then, where Paige's crack is firmly squished against Darla's crack, after flowing over Paige's tight asshole, it flows down into Darla's crack and over Darla's asshole. The heat of it has Darla's tight ring twitching lightly.

"Scrawny, I will tell you when to stop. Until then you keep doing exactly what you were told to do," Pete tries to put the firmness in his voice, but there's enough glee in his voice that it undermines the tone. He pauses for several long seconds. "Skanky, cum now, whore," he says firmly.

"Yes, Sir," Paige answers in a blurting breathy voice that's a few octaves higher than her normal girly voice. Only then does Paige relax.

Instantly Paige's pussy explodes in a hard orgasm. There's no missing it. Not for anyone. Paige's pussy spasms, snapping crisply and powerfully. So hard that her folds jiggle. And so hard that her pussy squirts a huge

dollop of her oily cream straight out the bottom of her slit. Pete timed it perfectly, instructing Paige to cum as Elena's tongue found Paige's clit. That gave Paige just enough time to answer him. By the time Paige did, Elena's tongue was circling Paige's tunnel. Paige's violently-snapping pussy shoots her honey straight into Elena's open mouth. Almost as a man would. Everyone sees the stream of clear honey, laced with tiny bubbles, as it bursts from Paige's mound and quickly vanishes into Elena's lips.

Elena's eyes go wide. She definitely wasn't expecting Paige to squirt. Maybe she's never had a woman do that before. But suddenly Paige's honey is splattering against the back of Elena's mouth as hard as a man's would be. And there's at least as much of it, probably even more. Her thin honey clings to the back of Elena's mouth. And immediately starts running down toward Elena's throat.

"WOW," Tim mutters, "look at that slut squirt pussy juice!"

Elena goes on obediently still working her tongue around Paige's pussy. It keeps Paige squirming even harder than before. It keeps those tingles shooting along Paige's nerves, only now they're even hotter and sharper to her. It keeps Paige's honey flowing, quickly flooding her tunnel, as her pussy keeps snapping hard twitches. And keeps squirting more honey into Elena's mouth. Or onto Elena's chin. In about three squirts, there's so much on Elena's chin that it drips down, landing on Elena's chest just above her breasts. And it starts covering Elena's tongue, giving Elena a very intense taste of Paige.

Pete watches the show. He watches for what I told him to. Eventually, after maybe a minute, Paige's honey starts to flow slower. At the same time, her screeching breaths grow louder and more squealy. That's Paige's sign that she's finished her orgasm, and if Elena goes on, Paige will soon be pushed to a second one.

"Scrawny, stop," Pete says, a light note of reluctance in his voice. "Bring your head back." He waits as Elena

shifts back to kneel, sitting back with her bottom between her heels. It puts several long inches between Elena's head and Paige's quivering, sopping wet pussy mound. Pete tells her to stand. Then to open her mouth wide and show him "the whore's cum in her mouth."

Elena stands and faces Pete. She stretches her mouth wide. It lets Pete see the glistening honey covering Elena's tongue and the back of her mouth. A small trickle of the cream still flowing down towards Elena's throat. It's oilier and still has a few little bubbles in it making it easily distinguished from Elena's saliva. Pete tells her to show Tim. Then to show Dalton. Once all three men have seen it, he tells her to swallow it, as a bitch should. Elena doesn't flinch as she swallows Paige's honey.

Pete takes hold of Elena's leash and pulls her over to the side. He tells Paige to get up and onto her feet. Paige is up quickly, standing with her back to Darla, still centered behind Darla. Paige wasn't told to move, so she stands back with her cheeks lightly pressing against Darla's taut cheeks.

"Skanky, thank scrawny for making your slop pit cum," Pete tells Paige.

"Yes, Sir," Paige answers. She faces Elena and looks her directly in the eyes. I've already told Paige and Dawn how I want these bitches thanked. If Pete had picked Allison, I'd have to tell her now, though.

"Thank you, scrawny, for tonguing my sloppy disgusting pussy until it came in your mouth. You've learned to eat pussy very well, almost as good as a lesbian." Paige uses her sweet voice. So soon after cumming, her voice is still laced with the sultry breathiness, too.

Paige doesn't wait. She leans forward and puts her lips to Elena's. This time it's Paige kissing Elena. And Elena kissing her back. It's Paige's tongue darting around inside Elena's welcoming mouth and tasting her own pussy deep inside the other woman's mouth.

It's another long kiss, too. Paige finally breaks it. She takes a single step back and quickly, but smoothly, brings her head forward and down. Paige stretches her mouth wide open, putting it instantly to Elena's petite breast. Paige is able to get most of the mound into her mouth. Paige sucks lightly, lying her tongue against the tip of Elena's mound. She starts swirling her tongue over Elena's hard nipple.

“OOH!" Elena blurts out a very surprised and even more hungry moan as a crisp shudder hits her. Her eyes are wide, her mouth hanging open, and her hair tossing as she does. The men watch as Paige takes her time caressing the nipple with her tongue. Then as Paige moves over to Elena's other breast and gives it the same. Finally, Paige rises up to stand and steps close to Elena again. "I just *love* a breast in my skanky mouth," she says teasingly sweetly. Paige presses her lips to Elena's for another long kiss. "Thank you for that slutty pussy licking." Paige steps back.

“Scrawny, thank slutty for allowing you to borrow her skanky pussy,” Pete tells Elena.

“Thank you, skanky, for allowing me to borrow your very skanky girly place to practice my tonguing on. I hope you liked it, I tried very hard to make sure you did. I really wanted you to love it, skanky.”

Pete dismisses Paige and waits as she retakes her place in the line. Then he uses the leash to walk Elena back to her place at the end of the line and leaves her there with the leash dangling down.

All three of the men return to their seats. With a little wave from me to cue them. Once they’re seated I glance over the line of four girls. Then I have Dalton come up and take hold of Allison’s leash. I think, by now, everyone knows exactly what Allison is about to do. I offer Pete his choice of the other three for Allison to practice on. He picks Paige again. I think that’s just because he wants to see her squirt into Allison’s mouth. He seemed to really like that sight. A couple of minutes later, Paige is back

atop Darla, squirming hard and purring moans as Allison practices her pussy licking.

Chapter Fifteen – Finishing Off The Scrawny Bitch

Now all four of the women are back in line. All except for Darla, who is still tied over the table, that is. The men have retaken their seats. And I know Tim is expecting his turn now. After all, I have skipped right over him. But he’s going to have to be patient a little longer. I have something special in mind for Darla. But I have one more thing I want to do with the other two bitches first. Paige and Dawn can stand there as filler to make the line longer. A little better of a show for the men.

It doesn't take Sophie long to get ready for the next lesson. There are only two things she needs to set up. First, she gets the stool out of the closet. It's not the stool beside my desk, the one I keep there just for bitches. This one is even cheaper. And it's steel. It kind of looks like the ones I see in the Jail where I work part-time. There's nothing to it but a 10" diameter round top to sit on, and four stout legs. It's not even big enough for a decent-sized bottom. The steel will be as hard as it is cold and thus uncomfortable to sit on. Sophie brings that to the center of the open space, between the men and the table that Darla’s tied over. There’s plenty of room for it, but not much extra.

The other thing I have Sophie bring out is the "titty vise." It's a wooden stand I had made. There's a 3-foot square base, that's just a piece of 1" plywood. In the center, there's a 6-by-6 post that rises up to almost waist height. My waist and I'm petite. To the sides of the post, at the very top, are two wooden-jawed clamps. Big ones that Harbor Freight tells me are used for clamping wood parts together while the glue dries. There are two slats of 1-by-4 wood, each 18" long. One slat is attached to each side of the jaws so that closing the clamps will close the slats like jaws on a vise. Oh, and there's a screw eye attached to each corner of the base, in case I want to tie feet or wrists in place. Sophie places it right beside the stool.

I step over to Elena. She's been waiting for the longest, so her pussy will be both aching the most

intensely and the furthest from climax. I take hold of her chain and use the leash to walk her over to the stool. Then I firmly tell her to sit. I don't have to tell her to sit properly. She figures that out on her own.

The stool is even less comfortable than the bench. There's no wall behind it. That makes Elena's back muscles do all the work to hold her back rigidly straight. She crosses her legs, which leaves her only one foot on the floor to balance herself. Luckily Elena has a narrow body and bottom. Her cheeks almost all fit on the stool, leaving only a slight bit over the edge. Her hands stay cuffed behind her back and useless.

I stand beside Elena with my crop in my hand. I give her a long, cold, stare, hopefully letting her know that I'm not going to tolerate any misbehavior. I pace around her a couple of times, too. Then I stop beside her.

I don't have any questions about what Elena wants and needs. She's made that abundantly clear. I'm almost as confident about Pete. He's not exactly a master of hiding things, either. Or isn't bothering to try.

I turn to him, and in a sweet, but very business-like voice, ask Pete "now that you've seen every last speck of it, is this bitch attractive enough for you?"

"Oh, yeah," Pete quickly answers. I see a faint smile starting on Elena's lips as he does.

"Now that it has been trained, are its blowjob skills acceptable to you?"

"OH, yeah," Pete answers a little more enthusiastically. As if he really likes those skills.

"How about its sloppy pussy, is that tight enough for you?"

"Oh, yeah." Pete goes on eagerly agreeing. And Elena's smile gets bigger.

"How about its filthy butt, is that tight and satisfying for you?"

Pete smirks, thinking of the used condom that's still hanging out of Elena's asshole. "Definitely."

"Well, then, obviously it will do as a fuck doll for you. But do you wish to see this bitch in your house, doing *all* the chores, cooking your meals, washing your clothes, serving you on its knees like a proper bitch?"

"OH, yeah!" Pete answers.

Now I get serious. The answers to those questions were beyond obvious. I tell Pete that if he "takes this trashy bitch" then he also needs to be willing to take care of it properly. I tell him that means *never* asking its opinion on anything. Just tell it what will be. *Never* ask it to do something, just tell it what it will do. And it means not tolerating anything but obedience from it. Spanking it harshly for minor infractions. That way it will truly believe that it *must* obey him. And it will know that he cares enough to help it behave. It wants to behave. It wants to devote itself to his pleasure. It wants him not to let it displease him, no matter what that means for it.

"Then tell it that it belongs to you now." I give him a little more advice.

Pete rises to his feet. A single step has him standing over the seated Elena. "Scrawny, as of now, you belong to me. When She is done with your first lessons, I will take you to my apartment, not yours. I have plenty of cleaning and stuff that you can do for me. Naked."

"Yes, Sir," Elena answers in a very happy voice with a big smile on her face. I see a wave of relaxation flow over her, too. She definitely wanted Pete to take her.

"Say it, bitch," Pete takes more of my advice.

"Yes, Sir. This scrawny bitch belongs to you now, Sir. I will obey you without question and do whatever you tell me to do, Sir. And I will be very polite to you, Sir." Elena tells him. "Thank you for wanting me, Sir."

I tell Pete to give Elena the rules. His rules. The ones that she will be expected to obey, no matter what. I've already whispered a few suggestions to him. Some rules and some general hints of what he might toss in.

Pete tells her that she may not leave his house without his permission. She may not use the phone, email,

or anything else without his permission, and that means he's going to know who she's talking with. She is to be humble and polite to everyone at all times. Period. She is not to ask for anything, he will give her what he wishes her to have. She will wear what he picks for her. She shouldn't expect any privacy, either. She's his property. Privacy is for people, not property.

Elena gets the idea. I figured she would, this isn't exactly new to her. "Yes, Sir," She answers, "I will obey all your rules, Sir." She says it with honey in her voice, telling me that she wants the rules. "And I know that you will punish me very strictly whenever I'm bad, Sir. I don't expect you to go easy on me, Sir. Give me the hard, awful punishment that disappointing you deserves, Sir."

"Now, if you're through using this bitch, for the time being, I'll leave it up to you to decide if its sloppy pussy needs relief, and if it does, if this bitch has behaved perfectly to earn the reward of that sweet release. If it hasn't behaved *perfectly*, meaning exceeded every expectation you have of it, then it does not deserve to be rewarded. It can get its reward much later after it's learned to behave and put your whims before its slutty needs. Bring it over if you decide to watch it cum like a trashy whore, or put it back on the bench if not."

Pete doesn't hesitate to take Elena's leash. Then, as I've hinted, he stops. He holds the chain up, keeping it taut to her neck. "I suppose you want to cum, scrawny?"

"Yes, Sir, my girly place aches so badly I can't stand it, Sir. Would you like to watch me finish, Sir?"

Pete gives the chain a little tug. Elena quickly rises to her feet, still unsure where Pete is going to take her. He walks her over to the titty vise. I can see by the look on Elena's face that she doesn't know exactly what it is. It doesn't look like she cares much, either. She just wants to cum. And now she thinks Pete is going to allow her to.

Sophie drops two short pieces of rope beside Elena's feet.

I tell Pete to snugly tie Elena's ankles to the eyelets at the corners. That way her feet will stay where he puts them. Otherwise, as "nervy" as her pussy is, they won't. I'm doing this to give Pete a quick lesson in proper, safe tying. I don't want him hurting Elena. But he is going to be tying her. If he doesn't, she'll think of a way to make him.

I have Pete make three lightly snug loops of rope around Elena's ankle, and then tie the rope off. I have him take the free end of the rope and thread it through the eyelet. He pulls it taut. Elena's foot scoots over the base as he draws her ankle to the eyelet. I have him tie it off. Then I tell him to do the same with her other ankle. He takes hold of her ankle and scoots it all the way over before he starts tying it. It doesn't take him long to get her tied.

Elena stands there, mostly relaxed, and very eager. She might not have a clue exactly what Pete is going to do to her, but she does think he's going to give her the relief she's been after. I doubt she much cares how she gets that relief, as long as she does. Only now Elena's legs are stretched fairly wide apart. Wide enough that her mound swells prominently in the empty space between the tops of her taut, lean thighs. And wide enough that her cheeks are pulled tight as well, deepening her crack slightly. Her hands are still bound behind her back.

Pete steps around to Elena's side, a little in front of her, closer to the stand than her body. He puts his hands to her shoulder, getting a snug grip on them. He steadies her as he leans her forward. He bends her all the way over until her ribs and shoulder blades are resting flush against the gaping wide jaws of the vise.

Pete steps around to the front of Elena. He puts his hand to her back, just between her shoulder blades, and presses lightly. Just enough to hold Elena down, leaning over all the way. This way the stand supports the weight of her top half, while her legs have the rest. It also has Elena's petite breasts puffing down into the wide gap

between the jaws of the vise. And it has Elena's bottom pulled tighter, opening her crack most of the way and fully exposing her asshole once again. And letting everyone see the dangling end of the condom still sticking out of her tight hole.

Pete puts a hand to the crank of one clamp. He takes a couple of turns, closing one side of the vise a little bit. As the jaws cock to one side, the crank gets stiffer for him. He moves to the other and closes it until the jaws cock the other way. Then he moves back and forth, each time closing the jaws about another ¼".

It takes a few moments, Pete shifting back and forth between the cranks, for the jaws to finally close enough to start touching the small mounds of Elena's breasts. Pete keeps going, only more slowly now, closing the jaws while using his hand on her back to stop Elena from standing up.

Elena's mounds are just big enough for this. If she were much smaller, I wouldn't have put her here. It wouldn't work. As Pete slowly closes the jaws, the wood slats steadily close with Elena's breasts between them. One slat against the underside of both mounds, the other across the top side. The "bottom" slat nudges the underside of her breasts forward a bit until the other stops them. And then the slats start squeezing on her firm mounds.

The jaws squeeze more and more, steadily, but lightly, with each twist of the cranks. Soon they have Elena's mounds pressed tightly between them. As Pete keeps slowly tightening the cranks, the jaws squish against her mounds. The formerly round mounds quickly squish flat between the jaws. A few more cranks tighten the jaws until her mounds start to show a faint purple hue. And then Elena's already rock-hard nipples, pop out further, standing down more than they've ever risen off her breasts. Their light pink color deepens as well, turning them a bright shade of pink that's almost red.

Elena quickly figures it out as she feels the boards start to squeeze her breasts. At first, she shows nothing.

Then I see her face tighten up slightly as she feels the bite of those jaws squeezing her tender breasts hard. She shudders slightly but otherwise stays put as Pete closes the jaws. As her breasts throb more and more from the pressure. Until Pete finally stops, her breasts aching badly.

Pete stops tightening as he sees the color of her breasts deepen. He stands up, taking his hand off her back. He looks down to see her mounds tightly squished between the boards, now pressed more flat than rounded. And with those nipples pushed out so far. He looks on for a few seconds, almost surprised to see the sight. More so not hear Elena complaining about it, even though the discomfort shows on her face.

“I will tell you when I wish to see your slutty pussy cum, bitch. When I do, I expect to see that filthy thing cum immediately. Not a second before then. You *WILL NOT* cum unless and until I tell you, is that clear, bitch?”

"Yes, Sir," Elena quickly accepts her instructions. There's a fair bit of strain in her voice now. "I will not finish until you tell me to, Sir. No matter how badly I need to, Sir.”

"Let's see…" Pete looks over the line of three waiting women. There's Allison, Dawn, and Paige all standing there. Paige and Dawn look fully relaxed as if they don't have a care in the world. Allison looks edgy, standing fidgeting as she closely watches Elena. Allison must know that she's next. Soon it will be her throbbing breasts clamped in those jaws. She has to be wondering what someone is going to be asked to do to Elena.

Pete takes a long moment to look over the naked bodies. As he does, he slowly inches down to Elena's hips. He glances down to her pussy, standing out just behind the backs of her thighs now. Her very wet, sloppy, honey-soaked mound with lightly quivering folds.

I’ve only told Pete that he may relieve Elena however he wishes to. I suggested that he not “give her too much of a reward,” such as by having her pussy licked or fucked. But, while I didn’t recommend it, he could if he chose to. I

don’t think it would be best for Elena to be given too much of a reward now. It wouldn’t encourage her to strive harder to behave better for him. It would make her subconsciously believe that she was already good enough. I’ve also told him that he could pick from the three women. Or the men, to give her the release. He could do it himself if he wished, too. The men would have to agree to do it, not that I think any wouldn’t jump at the chance. The women, all property, should merely be told to.

I'm a little surprised to see Pete reach his hand down to Elena's very sloppy mound. After the so-interested, so-aroused look on his face as he watched Elena licking Paige's pussy, I expected him to eagerly jump at one of the women. A woman who is likely to be on her knees behind Elena, despite my suggestion.

Instead, I see a few drops of Elena's honey fall to the floor as Pete's fingers push between her loose folds. Then more honey drips as his fingers slip down. It doesn’t take him any effort to find her clit. Elena’s nub is far too hard and swollen for anyone to miss it. I could see a light pounding on it so I know it has to be throbbing her powerfully, too. I know, now that Pete traps that nub between his fingers, he can feel it pounding too.

I'd give Pete about a five for skill. He's about the typical male. Very eager to play with Elena's clit, but lacking the intimate knowledge to make it as good as possible for her. Most men don't know that. They simply don't understand what different ways to touching that button feel like. They can't without one of their own.

He traps the nub between two fingers. He starts rolling it gently between his finger, squeezing it lightly. It’s plenty. Far more stimulation than needed to start very hot, very icy, sparks shooting all through Elena’s body. And to start shoving her hard to the edge of orgasm. More so with her pussy already so needy.

It takes about one second for a hard shudder to flow over Elena's body. "UHHHH!!!" Elena cries out the neediest of moans in her whiskey-deep voice. Her hips

snap with a crisp shudder. A few more drops of honey fall from her slit. Her hands jump to grab her wrists and hold them tightly.

I let Pete go on for a little while. Maybe close to half a minute. Until I hear Elena screeching moans that are as needy and hot as they are begging. By then Pete's entire hand is covered with Elena's honey. Pete must not mind. He's grinning from ear to ear as he watches Elena's sweetly agonized suffering as she holds her climax back.

I very quietly whisper to Pete that he might try something slightly different. I suggest that he use his thumb and second finger to gently squeeze Elena's hard clit. Even as I'm still telling him what to do, I see Pete's hand shifting its place. I suggest that he holds her nub still, squeezing it hard until he feels its pounding against his fingers like a hammer. He's immediately doing it. I can see the tip of Elena's steely nub squished, forced, out behind his fingers so that it pokes its head up from his pinch. I see that tip pounding hard enough to explode. I have Pete put his first finger to the very tip of her clit and start slowly drawing it over the nub. I suggest as slowly, and as lightly, as he can make it. For a split second his face tells me that he expects this to be less, not more intense, for Elena.

Elena instantly feels it. Her body shudders so powerfully that her hips thrash as her knees buckle and her ankles snap the ropes that hold them. Her head snaps back, her jaw hanging wide. "OH-AHHHHHHHHH!" Elena screeches. At first, her voice is squeaky, girly-high, but in half a second it's faded back to her sultry whiskey tone. Her shoulders snap hard, too, trying to rock from side to side. The vise holds her breasts clamped exactly where they are. Her rocking shoulders merely pull against her unmoving mounds. A huge dollop of oily honey flows from her folds, through her slit and lands with a plop on the floor. It's loud enough to get Pete's attention.

Pete keeps stroking her this way.

Elena keeps trying to thrash harder. It pulls against her trapped breasts harder, making them throb even more. It has her hips snapping wide and fast. She tries to buck back as if to ram her pussy onto Pete's hand. That does nothing but pull more on her breasts. Her knees keep buckling. She'd fall to them if she could, but her firmly bound ankles keep her feet flat on the base making it impossible. Honey rains from her pussy. Elena goes on screeching as if her world is ending, but oh so sweetly. Her bottom dances around, almost in circles with her shuddering, bucking, and buckling knees all pulling in different directions. Even her asshole joins in, spasming hard with snapping twitches around the limp end of the condom.

Pete keeps going. Elena keeps squirming wildly. It seems that every little motion of Pete's fingers only makes her squirms crisper and wider, more eagerly urgent. Her cries are the same, growing desperate in short seconds.

"Behave, scrawny!" Pete snaps firmly at the one-minute mark. It was another of my suggestions.

“YES! SIR!” Elena screeches out in a raspy deepness that blurs her words into a guttural moan. It might remind her to behave. It definitely makes her squirming even more energetic and violently urgent. And it makes her pussy spasm hard to push out another dollop of honey. Amusingly to me, it has the dangling condom end flopping around hard, bouncing against the inside edges of her cheeks.

Pete goes on. He watches Elena closely. It’s hard not to as loud as she’s moaning out and as hard as she’s squirming. Pete has an even wider smile on his face as he sees how good this is for Elena. And how graphically she's showing her appreciation. The other men are watching as well, and I have no doubts, taking notes. Even the other women are watching. Both Dawn and Paige have seen this before. Allison clearly hasn't. She now looks rather nervous, as if she's busy imagining herself suffering what

Elena now is. And wondering how she's going to last through it. If Dalton allows her.

"SCRAWNY!" Pete snaps even more firmly at the two-minute mark, "BEHAVE!"

“YES! SIR!” Elena blurts out under her pleading moans. “I WILL NOT FINISH UNTIL YOU SAY I CAN, SIR!” Then, as she finishes promising her obedience, Elena’s body shudders so hard that her pussy finally squirts the dollop of honey back. A big dollop that splatters against Pete’s hand.

Pete goes on, watching Elena deny herself for his viewing pleasure. Watching the so obvious signs of how much she wants to cum.

“SCRAWNY!" Pete snaps loudly and almost harshly as the three-minute mark passes. "I SAID BEHAVE!"

Elena goes on thrashing and screeching raspy moans.

I've "suggested" that Pete make Elena wait at least five full minutes. I would if I were controlling her relief. But I've delegated that to Pete. Mostly because it's a skill Pete will need if he wants her for his slave-girlfriend. He makes it to the four-minute mark. By then, Elena looks as if she can't possibly endure another second of this. "Just cum like the whore you’re acting like, scrawny. Go on, bitch, let us all watch you cum.”

“Thank you, Sir!” Elena might be screeching out, but by now her moans are so breathy, fast, and noisy with their raspiness that I can barely hear her words. “Will everyone please watch me cum now?”

Elena stops holding it back. Her muscles tense hard. Until they're so tight her entire body is vibrating. That only lasts a second. She explodes. An entire pussy full of honey shoots powerfully out from her slit, spraying several feet behind her before landing on Darla's head, clinging in Darla's hair.

"UHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Elena cries out, drawing it out until there's no air left in her lungs. As it goes on, it rises from the deep throaty voice to a squeaky girliness.

"AH!" She sucks in a lightning-fast breath and then moans out another long squeaky cry of bliss. Her bottom and hips thrash hard. Her pussy goes on spasming, wave after wave of relief and pleasure flowing over her body.

Pete goes on for about half a minute, still teasing Elena's nub while she cums. It keeps Elena thrashing and screeching away as hard as ever. Even more so. Finally, he takes his hand from her pussy. Elena goes on shuddering and moaning. After about half a minute, she finally begins to ebb.

It takes another minute before Elena is done. Then she stands, still held in place bent over, her breasts squished hard. Now her body is rubbery loose and limp. So loose that her knees now buckle to drop her only because her legs don't seem to have the strength to hold her up. Her pussy still slowly weeps honey. And she pants hard, trying to catch her breath.

"Stand still, scrawny. Now. Still enough that the rubber sticking out of that ass stops bouncing around." Pete tells her. It was another of my suggestions, to remind her that the condom is still inside her bottom. He waits. It takes Elena a moment to still. She stands almost still enough for it to stop flopping around. Almost. Pete decides it's enough and unties her ankles. Then he loosens the clamp holding her breasts and stands her up.

"Thank them for watching such filth, scrawny," Pete tells her. I suggested it, too. It will remind Elena that her embarrassment doesn't matter to Pete. That he is free to display her as he wishes. No matter how intimately. No matter how much it invades her privacy. And that she's not expected to just allow it, or even accept it, but to eagerly give it.

"Thank you all," Elena says. Her voice is still very throaty over her panting breaths. As she stands, facing the men, her skin is still flushed hot and sweaty. Her feet are open a little, and her pussy slowly dribbles more honey. But she looks more satisfied than she's ever been. "for watching me finish like a filthy tramp, Sirs, and Ma'ams. I

am so sorry that I was very noisy and disgusting when I finished."

Pete takes her by the chain and walks her back to her place in the line. He stands her there. She stays, her body wobbling slightly on rubbery limbs.

Chapter Sixteen – The Bitch Who Couldn't Behave

Now it's Dalton's turn to deal with Allison. I had no doubts that Pete and Elena wanted each other; those two were eager to be owner and slave, so I had no doubt that he would gladly accept her. Dalton, I am far less sure about. I'm just as unsure about Allison, too, although there has to be some reason she picked him. While I don't know, I'm sure there were others in her dorm she could have asked. Like other girls.

From what I've heard, before today, Dalton's relationship with Allison has been more professional than anything, albeit a friendly professionalism. He's the RA in her dorm, and I doubt he's been much more to her. I don't know if he has any interest in her or not. He wouldn't be the first man to bring a girl just for the thrill of seeing a session here. He wouldn't even be the 50th to do so.

As I take hold of Allison's chain leash and walk her over to the stool, I'm thinking, and wondering, about all of that. About whether Dalton is going to accept her. Whether she wants him or not, too. Because it's so obvious to me that Allison needs someone to closely watch her. She wants it, too. If Dalton isn't going to be that person, I will either have to provide someone (and I have a few toys that would gladly do it), or make this a one-time lesson for Allison and leave her father to make other arrangements for her. The one thing I am certain of is that I don't have the time to provide full-time supervision for another girl. Especially one that's a hundred miles away. I'm not even going to think about that one.

I put Allison on the stool, just as Elena was. Only I don't have to scold Allison into place. She paid attention as I taught Elena what I wanted and now she straightens herself up. She sits on the stool, her bottom hanging a little more over the edges than Elena's did. She fidgets rather nervously, too.

I have Dalton come up and stand over her. It gets Allison fidgeting a little more as the time of judgment approaches. She's about to find out exactly what Dalton thinks of her, and she knows it. I have Dalton at Allison's

shoulder. I stand on the opposite side of Allison, and a hair back. This way, as Dalton looks at me, he can't see Allison's face for clues about what she might want him to say.

"This bitch is kind of butch looking, isn't it, with those square shoulders and rigid back… it's got good strong legs, too, doesn't it?" I ask Dalton. I keep my eyes down, seeing Allison flinch and cringe hard as she hears the derogatory appraisal of her naked body. I'd bet she was just starting to think we all found her body at least somewhat attractive. In truth, she is attractive. I'd call her body strong or powerful, but also curvy and feminine. I'm not going to tell her that, though.

"Uh… yeah, a little…" Dalton more blindly agrees with me than criticizes her body.

It doesn't matter. We all hear it in his voice, but Allison only hears the words and cringes more. She blushes brightly, too. And she fidgets more. There's nothing Allison wants to do more right now than to run off and hide. To never see any of us again. But obediently she sits and blushes with the deep embarrassment she's feeling. I love it.

"This bitch obviously can't take care of itself, or it wouldn't be about to get a pair of C's this semester. There's only one solution to that, someone is going to have to take very close care of this thing." I tell Dalton, keeping a trace of distaste in my voice for Allison, who is definitely listening to everything.

"And I don't mean just its studying. I mean very intimately, in every possible way…" I go on to tell Dalton just how closely Allison should be "supervised" for the remainder of the semester, which is about five weeks.

"I haven't decided if this things father is worth the inconvenience to myself to find someone to supervise this bitch daughter of his or not. I do have a few girls that I could send over to take care of it if I decide to even bother with the ugly thing. Or, if you're willing to suck it up and take care of this thing for a few weeks, I could tell you how

to monitor this thing. That wouldn't be any trouble for me, so I'd go that far for its father. Do you want the job?"

I haven't spelled things out exactly, but I've done it close enough that Dalton should have a pretty good idea of what I'm after. Enough to know that I'm thinking he's going to be seeing Allison naked often. Very often. And touching her body very intimately.

For a long moment, Dalton hesitates. His face tells me he doesn't mind. He's only wondering what Allison would want, and clearly, he can't guess. In the end, he accepts the job. I have him tell Allison, firmly and directly.

Dalton steps around and leans down to stare into Allison's eyes. "I don't know what arrangement Ms. Rodgers has with your father, that's her business, not mine. But for the rest of the semester, you belong to her. I will be supervising you for her, which means you might as well belong to me, too. Is that clear to you, bitch?"

"Yes, Sir," Allison answers, her voice breaking nervously as she starts to smile. It's a little smile, one she's clearly trying not to show. But it's definitely there, telling me this is what she was hoping for. I think Dalton sees it, too. I notice a bit of the tension ebbing from him.

I have Dalton start laying down rules for Allison. He follows my suggestions, telling Allison: that she may not leave her dorm without his permission, and then she has to tell him where she's going and when she'll be back, who she'll be with, and what she's going to be doing. He'll then decide if she should go or not, and if he allows it, he will hold her to returning before the time he sets. He tells her that returning means standing in his room with the door shut behind her. Anything else is considered tardy and will have consequences.

Now, every morning Allison is to be showered, shampooed, shaven, and fully cleaned up by 07:00. Once ready, Allison is to find a chair in her room, sit patiently, and wait until it is convenient for Dalton to come see her. Once she sits in that chair, facing her door, she is not to get up or move for any reason. She's to sit. No one cares

if someone else barges in, she's to stay put. Not that anyone should be barging in on her. He will inspect her to ensure she is taking care of that body, which is now my body. If she passes, he will choose clothes for her and wait while she dresses. She is then to remain fully dressed until, sometime after all her classes are over, Dalton tells her otherwise.

There will be no “big bitch activities” for her. No dating. No going out with friends. No masturbating. Just studying to get her grades up before finals. Unless Dalton tells her differently. He may “send her out with someone” of his choosing. But she may not ask to go with anyone. Nor may she refuse if he sends her. The look in his eyes tells me he might have some plans, maybe a hard-up friend that could use a date, but that’s going to be as far as he lets it go.

He tells her that he expects her to behave herself. She will be humble and polite to everyone. No exceptions. Ever. She will also be honest. Whenever she is asked anything, by anyone, she is to give a very polite and equally complete, honest answer. He doesn’t care how embarrassing it is for her. He doesn’t care how intimate or invasive the question is, either. Nor does he care who asks. She’s to be a completely honest bitch. And an open bitch, with no secrets.

Nor will Allison be permitted any modesty. Whatever modesty she may get, such as clothes to cover her body, is completely up to Dalton. For him, not her. If he wishes her nude, then she will be nude and make no effort to cover anything. It doesn't matter if he walks her through a packed auditorium. He will decide when to hide her ugly body, and from whom.

Nor will she be permitted any privacy. Her father, me, and Dalton, along with anyone we choose, may go through her things as we wish. We make take whatever we want, and do with it whatever we please. She may or may not get it back.

Obviously, obedience is mandatory. Whatever Allison is told to do, she will do. She will say "Yes, Sir," then immediately go do it. There will be no stalling, delaying, or dragging her feet about it. Nor will there be any wasting of time. She's not to rush, or hurry, but she is to do everything at a normal, everyday, pace. Whatever she's told to do. There is no choice. At least not beyond how much punishment she will endure before she obeys. Whatever she's told to do, she will be doing. And she's not to do anything without first getting permission.

Nor may Allison question anything. Ever. She may ask questions, but only if needed to understand what she's been told. Not why she's been told. Not to ask for anything or any privilege. Not to ask for any mercy from anything she's been told. Only to clarify her instructions.

And last, for now, Dalton tells her that he will be hanging onto some things of hers. Most notably to Allison, her phone. She may have it only when he allows her to leave the dorm. And then she may call only her father, me, or Dalton without permission. Or text. He mockingly tells her she's obviously been wasting too much time with her worthless friends, so now she can ignore that and concentrate on the education her parents bought her.

As Dalton lays down each of the rules, all of which I've told him, all of which are the same rules I'd lay down for her, Allison merely answers "Yes, Sir," to each. And with every new rule, I hear Allison's voice grow more accepting, softer, and slightly more edgy. As if she appreciates the rules, yet knows obedience is going to be an issue. And doesn't want it to be.

I don't know if Dalton has much interest in Allison or not. But after seeing the look on his face as she easily swallowed his entire cock, I could see that he definitely had an interest in a repeat performance of that. And an encore or 100. I told him to make that plain to Allison, too.

He first reminds Allison that her body belongs to me, and by extension him. "Yes, Sir, this body completely

belongs to Her, Sir, and as its guardian you, Sir," Allison answers him. She doesn't sound nervous about that.

"As such, it is up to Ms. Rodgers, and me, if that fat body gets used intimately. And how. And by whom. And where. And when. You have no say in anything, bitch. When you are told to do something, you will do it enthusiastically, and you will like it, bitch. Is that clear, bitch?"

"Yes, Sir…" Allison doesn't hesitate to answer. She blushes a little deeper, her voice taking on a bit of sultry breathiness as she goes on. "This is Her body, Sir. You will tell me what I am to do… sexually, and I will do as I'm told the best I possibly can, Sir. I don't get a say in what I do, Sir." It's enough to tell me that Allison gets it. She sucks, fucks, and does anal, along with everything else, as she's told. The slight twinkle in her eye tells me that she's hoping Dalton won't be too shy about telling her, either. I'm less sure that she's specifically attracted to Dalton and more sure that she likes the idea of being someone's sex partner.

Now I pull a surprise on both of them. I pull out my phone and quickly call Allison's father. He knew I would call him sometime today and let him know how Allison's session went, at least in general. I don't think he wants the more intimate details of it. Instead of telling him, I send a quick picture of Allison, seated on the stool. It's a chaste picture, taken from the side and not really showing anything while also making it perfectly clear that she's completely naked. I also make sure there's no one else in the background of it. Then I simply tell him that I've evaluated Allison and determined a few things. The first thing I tell him is that his daughter is "not a virgin, and thus a total slut." It gets a good hard cringe from Allison. One that has her shoulders drawing up beside her head as she hears me tell him. I add that she "spent too much time on her knees," too. Then I tell him that I've decided that Allison needs very close supervision. Since I won't be in New Orleans to watch her, I've arranged for her RA, a man,

to keep his eyes on her for the remainder of the semester. Over the summer, he and I can discuss if I have the time to continue supervising Allison or not.

Then I put the phone on speaker and hold it in front of Allison. "You will tell your father every rule you have just been told. You will be over my knees if you skip even one. Speak."

Allison blushes the deepest I've ever seen her blush. Her face grimaces hard. And she starts reciting rules, adding to each that's she's promised to obey it. By the time Allison gets to the last bit, the part about her possibly being used sexually, she's almost crying from the embarrassment. And her nipples are rock hard. So hard that they have tiny little twitches to them as her nerves tingle. She tells him.

"Then obey them… daughter," He says. I did ask him not to use her name for "privacy." He knew she wouldn't be the only woman here today, but I might have forgotten to mention the other men. Then again, I told her she had to have someone bring her, why wouldn't I ask the same of the others? Maybe he can guess. Maybe not. I hope so. "And do not call me for permission for anything. You can ask them since they're there." I didn't expect him to tell her that.

"Ms. Rodgers," He says, "would you mind having her call me with status reports?"

"That's fine, would twice a week be comforting to you?"

"That would be great."

I tell Dalton to make sure he tells her to call her father with those very detailed reports every three or four days. He nods. I go on speaking to Dalton, but really talking to all three of them. I tell him that he's to have her call while he stands there and listens. She is to tell him everything. And I mean every single thing. Not just her school work, but also how she's being cared for. And if she's used, or allowed to relieve her "girly stress," she is to tell him that, too. And how it was done. She may speak

freely to him, Dalton will be monitoring only to ensure that her reports are complete. There will be "stern consequences" for everything omitted.

He tells me that's great, he'll look forward to hearing from her. I remind him, and mostly Allison, about the honesty rule. Then I ask if he has any questions for her. "Have you been behaving for Her today?" is all he asks.

“No, Sir,” Allison cringes hard as she answers. “I was being modest after I was told it wasn’t allowed, and then I was being whiny when She gave me an enema to clean my very dirty bottom out, Sir. I was spanked until I cried for disobeying Her, Sir.” Allison’s voice hushes and turns squeaky with the humiliation of having to confess her misbehavior.

“It sounds like you deserved a spanking, daughter. I told you to mind Her.”

“Yes, Sir,” she agrees. Her voice drops another note before she goes on to tell him “She’s even stricter about her rules than you are, Sir. She won’t let me get away with even the tiniest thing, Sir.”

“Good,” He firmly tells her. “Maybe you’ll learn to mind Her then.”

“Oh, Yes, Sir!” Allison quickly blurts out, “Her spankings hurt very badly, Sir. They’re the worst I’ve ever had, Sir. I am never going to get myself another one, Sir!”

Then he asks if we’re done with her session. I tell Allison to answer her father.

“No, Sir,” She very quietly tells him. “She… I haven’t been allowed to relieve my girly needs, yet, Sir. After her lesson in being a proper wife, Sir, I am really hoping that my guardian will grant me that relief, Sir. I am sitting here waiting for him to decide if I have behaved well enough to have earned it, or if I will have to wait, Sir.” Her voice almost breaks as she tells him.

I might not have had her speak so openly to her father about her sex life. MIGHT. But that was one thing he specifically asked me for. He asked me to see to her womanly education. That, in my book, means he doesn’t

mind, or wants to know, but not see or be directly involved with, about her education. I am pretty sure that Allison is a hundred times more embarrassed to be telling him than he is to be hearing about it. At least with the specific details omitted.

And that ends his questions for Allison. So it ends the call, too. Then I tell Dalton that it's time to relieve Allison, or not. His choice. He may either put her in the stand, as Elena was or return her to the wall to suffer longer. Then I whisper the last part so that Allison won't hear me. I tell Dalton that, should he choose to grant her relief, he may do so "by penis, fingers, tongue or toy, either by pussy or anally." I tell him the choice is his. He may do it himself, ask Pete or Tim to do it, or pick one of the three girls on the wall to do it for him. He should do whatever he wishes to see, not what he thinks Allison would most want him to pick.

Dalton takes a second. He shifts back and forth on his feet, his eyes fixed down on the fidgeting Allison as she still tries hard not to grind her pussy against the seat. And mostly holds herself still. At the straining hard nipples atop her gently quivering breasts. At the moderate scrunching up of her face as she sits, enduring the unbearable pounding ache in her pussy and clit.

Finally, Dalton just tugs up on the leash. Allison instantly jumps up to her feet. She stands, the most eager of looks on her face. Dalton leads her over to the stand. As soon as her feet are on the base, she spreads them wide until the outsides of her feet are flush against the eyelets rising up at the corners. It's as if she's telling him "hurry up and tie me so I can cum!"

The ropes are still there. The very same ones that bound Elena. Dalton ties Allison's feet the same way. He takes his time tying them, too, making sure her strong legs are snug and securely bound in place.

Allison cringes hard as Dalton starts leaning her forward. She's already seen what this stand is, and knows what's about to happen to her. She doesn't resist. She

helps, leaning herself forward a bit quicker than Dalton would have. Dalton ends up merely steadying her as she does.

Allison’s breasts are far larger, and plumper, than Elena’s. They hang down, slightly loosely. They dangle free in the space between the boards. They mostly fill the space, too. Dalton puts a hand to Allison’s back, gently holding her down, as he starts to close the jaws.

It doesn't take nearly as long this time. Not with those plump mounds. In a few cranks, the jaws are lightly touching the top and bottom of her breasts. Dalton keeps closing the jaws. Slowly. He watches closely as her mounds start to squish between the boards. It's not much longer, about the time when the insides of her breasts are squished together and touching, but before her mounds are too tight in the clamp. That when the jaws get tight enough, squeezing her breasts enough, that they start to stretch. Her nipples appear below the slats. Rock hard and standing out as far as ever. Elena never did, but Allison's breasts are about double the length of Elena's.

Dalton glances at me. I’m nodding. He keeps going, tightening the boards against her mounds. It keeps squeezing them, tighter and tighter. It keeps squishing them flatter. They swell to the sides, her flesh having nowhere else to go. Her nipples stand down a little more, the dark rings around them beginning to emerge beneath the jaws now, too. Those are shriveled tight, lined with mountain ridges of goosebumps.

Allison starts cringing hard, her face scrunching tight as her breasts begin to throb with the crushing ache flooding through them. At first, her breaths are deep and needy. As the clamps mash her breasts harder, her breaths pick up until she's panting hard. Her pants, laced with that squeakiness, are still breathy and deep. Very sultry. And even more urgently needy.

It takes a few more cranks for the boards to start digging hard into Allison's mounds. Squishing her spongy breasts so hard and flat that the tips of them, extending

beyond the clamps, swell out wider than the slats. Then her mounds start to take on a purple hue. At first, it's faint. But it steadily deepens as Dalton keeps tightening the clamp.

"UHHHHHH!" Allison cries out loud and desperately, her bottom thrashing quickly. It's a cry of erotic need. Her pussy lips and inner folds jiggle hard as her pussy snaps a couple of eager twitches. Her nipples feel it even more. At first, they just ache as the blood fills them. Then they grow warm, the heat quickly turning to fire. Tiny pinpricks of sting erupt through them, shooting deep into her mounds above. And then the more intense electric tingling floods through them in the blink of an eye. It leaves her nipples itching unbearably as they burn, pleading for the tiniest little touch to them. Their nerves, flooded with blood and unfamiliar sensations, react violently to any tiny stimulation, making her feel every bit of ten times what she would if her breasts weren't so tightly squished.

Finally, with her breasts glowing a deep purple and her nipples twitching under the boards, Dalton stops tightening the clamp. He takes a step back and looks over Allison as she stands there. I point to Allison's pussy, and instantly Dalton's eyes go there. It lets him see her creamy honey weeping hard from her quivering folds. And, if he looks closely, see the throbbing nub of her clit pulsing atop the slit between those folds.

He turns his attention to the line of girls. The hungry look on his face tells me that he's eager to see a little more girl-on-girl action. He quickly scans over the bodies available. He points to Dawn. She's standing up straight, as is Paige. Elena's legs are still rubbery. Leaving her slightly loose and wobbly as she stands. Dawn's ample breasts stand out on her chest. And unlike Paige, Dawn has a neatly trimmed bush on her pubes of dark brown fur. It's a body somewhat similar to Allison's, albeit Dawn is slightly taller and narrower. Both are fairly curvy, though. Dawn just doesn't have the sturdiness that Allison does in her look.

Dalton crooks his finger. “It’s lezzie, right? Come over here.”

Dawn doesn’t hesitate. She starts walking to Dalton. It’s only a few short steps for her, and she crosses them quickly. Dalton points to the floor behind Allison. “On your knees, lezzie.” Dawn quickly drops to kneel properly, hands behind her back. It has her eyes staring directly at Allison’s sloppy-wet dripping pussy about a foot in front of Dawn’s nose.

“Mousy, stand still and behave your slutty butt, bitch. I will tell you if and when I wish for you to let all these men see you cum. You will not cum unless and until I tell you to. If I decide to let cum on lezzie’s face like some cheap whore, I expect you to cum immediately when I tell you to. Do not misbehave, bitch.”

“Yes, Sir,” Allison answers in a very deep voice that’s laced with a squeak and a hefty note of uncertainty. As if she doubts she'll be able to obey, not as if she's unwilling. Allison shivers hard.

“lezzie, tongue this bitch’s pussy,” Dalton tells Dawn.

Dawn immediately answers, “Yes, Sir. This bitch will tongue mousy’s pussy, Sir.” Dawn stretches her mouth wide and sticks her tongue out. I don’t’ have to give Dawn instructions. She’s tongued enough pussy to be very good at it by now. She knows exactly how I want it done.

Dawn’s tongue goes directly to the bottom of Allison’s gash. Dawn doesn’t put her lips to Allison’s body. She holds them back, offering Dalton a perfect view. He watches as Dawn’s tongue slowly finds the bottom of Allison’s quivering folds. And then, Dawn’s tongue starts inching very slowly up Allison’s slit, caressing Allison’s folds as it licks Allison’s cream from them.

Dawn easily finds the swollen hard nub of Allison’s clit. Her tongue makes the softest, slowest circle around it.

“UHHHHHHH!” Allison screeches out. Allison’s legs tense. Her back and arm muscles do as well. She cries out her needy moan, shuddering hard as she does. Her bottom shudders even more crisply. So much so that her globes

bump against Dawn's head. Her thighs, too. I see her toes curling hard against the base.

Dawn skillfully ignores Allison's squirming. She just lets her head move with Allison's bottom. And she keeps her tongue flowing smoothly over Allison's too-sensitive places.

Allison sucks in a fast breath, then cries out an even needier "UHHHH!" as Dawn's tongue finds the entrance of Allison's tunnel. Dawn's tongue takes its time, caressing a smooth circle around the rim as it deftly teases the tip of Allison's flushed, wet walls. Then Dawn's tongue is moving down again, back towards Allison's hard-throbbing clit.

Dawn's tongue again finds Allison's nub. "UHHHHHH!" the deep moan explodes from Allison's lips. Despite the steely hard tension in her legs, her knees buckle. Her ankles just won't bend far enough for her to drop onto them. But now her legs are rubbery. And that lets her bottom thrash wildly around.

Allison's shoulders rock. Harder than Elena's did. Enough to really pull her breasts against the unyielding boards. Those jaws keep her breasts clamped firmly in place, with her nipples squished out fully beyond them. But as her shoulders thrash so powerfully, I can see her chest rising slightly off the top of the slats. That pulls even harder on the tops of her mounds, stretching their flesh piano-wire taut for an instant before bringing her back down. But it pulls only the very tops of her spongy mounds. Just the flesh above the jaws. The flesh in the jaws, and below, stays perfectly still.

I shoot Dalton a little hard glance. He catches it. It's enough to tell him that Allison shouldn't be moving so much. At least she was told to stand still. As intense as the sensations Dawn's tongue is sending into her most sensitive places, that's impossible. No woman would stand perfectly still, or even close to it. Not that it will spare Allison a punishment for disobedience. She could be stiller than she is. She's letting herself get carried away in her own pleasure.

Dalton puts his hand to Dawn’s forehead and pushes her back a little. As he pushes her tongue off Allison’s pussy, Dawn straightens up to kneel properly. She’ll demurely wait for her next instruction.

I quietly tell Dalton to scold Allison harshly so that she knows what she’s doing to displease him.

Dalton steps around to the front of Allison. She's still squirming hard, but not as wildly as she was with Dawn's tongue on her. She panting hard, too, as Dalton grabs Allison's hair and uses it to pull her head up. I'd hold her head up by her hair, but Dalton puts a hand under her chin and grabs hold of it.

“Mousy!” Dalton snaps, raising his voice a bit, but not too much. He’s almost got the harsh tone down. Almost. It’s close enough, though. “I told you to stand still! I thought you wanted to show these men how sluttishly you cum all over that girl’s face! I guess you don’t want to cum, or you’d be behaving!”

“I'm sorry, Sir!" Allison cries out in a squeaky, but still deep, voice. It's fast and laced with her desperation to cum. The discomfort of her squished breasts is plain on her face, but not in her voice. Her voice is unbridled urgent need. "I promise to behave for you, sir! Please, sir, please let me cum for these men."

I shake my head firmly. Dalton catches it. “No. You had your chance to behave, bitch. You misbehaved, so now you’ve had all of that you’re going to get.”

The most forlorn, frustrated look sweeps over Allison’s face. “Yes, Sir,” She answers, the unhappiness clear in her petulant, grumbling voice.

Dalton takes one step back to stand beside Allison’s hip. He points to Allison’s bottom, not her pussy. “Tongue that, lezzie.”

“Yes, Sir,” Dawn doesn’t hesitate to answer. There’s no unhappiness in her voice, either. “This bitch will tongue Mousy’s anus, Sir.” As Dawn finishes her answer, her hands are already coming up.

A look of shock erupts over Allison's face as she hears Dawn. Allison definitely wasn't imagining this happening. I'll bet she's thinking that she'll be asked to do it to another woman as well. I hadn't planned on Dalton telling her to do it. I didn't think he would have thought of it. Although, the wording of my instructions to him did leave it open.

Dawn's hands move both quickly and purposefully. They go straight to Allison's firm, rounded, and full globes. And stretch those globes even further apart to fully expose Allison's tight asshole. To pull some tautness into it, drawing the smaller wrinkles out. And pulling the pinprick of darkness at its center out a little. Just enough that now it looks like the point of a pencil. Less than ¼" across at the top, and steeply tapering to nothing as it dives into her body. A black point centered in a swath of moderately deep-purple flesh.

Dawn leans forward again, her mouth stretched wide open. She stops just short of Allison's bottom. Dalton's used condom is still sticking out of Allison's tight asshole. About two inches of it, all of which hangs loosely, drooping down from her ring, along the valley of her crack, and to her mound. It flops around, bouncing gently, as Allison's bottom squirms.

Dawn knows what has to be done. She angles her head slightly down. She slips the tip of her tongue under the dangling end of the condom. She brings her tongue up, then into her mouth, carrying the end of the condom along for the ride. And then she clamps her teeth down, biting down on the used condom. Her teeth and lips never touch Allison's bottom.

Dawn starts very slowly straightening her back, pulling her head back.

"OOH!!!!!" Allison screeches loud, a sudden high squeakiness taking over her voice. Her eyes go wide. She freezes in place as the condom starts pulling slowly through her tightly clenched ring. Then she shudders hard. Allison keeps screeching her squeaky, but very needy, cry.

Dawn slowly and steadily brings her head back. The condom is now taut, stretched gently between Dawn's teeth and Allison's asshole. Lightly lubricated, it keeps pulling through Allison's asshole. Tightly cinched, Allison feels the rubber sliding over the tender flesh of her ring, teasing it softly.

Finally the tip of the rubber slips from Allison's asshole. Allison shudders hard. The long condom immediately drops down, hanging from Dawn's lips, over her chin, and dangling down. The little bubble at the tip is filled with Dalton's whitish cream.

Dawn simply opens her mouth again. The condom falls. It lands on the floor between Dawn's spread knees. And there it stays.

Dawn's wide-stretched mouth is already moving back toward Allison's displayed asshole. Dawn sees the little finger wave from me. She stops her lips a scant fraction of an inch from the valley of Allison's crack. "I am going to tongue this bitch's anus very good and as deep as my tongue will go. Watch me eat mousy's anus, Sir. Please watch me lick it closely, Sir."

Allison shudders a hard flinch.

Dawn's tongue quickly finds its place. Right on the rim of Allison's asshole. Just the very tip of Dawn's tongue touches Allison's ring. That's enough.

Allison shrieks out a very high-pitched, and by far the girliest, "AHHHH!" she's ever made. She shivers crisply, and constantly. Instantly goosebumps erupt around her ring and race through the valley of her crack. They flow over her mound just as fast. Her pussy starts twitching hard, and that has her wrinkly loose folds quivering. The rest of Allison's body snaps to full tension as she starts to squirm.

And then Dawn's tongue starts its work. It starts tracing a very slow circle around the rim of Allison's asshole, right where the outermost bit of muscle, at the center of the opening, pushes against her flesh. Dawn

holds her mouth wide and her lips off Allison's body to allow Dalton a good view of what her tongue is doing.

"OHMYGOD!!!!" Allison screams out in the uncharacteristic girly squeal. It's a cry of utter shock. And it's erotic. Allison shudders wildly, her knees buckling, her bottom squirming as far and fast as it can go, her toes curling against the base, and now her hands, still cuffed behind her back, jumping up and down, beating against her back as they do. Her eyes are wide in horrified surprise. Her jaw hangs open.

As Dalton glances to me, I nod my head, cuing him to let her go on. He says nothing. He stands beside her bottom, his eyes quickly returning to watch Dawn's tongue teasing Allison's asshole.

Allison keeps screeching away. The very hot, needy, and desperately urgent girly cries. She keeps thrashing and squirming as wildly as the ropes on her ankles and her clamped breasts will allow. Her shoulders snap sharply, rocking from side to side, and pulling harder by the snap on her clamped breasts. Her breasts never move. The jaws hold them still, her nipples twitching lightly as they're squished out at the bottom.

Dawn keeps going. With every slow loop around Allison's asshole, her tongue slips the tiniest bit further into the ring. There it finds fresh nerves. Nerves that have never been teased before. Unfortunately for Allison, every nerve in her body is already tingling and on fire from the pounding ache in her pussy. Dawn's tender tongue caresses send countless hot sparks shooting into those nerves. It starts Allison's ring spasming sharply. It keeps Allison's pussy twitching crisply and weeping her creamy honey, too.

Allison's honey is definitely the thickest of the three. But it's not pasty. It's not too thick to start dripping from Allison's quivering folds, either. It lands on the floor, between Dawn's knees. Almost atop the used condom.

Steadily, Dawn's tongue slips deeper and deeper into Allison's asshole. It takes about a minute for Dawn to get

her tongue fully into the tight ring. As much of it as she can, anyway. She still has to keep her lips back so that everyone can see what she's doing.

It has Dawn's tongue fully inside Allison's asshole. Allison's muscle squeezes hard around Dawn's tongue with every snapping spasm. Hard enough that it squishes Dawn's tongue. But it can't stop Dawn. Her tongue keeps going, slowly inching its way around Allison's asshole over and over again. Slowly caressing Allison's tingling, hungry nerves. The unfamiliar caress sending billions of those icy hot sparks shooting along those nerves right into her too-needy pussy and then flying out through her entire body.

The tingling sparks keep her muscles snapping hard and wildly. It's already far beyond anything Allison could hope to control. Those sparks just jump from her needy nerves to the ones controlling her muscles. Now Allison's pussy weeps almost constantly. More so than we've yet seen from her.

And Allison keeps screaming her girly screeches. Cries that are wild. That are panicked. That are shocked. Cries that are overly needy, hungry, and urgent. Cries that squeak a desperate plea for release.

I tell Dalton that now is a good time to begin timing Allison. He barely glances to his watch, not wanting to take his eyes off of Dawn's tongue. I tell him to invite "his friends" up to get a good look too. "Hey, guys, come watch this trashy bitch eat mousy's ass out!" Dalton doesn't take his eyes off the sight.

The others need no more encouragement. They're very quickly at Allison's other side, by her hip. And their eyes are locked on the sight of Dawn's tongue, visible in the little slit of space between Dawn's pink lips, and the beige flesh of Allison's globes.

The ropes will only let Allison's feet rise about ¾" above the base. Otherwise, Allison's feet would be stamping around wildly and powerfully. They keep trying to anyway. But the snug ropes keep stopping her from moving them.

It's only been about a minute when Allison screams out "THIS IS TOO DAMN MUCH!!!!" a few seconds later she starts crying. The tears roll down her cheeks as she goes on screeching her too-urgent moaning cries. And squirming. And thrashing. All while shivering. There's no doubt to anyone watching that Allison wants to cum. That she loves this.

I whisper to Dalton. He steps around to Allison's front side. He uses her hair to lift her head up. It shows him her face, her mouth hanging wide as she screeches, her face scrunched up hard, her eyes wide open, and the tears rolling like little rivers down her cheeks. He follows my directions. He gives her face a light slap. Just enough of one to sear a pink handprint on her cheek and really get her attention. "I said behave, bitch! Stop acting like a filthy whore, NOW." He tells her.

It does nothing for Allison. She goes on just the same.

Dalton reaches down, still holding Allison's head up and blocking her from seeing what he's doing. He reaches under her chest. Under the vise her breasts are locked in. he very lightly draws a finger over the tip of one of Allison's swollen, hard nipples. It sends the hottest sparks shooting through her nipple, flooding her captive breast, and racing down to her desperate pussy.

Allison's shoulders snap hard as if trying to yank her breast away from him. The vise holds her mounds firmly still. Her nipple can't move. It's locked in place, its overly-sensitive tip left to feel the painfully delicious tease as it throbs lightly. Her back tries to arch up, bringing her bottom forward. It can't do much with the vise locking her breasts in place. Her bottom jumps about two inches forward. And then, as her chest pulls too hard, and too painfully, against her breasts, her instincts snap the arch from her back. It rams her bottom back, slamming it against Dawn's face as if she were trying to fuck Dawn's tongue with her bottom. Allison screams more desperately.

It goes just the same at the two-minute mark when Dalton again scolds Allison for "acting like a filthy whore."

At the three-minute mark, I have Dalton slap Allison's face hard. This time he leaves a red handprint on her cheek. And her bottom snaps back so violently against Dawn's face that Allison's pussy crashes against Dawn's chin. With Allison thrashing so hard, it manages to grind her mound against Dawn's chin for that split second. It's enough to leave a thick coat of Allison's creamy honey on Dawn's chin. A coating that everyone can see.

“Damn, mousy, you really are fucking lezzie’s face!” Dalton almost laughs. Then he scolds her sternly for misbehaving.

By the four-minute mark, Allison's bottom is already snapping back hard constantly. Trying to pound her mound against Dawn's chin again. But not finding it. Now that Dawn knows it's coming, she loosens up and allows her head to move along with Allison's bottom. Dawn's face stays squarely between the inside edges of Allison's globes. The utter frustration of being unable to find that badly needed tease again, to grind her hard-throbbing clit and mound against something – anything – drives Allison even more insane. It has her screaming the screeches. It has Allison slamming back shamelessly. It has every single muscle in Allison’s body thrashing her body around as hard as it can. And it has Allison’s pussy dribbling honey. Honey that’s mostly hitting the floor, but some of it is landing on Dawn’s ample breasts.

Even with Allison's cry coming as a single, minutes-long screech, Dalton has no mercy for her. He slaps her face harder and scolds her to "stop acting like a whore before he regrets agreeing to supervise her slutty ass." It only makes Allison cry a little harder if the tears running down her cheeks are crying. Otherwise, her body is long since doing everything its muscles can do to squirm.

Dalton leaves her crying hard through the last minute of my five-minute mandatory wait. Even though I told him

he could allow her to cum earlier if he chose to. The five minutes are my rule. It doesn't have to be his as well.

Then he follows my advice. He grabs her hair and gently yanks her head up. He slaps her twice, once on each cheek, and neither very gentle. He glares right in her eyes. "Do you want to cum on lezzie's face, mousy?" He firmly asks her.

Allison barely manages to get a "Yes, Sir" into her screaming screech of urgency.

"You have one chance, or I swear to G-d, you will be waiting until tomorrow, *BITCH*." Dalton manages to finally get the firmness in his voice. As if he's frustrated with her slutty display. It effectively lets Allison know this orgasm, if she manages to get one at all, will be for her, and only for her. As if Dalton is doing something kind and very intimate just for her, too. "First you will beg these *men* to watch you cum like the absolutely filthy whore you are. Beg utterly shamelessly, like a whore. Speak, bitch."

Allison barely speaks. Her words come out in the same screeching squeak as her cries. It makes her very hard to understand. It's more as if she's moaning as loudly and with as much urgent hunger as she possibly can. As if those moans are exploding hard from her lips. "Sirs!" Allison cries out. "Will you please watch this whore finish all over lezzie's face while she licks my butt hole? Please, Sirs, watch her stick her tongue up my butt and lick my hole. Watch it make me finish like the cheapest whore to ever walk a street corner. Watch me finish with her tongue up my butt! I love her tongue up my butt! It's too damn good. I want to finish. I want every man in the world to see me finish all over her face like the whore I am! Watch my butt finish me! Watch me finish on her face!"

Dalton still has a firm grip on her hair, and he holds it tight to keep her head pulled up. He's still staring into her eyes, too. "You will relax that filthy ass so lezzie can get her tongue all the way up it. And you will keep it wide open for her until I decide if you're going to cum or suffer,

bitch. Now, tell lezzie what you want her to do to your filthy ass, bitch. Speak."

"Lezzie! Please shove your hot tongue all the way up my filthy butt and lick every bit of my butt for me! Please, Lezzie, I'll make it easy! Shove that tongue up my filthy butt, please! Please, I have to have it all the way up my butt! Please, let me have it deep up my butt! Give me that hot tongue, lezzie, please, please, please, please…"

I tap Dawn once on the top of her head. It's my cue to her to give it to Allison. If Allison lets her deeper. Dawn's tongue is already as deep as it can reach. The only way it's getting any deeper into Allison's bottom is if Allison loosens her ring up. And that's a big if as wildly as Allison's thrashing.

A couple of seconds later, I see Dawn tap her foot once against the floor. It's a signal to me that Allison has loosened up. Now Dawn's tongue can reach the very back of Allison's asshole and caress the inside rim of it, too. Dawn has a good tongue, meaning she can stick it out fairly well. It might just be enough to have the very tip of it a fraction of an inch beyond the thick ring of Allison's asshole and teasing the walls of her rectum.

"OHMYFUCKINGGOD!" Allison screeches out, "GET IT OUT, GET IT OUT, GET IT OUT!!! IT'S TOO MUCH!!! I CAN'T!!!" Allison goes on pleading for the tongue to leave her bottom. "GET IT OUT OF MY ASS! IT'S TOO FAR UP MY ASS, IT'S KILLING ME! I CAN'T BEHAVE! STOP LICKING MY ASS! GET IT OUT OF MY ASS BEFORE I LOSE IT!"

Dawn gives me a couple more single taps of her foot, letting me know that Allison, despite her insistent pleas, manages to keep her asshole loose and relaxed. Which lets Dawn's tongue keep easily swirling around, stroking every last bit of Allison's asshole and maybe, I hope, a hair beyond. I know Dawn is going to be tasting Allison's rectum now. Luckily for her Allison had that enema to clean her out fully. It will be a light taste of Allison's waste now.

Dalton, reassured by the obvious sensuality in Allison's cries, hardens his voice a hair more. He adds a bit of disapproval as well. As if now he thinks Allison wants that scathing tone in his voice. "Tell everyone what lezzie is doing, bitch, in detail. Speak."

"HER FUCKING HOT TONGUE IS ALL THE WAY UP MY SLUTTY WHORE'S ASS LICKING EVERY BIT OF MY ASSHOLE! AND UP MY FILTHY ASS. SIR!" Allison screams out.

"Do you like it?"

"FUCK YES, SIR! IT'S BETTER THAN A DICK IN MY PUSSY, SIR!!!"

"Do you want to cum like this?"

"FUCK YES, SIR!!! OH, FUCKING PLEASE LET ME CUM ALL OVER HER FUCKING FACE WHILE SHE EATS MY SHITTY ASS, SIR!"

Dalton signs heavily. "Fine, at least then you won't skank your pussy juice all over my car on the way home, bitch. Go ahead and cum…"

Allison screams. It's as loud and tense as if she were in agony. For the first time, her pussy twitches so hard that it pushes a huge dollop, several tablespoons worth, of honey out and shoots it the quarter inch or so to Dawn's chin. Immediately her fast spasming pussy sends a few dollops, each smaller, flowing out of her slit. Those fall, dropping onto Dawn's jiggling ample breasts.

Allison screams constantly. It's broken only by the half-second she needs to gulp in air for the next scream. Her body snaps sharply as it thrashes wildly. It more jumps and dances around. It moves as far as the restraints will let it. Every snap has her shoulders yanking painfully hard on her locked-in-place breasts, pulling them against the vise so much that the purple color of them deepens. That only makes her mounds ache unbearably even while her nipples tingle more intensely. Several times Allison's cheeks manage to thrash in an unexpected direction and slam back against the tops of Dawn's cheekbones.

In about half a minute, there's a puddle the size of a silver dollar on the floor under Allison. And at least as

much of her creamy honey clinging to Dawn. That's when Allison's body snaps to full tension. Every muscle in her body locks in place, straining its hardest to pull even tighter. It has Allison vibrating. And finally, Allison loses the last bit of control. Her asshole snaps tight and squeezes as hard as it can around Dawn's tongue.

I see it and wave to Dalton who catches it and Immediately tells Dawn to stop. Dawn just as quickly pulls her tongue from Allison's tight grip and brings her head back. As she does, she takes her hands off Allison's globes and brings them behind her.

"NOOOOOOO!" Allison cries out through clenched jaws that mostly mute her desperate plea. Her pussy goes on snapping as hard as ever. Without Dawn in the way, it manages to squirt a few drops of honey an inch or two back before they fall. I have no doubt this is the first time Allison's ever squirted, even this little bit. I can see her mound, both her lips and folds, quivering hard.

Allison hangs tensed like that for close to a full minute. The only muscle in her entire body that moves is the walls of her pussy. Those go on snapping powerful twitches and pushing more honey out into her gash for it to drip.

Finally, Allison's orgasm begins to ebb. As quickly as it tensed, her body relaxes. Fully. So much so that her knees buckle. This time she doesn't even try to stop it. They fold about halfway, bending her ankles until her ankles finally stop her from dropping. It has her bottom falling down a bit. Her breasts remain clamped in place, holding her shoulders firmly up. She half hangs from her breasts. She pants hard for her breath. Her eyes close, her face fully relaxed and now looking as pleased as she could possibly be. Allison makes no attempt to straighten up. Not even to get the uncomfortable strain off her twisting ankles. She just hangs limply.

I tell Dalton to give her a moment. It's not mercy. I've seen women in this state before. It will be a minute before her legs have any hope of working. There's no

reason to drop her down onto her face. We can all see that the only thing stopping that now are the ropes and vise.

Dalton sends Dawn back to her place in line. He doesn't tell her to clean her face off. So Dawn doesn't. If she minds, she knows better than to let it show. She takes her place, looking out on everyone with Allison's creamy thick honey still clinging to her lips, chin, and breasts. And she stands there.

After a minute or so, maybe almost two, I tell Dalton to free Allison. Either she stands up now, or she gets spanked for not. He starts with the ropes on her ankles, thinking that will give her a little more time. She doesn't move, not even the tiniest flinch. Not even once her ankles are free. Then he starts loosening the jaws of the vise until they're lightly against her breasts. He puts his hands to her shoulders and straightens her up. Allison stands but wobbles hard on her rubbery loose legs. So much that she almost falls a few times. Her eyes barely open, taking on a look beyond dreamy and into fully lost.

I whisper to Dalton. He shrugs. Then he does as I suggested. First was not to give Allison any more time. After all, that orgasm was an undeserved treat for her. She needs to be reminded of his grand generosity in letting her naughty bottom have such a treat. Otherwise, she might start to think that he will always allow her such treats, whether hard earned or not. Can't have that. It would undermine her place.

He stands in front of her. He grabs her under her jaw and pinches it firmly. He turns her head so she's staring into her eyes. "You bad bitch!" He harshly scolds her. "I told you to behave, not act like some filthy whore I scraped off some street.

"For being so trashy, you will be spanked three strokes. Go ask Ms. Rodgers to give you the belt and bring it to me so I can spank you, bitch. Go."

Allison doesn't cringe. She's too loose to show anything now. She just says a hushed, very breathy "Yes, Sir," and starts to turn. She turns very slowly, not daring

to move her feet more than an inch or so every step. She shuffles her feet with the same tiny baby steps. She wobbles badly as she crosses the two feet over to stand facing me. “Ma’am… May I please have the belt to take to my escort so that he can whip my bare bottom for being such a naughty and trashy bitch?”

I don’t answer. I just snap my fingers and hold my hand out. Sophie hurries off. In a few seconds Sophie has the wide leather belt doubled over and in my hand. I bring it to Allison’s mouth. I hold it there. After about two seconds, Allison gets the hint and opens her mouth. I put the belt in her mouth, pushing it firmly into the corners of her mouth. Allison bites down.

“Now go tell him to whip your fat ass good and hard, bitch,” I tell Allison in a voice that’s pure disapproval.

Allison nods dumbly. She turns and shuffles her feet back over to stand facing Dalton. Then Allison just waits. Dalton doesn’t leave her waiting long. He takes hold of the belt and Allison opens her mouth to give it to him. “There’s the belt, Sir… Will you please whip my naughty bare bottom as hard as you possibly can, Sir? I’m sorry for disappointing you and being so trashy, Sir. I deserve the worst whipping you can give me, Sir.”

Dalton drops down onto the stool, sitting on the hard seat with the other men to his left. He tells Allison to kneel at his right side. In a few more seconds, he has her turned over his knees. Then he tells her that she's to hold her head up throughout. She was staring at the floor. She brings her head up and sees the two men standing there watching her. And the women behind them along the wall. He tells Allison that if she puts her head down, even for an instant, her spanking starts over. And she's to count the swats for him. Humbly.

Allison grunts hard "UGH!" as the first stroke cracks loudly against the toned cheeks of her bottom. Her body tenses hard, as it did before. This time her pussy snaps, too, pushing a fresh dollop of honey out as she grunts. The swat is hard. It sears a bright red line across her cheeks. A

line that's going to be stinging worse than a hundred needles. "One stoke, Sir. Thank you for spanking my naked bottom for being so trashy, Sir. May I please have another stroke on my bare bottom, Sir?"

He gives it to her. It gets her sobbing lightly. He's giving her real strokes, putting most of the power his arms can manage into them. This stroke will have her bottom on fire. She tenses as it lands, her body snapping to arch her back again. And her pussy twitches out another dollop of honey.

"Two strokes, Sir. Thank you for spanking my naked bottom for being so trashy, Sir. May I please have another stroke on my bare bottom, Sir?" There's no missing the light sobbing in her voice as she cries from it.

Dalton gives her the third stroke. As I told him to, he seems to put every bit of strength into it.

The belt cracks louder, like a bolt of lightning. It sears a deeper, brighter, and far more painful line across Allison's firm cheeks. "AH-OW!" Allison blurts out in a girly screech. Her body tenses again, arching her back up high. Tears flow from her eyes. She hangs tight for about half a second.

Allison's body instantly falls loose and limp over Dalton's knees. Even before she lands on his legs, her body starts shuddering crisply. Her pussy snaps hard as she does. Her pussy keeps snapping as a fresh wave of spasms begins flowing over her. Each twitch pushes a fresh dollop of honey out of her pussy, her shuddering bottom tossing it off her loose folds and splattering it around. She shudders sharply, her body jerking hard with each. As if she were being shocked by live wires over and over again. She just lies there, twitching from head to toe as her pussy almost squirts more honey.

"Holy shit," Tim says to Pete beside him, "That bitch is cumming again. From being whipped!"

Allison is, and everyone can see it. Especially as her thick honey starts flowing down her thighs. She lies limp,

shuddering, and cumming, over Dalton's knees while her bottom has got to be stinging unbearably.

Dalton lets her lie there. It takes well over a minute of shuddering before Allison, now with a very heavy sobbing in her hushed, shamed, voice, squeaks out "Three stokes, Sir. Thank you for whipping my very naughty naked bottom so hard for being the trashiest thing ever, Sir."

"Did you just cum again over my knees, bitch?"

Allison bursts into a full-out bawling cry. She holds her face up as it blushes to a deep crimson. "Yes, Sir, I'm so sorry for being so trashy, Sir!" Allison pleads in a very humiliated, hushed, and squeaky, voice. "I tried so hard not to, Sir, but that last stroke was just too much for me, Sir. I couldn't stop it, Sir! I'm so sorry!" Allison pauses fo r several very long seconds, crying away like a starving baby. "Now you have to whip my naughty bottom again, Sir. Please, Sir… I deserve it for being so naughty! Please whip me again, Sir… Please let me have that hot leather belt crack against my bare bottom and sting me like knives, Sir."

I shake my head no. If Dalton whips her again now, she'll just cum again. And again. It would start an endless cycle. She's far too excited by the mere idea of the strict discipline. The knowledge that nothing will be overlooked. Ever. No matter what, she'll pay dearly for it. That knowledge has her as aroused as Dawn's tongue did.

"You'd like that too much, you disgusting bitch!" I snap. I don't want Dalton to whip her now, so I jump in before he has to decide. "You'll wait. Tomorrow morning, when he comes over to check your filthy body, you will have your best belt sitting on the bed beside you for him to whip your bottom with. Six strokes this time. The three you earned for being naughty, and the three more you just earned for being naughtier while he spanked you."

"Yes, Ma'am," Allison says quickly, and reluctantly as she realizes the worst of the punishment is going to be he r pussy aching dully all day and night. "I'll have my harshest

leather belt waiting next to my naked body so He may whip me six more strokes, Ma'am."

Dalton puts Allison off his knees and orders her back to her feet. She's still sobbing lightly as she rises up. I tell Allison to turn around in a slow circle and show everyone the bright red stripes glowing across her bottom. It's just a little extra humiliation for her.

Dalton stands up. He grabs Allison's jaw and glares into her eyes again. I know that Allison is now wondering just what she's about to be scolded for. Dalton always grabs her this way to scold her. She's starting to realize that. "That was for acting like a total whore. Or would have been if you could have behaved. Do you know what bitches with potty mouth deserve?"

"No, Sir," Allison answers. "Another spanking, Sir?"

"No," Dalton firmly tells her. The little grin on his face tells her that he's realized she's eager for another spanking. And the orgasm we all know it will give her. "Naughty bitches with potty mouth get the same thing that naughty little girls with potty mouth do…" Dalton pauses for a second to let her think about it. He doesn't ask her for another guess. He tells her. "They get their filthy mouths washed out."

Dalton grabs her chain leash. He starts walking pulling her along. Allison doesn't resist. But he doesn't walk slowly as she would. She can't shuffle her feet with baby steps. Her rubbery legs wobble badly as she strains to keep up with him. But only because her legs still aren't cooperating with her brain.

He walks her out of the playroom and across to the bathroom. I follow. A little wave is enough for Tim and Pete to follow as well. He takes her right to the sink and stops her there. His hands on her hips turn her to face the basin.

I have a fresh small bar of soap on the counter. Actually several of them. He unwraps one and with Allison's eyes closely watching holds it in the running water to get the soap wet and soft. I've told him what to do.

Now I watch to see how he will do it. How closely he will follow my instructions.

He puts one hand to Allison's shoulder and turns her to face him. He lets her chain dangle down freely. He holds the sudsy wet bar of soap up in front of her eyes. "Open wide, bitch."

Allison, a shamed and nervous look on her face, opens her mouth wide. She stands, wobbling, and trembling slightly. The trembles I've come to realize, are Allison's way of telling me this is a first for her. Or at least the first she remembers.

Dalton isn't rough. In fact, it looks as if he's trying to be gentle with Allison, while at the same time following my instruction to be very thorough. He puts the little bar of soap, two inches wide and ¼" thick, into Allison's mouth.

Allison immediately grimaces hard, scrunching her face into a tight knot as the acrid soap lands on her tongue. She trembles a little more. And it's almost comical with her legs so unsteady. But she keeps her mouth wide open for Dalton, clearly accepting not only the punishment dished out, but Dalton's right to punish her as he sees fit.

Dalton goes about the chore of scrubbing Allison's mouth with the wet bar. As I've told him to be, he's rather thorough. He makes sure to start with her tongue. That's where her taste buds are, so it's first. I want her to savor the bitter burning of the soap for the entire time. He uses a finger to nudge her tongue up, getting the underside of it soapy as well. He gets more of the soap to cover the roof of her mouth. More still to cover her cheeks and gums. Plenty of that gets on her teeth, too. He saves her lips for last. Those get a thick coat on the inside as well as the pinkness.

Once every bit of Allison's mouth is covered with a creamy layer of the white suds, Dalton pushes most of the bar into her mouth. It's three inches long, and at least 2½ of those are beyond her teeth. Only a narrow sliver

extends beyond her lips. He has her close her mouth to clamp the bar in place.

Soap in the mouth is perfectly safe, as it has been for eons. It's also miserable. The soap has a very bitter taste that shrivels up the inside of Allison's mouth. It's a fairly strong base (as in the opposite of an acid), too. And that makes it burn. It's a fairly intense burning sensation although it isn't actually burning her. It's enough to bring tears to Allison's eyes. Or would be if her eyes weren't already wet.

It has her face scrunched tightly. Her eyes, too, squeezing the tears out even faster. It has her fidgeting. It has her breaths getting fast and noisy as she sucks them through her nose. Her face flushes to a glowing, bright red. Her nipples are still as hard as rocks, though.

Dalton ignores Allison for a long moment. Finally, he stands facing her and grips her jaw. Allison knows that she's going to be scolded now. She'll be reminded of her bad language.

Dalton does just that. He tells her how she "sounded like a cheap street whore" as she cried out in ecstasy. Not the sultriness of her cries, but the words she used. "Ladies don't ask for their shitty ass to be eaten." He tells her that she may speak of her body freely, so long as she does so politely. "Shitty" is a bad word. It's impolite, and no one really wants to hear such coarse language. She can use other words, such as "dirty, messy, or filthy" to describe her bottom. The same applies to "ass." "Bottom, behind, anus, or any number of other words" would describe it just as well and are fit for all ears. Not just the ears of sailors.

He reminds her that he's already told her the rule. No bad language. Since she was told, she's expected to remember it and obey it. Thus she was a very bad bitch by breaking it. It doesn't matter how badly her slutty pussy was aching, or how badly she craved the relief. She doesn't matter. She's to obey. Since she didn't, she'll be punished for it. As she will be for every naughty word that comes out of her lips. Only next time, the punishment will

be a little more. And then a little more. And so on. It will be worse every time she makes him punish her for the same thing.

Dalton reminds Allison that now that he's her guardian, she reflects on him. Her filthiness makes it look as if he is unable to properly care for her. That embarrasses him. He lets go of her jaw, shifting his hand down to grab her chain leash close to her neck.

He tells her that she will be spanked. Now. One stroke with his hand on her bottom. Unlike her other spankings, she will be standing for this one. She's to stay still while he gives her the swat. And she's to keep that bar of soap right where it is. If she bites through it, he will have to start over so that Allison gets her "full punishment" and behaves throughout.

He keeps hold of her leash and tells her to turn around and "give me that butt to spank."

Allison turns. She puts her backside fully to him. The firm rounded globes of her bottom still glow a deep red from the whipping. They have to still be hurting her. It hasn't been that long, no more than several minutes. That will make Dalton's hand feel more like a hard paddle on her bottom. It will sting her sharply.

"This is for being such a filthy whore, mousy," Dalton tells her. Then he swats her bottom as hard as he can without hurting his hand on it. It makes a good slapping sound as it lands.

Allison flinches hard. Everyone sees her body tense, almost jumping, as he swats her. Everyone sees the powerful shudder that flows over her. Everyone sees the wiggling squirm of her bottom as it tries to shake off the deep sting.

Dalton doesn't give her any time to rest. He gives a little tug on the leash. It's enough to get Allison to turn and start following him. Her eyes go right to the sink as she prays that's where she's going. To rinse the bitter heat of the soap from her mouth. Then a look of horror as Dalton walks her over to Tim.

"I'm sorry you had to listen to my bitch sounding so nasty, like sewer trash. Would you care to spank that bad butt for offending your civilized ears with its filth?" Dalton asks Tim. OK, I gave him the line.

Tim looks rather surprised, but pleasantly so. I doubt it's a surprise to anyone else, though. Tim has clearly been eager to touch the other girls. Anyone other than Darla. "If you wouldn't mind, I'd be happy to," Tim answers quickly. His eyes moved even faster. They're already down to her pubes as if waiting for her to offer up her bottom. More likely leering at her pubes, though.

"Turn around, mousy, give him your butt to spank," Dalton gives her instructions, but no explanation. My doing as well. A bitch doesn't need to know why. Only what.

Allison cringes but obediently turns her back to Tim, showing him that sore red bottom. I quickly tell Tim that it's important a bitch knows what it's done wrong, thus he needs to tell it before spanking it. "This is for polluting my ears with that crap, bitch," Tim tells her quickly.

Then Tim lands a hard swat on her cheek. It's instantly clear to me that he wants it to hurt her. And just as clear to me that he's never touching one of my girls. He lands it as powerfully as he can. And he lands it directly atop the pink handprint Dalton just left on her globe. Her already very sore globe. There really wasn't anything more he could do to make it worse. As his hand comes back from Allison's bottom, he's shaking the sting off of it.

Allison flinches hard as he swats her. I see her eyes scrunch tight and squeeze a couple of tears out, too. She's clearly about to cry. Her bottom wiggles hard a couple of times. Then she starts to be still.

Dalton completely ignores Allison. Still gripping her leash tightly, he just starts her moving. He turns her around and steps her over so that she's standing in front of Pete now. And facing him, too. Dalton gives Pete the same line and invites him to spank Allison, too. I have to nod to Pete before he accepts. He gives her a good swat, but nicely lands it on her other cheek to spare her a little pain.

Finally, Dalton walks Allison back to the sink. As soon as he starts leading her that way, Allison begins to visibly relax. As if she knows her punishment is coming to an end. Dalton stands her in front of the sink, with it at her side, and turns the water on.

Dalton reaches up and takes hold of the sliver of soap sticking out from her deep lips. He waits a second. Allison obediently waits as well. Since she's going to behave and wait to be told, he tells her to open her mouth. He pulls the bar from her mouth and drops it on the sink.

"What does a polite bitch say after being naughty?" Dalton asks Allison.

"I'm very sorry for getting carried away with my intense desires and forgetting to be polite, Sir. Thank you for washing my filthy potty mouth with soap, Sir, and for letting everyone who heard my dirty mouth spank me." It's not easy for Allison to say it. Not with her tight face. Not with the soap shriveling her mouth tight. Not with that awful fiery taste. But she gets the words out in a very squeaky, shamefully hushed, breathy voice. Even as she breathes fast through her mouth.

Dalton tells her that she has one minute to rinse her mouth out.

Allison doesn't wait. With her hands still cuffed behind her, she leans over and sticks her mouth under the water. A second later she's spitting and sputtering sudsy water from her mouth. She stays put the entire minute allowed.

We take Allison back to the playroom and stand her in her place in the line of girls. Her lesson is over now. Despite everything, she still has the dreamy glow in her eyes and rubberiness in her legs.

Chapter Seventeen – The Fuck Doll

Both Elena and Allison are still standing on rubbery legs. Legs that are nicely glazed with a clinging trail of their honey. And both have that dreamy glassiness in their eyes, as well as relaxed blissful looks on their faces. Neither is going to be ready for much more of anything in the near future.

All of which makes it pretty plain that Darla's time has come. The men know that I skipped both Darla's anal lesson and her relief. I'm certain that Darla is wondering, probably doubting, that she will be offered relief. But given the roughness that she's experienced so far, and her obvious discomfort with the anal toy, I'm equally certain that Darla can't imagine why she was spared the anal lesson. I know she's trying to guess why she was skipped. And worried about it. It was definitely uncharacteristic. Unexpected.

I can see that Darla is guessing that she's up for another lesson now. And getting very anxious about what that lesson might be. Especially as she is, still bound snugly folded over the table. And gagged, muting any objections she might raise. To anything. Unfortunately, the gag also limits the possible uses of her mouth. But that's not a big issue anyway. I wouldn't tell her to do anything such as service another woman. I'm sure Tim would love to see it. I'm not so sure that Darla would obey without significant… motivation on my part. And physical force to compel obedience isn't really my thing.

The men mostly watch their charges, both Dalton and Pete having those knowing grins on their faces as they look upon the fully sated women. But both also keep casting quick glances over to Darla. Neither Elena nor Allison pays any attention to anything. Paige and Dawn wait calmly and quietly, mostly ignoring everyone except me. I'm the one who matters to them.

I call Tim to come up to "his fuck doll." He's quickly standing next to me, behind Darla's displayed bottom. I don't yet have any rules for Darla. It probably would just be a waste of my breath anyway. Darla would disobey

them as soon as she left here. If Tim could make her obey them, they wouldn't be here now. And I have no intention of keeping Darla in my toybox. I never did. She was nothing more than a one-time favor to Nikolai to me. So there's no way I'm going to invest the time and energy to teaching her that fuck dolls have to obey their owners.

But I do want Darla to hear Tim making some choices for her. Choices that Darla gets to live with. I reach up and grab Darla's hair. I yank her head up and to the side so that her face can be seen. "It seems this fuck doll's mouth is still ready for use." I just let go of her hair, letting her head fall. Then I point to the glistening, puffy mound of her very wet pussy. "As is its cum dumpster." then I point to Darla's tight little asshole. "And it's backdoor."

I smile at Tim. "You're free to use your fuck doll however you wish."

A hard shudder races over Darla as she hears me offer Tim unrestricted use of her body. And I see her start to cringe.

"Which of those holes would you care to use?" I teasingly ask Tim.

"I've always wanted to try anal," Tim answers with the widest, smirking grin on his face. And a good bit of mocking tease in his voice. "But... bossy has never been willing..." He grins slightly wider.

"Go ahead," I tell him. "I don't know where your wife is, but your *fuck doll* here is just some worthless thing for you to use however you fancy. You don't ask your sofa if you can sit on it, do you?"

Tim chuckles. "Nope. So I won't ask my fuck doll, I'll just fuck its ass.

I wave for him to go ahead and do whatever to Darla. Then I stand and watch as Tim's pants drop to his ankles. His cock is already standing out rock hard. A second later he's lining the soft tip of it up with Darla's oily slit. He doesn't push his cock into her pussy. He slams it. A single thrust with as much power as his hips can put into it. He drives it all the way into her tunnel.

Darla flinches hard as it rams into her. Her face tightens. I'm sure she'd grunt hard, too, if her mouth wasn't stuffed so full with the gag. Instead, she starts kicking her feet wildly, as if trying to get them back and kick Tim's legs with her heels. Unfortunately for Darla, her knees are held too far up for her feet to get back that far. Instead, they simply fly through the air as if running. Tim pulls his cock from her pussy slowly. When he brings it out, it's completely covered with a thick layer of Darla's honey.

I suspect Tim did it more for himself than Darla. As if he doesn't want her tight asshole dragging against his cock. He's not the kind of guy to be putting too much thought into what Darla's about to feel. From what I've seen, Darla should be grateful for that. His thoughts would be of making it rougher for her, not better.

Tim puts the spongy tip of his steely hard cock to Darla's asshole. A look of utter glee sweeps onto his face as he stares down for a second. His cock is thick enough to fully cover her small ring. As he starts to push, lightly at first, the head of his cock squishes out against the tightly clenched muscle, covering almost every speck of color around her ring. He grins a bit more as he sees the added girth against her.

I have little doubt that this is going to be hard on Darla. Tim's face tells me that much. He's eager to make it rough. Maybe that's his little revenge on Darla for her bossiness. But I doubt it. I think he just likes it rough. He was pretty quick to make Allison's spanking, even a single swat with his hand, as hard as possible. Definitely not my kind of man. Another reason I won't be considering Darla for a slot in the toy box. Left alone with Darla, Tim will likely get as rough as he can get away with, and I want no part of that. Intentional roughness is a foul in more places than the football field.

Just as I thought he would, Tim thrusts his hips hard. It's hard enough that, even with my eyes on his cock, I don't see it stretching Darla. One minute its soft tip is squished hard against the outside of her asshole. A blink

of an eye later, Darla is tensed up hard, her hands balled into fists, the pink flesh of her asshole pulled taut around the light beige flesh of his shaft. Her ring is far from relaxed, loose, or rubbery. She's clenching tight around his shaft, even though she should have heard the advice I gave the other two women. Her asshole is so tight that it's squeegeeing her honey on his shaft, piling up at the edge of her ring instead of really lubricating his cock. That's going to make it even more uncomfortable for Darla. Already, just from him ramming into her, her asshole is going to be throbbing painfully like a toe hit by a hammer. Eventually, that will fade into a hot burning. Eventually. The scrunched-eye, teeth-gritting look on Darla's face tells me that she would be screaming if she could.

I don't think Tim notices much of that. Probably no more than a general sense that this is very unpleasant for Darla. He's too focused on himself. He grunts, fairly hard, as his cock pounds into her asshole. Then he lets out a long, deep, and quite happy purr as he finishes shoving his cock hard into her bottom. He doesn't stop until every bit of his length is buried in Darla's bottom. Until his hips are squished firmly against her globes.

Darla shakes her head rather vigorously no. Her long hair tosses every which way as she does. Her body stays tightly tensed up. It's exactly the wrong thing for her to do. Her feet kick even more desperately at Tim now, too. None of it does anything to deter Tim.

Tim, a rather pleased look on his face, starts fucking Darla's bottom. He takes short strokes, about an inch and a half long. Strokes that leave most of his cock in her bottom. They're fast strokes, too. As fast as his hips can thrust. And they're hard. Every stroke rams his cock into her, pounding it as powerfully as he can. He grunts the happiest, most guttural moans.

I leave Tim at it for a bit, maybe about half of a minute. I try to keep my eyes on Darla and her pussy. Her body stays tense. Her pussy is harder to see. Mostly I get little glimpses of it. And I have to look around his cock,

between her globes to get those before his hairy balls are bouncing off her mound.

At first, I really can't see much. But then I start to see droplets of Darla's honey. Not from her pussy. His bouncing balls are slinging them around. Most land on Darla's thighs, just beneath her globes. A few of them fall to the floor. But that honey is coming from her pussy. It seems that fresh honey clings to his balls with every stroke. It makes me twist my head to get a better glimpse of Darla's mound. There's such a thick layer of honey clinging to everything that I almost don't notice the goosebumps covering her plump lips. Almost. The deep pinkish purple of her loose, knotty inner folds is easier to make out. The edges, standing out of her slit, quiver hard.

It leaves me little doubt that despite the obvious discomfort Darla is in, she's highly aroused by it. I doubt it's the pain. I'd bet it's the lack of choice. That she truly has no say in anything. That this, the one thing she's steadfastly refused her husband, was so casually taken from her. I would bet now she's starting to truly, deeply, feel as if she's a fuck doll, not a person. And that's the place she wanted to be put in.

It doesn't mean that I will stop here. I will definitely let Tim finish. In fact, I decide to make it "worse" for Darla. She seems to like it that way. Or at least her pussy does. I stay behind her, where Darla has no chance of seeing me. And I whisper to Tim so she doesn't hear me. I offer Tim a "suggestion" of what I think will get Darla even hotter.

Tim must like my idea. His hands were on her hips as if steadying her against his thrusts. That's completely unnecessary. The bindings will keep her fully in place. He puts both hands up. He grabs with one hand for Darla's flying hair and misses. He tries again and catches a good bit of it. He yanks it back, sharp and hard. It snaps her still shaking head back, stretching her neck hard. And kinking the back of her neck by the look of it. Tim is really pulling her hair. He reaches to the back of her head with his other hand. He releases the strap holding the cock gag

in her mouth but leaves the strap holding the dental gag in place. Holding the strap, he yanks the cock gag, fumbling it forward, crudely pulling it from her mouth. He drops it on the table beside Darla.

The hard pull on her hair stops her head from shaking. But now that her mouth isn't stuffed, she tries to protest. It comes out as a deep, pleading, squealing "AAGH!" She keeps trying. It doesn't get any clearer. Her honey keeps flowing.

"Hey guys," Tim says, raising his voice just a little over Darla's noise. "Would one of you like to give me a hand and double team this bitch? Bossy's mouth could really use a big dick down her throat."

Dalton and Pete both look surprised. Both look at Tim for a couple of seconds, seeing nothing but the wide smirk on his face. I know both are wondering if Tim is serious. Maybe they know Darla is his wife, maybe not. But they definitely know she's his ward for the afternoon. Would he really so casually share her body with men he just met?

I can tell both men are thinking hard. Pete hesitates. I assume that's as he wonders how Elena would feel about him accepting. He still has a lot to learn. Elena would only wish she could have satisfied him more. So much so that he wouldn't have still been interested. She wouldn't care that he used Darla.

Dalton doesn't seem too concerned about what Allison may think of it. Then again, after watching Allison's show, there's a hard swollen bulge in his jeans again. In the end, the hard cock wins out and Dalton stands. He steps right over to Darla's head. He quickly looks to Tim again, as if making sure Tim hasn't changed his mind.

Tim doesn't even notice him. Tim is too busy grunting happily as he pounds his cock hard into Darla's bottom. His eyes are watching her asshole, seeing it pulled tautly and clamped tight around his thrusting cock.

Darla's eyes are open. Tim keeps her head held fully up, pulling back hard on her hair and straining the back of

her neck. Darla sees Dalton step right in front of her face. Her eyes stare at the bulge in his jeans. It's about all she can see, too. He's only a couple of inches from her face. She screeches more of the unintelligible "AAGH!s" and tries to shake her head no rather vigorously.

Instead, she sees Dalton casually, not rushing but not going slowly either, unzip and unbutton his jeans. She gets a brief glimpse of his baby blue briefs. It's only another second or two, as the waistband of those is coming down before Darla's eyes are filled with the sight of the dark curly hairs on Dalton's pubes. And the sight of his stiff, almost steely hard, cock standing out straight, thrusting its soft purple head towards her nose. A very eager cock by the look of it.

Darla seems to have little doubt that Dalton's cock is about to be shoved down her throat even as she's still energetically crying out from Tim's overly-enthusiastic cock ramming into her bottom. Still shaking her head a very firm no, Darla tries to call out a desperate "please don't," but the gag holding her mouth stretched so wide blurs her words into a single grunt no one can understand.

I wave some encouragement to Dalton, letting him know that it's fine to help himself. Despite the tears rolling from Darla's eyes. That's a sight he's starting to get used to around here. Mousy can get rather whiny as she enjoys things.

Dalton reaches out with one hand and grabs Darla's ear. He gets a good grip on it, a tight grip, and holds it firmly. It mostly steadies her head and stops her from shaking it. His other hand goes to his cock, angling it down just a few slight degrees to aim the spongy tip of it right into Darla's mouth. He shuffles his feet forward, bringing his cock forward quickly about an inch. That has the head of his cock beyond Darla's lips, twitching lightly as it lies atop her hot, wet tongue.

Dalton grabs Darla's other ear. He holds her head firmly in place. Dalton isn't like Tim. He uses his hips to more slowly and steadily push his cock into Darla's throat.

He stuffs her just as fully, and deeply. He doesn't hesitate, either, not even as he feels the hard resistance of Darla's tight throat. His hips just steadily push his cock deeper into her waiting, if not so eager, mouth. He goes fully into her, stopping only when her lips are flush against his pubes and well nestled in his fur. Then he reverses with the same leisurely stroke.

It gives Darla a very different experience than Tim did. Tim was rough, hard, and fast. Dalton is more gentle, going slower and not roughly, but just as firm. He doesn't let it bother him when her throat tries to resist. Or when she gags on that first invasion. He ignores her, taking his time and leisurely enjoying her mouth. He also fully mutes her cries for most of his strokes, and then Darla barely has time to breathe in between. So she doesn't make nearly as much noise.

Dalton goes on steadily fucking Darla's gaping mouth. He keeps his firm hold on her ears to steady her head. Tim keeps his hard pull on Darla's hair, too. It's hard enough that Darla should be feeling as if he's all but ripping her hair out. And Dalton goes on stroking her throat with his cock, as if she's nothing. Just a hole to be used.

Darla's throat is tight around the first half of Dalton's cock. It squeezes snugly around the shaft. The tightness adds a slight drag which Dalton feels as if her throat wants to hang onto his cock. It also makes the sensations stronger for him with every stroke. His strokes are long, full ones. The same strokes I taught him with Allison's mouth. Ones that bring his cock out until only the head of it is left inside Darla's lips, on her tongue. Her tongue squirms around underneath it during the fraction of a second that his cock doesn't have it squished flat against the floor of her mouth.

For a minute, a good eight or ten strokes of Dalton's cock, Darla doesn't show much. She gags hard on his first, then lightly on the second. By the third, she's used to it again and not choking.

Around the fifth, I see a bit of the tension fade from her neck. With Tim holding it pulled so hard back, and her neck just beyond the edge of the table, I have a full view of it. Not even her hair is in the way. I can see the sides of, at the front, expanding outward in the shape of his cock as he pushes into her throat, then relaxing as he pulls back, with each stroke. But now the tightness in her neck muscles is gone. It’s just rubbery-loose flesh puffing out and in, over and over, clearly showing the strokes of his shaft. The tears still run from her eyes, maybe even faste r now. Her entire body starts to slowly flush pink. Her cheeks quickly bloom into a deep red blush. Despite the ease on her face, I can see her cringing in shame, too.

Then, I see her bottom start to shiver crisply. At first, it's light. In a couple of strokes, it's a powerful shuddering. I see more of her honey flying with each of Tim's thrusts, too. Her toes curl. Her hands grip each other tighter, her fingers laced together. Her feet stop kicking as her leg muscles tense.

Tim cums first. And rather quickly. Unlike the others, he’s not using a condom. I didn’t see a need with those two married, so I didn’t insist. Tim grunts hard, letting out a deep, satisfied moan. His powerful thrusts stop, turning into much more leisurely, and longer, ones as his cock goes on cumming.

Darla shudders uncontrollably against the bonds. She knows that Tim is cumming. His cum will feel hot and creamy as it splatters against the very depths of her rectum. And clings there, slowly running to pool along the bottom. The side against the back of her pussy. She knows what Tim is doing.

Dalton goes on, enjoying Darla’s throat as if Tim wasn’t even there.

Tim doesn't take too long. His still-stiff cock finally slips from Darla's tiny ring. It lets me see that her ring is now a bright red. That has got to be rather sore and tender. Even with Darla trying to cinch it shut, it gapes for a moment. Long enough for a thin line of Tim's whitish

cum to leak from her open asshole and start running down the valley of her crack toward her still-quivering sloppy pussy mound. It takes a few seconds for her ring to clench tightly, and by then there's a decent line of Tim's cream from her asshole to her pussy. Enough to tell me that Darla is still feeling the sticky heat of that cream lying along her bowels.

Tim takes one step back. He turns to Pete, the only other man here. “Come on, buddy, two holes, no waiting. Might as well use this whore, get me my money’s worth out of its ass.” Tim waves Pete up encouragingly.

Pete hesitates a second, glancing to Elena. She shows nothing. Pete shrugs his shoulders as if he thinks this is part of everyone's lessons and gets up. Again, the swelling aching bulge in his pants wins out. Soon he's taking Tim's place behind Darla. Tim has finally released Darla's hair, letting it hang down freely atop her shuddering back. Dalton still holds her head up and still.

Pete takes one short glance at Darla’s asshole. It’s still bright red, the veins lining it throbbing. It gleams with the fine film of her honey. And Tim’s whitish cum is still clinging in place as if leaking from the tightly cinched ring.

A few seconds later, Pete’s pants are down around his ankles, and his stiff cock is steadily pushing into Darla’s pussy. His strokes are strong. Moderately powerful, but not ramming hard as Tim’s were. Slower, but far from leisurely. More like a typical man. More uncaring about anything except cumming. It’s just what Darla needs.

And everyone realizes it a few seconds later. Darla tenses hard for a moment. Then she explodes, her body snapping every rope that holds her down. She keeps thrashing against them, and Dalton’s hands, not moving more than a fraction of an inch. Those ropes hold her firmly still for Pete and Dalton to use.

It goes on, both men taking their time to cum for the third time this afternoon. And that keeps those hard cocks slipping steadily into and out of Darla's mouth and pussy.

Both still using her body as if she's a hole in the wall to them. Neither even really feel her hard, wild, thrashing.

Darla's hips can't buck at all. She's pulled too tightly over the table. Or they would be. Instead, her pussy stays perfectly still, as if inanimate, while Pete goes on fucking it however he wishes. Her tunnel snaps hard, spasming and twitching around his shaft. It burns with heat hotter than any fire. Her honey flows, filling her tunnel quickly. Each stroke of his cock pulls more and more honey from her tunnel, all of which is replaced before the next stroke. Her head tries to thrash around too, but Dalton's vise-tight grip on her ears keeps it still. And keeps her mouth still for him to fuck.

Both men seem to notice that Darla is cumming. The little sparkle in their eyes tells me they do. Neither seems deterred by it. I wave for them to ignore it and keep going as they are. Both do.

Darla fights those ropes hard for about ¾ of a minute. Then I see her body tense up again. She hangs tense for about two full seconds, her body flushing a glowing bright red from head to toe. Then she explodes again, her body snapping even harder against the ropes.

That goes on for about a minute and a half. For the first bit, Darla merely thrashes against the ropes. Then her hands start moving. Still clasped tightly together, they beat up and down against her back. Hard. She sweats now, too, a thick film quickly covering her body as goosebumps erupt everywhere.

And then Darla tenses hard. She freezes, her muscles tight and vibrating, for a few seconds. Then she explodes for a third time. She'd be screaming loudly if she could. But she can't. Not even a sound comes out of her mouth between Dalton's strokes. Just the noisy rasp of her lungs sucking in badly needed air.

Darla cums for a fourth time. And a couple of minutes later, for a fifth. Not once does she stop struggling against the ropes, her body snapping with all her waning

strength. Not once does her pussy stop snapping crisp twitches around Pete’s thrusting cock.

Dalton and Pete cum at roughly the same time. Unlike Tim, both of them are using condoms. It doesn't much matter. Darla still feels the heat of Pete's cum, its powerful spurts, against those painfully sensitive walls of her pussy. And she feels the sharp twitches of both of their cocks as they spurt. She's just robbed of Dalton's taste in her mouth.

When both cocks finally slip from her, Darla just collapses. It’s hard to see the change. It’s just complete relaxation suddenly flowing over her body. She still quivers lightly. Her pussy spasms a couple more times, each time pushing a huge dollop, a tunnel full, of honey out to fall to my floor. Her pussy mound is flushed just as brightly as the rest of her body. But, other than the chills quivering her body, nothing moves. She lies inert, spent, used up, and totally oblivious to all around her. Her feet no longer move, which might even be a first. They just hang loose, wavering so slightly, under the table.

The men return to their seats.

Chapter Eighteen – Thank You, From Your Bitch

It takes me several minutes to get Darla untied. Darla spends them lying more dead than conscious. She shows nothing as I touch her and free her from the ropes holding her over the table. As I free her knees, her feet drop, her legs staying loose and supporting nothing. She never moves.

I quietly ask Tim if this is typical of Darla. I know some women can be useless for a little while after a good orgasm. He tells me no. He's never seen her "so obviously done." I tell him to go get her and put her in line then. And not to worry about being gentle. Or about her seeming inability to move. Drag her into place if he has to.

Tim doesn't hesitate. He grabs Darla's shoulders. She's loose and limp, neither helping him nor fighting him. As if she's unconscious. He lifts the dead weight of her body, bringing her shoulders up. Her legs don't even think to try and support her as her weight shifts back. He gets her mostly up. Then her bottom drops straight down to the floor. She doesn't even notice it, much less try to break the fall. Even down, only Tim holding her shoulders up or she'd be on her face.

I step over. This is going to beyond Tim's limited skills. I'm afraid he'll start to get rough with her. I take his place. I grip Darla's shoulders hard, my fingers digging into her bony flesh. I squat down to use my legs. Thankfully Darla is a light woman. I can pull her up to her feet.

Even with my hands under Darla's bound arms to hold her up, her rubbery legs just wobble uselessly beneath her. Honey falls from her mound, gravity now pulling more of it down to the floor under her. And some of that lands on her feet. She doesn't react. Her eyes are closed. She looks asleep.

"On. Your. Feet. Bossy,' I tell Darla in a loud, commanding voice. She doesn't react to it. I let off the pressure, already knowing what was going to happen. An d it does. Her knees weren't locked, to begin with. They don't try. Her legs just start collapsing under her. I let her

drop about a foot before I stop her from falling onto her bottom again.

I ask Tim to take my place and hold Darla up. But to do nothing more than support her, holding her up standing. Or as she would be standing if her legs were working. It takes him a moment to slip into my place and get his hands under her shoulders. But then he has her. His arms strain to hold her dead weight up. Better his than mine. She is his toy.

I move around beside Darla. I lean over and grab her ankle, bending her knees back as I bring her foot up. Then I hold my hand out and have Sophie fetch me a ruler. A wooden one. It makes an excellent, albeit light, paddle. I swat the sole of Darla's foot, squarely across its arch. Then I put her foot down and pick up the other one. It gets a swat. "On your feet, bossy!" I snap harshly, in a rather scolding voice. She doesn't move. I swat both feet again, leaving light pink stripes across them, and scold her.

I do it for a third time when I finally start to see her reacting to the pain of those light swats. I feel the muscles in her legs trying to pull her foot from my grip. It's not too much work for me to hold it. When I go for her second foot, I feel her muscles trying to resist, but lightly.

I do it for a fourth time and finally, hear her squeal a little "OW!" in a very sleepy voice. I scold her even more sternly to get on her feet. After I swat her second foot, she finally stiffens her legs. It's barely enough to hold her weight up. She wobbles badly, letting Tim support and steady her torso. I scold her for that. She wobbles badly, her body bumping against Tim as she tries to stand.

It takes Tim a minute to mostly drag her over to the wall and stand her in line. By now the others are standing steadily. Darla wobbles badly, her body bumping Allison beside her and the wall behind her. Tim leaves her there, the heavy chain dangling down between her breasts.

I start with Elena. I pick her for one reason. She's the furthest in line from Darla. That will give Darla the

longest to recover. It looks like she's going to need that time.

I tell Elena to turn around and face the wall. She does. I nudge her forward so that she's standing against it my way. With the tips of her toes against the baseboard, and the rest of her body rigidly straight. Her eyes straight ahead, staring at the nothingness of the wall. I warn her to be very still. She answers with a calm "Yes, Ma'am."

I tell Elena that I will unlock her hands now. I expect them to stay put, her right hand gripping her left wrist. Unless she's told to do something that requires her hands. Then she may move them only to use them, and return them to their proper place behind her as quickly as she can. She tells me she understands as she shifts her hands. Instead of hanging limply, the cuffs holding her wrists together, she grips her wrist with the cuffs on. I take them off. Her hands don't move.

I move down and do the same with Allison.

Then Darla. Darla is more problematic. She readily accepts the rule. She doesn't intentionally disobey. But she's still so wobbly that she's too unsteady. She bounces against the wall several times, her face bumping it more than I'd care for. But not enough to injure her.

I return to Elena. I tell her that she's to thank Pete for bringing her for her lessons. As a proper bitch, not as if she were (gasp) a person. I tell her that she will first serve him a cup of coffee. Paige will take her to the kitchen to prepare it, and show her how to serve it. I tell Paige that both of their bottoms depend on Elena getting it right the first time. And on time.

Paige says "Yes, my Queen," then steps out of line. She puts a hand to Elena's shoulder. "Come along, scrawny," she tells her in a sweet voice. Elena follows Paige out of the playroom. With the free end of the condom still dangling about an inch out of her crack, flopping around like a tail as she walks.

In a couple of minutes, Paige walks back in with Elena. Elena stands up straight. Her hands are held out

six inches in front of her breasts, even with her pert nipples. They're flat, her palms turned up and together to make a little tray. A steaming cup of coffee rests atop her hands.

Paige waits to the side as Elena walks carefully over to Pete. She makes sure not to splash any of the coffee onto her hands. That makes her keep her hands fairly still as she moves. The coffee is a mere finger's width from the rim. Elena slowly drops down to kneel as she was taught to in front of Pete. Her hands, and the coffee, stay put. She gets close to Pete, taking care not to touch him. She hasn't been given permission for that. And permission is always required to touch her betters, like her guardian.

"Here is your coffee, Sir," Elena tells Pete with a huge smile on her face and pure sugar in her voice. "I hope I made it the way you like it, Sir." I didn't have her ask. Paige told her how to make it. The way I like mine, I'm sure. Elena stays still, offering the cup atop her hands.

Pete has to look slightly down to see Elena. But he has a full shameless view of her when he does. Her face. Her bare breasts, her hands out far enough not to hinder his sight. Her bare hips and pubes. Her bare thighs. It's clear she's not trying to hide anything.

"Thank you, scrawny," Pete tells her as he takes the cup. He sips it.

"It's my pleasure to serve you, Sir," Elena tells him. She stays exactly as she is, leaving her hands out for a table. After his second sip, with a smile on his face, Pete looks for somewhere to sit the cup. I point to Elena's waiting hands. He sets there, using her hands as a table. Elena keeps smiling wide for him. "It's perfect, scrawny."

"Thank you, Sir," Elena answers.

I tell Dawn to take Allison now to thank Dalton. In a couple minutes, Allison is on her knees in front of Dalton, offering him an identical cup of coffee in the same way. Dalton accepts it and thanks mousy for it. He sips it and uses her hands as his table.

Paige has been with me far longer than Dawn. Thus she is far more experienced in everything. I send her to take the still somewhat wobbly Darla to the kitchen. Darla goes along willingly, and fairly dumbly as if still lost in a daze. I quickly send Sophie after them, my spare crop in her hand just in case Darla needs a little extra motivation to obey Paige.

I don't hear the crack of leather against flesh, so I guess Darla behaves herself. It takes Paige about a minute longer. But then Darla, her legs still slightly unsteady, comes in with Tim's coffee. She might be less composed, but she manages to get down to her knees without spilling a drop.

"Here is your coffee, Sir," Darla offers her husband the cup. He takes it and sips it. Darla stays put, wobbling only slightly. She makes a good table, though.

More importantly, Darla seems to have changed. Her personality has done a complete 180. She shows no aversion, no reluctance, to fully humble herself before her husband. Or to shamelessly flaunt her nakedness to him. Now she shows only calm, demure, subservience. And Tim notices it. He looks utterly surprised to see her like this. It looks to me as if he's relishing it, wishing he had a camera.

I return to Elena and tell her "to thank Pete honestly, from the bottom of her heart, and tell him truly what she's feeling after her lesson."

She doesn't hesitate. "Thank you so much for bringing me here, Sir. I enjoyed these lessons very much, Sir. I learned a lot, Sir, things I never imagined I would be able to do, Sir. I very much want you to keep me, Sir, and allow me to serve you this humbly forever, Sir. I know I'm scrawny and not the prettiest woman, Sir, I just hope you like my body, Sir. I hope you'll want to make use of it in every possible way you can imagine, Sir. I'm already aching to feel your touch again, Sir…" Elena trails off.

I tell Pete to tell Elena what will be, at least for today. And I whisper a few little things to him, all about getting

her home. Nothing about what to do with her once he does, except “feel free to use this bitch, if you want it.”

“Scrawny," Pete tells her, trying for the firm tone I suggested. "Once She is done with your butt, I will take you to my apartment. You will not be returning to yours. You will be given nothing but a simple dress for the trip. And you will return that to me before setting the first toe in my apartment. I have some laundry that you may do for me. After that, you may cook me a steak for supper. You will remain in my apartment until I say otherwise. You will never have clothes there. You will behave your bitch self there, too. I'll decide later if that butt might further pleasure me or not."

“Yes, Sir!" There's no masking the excitement in Elena's voice. "I will be the best-behaved bitch for you, Sir. I will devote myself to your pleasure, Sir. Thank you so much for wanting me, Sir."

I move along and give Allison the same instructions. She thanks Dalton just as humbly, adding “I sincerely appreciate you agreeing to supervise me for the rest of the semester, Sir. I just wish I had more than this mousy body to repay you with, Sir. I *really* hope you won't be the least bit shy about using this body for your pleasure, Sir. I want you to, Sir, more than you can imagine. I pray that it will somehow make you happy, Sir.” She promises to obey him as well.

Dalton tells her the same thing. That she will get nothing but a dress to wear back to the dorm. Once there, she will strip in the hall and give it to him. Then she will “spend her day naked, on her knees, scrubbing his things clean for him. She will not stop or hide when his buddies stop by. She will ignore them. He doesn’t care if they see her “manly” body naked. Or her “naked tits flopping around as she scrubs.” He doesn’t care if they see her “big ass naked” either. He might even allow a few of them to use that body. Or not.

Allison accepts as enthusiastically as Elena, but I can hear a faint nervousness in Allison’s voice. It doesn’t

surprise me. Anything new or different makes her edgy. She'll learn. She promises him that she'll behave "and be very happy to serve" him.

Now I move to Darla. She gets the same instructions.

"Thank you, Sir," Darla begins. There's honey in her sleepy voice. I'd bet it's the first time she's ever been on her knees before any man. "for bringing me here to learn my lessons, Sir. I wish to apologize for being such a bossy bitch to you, Sir. I hope you fully enjoyed my naked body today, Sir, and enjoyed letting those other men ravish it, Sir. I wish I could promise to behave and obey you, Sir, but I know I'm too much of a bitch to be a good woman too long, Sir. I might need another lesson, Sir." I see the gleaming twinkle in Darla's eyes.

Tim tells her the same things. Then he tells her that once they get home, she will strip in the garage. She will remain naked. She will serve him. She will not think today. She will obey. He will do with her as he wishes. If she's thinking of disobeying him, the punishment for that is simple. If she can't behave for even one day, he won't be bothered to think about another lesson for her. Especially after the filthy way she came like a total slut all over those men.

Darla promises to obey him. He reminds her that no disobedience will be tolerated. He has a belt, and she has a bottom left.

A few minutes later, all three women are dressed for the trip home. I've provided each with one of my infamous shame dresses. Simple paper dresses, like brown grocery bags with a head hole and arm holes cut in them that barely cover their bottoms. On the front of each, I've written their new name in sparkly glitter pen. Each has a simple length of rough hemp rope tied around her neck, hanging down to her waist for a leash. And all of them stand still, hands behind them, waiting to be led away.

The three men have all of the stuff the women had when they arrived. Even their panties. Maybe they'll get it back, maybe not.

Pete leads Elena out first. Then Tim leads an uncomplaining Darla out. Dalton leads Allison out last.

The next morning I have an email from Tim. He tells me that Darla is still behaving. She woke him with a “deep throat blow job,” as he instructed her to, and served him a nice Sunday breakfast. He less than subtly hints that Darla is eager for another lesson. It won’t be happening, but I don’t tell him that.

I have an email from Pete telling me that Elena was the perfect bitch yesterday. She eagerly did whatever he "thought up" for her to do. She's just as happily on her knees this morning. He says he's keeping her and asks if he might bring her for another lesson, if she needs one, and get some "serious advise" from me, since "owning a woman" is new to him. I tell him to let me know if he has questions.

And I have one from Dalton. He tells me that Allison very humbly did every chore he could invent for her. He had two of his closest friends over both sworn to secrecy, to see her on her hands and knees scrubbing his floor naked. She cringed but obediently left herself on immodest display. He sensed that she was enjoying it, so he decided to keep her overnight in his room. He made her sleep on his floor, naked. In the morning, after he watched her use his shower to wash, she found one of his belts and brought it to him, reminding him that she needed to be spanked six strokes for her slutty disobedience yesterday. After that, her pussy was “so dripping” that he told her to masturbate. He watched her do it. She came hard. He left her in his room while he went to hers, went through her things, and found her class materials. She will be studying hard today, nude, in his room.

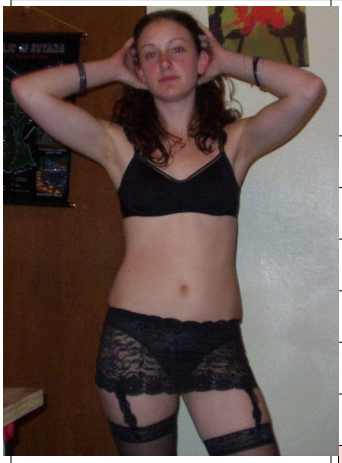
After watching Allison "play with herself openly" Dalton found himself aroused. He told Allison to get on her knees and suck him. He tells me that she eagerly "gobbled every inch of him," and almost didn't stop when he "came down her throat." afterward, she thanked him for allowing her to "take care of him."

The "Usual Suspects"

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

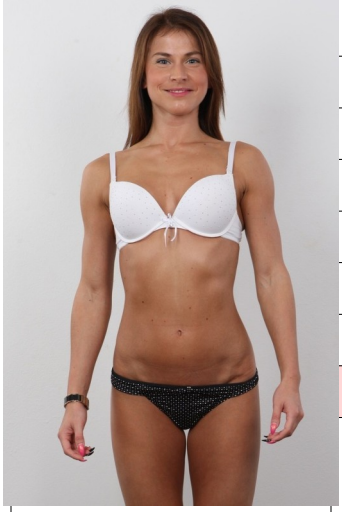
Slave-girl ("Sophie")

Age	Height	Weight
21	5'4"	121
Hair	**Eyes**	**Pubes**
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	**Waist**	**Hips**
34-B	26	34
Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"		



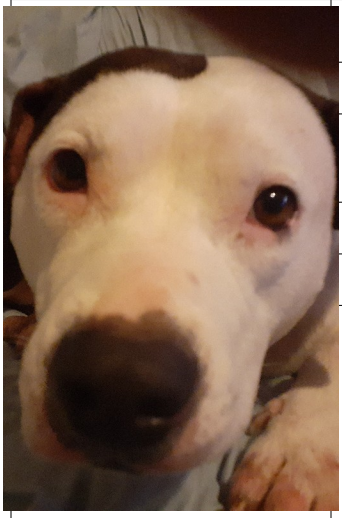
Slave-whore ("Paige")

Age	Height	Weight
21	5'7"	118
Hair	**Eyes**	**Pubes**
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	**Waist**	**Hips**
34-B	29	34
Debuts In: "Paige: From College Girl To Slave-Whore"		



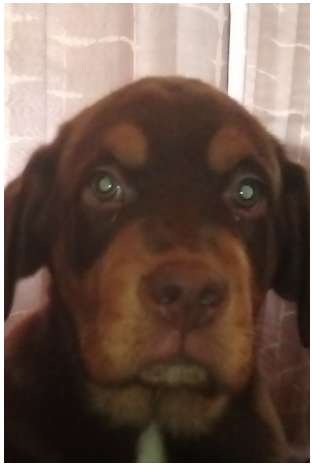
Lezzie Slut ("Dawn")

Age	Height	Weight
24	5'5"	125
Hair	**Eyes**	**Pubes**
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	**Waist**	**Hips**
34-A	30	35
Debuts In: "The Dorm."		



Princess Lilly

Age	Height	Weight
6 (Human)/42 (K9)	2'2"	60
Hair	**Eyes**	
Black & White	Puppy Dog	



Prince Butt Monkey

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