

MISS SAGGY TITS

Mistress Laura's Revenge



Constance Pennington Smythe

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Miss Saggy Tits Mistress Laura's Revenge

by
Constance Pennington Smythe

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Introduction

This work originally began its life as part of Torments and Humiliations Volume 7, another short and wicked piece inspired by an erotic picture. But it took on a life of its own, expanding from the usual short pieces that make up the Torments and Humiliations collections to something larger. So it was decided to release it as its own, short, stand-alone novella.

Before anyone raises the issue, “No,” the cover model looks nothing like the novella’s antagonist, the wicked Mistress Laura. Laura was inspired by a certain erotic picture but my publisher did not have the rights to the picture and even if he did, it was not suitable for use in the various eBook distribution markets. While the cover model is obviously a beautiful and elegant Domme, it would go against the theme of the story to rewrite the character to make it look like the cover. But the innate themes of Female superiority and dominance remain, regardless of the *look*.

Enjoy...

C.P. Smythe

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I

MISS SAGGY TITS
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ONE: The Pet

He heard the footsteps coming down the garden path, the clicking of high heels on the paving stones. He could only run the length of his bondage, a heavy metal chain pulled tightly against his thick metal collar when he reached the end. He wagged his tongue. It had been three days since anyone had come to see him and he was hungry. Luckily, it had rained so his water dish had been filled.

He wiggled his bottom in greeting when they came into view. He had been punished on their last visit for not being appreciative enough of their attentions, so he had been ignored for the last few days. He would not make that mistake again. They could leave him here to starve to death if they wanted.

She was Mistress Laura and she was now walking down the path toward him, flanked by her two Boy-Toys. Laura was his rich ex-wife and Mistress. He had been her submissive sissy-maid husband, that is until Laura's cute young female secretary convinced him to hatch a plan to steal Laura's money and run away with her.

But Mistress knew of their plan, Mistress knew *everything*. Hell rained down on her husband and his lover. Mistress's revenge was complete, and those who betrayed her would suffer the rest of their lives.

He watched her walk forth. She towered over him; five-ten in her bare feet, she now stood an imposing six-five in her clear stripper heels with the three-inch platforms and seven-inch heels. She was naked, save for a short faded denim skirt with a frayed hem that barely covered her hairy mound. Her breasts were large and sagged ponderously, nearly to her waist.

Laura stared down at her sissy pet, her former husband. She was twenty years older than him, in her late sixties. Her thighs were thick, her upper arms flabby, and her hair dyed blonde. But she was the Mistress; *she* had the power.

He couldn't see Mistress's eyes; she wore sunglasses against the bright sunny day, but he knew her eyes were locked on him, relishing *her* power and *his* submission.

Mistress Laura's two Boy-Toys stood close by; they were androgynous creatures with large penises and equally large breast implants. They wore only garter belts with ten garter straps that held up their nude seamed stockings; they wore the same stripper heels as Mistress Laura. Though the toys weren't twins, or related, they both had

the same physical build, hairstyles, and makeup; a bit of plastic surgery on both and they were nearly identical. Gold rings pierced their nipples, and they wore long gold earrings hanging nearly to their shoulders. One toy held Mistress Laura's purse and the other carried a large canvas bag.

She took a drink from a blue plastic cup she held and looked down at her bondage-chained pet; he lifted up his head and opened his mouth. She spit the water in his face and laughed as his tongue worked at lapping up what he could.

Mistress Laura gazed down at the creature before her. What had been a sissified male was now truly a sissy slut pet. "Has my pet learned its lesson?" Mistress asked.

Pet shook his head 'Yes', trying to be enthusiastic and display his submission.

Mistress spit more water on her pet. "The next time you suck the cocks of one of my guests you do it with enthusiasm. The next time a guest fucks you; you squeal with delight at the penetration of his superior cock."

Pet shook his head 'Yes' a second time and wiggled his bottom.

She looked at her former husband and chuckled. "So sad, so sad to see you this way, but you brought it on yourself."

The creature before her did not really resemble a man *or* a woman, yet had some of both. It no longer had complete arms and legs; the appendages had been altered and removed at the knees and elbows. The stubs fit into clear ballet boots with eight-inch heels so the creature, Pet, could scurry around on his four limbs, balancing in ballet heels. The limbs were tattooed in a pattern of seamed fishnet stockings attached to a tattooed garter belt.

A metal collar fastened around his balls and attached to eight feet of heavy logging chain, making Pet drag the chain behind him, pulling on his balls wherever he went.

His penis, pierced with a large metal ring, was adorned with bells.

His makeup, tattooed on as well, was perfect for a creature that lived outside in the elements as a sissy Pet. He wore permanent blue eye shadow in a black outlined exaggerated cat eye and his lips were tattooed with what Mistress Laura called 'Cock sucker pink'.

All the hair on his body had been permanently removed and he now wore a huge blonde wig made of plastic from reclaimed milk bottles, with the plastic drawn out into hair-like strands and then molded into a bouffant style and colored blonde with pink highlights. Again, it was

perfect for an outside sissy pet, resisting wind and rain and always looking *fabulous*!

The most outstanding thing about Pet were the mammoth breasts. They were huge, actually dragging on the ground; the enormous implants looked like they had been done by a mad scientist. They were lumpy, wrinkled and misshapen, in short, hideous.

Mistress Laura smiled and nodded her approval at her creation. It had taken time and money to create her sissy pet, but revenge knew no restrictions.

“What was it you and your slut, bitch girlfriend used to call me behind my back?” She nudged Pet with the toe of her clear high heel. “Hmmm?”

Pet gurgled an unintelligible response.

Mistress gave a wicked laugh. “Yes, that’s right, I took your vocal chords when I had your arms and legs removed. Then again, who wants to listen to anything a lying, cheating Pet has to say.”

He bent his head down to kiss her toes.

“Miss Saggy tits,” she said. “You and that whore called me Miss Saggy Tits.” She moved to the side and used her shoe to kick Pet’s huge tits; he didn’t move, but remained in place to accept her abuse and punishment.

“But look at you now, with those hideous tits dragging on the ground. My sissy Pet with her big, ugly titties. You like your titties?”

Pet looked up, smiled, wagged his tongue, and wiggled his bottom.

Mistress Laura laughed. “Look at you, turned into a pathetic big-titted sissy pet. Kept chained up outdoors. No arms or legs, unable to speak. You really are just a slut pet.” Laura shrugged. “Too bad; you brought it on yourself. If you had been an obedient sissy husband, served me, and obeyed me, you’d be living in the house, as my slave. But now...”

She turned and looked at her Boy Toys. “Who has the most beautiful breasts?” She leaned forward, her wrinkled breasts hanging down.

The androgynous toys fell to their knees before Mistress, each taking one of the huge breasts in his hands to kiss and caress it.

“Mistress’s breasts are the most beautiful in the world; they are perfect.” Toy One ran his tongue over Mistress Laura’s nipple. Toy Two, moaned his delight as he suckled the other nipple..

Mistress chuckled. “See, Pet, if you’d only acknowledged my beauty, my superiority you could’ve spent your life as a sissy maid,

instead of a pet.”

She closed her eyes and enjoyed the attention of her toys as they worshipped her old, wrinkled, and hanging breasts.

Pet looked on, his own hideous implants dragging in the dirt. He'd fucked up; he knew it. Now he would pay for his fuck-up, for the rest of his life.

Laura smiled down at her Pet, not a smile of warmth, but one of smug superiority. “Hungry, Pet? What has it been, three days? Have you learned your lesson?”

Pet nodded eagerly and wiggled his bottom.

Mistress took a drink of water and spit it out at her feet. “Lick up my spit and prove your submission to me.”

Pet leaned forward and wiggled his bottom in excitement as his tongue lapped up the dirt and spit. He raised his head up, his mouth open and his eyes trying to display pleasure at serving Mistress.

“Swallow,” Laura said.

Pet did, trying to show his enthusiasm at eating spit and dirt.

Laura turned and nodded to her Toys; they produced a pet dish and bottle. Toy One placed the dish before Pet as Toy Two dumped in a gray colored gruel; this was Pet's usual food.

“Shall I bless this meal?” Mistress asked.

Pet nodded eagerly, making sounds indicating his excitement.

Mistress squatted down over the dish of pet slop and pissed on it; Pet wiggled his bottom to show his glee at consuming Mistress Laura's pee.

Mistress Laura finished pissing on her Pet's food and Toy One knelt before Mistress to lick the golden drops of Goddess Nectar from her hairy pussy.

“Could've been you,” Laura said, “licking my pussy instead of being turned into the pitiful creature you are. I hope you never forget your treachery and what it cost you. Did you think I wouldn't find out?”

Pet averted his eyes in shame and kissed her toes in supplication. He remembered when Mistress Laura's Boy-Toys had barged into his sissy bedroom and dragged him to Mistress, who had all the evidence of his affair, and the plan to run away and steal her fortune. She had video and audio recordings and copies of texts with Susan, his lover and Laura's former secretary. After he had confessed and pleaded for mercy, he was given an injection. When he next awoke, he was an armless and legless pet with tattoos and piercings. His life as a sissy maid slave was over. He would spend the rest of his days as a fuck pet, living outside in

a pink doghouse, sucking cocks and being fucked as it pleased Mistress's guests.

Mistress Laura looked down at Pet's food: the gruel mixed with her piss. "Show me you deserve to be fed," she kicked his bowl with her toe, "although I wouldn't exactly call *that* food." Mistress shrugged, "I suppose it's the best nourishment pets can expect."

Mistress nodded to Toys One and Two and they advanced on Pet, picking him up and placing him on a small table, so his mouth and asshole would be perfectly aligned with their impressive cocks.

Pet wiggled his bottom and opened his mouth wagging his tongue. His body modifications also included having his tongue split, snake-like, with a small barbell piercing on each side. Mistress Laura's guests, males and females alike, all agreed it added to Pet's oral servicing skills, be it giving blow jobs, licking pussies or tonguing assholes.

Laura nodded her approval. "Better, that's what I want from my pet, enthusiasm whenever anyone uses you for whatever reason."

The Toys now stood in front of Pet getting their cocks licked, sucked, and lubricated for the next part of the drama.

Pet went from one cock to the other, licking, kissing and sucking, preparing the cocks that would use him. It's what sissy slut pets did.

The Toys had large cocks, and unlike the house sissy maid staff they were not in chastity. Mistress Laura often took pleasure from her Boy-Toys' cocks, as did some of her female guests and friends, as well as the occasional male guest.

"That's right, Pet," Mistress encouraged. "Get those cocks nice and hard. Show me and my Toys what a slut whore you are."

Pet was licking, slurping, spitting, and drooling on the cocks to get them hard and lubricated; he knew where they were going.

The Toys reached down to stroke his giant tits, pinching the hideously long nipples Mistress had created for her Pet. He shivered and moaned.

Mistress laughed. "Fuck this slut," she commanded her Toys. The androgynous slaves took their positions in front and back of Pet, one filling Pet's pussi and the other Pet's mouth.

"Yes," Mistress Laura nodded her approval, "that's what a sissy Pet does; it fucks and it sucks. That is your purpose in life now, to be a sissy fuck pet, fail in that simple duty and I will simply dispose of you."

Pet thrust back against the cock pounding his ass, and he batted his eyelashes at the cock fucking his mouth.

The clop-clop of hooves and bells made Mistress Laura turn around. “And here comes our slut,” she chuckled. She turned back to her Toys, “Hurry up and finish with this creature.”

The Toys were expert fucking machines, able to draw out a woman’s pleasure or seemingly cum on command. They shared a smile and seconds later erupted, filling Pet’s mouth and ass with gobs of pearly cum.

Pet was still trying to swallow all the man-cum in his mouth, when both Toys moved in front of him to have their cocks licked clean.

Mistress Laura watched the pony cart come up the trail. Riding inside were her two cruel and wicked nieces: Alice and Brianna.

TWO: The Whore

Alice held a Dressage whip and was lashing out at the unfortunate pony-girl slave. The whipped creature was, of course, Laura's former secretary, and Pet's former lover, the wretched Susan.

'Ugly Tit Whore' was *now* Susan's name, and it was tattooed across her forehead. When Ugly Tit Whore came into view, she was panting and her body glistened with sweat and whip marks. The cart stopped beside Mistress Laura.

"You girls have a nice ride?" Laura asked. She could tell by the pitiful condition of Whore that the young Dommies had been merciless on their morning ride.

"Great, Aunt Laura," Alice said as she stepped down from the cart. She flicked her wrist, the Dressage whip striking Whore's pussy and making the pony slave howl into its penis gag.

Pet watched from his place on the table, still licking clean the cocks of Toys One and Two. He knew what was going to happen; he witnessed it several times a week; it was part of his eternal punishment.

Mistress looked her pony-girl up and down, relishing the delicious revenge she had enacted. Susan was gone, replaced by the pony-girl slave, Whore.

The once pretty and petite young secretary, Susan, with the beautiful brown hair and round, perky tits had been transformed into a hideous pony-girl named Ugly Tit Whore.

Indeed, the thick leather posture collar around her neck read WHORE, spelled out in glittering Rhinestones. A wicked corset with steel boning pulled in her waist and its sixteen garter straps held up Whore's seamed stockings.

Heavy, black patent, calf-high pony boots thrust Whore's feet up into a wicked arch, equivalent to an eight-inch ballet heel. The pony boots were finished on the bottom with thick iron horseshoes, their weight made each step difficult, especially when Whore was required to prance with her knees up and thighs parallel to the ground. Then again, no one cared if life was easy for a pony-whore; indeed, everyone tried to make her existence as wretched as possible.

Whore's once luscious brown hair had been shaved off, save for a section at the top that remained long and was pulled up through a red and black leather headdress to make a plume of pony hair that fluttered in the wind as she pulled her cart.

Today her arms were pulled behind her, and laced into a leather arm binder. Her mouth was gagged with a large black, cock-shaped gag attached to her bit and bridle.

Likewise, her pussy and ass were plugged with large, black, cock shaped dildoes, fucking and penetrating her with each step of her pony boots.

She was made up like a whore with red lips, dark eye makeup and hideously long false eyelashes. Her arms, legs, and bottom bore red stripes from the Dressage whips of evil Alice and Brianna.

But it was her breasts that always attracted the first attention. Gone were the perky young breasts of the pretty young Susan; they had been replaced with the huge sagging titties of a pony-girl Whore.

Her breasts were enormous. And hideous. Mistress Laura smiled at her creation: pony-slut Whore with her ruined breasts. *Who is Miss Saggy Tits now, hmmm?* Her revenge was complete. Well maybe not, but perhaps after Pet and Whore have suffered years of daily abuse and degradation, she might consider her revenge complete, but maybe not even then. A lifetime of agony would be in order. Mistress Laura smiled at the thought of a lifetime of humiliation and torment for the traitorous pair.

Laura gazed at Whore's hideous breasts, her special creation. She specified the largest implants possible, and they were to be saggy, droopy, wrinkled, and lumpy, deformed breasts. Doctor Beckman outdid himself; he delivered a set of slut tits that made Whore cry for two days when she first saw them.

Mistress Laura enjoyed watching the video every day, smiling as the young woman, first seeing what had been done to her, burst into tears. Whore's despair and grief always gave Mistress Laura a good laugh.

Alice handed her Aunt Laura a riding crop, which she used to idly slap at Whore's sagging tits. The wrinkled appendages fell below Whore's waist. One breast was slightly larger than the other, both were wrinkled and lumpy with extra-long nipples.

Mistress Laura flicked a nipple with her crop and laughed as Whore yelped into her cock gag. She nodded to Brianna, "Remove the gag."

Brianna unlocked the gag and pulled it from Whore's mouth.

Whore gasped and worked her jaw when the wicked intruder was removed.

Mistress Laura beat Whore's tits with her crop, covering them with red splotches and laughing as Whore moaned and writhed under the

assault.

“Slut!” Mistress said. “Ugly tits like this deserve to be beaten, don’t they? They are hideously ugly, and must be punished daily. Yes?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Whore said between sobs. “Thank you, Mistress.”

Both of Mistress Laura’s Toys had turned to watch the spectacle. Pet was still on the table, and his face was now in Toy One’s ass tonguing the crack of the sexy androgynous Toy. He couldn’t see Mistress Laura or Whore, but he knew what was going to happen, what *always* happened.

Mistress waved her crop to the wooden platform as she gave Whore an evil smile. “String this slut up, time to play.”

Just as Pet had his table to put him at the proper position to service cocks, Whore had her own special place of suffering.

Alice used her Dressage whip to beat Whore into place. “Move, slut!” She laid a vicious stroke across Whore’s thigh. “Time to play. Time to suffer.”

Alice laughed as she whipped Whore up the steps to the platform. “Up! Get those knees up!” She left wicked red stripes on Whore’s thighs as she beat the slave up the steps.

Whore mounted her platform, a wooden stage eighteen inches high with two heavy wooden uprights and an equally heavy wooden beam across the top of them.

Alice whipped Whore into her place in the center of the uprights and below the crossbeam.

Whore bent forward at the waist and Brianna attached a rope to Whore’s armbinder, and secured it to a pulley on the top beam. She pulled on the rope, putting Whore into a Strappado position. Perched on her high-heeled pony boots, bent forward at the waist, and with arms pulled high behind her, the massive tits sagged freely below.

Alice secured a cuff to each of Whore’s ankles, pulling the young woman’s legs apart and tying off each ankle to one of the wooden uprights.

She pulled on a pair of latex gloves, unbuckled Whore’s pussy and ass plug harness, and roughly reached in to remove the plugs. She laughed when Whore whimpered as she fingered her pussy. “You *are* a slut.” She took the slimy plugs removed from Whore’s pussy and ass and wiped them on Whore’s face.

Mistress Laura now stepped forward, the crop in her hand flicking at Whore’s dangling tits and exposed pussy. She laughed as the hapless young woman flinched at each blow.

Mistress delivered a hard stinging blow to Whore's right tit, making the woman scream. Laura closed her eyes, smiled, and savored the woman's agony.

"What did you and your lover call me?" Laura struck Whore's left tit. "HMMMM? What was it?"

"Miss Saggy Tits," Whore sobbed.

Mistress struck each tit a second time. "Tell me, who has the most beautiful breasts in the world?" She struck again.

Whore yelped at each blow. "Mistress Laura. Mistress has the most beautiful, perfect breasts. This slut worships Mistress's breasts."

Laura flicked the riding crop, painting red blotches over Whore's sagging, wrinkled breasts. *You didn't always worship my breasts; you and your lover called me Miss Saggy Tits.* She chuckled.

"And who has the most disgusting pair of tits?" Laura used an underhand stroke to strike Whore's pussy. "Tell me, slut."

"This miserable creature, Mistress," Whore whimpered. "This slut's tits are horrid and ugly." She gasped and sighed, she knew what she had to say next, knew what was expected. She dreaded it, but always did it. She knew that either Alice or Brianna was standing by with a cattle prod, ready to deliver a stinging jolt to her exposed pussy if she didn't follow the script. "These tits are so ugly, Mistress, so offensive, please punish them, please. These tits need to suffer at Mistress's divine hands."

Laura laughed. "Yes, they *are* disgusting. Ugly tits like this *should* be punished." Laura probed at Whore's sex with her riding crop. "Still, I'm not sure you're sincere." She laughed as Whore's hips moved to fuck herself on Mistress's crop. *That's right, show me what a slut you are.*

"Please, Mistress," Whore begged. "This slut begs to have Mistress punish her disgusting tits. Whore needs to feel Mistress's scorn, please make your slut suffer. Please, Mistress."

"Very well," Laura said. She nodded at her nieces who stepped up beside Whore, each held a mousetrap in her hands. They held the mousetraps in front of Whore's face, their fingers slowly pulling back the metal strikers and then releasing them with a terrifying snap! They laughed at the look of terror in Whore's eyes as they slowly pulled back the strikers once more.

"Want this on your nipple, Whore?" Alice asked.

"Need to feel some pain, slut?" Brianna asked.

Whore nodded 'yes'. "Please, Mistress, yes, please abuse this slut's nipples." She knew the pain she was about to receive; it was a ritual repeated daily for the amusement of Mistress Laura.

Alice and Brianna took their time positioning the mousetraps beneath Whore's nipples, no need to rush, better to draw out the agony and suffering. They brushed their fingers against Whore's nipples, laughing at the way the slut flinched at their every touch.

The wicked young Dommies made eye contact and Alice mouthed a silent countdown: *Three, Two, One*. Snap! The striker wires closed viciously over Whore's nipples and she screamed.

Mistress Laura closed her eyes and smiled, savoring Whore's scream of agony. *I will give you a lifetime of suffering. And when I'm gone, my beautiful nieces will torment you until your last breath. Such is the fate of those who betray me.*

She opened her eyes and stepped forward, placing her crop on the platform and picking up her Dressage whip. Her free hand flicked the mousetraps dangling from Whore's nipples. "Do these hurt?"

"Y-yes, Mistress," Whore stammered.

"Yes, I imagine they do. But the object *is* to punish these ugly tits. Such ugly, hideous things need to endure endless punishment, don't you think?"

"Y-yes, Mistress."

Laura shrugged. "I mean, if they *are* the world's most ugly tits they need to be punished and abused." She flicked the mousetraps with her fingers. "Would you like me to remove these?"

"Please, Mistress; this slut begs you."

Toy One now moved away, giving Pet a view of his former lover's punishment and humiliation.

"Very well." Mistress Laura stepped back, extended her arm with the Dressage whip, and getting just the right distance, lashed out, cutting a red stripe across Whore's right breast, well above the nipple.

Whore screamed and writhed on her pony boots. "T-thank you, Mistress."

Laura nodded her approval and delivered an equally stinging stroke to Whore's left breast. "Good slut."

Mistress continued to whip Whore's breasts, delivering six strokes to each breast. She stepped forward, running her hands over the sagging, wrinkled breasts, examining her work. "Yes, whip marks make these pathetic tits look much better. Do you want more?"

"Yes, p-please Mistress."

"How many more?"

"Six? Six please, Mistress."

Laura slapped Whore's face. "Slut. You'll take twelve on each tit. And *then* you'll beg me to whip off those mousetraps." She slapped Whore's face again.

"Yes, Mistress; thank you, Mistress."

Mistress stepped back and began her assault on Whore's tits, alternating between left and right, laughing as Whore struggled fruitlessly in her vulnerable Strappado position.

"Scream for me," Mistress laughed, "sing to me with your screams." She whipped Whore's tits even harder.

Whore did scream, shrieking as Mistress Laura gave each tit another twelve strokes.

Mistress nodded her approval at Whore's tits, now glowing red from Mistress's crop and Dressage whip. "Yes, much better," Laura smiled. "Red marks *do* become these ugly tits of yours. Such offensive titties deserve to be abused...don't they?"

"Oh yes, Mistress," Whore sobbed. "Thank you, Mistress."

Alice was standing behind Whore and flicked the riding crop in her hand, delivering a wicked stroke to Whore's pussy. "And...?" Alice struck again.

"Please, Mistress, please whip the mousetraps from this slut's ugly nipples. Please let this unworthy whore feel the power and grace of your whip. This slut begs you."

Pet watched it all; a tear rolled down his cheeks as he watched the humiliation and degradation of his former lover. Mistress Laura's revenge had been complete, she'd turned the cheating couple into *things*, to suffer daily for *her* amusement.

Mistress Laura backed up, tapping her whip against the mousetraps, toying with Whore, making her victim wait for the searing pain to come.

Laura struck, flicking out with her whip, the end hitting the right mousetrap and nipple, sending the mousetrap flying.

Whore shrieked again and then moaned when Brianna reached over to cruelly pinch the nipple as blood flowed back in.

Brianna rolled the tender bud between her fingers, pinching, and twisting it. "You're nothing but a stupid whore, a pony-girl, a fuck toy. You deserve this don't you?"

Whore moaned as she replied. "Yes, Mistress, thank you, Mistress."

Brianna spit in Whore's face, released her nipple, and stepped away.

Mistress Laura tapped her whip against the remaining mousetrap. "Let me hear you beg."

“Please, Mistress,” Whore whimpered. “Please punish this slut and whip off the mousetrap. Let this pathetic creature suffer to amuse you.”

“I do believe you mean that,” Mistress laughed. She shrugged, “And if you don’t, then you will in another five to ten years.” She tapped the whip on the mousetrap. “Imagine enduring this for years, the daily pain, suffering, and humiliation. Eventually you will crawl, grovel, and beg. And you’ll mean it; you will want it, crave it.”

Whore silently nodded as Mistress smiled and whipped off the remaining mousetrap. She screamed, much to the delight of Mistress.

Laura turned to look at Pet. “Enjoy watching me play with your lover?”

Pet knew the answer she expected and wiggled his bottom and wagged his tongue, trying to convey his excitement at Whore’s degradation.

Mistress nodded to Toy Two. “Go ahead and feed my Pet. Wait.” She turned to her nieces, “Perhaps some garnish for Pet’s meal, yes?”

The evil young women shared a smile and approached Whore. They each grabbed a finger full of Whore’s pubic hair and yanked.

Whore yelped, she looked at Alice and Brianna each holding her pubic hairs.

The two young women walked over and slowly sprinkled the hairs over Pet’s dish of sissy pet gruel.

Mistress Laura nodded her approval. “Go ahead and eat Pet, and if you want to keep eating, you’ll be better behaved in the future.”

Pet nodded and wagged his tongue as he bent his head to lap up his foul gruel.

Laura turned to look at a beaten and used-up Whore, and then to her nieces. “Why don’t you take Whore for a ride down around the pond and back and then put her away for the night.”

Alice and Brianna laughed. A trip to the pond and back was three miles, the last part uphill.

“Sure thing, Aunt Laura,” Alice said.

“Put in the larger pussy and ass plugs, too,” Mistress said. She laughed as Whore groaned. *Yes, slut, sucks to be you. Another three-mile ride with your biggest plugs filling you, and with my nieces whipping you all the way.*

Brianna and Alice removed Whore from the platform and fitted her pussy and ass with Whore’s largest plugs.

Pet watched and saw the girls jump into the cart and whip Whore once again down the trail. He heard the girls laugh, the sounds of whips

on flesh and the clop-clop of pony boots.

Toys One and Two moved in front of him, grabbed their cocks, and jerked themselves off, depositing thick streams of creamy ejaculate into his food.

He wiggled his bottom and wagged his tongue to show his gratitude, leaning forward to lick their cocks clean.

The END

About the Author

Constance Pennington Smythe is an erotic/fetish author. She is retired from the corporate world, and has lived abroad.



Constance Pennington Smythe

Recommended Reading

There many books on the topics of Female Domination, BDSM, Cross-Dressing and other aspects of the alternative lifestyle. The following are a few from the current canon on the subjects and are recommended reading for a woman who wants to learn more about this lifestyle. This list is by no means complete, but these are works with which I have personal familiarity.

Female Domination

Female Domination: An exploration of the male desire for Loving Female Authority © 2003 by Elise Sutton

The Art of Sensual Female DOMINANCE: A guide for Women © 1998 by Claudia Varrin

The Sexually Dominant Woman: A Workbook for Nervous Beginners © 1998 by Lady Green

The Mistress Manual: The Good Girl's Guide to Female Dominance © 2000 by Mistress Lorelei

The Training and Education of a Husband Vol. I © 1996 by Patricia de Gifford

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