

The tea was late.

Vanessa sighed in open frustration. She didn't think it was too much to ask, all she wanted was for her tea to be ready at 2:00 PM. That was her alone time. She put on the cooking show that she had recorded, sipped her tea, and enjoyed the lazy Sunday afternoon.

Vanessa tapped her foot impatiently on the hardwood floor. Slowly at first, then gradually increasing in tempo as she watched the seconds on the nearby wall clock tick by.

There was no sound to indicate that her tea was on it's way. No footsteps, no door opening, nothing.

"Ugh! That's it!"

Vanessa stood up to her full six foot four height. She turned thirty one last month, and had the well proportioned full figure that was as intimidating as her stature. Her glower almost seemed to accentuate her cheekbones and perfect eyebrows. She'd been naked while she had laid out on the couch, and the fact that she now had to get dressed only added to her anger.

She strode to her closet angrily throwing on a pair of jeans and a shirt before then walking to the door to her study and throwing it open.

Standing in the doorway, bearing a silver tray with tea cup, tea pot and a plate of biscotti was Brooke. Brooke stepped back in shock at the sudden opening of the door. She was much shorter than Vanessa, only coming up to Vanessa's impressive chest. Brooke had met her eyes for a moment before obediently looking down.

"I've come with your tea, Mistress."

Vanessa glared down in anger and disappointment. Only with great effort did she manage to hold her rage in check, speaking in a slow and deliberate cadence while stepping aside to allow Brooke to enter the room.

"Put it on the table."

Brooke curtsied politely, one hand tugging at the shiny, pleated latex skirt that stopped mid thigh on her. Vanessa watched the short girl walk to the table and expertly lay out the tea and other accouterments. She ran her eyes over the girl, taking in the shiny high heels and long latex stockings held up by garter belts.

Brooke was topless of course. All subs that Vanessa owned were topless as a matter of form. Vanessa wondered how this one, who had come so highly recommended had been so

disappointing. All she had needed to do today was to clean the bedroom and prepare her afternoon tea. That was all. Yet she'd managed to mess up both jobs.

Which was enough for Vanessa. She knew what to do with her now, after all if Brooke couldn't meet her requirements there really was only one thing to do.

Brooke had finished setting the tea and had stood beside the table, bowing her head in a subservient posture. Vanessa smelled the Earl Grey from where she stood and strode to the table, taking a seat and gracefully crossing her legs as she brought the china cup to her lips.

She blew on it, while choosing her words carefully.

"Brooke. When is my afternoon tea served on Sunday?"

Vanessa pointedly didn't look at her sub, but could see her hands wring themselves in nervousness all the same.

"Don't fidget."

Brooke stopped fidgeting, but then began to tremble slightly in fear.

"The Mistresses tea is served promptly at 1:58pm on Sunday afternoon."

Vanessa let the silence hang for about ten seconds.

"And was my tea here at 1:58 Brooke?"

Vanessa heard the rubbery squeaking noise as Brooke nervously rubbed her thighs together.

"No mistress."

Vanessa nodded.

"No it was not. And what don't I allow here under my roof Brooke?"

Brooke spoke up, her voice tremulous and fearful, its quavering sound almost bringing a smile to Vanessa's face.

"The mistress permits neither tardiness, shoddiness, nor excuses."

Vanessa took a long satisfying sip of the Earl Grey, enjoying the obvious tension in the air. She could almost feel the panic radiating off of Brooke as she wondered what was going to happen to her.

“Assemble the staff in the Punishment Room Brooke, and see that you lock yourself in the pillion.”

There was sharp intake of breath from Brooke followed by a few gentle sobs. Vanessa had been about to reprimand her for inattentiveness when she spoke up, her voice coming in halting breaks in between the sobs.

“Yes...Mistress. Will there, will there be anything else?”

“No.”

Brooke awkwardly scampered towards the door, all her practiced poise vanishing as she almost fell over herself. Vanessa heard the door close behind her and the rapidly running and stumbling footfalls of heels on hardwood.

Vanessa sprawled out in her chair letting out a deep sigh. It was so demanding to be a proper Domme. All she wanted to be doing right now was watching her show and drinking some tea, but now that part of her schedule was shot. She now had to discipline this failure of a sub, and also order a new one to fill her place.

Ah well. She thought. No one said it was easy.

Vanessa stood up and walked to her closet, lazily dropping her jeans and shirt on the ground and withdrawing what she called her “Don’t Fuck With The Mistress” outfit. It was a black suit with a white shirt and black tie, with a pair of black gloves and spotless shiny patent leather shoes. It was very familiar to her, and she donned it quickly as though she were stepping into a second skin.

Then after a brief touch up in her mirror, fixing her shoulder length hair to be suitably intimidating and hiding one or two blemishes with concealer she walked out of the room and down the stairs.

Vanessas large mansion was as quiet as a tomb. It had only been ten minutes or so since Brooke had left but she knew that already all of her home staff would be assembled in the Punishment Room. As she neared the heavy oak door to the punishment room, she allowed her footfalls to be a little heavier as she got back into the character of The Mistress.

She wrenched open the door, an impassive look of apathy firmly on her face.

Eleven women of varying heights and ethnicity were all standing in their latex uniforms around the pilloried Brooke in the center of the room. Like Vanessa the staff expertly hid their emotions, but the same could not be said for the sub now bent over with her arms and head secured in the wooden entrapment.

Vanessa addressed the room in what she called her “Domme Voice.” It was a little deeper than her normal voice, and was a bit of a slower rhythm, that she felt carried a little menace.

“Good afternoon ladies.”

A chorus of voices replied.

“Good afternoon Mistress.”

Vanessa nodded approvingly, then began walking around the room, addressing all the assembled subs as a whole.

“I permit neither tardiness, shoddiness, nor excuses among my staff. I make this clear when you arrive. I make this clear during your training. Which means that you should not require any reminders when you are made a full member of my staff. One among you has forgotten this; and she will now pay for it.”

There were fresh sobs from Brooke in the center of the room. Vanessa could swear she actually saw disgust on the face of one of her other staff members; she glanced back but the girl had locked her impassivity back upon her face.

There was an excitement building in Vanessa. She didn’t like to think of what would eventually become of Brooke, but she certainly did savor the punishment she would hand down. Vanessa fought to keep a smirk from dancing across her face. She walked slowly over to an ornate pegboard bearing all kinds of whips, crops and paddles.

“Brooke. You were tardy, the least forgivable of my offenses. For shoddiness may be corrected in time, and even some excuses are forgivable. But to be late is nothing but a personal failing. As you don’t seem to be able to arrive somewhere on time, I’ll make sure that you no longer need to worry about such burdensome responsibility again. It is obviously beyond your ability.”

Vanessa withdrew a large heart shaped black paddle from the wall. It was lined with small studs all glowing a vibrant blue. The flat of the paddle was about the size of a tennis racket, and as Vanessa spun on her heel to face Brookes rear, she heard her whimpering.

Vanessa lifted Brookes skirt, revealing her cute round ass contained in a pair of latex hot pants. The garter belt straps running to her shining stockings indented slightly into the pale flesh of her thighs. As she moved Brookes skirt she her the sub speak.

“Please Mistress. Please. One more chance is all I-”

Vanessa summoned her voice again.

“Quiet Brooke. You decided on this yourself when you were tardy.”

With a swoosh Vanessa brought the paddle down upon Brookes rump with a loud smack that reverberated in the windowless brick walled room. All the other subs remained stoic, though Vanessa thought she saw one or two flinch. Brooke let out a yelp of pain then spoke again, this time louder.

“Please Mistress. Don’t! I beg you! I’ll be good! I’ll be a good girl! I’ll be on time I promise!”

Vanessa stepped away disgusted from the blathering Brooke, walking back towards the pegboard, her shoes tapping on the concrete floor of the punishment room. She snatched something from the wall then strode back to the bent over form of her sub. Brook continued with her pleas all the while.

“I’ll bring you your tea at the right time! I’ll do whatever you w-mmmmppphhhh!”

Her protestations were cut off by the large red ball gag that Vanessa dispassionately crammed into the mouth, before cinching the straps tightly behind her head. Now Brooke actually struggled against her restraints, as though she might escape somehow, but it was as futile as it was pathetic. Vanessa took up position behind her, she moved Brookes latex skirt aside again and took satisfaction at what she saw.

Brookes rear had seemed to swell slightly. The small growth inducers in the paddle appeared to be doing their job, a few more paddles would see this sub well on her way to her new form. In a quick series of smacks Vanessa laid the Growth Paddle into Brookes rear with practiced forehand swings. With each blow a fresh set of red welts graced the subs backside.

“MMMPPHHH! MMMPHHH! MMMMMMMMMMPHHHH!”

Each swat was punctuated by a muffled cry from the sub, who in addition to feeling the stinging pain of the paddle, was starting to feel the new sensation of her plump flesh beginning to swell and grow, stretching against the tight confines of her latex underwear and garters which was now digging into her cheeks and thighs.

Vanessa paused after the sixth strike to watch as Brookes rear continued its growth. What had once been a pair of cute and perky cheeks had now increased in size to nearly double that. Each round globe of her ass was now a foot and a half wide, causing her already tight hot pants to dig into her growing crack, making them take on more of a bikini or thong like appearance. As she watched, the garter belts began to snap one after the other to dangle limply by Brookes legs.

Experience taught Vanessa that she was about half way done, and that she should use the experience as a lesson to the other subs, one or two of which were new. Making sure to try and appear disinterested or bored Vanessa handed the paddle to the nearest sub standing at attention before speaking.

“The rest of you finish the job, one swing for each of you.”

Vanessa then stood back and watched, using all her concentration to avoid grinning at the spectacle before her. One by one her subs walked up to the ever growing butt of Brooke and gave it a good swat with the paddle, before handing it off to the next sub in line. All carried out their instructions without delay.

It ended up being the eighth sub who delivered the final blow.

By this point Brookes rear was easily as large as her, her ass easily as wide across as she was tall, with thick thighs to match. When Clarice, one of Vanessas pleasure subs struck the expanse of flesh, Brookes underwear snapped and flew off her body. This caused a fresh round of sobs from the pilloried sub as the embarrassment set in along with the implication. Vanessa stepped forward and took the paddle from Clarice and returned it to the pegboard.

“Well Brooke, you no longer fit the uniform of the house. As such I cast you aside and give you the right to leave.”

Vanessa gestured to two nearby subs who quickly removed the swollen Brooke from her pillory. She immediately rocked back on her enormous ass, and tried in vain for a few moments to stand. This proved a feeble gesture. She was too large and too heavy, merely sitting there on the floor of the Punishment room. She reached up and put her face in her hands still sobbing through her gag.

Vanessa theatrically huffed.

“As you are incapable of leaving on your own and have demonstrated an inability to perform even a basic task, I will remand you into the service of the state Brooke.”

Brooke didn’t acknowledge this statement, she continued to sob.

Vanessa had called the relevant authorities ahead of time and they would be here shortly to take possession of Brooke. Vanessa looked around at the other subs, all of them pointedly not staring at their former member who sat three feet above the floor atop her huge rear.

“Very well, that will be all for the rest of you. Dinner at the usual time.”

A chorus of "Yes Mistress" heralded Vanessa's departure as she left the Punishment Room and returned to her cold tea.

*Three weeks later.*

Vanessa was out shopping in the fashion district when she passed a small black building marked **Public Satisfaction** in large white letters.

Realizing she had a few moments, and that she had been particularly randy lately, Vanessa stepped up to the building. She paused to instruct her sub to wait for her outside and then strode through the door on the women's side and into a terminal.

Looking down on the tiled floor she saw the familiar face of Brooke staring up at her. She knew it had to be Brooke, that particular mole on her left cheek was a giveaway.

For her part Brooke did not appear to show any recognition of her former Mistress. Brooke had been assigned to Public Satisfaction, the only job she could perform having been a disgraced sub and also being physically incapable of manual labor. Her massive ass was now her own comfortable seat, while a set of tiled steps and small platform let up to just in front of her mouth. Brooke was chained to this platform, her arms wrapping it on either side. She let out a long moan of wanting, as her long tongue lolled out and saliva dripped from her mouth.

She'd obviously been modified, Vanessa thought. Her nutrients were now likely supplied anally and her whole mouth repurposed for oral pleasure. Her tongue was longer, easily extending six inches from her mouth, and her saliva was now lubricating and sanitizing. It was also copious, continually drooling out of her mouth and down her tongue to splatter on the floor.

Vanessa locked the door and shimmied out of her skirt and panties before ascending the steps, taking a seat at the edge and resting her stockinged feet on Brooke's back.

The former sub needed no prompting and buried her face in the smoothly shaven snatch of her former Mistress.

Vanessa leaned back, thrusting her pelvis into Brooke's frenzied licking and sucking before letting out a moan of satisfaction.

"Uhhhhnnnnnn. I hope you make me come on time."

Brooke didn't seem to hear, and merely continued her frenzied pleasuring of Vanessa.