

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Vulgus

Author Note: To that small group of disturbed people who have enjoyed my previous efforts and encouraged me, thank you.

If you have read any of my previous stories you know that I am a bit wordy. I enjoy a lot of character development. It is more interesting to me if there is an actual story. Well, this one is more wordy than usual. But I think it is a petty good short story and I enjoyed writing it. I hope somebody enjoys reading it.

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I have a money making little hobby that has led to an enormously erotic situation. I thought you might enjoy hearing about it.

First, a little about me, I am forty-five years old. I am a twice divorced white male. I exercise and stay in shape. I have a dirty mind and a strong sexual appetite.

I am a very well paid computer professional. I am lucky enough to work out of my home and set my own schedule. The hobby I mentioned at the beginning of this narrative is that I keep my eyes open for undervalued real estate deals. I buy undervalued houses or I pick up places at delinquent tax sales or, once in a while, through a couple of contacts at banks I pick up a place about to go into foreclosure. I don't do it often. I cherry pick. Maybe once or twice a year I come upon a deal that is just irresistible. It can be a hassle, but if you know your way around, it is a good way to pick up an extra fifteen or twenty thousand without doing a lot of work.

I had recently gotten word about a nice house that I could pick up for a great price out of foreclosure. I checked it out and it was worth twice what I could get it for, easy. And unlike most of the places I pick up, this one was in pretty good shape.

I went ahead and bought the place. This can be a torturous process which can take months. But I have been through it several times and I know people and I know people who know people so it is getting easier.

I finally got the deed to the place, and the keys, after almost a month. After having the utilities turned on, I drove over to check the place out and see how much work I was going to have to do to get it ready to sell.

I walked around outside and everything was in pretty good condition. I opened the door to the large storage building in the backyard and was surprised at the amount of stuff that had been left by the previous owners. There was a big collection of expensive tools and lawn care equipment, as well as some very expensive sports gear, including two really high end kayaks. Just casually looking around the inside of the building I estimated the value of the contents to be close to \$20,000!

I finished my tour of the grounds and finally entered the house. I was surprised again at the large number of personal possessions still in the house. There were pictures on the walls and mementoes displayed here and there, the kinds of things that you would have expected the owners to take with them.

I was starting to get a weird feeling about this as I walked through the house. I was getting the feeling that someone had been living here, even though the utilities had been turned off!

I finished my tour of the first floor and was looking around upstairs when I heard a sound coming

from the door that led to the room over the garage at the end of the hall. I quietly moved down the carpeted hall and listened at the door for a minute. I didn't hear anything so I carefully turned the knob and slowly pushed the door open. I didn't see anything at first, except for another cache of personal possessions in stacks of boxes everywhere around the room. I was just about to back out of the room when I heard another noise and I called out, "Who's there?"

There was no answer, but I was sure that I had an intruder. I pulled out my cell phone and said loudly, "I'm dialing 911."

I started dialing, but before I could push the last digit a man and woman who had been crouched behind one of the stacks of boxes jumped up, begging me not to call the police.

I stared in surprise. They didn't look like bums or criminals. They were a young man and woman in their early twenties. They were attractive and well dressed and the woman was crying and begging me to hang up my phone.

I didn't say anything for a few minutes. Then I asked, "Who are you? What are you doing here?"

They both started talking at the same time and I couldn't understand any of it. I yelled "Quiet!" and they both shut up. I pointed to the woman and said, "You, go ahead, explain."

She was still crying quietly but she managed to explain that they were Glenn and Kara Elliot. It was their house, or used to be. They had both had high paying jobs at the nearby GLT Electronics plant, until it went belly up. They had lived on their saving as long as possible while looking for new jobs.

Then, when their savings started running out they had tried at the last moment to sell their house but it was too late. Their cars had been repossessed, and now they had no money and no jobs and no place to go for help. They could not even afford to put their belongings in storage. They had no family members that they could contact for help. This town didn't even have a homeless shelter. They had no place to go.

When she finally got to the end of her tale of woe I was speechless for a moment and then I just said simply, "You can't stay here. You have to get your things out of here. I bought this house to resell. You have to move right away."

Now they were both crying. It made me very uncomfortable. I am sorry but I cannot have any respect or sympathy for a crying man, especially one who would let his family end up in this predicament to start with. Finally I told them to stop blubbering and suggested that we go downstairs.

I looked around but there was nothing in the house to drink. Not even coffee! I wondered when these two had last eaten a meal. In the light of the kitchen I took a better look at them. They were a cute couple. She was downright hot. I would guess her age to be twenty-two, give or take a year, and she appeared to stand about five feet even.

She was very slender and quite curvy with what looked to be a very firm little set of B cups on her chest, a personal favorite. I understand that the average male is predisposed towards huge breasts. I suppose my summers spent working on a dairy farm as a teenager had something to do with my preference for the more petite.

She had a cute face and even her posture was striking. He looked to be perhaps a year or two older than his young wife, and looked like a real yuppie wimp. He looked like he was very much in touch with his feminine side, if you know what I mean.

They had more or less regained their composure. At least the crying had stopped for the time being.

I didn't know quite what to say. It was never my intention to become responsible for two human beings. I suppose that, like most people, I liked to think of myself as a decent human being, but I had no intention of adopting a young married couple.

They started pleading with me not to make them leave, not to throw their belongings out in the street. They were sure that they could turn their lives around any day now. They would pay me back. They just went on and on, I kind of shut out their voices as I pondered what to do. As I pondered, my eyes tended to wander the lithe young female form standing ten feet away and begging me to have pity on them.

Well, as I said in the second paragraph, I have a dirty mind and a strong sexual appetite. I spend a lot of long lonely evenings at home browsing through dirty little stories on the internet. I enjoy it, but it is not the same as having a life.

But things were starting to come together. Before me stood a beautiful woman and her wimpy husband, helpless, destitute, I just might be able to turn this to my advantage.

I asked them when was the last time that they had eaten a good meal and apparently they could not even remember. They had been scrounging food from various sources just to subsist. I cut off the detailed explanation. I didn't want to hear all of the gory details.

I told them that I might be able to suggest a way that they could get by until they were again able to find gainful employment, but that they wouldn't like it. I then invited them to join me for dinner.

They accepted, of course, and we got in my car and I drove to a nearby steakhouse that I am fond of. It was early still and the place had just opened for the day. It was nearly empty. We were seated in a quiet booth and ordered drinks and looked over the menu.

At first, when my warped little mind had hit upon this scheme I had thought that I might need to figure out how best to put this to them so that they would accept my offer. I had thought it over all the way here and now, as I was sitting here sipping my drink and looking them over, I realized I didn't have to find a delicate way to put this. In fact, it would be more fun to be blunt. It would certainly avoid any possible misunderstandings.

"Okay, here is the deal. I just bought your house. Admittedly for a lot less than it is worth, but that is why I bought it. You guys are in a hell of a fix, but that is not my problem. If I just let you live in that house it will cost me thousands. I will be responsible for taxes and upkeep and utilities for a house I can't do anything with. Not to mention the interest on the mortgage." I had paid cash but they didn't need to know that.

They were both staring down at their drinks, unable to look me in the eye as I laid out my offer.

"The way I see things," I continued, "there is only one thing you two could offer me to make me consider letting you continue to live in my house. It isn't worth what it will cost me, but it is the only thing you have."

I paused for a minute and took a drink. Just then the waiter arrived and we ordered. As soon as the waiter had left the table they looked up at me and waited for the bottom line. I honestly don't think they had a clue!

"The only thing you have to offer me is yourselves," I finally said in as simple and undramatic a voice

as possible. I was just stating an obvious fact after all.

I could see that they still didn't get it. I was becoming more amused as this dragged on. They truly were clueless, both of them, so naïve. It was really adding to my enjoyment.

I didn't say anything for a few minutes. Just looked at them and waited to see if it would sink in to either of them. Finally I chuckled and said, "You two really are dense aren't you? No wonder you are hiding in a repossessed house and eating scraps!"

I had been fairly polite up until that point and my insults came as a bit of a surprise, but they just glanced at each other briefly and then looked down again, unable to look me in the eye, or deny what I had said.

"The only thing you two have to offer me is yourselves," I repeated. "I believe I would enjoy having a couple of slaves." When I said that they finally looked up!

"I will tell you what I will do for you, and what you will do for me. I will permit you to live in my new house and keep your belongings. I will provide you with an automobile. Presumably you will need one to continue looking for work and to do my bidding as well. I will provide you with a subsistence allowance. It will be enough to buy food and gas and any other necessities. You won't be able to live the life of Riley on it.

In return, you, both of you, will be my slaves. You will do anything and everything I ask of you. I will take great pleasure in using and humiliating both of you, both publicly and privately."

I gave them a moment to digest that. The look of absolute shock on their faces was priceless.

I continued, "If and when you finally find adequate employment, I will sell your house back to you, at fair market value. That might not sound like a fair price to you, but I shall have lost a great deal of money on you two, and received only amusement and sexual satisfaction in return."

They sat stunned and I ordered us another round of drinks. The food arrived and I guess they must have truly been starving. Even though they had just received what was obviously the most shocking proposal of their lives, they ate ravenously.

It occurred to me that a bottle of wine might make the only decision that they could come to a little easier, so I ordered a bottle of my favorite. I watched them though. I wanted this decision to be a sober one.

I ate here once or twice a month at least. The food was good and the service was great. I had become friendly with the owner and I decided I would go have a talk with him and give these two a chance to talk.

I got up and said to them, "I am going to talk with the manager for a few minutes. I want your answer when I return. If you say yes you will be my slaves, effective immediately, until such time as you are able to resume responsibility for your own lives. If you say no I will drive you back to my new house and you will have tonight to remove your belonging and vacate the premises."

I went back to the owner's little office in the back and we talked for a while. We had gotten to be friends over the last few years. We had played golf together, gone to a couple of baseball games and although his schedule rarely allowed for it, he works most evenings, we had played poker a few times. I had discovered that he enjoyed porn as much as I did and we had been swapping movies back and forth. It occurred to me that he would get a kick out of the deal I was working out in one of

his booths. But I decided I had better see how it went before I started trying to spread the joy.

After ten minutes I went back to my booth. I watched them as I approached. They were talking quietly but intensely as I walked up and sat down. They stopped talking as soon as they saw me. When I sat down I asked them if they had reached a decision.

Neither one spoke, so I said, "I am going to have to assume that means my answer is no."

They looked at each other again; they looked like they had been arguing. Then Kara looked at me and said in a quiet but steady voice, "We'll do it," she said. I was beginning to think she had more balls than her wimpy husband. "May I you a couple of questions?" she asked.

I was amused at the way she seemed to have taken charge of their situation. I was also curious about what she would think to ask.

"Sure," I said, amicably. "I'm a nice guy. Go ahead."

"Are you going to hurt me?" she asked bluntly.

I paused, thinking of some of the things I had always wanted to try. Then I answered truthfully, "Some of the things that are done to you will cause you some pain. But you will not be harmed."

"Will you do anything to make it harder for us to get jobs and get our lives back?"

"No sweetheart. While I am looking forward to fucking you, and I will be completely honest, I look forward to causing you and your wimpy husband a great deal of humiliation, it is in my financial interest that you resume your rightful place in the work force and get your financial affairs in order, any other questions?"

She shook her head, but wimpy little Glenn just stared at his drink and tried to pretend this wasn't happening.

Kara was sitting between her husband and me, but several feet from me. I patted the seat beside me and she slid over beside me. She was dressed simply in a plain white blouse and a black, knee length skirt. I ordered her to lift her ass off of the padded seat and pull her skirt out from under her and sit back down. She obeyed instantly. She was blushing brightly, but I was happy to see that she wasn't a weepy little thing. Or maybe she was just so mad at her husband that she wanted to piss him off.

When she had sat back down I reached down and pulled the hem of her skirt up and tucked it into the waist in the front, exposing the lower half of her plain white panties. She flinched, but didn't resist. I glanced at her husband and I knew he had to see what was happening but he never once looked up from the empty glass in his hands.

I enjoyed the view of Kara's panties for a minute and then I started to explore her firm young breasts over her clothing. Her bra seemed to be quite substantial. I was going to have to do something about that. I unbuttoned the top buttons on her blouse, down to below her breasts. She sat stoically as I gently spread her blouse open, exposing her bra. It was erotic because of its plainness. She was so demure, I couldn't wait despoil her!

I looked back up to her face and said, "I am making this up as I go along. I will have rules for you. There will be rules for both of you. The first rules, the most important rules, are that from now on you don't wear a bra or panties unless I tell you to. Also, no shorts or pants unless I order it, and no pantyhose ever!"

She continued to blush brightly, but there was no sign of resistance. I moved her hand down to my extremely uncomfortable erection and she wrapped her fingers around it without any fight. I am rather well endowed and the look on her face when she felt my hard cock almost made me laugh out loud.

The waiter came to the table just then and asked if we wanted anything else. I decided I was having too much fun to leave just yet and ordered us all another drink. The waiter's eyes never left Kara's exposed bra. It was obvious that she was uncomfortable, but she made no move to cover herself.

I rested one hand lightly on this beautiful young woman's thigh and except for a gasp as my little finger gently caressed the moist crotch of her panties she didn't move. I asked her to remove her bra without taking her blouse off. I had seen both of my ex-wives do this on occasion and had been fascinated by it. It is apparently a skill that young women develop at an early age. She reached between the cups of her bra and released the hooks and deftly, but as discretely as possible, removed her bra. She handed it to me and I set it on the table beside me.

Her blouse had partially closed while she removed her bra and I moved to open it again. We were in a quiet little area where no other customers could easily see into our booth so I wasn't worried about creating a fuss.

I didn't touch them yet. But what a view! Her breasts were more beautiful than I even imagined. Her skin was stark white and her nipples were like little pink erasers, standing up hard and proud.

Without being asked she moved her hand back to my cock and held it gently as the waiter delivered our drinks. Glenn looked like he was going to cry. He gulped his drink down and sat staring at his empty glass again. I decided he was getting off too easy.

I started telling him in detail how impressed I was with his wife's breasts. I tried to get him to talk to me about them, but he just muttered and grunted and avoided the conversation. I could see I was going to have to straighten him out. I wondered how long it had been since someone had spanked his bare ass. That thought made me grin.

I finally signaled the waiter over. It wasn't difficult; he had been hovering nearby since he noticed that Kara's breasts were on display. I paid the check and we left. I allowed Kara to button one button on her blouse and cover up her sexy chest and straighten out her skirt. I grabbed her bra and held it loosely in my hand as I led them out to my car.

I pointed to the back seat for Glenn and the front for Kara and I walked around and got in and started the car. I wasn't sure what I wanted to do next. I knew I wanted to spend a large part of the evening molesting Kara in all kinds of new and exciting ways. I had to decide whether to take them to my home, spend the night at their house, well, my new house, or drop him off there and take her home.

I decided to take them to my place and play with them tonight and then tomorrow I would get them some kind of transportation and let them go home and put their house back together. And he could quit hiding in the house and get the damned yard taken care of!

I drove to my house and led my new slaves in to my large living room. I sat down in my favorite chair and ordered Kara to stand in front of me. She moved immediately to the place in front of my chair that I had indicated.

I called Glenn closer and he finally looked up and even managed to look me in the eyes! I decided I would put him in his place a little before we continued with tonight's entertainment. "You were still

arguing with your wife when I came back to the table at the restaurant. Can I assume you are opposed to the offer I have made and what seems to be your wife's acceptance of it?"

"Of course I am opposed!" he said, petulantly. "I can't believe she would submit to this, to you. It's the twenty-first century for Christ's sake! People don't treat other people this way. We didn't graduate from college to become somebody's toys, to become slaves!"

He shuddered as he said the word slaves. I guess I am not such a nice person after all. I was really enjoying seeing this wimpy little yuppie suffer like this.

"So what did you offer her as an alternative, to just leave? To go out in the streets with no money, none of your belongings, no place to sleep, and once you reach that point in your existence, no way to ever find a decent job."

He looked at me again as if trying to understand me. "How can you do this to us?" he asked, more than a little desperation in his voice. "What kind of person derives pleasure from humiliating someone?!"

I smiled patiently at Glenn and took Kara's hand and pulled her gently into my lap. I opened her blouse again and caressed her warm, wonderful breasts for the first time.

Finally I responded, as honestly as I could. "First of all, any guy that didn't want to get his hands on your wife's beautiful body is gay. But that aside, there are a lot of men out there like me. Men that, if they had the opportunity, would take great pleasure in using and humiliating a cute young yuppie couple like you, and worse.

Be grateful I am not one of those guys into whips and chains; there are also a lot of them out there!

What you have here is an unpleasant situation that you can live with and work your way out of. What you are offering your wife is not a viable option. You can't just run away, you have to have some alternative besides being destitute and homeless.

Now you are just going to have to get it through your thick skull that what you have here is an opportunity, and you would be stupid not to take advantage of it. So, either leave right now, or strip."

He looked at me, shocked. I suppose he had expected that his part in all of this was to witness his wife's abuse. He had not expected to be an active participant in the festivities. I watched him; I could actually see his mind working, trying to find some other way out. And I saw that point when he finally accepted his fate.

I supposed that if he had any idea at all of what he would have to do as time went on he would have walked out. But I believed that if I didn't hit him with everything all at once he was wimpy enough that eventually there wasn't much I couldn't make him do. First it had to really sink in that he had sold his soul to me.

I continued molesting his wife as we watched him take his clothes off. Finally he stood in front of us naked. He wasn't much to look at. He was skinny, no obvious muscle tone, and apparently not very well endowed.

I ordered him to help his wife to her feet and to undress her as well. He glowered at me and reached for his wife's hand. I yelled at him to wipe that look off his face or I would take him over my knee and spank his pansy ass for him. Both of them gasped at my outburst, and he became slightly more



obsequious.

He pulled his wife to her feet and then slowly undressed her for my viewing pleasure. And it was truly a pleasure. I have found that the older I get the sexier youth is. Kara has a perfect body. Creamy skin, nicely tanned except for those areas covered by an obviously modest bathing suit. Those areas, her breasts, her buttocks, her belly, were all starkly white and contrasted nicely with her tanned areas. They looked like they would glow in the dark.

Her breasts, now that I could see them better, were indeed perfect. And she has one of those high, tight little butts that drive men crazy. I was not normally all that interested in anal sex, but I was going to have to take that little butt for a ride.

She did not appear to trim her pubic hair. It was very sparse, the hair light and fine and pure blonde. I reached out and ran my fingers through it. I had intended to have her shave it, I like bare pussies, but I would have to think about it. Maybe a good trim would do.

I stood up and ordered Kara to remove my shirt. I am not muscle bound, but I work out and have a pretty good body. She pulled the shirt tails out of my slacks and unbuttoned the front of my shirt and slid it off my shoulders. She seemed to like what she saw.

Then I ordered Glenn to take my pants off. He blanched and hesitated. He was obviously more reluctant to take my pants off than he had been to undress his wife in front of me. But finally he moved closer and I watched his wife's face as he gingerly unfastened my belt and my slacks and slid them down my legs. She was really hard to read, but I don't think her husband fared well as she compared our bodies.

I stepped out of my pants and kicked them aside and ordered Glenn to continue. He slid my shorts down, being careful to touch me as little as possible, and trying to avoid looking at my hard, throbbing cock.

I asked him if he had ever touched another man's cock before and you would have thought I had slapped him!

"Certainly not!" he exclaimed, shocked that I would even ask.

"You're going to," I said.

He looked up at me, he was still kneeling in front of me, and said, "Please, I...I couldn't do that. I'm not that way. I...I just couldn't"

I smiled and said, "I can see where the next few months are going to be real hard for you Glenn. You might as well go ahead and get over it. Put your hands on my cock and caress it."

He didn't move and I suddenly slapped his face, hard. He was shocked, and hurt, and, finally it seemed, cowed. He rubbed his cheek where I had slapped him for a moment and then just when I had about decided to slap him again he reached a hand out and put it around my cock.

I am not bi. I am not homophobic; I have nothing against gays or any two guys who want to, having a little fun. I just always preferred that the person touching me be a person of the opposite sex. But humiliating this little bastard in front of his wife was really turning me on. I didn't think I had it in me!

At first he just held my cock. He obviously didn't know what to do now that he had it in his hand. I

put my hand over his soft little feminine hand and moved it slowly up and down my cock for a minute. Then, I couldn't resist, I grabbed a handful of his hair and pulled his face to my crotch and ordered him to kiss it.

He shuddered in horror at the idea, but he actually did it! He pursed his lips and touched them lightly to the head of my cock, which was now covered in the precum that had begun leaking from it. Now I don't know about you, but someone would have to beat me just about half to death to get me to kiss their cock. And if I knew my wife was watching it would have to be a lot more than half.

I let his hair go and he straightened back up.

"Lick your lips," I ordered in a soft voice, fascinated at how easy he was to manipulate.

I watched as he closed his eyes in shame and licked the precum from his lips. Damn it was exciting!

But I was anxious to get to the main event. I pulled Kara into my arms and kissed her passionately. Glenn thought I was finished with him and leaned back out of the way. I stopped kissing his wife long enough to tell him to put his hand back on my cock until I told him to move it.

I went back to kissing Kara and felt Glenn's hand moving reluctantly between us as we kissed. I had not had sex with anyone but my imagination in quite a while.

I don't like going to the kinds of places you normally have to go to meet women. I don't like bars or clubs or anywhere that is smoke filled or too loud to carry on a conversation. I sometimes meet women at a friend's party, once I even met a nice woman at a grocery store.

But that doesn't happen often and I am not interested in a long term relationship this soon after my second divorce, so I was extremely horny right now. I decided that if I didn't want to cum in her husband's hand I had better move this little game on to the next step.

I reluctantly pulled away from our little group hug and ordered them to follow me. I made my way down the hall to my bedroom. I went in and stretched out on my bed and ordered Kara to kneel near my shoulder and suck me off. She obeyed instantly and she was very good at it. She was no deep throat artist, but she was enthusiastic and really threw herself into her work. I got the feeling she had never had an organ as large as mine to work with and maybe she found it inspiring.

I let her darling husband watch for a couple of minutes and then thought it only fair that he should help. I ordered him to kneel between my legs and lick my balls. He paused for a long time and then I saw Kara look up at him without taking her mouth away from my cock. It must have been a pretty significant look, because he slowly moved onto the bed between my legs and soon I felt the tentative touch of his tongue on my balls.

Guys, let me tell you, if you have never had a man tongue your balls while his wife sucked you off then you have not lived. It was truly heaven. And knowing that they both hated every minute of it....shit! I was in hog heaven!!

I watched them closely. Their faces were inches apart. I was about to cum in this man's wife's mouth and he was facilitating this by licking my balls! I tried to hold back. I really wanted to make this last. But be honest, you know you would have been cumming right away. I probably lasted five minutes, and was surprised I lasted that long.

It happened so suddenly I didn't even have time to grab her head. But much to my surprise she didn't pull away. She kept her mouth over my cock and sucked until I finished shooting my huge load

of cum in her mouth. Then she considerately just held my sensitive cock in her mouth. She was GOOD!!!

I finally let them rest for a minute and then sent Glenn to the kitchen to get us all drinks. As soon as he left I pulled Kara down beside me and grinned at her.

"You've done that before," I chided her in a teasing voice.

"You thought I was a virgin?" she asked, avoiding the implications.

"I didn't think you were a virgin," I said, "but you are one of the best cocksuckers I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. You didn't learn that at the end of Glenn's little pecker!"

"I had boyfriends before I met Glenn," she said, still avoiding the subject.

She seemed to be taking this pretty well. I had to ask, "I was wondering how you reacted to seeing you husband kissing my cock and licking my balls?"

"At first I didn't like it. It pissed me off. But I was already pissed off at him. It wasn't his fault that the place we worked went bankrupt. But a girl expects her husband to take care of her. Not undress her so that a stranger can fuck her. Not rub his dick and kiss it so that he is good and hard for her. I have a lot to think about right now. I still love Glenn, but I have lost a lot of respect for him. But I still hate you for using us this way."

"I respect your honesty. But if you are going to be totally honest, having seen yourself in a mirror, surely you can't blame me for taking advantage of the situation when I had the opportunity."

She tried not to smile. But I could tell I got her with that one. Then Glenn came in with three beers and we all took a few sips and relaxed for a moment. I was going to have to watch myself; I could easily fall hard for this girl who was married and half my age!

I finished off my beer and took Kara's from her hand and set it on the nightstand. I pulled her down and kissed her, while exploring her sweet body with my hands. After a few minutes I moved her onto her back and started kissing and licking my way down her body, being careful not to miss any interesting places.

One of the things I like most, and something I take great pride in, is my skill at eating pussy. It has always been a labor of love for me. I had my 'A' game on this night and I drove lovely Kara crazy with my tongue and my gentle, caressing fingers. She was almost unconscious when I kissed my way back up her beautiful body and hovered over her, kissing her lightly on her sweet lips.

I was more than ready to feel her tight, hot pussy on my cock. I was reasonably sure I could give her another orgasm or two before I filled her with my hot cum. I looked in her eyes and as our eyes met I said, "Glenn, come over here and put my cock in your wife so I can fuck her." I am almost positive she had an orgasm when I said that.

I heard him moving across the room and then I felt his soft hand on my cock. I kept my eyes locked with Kara's as her husband placed the head of my cock in the entrance of her hot pussy. I couldn't read her face as he fumbled around with my cock, but I have to tell you, the idea of a man having to line my cock up with his wife's cunt so I could fuck her really turned me on!

As soon as I felt the head of my cock nestled in her pussy I started slowly pushing in. She was hot and she was very wet. And she was very, very tight! I cannot believe that she had ever had a cock as

large as mine and I could tell by the look in her eyes that she was appreciating the difference. My cock is eight inches long, slightly longer than average. It starts out at the head not much wider than a normal cock, but at the base it is very wide.

Kara was obviously impressed with my girth. She quickly became vocal and, although I had already eaten her to half a dozen good orgasms, she started having one screaming orgasm after another. Her hot cunt had a death grip on my cock and, even though I had just had a great blowjob, I doubt if I lasted five minutes. I have always prided myself on my control, a half an hour is nothing for me. But this girl had the greatest cunt I had ever cum in!

I stayed on top of her as I felt my cock soften in her fantastic cunt. Then I gently pulled out and stretched out on my back. I was tempted to pull her to me and hug her and whisper sweet nothings in her ear. But that would have been inappropriate. Instead I ordered her to get her mouth down there and clean my cock and balls.

She looked at me first, as if to make sure I was serious, then she moved down and started gingerly licking my cock. When she managed to do it without gagging she realized it was something she could deal with and licked and sucked my cock clean, then she licked my hot, sticky, sweaty balls clean.

When she was finished I pulled her up beside me on her back and ordered her wimpy husband to provide the same service to her.

He looked at me and he looked at her sloppy, slimy pussy and he whispered, "I can't do that!"

I grinned at him and said, "I didn't ask you. I told you. You can do it, or I can get physical on your wimpy ass and force you. You pick."

He moved over to the bed and climbed up on the foot of the bed between Kara's legs. He leaned forward and at first he just kissed and licked around the area for a moment, but eventually he got up the nerve and started licking her swollen slit. My cum was leaking out of her and he was having a problem with it. He gagged several times before he got used to the aroma and flavor. Then he finally gave up and got into it.

I had to give him points for style; he was a pretty good pussy eater. Kara certainly was appreciating his efforts. She was moaning and moving her hips as it wasn't long before she was cumming again. And every time she came more of my cum was expelled from her spasming pussy.

He obviously was not enjoying what I was making him do, but I can't fault the job he did. I let Kara have a couple more orgasms before I made Glenn stop. I noticed that, although he had no taste for the task, his cock was hard.

We cycled through the bathroom after that and although it was still early I was worn out and I ordered Glenn to sleep on the floor at the foot of the bed and I cuddled up with my soft cock nestled against Kara's ass and my hand cupping her breast and I went to sleep.

I slept like a log and woke up early the next morning. I took a quick shower and put on my pajama bottoms and went out and made coffee. While the coffee was dripping I heard the shower running. I walked back to the bathroom and opened the door and ordered Kara to shave her pussy. What the hell, I just think bald is beautiful. By the time I had finished my first cup they both came out; dressed in the clothing they wore yesterday.

I offered them coffee and made breakfast. While I was cooking I told them that from now on I did not

want them wearing clothing in the house. Not this house or their house, whether I was there or not.

After we had eaten I let Glenn clean off the table and clean the kitchen and put the dishes in the dishwasher. Then we went out to my car and drove down to the place in town where most of the used car lots line the street. One of my poker buddies owned a lot and I trusted him to give me a good deal.

It was still early when we arrived at the lot. My friend, Gary, was just opening up the office. Nobody else was on the lot. I left my new slaves in the car and went in to talk to Gary. I gave him the short version of what had happened yesterday and told him I needed a decent, reliable, late model car that I was going to let them use and I wanted it for a reasonable price.

He sat there quietly for a minute, staring at me, and finally he said, "You're full of shit!"

I grinned at him and went to the door and waived my new slaves into the office. They came in and stood just inside the door. I pulled Kara over to my chair and made her stand with her back to me. I could feel how tense she was as I calmly reached up and unbuttoned the front of her blouse. When her breasts were exposed I released the button and zipper on the side of her skirt and let it drop to the floor at her feet.

Gary's mouth opened so wide I could have parked one of his cars in it! "I'll be a son of a bitch!" he exclaimed. He got up and walked around his desk and looked at me and said, "May I?"

I nodded and then I enjoyed the discomfort evident on the faces of both Kara and her husband as Gary roughly felt her up. I finally had to interrupt and said, "OK Gary, let's talk cars."

I told my new slaves to stay where they were and we went out and looked around the lot. Gary showed me a couple of cars that he said were really cherries. I picked out a two year old Grand Marquis and asked him how much. He thought about it for a few minutes and said, "I'll make you the best damn deal I can make you, if I can have a piece of that sweet young thing in my office."

I thought that sounded fair. We went back into the office and Gary and I worked out the details and did the paperwork. Then he handed me the keys and bent Kara over his desk and fucked her like rabbit, right there in front of me and her husband and god and everybody!

Except for her grunts as he thrust into her forcefully, and a quick dirty look in my direction, she didn't show any emotion at all. He didn't last long and when he had finished I turned her around and made her lean back against his desk and had Glenn clean her out again.

He was already humiliated at having to watch another stranger fuck his wife, but being forced to clean her cunt afterwards with his tongue was just about more than he could take. He glared at me for a minute, I was going to make him regret that later, then he knelt and, as quickly as possible he licked his wife's pussy clean.

When he was done I threw him the keys to the Mercury and told him to drive to my new home and do the yard work, which he had let go for so long.

I told Kara to dress and took her out to my car and we drove to the mall. She needed a new wardrobe.

We spent almost four hours at the mall. That was a first for me. I don't ever go to a mall unless there is no place else in the world that I can get what I need. And I would pretty much rather take a beating than shop. But this turned out to be a lot of fun. It was for me anyway. Kara had a pretty

hard time of it.

We went into a lot of stores I had never been in before. They all seemed to specialize in slutty clothes for young girls. I guess I just never paid that much attention before since my wives always dressed so conservatively. Who knew this could be fun?

I made Kara try on all kinds of things, the shorter and the thinner they were the better. After our first stop she was wearing a denim skirt that was so impossibly short that she couldn't sit or bend in it at all. Her top was more holes than material.

She was very popular. I made her go up and down on the escalator a couple of times and there are some teenage boys that will never know how much they owe me for buying that skirt and putting her on the escalator in front of them.

Kara was taking it surprisingly well I thought. She only complained once about a garment I selected. I guess when she realized that if she complained she ended up wearing whatever it was she didn't like she decided to keep her opinions to herself. She never refused to wear or do anything I asked. I was beginning to realize that I had a natural here.

Half way through our shopping trip we stopped in the food court and I made sure that she was seated so that she was exposed to a table full of fifteen and sixteen year old boys nearby. That was funny to watch.

Kara sat with her head down, sipping her drink. I watched discretely as the first of the rowdy teens noticed that he could see Kara's shaved pussy. I saw him elbow one of his friends and in seconds all five of them were staring in quiet fascination at Kara's pussy. I really should have brought my camera, it was priceless.

When I had finished my drink I decided it was time for a little shoe shopping. I picked a shoe store with a good selection of heels and a lecherous looking old black guy for a clerk. I led Kara to a seat while I selected a couple of shoes that I thought would look sexy on her.

When I turned back to Kara I noticed that the teens from the food court were standing outside looking through the window. I had Kara move to a different seat, so that the boys would have a better view. I made it obvious what I was doing. I thought it could get interesting later, you never know.

The salesman came over and I showed him the shoes I had selected and asked if he would mind measuring Kara for them. It was readily apparent that he did not mind at all. He pulled up a stool and then he gently took hold of Kara's ankle and was guiding it toward his measuring device when he suddenly noticed the absence of anything between him and her pussy. No panties, no hair, nothing!

He came to a sudden stop and held her ankle with her legs slightly parted for the longest time. When he had raised her leg I could see her pussy from my position sitting beside her. She was totally exposed and so totally embarrassed that it was making me hard. Not to mention the salesman and the five teens in the window!

The poor old guy finally managed to get her measurements and made his way back to the store room. He came back with an armful of shoe boxes and sat back down.

It had to be obvious to him that this was no accidental exposure of course. He glanced at me as he grabbed Kara's leg again to fit her with one of the selected shoes. I smiled brightly at him and he

took that, rightly, as encouragement.

Each time he touched her from that point on, his hands explored more of her legs. By the time he had put the last pair of shoes on her, his fingers were straying up to her upper thighs, so close to her pussy that if she had any hair there he would have been running his fingers through it!

I was watching Kara closely and although she might well be very embarrassed, she was also getting very excited. She looked as if she were on the verge of climaxing as the salesman's fingers flirted with her pussy.

Since the shoes he had just put on her were the last pair I guess he figured it was now or never. He had been allowed every liberty he had taken so far. He looked at me one more time and saw no indication that I disapproved, so he slowly and deliberately slid his large black middle finger into Kara's hot, wet pussy.

Her knuckles were white as she gripped the arm of the chair. I watched as she gasped loudly, then moaned and quivered, trying desperately to hide the fact that she was cumming on the salesman's finger.

I felt so sorry for the salesman. He was probably hornier now than he had ever been in his life. I decided it really wasn't fair to leave the old guy like that, so I made him an offer that I was sure that he couldn't refuse. If he would give us the three pairs of shoes I had selected, she would suck him off behind the counter.

The mall was still quiet. The salesman looked around quickly, not caring about the teenage boys staring intently through the window. He stood up suddenly and grabbed Kara's hand and dragged her quickly behind the counter and pushed her to her knees. He pulled his cock out and she didn't resist at all as he pulled her face to him and thrust his hard cock into her mouth.

He almost didn't make it! He came in less than a minute, I swear! There was no indication; just all of a sudden I could see Kara choking on a mouthful of cum. She struggled with it for a long time but finally the clerk stopped her and pulled his cock from her mouth and put it back in his pants.

He smiled at me and said, "God damn she is good! Mister, you can come back here any time you need more shoes for this gal!"

I don't think she actually did anything more than take his cock into her mouth and grab his balls before he came, not really enough to judge the quality of her blowjobs. But he was happy and we had some free shoes, so what the hell.

He put the shoes in a bag and I grabbed all the other bags I was lugging around and figured that was enough for now. Might as well drive her home and see how the yard work was going. We walked out to the parking lot and those boys followed us all the way to the car.

I put the bags in the trunk and then I waived the boys over. I asked the tallest one if he would be a gentleman and hold the door for my girlfriend. I unlocked the doors with the key fob and watched as the youth opened the door and watched closely as Kara slid into the car seat.

As she sat down her skirt slid up again, of course, totally exposing her moist slit. She didn't even bother to try to cover it. She let the boy get an eyeful as she brought her legs into the car and sat down and fastened her seatbelt. I am willing to bet that when the boy groaned, just before he shut the car door, he shot a load right in his pants!

As we drove away, Kara was looking at me carefully. I was watching her out of the corner of my eye, wondering if she would say something, react in any way. She just stared at me for a long time and then looked out the window as I drove.

I was starting to think that she might be having a love hate relationship going on here. It was obvious she hated what I was doing to her and her husband, mostly to her. But at the same time she was being aroused. She had even had an orgasm under circumstances that, had I not been there she would probably have called 911 and had the shoe salesman arrested! Maybe I need to ramp this up a little bit. See how far she can be pushed.

I continued to glance at her as I drove and I suddenly realized that she had her hand over her crotch and, I can't be positive, but it looked very much like she was slowly rubbing herself! Could little miss Kara, prim and proper young naive housewife be enjoying this?!

I finally pulled up to the house and we unloaded the trunk. Glenn had been busy. The yard looked much better now.

When we got inside I saw that he was putting the house back together. They didn't have to make it look like nobody lived there anymore. When we had dropped the bags on the bed Glenn was just getting out of the shower. He came out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist. He gawked at the new outfit Kara was wearing; I wasn't sure if he found it exciting or if he couldn't believe she had actually worn it in public.

I had been playing with, abusing and humiliating Kara all afternoon. I was horny as hell and this looked like as good a time as any to take care of that. I figured if she had been fingering herself all the way home she would pretty hot, wet and ready. And I knew a great way to find out.

I bent her over the bed and she supported herself with her hands as I flipped her little skirt out of the way and as her husband watched I pulled my hard cock out and slid it into her in one fast lunge. I smiled as my belly slapped against her butt. "Yup," I thought, "she was ready alright! She's getting off on this shit!"

I had gotten my rocks off in her sweet body a couple of times yesterday. So I was going to take my time and enjoy this. While I was slowly pumping her pussy full of cock I called her husband over and told him to take her clothes off, but stay out of my way.

He came over and pulled her sexy top up and off and dropped it on the bed, and then he found the button and the zipper on her skirt. He had to pull it up over her shoulders and down her arms to remove it. Now all she had on was her shoes.

I fucked her like this for ten minutes or so, long enough for her to cum twice. Then we started moving around. We did it doggy style on the bed, and then I pulled her over onto her side and stayed in her and humped her little ass from the back.

After a few minutes I pulled out of her and lay on my back. I pulled her over and had her sit on my cock and start fucking me as I watched her beautiful tits bounce wildly. I think this was a new one for her and she really seemed to like it. She came again, a big one this time.

She slowed down as she was recovering from her orgasm but I grabbed her nipples and twisted hard. She screamed and put her hands on my wrists, but she didn't try to pull my hands off of her nipples, she just groaned loudly and started pumping hard again.

I started noticing that the harder I squeezed her nipples the more she liked it. I was getting close



now. I wanted to last a little longer, but this bitch is just too good! I released her nipples and grabbed handfuls of her tits and squeezed hard as I shot my load into her hot cunt. I can't usually cum on the bottom like this. I need to be more in control, but this girl's cunt was just so fucking fantastic!

She came again when I squeezed her tits and she felt me cumming in her. Then she collapsed on top of me. I held her there for a few minutes and nuzzled her hair and petted her ass. Then I rolled her off and ordered her husband to clean us.

You could tell that the very thought of it made him sick, but with only the briefest hesitation he started to move between Kara's legs.

"You stupid fuck," I yelled at him. "She is just another god damned slave. You clean me first! What the fuck is wrong with your head?!"

Now he really looked sick as he moved between my legs and looked down at my slimy cock and balls. I let him hesitate, just so that I could enjoy his humiliation. Finally he put his head down and started licking my cock. It felt pretty damn good! "Maybe I should give him a little more training," I thought, only half kidding.

When he had licked my cock all over I told him to take it in his mouth and make sure he got it all. He looked like he wanted to cry, but he obeyed, and then he licked my balls and even my thighs clean. When I told him that was good enough he cleaned up his wife, managing to do it with hardly any gagging at all.

When he was finished I told him that he had done a good job on the yard and that the house looked better. As a reward I told him he could fuck his wife if he would like to.

He didn't hesitate about that! He whipped his towel off and climbed on her instantly. I watched for a minute or two. I was interested in her reaction. She seemed bored! But that was going to be their problem, someday.

I got up and went to the bathroom and then came back in to the bedroom and got dressed. He finished before I finished dressing. Guess he was kind of horny too.

I told them to get cleaned up and meet me in the kitchen and I left the room.

Ten minutes later we were sitting around the kitchen table. I wish I had thought to buy some beer. I gave them a hundred dollars to buy food with. Then I ordered them to finish unpacking their belongings and putting their house back the way it had been.

I explained that I had some work to do and would leave them alone the rest of the evening. I told them they could talk all they wanted, but that I had better not find out that they had sex again. Yeah, I know I would never be able to tell, but there have to be rules.

They were not to fuck without my express permission. I told them that I would come over in the morning and take Kara to the bank and open up a checking account that they would use for expenses. I was paying the utilities and I was supplying the car and the house. I would also pay for a phone and an internet connection and a newspaper subscription. Kara was a great fuck, but she was not worth a couple of hundred thousand. I wanted them, or at least him, to find gainful employment at some time in the reasonably near future.

It suddenly occurred to me that Kara had put her clothes back on. I had forgotten that I had ordered

her not to wear clothes in the house, apparently she had too.

I looked at her sternly and said, "Now, for your punishment....." she looked at me in surprise. She had no idea what she was being punished for. "You are wearing clothing in the house, cunt!"

I almost laughed; I really had to fight it. She turned pale and quickly stripped out of her blouse and skirt. When she was naked the perfect punishment occurred to me. I tossed her the keys to my car and said, "Here are my keys. Go out and make sure that we got everything from the trunk."

She looked like she had been slapped. She looked up at the picture window in the living room and saw that it was still daylight and there were indeed people outside. She lowered her head and started for the door and I warned her, "Don't run. I wouldn't want you to hurt yourself."

She looked back at me and just nodded. I got up and watched from the living room as she walked to the back of my car at a normal pace, opened the trunk, looked inside, closed the trunk and walked back to the front door.

I looked around and was disappointed at how few people actually seemed to notice. A man next door let his lawn mower stop and stood gaping. And a teenage couple walking down the sidewalk came to a sudden stop and stared until she was inside the house again.

"I think you learned your lesson," I said as I reached down and pushed two fingers into her. She was soaking wet! "I get the impression you enjoyed your lesson," I said with a derisive chuckle. I pulled my fingers from her pussy and pushed them into her mouth and as she sucked them clean I leered at her and said, "Yeah bitch, we are going to have lots of fun."

I decided I had best get out of there before I wasted any more time. I really did have a job. It wasn't all that demanding, as long as I kept it up. So I had to get home and put in a few hours on the computer. I didn't mind. I liked what I did and I could use a little rest from that hot bitch.

I had another good idea on the way home and as soon as I got in I called an acquaintance of mine, Jeff, who was totally into cameras and spy ware. The kind of stuff you bug people's houses with. I told him that I would explain the circumstances to him later, but that I needed someone to put good quality color cameras all over a house I had just bought. I wanted to be able to monitor and record from my house. I wanted full coverage of every room, picture and sound. I asked if he would be interested, or if not, was there someone he could recommend. I added that I needed it as soon as possible.

He thought about it for a few minutes and said he could do it this weekend. But good equipment wasn't cheap. Depending on the size of the house and the layout it could cost me several thousand, easy. I should figure on around five hundred dollars a room. That included the recording equipment and sensors.

We agreed to meet tomorrow at the house and he would look around and tell me what was needed then. After we hung up I got a beer out of the fridge and went to work, another of the great things about working at home. Not a lot of people get to drink beer and work.

The next day I got up and had a light breakfast and drove to my new house to check up on my new slaves. I love that sentence!

I arrived a little after nine and was happy to find Kara naked when I walked in. It looked very good on her. They looked up startled when I walked in. I guess it must be disconcerting to have someone take away your sense of privacy and security in your own home. I don't think I would be very happy

if someone could walk into my home at any time and tell me what to do.

Glenn and Kara had already restocked their larders. I loved the way that being forced to be naked seemed to affect Kara. I decided the effect might be just as nice on Glenn.

I sent him into the bedroom to undress. I wasn't as happy with the result when he came back out. But the solution seemed obvious. I led him back into the bedroom and told him to show me where Kara kept her underwear.

He opened a drawer in her dresser and I looked through it and pulled out a tiny, silky little thong. I told him to put it on and watched as he pulled it on.

He was obviously embarrassed, which I found appealing, but the funny thing is he looked kind of sexy! He had almost no body hair and a nearly feminine body. Give him a little make up and some breasts and he would make a pretty passable young woman!

I told him that from now on this was his uniform. It was all he would wear at either of my houses.

We went back out to the kitchen. I had a cup of coffee and told them what I had planned for today. I explained that Kara and I would be leaving shortly to set up the household bank account. While we were out Glenn was to call the newspaper and get them to start home delivery so that he could start looking for a job.

He should also do what was necessary to obtain internet service. I was just about to explain to them that I had a minor modification planned for their house when the doorbell rang. They both jumped and looked at me. I ordered Glenn to answer the door.

It was great! I swear his whole body turned bright red as he walked to the door in his little thong.

He opened the door a crack and talked through the opening, and then he looked at me, a desperate look in his eyes, and stood back and let my friend Jeff in.

The looks on the faces around me at that moment was priceless. Kara and Glenn were totally humiliated at being exposed to yet another stranger. Jeff was following a man's surprisingly cute ass into the living room, much to his amusement.

The funny thing was that he was so absorbed with Glenn's ass that he did not, at first, see Kara standing naked beside me. When he finally looked up and saw her he stopped suddenly and whistled. Another Kodak moment missed!

I showed Jeff around the house so that he could figure out how many cameras he would need and where they would need to be placed. I had to give him credit though, he never even mentioned the young couple in the living room. It was as if he saw that kind of thing every day. Owning an attractive young couple can be so amusing, you should try it!

As we moved through the house Jeff took notes and made little diagrams and then we sat at the kitchen table for a while and he did some figuring. Glenn and Kara just looked on quietly, they were obviously concerned. They didn't know what this was about, but they knew they were not going to like it.

Jeff went over his plans with me and I noticed that he had left out an area. I wanted to be able to see inside and outside of the front door simultaneously whenever someone approached the door. Jeff nodded and sketched in a couple more little boxes and gave me an estimate for the installation.

It turned out to be a pretty big number, bigger than I had anticipated. But I was pretty sure it would be a good investment and I told him to go ahead. He said he had a pretty big backlog right now; it might be a couple of weeks before he could put it in. It was a much bigger job than he had anticipated when he told me earlier that he could do it this weekend. With Kara's reluctant help I was able to get him to put it in tomorrow.

Jeff spent the next hour in the bedroom with Kara while I drank coffee and watched how uncomfortable Glenn was with yet another strange man fucking his wife in the bedroom. The situation was turning me on though. And he looked so cute in those little panties I decided to go ahead and make his life a little harder.

He glanced at me when I stood up and pulled my pants and my underwear off and sat back down. I ordered him to stand in front of me and when he did I told him to turn around slowly. I asked him if he was aware of how cute he looked in a pair of panties.

He shook his head and started to speak but I told him to shut up. When he had his back to me I told him to stop and I checked him out a little closer. It occurred to me that if he were to shave his legs, his ass and his legs would really look good. Maybe add a pair of silky thigh highs.

My original idea for Glenn was just to humiliate him, mainly by using and humiliating his wife, and to use him for yard work. But his feminine demeanor, and the degree of pleasure I was receiving from humiliating him was starting to give me ideas I never expected to have.

I ordered Glenn to kneel in front of me and kiss my cock. He groaned and looked at me for a moment, his eyes pleading with me to spare him this indignity. He could tell from my face that there would be no reprieve and he leaned forward and touched his pursed lips to the head of my cock.

I loved how much he hated it. I have never in my life entertained the idea of having sex with another man, but the idea of how much he hated being forced to do it was turning me the fuck on.

I made him lick and then suck me and as I sat back and stared at him, hearing the occasional sounds of some pretty rough sex from the bedroom, I was soon hard and I knew that I was going to fill his mouth with a load of hot cum pretty soon.

He worked at it for a pretty long time before I finally said to him in a quiet voice that I was going to cum soon and that I wanted him to hold my cum in his mouth. I told him that he had better not spit it out, and he had better not swallow. If he fucked it up I would just have to take him to some gay bar and get him enough practice to be able to do it right.

The look of terror on his red face was all it took to put me over the edge. I didn't even hold onto his head when I started filling his mouth with my cum. I wanted him to force himself to do just about the nastiest thing that a straight man could ever consider doing.

I pulled my cock free and wiped it on his cheeks and put my clothes back on. Glenn had actually done a pretty good job. He had gagged a little, but he still had a mouthful of hot cum and a hilarious look of near panic on his face.

I just ignored him and finished my coffee. A short time later Jeff and Kara came out. He looked well satisfied, but she was a mess. Her tits were red and she had cum running down her thighs. Jeff must be pretty well hung because her pussy looked really swollen.

I ordered Glenn to go over to his poor abused wife and give her a kiss and console her after her most recent rape.

Kara looked between us, and suddenly realized that Glenn had not had an easy time of it while she had been with Jeff. As Glenn put his arms around her she was trying to figure out the strange look on his face.

When their lips met and they kissed and her mouth was suddenly flooded with sperm she screamed and pulled away. I ordered her to let Glenn finish comforting her and she went back into his arms and they kissed, sharing my cum.

The idea of what I was making them do was making me hard again. But I had things to do so I ordered Kara to dress, we had to get going.

Kara was back in fifteen minutes in one of the sexy outfits we had just bought for her. It was a thin dress that laced up the side. There was a nearly two inch gap on each side where only flesh could be seen, so it was obvious she wasn't wearing anything under it. I was surprised she picked this one; it was pretty sexy for going banking in.

We drove to my bank and filled out the paperwork for a checking account for Kara. I put five hundred dollars in it and told her to buy what she needed, when she needed it, but that she better not waste it, because I would be reviewing the bank statement. Much to my surprise she put her arms around me and pulled me tight and kissed me and thanked me, her voice choked with emotion. I hadn't expected that either!

Now that the day's business had been attended to I felt like playing. I drove to a large adult bookstore on the edge of town and parked. The lot was full of cars, but I knew from experience that most of these guys would be tucked away in their little booths and the place would not be crowded.

I was partially right, it wasn't crowded, but it was busy. There were at least a dozen men browsing through the magazines and movies, but they all turned their attention on Kara when we walked in.

I pulled Kara along and we went to the part of the store where sexy clothing was on display. This was mostly the sort of thing that a woman might wear to turn her husband on in the privacy of their own home.

I picked out several revealing outfits, none of which you could wear to the mall without getting arrested. The tops were see-through and the bottoms were either several inches above the crotch, baring all, or they were as invisible as the tops. I gave them to Kara and told her to try them on.

She looked around and we couldn't see a changing room. Just then a rough looking old guy, he looked like an old biker, came over and asked if he could help us. I asked if there was a changing room that Kara could use to try on the clothes.

The old guy shook his head and said they didn't have one of those. Mostly women didn't come in and want to try on stuff.

"No problem," I said. "Do you mind if she tries them on right here?"

I expected a reaction from Kara, but nothing. She continued to stand nearby, blushing furiously.

The old biker said, "Yer shittin' me, right?"

"No," I said. "I really want to see how she looks in them. Is that a problem?"

"Hell no, man! Not as long as you don't mind an audience."

I just smiled and took the outfits back from Kara and told her to undress.

She took a deep breath and pulled the dress up over her head. Instantly every guy in the place rushed up and gathered around to watch. I took her dress from her and handed her one of the outfits.

She put it on quickly, but it covered almost nothing. In fact it seemed to emphasize those parts that it nominally covered. I noticed that Kara's nipples were erect, which reminded me that while we were here we should pick up some clamps for those beautiful little nubbins.

I told her to take it off and when I took it from her I noticed that her crotch was soaked. I couldn't resist. "Kara! Look at you. You can't be trying on clothes like that, your pussy is absolutely sopping wet."

She looked at me and I had been expecting a look of hate, or pleading, or something, I don't know. Anything but the look of absolute lust I saw!

I spoke to the crowd and asked if anyone had anything to wipe that up with, and a guy in his late fifties jumped out of the crowd with an apparently clean handkerchief.

He tried to hand it to me but I asked him if he would mind doing the honors. You would have thought I had just made him a millionaire. He turned to Kara and put one hand on her perfect butt and gently moved his handkerchief over her shaved pussy.

As soon as he touched her she had to reach out and hold on to him as she had a huge orgasm. Everyone was staring intently and they were all making the most crude comments you could imagine, and she was so turned on she could hardly stand on her own.

I told her quietly to spread her legs so that he could do a good job and she groaned and spread her legs wide. The old dude kept rubbing her pussy for all he was worth and she probably had a half a dozen orgasms.

Finally she couldn't take it anymore and she fell to her knees. I spoke to the old fart that had been rubbing her pussy and said that it looked like she was ready to thank him for all of those nice orgasms. I glanced at the manager and he wasn't objecting, so I told the old guy to go ahead and fuck her face if he wanted to.

He had his hard and very slimy cock out in seconds and Kara still didn't seem to know what was going on as he pushed his cock into her mouth. She didn't know what was going on, but as soon as she felt a cock in her mouth she started sucking automatically. And she can suck a cock better on automatic than most women can if they put their heart into it.

I don't know if the old guy had not been laid in a long, long time or if it was just the magic of having a very attractive young woman sucking on the end of his dick but he came very quickly.

Kara sucked it down like a pro and when he pulled out she sank down to rest on her heels with a sweet smile on her lips and a still somewhat dazed look on her face.

I told her that now she should thank the manager for being so good and letting her try on the outfits and she looked around and spotted him near me. She moved toward him on her knees, her breasts swaying nicely as she moved.

The audience was going nuts watching. By the time she got to the old biker who seemed to be

running the place he had his cock out and she attacked it immediately. This one she had to work at though. It took him a long time and her jaw was getting sore by the time he shot off in her mouth. She mentioned on the way home that she thought he had just gotten laid because she was pretty sure she smelled pussy on his cock.

When the manager had put his cock away I set down the outfits that I had picked up earlier and told the manager that I couldn't make up my mind right now, but I would be back.

He got a huge grin on his face and said, "Anytime!"

I was horny as hell now. But I wasn't that anxious to touch Kara until I got her cleaned up a little. I pointed out the ladies room against the far wall and told her to go clean up a little and hurry back. While she was cleaning up I bought a nice set of nipple clamps.

She was gone a few minutes but the crowd all stood around waiting for her to come back. As soon as she was back I handed her the dress she wore in and she put it on, rather slowly I thought. When she was ready we went out to the car and I drove to my house.

When we stepped inside Kara immediately stripped. Good girl, I had forgotten! I took her into my bedroom and she undressed me. Then we went into my large walk-in shower and took a shower together. It was a lot of fun soaping Kara up and sliding my hands over her slippery curves. I couldn't get over how incredibly sexy she was, and so young and sweet.

We dried off and I rushed her to my bed and we fucked and sucked for several hours. I loved the way she tasted, the way she reacted to my touch, the way her hot cunt grabbed my cock. And she is an expert cocksucker. You can tell she enjoys it. I am already starting to hope that Glenn has a terrible time finding a job. I will dearly regret the loss of my new toys!

We were exhausted and we curled up and took a short nap. When I woke up Kara was in the kitchen. She had already made me a snack and it was waiting for me. I sat down and asked her if she had made anything for herself. She said that over the last couple of months of struggling she had lost ten pounds. She wanted to keep it off. No snacks. I decided to give her a snack anyway.

While I ate I put her on her knees. I pinched and pulled on her nipples until they were hard and then I put the clamps on them. Her reaction was even more than I had expected. She groaned and gasped and started rubbing her pussy. Then I let her suck me to a great orgasm.

My first thought, after some of the blood from my dick returned to my brain, was that I should have Kara's husband come and get her so that I could get a little work done. But then I came to my senses and I ordered Kara to clean up my house while I went into my office and worked for a few hours.

When I was finally finished with my work for the day I thought it would be fun to go out for a couple of hours. I led Kara to the door and gave her time to put her little dress on and we left. I drove to the other house and picked up Glenn. I had to give him time to dress, but I figured if I got any good chances to humiliate Kara it would be more fun if he was there to enjoy it.

I drove to a place I used to visit in my misspent youth, The Wild Joker. It's a local strip club; I was surprised that it was still open. Yes, I know, you can't imagine a nice guy like me going into a place like that.

I parked and we went in and ordered a drink from the attractive, and very topless young lady working the tables. She made a fuss over Kara. I guess they don't get that many women in there.

It's a small club, only one stage and only room for one girl to strut her stuff at a time. Our drinks came and we watched a jaded young woman dance as if she were in a trance. It was almost enough to put you off of naked women! By the end of the third dancer's show I was bored to death. These girls, these shows, well, damn! It just ain't right that you go to see naked women and get bored!

I decided that this had been a terrible waste of time and money and was standing up to leave when one of the dancers stopped by. She acted like she was sorry to see us go, she joked that she was just about to ask the young lady to dance with her on her next set.

I turned to her and thought about it and said, "OK, we can stick around for that."

I heard Kara gasp. I imagine she would hate the idea of getting up there. But from what I had learned about her, I suspected that once she got up there she was going to find it very exciting.

The dancer looked at me, trying to decide if I was serious. Then she looked at Kara and said, "Well alright!" She grabbed Kara's hand and started back stage saying, "Come on baby, we gotta find you something to wear!"

Ten minutes later the stripper that had taken Kara away was announced and came out on stage with Kara. They were both wearing see-through baby doll sets. As the music started they started to dance, but not fast and wild, slowly and sensuously.

Kara was obviously unsure of herself, but she was doing her best to keep up. Halfway through the first song the stripper started moving against Kara and then touching her sensuously. Kara didn't know what to do so she just kept dancing as the stripper slowly pulled the top half of her baby dolls off.

The crowd loved it, and so did I. Glenn, on the other hand, seemed to have reservations about seeing his young wife being undressed by a stripper for the amusement of a room full of horny, half drunk men.

She removed her own top next, and then moved around Kara, rubbing her breasts against Kara's back while reaching around and caressing Kara's breasts. Just before the first song of the three song set ended the stripper moved around in front of Kara and touched her breasts to Kara's. She rubbed her breasts against Kara's and then, just as the song ended she took Kara's head in her hands, pulled her close and kissed her passionately! The look on Kara's face was priceless. She didn't resist, she didn't respond, she just stood there looking as shocked as if she had just been French kissed by a stripper or something!

The crowd, up until Kara had come on stage had been quiet and not actually paying that much attention to the dancers. Now they were beginning to crowd around the stage and yell encouragement.

As the second song of the set began the stripper danced Kara closer to the edge of the stage and when she was close enough the men began reaching out and stuffing dollar bills into her transparent panties and taking the time to grope her liberally as well.

The stripper danced Kara all the way across the edge of the stage with her front to the audience, and then all the way back with her cute little butt to the audience. The stage was covered with one and five dollar bills that kept falling out of her little panties.

This all took less than a minute and now the stripper was dancing with Kara again. I guess it was dancing, it looked more like they were just making out to music, but the crowd loved it. Soon the



panties were pulled down and the crowd loved that as well.

Once both women were naked the stripper was rubbing up against Kara, rubbing their breasts and their pussies together, and I noticed that Kara was starting to reciprocate! And the “deer caught in the headlights” look on her face had been replaced with a look of lust. If their carrying on didn’t get us thrown out I suspected we would be spending a lot of time here in the future.

As the second song ended the stripper was slowly moving Kara along the edge of the stage again. This time money was being pushed into her pussy by lingering fingers and hands were even reaching around to push dollar bills into the crack of her ass!

Then the third song started and they were back in the middle of the stage kissing and touching and the stripper slowly lowered Kara to the floor on her back.

I couldn’t believe what happened next. I know it is illegal, but nobody tried to stop it when the stripper lowered herself onto Kara’s hot, sweaty body and they began to sixty-nine, right there on the stage!

The crowd went wild and the guys were even throwing money at them on the stage! They ate each other through the entire third song, occasionally rolling over so that they were on their sides, or again so that Kara was on top.

The third song ended much too soon for the audience, and the girls stood to a resounding cheer and deafening applause. They moved to the edge of the stage one last time and slowly moved along the edge, giving anyone that cared to a last chance to insert a tip into either vagina.

Not all of the hands that moved around those pretty pussies had money in them, but pretty much everyone managed to cop a feel. And then the ladies slowly and gracefully began picking up the large pile of money on the stage. When the bills had all been collected they grabbed their outfits and moved back stage.

A few minutes later they came back out through a side door and the crowd actually stood up and cheered them again! They came over to the table and Kara sat down. The stripper thanked Kara and me and even gave me a kiss on the cheek before she started moving through the crowd looking for someone to buy her a drink.

As soon as she left Kara whispered in my ear that she had split the tips with her. Kara’s half was almost \$150 for less than fifteen minutes of, well, you couldn’t call it work, pleasure?

The waitress came over with another round of drinks and told us they were on the house. The manager came up right behind the waitress and said that he wanted to hire Kara. That had been the hottest show he had ever seen, and he had been managing this place for more than ten years.

I asked him if he wasn’t concerned about getting arrested or closed down. He smiled and nodded towards two swarthy men over by the corner of the stage and told me that they were the cops and as long as things didn’t get out of hand, no murders or robberies or anything like that to get in the papers, they were cool. Of course he had to let them fuck the strippers from time to time, but shit, no skin off his ass!

I told him that we would keep the job offer in mind, but for now we wanted to retain her amateur status. I also told him that we had enjoyed the show as much as he had and we would definitely be back. He seemed pleased and he said goodbye and left to circulate through the club.

We finished our drinks and were about to leave when the manager came back over. He whispered in my ear that the two cops decided that they wanted to spend a little quality time with Kara before we left. He knew he couldn't force her, but it was her fault for being so damned sexy.

I smiled and told him that wouldn't be a problem, as long as Glenn and I could watch. He raised an eyebrow at that and said it was okay with him. He led Glenn and me to his office and pointed to what appeared to be a mirror all along one wall. He explained that he was going to take the cops and Kara into the room on the other side of that mirror and when the lights went on in that room we would be able to see everything.

He left and we watched him through the other large one way glass that looked out on the club. He went to our table and led Kara to the cop's table. He introduced them and the cops stood up. They were both large and had obviously consumed many donuts over their long careers. When she was standing between them you could hardly see Kara!

The manager led them through a rear door and they were out of sight for a short time and then a light was turned on and we saw them entering the back room. Kara looked nervous, but she didn't resist when they started feeling her up roughly and then stripping off what little clothing she was wearing. She was soon naked and the cops were passing her back and forth, feeling her up and kissing her.

They took turns undressing and when they were naked they pushed Kara to her knees and stood on either side of her with their already hard cocks in her face. They were both big guys but both had average sized cocks, so Kara would be able to handle them with no problems.

She took their cocks into her mouth, alternating between them, changing cocks when they thumped her on the head. After a few minutes of seeing how much cock they could get into her mouth they picked her up and dropped her on a daybed that was against the wall, right under the window we were looking through.

The manager came back into the room where we stood watching and handed us both another drink and then he joined us to watch Kara get raped by the two cops. He got there just in time to watch as Kara was put on her knees and one of the cops moved behind her and slammed his cock forcefully into her pussy. She yelped in pain and the other cop took the opportunity to push his cock back into her mouth. They fucked her like that for a few minutes and then traded places.

They traded places back and forth until one of them shot a big load of cum in her pussy. He pulled out and while he made Kara clean his cock and balls the other cop decided it was time for a change of venue. He stuffed his cock into her pussy and coated it with her juices and his partners cum, and then he pulled it back out and started forcing it into her ass.

She tried to pull away and screamed at them around the cock in her mouth to stop, but he kept forcing his way until his cock was buried in her ass. He gave her only a short time to adjust before brutally fucking her ass until he came.

I was a little disappointed. I wanted to be the first one to fuck her ass. Oh well, I had my chance. Besides, it was probably better that someone with an average size cock break her in back there.

I caught the manager glancing at me several times to make sure I wasn't going to object. But hell, she wasn't being really hurt, she could definitely use a little loosening up back there, and besides, I was enjoying the show!

When they were finally finished fucking her and she had licked them both clean the manager started

to go get them. I stopped him and told him I would want a copy of the DVD. I had noticed all the recording equipment in his office and I knew he had taped both her stage show and her rape at the hands of the two cops.

He grinned and said it would be ready tomorrow and I could pick it up anytime after four PM. Then he went through the club and let the cops out. After they left he pulled his cock out and made her suck him off. She was lucky he didn't want to fuck her ass. The manager was hung!

We finally left and I drove Glenn and Kara home. I went in and after Kara cleaned up I took her to bed for a little while. She had been hot tonight. As I fucked her I talked softly to her. I told her how hot that show had been. How hard she had made me. I told her that we would be going back and she would be doing more shows and when I said that she came so hard and her cunt grabbed my cock and I could hardly move!

That was all I needed and I shot another load into her beautiful little cunt. After she licked me clean I dressed and left. I reminded them that there would be someone coming to install cameras tomorrow. They were to stay out of the way and cooperate in anyway that was requested.

I looked them both in the eyes and repeated the part about "any way". I had not told Jeff that he could have any special privileges tomorrow, but he had already fucked Kara once, and he had seen Kara and Glenn swap a load of my cum. I knew that his mind was just as perverted as mine, so there was no telling what might happen. I just hoped that he was gracious enough to wait until the cameras were installed.

I need not have worried. Jeff showed up at my house early in the morning with the recording equipment and monitors and the two black men that work for him. He had everything set up in less than an hour and then he was heading over to the other house to hook up the cameras and transmitters. On his way out he told me not to worry, he planned to test the cameras thoroughly after they were installed. His evil grin told me all I needed to know.

I sat down at my computer and did some actual work for a few hours, well, most of the day actually.

Finally, around three PM, one of the four high resolution color monitors came on line and I could see the smiling face of a black workman adjusting the camera.

There was nearly half an hour of this and finally I could see from the lights on the switchboard that all the cameras were operational. I could select a different camera for each of the monitors and could pan them around the room or zoom in and out with a joystick.

When I wasn't operating them they automatically went on and off when activated and deactivated by motion sensors. When a camera came on it automatically recorded what it was seeing on a series of VCRs under my desk.

I could see Kara and Glenn sitting in the living room, obviously not happy with this new turn of affairs. And I could see why the workman had been smiling, Kara was naked and Glenn was wearing only a little g-string. But, for now at least, Jeff and his crew were ignoring them.

My phone rang and it was Jeff. He had me do a few tests and made sure all the cameras were operational and that the VCRs recorded when appropriate. When everything had checked out he hung up and then he and his crew walked into the living room and started undressing.

I made sure the VCR was taping as Kara was brought to her feet and pulled to the middle of the room. I could hear the conversations clearly; I was entirely pleased with the quality of the set up. I

watched as Kara was made to take turns sucking the men and then the two black men put her on all fours and one of them fucked her from behind while Jeff called Glenn over to suck on his cock while he watched. Jeff smiled up at the camera and waived as Glenn sucked him off.

The little mini orgy went on for more than an hour and everyone had a little bit of just about everything. Glenn even lost his last cherry as Jeff bent him over Kara's back and reamed him out. He didn't take it very well, but I figured he would have a better appreciation of what Kara had to put up with.

I was a little surprised actually. I didn't think Jeff would be interested in fucking around with Glenn. I guess he is even kinkier than I thought he was. I watched for a while, then went to the kitchen and got a beer. When I came back they had finally fucked themselves out and were getting ready to leave.

I watched them leave and I was entirely satisfied with the way the cameras followed them, even outside and to their truck. As they left I watched Glenn and Kara get in the shower and wash each other thoroughly. Then I watched as they went into the bedroom and made love. I was happy about that. I didn't want to break them up, just make their life a living hell for a while.

After that it got boring. I went out and drove over to the strip club and picked up the DVD the manager had promised me. We went back into his office and he ordered me a drink and we watched the dancers through his window and talked. He told me again how much he had enjoyed the show last night and he had an idea he wanted to suggest. I was all ears.

He said that he had a room in back that he didn't use. His idea was that this room could be converted into a mini theater. He would install a half a dozen rows of seats and a small elevated stage. And they could put on the kind of show that they couldn't put on out front to an invitation only audience, at an outrageous price.

We couldn't keep putting on the same show over and over, of course. But we could come up with variations.

He looked at me for a while, trying to judge me and the relationship between me and Kara. And trying to decide just how much I was willing to tolerate being done to her. I knew what he was thinking, but I was not so sure I knew the answer myself. I believe I mentioned earlier that I have a dirty mind.

The fact is there isn't much that turns me off. But I didn't want Kara harmed. Not mentally or physically. On the other hand, my two little pets were adapting remarkably well to the abuse they had suffered so far. Kara wouldn't admit it I am sure, but she seemed to be actually enjoying much of it.

I asked the manager, his name is Dave, what sorts of variations he had in mind. He shrugged noncommittally, as though he had not already given it a lot of thought and made a few tentative suggestions.

He thought some of his audience might enjoy seeing Kara being taken by four, or five, or maybe six big black men while her husband was tied to a chair and was forced to watch.

When I didn't object to that outright he suggested another popular show might be with Kara and, oh maybe a German Shepherd, or perhaps a Great Dane.

I am pretty sure Kara wouldn't like that, but I have to admit it was something I might be curious

about. I had never actually witnessed something like that.

When I didn't say anything he said that he didn't doubt that we could make five thousand a show, more for the kinkier ones. And we could split it 50/50. I didn't need the money of course, but the idea of putting my two little pets through this excited me.

But then something else occurred to me. I asked him how much he expected to make off of the DVDs.

He looked embarrassed. I guess he thought I wouldn't realize he would be recording these little shows.

"Okay," he said, "half of that too, and I'll show you the books."

I told him that I would have to think about it, but that for now I was just looking forward to another show like last night. I asked him how much he got from last night's DVD and he said that since it was so tame he had only gotten three thousand. But Kara was popular, they loved her looks.

If I agreed to some of the kinkier stuff the price would go way up, especially when the buyers learned the back story. These movies were not going to be generally available. The people that distribute them have a list of people that have special interests and they are sold for a large amount of money, based on the content of course, to these collectors.

Some of these collectors would also be invited to the live shows, and would pay well for the honor. The fact that Kara was a sweet young housewife being forced to perform would appeal to this audience.

I told him I was leaning towards accepting his offer, but that I would have to think about it. I finished my drink and left.

I had intended to drive home and watch the DVD but decided that Kara would probably enjoy watching it, and I would need some relief if I watched it. So, I went to my slave's quarters.

I rang the doorbell and Glenn opened the door a crack and peeked out. I found that irritating and when I got inside I told them that from now on they alternated opening the door and they didn't open it a crack. They opened it all the way and asked what whoever it was wanted.

Kara said, "But what if it's a kid?!"

I chuckled and asked her if she was unfamiliar with the concept of sex education. She just sighed. She knew she couldn't win. I went into the living room and told Kara to get us all something to drink and told Glenn to put the DVD in the player and get it ready.

I sat down, but then I stood up and took off my clothes and sat back down. Might as well be ready! I was in the middle of the sofa with Glenn on my left and Kara on my right.

I told Glenn to start the movie and after a moment of blank screen we saw the empty stage of the strip club just as the stripper was being announced. I heard Kara gasp as she watched herself being led out on the stage in that sexy little transparent baby doll pajama.

The show was just as exciting the second time around and I pulled Glenn's head down and let him suck softly on my cock while I watched the show with one eye and watched Kara's reactions with my other eye.

Long before the end of the second song she was discretely rubbing her drooling pussy while she watched. Nice guy that I am I went ahead and took over that chore for her. It always feels better when it is someone else's hand down there. I noticed that her breathing was becoming quite labored. She obviously thought it was as hot as the rest of the audience had.

She watched and I rubbed and she had one great orgasm after another, right up until the part of the show where the cops finished with her and she was collapsed in a fetal roll with an inscrutable expression on her face as she watched the two fat old cops get dressed and leave the room.

The entire movie lasted almost an hour. I ended up shooting two loads of cum in poor little Glenn's mouth, which I noticed he was getting much better at swallowing.

I had intended to fuck Kara after the show, but I was done for the night. I got dressed and took my DVD and went home. My work had been done earlier so I checked in on my monitors and saw that my two little pets were cuddled up in bed with the lights out and I went to bed and slept very well.

I was drinking my coffee and doing a little work in the morning, trying to get it out of the way when I saw someone coming to the door at my slave house. It was a teenage boy. I saw Kara go to the door and open it wide, trying to act as though she had clothes, as I had instructed.

"Yes," she said, "can I help you?"

For the longest time the poor kid could only stare at Kara's beautiful body. Finally he managed to stammer out that he was their paper boy and he just wanted to introduce himself and tell them how to contact him if there was a problem with the paper and to give them their payment envelopes.

Kara reached out and took the envelopes and smiled at the kid and thanked him graciously.

The kid started to turn away and then turned back and asked, with more nerve than I had at first given him credit for, "Are you always dressed this well?"

I have to give Kara credit. She laughed and smiled at the kid and said, "More often than not!" Then she closed the door and went in and I listened while she told Glenn what had happened and he actually found it amusing too.

Huh! Maybe Glenn will come around after all. But then again, if he starts finding this entertaining it will take a lot of the fun out of it for me. Maybe I will have to go ahead and talk to the club owner about fixing up his back room. Don't want my slaves getting too happy. Slaves shouldn't be happy should they?

I spent the morning doing what I get overpaid to do. Then I took a shower and got dressed.

It occurred to me that we had not had a poker game in a long time. I started calling all of the usual suspects, starting with Ken, my friend with the restaurant. To my pleasant surprise he was able to play and I had no trouble scheduling a game for this evening.

I called my slaves and told them that I required their services this evening. They were to come over at six PM and set my den up for a poker game. I was watching Glenn's face on the monitor as I talked to him. It was disappointing, not much reaction. I continued to watch as he explained what was coming up this evening to Kara, and there was a reaction, just not the one I expected. She smiled!

Glenn had a definite reaction to that! He got kind of pouty and said, "You know you are going to be

pawed and fucked by at least a half a dozen men tonight, right? You know they are going to humiliate us and.....god knows what those perverts are going to make me do. As if watching my wife getting raped by a bunch of dirty old men wasn't bad enough! FUCK!"

Kara went to him and put her arms around him and hugged him close. "I'm sorry honey," she said softly. "I hate what he is doing to us too. I want our life back. But I have to do whatever I can to cope with what is happening. It'll be that much worse if I freak out every time some guy sees me naked or touches me or whatever. We are going to have to adapt to get through this."

Glenn didn't say anything; he just hugged her back and glared at the camera. I couldn't blame him, I guess. But I was still going to have to do a little attitude adjustment on his skinny little butt.

I went to the store and stocked up on beer and snacks and bought a couple new decks of cards. I put everything away when I got home and set up the poker table and set out the poker chips.

Since a couple of the players hadn't had the guts to quit smoking yet I had a fan ready to sit in a window and suck out the air pollution.

I ate a light lunch and went up and checked out the last tape from the slave house. I put it on fast forward and looked to see what I had missed. Not much. They had sex once. Nobody came to the door. I put the tape in the pile of blank tapes and watched some news for a while.

The doorbell rang just before six and I let my two slaves in. They both stripped down in the foyer and hung their clothes on the coat rack. I told them that there would be seven of us tonight and that they would have two main jobs. The first would be to make sure that nobody wanted for anything, and the second, well, that was the second job too. I better not hear the word no from either of them and I better not see any hesitation or signs of resistance.

They both nodded and said "Yes sir."

I thought I would go ahead and address some of Glenn's attitude problem. "Glenn, you have been coming along pretty well. Better than I would have expected I suppose. But I don't want to see you glare at anyone tonight. You don't have to smile and be happy about a bunch of old farts fucking your wife, but if I see that glare tonight I will tan your fucking ass right there in front of everyone. Are there any questions?"

Glenn had a desperate look on his face. He said he would try. I told him that one of the poker players was going to be Jeff, and I could see the realization of what that probably meant come over his face. At least he would be prepared.

I sent them into the kitchen to start getting the snacks ready and I told them that the guys would start arriving in about half an hour or so and they were to take turns answering the door. I went into the den and started counting out the chips. We always played nickel, dime, and quarter with a \$50 buy in. Just a fun game, nobody was going to lose the mortgage payment here.

I finished up and was just about to take Kara into the bedroom and have a little fun before she got busy but the doorbell rang and Kara went to answer it. I stepped out of the den to watch. I hadn't told anyone what to expect, the only ones that knew I had a pair of slaves were Jeff and Gary.

Ken was the first to arrive and the look on his face when the door opened and he saw the beautiful and delightfully naked Kara was worth my getting up for. He was stunned. Kara had to smile and take him gently by the hand and pull him into the house. She led him back to the den and he stared at her perfect butt all the way to the den.

He finally looked up and saw me grinning at him and said, "What the fuck!"

I laughed and Kara went to get him a drink. I had been thinking about what I was going to tell everyone and decided that I would tell them almost nothing. I would tell my friends that these were my slaves and for the evening they would be at their disposal for fetching drinks and snacks and performing any other services that they felt were necessary.

I thought I would save myself a lot of time if I waited until everyone was here before I explained.

Kara was delivering Ken's drink and as he took the drink from her he said to her reverently, "My god girl, you're beautiful!" Kara smiled at him and said, "Thank you sir."

The bell rang again and Ken got up to watch the next person arriving. He got another surprise when he saw Glenn in a tiny g-string answer the door. I watched too, as Bob came in and followed Glenn back to the den.

Bob walked into the den and said, "Okay, what's the fucking joke?" Then he saw Kara and stopped talking. Glenn took his drink order and left the room. I asked him to wait for an explanation; I only wanted to have to do this once.

Glenn came back with Bob's beer and we sat and talked as if there were not a naked woman and a nearly naked man in the room. I took fifty dollars from Ken and Bob and we went out into the hallway when the bell rang again and it was Kara's turn again. Jeff came in and his eyes lit up when he saw Kara. He grabbed her and squeezed her ass and gave her a big kiss.

Ken and Bob looked at me to see if I was going to kill Jeff and they were really confused when I smiled. Jeff ordered a beer from Kara and joined us in the den.

The bell rang again and Jess and Snoop arrived together. They were our two token black friends. Snoop got his nickname because of a remarkable resemblance to the rapper of the same name. As soon as Glenn opened the door they both cracked up. They figured it was some kind of joke on them and they were laughing so hard they didn't see Kara until they were in the den.

"Holy shit!" they both said at the same time. We laughed at them and as I was taking their money Gary finally showed up.

At last the gang was all here. When I had everyone's money and everyone had a drink I dealt to see who would deal first. Then, while Jess started dealing I explained all the flesh running around and just generally looking good.

"As Jeff and Gary are already aware, I have two slaves. They are here more or less against their will. That is to say they are not willing participants in these activities. They will, however, do anything and everything they are told to do and you are all more than welcome to take whatever liberties you desire, as long as nobody gets hurt. Jess, that means you can't fuck anyone's ass. I saw that cock of yours and I don't want to have to take my slaves to the doctor to get their butts fixed. Other than that you may use either or both of them as you see fit."

There was a mild chuckle when I warned off Jess, but everyone was still looking at me and waiting for the punch line. I picked up my cards and we started playing poker.

I fielded a couple of questions. Snoop wanted to know why I had a dude for a slave and I told him they came as a set, they were married. There were several more exclamations of "No shit!" when they found out my slaves were a married couple.



There were some questions about how I came to own a couple but I ducked those. I'm not sure why. I think that the mystery was more exciting than the facts.

There were several questions about Glenn. Did I actually have sex with him, was I gay or something, things along that line. I was as honest as I could be. I told them that I was not gay. I was not even bi as far as I knew. I just got off on the idea of making him do shit in front of his wife and humiliating both of them. And besides, he was starting to get pretty good at blowjobs.

"He's a good fuck too." Jeff said, with a shit eating grin on his face.

Everyone looked at Jeff and Bob asked, "You knew about this?"

"Yeah," Jeff said, still smiling, or maybe leering was closer to it. "I fucked both of them already. And I ain't a faggot either. In fact, I took the dude's ass cherry. And I don't care what anyone says, it felt damned good!"

Everyone looked at Glenn and he stood looking like he wanted to crawl under the rug and disappear.

The deal was going around and I was doing pretty well. I think my friends were having trouble concentrating.

Ken called Kara over and told her to get him another beer. When she returned he took the beer and set it down and then he ran his hands over her body, watching her reaction.

She didn't resist and he enjoyed the feel of her taught young body for a moment before asking her, "So, you're a slave. You are here against your will, is that right?"

Kara glanced at me and then looked back at Ken and nodded.

Ken continued, "But you will do anything I ask?"

Kara nodded again and Ken asked, "But you won't like it?"

This time Kara kind of smiled a little and shrugged.

"You will like it?" Ken asked, incredulously.

"I don't like being a slave," Kara finally answered out loud. "I would not be here of my own free will. But I can't lie. I have been made to do a lot of things that I would never have done of my own free will, not ever in my life. They wouldn't even have occurred to me. I have discovered that, even when it is bad, it can sometimes be very good." She smiled at Ken and said, "It feels pretty good right now, actually."

Ken was moving his fingers lightly over her pussy and she was obviously enjoying it.

Ken looked at me and asked, "So how does this work? If I want to become better acquainted with the help, is there a room I can use or do I just whip it out right here?"

I laughed and responded, "If you want to whip it out right here then I want you to feel free to whip it out right here. If, on the other hand, you're feeling a little shy in front of Jess, then I have the spare bedroom set up for intermissions, or whatever you want to call them. There is a pile of clean towels in there, make sure you have your nasty butt on one of them if you use the bed."

"Also, I don't want to tell anyone what to do, but I gotta tell you about something I did the other day

that was a huge turn on for me. I had Kara sucking my cock and good old Glenn licking my balls. I got to tell you, pervert that I am, watching a married couple with their faces touching, sucking and licking me off was worth the price of admission!

Ken folded his cards, he had no idea what he had anyway, and he stood up and grabbed Kara and said, "Come on darlin', let's go mess up a towel."

Sweet Kara smiled at him and trotted right after him.

As Ken left the room, Jeff called out him, "You pussy! What's the matter, afraid we'd laugh at your little peepee?" Everyone laughed, but Ken kept moving.

Jeff called Glenn over and pulled his cock out. He put Glenn on his knees and the other guys were staring in shock as Glenn started sucking Jeff off. A couple of the guys looked like they were going to puke, but it was obvious that Glenn was getting pretty good at this. Jeff came in a few minutes and it didn't bother him at all that everyone was watching and most of them thought he was nuts letting another guy touch his cock. I like Jeff; he's my kind of pervert!

Ken came back after about ten minutes with a shit eating grin on his face. Kara came back a few minutes later, after she cleaned up a little and she was smiling too. She saw Jeff putting his cock away and stopped smiling when she realized that her husband had just sucked another cock. That's good; it takes a lot of the fun out of it if she enjoys it too much.

When Kara came back in Jess said, "Deal me out." He took Kara by the hand and said, "Let's go into that other room and let me show you why I ain't allowed to fuck your pretty ass baby."

The card game was going pretty slow, but everyone seemed to be having fun. Jess wasn't gone more than a couple of minutes before we started hearing Kara screaming, "Fuck me! Harder! Harder! Fuck that big black cock into me god damn you!"

We were all getting a kick out of that. Well, everyone but Glenn. And I suppose we were all just a little jealous as well. I can't recall ever making a woman scream like that!

As the game went on and everyone took their turns, mostly with Kara although Ken decided to try out my suggested husband and wife blowjob, I started telling everyone about what happened when we went to the strip club the other night.

They all said that they would have loved to have seen that and when I told them I had a DVD of it we just said the hell with the game. I cashed everyone out, which wasn't hard since I had already won a large amount of their money, and we went into the living room.

I waited for Snoop to finish up in the bedroom and for him and Kara to join us and then I started the DVD.

Soon after it started Kara and Glenn both found themselves going around the room giving blowjobs as we watched the movie.

Ken decided that instead of a blowjob he wanted to fuck her while he watched the rest of the movie and, although he had already fucked her and gotten a blowjob from her, he managed to get another nut in less than fifteen minutes.

When he was done and she had cleaned him up I ordered Glenn to clean her up. Everyone but Jeff watched in awe as Kara leaned back on the carpet and Glenn licked her thighs and her pubic area

until she was clean, and then ate the cum from her swollen cunt. He even was nice enough to finish off by sucking her clit while she had another orgasm. I thought that was considerate.

Finally everyone was sated and we all agreed to meet at the Joker tomorrow night at eight. I told my slaves to see everyone out and then they were to join me in the bedroom. They could clean up tomorrow.

I got undressed and got in bed and since Kara had been through so much and was pretty worn out I had Glenn suck me off while Kara licked my balls. It had been a pretty stimulating evening and I didn't last much longer than fifteen minutes. Then I sent Glenn into the other bedroom and I curled up and cuddled with Kara and went to sleep with her warm soft tit in my hand and my soft cock grasped tightly between her thighs.

In the morning we all had breakfast and then, while Glenn went out and did my yard work, Kara and I had a morning quickie and then took a nice long shower together.

I needed to go grocery shopping so we got dressed and headed for the grocery store. On the way there we passed one of those sexy lingerie stores and I stopped so that we could go in and look around.

I picked out two more outfits for Kara, one was a tiny skirt that came just below her crotch, but was slit up the sides all the way to the waist. To go with that I selected a loose fitting crop top with large armholes so that she was going to have to be very careful not to expose herself through them.

The other outfit, which I made her wear out when we left, was a tiny, silky slip that only covered her butt when she stood very straight. It had a flippy little skirt and the material was so thin that you could see the bumps around her areola.

She put it on and looked in the mirror and looked at me as if she didn't think I had the nerve to be seen in public with her wearing it. She was embarrassed, but I swear she was daring me to make her wear it!

I paid for the two outfits and we went out to the car. I put the bag in the trunk and held the door for her. It wasn't possible to sit in that slip and not expose her pussy. I loved it! This was just a tiny undergarment, not one of those slip-dresses. The girl was all but naked, and as I said before, it looked very good on her.

Now that Kara was all dressed up, we went to the grocery store. I made her push the shopping cart. I wanted to walk behind her and watch for a while. When she raised her arms to push the buggy it was enough to uncover an inch of her butt.

I walked about twenty feet behind her and watched the other customers react. I was going to have to start carrying around a movie camera. Men and women both were stopping and turning, with their mouths wide open, to watch her walk down the aisle. I wanted to run up behind her and fuck her right then and there.

I took over pushing the cart and, except for a few opportune moments when I made her get something off of a lower shelf when a lone male customer would be watching, I did the rest of the shopping and just let her tag along and look sexy.

As we walked the aisles I asked her, "I bet your pussy is dripping wet right now, isn't it?"

She nodded and I asked, "Have you always been an exhibitionist, or did you just find out that it made

you hot when I made you do it?"

"The idea of it always excited me," she answered. "But I have never done anything before. I never would have had the nerve. And Glenn would have had a fit if I had tried! But I can remember a couple of times that I accidentally exposed a little too much and the excitement far outweighed the embarrassment."

I asked her to tell me about those accidental exposures.

"The first time was really nothing," she responded. "I was in a restaurant and realized that two gentlemen at a table on a lower level were able to look right up my skirt. I quickly brought my thighs together and I was so embarrassed, but there was a hot feeling that just coursed right up my spine."

"I didn't realize until the second time what it was. We were at the beach and I was swimming in my conservative two piece suit. You have seen the white marks often enough; you know how conservative my suit is. Well I was playing in the surf when suddenly I got hit by a huge wave and knocked head over heels. I finally got back on my feet and stood up choking and spitting water and pulling my hair out of my face. I know it was at least thirty seconds before I realized that my top was around my neck! I instantly ducked under water and put my bra back on, but I heard several whistles and I knew that a lot of people had seen my breasts."

"I was horrified, but I felt that feeling again, and this time it was much more intense. This time I realized what it was. I was aroused because some strange men had seen my breasts. But instead of being able to enjoy it, I was shocked at myself and I convinced myself that those feelings were evil and I was always more careful after that, "about everything."

"And how do you feel now?" I asked.

She shivered as she thought about it. Then she said, "I am still terribly embarrassed, every time, even when nobody can see me. Like when I am inside and walking around the house naked and nobody can see me, it is still embarrassing because...I don't know, it just is. And when you are exposing me in public, like last night at the card game, or now in this little slip, I am twice as embarrassed. But I am constantly aroused."

"I want to hide. I want to be fully dressed. But at the same time I am dripping wet. I want you to make me do more and worse things. I know that is awful. And I bet you hate hearing that it turns me on. I have to admit that I think much of what I am being forced to do will be a pleasant memory once it is over. I just hope you don't destroy Glenn, and our marriage."

"You know," I responded, "I actually think Glenn is starting to come around. It is harder for him, of course, and I was worried about his ego for a while. I enjoy bending him; I don't want to break him. I will be careful."

"I have to warn you that I have some plans for you that are beyond anything you have even considered. You may or may not look back on it and think of it as a pleasant memory, but I am pretty sure you will be as challenged as the first time Glenn sucked a cock or ate you out after you were fucked. I have gone back and forth with myself, and I have pretty much decided that you can take it, and I have decided that I want to see it."

I didn't even look around to see if anyone was watching, I reached under her slip and put two fingers in her pussy and she had to hold onto my shoulder as she came just from being touched. While she was sucking my fingers clean I saw two girls, around fourteen or fifteen years old watching with mouths agape. When they saw me looking at them they laughed loudly and took off like they were

being chased. Kara laughed and we pushed the cart to checkout.

The young man who was bagging my groceries couldn't take his eyes off of Kara. I guess that would explain what happened to my bread. The old lady checking us out, however, could not stop shaking her head. You could tell she wanted to say something to Kara.

We went out to my car with the bag boy pushing the cart. I opened the trunk and suggested to the bag boy that he hold onto the cart while Kara put the groceries in the car.

Kara smiled at me and started putting the twenty or thirty little plastic bags of groceries in the trunk. She was taking her time, bending way over and at times completely exposing her ass and her pussy.

I watched both of them. The kid had a hard on that would cut glass, I felt sorry for him.

When she had put the groceries away, I closed the trunk and made Kara lay on her stomach in the back seat. I held the back door open and told the boy that if he stood in the door my girlfriend would give him his tip.

He looked at me, wondering what the trick was, but he didn't move so I put my hand on his shoulder and gently urged him in between the car and the door. I watched for anyone from law enforcement while Kara pulled his zipper down and pulled his hard cock out, with great difficulty.

She licked it all over and just barely managed to get her lips around the head when he shot his load, filling her mouth to overflowing. Honestly, it was leaking out around the head of his cock and down her chin! He finally stopped cumming and she was able to swallow and then lick him clean, as well as scoop the dripping cum up off of her chin. She smiled up at him and said, "That was sweet, thank you."

I asked him if that was his first blowjob and he said, well he more like groaned, "Oh god, yes sir. Thank you sir, I mean thank you ma'am!

He was twitching and moaning as Kara gently tucked his cock back into his pants and zipped him up. It is a good thing he had the cart to lean on as he made his way back to the store.

I pulled Kara out of the car and closed the back door. I opened the passenger door and pulled her close and kissed on her wet, puffy, cum tainted lips. She put her arms around my neck and molded her body to mine. Where the hell was this woman when I was in my twenties?! Oh yeah, she wasn't born yet.

I got in and drove home. Neither of us said a word all the way home.

We put the groceries away and then I checked up on Glenn. He was doing a great job, better than I ever did. Everything was edged and trimmed and neat. I was impressed, though I did think he was still way too anal.

I praised the job he had done and I told him to go ahead and put everything up and join me and Kara for lunch. Then he could go to the slave quarters and take a shower and get some clean clothes.

I went back in the house and got beers out for all three of us as Kara finished up making us each a hot ham and cheese sandwich. The girl does everything well! Best ham and cheese I ever had.

After we ate I sent Glenn home to clean up and told him to be back when he was ready. He

suggested that since he was already hot and sweaty that he go ahead and do the yard work at the slave quarters, unless I had something planned for earlier than our planned trip to the strip club.

I thought that sounded intelligent and told him to go ahead.

After Kara cleaned up the kitchen I took her back into the bedroom and took my clothes off. I was finally going to fuck her sweet ass. I had decided that while watching her clean up the kitchen.

I put her on the bed and started kissing and fondling her all over. She was getting into it and I gently rolled her over and started at the back of her neck and kissed her all the way down to her toes. Then I worked my way back up to her butt and started licking her butt and kissing it and then I dipped my finger in her pussy and used the juice to start gently probing her asshole. I was gentle and patient and after she had relaxed a little I pulled a tube of KY out of the nightstand and lubed her up with that. Then I started stretching her out with two and then three fingers. I was very careful not to hurt her. I had never fucked an ass before. I hadn't ever felt the desire to. But this butt was so cute I had to try it.

When she was comfortable with three fingers I lubed my cock up good and pulled her to her knees. She moaned as I pushed into her, but it didn't sound like pain. I took it real slow and easy. Once I had a couple of inches in her I reached around and started gently rubbing her clit as I continued inching deeper and deeper.

It was fantastic! Her asshole was the tightest, hottest, most incredible fuck I had ever had! I started picking up the pace and she was moaning, "Oh yes, god yes! Fuck me! Oh god that feels so fucking good! Fuck me! Harder! I love it! Cum in me!"

And then she came, hard. That was all I could take. I exploded deep in her ass and held on she bucked and screamed her pleasure so loud I thought surely the neighbors would hear it.

I collapsed to the side and fought to catch my breath. Kara was lying down beside me and shuddering, still having little orgasms as she wound down.

I was just about to take her in my arms and hug her when she moved down and lovingly cleaned my cock and balls. Then I pulled her up and hugged her and kissed her affectionately.

I told her I had never done that before. I had never had the desire to until I saw her ass.

She smiled and said that until the cop and then one of my friends started using her, she never had either. But this was the first time she had an orgasm doing it. She had truly enjoyed this. It was one of her best fucks ever.

We held each other and kissed for a while before we had to get up and take a shower. But of course, a shower with Kara was always something to look forward to.

After we dried off and I dressed, we went out to the living room. Kara brought us both a beer and I pulled her down into my lap. She asked me if she could ask a question. I was afraid I knew what it was but I said okay.

She was wondering about the terrible things I was planning on doing to her. The way I had said it scared her.

I didn't want to say too much. One of the things I wanted to be a complete surprise. I reminded her that I would always be careful that she was not harmed. I told her that the manager of the strip club

had suggested that an empty room be turned into a small theater with a half dozen rows of seats and a small raised stage.

Tickets to the theater would be very expensive, and by invitation only. The audience would be a small crowd of nasty perverts with more money than sense, basically. And she would star in a series of sex shows. The shows would be recorded and the DVDs sold to people on a special list of trustworthy perverts that enjoy kinky sex. They would not be available to the general public.

As I talked I was toying with her pussy and nuzzling her tit and kissing her neck and she was getting hot all over again. She was moaning softly as I caressed her and she softly asked, "What kind of shows?"

"Are you sure you want to know?" I asked.

She managed to open her eyes and look me in the eye and thought about it for a moment and then said, "You will protect me?"

"I can't say you won't be hurt, but you won't be harmed."

She didn't say anything for a while. She had her arm around my neck and was still enjoying what I was doing. Then she almost whispered, "We are going to have a problem, aren't we?"

I knew what she meant. I was already all too aware of it. In a matter of days I was beginning to fall hard for this beautiful, young, but very married, sexpot. I wanted nothing more than to take her from her wimpy husband. But that would be wrong. I may be a pervert, but I pride myself on being honorable.

I sighed deeply and said, "Yes. Letting you go is going to be the hardest thing I have ever done. But it would be wrong of me to interfere in your marriage. I know that sounds strange, considering what I have done to the two of you. I have to admit that things aren't going exactly like I had envisioned them."

"Well," she said, still whispering in my ear. "Let's not worry about it until the time comes. Maybe you can buy up all the businesses in town and make sure Glenn never gets another job."

It was almost four when Glenn finally showed up. I had been holding Kara in my lap all that time. When he came into the room in his little g-string I pushed Kara off of my lap and suggested that they go into the guest room and do whatever. They looked at me strangely but held hands and went off to the bedroom. I called after them that they had an hour before they had to start getting ready.

I stretched out on the couch and took a nap for an hour. I woke up with Kara kissing me gently and saying they were ready. I opened my eyes and as Kara stood up I saw Glenn watching emotionlessly. I really didn't understand him!

I went into the bathroom and brushed my teeth again and washed my face and I put on a fresh shirt. When I went out, Glenn was by the door getting dressed. But Kara was waiting for me; she didn't know what I wanted her to wear. I decided that I really liked the little slip and she put that back on.

We got to the club a little early. None of my poker buddies had showed up yet. The club wasn't crowded yet and we had no trouble getting a large table near the corner of the stage, close but not in the way.

We didn't even have to order. Drinks arrived not long after we sat down. I looked back, but didn't

see the manager yet. I told my slaves to sit tight and went to the bar. I asked if the manager, Dave, was in his office. The bartender smiled when he saw me, he knew he was in for a show tonight. He nodded and told me to go on back.

I knocked on the door and Dave yelled enter. I went in and thanked him for the drinks. I told him that I had thought it over and was willing to let him use Kara for the shows, and Glenn if he wanted him. But I emphasized that they were not to be harmed, or hurt unnecessarily. I suggested we start slow and work our way up, or perhaps down would be more correct.

Dave said, "Great, it's a deal! I will call you when the theater is ready and the first show is set up. Do you have any plans for tonight?"

"The last time we were in here went pretty well. I thought I would just see what happens rather than try to orchestrate something. Why, do you have an idea?"

"Yeah, I have a couple of ideas. You are right. That last show was very hot. I was thinking about another similar show, but then letting your girl go into the audience and offer lap dances for a while."

I thought about that but suggested a counter offer. "I have half a dozen friends coming in to watch the show tonight. She is going to have to take care of you, the cops, my friends, and me."

"That is going to be a lot of cock. The going into the audience thing could get out of hand. How about if they select one or two guys from the audience and let her give them lap dances on stage, maybe without the normal restrictions?"

Dave smiled and said that appealed to him. He would let the cops know what was going on in advance and he would talk to his girl and have her give Kara a lap dancing lesson.

Dave followed me out to the table and I introduced him to Ken and Jess and Snoop. The others hadn't arrived yet. He told my friends that drinks were on him tonight, and then he went off and spoke with the two cops for a while. They looked over at Kara and smiled and she smiled back and waved at them. Then the manager went backstage.

Several times over the next hour or so men came over to the table and told Kara how much they enjoyed her show last time and how hot she was. She seemed to enjoy the attention and thanked each of her admirers sincerely.

All the poker players were here now and we were short a chair at our table so we had Kara take turns sitting on everyone's lap for a while. They all enjoyed getting their hands under that little nothing of a slip and Kara was getting really primed for her show.

We had been watching the show, such as it was, and sipping our drinks. I stuck with beer; they can't water down a bottle of beer. The show was just as bad as it was the last time we were here. The girls all looked like they were in a trance and moved around like they were half asleep. You would have thought that the fact that nobody was tipping them would have given them a clue. Maybe they don't wake up until later in the night, or the early hours of the morning.

The guys in the audience were paying almost no attention to them as they danced. You would think it would be hard on a woman's ego to be naked in a room full of horny, half drunk men and everyone is ignoring you. I think all the men were looking forward to Kara's next show.

Just before nine PM the dancer that Kara had danced with the last time we were here came out and



gave Kara a big hug and said hello to everyone. Then she took Kara's hand and off they went, back stage. I noticed as soon as they went back stage that men started moving toward the stage.

The next act was finally announced and here came the stripper and Kara, to thunderous applause. I felt a surge of pride. Hell, she was my slave after all!

They were dressed like last time in a couple of sets of baby doll pajamas that were totally see-through. But this time Kara wasn't just going along and the clothes started coming off a lot sooner. This time they were on the floor making out by the end of the first number.

Then there was a pause and the stripper stood up and put a leash around Kara's neck and led her on her hands and knees slowly across the edge of the stage. Their hands were all over her as she came to a stop every foot or so and someone would shove a wadded up bill in her pussy, slowly. Then the stripper would pull it out, sniff it and smile and toss it on the floor and move Kara forward a bit more.

Kara's fame must have spread because there seemed to be nearly twice as many men in the audience tonight. And nearly every one of them was shoving a bill up Kara's juicy twat. Once the stripper had led Kara across the stage they moved back into the middle and the sex show started again.

Watching those two roll around the floor while in a passionate sixty-nine, even though I had seen it before and watched it several times on DVD, was making me so fucking hot I was on the verge of pushing Glenn under the table. But then I laughed when I realized that Jeff had beaten me to it!

This went on for another three or four minutes and then the stripper led Kara down the line again. It was the same thing again. They kept shoving bills into her and the stripper kept pulling them out and smiling and thanking the audience as she sniffed the bills. I noticed that several of the bills were twenties, and there were plenty of fives and tens too.

By the end of the third song, both women had had multiple orgasms and Kara was screaming in pure, unfeigned ecstasy. When the song ended the crowd went wild and Kara and the stripper had to rest a minute before they could make the trip down the edge of the stage again. This time Kara stood up and the stripper moved closer to the edge of the stage and both pussies were available for tipping and groping.

Then a chair was brought out on stage, just a couple of feet from the edge and the audience cheered when they realized that there was more to the show. Suddenly Jess came out from back stage.

I was surprised. I hadn't even seen him leave the table. I found out later that Kara had told the stripper about his extra large cock and the stripper had gotten word to the manager and the manager had had a little talk with Jess and convinced him that there was nothing he needed right then more than Kara's first lap dance.

Jess was a good man with a sense of humor and a sense of adventure, he was all for it. Hell, it just seemed fair. He was getting his drinks for free and he knew he was going to get to fuck her later, so what the hell.

The music started again and the crowd started cheering loudly as she started rubbing him up with her fantastic body. She was rubbing her tits all over his chest and rubbing her very wet cunt up and down his leg like a dog in heat.

She started kissing him and licking all over his face and neck and the guys in the audience were

groaning and yelling. Her hands moved down to his belt and the crowd got quiet as she undid his belt and unfastened his pants and slowly tugged them down while swiveling her hips at the audience and staring Jess right in the eyes.

When his pants were out of the way she bent at the waist and started kissing and licking his impressive organ. He was just sitting back and smiling as she took all she could of that massive thing into her mouth and massaged the rest with her little white hands.

Then she straightened up and straddled him again and reached between them and positioned his hard pole at the entrance to her pussy. Then she slowly slid down, very slowly. And the crowd was going crazy when she had that thing buried all the way in her petite little body.

She started fucking him slowly and sensuously at first and then violently until he shot his load deep in her cunt and she had yet another screaming orgasm before collapsing down on him.

The crowd went nuts and more handfuls of money were thrown on stage. Finally Jess stood her up and she and the stripper picked up all the bills, another part of the act the audience really enjoyed.

I looked up as Kara bent at the waist to pick up bills and I could see that her poor abused cunt was still not entirely closed, the lips were swollen and red, and cum was leaking all the way down to her ankles.

As the men watched them picking up bills they continued throwing bills, just so that they could continue to watch the girls bending over on stage.

Finally the crowd started drifting back to their tables and Kara and the stripper went backstage to clean up and split the money.

Jess came out finally with a smug look on his face and bowed when the audience cheered him. He took a seat and gulped his drink down and then we all waited for Kara to return.

When they came back out finally Kara was still naked except for a garter, high on each thigh. The stripper was leading her by the leash and she stopped by the table and handed me the envelope full of cash and then she was led around to all of the tables so all of the men could grope her some more and stuff bills in her garters.

I could see the glazed look in her eyes from across the room as close to a hundred men looked at her beautiful young body close up and groped her freely, usually letting their finger stray into her pussy as they stuck more bills in her garters.

She was finally led back stage again and came out shortly in her little slip dress with another envelope of money in her hand.

She sat in my lap and whispered in my ear, "\$450! For half an hour's...work?" Then she kissed me passionately. She finally noticed her husband was missing and she looked at me questioningly. I nodded under the table and she grinned and buried her face in my neck.

The manager came over and whispered in my ear that it was time to take care of the cops. I told him that I didn't trust them and wanted to be in his office again.

He nodded and took Kara over to their table. I stood up and told everyone I would be back soon. I walked back to the office and got there just as the lights went on in the other room.

I needn't have worried; it was just like last time. They were horny and a little rough, but nothing she couldn't handle. The manager came in half way through and made sure everything was alright.

I gave him my phone number for when the stage was ready and he left and had one of the strippers bring me in another drink. I sipped my drink as I watched the two cops working Kara over.

I hadn't even noticed that the stripper hadn't left. She was standing just behind me and a little to the side watching Kara. I was startled when I felt her hand gently rub my erection. She moved closer behind me and kissed my ear and asked if I would like some help with that.

It was tempting, she was cute, and topless, but I decided I could wait for Kara. I thanked her and tipped her generously and she smiled and left.

When the cops finished with Kara and left the room, I went back to my table. I stopped to remind the manager that I would of course want a copy of the DVD.

He smiled and nodded and when Kara came out in her little slip we all left. I handed Kara her money and drove home quietly. She curled up on the seat with her head in my lap and just rested. She knew she still had a lot of cock to take care of before she could rest tonight.

It turned out to be not as many as I thought. Jess decided he was well done and he just stopped by long enough to say goodnight.

Jeff had been blown twice by Glenn under the table at the club and he didn't want anymore tonight.

Gary had told Snoop to tell me thanks anyway but he had tried Glenn out too and now it was past his bedtime. So the only ones left for Kara to satisfy were Snoop, Bob, and Ken. I would have been shocked if that horn dog had bailed. Ken is the horniest man I ever met!

We all went inside and my slaves undressed at the door. I let them work out who was going to do what to whom in what order. I sat in my easy chair and watched as Ken stretched out on the floor with his back against the couch and had Kara suck his cock while Glenn licked his balls. I guess he found that particular perversion as exciting as I had told him that it was.

Snoop fucked Kara from behind while she sucked Ken off. Bob watched for a while and then said, "Aw fuck it. Where's your KY man?"

I went in and got the KY jelly for Bob and he greased his cock and Glenn's ass and fucked him just like a pussy. And he couldn't pretend he didn't like it. Apparently Glenn has a very fuckable ass. Well, one of these days, maybe.

They didn't take long. The guys had been pretty much hard for most of the last four hours or so. Glenn and Kara didn't cum, but the others came pretty quickly. Snoop and Bob came first and they left before my slaves could even clean them up.

I was too tired to go to the door and see them out. I just waved goodnight and they left. Ken held out a little longer and just before he came he ordered Kara not to swallow. He filled her mouth with cum and when he finally finished he ordered Kara and Glenn to kiss and share the wealth.

They obeyed without hesitation and after they had swallowed and licked each other's lips clean, Kara cleaned Ken off. Then he dressed and left.

I had cum several times today already. I hated to admit that I was too tired to fuck, but I sure as hell

was. I almost fell asleep in my chair watching the little mini orgy.

It was late and I offered them my spare bedroom and I went to bed. They decided they wanted to go home and said goodnight and left.

I slept the sleep of the dead until almost ten the next morning.

I made some coffee and sat at my computer and puttered around for a while. I noticed that my slaves were still asleep. I guess they earned it. They both worked pretty hard last night.

I checked my email and then went to work for a little while. I normally work a few hours a day, seven days a week. I don't get a day off that way, but I don't work very hard either. On the other hand, I seldom know what day it is.

I finished my work, or at least as much of it as I planned to do today, around noon and was just about to go make lunch when one of monitors lit up and I saw the paper boy standing at the door to my slave quarters. Only this time he wasn't alone. There was another boy with him who looked to be about the same age, approximately fifteen.

I saw that Glenn was now in the shower and Kara made her way to the door. She was awake finally, but just barely.

She opened the door wide and stood there looking out at the paperboy and his buddy. She looked at them for a minute and then asked them what they wanted.

The paperboy said, "I'm sorry. I hope I didn't wake you up. This is my brother Billy. He didn't believe me when I told him about you. I hope you're not mad. You seemed like a nice lady. You're the first naked lady we ever saw.

Kara smiled and looked at them for a minute and then stepped back and said, "Do you want to come in?"

They looked at each other and I had to laugh at the excitement in their faces. They pushed inside quickly and Kara closed the door and walked into the living room with the boys following. She turned to the paperboy and said, "I don't remember if you told me your name, you are Billy's older brother?"

He nodded and said, "Yes ma'am, my name is Terry."

"How old are you Terry?" Kara asked.

"I just turned sixteen, ma'am."

"And you brought your brother here today just so you could see a naked woman?" Kara asked, still smiling. "You chose me to be your first naked woman. I'm flattered!"

Both boys grinned at that. I was grinning too. I was proud of her. She was handling this just like I would have wanted her to. I suppose she had that in mind. She must have known that, even if I wasn't watching, I would scan the tape later and see this.

"Now that you have seen me, what do you think?" Kara asked them.

"You're beautiful ma'am!" Terry exclaimed enthusiastically.

"Thank you very much," she said. "Billy, do you think I am beautiful?"

"Oh yes ma'am! You're so pretty I can hardly breathe!" Billy said breathlessly.

Kara walked over to Billy and hugged him and said, "Oh my, you are just too sweet. Would you boys like a closer look? Would you like to touch me?"

"Can we?!" they both said as one, obviously thinking that this was too good to be true.

"I don't see why not," Kara said, "as long as you promise not to ever tell anyone else, ever! I could get in a lot of trouble if someone found out I let you see me naked. Do you promise?"

"Oh yes ma'am!" again in stereo.

Kara smiled at them and said, "Well alright then. Why don't you come over here and take a closer look. And you can touch me too if you want."

As the boys moved to either side of Kara and started to examine her, I saw Glenn standing in the hall watching. He had a look of amusement on his face and a very nice hard on. I was glad to see both the look and the hard on. There was hope for that boy yet.

I watched closely as the boys moved their hands over her breasts, a look of pure awe on their faces. She showed them how her nipples got hard when boys touched them because she likes to be touched. She explained that she got those two little hardons, just like boys got hardons when they got excited.

She explained about how being touched there made her feel good in other places too. After they had both had a chance to explore her breasts and examine her nipples, she spread her legs and showed them her pussy. She explained that most girls and women have hair on their pussies. She had shaved hers off because the men she had sex with thought it was sexy that way.

She let them touch her pussy for a few minutes and explained what the moisture on their fingers was. She showed them where the pee came out when she had to go to the bathroom and she showed them her clitoris and what it was for.

When they had spent what seemed like a very long time examining her she asked if they had any questions. It looked like they did but didn't have the nerve to ask. Either that or they didn't know so much it was overwhelming.

She asked them if they ever masturbated. They blushed and Terry said, "No way! Only faggots do that!"

Kara stopped smiling and said, "First, don't use the word faggots. They are homosexuals and they are just people, just like you and me. You should feel sorry for them because they are the targets of religious bigotry. Second, don't be silly! Everybody masturbates. I do it, my husband does it. I bet everybody you know does it. They are just too embarrassed to say so because religious zealots make everybody uptight about sex and screw everything up."

"You do it?" Billy asked, not sure he could believe his ears.

"Sure," Kara said. "Would you like to watch?"

They both shook their heads so hard I thought they would fall off.

Kara smiled and sat on the couch. She asked the boys to sit on either side of her. Then she asked them to play gently with her tits while she did it. Then she put her hands on her pussy and started masturbating while the boys stared at the most exciting thing they had ever seen in their lives.

After a few minutes she asked them if they would mind sucking on her nipples and biting them gently. They didn't seem to mind at all!

They each took a nipple into their mouths and, with a little bit more guidance, they seemed to be doing a passable job. In another couple of minutes I saw her tense up and groan and cum, trying hard to keep from screaming.

As soon as she could she took their mouths away and thanked them very much, and she kissed them both. Then she asked if they would like her to do it to them.

I was thinking that it was a good thing she was fucking a couple of cops, she could get her ass in a lot of trouble here. But then, if I had been there I would have made her do the same shit probably.

Kara slid off the couch and moved between Terry's legs. She opened his pants up and pulled them down to his ankles. Then she pulled his shoes off and the pants followed. He was incredibly embarrassed; no female had seen him naked since his mother when he was a little kid. But he was far more excited than he was embarrassed.

Kara looked over at Billy and suggested that it would help if he went ahead and got ready while she took care of Terry. Then she bent forward and kissed his cock and licked the head gently.

He started quivering and she knew she didn't have much time so she sucked his cock into her mouth and he came just as she sucked it for the first time. She saw the look of disappointment on his face that it was over so soon.

She said, "That's okay. Guys are always real fast the first few times. It is just too exciting. Don't move and after I take care of Billy I will do you again, alright? You have a real nice cock and I can't wait to taste it again." Yeah, you know that kid was going to say no to that, right?

She moved over to Billy and spread his legs. His cock was a little smaller than Terry's, but they were both pretty good sized for kids that young. Kara looked at Billy and said, "Oh your cock is nice too! This is going to be great, you ready?"

Billy nodded and Kara pushed his legs a little further apart and did to Billy what she had done to Terry. She kissed his little pecker and licked it and took it into her mouth and started sucking gently. She moved her lips all the way down twice before he shot into her mouth and she sucked it down and then sat up.

"Gosh," she said, "I never did it with guys as young as you before. I like the taste of your cum, it tastes real good."

The boys smiled proudly at each other and Kara moved back and sucked Terry off again. It took a little longer this time, but not much. I'd say two minutes at the most. Then she repeated the process for Billy again too.

While they were getting dressed Kara explained to them that girls their age were too young to be doing this stuff. It is supposed to be just for adults. But some guys start at an earlier age, and if they are ready it's okay.

It's different with girls though. It can hurt girls to start too young. They both said that they understood and they promised not to hurt any girls. They promised again not to tell anyone and then they asked if they could do it again sometime.

Kara thought about it and said. "I will have to ask someone and let you know, alright? I'm not the boss of me. I have only done it this time because the man that tells me what to do, told me earlier that I should give Terry a little sex education. But he didn't know about Billy. And I don't know if he wants me to keep doing it. So I'll let you know, alright?"

Both boys nodded eagerly and she hugged them both and thanked them for adding a little excitement to her morning. Then she saw them to the door and when they left she shut the door and leaned her back against it and smiled up at the camera. The little minx!

I was becoming more amazed every day by the change in those two.

Kara leaned away from the door and Glenn swooped in and grabbed her and put his arms around her, holding her ass with both hands. He smiled at her and said, "You nasty little slut! What are you going to do next time, fuck them?"

Kara smiled at him and said, "I just might, what if I do?"

"We can worry about that later; right now I am going to drill that ass of yours that everyone but me has already had!"

"Oh yeah?" she teased. "Not unless you can catch it!" She made as if to run away but didn't get two steps before Glenn grabbed her and slung her over his shoulder.

It surprised the hell out of me! I would have been less surprised if she had slung him over her shoulder. He hurried to the bedroom and threw her on the bed. He dropped his little g-string and he was all over her.

They fucked around for close to an hour and a half. I was impressed. I didn't think the little yuppie had it in him! I didn't watch it all. I glanced at it from time to time, but a guy can only take so much straight husband and wife sex!

I went into the living room and turned on MSNBC and watched a couple of hours of news. Kara called in the early evening and said that if I wasn't going to be using them they needed to go grocery shopping.

I told her to have fun and I also told her I was proud of what she did with the paperboy and his brother. She laughed and said goodbye.

Damn! Just hearing her voice on the phone gave me a hard on! Oh well, back to the news.

I left them alone for a couple of days. On the fourth day since our last visit to the strip club Dave called to say that he had set up a show for eleven PM tomorrow and asked if that was alright.

I asked him what it was and he told me that he had six guys lined up, big black guys. Four of them are local actors, local theater, and when they get the chance, a little porn. The other two are friends of a friend from the gym.

All six of them are big, but not so big they that will cause any damage. They will be given a bunch of fake prison tattoos and scars and made to look real gangsta.

His plan was to have Kara, dressed conservatively in a nice sundress and normal everyday bra and panties, stand in the middle of the stage with no idea of what was going on. She would stand there as the audience filed in and took their seats.

When everyone was present, the six black men dressed in just jock straps would appear from backstage and attack her. They would rip off her clothes and rough her up a little, but not too bad. They would spit on her, abuse her tits a little, grope her roughly, and make her squeal a little.

Then a sling that was out of sight against the ceiling would be lowered and she would be forced into it and strapped in. Once she was strapped down she would be raped by the six men repeatedly. They would fuck her pussy and her ass and her mouth. They would try to make her deep throat them. They would cover her in cum. Then they would leave and two young girls would come in and scrape the accumulated cum off of her body with spoons and feed it to her.

He assured me that the biggest cock among them was only slightly larger than mine and that they would be careful not to harm her. Just scare her a little and fuck the hell out of her.

I nervously said okay and he told me to be there at ten tomorrow night. He would have Gina, the stripper she had put on the shows with, get her ready. Get her pussy warmed up and her ass lubed and stretched a little.

I asked him how much this was going to pay and he said we would split \$9,000. I had a feeling that would go a long way towards assuaging any hurt feeling Kara had. Just before I hung up he said, "Oh, and bring her hubby. He is going to be tied up in a chair on the side of the stage."

I said okay and then I remembered I had forgotten to pick up the last DVD. Dave said he would have it for me when I got here.

When we hung up I called Kara and told her to be ready to go out tomorrow night at 9:30 PM. She was to wear a conservative dress, a sun dress maybe, pick something. She was to wear an attractive but demure bra and panty set. No hose, two inch heel. And light on the make up. And she was to tell Glenn to be ready, in casual clothes.

She asked, "Is it the show?" The nervousness in her voice excited the hell out of me. I said, "Yes, your first show in a theater built just for you!"

She didn't say anything so I said goodnight and hung up.

I spent the rest of the day reading a book, but I had a hell of a time concentrating. I hoped I wasn't fucking up.

I went to bed and finally went to sleep. The next day I got up and worked for a while but my heart wasn't in it. I just piddled and fiddled until it was time to go pick up my slaves.

I drove up and stopped at the curb and they came out before I could get out of the car. Kara looked beautiful. Too pretty for what was going to happen to her, I thought.

I drove to the club and we got inside a few minutes early. We went to the bar and ordered drinks. There had been a stir in the audience when they saw Kara, but they were going to be disappointed tonight.

Dave came out of his office with Gina. She took Kara and escorted her to the new backstage area. Dave took me into his office and handed me the money and a DVD.



I put them away and then we went into the next room and he showed me the theater that had been built for Kara. I was expecting something kind of ratty. Cinderblock walls, raggedy old seats, bare cement floors.

Instead I was really impressed. The seats were new and plush. There were six rows of twelve seats each and a small row in the back with five seats.

Dave pointed them out and told me that we would be sitting in the back.

The walls were lined with black velvet curtains and the floors were covered in plush carpet. The stage, too, was solid, professional looking, and also covered in plush carpet. I could just make out the sling attached to the dark ceiling, and the rope on the far wall keeping it in place.

He took me behind the curtain and I was surprised to see that the men were already in place and getting ready. They were putting on fake tattoos and fake scars and they looked pretty fearsome.

I talked to them a little and told them that their costar was, until very recently a naive, quiet, shy housewife and this was all new to her. I wanted to make sure that they wouldn't hurt her.

The man introduced as Ronnie said, "Not a problem man. We understand it's just an act. We were told to scare her a little, be a little rough but that's it. If it makes you feel any better, these are all fake tattoos. I am working my way through college and so is Rolly over there. We've all done a couple of movies before and we don't want to hurt anyone. Okay?"

I shook his hand and told him I was reassured, and looking forward to the show. I walked back through the theater just as Glenn was brought in and tied securely to a chair that was fastened to the floor on the side of the stage. Then Kara was led in looking just as fresh as when I had picked her up a little while ago.

I went out and got another drink and found Dave and asked him, "What do I do now?"

He smiled and said, "Drink your drink, go on in and have a seat and watch the perverts come in and stare at your girl. The show starts soon. Relax, she'll be alright when it's over, I promise."

I wasn't sure I trusted him, but it was out of my hands now. I took my drink and sat down in the farthest seat from the stage and watched Kara standing nervously on the stage. I heard a noise and looked out through the door and saw that a curtain had been pulled across the hall so that the people in the club couldn't see the theater door. The customers for the show would be coming in through a back door!

Hmmm, I'm not sure how I feel about that. I was starting to wonder if I should have brought my friends, just in case.

I watched as men started filing into the seats in front of me. I saw that they were checking stubs. It was assigned seating, pretty high class for a strip joint!

It took only fifteen minutes for the seats to fill up. When everyone was in place Dave came in and sat beside me. He had a drink and he handed me another beer and everyone stared in silence at Kara.

I didn't hear or see anything to indicate that the show was starting. But suddenly the men filed out from behind the curtain and they instantly engulfed Kara's tiny frame.

Kara didn't know what was going to happen. She had only been told that she had to stand there. I

had also passed along the instructions that Dave had given me, she was not required to submit to anyone or anything. The implication being that a little resistance would be appropriate.

She looked at the men around her and then looked at the audience. I could tell she was looking for me, but it was dark back here and she probably couldn't see me.

The men started making rude and crude remarks, the sort of thing a young white girl might expect if she were to find herself walking alone at night in "the hood".

At first she tried twisting away but there was no place for her to go. They were calling her names, cunt, bitch, slut, whore, that sort of thing. Then they started grabbing her, pulling her hair, twisting her tits, pinching her ass, rubbing her thighs.

She was yelling at them now and trying even harder to twist away. It looked like she was starting to cry. They started making fun of her, mocking her.

Then they started to rip her clothes off. They were rough too. They were tearing at her clothing, and when a piece of cloth didn't rip they flung her around and jerked and it looked pretty violent. Hell, it was violent!

They took their time, enjoying taunting her. They tore off her dress first. Then they tormented her for a while longer before they tore off her bra and finally her panties.

She fought bravely, but futilely. Once she was stripped they started really mauling her. Pulling and twisting her tits. It looked like one of them was trying to lift her off the ground by her nipples! They were slapping her ass and a couple of times she got her face slapped.

One of them stepped in and while his friends held her arms behind her he grabbed her jaw and forced her mouth open then he spit into her mouth several times. Then he stood back but held her mouth open for his friends. Most of them also stepped up and spit in her mouth while abusing her tits and pussy. This seemed to go on for a long time. The men made no sound now, the only sounds were Kara's sobs and pleas.

Finally one of the men stepped away and lowered the sling. I had seen an ad for a sling once. It was just a series of straps that suspended someone in a sitting position. This one was different. This one called for the person in the sling to be laid out on their back, their body horizontal, suspended at just the right height for the men to easily access all of her orifices.

They manhandled Kara into the sling easily, and her arms were fastened in place, then a belt was tightened around her stomach, and finally a strap around her neck. Now her head hung down and all of her holes were readily accessible.

The men continued tormenting her, spitting on her, pinching and twisting various body parts. She was sobbing loudly and I was having a very hard time not putting a stop to this. Although I suspect that, given all of the money involved, I would not have had much of a chance had I tried.

They all removed their jock straps and I was even more nervous now. Dave may have had too high an opinion of my manhood, which, it suddenly occurred to me, he had never seen.

All of those cocks looked to be in the ten inch range, every damned one of them. And while a couple of them seemed to have an almost normal circumference, most of them looked to be twice as thick as mine.

I was getting worried about Kara, but I have to be honest here, I had a hard on that I thought was going to rip right through my pants, grab my throat and order me to fuck something!

I glanced at Glenn, wondering what his reaction was to all this. He had apparently given up fighting the ropes holding him down. I saw for the first time the gag in his mouth. I hadn't realized they had gagged him.

Then I turned to center stage as one of those large, well hung black men moved to her head and whispered in her ear. I found out later that he was making all kinds of threats about what they would do to her if she wasn't careful with her teeth. Then he stood up and forced his cock into her mouth. The others were all standing around staring in fascination, just like those of us in the audience.

He forced his cock in a couple of inches and let her move her tongue around and get used to it. Then he pulled out and put a little more in. Each time it was a little more and now he was banging into the back of her throat and she was gagging and sobbing and they were just mocking her. He continued to stab against the back of her throat and finally he passed that barrier and his cock forced its way into her throat. She thrashed violently on the sling, but the only things not tethered were her legs and two of the men stepped forward and each grabbed a leg and held her still.

I watched in amazement as inch after inch of that monster black cock was forced down her throat. He finally had her lips buried in his pubic hair and, after a brief pause he slowly pulled his cock free. But Kara's respite was short lived. He allowed her several deep gulps of air and then he pushed back down her throat again. It was still difficult and she still fought, but each time it seemed to go in easier until finally he was fucking her throat with a massive ten inch black cock.

I heard the murmur of disbelief in the crowd. I guess they were getting their money's worth.

After a few minutes he pulled out and one of his assistant rapists stepped up and took his place and repeated the process. This went on and on until they had all raped her throat for a few minutes.

Once the last one had fucked her throat, one of them stepped between her legs and lifted them in the air. They were strapped to the sling supports and now she couldn't move any part of her body. Once she was secure, one of them stepped up and started moving his cock over her pussy.

He teased her with it for a while and finally started stabbing it into her with short, vicious strokes. Each stroke caused a raspy cry of pain from Kara. She sobbed and pled incoherently for someone to help her. Each of the black men took a turn at her pussy and then the process was repeated with her ass.

As the first cock entered her ass, even though I knew she had been lubed up and stretched out before she was brought back here, she screamed in pain. There was no way to prepare her tiny ass for those huge black cocks thrusting violently, raping her, but most of all, hurting her for the pleasure of the audience.

This seemed to go on for a very long time. And once they had all fucked every hole they went around again. Finally it was time for the grand finale.

The first one fucked her mouth again, but just as he was about to cum he pulled out and shot his cum all over her face and chest and stomach. It was a huge load. He must have been saving for a week.

Then another stepped up and raped her pussy again, right up to the point of cumming and he too pulled out and shot his cum all over her stomach and her breasts. Then someone fucked her ass and

repeated the process.

Then the next three went through the same rotation until all six of them had nearly covered her bruised and battered body with cum. Then they just quietly turned and went backstage.

Everyone was silent for a moment. I think we all needed to catch our breath. Then two naked young girls came out from behind the curtain at the back of the stage. And when I say young, I mean very young! They were teenagers. I doubt if they were older than fourteen, if that old. But they had beautiful bodies, and seemed remarkably self assured. It made me wonder how they came to be here and what had happened to them before they got here.

They walked up to Kara and bent over her and both of them produced spoons. I had forgotten about this part. They started scooping up the six large loads of cum from Kara's body and feeding them to her.

There must have been nearly a pint of it. It took a long time.

Kara kept sobbing and begging them to let her go. When at last they had scraped the slick cum from her as best they could, they silently moved backstage again.

I thought that was it, but there was one more indignity. Two of the black men came back out and untied Glenn and led him over to his wife.

He was bent down and forced to lick her body clean. And then eat her pussy until she had an orgasm. I would not have thought it possible. She was in so much pain. But she finally achieved a mild orgasm which seemed to satisfy everyone.

The stage lights finally went down and with only dim rope lights along the floor to guide them, everyone filed out through the back door.

I went to Kara and started releasing her bonds. I kissed her lips lightly and told her I was sorry, I didn't realize how bad it would be. She hugged me and sobbed until I thought my heart would break.

I asked her if she was alright. Did she need to see a doctor?

She shook her head and I tossed Glenn the keys to my car and told him to bring it around back. He rushed out, glaring at me again. I didn't say anything to him this time, I deserved it.

Dave came over and asked if she was okay.

I told him I wasn't sure. I would let him know.

Then he asked if I was alright. I told him I wasn't sure. I would let him know.

I heard Glenn pull up to the door and I carried Kara out and laid her in the back seat. I went around to the other side and got in and cradled her head in my lap and ordered Glenn to drive to my house.

Kara finally stopped sobbing and just lay quietly, except for an occasional moan of pain.

Glenn pulled up into my driveway and I sent him ahead to unlock the door.

I got out and helped Kara out and carried her to my bed. I laid her down and looked her over closely. I was relieved to see that there was no sign of blood anywhere.

I asked her if she wanted to take shower or just go to sleep. At first she said sleep, but then she thought better of it. She wanted to get rid of the smell of sex and she thought that maybe the hot water would make her feel better.

Glenn helped her to the shower and I went to the kitchen for some ice water. I gathered up the aspirin and the sore throat spray and turned down the bed.

When Kara was back in bed I gave her three aspirin and sprayed her throat and covered her up as gently as possible.

I suddenly remembered something. I reached into my pocket and pulled out the envelope I had gotten from Dave. "This is for you and Glenn," I said quietly.

At first she wasn't interested, but then she got curious and she opened it and slowly counted it. That brought just a hint of a smile to her tortured face. She tossed the envelope to Glenn and then she went to sleep.

Glenn looked in the envelope and asked what it was. Apparently Kara had not explained it to him earlier. I went over the details for him and he shook his head. He said he couldn't believe she knew what she was getting into.

I explained that she sort of didn't. It all went down pretty much as they had explained it to me. Except for his part, nobody had mentioned that. But I told him that Dave had been less than honest about the five feet of cock she had just been raped with.

He looked at me for a while and then he said, "You love her don't you? You have a hell of a way of showing it, but you love her."

I looked him right in the eye and said, "Yes, but you can't blame me, everyone that knows her must fall in love with her. But don't worry. I would never try to take her away from you. Even if I thought I could and I don't. It will break my heart when you finally get yourself back on your feet. But I will let you go, both of you. My conscience wouldn't let me do it any other way."

Glenn looked at me sadly and said, "She loves you to."

"No she doesn't." I said, though it killed me to say it. "She is living a fantasy right now. Something most people never get to do. I am responsible for it. I didn't create it. She had the fantasy in her. It's just that my fantasies complimented her fantasies and things have gotten a little wild. She doesn't want to live this way. She still loves you and will gladly return with you to your old life, or some version of it, when this is all over."

"Do you really think so, after all that has happened to us? And Christ, it has been just over a week! This has just started!"

"What about you," I asked. "I have seen a big change in you too. You aren't nearly the tight ass you were when I found you, so to speak."

"I guess you eat enough of other men's cum out of your wife's pussy it's bound to take a little of the stick out of guy's ass. I have hated pretty much everything that has happened. I have learned that there is a lot of voyeur in me. I enjoyed watching Kara with the stripper, and even with your poker buddies. And did you happen to catch her with those two teenagers? Damn that turned me on!"

I smiled and nodded, "Yeah, I saw that, it was hot. I am not sorry about everything that has

happened. I am sorry about tonight. It turned me on. But it got to me, seeing her in that much pain. I may have to rethink her stage career."

I sent him into the spare room to sleep. He wasn't happy about that. He wanted to be with his wife. But I wanted to be there when she woke up, in case she needed anything, and to apologize again.

Before I settled down I had an idea that I thought might help her. I dug through my medicine cabinet and found a tube of Preparation H ointment and some suppositories. I gently shifted Kara as she slept and slipped one of the suppositories into her ravaged asshole. Then I covered the entire area with the ointment. I was just about to cover her back up when I thought that it might help her bruised pussy too. Nothing on the label said it would or wouldn't, but I figured it couldn't hurt. So I spread more of the ointment all around and inside of her vagina.

I sat in a chair near the bed most of the night. I dozed off a few times but mostly I read my book and watched Kara. Most of the night she lay still and slept soundly, but from time to time she would moan and shift her position slightly.

At four AM she woke up and moaned in pain when she moved. She saw me sitting and watching her and she croaked out, "What time is it?"

I told her that it was early in the morning. I gave her a couple more aspirins and sprayed her throat and she smiled at me. "I have to go to the bathroom," she said.

I helped her up and she leaned on me heavily as she made her way to the bathroom. I held her as she peed and after she wiped herself I used a damp washcloth to clean her hands.

She noticed the ointment all around her pussy and said, "What the hell is this?"

I told her about the Preparation H and she laughed and smiled at me. Then I helped her back to bed.

She sat on the edge of the bed for a moment and she put her arms around my neck and kissed me.

I said, "I am so very sorry Kara. I had no idea it would be that rough. I would never have let them hurt you like this if I had known."

"It's alright," she said and smiled again. "I knew you wouldn't let them hurt me. It really wasn't that bad. Listen, don't tell anyone, but I had a couple of dozen orgasm on that stage last night. I wouldn't want to do it again. But being raped by a gang of large black men was kind of a secret fantasy. I had my first orgasm last night when they came on stage and started pushing me around, and my second one when that first guy spit in my mouth. How fucked up is that! I felt a lot better when I saw the envelope with all of the money in it. By the time Glenn gets a job we could have enough money put aside for the down payment on your slave quarters!"

I helped her stretch out on the bed again, carefully. Her body was covered in ugly bruises. Her tits were black and blue and her nipples swollen. She had bruises everywhere that she had been strapped down to the sling last night. Her thighs were black and blue and so were the cheeks of her ass. Even her pubic mound was bruised and swollen.

I started to sit back down in my chair but she said, "No, not there. Please, come to bed. Hold me."

She was breaking my heart. I felt so guilty. Hell, I was guilty. I guess I'm not much of a slave owner.

I stretched out beside her and took her gently in my arms and held her until she was asleep again. I

finally drifted off after a while and we didn't wake up until noon. I got up and helped Kara into the shower.

We took a long hot shower and I dried her carefully. I put on my favorite pair of lounging shorts, a pair of terrycloth shorts I only wear when nobody is around.

I offered her a robe but she said, "Slaves don't wear clothes in the house!" and she smiled at me. I hugged her gently and we went out to the kitchen and I made her breakfast.

There was a note on the counter from Glenn. He had gotten up early and needed something to do. He figured we would sleep late so he went to the slave quarters to do the yard work and take in the mail and the paper. When he was done there, he would return and take care of my yard work.

The hot shower and the moving around seemed to be helping her and she tried to push me out of the way but I ordered her to sit and I made breakfast for us.

As we sipped coffee she looked at me and said, "You are worrying me. Stop it."

I didn't know what she meant and asked, "What?"

"Stop moping around and feeling guilty, silly, I am OK. I was not torn anywhere. I didn't bleed. I had an opportunity to explore a violent fantasy. It was exciting. I would not want to do it again. But it was exciting. I bet you had a hardon during the entire show, didn't you?"

I could only smile sheepishly at that.

"Yeah, me too," she said. "I looked out into that dark room and saw the faces of those men in the front rows. I saw all of that raw lust. They loved it. I loved it, up to a point. And look at the bright side. Once my throat isn't so raw anymore, I should be able to give you the best blowjob you ever had. I can deep throat now!"

The phone rang just before one. It was Dave. I put it on speaker and said hello.

"How is Kara," he asked, with a genuine note of concern in his voice.

I told him that she was up and around, but black and blue all over.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I had no idea it would be that violent. I wanted to stop it. But I couldn't. I hope you understand. There was too much money from too many powerful people involved. And I am not talking politicians here. These guys could fuck you up. If she needs a doctor or anything it's on me. Tell her I am sorry, okay?"

Kara spoke up, "I'm right here Dave. I'm alright. Don't worry; I am not blaming anyone for anything."

"Hey Kara, I'm sorry doll. I new it was going to be rough, but not like that. I am really sorry you got hurt," Dave continued to apologize.

"Dave," she said with a smile in her voice, "could you count how many orgasms I had on stage last night?"

"You are shitting me, right? You really had an orgasm on stage last night?"

"No, I didn't have an orgasm, I had many orgasms. I wouldn't want to do it again, but I don't regret

it.”

Dave was quiet for a few moments and then he asked tentatively, “So what about the other?”

“What other?” Kara asked.

I interrupted, “I haven’t told her about that yet Dave. I wasn’t going to. But now I will. However, before that happens, if it happens, we are going to know a lot more about what will happen than we did last night.”

“Deal,” he said. Then he said, “And please, come by the club when you are feeling better. The drinks are on me and the customers keep asking for you.”

Kara smiled at that and we said goodbye and hung up.

“What other?” Kara asked again.

I decided to just go ahead and tell her straight out, and let her decide. I described, in what little detail I had, what Dave had proposed. She would be stripped and made to kneel down on a specially made padded bench.

Her arms and legs and torso would be restrained. A large dog, the breed not yet decided upon, would be led out and would lick her and then be encouraged to mate with her. I also pointed out that because of the increase in the kink-factor; Dave estimated her cut from the take would be close to ten grand, mostly because she was so young and pretty. And because she had a following of dirty old men following the story of her debasement, from her recent position as young housewife to her present position as sex slave, there was a lot of interest in the DVDs.

I was, of course, studying her face carefully as I explained what Dave had in mind. I expected revulsion and disgust, shock, something. I saw only interest. It appeared that I was the one that was shocked.

Kara had one last question which she pulled out of nowhere. “Where did they get those young girls last night?”

I had forgotten all about that. I told her I had no idea. We could ask Dave, but I suspected that he was only providing the venue for these shows. I had a feeling we didn’t want to know who was actually running the show.

I put Kara back to bed and went into my office to get some work done. I rewound the VCR and checked the tape to see if I had missed anything interesting since my last look.

There wasn’t much tape, nobody had been home most of the time. I rewound the tape and dug out the tape with the paperboy and his brother on it. I also found the earlier scene where the paperboy first came to the door and saw Kara nude. I put them together on a DVD and made a couple of copies.

I called Dave back and described the DVD to him and asked if he thought that they had any market value.

“Hell yes!” he exclaimed. “A movie of two teenaged boys getting their first blowjobs from that hottie, fuck yes. Listen if that is as hot as it sounds I bet I can get you \$5,000 for it.”



"These things aren't going public, right? I mean she could go to jail for years if the wrong people saw this."

"Don't worry about that," Dave assured me. "Everyone I deal with knows that there are serious repercussions for betraying a trust. And we aren't talking lawsuits here."

For some reason I believed him, and I actually found the way he said it reassuring.

Glenn showed up around 3 PM and stopped in before he went to work on my yard. He was relieved to see that Kara was doing much better. He worked on my yard and then came in and took a shower. When he came back out he told me that he had two job interviews tomorrow.

I asked him about the positions he was interviewing for and they both sounded promising. I had very mixed feelings about that.

I left Glenn to watch Kara and I drove over to the club around six. I went into the office with Dave and he watched the DVD I had made for him of Kara and the kids. He loved it and didn't even hesitate, he reached into his desk and handed me \$5,000. He told me that if they came back and she fucked them and made it last at least an hour there would be another \$5,000.

I thanked him on Kara's behalf and thanked him again when he gave me an unedited copy of last night's movie, which reminded me. "About last night, where did those young girls come from?"

The subject obviously made him uncomfortable. He said that all he knew about them was that they were the daughters of one of the men from the audience. He wanted me to understand that he was a middle man here.

I believed him. And he did seem genuinely bothered by the use of the young girls. But this was out of our hands; neither he nor I knew the identity of any of the men in the audience last night. And later, when I watched the DVD, I would see that not a single audience member was visible on the recording.

I said goodbye and told Dave we would be back for another up front stage show when Kara had recovered. I also told him that she had not run screaming from the room when I told her about the dog. That made him smile.

I went home and was happy to see Kara up and about. She was cleaning my house! I gave her and Glenn the money and told her what Dave had said about a future episode. She smiled and said she was looking forward to it.

The next few days past slowly, life without the use and abuse of Kara just wasn't very interesting. She and Glenn had spent the last week at their house, I mean the slave quarters.

Glenn had been on several job interviews and was waiting for a call back. I still checked my monitors every day. Kara's bruises had healed. I saw them making love a couple of times in the last two days.

It was good to see her back and ready to play. I had not been laid in more than a week and I was ready to see if that sweet pussy was still as good as it was before she was raped by six too well hung men. I was working on my computer and not paying much attention to the monitors when my attention was caught by one of the monitors coming to life and I saw the paperboy approaching the door. I stopped what I was doing and devoted my full attention to the screens.

I saw Kara open the door and smile at the boys and invite them in. She hugged them and escorted

them into the living room with her arms around their shoulders. "Are you back for more sex education?" she asked.

They both looked up at her excitedly and said, "Yes ma'am. That would be great, if you don't mind."

"Do you have anything special you would like to try today?" she asked.

The boys were embarrassed and reluctant to say what they had in mind.

"It's okay guys! You can tell me anything you want. I won't be mad, honest."

Terry finally got up his nerve and answered, "We want to try everything, but mostly we would like to try innercourse."

Kara smiled and said, "You mean intercourse? You want to fuck me?"

The boys nodded furiously.

Kara said, "That's great, we can do that. But let's do some other stuff first, alright?"

They nodded again.

"Remember the things we did last time?" she asked "The touching and kissing? That is called foreplay. That is the kind of thing that people do before they fuck so that they get real excited and that makes it even more fun. Do you want to do some more of that stuff?"

"Oh yes ma'am!!" Billy exclaimed. "We loved what we did last time, all of it. We would love to do that stuff again, but we wanna fuck too, okay?"

Kara hugged him and kissed his forehead and said, "Of course darling! We can do all that stuff and anything else you want. I want you to learn everything there is to know about sex. Come on; let's get you guys ready, okay? Get those clothes off."

She went to her knees in front of them and helped them with their shoes and socks and she pulled Terry's pants down, kissing the bulge in his shorts as she did.

When everyone was naked Kara sat between the boys on the sofa and they started exploring her body, still in awe of her beauty. I could understand that, so was I!

I watched them squeeze her breasts, gently at first and then harder, squeeze and pull and push and flatten. And then they started squeezing her nipples and pulling on them. Then they were kissing and biting them. Kara was obviously enjoying the attention and when Terry moved a hand down to her pussy she shuddered in pleasure.

Kara turned to Terry and asked him he would like to try something else new. When he nodded enthusiastically she asked him if he had ever heard of eating pussy. He grinned widely and said, "Yeah, guys talk about that all the time. But I don't know anyone that has actually done it."

"Would you like to be the first?" Kara asked.

"God yes! What do I have to do?"

Kara told him to get down on his knees between her legs and first he should caress her thighs and her stomach, kind of work up to it. Then she suggested that he start kissing her lightly all over,

everywhere except her pussy. "That makes girls hot," she explained. "We like to be teased and caressed. Oh yes, that's good! Kiss me all over."

"Aaaah...yes, keep doing that for a minute! That's wonderful! Now lick me with just the tip of your tongue in all those same places. Work in a circle so that you get closer and closer to my pussy. That way, by the time you get to my pussy I am REALLY hot."

I listened to her voice get more and more excited as Terry kissed and licked around her pussy and Billy sucked on her breast while staring intently at Terry and his pussy eating lesson.

Eventually, Terry had worked his way to her pussy and she cried out, "Oh my god!" as his tongue flicked lightly at her remarkably well healed slit. I zoomed in with the camera and I was pleased to see that those monstrous cocks from last week's show had apparently not damaged her beautiful pussy.

"That's wonderful," she said breathlessly. "Yes, keep doing that. Remember last time when I sucked your cocks? Remember how good that felt. That is what this feels like for me. Oh baby, you do that so well."

I watched as Terry became more enthusiastic, licking deep into her slit and obviously enjoying his work.

Billy took his mouth off of her tit and in a choked voice asked her if he could try it.

"Oh yes baby. Just a minute, he is almost done." Then she guided Terry's lips to her clit and said she was ready to cum and now would be a good time to lick her clit and suck it and maybe chew it very lightly for a few seconds.

Terry did as she instructed and Kara grabbed his head and pulled his hair as she screamed through an orgasm, much to the delight of the boy who had brought it about.

Her other arm was around Billy and she squeezed his head to her breast unconsciously, I was afraid she was going to hurt him there for a minute.

She finally pushed Terry's head away and started unclenching every muscle in her beautiful body. She relaxed for a minute and then stood up and told the boys she was going to go clean up and she would be right back.

As soon as she left the room the boys started talking excitedly between themselves. It was hilarious to watch.

I watched as Kara went to the bathroom and ran a damp cloth over and through her pussy. While she was doing that she looked up at the camera on the ceiling and winked at me. Then she returned to the living room and sat back down between the boys.

"OK," she said, "I am all nice and clean for you Billy. Do you think you know what to do?"

Billy nodded and knelt between her legs. He stared at her pussy in awe for a minute, even reaching up gently and spreading her labia and looking inside. Then he smiled up at her and started doing all the things that he had watched Terry do.

Kara smiled down at him and said, "Oh yes baby! That feels great! You know what to do."

Then she turned to Terry and had him stand on the sofa and straddle her hips so that she could suck his cock. She wanted to make sure he could last a long time when they got around to the fucking. Terry loved that idea and soon he was pounding his skinny five inch cock into her mouth enthusiastically.

Billy was apparently doing a great job of eating her pussy and her moans of pleasure felt great on Terry's young cock. He came very quickly, just like the first time she had sucked them off. But she didn't let him go. She swallowed his load and held his cock in her mouth gently until it wasn't so sensitive.

Then she started sucking gently again. He was hard again almost immediately (ah, the good old days) and before long his hips were pumping and her hands were squeezing the cheeks of his ass and pulling his cock into her mouth as far as it would go.

Terry came again, but he had lasted much longer this time. Once Kara had swallowed his ejaculate he collapsed on the sofa beside her and gently nibbled on a tit as Billy ate her to another great orgasm.

When she had recovered slightly she moved down on the floor with Billy and pushed him over onto his back. She started licking his young body all over, quickly moving down to concentrate on his little ball sack and his incredibly hard little organ. He lasted less than a minute after she started sucking, but just as she had with Terry, she let him relax for a few minutes with his little pecker in her mouth and then she sucked him off again. When she finished she noticed that Terry was hard again.

She looked up at him and smiled her sexy little smile and asked, "Alright Terry, are you ready for your first fuck?"

He didn't, or couldn't say a word. He moved to his knees between her legs and she reached down and guided him into her as he carefully stretched out on top of her and started jerking up and down in his short little strokes.

It reminded me of watching rabbits fuck. I suppose two blowjobs is the magic number because he lasted close to ten minutes before he shot his load into her pussy. I had zoomed in two cameras as he came in her, one on the rapidly moving little cock in her claspings pussy, and one on his face as his whole body throbbed in ecstasy as he enjoyed his first fuck.

His body went limp on top of Kara for several minutes and she held him and kissed him gently while he recovered. He finally rolled off of her and she smiled at Billy and told him she would be right back.

She rushed to the bathroom and cleaned herself up again and moved swiftly back to the living room, obviously anxious to take Billy's virginity too.

She stood in front of him and bent down and kissed him. He reached up and massaged her breasts with both hands as he returned her kiss. Then she joined him on the floor and they stretched out side by side. Billy leaned over her and kissed her a little longer, and then he kissed her tits for a moment and she hugged him and said, "Oh you sweet, sweet boy. That feels so good. Are you ready for your first fuck?"

He just grinned and moved up onto her body. His cock was slightly smaller and they had a little trouble getting it started, but once he was inside of her this kid went to town! She moaned and groaned as if it was the best fuck she ever had. It was obvious that she was having fun, though I

doubt she was getting much out of fucking his little pecker.

He lasted almost as long as his older brother had, and he was very loud when he came. He kept yelling "FUCK!" over and over as he came.

I had planned on giving Kara a little more time, but after watching this I was going to need a piece of that hot cunt. Today!

I watched as she licked both boys clean and then they sat around and the boys explored her body some more.

"That was a lot of fun, wasn't it boys?" Kara asked. It was obvious that she meant it.

"Geez yes!" Billy said, in between mouthfuls of Kara's tit.

Terry said, "I guess that means we can do it again some time?"

"I would love to! Just remember, you can never tell anyone. Not even your best friends. I know that is hard. Guys like to talk, and they especially like to talk about girls and pussy. But if you talk, I will be in a lot of trouble and you know what that will mean.....no more pussy!"

They promised they would never tell anyone ever. They started to get dressed but Kara noticed that Billy was getting hard again. "Wait a minute boys, I don't let men leave my house with a hard on. It makes me look bad."

Billy laughed as she dropped to her knees and sucked him off one more time. Christ to be a kid again! Four times in a fucking hour! And of course she had to do Terry again to. No wonder I don't like kids!

She finally got the horny little bastards out of the house and as soon as they were gone I called her. I had noticed that Glenn was not on any of the cameras and I asked what he was doing. I was disappointed to learn that he had a call back on one of his interviews and should be home soon.

My second order of business was, "As soon as he gets home have him drive your ass over here so I can drive your ass!"

She smiled up at the camera and said, "Yes Sir!!"

I pulled all of the tapes from all of the cameras that had caught the boys today. I estimated that all together the time would run to more than an hour and a half, more with some clever editing.

I called Dave and told him what I had and asked him if he wanted me to put it together or if he would prefer someone who knew what they were doing to edit the tapes and make the DVD.

He laughed and said that he couldn't wait to see it. And, he highly recommended his editor, so I said I would have Glenn drop the tapes off this afternoon.

I went back to work and tried not to notice how much time had passed since I talked to Kara. They finally showed up and I met them in the foyer as they were undressing. I stopped Glenn and asked him how his call back went.

He seemed excited. It had gone well and he thought he had a very good shot at an excellent job. I told him I had something for him to do and when he got back he could tell me all about it. I handed him a bag with the tapes in it and told him to drive them over to Dave. Then come right back. He

didn't look happy about going back there.

I said, "Dave is no more responsible for what happened than I am, less probably. If you are going to blame anyone for the injuries to Kara, I guess you have to blame me. I put her in that position."

"Are you sure? Do you really think he is just a pawn, just a nice guy being used? I don't trust him."

"I admit I have gone back and forth on that. But the truth is he kept his word. Kara was hurt, but not harmed. And I can't help liking the guy; maybe because we are both perverts, we perverts have to stick together."

Glenn didn't look convinced, but he took off with the bag of tapes. As soon as he was gone I was all over Kara.

I grabbed her and hugged her tight. "You fucking slut! I saw you molesting those poor innocent children! God that was HOT!"

She hugged me back and said, "Yeah. I know it is wrong. And if it was young girls that age I would be pissed if someone was molesting them. I would call the cops myself! But the idea of those horny little boys seeing a naked woman for the first time turns me the fuck on! They are so sweet and innocent and I was their first blowjob, their first fuck, their first everything! Every time I think about it I get turned on! Come on, let's fuck!"

We hurried to the bedroom and I fucked the hell out of her, and she loved it. I was relieved that after what she went through her mind and body seemed to be intact. She had several very loud orgasms, we both did. Then she sucked me clean and just for the hell of it I went down on her. I had never eaten a pussy I had just fucked and the thought of it was just a bit off putting. But what the hell, I had watched Glenn do it several times and he didn't die.

She tried to stop me as I kissed and licked my way down to her pussy and tentatively licked at her wet, swollen lips. She shuddered in pleasure, but pleaded with me to stop. I'm not sure why, she seemed to like it when Glenn was forced to do it. But she didn't want me to do it. I decided on a compromise. I licked all around her pussy and cleaned up the outside and then licked and sucked her clit until she came again.

Then I moved up and we kissed and she licked my face clean.

"Pervert," she said.

I held her tight and said, "You know I love you and I truly regret what was done to you last week. I am sorrier than you will ever know."

She kissed me to shut me up and said, "Yes, I know you love me. I love you to. And that's sad. But you don't have to apologize for last week. What you said to Glenn by the door was entirely correct. What those guys did to me was horrible, and I am so glad it happened. I lived a fantasy. As it turns out it was better left a fantasy, but that's alright. I had more orgasms that night than I could count. Please, don't be sorry."

I kissed her again and then she pushed me onto my back and said, "Now, there is something I want to try."

She kissed her way down my torso, stopping to tease my nipples with her tongue and then she went to work on my cock and balls. I was still horny; it had been a long week with no pussy.

When I was hard she started sucking eagerly, taking more and more of my cock into her mouth with each down stroke. Suddenly my cock slid into her throat and her lips were stretched around the very wide base of my cock. And it seemed like she did it effortlessly!

I looked at her and she lifted her head and smiled mischievously. "Are you still sorry about what happened last week?"

I laughed as her lips sank all the way back down to the base of my cock again, and groaned in pleasure. "No ma'am, no more regrets." I closed my eyes and laid back and enjoyed the most fantastic blowjob of my life!

We were still cuddling when Glenn got back. He came in and handed me an envelope. I watched his face and there was absolutely no reaction to entering a room and finding that I had just finished fucking his wife. Weird!

I looked in the envelope and as I was counting Glenn said that Dave had asked him to wait and had looked at some of the footage. He went on to say, "He made a phone call and talked with someone who seemed to make him nervous. After he hung up he reached into a drawer and pulled out some cash and put it in an envelope and said it was for you. Oh, and he apologized for the other night. He really seems to feel bad about that."

"Did you count this?" I asked.

Glenn nodded.

I handed the envelope with \$8,000 to Kara and said, "Here, you did all the work."

Kara counted it out and said, "Damn, do you guys know how much money we have made in the last couple of weeks?! \$14,000! Mostly for just having fun and doing stuff I would have done for free. Well, I would have done it for free after you made me do it."

That reminded me. "Glenn, tell me about the job."

Glenn got an excited look on his face and said, "The director of R&D at PLF Manufacturing is retiring. They want to hire someone from outside. Someone that is new and fresh, with young ideas. After my first interview they called some of the people I used to work with at GLT Electronics, where, as it turned out, I was about to be promoted to that very same position. Nobody told me! Anyway, my grades are good, they liked my experience, and I think I have the job. The old director retires next month and they are talking about bringing me in a week before he leaves so I can get orientated."

Nobody spoke for a moment. Then I had to say what at least two of us were thinking. "Well, that's good and bad news."

"Not so fast," Glenn said. "It will be a while after I start back to work before we are back on our financial feet again and able to buy our house back."

Kara smiled when he said that. I cheered up a little bit. But I had to wonder if this young man who had suffered the most in this deal was actually stalling to keep the status quo?!

Everyone seemed to be in a good mood so I asked them if they wanted to go to the club and celebrate Glenn's new job. They looked at each other for a second and Kara said, "Why are you asking slaves what they want?"

Got I love that cunt!

Kara and I took a quick shower and then I gave her the latest outfit to wear, the one she hadn't had on yet. It was great! Every move she made with that skimpy crop top with the huge arm holes left one of her breasts uncovered.

And the skirt wasn't much more than a loincloth. The hem was even with her crotch in front, and didn't quite cover her ass in back. And it was slit all the way up both sides to the waist.

Glenn went to the door and dressed and when I was ready we went out. I had Glenn drive and I got in back with Kara.

It was obvious when we got to the club that a lot of the customers remembered Kara and were glad to see her back. I let her lead the way and many a hand found it's way up her little skirt as we made our way to a table.

We sat down and drinks magically appeared at the table almost immediately. We looked up and noticed Gina on the stage. We had never actually seen her dance before. We had never really seen her do much more than seduce Kara on stage. Not that I wasn't happy with that. She waived at us and then went back to dancing. She was better than most of the girls we had watched in here, but still didn't seem to be really interested in her art.

After a few minutes Dave came over and wanted to talk to me in his office. I asked him if this was about the next show and he nodded, so I invited my slaves back with me.

Once we were in his office with the door closed he again apologized to Kara for what she had gone through. Kara shrugged and smiled and told him it was no big deal, but thanked him for his concern.

Then he asked if Kara was still going to do the next show we had talked about.

I told him I was going to want more information this time. Like what kind of dog, and was it trained. Just exactly what could we expect to happen and would Kara require another week of bed rest if she submitted. Oh yeah, and how much?

Dave smiled and said he thought that those were all fair questions. He said that the dogs, note the plural, two dogs, were trained. One was a German Shepherd and the other a Great Dane. The trainer would arrive early with a specially made bench which Kara would be restrained on.

The first dog, the Great Dane, the larger of the two, would lick her pretty much all over; the trainer would be with the dog and make sure that both Kara and the animal did what was expected of them. Then the Dane would mount and fuck Kara.

The trainer would try to assure that the dog didn't tie with her. It is amusing for a few minutes but then it is just a lot of waiting and audiences get tired of that fast, besides, it can be painful.

The second dog, the German Shepherd would not fuck Kara. She would be forced to suck his cock. It is more difficult to find women who will submit to that particular perversion, and for that reason the paycheck is substantially increased.

There would be an added bonus this time because beautiful young Kara has attracted quite a following. Perverts from all over the world are apparently clamoring for her films. The check for this particular stage show would be \$10,000.



Dave said that he could not promise that there would be no pain. Probably not, but the Dane is a rather forceful animal and his lovemaking can be quite, shall we say enthusiastic. And if the trainer is not able to control it the knot can be quite uncomfortable. The dog's paws are covered with leather booties to avoid scratching and as long as their partner doesn't resist they don't nip.

As for the Shepherd, the blowjob will be easier, the dog more under control. I know that blowing a dog sounds gross, but I understand that it is not nearly as bad as it sounds. Yeah, I know, easy for me to say.

I asked him if there was someone that Kara could talk to that had done it. Either, or preferably, both of those sex acts, with a dog.

Dave said he didn't personally know of anyone, but he could ask. They might be able to put us in touch with the trainer. He couldn't guarantee it. Everyone in this business was very careful about their identity getting out. He would try and let us know.

He asked what we thought. I looked at Kara and she didn't even hesitate. "I'll do it," she said. "But I would like to talk to that trainer."

Dave said, "Great! Now, how about a show tonight? You look fully recovered from your ordeal. Would you like to play on stage?"

The money wasn't important now. Compared to what she could make in the back room this was just playing around money. But she enjoyed it. She knew she would have a hard time giving this up.

She said, "Whatever my Master wants."

I grinned and looked at her, sitting there trying to look demure. If I said no, we were going home I know damn well she would be pissed.

I turned to Dave and asked, "I see that Gina has just finished her set. Do you have any suggestions?"

Dave said, "I have to be honest, the show she did last time with Gina and your black friend was one of the hottest shows that I have ever seen in here. If you have anything else you want to add to it that's fine with me, but I would like to see that show again, unless you guys have any ideas."

I said, "Why don't we just leave that up to Gina? She has staged two pretty hot shows so far. I trust her."

Dave told Kara to go on out and find Gina and get ready. Gina could let him know when they were ready.

Kara smiled and left. We watched her making her way across the crowded room, stopping to talk to tables full of men, and let them feel her up freely. It took her a long time to make it to the entrance to the backstage area.

Dave suggested we go back out to our table. He said it was still early and he would try to contact someone who could put us in touch with the dog breeder.

So I led Glenn out to the table and we sat and watched the show with as much enthusiasm as we could muster. The men had seen Kara going back stage and they knew what that meant. The tables near the front started filling up quickly.

When the dancer on stage had finished her number a few men applauded perfunctorily, as usual. And as usual I don't recall seeing a single man tip her. She strolled backstage casually and the announcer asked for a warm welcome for Gina and everyone's favorite customer, Kara.

The guys all stood up and clapped and cheered and whistled as the girls came out. Gina was leading Kara by a leash again. Gina was carrying a blanket and Kara was carrying a chair. They were both already naked. Gina pointed to a place and Kara set the chair down. Gina took something out of the blanket and set it on the chair and then she made Kara spread the blanket out on the stage, very near the edge.

Who ever was in charge of the music didn't even bother with dance music. They put on some slow, sensuous jazz.

Gina pulled Kara close and they started kissing and touching and it was obvious that this was not an act, they were enjoying themselves. They moved to the blanket and stretched out on it.

After making out passionately for several minutes they moved into their audience pleasing sixty-nine. The men were crowding around the stage, cheering and making rude comments at first, but then just standing and staring in awe. The girls were within inches of the edge of the stage, but nobody touched them. It was amazing to watch.

They both had a couple of obviously genuine orgasms and then Gina got up and reached for the item she had placed on the chair. It was a huge, double sided dildo!

She moved between Kara's widely spread legs and moved the head of the impossibly long, thick device over her pussy lips and then slowly started sliding it in.

Kara moaned in ecstasy and thrust her pussy up to meet Gina's thrusts. Gina moved the dildo in and out for a few moments and then she got into position and slid the other end into her own wet pussy. The men loved this. A few guys reached out and rubbed Gina's ass and when they got away with it some others reached out and began gently touching both women. At first I was annoyed, but then I realized that was why they had placed the blanked at the edge of the stage. They wanted to be touched.

Gina slid all the way down that thick fake cock until her pussy was rubbing against Kara's. They ground their pussies together for a few minutes and kissed passionately, seemingly ignoring the many hands moving over their bodies.

The music kept playing continuously and the girls started fucking each other with that dildo and they both had several loud, and obviously genuine orgasm. The guys were going crazy and at times you almost couldn't see them for all of the hands that reached in and moved over their bodies.

They finally satisfied each other and Gina collapsed on top of Kara for a moment and then rolled off.

They lay side by side kissing tenderly as hands continued to explore their bodies. Then Gina whispered something in Kara's ear and Kara nodded and grinned and they stood up to explosive cheers and applause from the audience.

The girls smiled and bowed and they looked around and pointed at different guys in the audience and whispered to each other. Finally they decided on a guy and invited him to step forward. He was a large, but very unattractive man who appeared to be in his late twenties, give or take a year or two.

When he was near the stage the girls reached down and pulled him up and put him between them. They instantly started kissing him and touching him and grabbed his hands and encouraged him to touch them.

He didn't need a lot of encouragement and soon they were loosening his pants and before long he was standing on stage naked from the waist down with a huge erection. Kara pulled the chair up and set it down about two feet from the edge of the stage.

The audience watched in awe, obviously jealous, as the girls escorted the man to the chair and knelt, side by side, at his feet. Their asses were nearly hanging over the edge of the stage.

They began kissing his feet and kissing and licking their way up his legs. He was groaning loudly and they were nowhere near his genitals!

As the girls worked on him the audience went back to caressing the ladies asses and reaching between their thighs to caress their hot, drooling cunts.

The girls finally licked their way up to his cock and each was licking one side of it, highly erotic, let me assure you. They started taking turns, one would suck his cock and the other would lick his huge ball sack.

He came quickly and Gina was the one in position when he came. She caught it all in her mouth and then she and Kara kissed, passing the man's load back and forth for a minute before they each swallowed half of it.

The audience was going crazy! It was such an unusual show that the audience had forgotten to tip. Nobody had even thought of it at first and then one man threw a twenty on stage and Gina picked it up and took it back to him and smiled and said, "That's sweet honey, but you guys hold your tips. We'll come around to your tables after we are done here and if you think we deserve it, and if you liked the show, you can tip us then, okay?"

The guy nodded enthusiastically and the crowd cheered again. Then Gina was back on her knees and she and Kara were working on the young guy again. I guess the first one didn't take long enough so he was going to get a second one. They worked on him again, and as they worked the men continued to touch them. Several times one or the other of the women would have to pause as an orgasm washed over her.

I couldn't stand it anymore myself. I ordered Glenn under the table and I came almost as soon as he put his lips on my cock. I could have cum again but I thought it only fair that Glenn enjoy the show too since it was his wife on stage. So I let him come back up and have a drink and watch the rest of the show.

The young man finally came again, this time in Kara's mouth. She shared with Gina, just like last time, and then they stood up and took bows. They grabbed their chair, dildo and blanket and ran off stage to thunderous applause.

The crowd made their way back to their seats. I think that no dancer wanted to follow that act, because nobody came on stage to dance. The jazz kept playing quietly as the men sat and drank and talked loudly about how hot the show had been.

The girls took a few minutes to clean up and then they came out of the back and started moving from table to table, Gina leading Kara on a leash again. They wore only garters and they would stop at each table and talk to the men and let them touch them. Sometimes they sat on someone's lap and

gave them a big kiss. They were smiling and enjoying the attention of the men.

There were probably close to 75 tables in the room and they went to every one of them. Some had just one man sitting alone; other tables might have half a dozen men sitting around. There were men of all ages, colors, shapes and sizes. And they made each man in the club feel like they were genuinely happy that they were there and that they loved doing the show to please them, which was the absolute truth.

Several times the ladies had to come over to our table and hand me the money they had collected. I glanced at the huge wad of bills that was being collected and I was surprised at the number of twenties!

Eventually another dancer took the stage, but it took the girls over two hours to finish covering the room. They often spent ten minutes at a table, letting the men touch them and kiss them, and returning the favor. I imagine that more than one man that night had to hide his messed up underwear from his wife.

Finally both girls came over and sat down. I handed them the money they had collected and they started counting and dividing it up and gulping down some of the many drinks that were appearing at the table. Everyone was shocked at the total amount of the tips. It came to \$2,250!

Dave came out and whispered in my ear. It seems that the show had left him very horny and he didn't want to be the only guy in town that had never fucked Kara. So he wanted my permission to borrow her for a very short time.

I nodded and he grabbed Kara's hand and dragged her back to his office. Twenty minutes later she was back, still smiling brightly and she had one last drink and we left.

The crowd hated to see Kara leave. I knew how they felt. We went to the car and were just about to leave when I realized that Kara was still naked. I sent Glenn back in to get her clothes and while he was inside Kara handed me a piece of paper with a phone number on it. "The trainer," was all she said.

Glenn came back out and tossed Kara's clothes in the seat beside him. He was chuckling as he drove away. He said the cops were a little miffed; they hadn't gotten their little orgy with Kara. They had to settle for one of the other girls and they didn't like it!

When we got to the house it was pretty late. We went in, Kara didn't bother to dress. Glenn stripped down to his g-string again and we went into the kitchen. It was late, but we didn't feel tired. I made some decaf coffee. I don't like decaf, but I sometimes made it at night.

We sat in the living room and I said to Kara, "You seem to be back to your old self. Would you be interested in watching the DVD of your first stage show? And I don't mean the one with Gina."

Kara smiled and said, "I thought you would never ask! Please, stop walking on egg shells around that night. I told you. I am okay! It's okay! The bruises are gone and I can deep throat now! Put it on!"

I dug it out and started it up and we watched again as Kara was violently raped by six very large, ugly, scarred, tattooed, men. It still made my throat sore just watching what they did to her.

While we watched Kara put her hands on our cocks and after a few minutes she got my attention and with her eyes and her facial movements I could tell she wanted permission to take care of poor

Glenn's hard on. I smiled and nodded and she moved to the other side of him on the couch so that she could stretch out and watch the recording, but suck his cock at the same time.

Glenn glanced up at me to make sure it was alright and I nodded. So he relaxed and watched his wife being raped while she sucked him off. He came at least twice before the show was half over.

After a while I felt left out, so I got up and moved around to the other side and sat so that I could caress Kara's pretty ass and play with her pussy.

She was just holding Glenn's cock in her mouth now and staring at the screen as I teased her pussy and lightly started pinching and pulling on her clit. At the same time Glenn was doing the same thing to her nipples. Kara started having orgasm after orgasm. She still held Glenn's cock in her mouth, but she wasn't sucking now. She was concentrating more on the screen in front of her, and the things we were doing to her body.

I ended up throwing all the coffee out before we went to bed.

I let Glenn sleep with Kara and me. I glanced at him from time to time as I fucked her. He was watching discretely. I was surprised at the expression on his face. Not lust, not resentment, not jealousy, none of the things I might have expected. He had a look of love and affection on his face as he watched me fuck his wife. I don't get it.

It was a good thing I had Glenn suck me off at the club. I was able to last a reasonable amount of time. That always seems a lot harder for me with Kara than it was with other women. I managed to give her a couple of nice orgasms before I came. Then I stretched out beside her and held her close while Glenn cleaned us both.

I let Glenn sleep with us and I curled up with Kara and we all went to sleep.

When I got up in the morning they were both up and I took a quick shower and dressed and went out and had some real coffee.

We ate breakfast and talked about Kara and Gina and the show last night. It was definitely one of the sexiest shows to ever grace that stage! I got hard again just thinking about it and I had Kara demonstrate her deep throat skills for me again.

After breakfast I called the number that Dave had given Kara for the dog trainer. A woman answered and I was nervous about talking to her. I didn't want to say the wrong thing to anyone. But when I identified myself she said, "Oh, hi. Dave called me. He said you'd probably be calling."

The trainer was a woman?!

"Um, yes," I stuttered out hesitantly. "We are apparently going to take part in a little staged entertainment involving two of your dogs and my Kara. We have not had any experience with animals and don't know of anyone who has. Or at least nobody that admits to it. We would like some reassurances that Kara will not be harmed. She would like to have some idea of what will happen and what the experience will be like. And I was wondering if we could meet and see the animals."

She didn't say anything for a few moments, then she said, "Dave and I discussed this when we talked. We both feel it will be a better show if she hasn't seen the animals. I am willing to talk to her though, and give her an idea of what to expect."

It was a start, I suppose. "OK, when and where?"

She quickly responded, "This is not a discussion we should have in a public place. Would you mind if I came to your home and we talked there?"

I wasn't all that excited about having her in my home, but I wanted the talk to take place so I said it would be okay. I gave her the address and she said she would be here just after noon.

I had a couple of hours to kill before she got here, so I went into my office and did some work. Kara and Glenn watched some television for a while.

The trainer showed up right on time. She was a fairly attractive woman who appeared to be in her late thirties. She was a bit large for a woman. Not fat, but tall and, well, not quite muscular. She looked like you wouldn't want to piss her off. But she seemed friendly and was well dressed.

Glenn let her in and she showed no reaction to being shown in by a man in a g-string and the fact that there was a naked young woman waiting to talk to her didn't throw her off either.

I heard her arrive and got up from my computer and arrived in the living room at the same time that Glenn was escorting the trainer in.

I smiled and introduced myself. She said I should call her Carol. It didn't occur to me until later that "you should call me Carol" is not the same as "my name is Carol", but it didn't matter.

I offered her a seat and a drink and Kara went to get her a glass of ice water. One of the problems with having a couple of nude slaves around the house is that you are often asked about it. I told Carol the short version. In fact, since it was none of her business I told her almost nothing. But she didn't seem to notice, or care, whichever.

There wasn't much small talk. We got right to the point. I told Carol that Kara had recently starred in one of Dave's stage shows and it had been much more intense than we had anticipated. We wanted some assurance that Kara wasn't going to be harmed. And Kara wanted some idea of what she should expect.

Carol smiled and assured us that Kara would not be harmed and in fact would probably enjoy it very much. Carol said that her major source of income was from raising and training dogs that she sold to women and couples to enjoy in the privacy of their own homes.

On occasion she made some extra money doing a little show like what was planned for Kara. Carol had a special bench that she used and a leather outfit that she wore. Kara would be doing nothing she had not already done, except this time it would be with a dog.

She went on to say that her dogs had been selected for temperament and size; both body size and penis size. They were well hung. She also cleared up some common misconceptions about a dog's sex organs.

She answered all of Kara's questions and she said that because there would only be two dogs, and because the gentlemen who were going to be paying to see the show would be paying a very large sum of money, Kara might have to do each dog twice. The total show, with a little foreplay included would have to last about an hour.

We couldn't think of anything else to ask so we thanked Carol for her time and Kara showed her out.

When Kara came back into the room I asked her what she thought.

Kara said, "For \$10,000!? I didn't hear her talk about anything that I couldn't handle. It sounds like it would be easy money to me. I will be humiliated and uncomfortable and on the whole the experience sounds positively awful. I'll do it if you want me to. But first, you have to decide if you want to fuck a woman that has fucked a dog."

I smiled and said, "Sweetheart, there is nothing you could do to that could change the lust, and the love, I have for you. And judging from the bulge in Glenn's panties, he is curious too." Glenn blushed, but didn't say anything.

I picked up the phone and called Dave and told him we had talked to the trainer and we were ready to do it. He said he would set it up and let us know. He said it would be soon, the people who are pushing for it are anxious.

He called back in less than an hour and said it would be sooner than he thought. Tomorrow! He told me to be there at nine PM with Kara and Glenn, and Kara should again be dressed prim and proper.

I said OK and hung up. I told my slaves that it was set for nine tomorrow night and they didn't say anything, they just nodded.

Thinking about it had me feeling a little horny. I put Kara on her hands and knees in the living room and knelt behind her and started fucking her doggy style. I noticed that she seemed very wet. I guess she was a little excited!

While I fucked her I let Glenn kneel in front of her and get some of her great head. I didn't mind and Kara likes having a cock at both ends. Glenn was the first to reach orgasm. Kara swallowed and held his softening cock in her mouth until I came. Then she turned around and cleaned me and Glenn bent down and ate out her freshly fucked pussy, without even being asked!

I got up and grabbed my clothes and told them that they had the rest of today and until eight PM tomorrow off. They could do anything they wanted. I went into the bathroom and took a quick shower. When I was dressed I went back to work.

I noticed my monitor come on when my slaves got home. They had gone somewhere first. It had taken them an hour and a half. I watched Glenn back the car into the driveway. Then they went in and undressed in the foyer.

They cleaned up and grabbed some clothes and I was amused that they took the clothes to the foyer to dress. I guess I could have been more explicit when I told them that they had the day off. They dressed and left the house. They went around the back and I didn't see them for a while, there weren't any cameras in the back. I would have to think about correcting that.

They finally came down the driveway and into sight pulling a small trailer with the two kayaks on it. They attached the trailer to a hitch they had evidently just had put on the car and drove away.

The monitors finally went black and I was able to concentrate on my work. I got caught up and even a little ahead. Then I went out and sat down to watch some news. I have been a news junkie for years. Lately however, the last few weeks, since I became a slave owner, I have watched very little of it.

I watched for a while and decided I would rather watch one of the DVDs we had made of Kara. But then I thought better of it. If I watched the DVD I would get all horny and I didn't even know for sure if they would be coming home tonight. Besides, I had best start getting used to not having her at my beck and call. It appeared that Glenn was going to once again be gainfully employed. With the

money they have made from Kara's shows after tomorrow night, they will have enough for a down payment on their house. Now I was depressed.

I went and got my book and got comfortable and read for a while and tried to keep my mind off of the idea of never seeing Kara again. Not to mention having to do my own yard work again!

I read for a few hours and I wasn't really hungry so I made a sandwich and watched a little more news and decided to go to bed early. As I went past my office I noticed the monitor had just come on and my slaves were undressing in the foyer. Ah, such loyalty. Kara smiled at the camera and waived and they went and took showers. I watched them for a couple of minutes and then went to bed.

I got up early the next day. Life was easier when I didn't have to do my own yard work. This was the day that I normally set aside for that chore. But now I could look out and the yard looked better than it ever had when I was doing it.

I had some coffee and worked at my computer for a little while. I found that I was getting bored easily when Kara wasn't here, or I wasn't watching her doing something, or someone.

I decided I needed to get out of the house for a while so I went my favorite place to browse, a huge used book store several miles outside of town. It had been a large old farmhouse, but was converted into room after room of row after row of used books. I often spent hours going through this old couple's book collection. I needed to kill some time so I got on my Harley, which I had not ridden since I started riding Kara, and took the long way out there.

I had spent a lot of time with the owner talking about books and politics and whatever and I wouldn't say we were close friends, but we enjoyed our conversations.

I spent forty five minutes in conversation and more than an hour looking through books. I found a couple that I wanted for my collection and paid for them. We talked some more and I headed home. I took the long way around again. I usually do when I am on the bike.

When I got home it was still only a little after one in the afternoon. I had a quick lunch and checked the monitors. Kara and Glenn were watching TV. They were appropriately dressed of course. I rewound the tape and checked to see if I had missed anything since they got home from kayaking. They had showered and made love. They talked a little about the show tonight, but mostly they avoided the subject. I noticed that they never talked about me either. I watched for a while to see if there seemed to be any strain in their relationship and I couldn't see any sign of it. They are a remarkable couple to have a relationship that could survive what they have been through.

I took another shower and dressed and ate so that I would be able to have a few beers tonight. I called the slave quarters and told them to be ready and at my place at 8:15.

When they showed up I checked out Kara's dress and it was perfect, modest, with underwear to match. She looked like the perfect shy, modest, young naive housewife. She even curtsied when she came in. I stopped them from undressing and we left for the club.

We arrived about fifteen minutes before the time we had agreed upon and as we walked through the crowd Kara was greeted warmly by many of her customers. They were shocked at the way she was dressed however. It was pretty amusing. They didn't seem to be able to talk to her when she was dressed like a normal, everyday, housewife type woman!

We went through to Dave's office and he greeted us and called out to the bar to have some drinks brought in. He said that the trainer was already here and the dogs were backstage settling down.



Kara and Glenn would be put in place at nine, just like last time, so that they would be on display as the audience arrived. Glenn asked if they couldn't possibly leave out the gag this time. He would promise to remain silent.

Dave thought about it for a few minutes. Finally he said, "I understand what you are saying, but I am reluctant to do that for you. The whole reason for this show is to amuse people who like seeing women degraded and abused. They get off on it. It is even more exciting if the woman's husband is forced to watch and be humiliated as well. If you are sitting there more like part of the audience it will detract from the pleasure the perverts get out of it." Dave paused for a minute and said, "I tell you what. I'll see if they can work up something so it looks like you are gagged, but you won't have anything actually in your mouth. But you have to promise not to let a noise out of your mouth or I will be in trouble. And if get people pissed at me, I will take it out on you and Kara. Okay?"

Glenn nodded gratefully and promised to remain silent during the show. We finished our drinks and Dave took Glenn and Kara into the theater and got them set up. I went to the bar and got another beer and took it with me into the theater. I noticed that they had put more seats in. The seats from the last show had been moved closer to the wall on the right and another set of seats with only eight in each row had been put in place on the left. For the last show there had been 72 men in the audience. This time there was seating for 120.

It occurred to me that the perverts in the audience were probably paying a thousand bucks a seat for these shows, maybe more. Who ever was getting the money was making out like a fat rat! And that wasn't even taking the DVD money into consideration.

I took my seat in the back corner, but then I got up and went up front and checked on Glenn. I asked if he was alright and he nodded. Then I went over and asked Kara and she smiled nervously. I kissed her and I told her that I loved her. She thanked me, and she told me that she loved me too. She told me that she would be alright, and that I shouldn't worry. Then I returned to my seat. I was supposed to be reassuring her!

Before long the curtain was put up which kept customers from the front of the club from observing what was happening in the back. The normal customers never even knew that there was a show back here. I heard the back door open and people started filing in. They were mostly individuals, mostly male. Though this time there were several women in the audience as part of a couple. I didn't see any women come in unescorted.

Nobody spoke. I had the definite impression that these people didn't know each other, and didn't want to. They were all very well dressed and you got the impression that they were all quite well off.

It didn't take long for the seats to fill. It was a pretty large crowd this time, but they were punctual. I suppose this was one of those shows that once it starts you can't get in.

Everyone sat staring at Kara. Occasionally someone would whisper to the person next to them, but for the most part the room was silent. Then the lights were dimmed in the seating area and the stage lights were turned up. Just like last time, there was no announcement.

Carol came out from behind the stage wearing a startling leather outfit. Despite her profession, she had seemed so staid and reserved when we met with her. Not at all the type of person to come out on stage wearing what was essentially a leather harness! She ignored the audience and walked up to Kara. She walked around her and looked her over for a few seconds and then she took Kara's jaw in her strong hand and kissed her roughly. Kara had been given no instructions other than stand there. She did not know if she was supposed to reciprocate, struggle, or just stand there and take it. So she

did the latter.

Carol broke off the kiss and walked around behind Kara. She reached up and slipped her hands into the collar at the back of Kara's dress, which had a zipper down the back. But Carol ignored the zipper and with one surprisingly strong movement she tore the back of Kara's dress all the way down to the waist. It was sudden and the audience was startled, but appreciative. We watched as Carol slid Kara's dress off of her shoulders and let it fall to her waist. She reached around and caressed Kara sensually in front of the audience. Then she pushed the dress to the floor at Kara's feet.

Kara stood demurely, her head down, blushing furiously as Carol caressed her through her underwear for a few moments. Then there was a small gasp from here and there in the audience as Carol produced a small knife from a scabbard strapped to her thigh and began cutting off Kara's underwear. She took her time and as Kara's perfect breasts were slowly revealed the audience stared intently, enjoying each bit of new flesh that was uncovered.

Carol slid the knife between Kara's hip and the modest but very feminine and attractive panties she was wearing and slowly sliced through the material. They fell open on one side revealing just enough so that the audience could tell that she had no hair on her pussy.

Carol sliced through the other side of the panties and they fell to the floor at Kara's feet. Carol put the knife away and moved her hands all over Kara now. Kara tried not to show it, but I could see that she was aroused.

Four large men suddenly appeared from behind the curtain backstage carrying the padded bench that Kara would be strapped to for the show. The men set it down in the center of the stage, it was obviously very heavy. It was positioned so that when Kara was strapped in, her right side would be towards the audience. The top of the bench was curved in a gentle arch.

Carol stepped away from Kara and the men picked Kara up effortlessly and placed her on her back, arched over the bench with her pussy and her mouth easily available at opposite ends.

After Kara was strapped down the men moved back behind the curtain and Carol moved back to Kara and caressed her for another moment before reaching into a leather pouch hanging from her belt and pulling out a small cloth. She rubbed this cloth over Kara's entire body, but concentrated heavily around her mouth, her breasts, and her pussy.

As soon as she had put the cloth away one of the men came back out leading a huge Great Dane. The dog was almost all black, with a couple of white spots. As soon as the dog smelled Kara, it started making a whining sound and acting agitated. Carol held the animal firmly by the leash and let the dog know she was in charge. She led the dog to Kara's face and the dog licked her face with its huge tongue. Kara tried to turn her face away, but Carol grabbed Kara's hair and pulled her head back even further and held it in place. Kara's mouth was forced open and the dog stuck its tongue all the way into her mouth!

The dog was allowed to lick its way down Kara's body, licking frantically at her face, her neck, her breasts, all the way down. Kara's entire body was covered in slobber before Carol led the dog between Kara's legs and let him lick her pussy.

Kara had been laying, stretched out as though on that ancient instrument of torture, the rack, reacting only to the dog's tongue in her mouth. However, when that tongue began to move over her wide spread pussy she reacted!

Because of the manner in which she was secured to the bench she was stretched so tight that she was almost totally incapable of movement. But when that tongue started licking her she started quivering and gasping and moaning. "Well," I thought, "so far so good."

The dog was enjoying it too, and I noticed that he was starting to hump air. Then I noticed that he had an erection. Then I noticed the size of the erection! Jesus H. Christ on a stick! That cock was bigger than any cock I had ever seen! It was bigger than any of the six men that had raped her the last time she was in this room. I had no idea a dog could have a cock that large. It was almost as large as a pony's for Christ's sake!

Carol pulled the dog forward so that he was standing over Kara and hunching his cock against her nude body. Carol reached down and grabbed the cock and quickly lined it up for the beast. As soon as he felt the head of his cock enter her he thrust in violently and instantly started fucking her furiously with long savage strokes.

Kara screamed at the first stroke and screamed again and then a third time. Then she started gasping and panting. This was made slightly more difficult because the dog kept leaning down and licking her face. He seemed to want to bury his tongue in her mouth. Can you teach a dog to French kiss?

It was obvious that Kara was in pain. That huge cock was thrusting into her viciously. But within minutes she started cumming loudly. She kept cumming for what seemed like a very long time, and then she just lay there grunting with the force of the dog's fuck strokes.

I saw Carol watching closely and then she reached down and put her hand around the dog's cock and held on tightly as the dog shot what must have been a huge load into Kara's pussy. It went on and on. I wish I had timed it. I will have to do that when I get the DVD.

Finally the animal backed up and pulled free and Kara slumped onto the bench she was restrained on.

I stared at the incredible volume of cum running out of Kara's pussy in awe. It was truly unbelievable. I was still staring when Carol came back out on stage with a German Shepherd. As soon as the dog saw Kara it too started prancing around and pulling at the leash. Carol led it up to Kara and let the dog lick her leaking pussy for a few minutes.

Kara, who had been pretty much out of it, came around and started moaning in pleasure and straining her hips to reach out for the dog's tongue. When Carol judged that Kara was sufficiently aroused she led the dog around to her face.

There was another round of French kissing and then the dog was led over her arched body and his cock was right at Kara's lips. As soon as the dog felt his cock touch something he started humping. I was relieved to see that this cock was more reasonable in size. It was about the same size as my cock, which I thought was pretty remarkable for a creature that was less than half my size.

Kara was soon taking the dog all the way into her throat as it thrust violently into her mouth. This fuck didn't last quite as long, although I imagine it must have seemed longer to Kara with a big cock down her throat pumping furiously. At the very end the dog clamped down on Kara with its forelegs and stood still, quivering violently as it unleashed a torrent of dog cum into her throat.

Finally it was over and the dog backed away from Kara. He licked her face a few times and then Carol took him back stage.

This had not been as erotic as I had thought it might be. To each his own I guess. I had read stories of women being subjected to bestiality and had been aroused by some of them. But this wasn't turning me on. I found myself wishing that it was over. But they had said the dogs would go around twice so that the movie would be long enough to market.

Before the second round could begin, however, Dave whispered in my ear that there was an alternative ending if I was interested.

I wondered why I was just hearing about it now, but I asked what it was. It turns out that most of the men in the theater had been here for the last show. They had also bought the DVDs of the last show, and Kara and the kids. They were big fans. And even though she had just fucked and sucked a couple of dogs, a lot of the men here tonight would very much like to fuck her.

"How many," I asked.

"I am guessing thirty to forty," Dave said vaguely. "It will be a lot."

I thought about it for a minute. Even if it was forty, that would be approximately twenty in her mouth and twenty in her pussy. I thought she might prefer that to another half hour under those two beasts. So I said, "OK, but not in the ass, and no rough stuff."

"Deal," Dave said. Before he moved up front to get thing started I asked if I could get another beer. He smiled and said he would see to it after he got the party started.

Dave went backstage and told Carol that the dogs could have the rest of the night off. They were going to have a gang bang instead. Then he moved to the front of the stage and asked if those men who had expressed an interest in fucking Kara were still interested.

There was a murmur of assent. Dave said, "OK, anyone who wants to may fuck her cunt or her mouth. No rough stuff and leave her ass alone. Okay?"

Nobody spoke so he called to the bar on his cell phone and had one of the waitresses bring him some damp washcloths and a cold beer. He untied Glenn and when the cloths appeared Glenn was ordered to clean Kara up. I got the beer.

While Kara was being cleaned up Carol came out in her street clothes and sat beside me.

"I hope you don't mind she said. I have never seen a gangbang before. I always thought it sounded like fun."

I smiled at her but didn't say anything. I just watched.

When Glenn was finished they tied him back up, but without the gag this time. Then men started moving up onto the stage and hands began exploring her beautiful body. She didn't know about the change in plans, but she seemed to be enjoying the sensations.

Carol turned to me and whispered, "She really is beautiful, isn't she?"

I just nodded and watched.

Before long Kara had a cock in her mouth and then another entered her pussy. At first they left Glenn alone but soon he was sucking cocks before they fucked Kara and again after they had cum in her.

Gina came in after a while and cleaned Kara up a little; she had been getting pretty messy. Dave had Gina stay in the room and clean Kara up after every couple of fucks. One of the women in the audience came up on stage and lifted her skirt and sat on Kara's face. She was eaten to a nice orgasm, but the other women stayed in their seats.

I didn't bother to try to keep track of the men who fucked her. I figured it would be easier to let Glenn count them once we got the DVD. But it went on for almost two more hours. After a while the audience started leaving a few at a time. The only ones remaining were the men lined up to fuck one or the other of her orifices.

When the last man finished I looked at my watch. It was after 2 AM! She had been getting fucked by man and beast for five hours.

I knew she would be sore. She really looked out of it. But there had not been all of the violence of that first show and I suspected that she would be all right in a day or two.

When everyone left I had Glenn go wash his face and then bring the car around back again. Dave gave me the envelope with the money in it. He also gave me a second envelope and said, "Some of the customers felt a tip was in order." He handed me the DVD from Kara's last show out front too.

Dave looked back at Kara and then asked me if I had any ideas for the next show.

I said, "Have you ever heard of bukkake?"

He looked confused for a minute like he hadn't a clue, but then I saw the light bulb come on. "Oh yeah, I know what you're talking about. That Japanese cum thing, I have seen some pictures of it, real gross!"

"Yeah," I said. "I was thinking we could set it up in here, to keep it kind of discrete, but use the crowd from out front. They could come back here and stick their dicks in her a little but they have to come in a big bowl. The last few get to cum on her face. Then she drinks the bowl. It makes me want to gag just thinking about it."

Dave said he would see if his people would be interested and what they would pay for that kind of DVD and let me know. I said goodnight and went over to pick up Kara. She had been untied from the bench but she was still stretched out over it, too tired and sore to move.

Gina was kneeling down at her side, running a cold cloth over her pussy. They were talking quietly and I saw them both giggle a couple times. So I assumed that Kara wasn't too traumatized.

I said goodnight to Gina and thanked her for being so nice to Kara. Then I picked Kara up. She put her arms around my neck and kissed me. I could taste cum on her lips. But what the hell, it was my fault it was there. I kissed her back and carried her out and put her in the back seat of the car.

Nobody spoke at first. Then, when we were half way home Kara said, "Fuck me that was a long night!!"

We all laughed hardily at that. Both Glenn and I were relieved that Kara was in much better shape than she had been after the last show.

When we got to the house Kara was able to walk up the side walk with my support. She was naked, but it was almost three AM. I didn't figure anyone would notice.

When we got inside Glenn stripped down and we went into the kitchen and sat down. I got us all a beer and I handed Kara the envelopes. She counted out the \$10,000 in the first envelope.

Next she opened the tip envelope and we were all shocked when she counted out another \$12,000! She had made, well, they had made, \$22,000 last night!

They had made \$36,000 now in less than three weeks. Actually, they had made the money in less than twenty hours. And it was all under the table. No taxes! I believe that what I have here is the girl with the golden pussy!

When Kara was finished counting out the money she screamed in excitement and hugged Glenn passionately. Then she hugged me.

I was starting to treasure these little hugs and kisses, because I suspected the end was near now that Glenn would be starting back to work.

I told them I was tired and going to go to bed. I offered them the spare bedroom and since they were too tired to drive home they took me up on the offer. They took a quick hot shower, I just went to bed.

The next morning we had breakfast and talked about last night. We didn't talk about the things Glenn did, or had done to him. Just about Kara, and I went first.

I told them that, even though I was a big pervert, and I had read stories about bestiality and found some of them arousing, I didn't enjoy what happened last night. And I don't know why. I also thought that the number of men that fucked her last night had far exceeded Dave's estimation of the number that were interested, and it had been too many. Far too many.

Glenn said he was a little confused. He was not excited by bestiality and had not been looking forward to the show. He did notice however, that during most of the evening he had an erection.

Kara went over the evening in more detail for us, from her perspective. She had not cared at all for the dog's massive tongue in her mouth. It made her shiver to talk about it. But when it came to eating pussy, dogs rock! That made us chuckle.

She said that the Great Dane's cock was huge but it wouldn't have been so bad if he had just slowed down a little. On the other hand, she said she must have cum a dozen times while the mutt was fucking her.

When it came to sucking off the Shepherd, well, it wasn't as bad as it looked. His cock was about the same size as mine and although they look gross, dog cocks are really not that bad. And Carol assured her that the dogs were washed before they did a show. So, they were clean and not as slimy as some of the men's cocks she had sucked lately.

As face fucks go it was pretty rough and she had trouble breathing sometimes, on the other hand, when he came he shot the entire load right down her throat and she never tasted a thing. It was, by the way, an incredible sensation. There was so much cum it felt like he was peeing in her throat.

She too said that the gang bang that followed was too many men. But, she added, for \$12,000 she would do it again, once the soreness went away. She thanked me for making her ass off limits.

So, all things considered, not a good night, not necessarily something we wanted to do again. But then, maybe when we watch the movie we'll change our minds.

Speaking of movies, we have two DVDs we haven't watched. One was the last visit from the paperboy and his little brother, and the other was our last visit to the club.

We spent most of the next five hours watching the two DVDs. I put Glenn to work several times, and so did Kara. His jaw must have been pretty tired by the time the show was over.

I invited them out to dinner and we decided to go back to Ken's restaurant where we had our first meal together. The only thing that Kara had to wear at my house was the slip, so she put that on, Glenn dressed at the door and we headed off to the steakhouse.

On the way we passed that lingerie store where I had bought Kara's last two outfits, including the one she was wearing. We decided to stop in and look around.

The lady running the place was surprised to see Kara wearing the slip as an outer garment, but she liked it. She was also surprised to see her with two men, but judging by the twinkle in her eye she liked that too.

We looked at the items on display and I found another slip, very similar to the one she had on except that only the center of the slip and a small area in the back were solid material. It was made of the same very thin material as the one she had on now. The sides and the areas over the breasts, however, were of a fine lace material.

I made Kara try it on, right there in the aisle, and it was beautiful. You could see her nipples, but you didn't realize it at first. And the back was all lace except for a heart of solid material over her ass. I told her to leave it on; she would wear it to the restaurant.

Glenn picked out an outfit that I had passed right over. At first glance it looked like an ordinary, although very short, dress. But there were several large flaps in the front of the outfit that, when the material moved, for instance as she walked, or if a breeze blew, then the material would blow out of position exposing her breasts. Way to go Glenn!

The only thing that Kara picked out was a top. It looked like a man's oversized muscle shirt. It had huge gaping arm holes and the straps only just barely covered her nipples. I wasn't sure where she could wear this, but it certainly looked good on her.

I started to pay for the clothing but Kara stopped me. She said this one was on her, and Glenn paid. Cool!

The saleslady cut off the tag on the slip Kara was wearing and admired the way she looked in it. She said to Kara, "I wish I had the nerve to wear something like that, you look beautiful!"

Kara smiled at her and then gave her a big hug. Then she said, "Thank you, you are so sweet! But a month ago I wouldn't wear something like this either. Not until I found someone to make me do it. Life is much more exciting now."

The saleslady didn't quite know what to say to that, but she hugged Kara again and told us to please come again, she had fun just watching us shop.

I smiled and told her that we would most definitely be back. Then I noticed the time and saw that she was about to close. I asked her if she would like to join us, we were about to go to a nearby restaurant for dinner.

At first she said no, but Kara said, "Oh yes, please come. We would love to have you come with us."

She thought about it for a moment and said, "Oh what the hell! My name is Jo, by the way. Give me five minutes to close up and I will meet you outside."

We went out to the car while Jo took care of lights and alarms and locks and whatever. We were standing by the car and I really looked at her for the first time when she came out to join us. She was a smartly dressed, attractive woman with a nice figure. She looked to be about thirty-five, and she had bright red hair. It occurred to me that she would look good in one of those slips she sells.

She didn't want to leave her car here so I let Kara ride with her and they followed Glenn and me a couple of miles down the road to Ken's steakhouse.

We all got out and went inside. Ken was talking to the cashier and saw us come in. He came over and hugged Kara and said hello to me and Glenn. We introduced him to Jo and asked for a nice quiet table. He talked to the hostess and came back and said that if we could wait a couple of minutes the table we had used last time was being cleaned up and we could sit there.

Perfect! I started to introduce myself and Glenn to Jo. She had met us, of course, but she didn't know what our relationships were. But she said that Kara had already told her who was who, and she was interested in hearing more. The hostess came over and guided us back to the table and told us that dinner was on Ken and a bottle of Ken's favorite wine was on the way. We thanked her and started looking over the menus.

Kara and Jo were doing most of the talking. And I was surprised at how open Kara was about what had happened to her in the last month. I was even more surprised at Jo's reaction. She was hanging on every word and begging for more!

The wine came and it was a wine I had never had before, mostly because I would never pay that much for a bottle of wine. I turned to Kara after the waitress had served the wine and said, "You know you are going to have to go back there and fuck Ken before we leave tonight."

Kara smiled and in mock terror said, "OH NO! Please Master, anything but that!"

Glenn and I chuckled; Jo looked at us and asked, a bit breathlessly, "Are you really going to?"

Kara smiled and said, "Oh yeah! Ken isn't the best, Paul is." I bowed humbly at the praise. "But he is a lot of fun."

Jo shook her head in amazement.

We were all curious about her, she had told us nothing yet. So I asked.

"Where do I start," she responded. "I am, and have always been boring. The most excitement in my life was my honeymoon. I was married at the tender age of nineteen and lived happily every after until the age of twenty-five, when my husband was killed by a drunk driver. I was a mess for a couple of years, but I was also pretty well off with insurance money and the small fortune I got from the drunk driver."

"I didn't have any education or training though, and didn't know what to do next. Then I got a job in that store, where we met, just for something to do. I just needed to get out of the house. I worked there for about three years when the owner said she was going to have to let me go. She was going to retire and had not been able to sell the store. I didn't even know it was for sale! I asked her how much and a month later I owned a store."



"I started upgrading, trying to appeal to a younger, more upscale crowd, without losing my older customers. But a lot of them didn't like the changes and stopped coming in. So I started getting more and more into the upscale and more and more into the risqu . The kind of clothes I loved but never had the nerve to wear. God Kara, I admire you so!"

"Well, that is pretty much me in a nutshell. No husband, no children, no boyfriend, hardly any friends. My life revolves around a store that sells clothes I haven't the nerve to wear."

Kara looked at me and then turned to Jo and said, "Girl, we are going to change your life!"

Jo took a big sip of wine and smiled. She obviously wanted it, but didn't know if she had the nerve.

We ate a long leisurely meal and the wine was excellent. We even stuck it to Ken and ordered another bottle. He showed up a couple of times to make sure everything was alright, and that we were having a good time. The last time I asked him if he had time to spend a little quality time with Kara in his office before we left.

His face lit up like a Christmas tree. He said, "I didn't expect it, but if there are no objections, that would make my day! Come on Kara."

Kara got up and as she was walking away she grabbed Jo's hand and said, "Come on. Come see how much fun Ken can be."

Jo held back at first and then she smiled and said, to my surprise, "What the fuck!" And off they went.

They were gone for almost half an hour and Glenn and I had a little time to talk. I was really starting to like the guy, but I was curious. I didn't know how he could put up with the stuff that we did to him. So, I asked.

He smiled and said, obviously embarrassed even to talk about it, "When I was twelve and thirteen I was raped several times by a bully who lived near me. I hated it, of course. But I never had the nerve to tell, I didn't want anyone to know what I had done, or had done to me. When I didn't tell the first time he kept doing it. Then one day after school he pushed his way into my house after school, just like the other times.

Only this time I pulled my father's 38 on him and I am pretty sure I was actually going to shoot him. Fortunately, so was he. He ran out of there and never even looked at me after that. Everything was fine for a while, except for one thing. I am not a homosexual, as you know, or even bi really. I only like females.

But I started having fantasies when I masturbated of being forced to have sex with men. I didn't enjoy it, not even in my fantasies. The idea of being raped, abused, humiliated by a man, or sometimes men, excited me. Kara doesn't know about this, so please don't tell her."

I promised.

Glenn continued, "I still have those fantasies. The things I have had to do since you came into our lives are right out of my fantasies. And just like in my fantasies I hate it. I hate everything you and your friends and all of those strangers make me do. But I can't help it, the idea that they are doing it, that they are free to do it whenever the whim strikes, that excites me. I can't explain. I suppose I should be talking to a psychiatrist about this. But I guess I am no more fucked up than Kara is.

I thought it would be all over between us the first time she saw me forced to do some of those things. But later, when we are together, it is like it never happened, like she never saw it. I don't get it, but for some reason that I doubt even Freud could understand, what we are doing seems to be working for everyone."

"You are a lot deeper than I thought, Glenn!" I said with a big smile. Suddenly I understood Glenn! And it suddenly occurred to me that neither Glenn nor Kara was anxious for their lives to be returned to normal. I almost took him in my arms and kissed him!

That was when Kara and Jo came back to the table. They had stopped in the ladies room to get themselves back together, but you could tell that Kara wasn't the only one that took part in the fun and games in Ken's office. We ordered coffee so that Glenn and I could hear what happened before we left.

Jo was too embarrassed to talk but Kara was ready to tell everybody in the restaurant! She was talking a little too loud, but it was amusing so I didn't say anything.

"We went back to Ken's office," she said. "God, he has a dinky little office! He wasn't expecting Jo. He was just going to get a blowjob since he heard I could deep throat now. But I thought Jo could use a little excitement too. So, while I got down and started sucking on Ken's cock, Jo started kissing him and his hands were all over her."

"Did you know that no man has touched her in like eight years? Christ, she's like a virgin again! Anyway, you know that Ken is almost as good at lasting as you are Paul." She patted my thigh and said again, "Almost. But he had never had any girl put her lips all the way down on his cock and lick his balls at the same time. He only lasted like three minutes! After I swallowed I stood up and helped him kiss Jo. Then he kind of moved out of the way and watched me kiss Jo. Then I put Jo up on the desk and got back on my knees and slowly pushed her skirt up. She has real nice legs Paul. You're going to love them."

I believe she was right. But I didn't interrupt. I did, however, place my hand on Jo's thigh as Kara continued. Jo shuddered, but didn't object. In fact, she put her hand on mine and squeezed lightly.

Kara continued, "Jo's panties were soaked. See?" At that point she placed Jo's panties on the table and the crotch panel was obviously soaked through. Jo shuddered again and I looked at her. Her face was bright red.

Kara said, "I slipped her panties off as Ken watched, but as soon as I started eating her pussy Ken started hugging and kissing her again. I watched him work as I ate. He is pretty smooth. He managed to unbutton her blouse and get his hands under her bra in no time. And Jo loved it. How many times did you cum Jo? At least three, right?"

We all looked at Jo and she nodded, too embarrassed to speak.

"Then we got our clothes back together enough to go to the ladies room and I kissed Ken and thanked him for the meal and we went to the ladies room and pulled ourselves together. And Jo and I talked for a few minutes. She wants to be your slave too."

I looked at Jo, surprised at the sudden turn of events. "Do you? Do you have any idea what that means?"

She said, "Kara and I didn't have much time to talk of course. But she saw right through me instantly. She said you are a wonderful Master. She has lived out many of her fantasies and had

more fun than at any time in her life. I am ten years older than her and I have never had any fun. And yes, I have fantasies too. You have seen the things I sell in my store. And when I buy clothes to stock in my store I really have to control myself to keep from turning it into another Fredericks of Hollywood. I want you to take control and make me do the things I can't do. And protect me the way you do her."

I certainly didn't want to talk her out of it, but I wanted her to understand what could happen. So I felt it necessary to point out a few things. "Kara has been hurt, and made to do things far beyond her fantasies. That will happen to you too. If you want me to take you as a slave I will happily do that. You are beautiful and sexy and I look forward to popping your "born again" cherry. I will offer you the same protection that I offer Kara. And I will humiliate you and abuse you and allow others to as well. Are you sure this is what you want?"

She hesitated, and then nodded.

"I know a better way to find out if you really want this." I reached for her skirt and deliberately pulled it up until her lower abdomen was exposed. I ordered her to hold her skirt there and I placed my hand on her knee. I slid my hand up slowly while watching her face. She closed her eyes but I ordered her to open them and look at me. As her eyes opened my fingers grazed her pussy. She gasped and I ordered her to spread her legs. I looked down and was delighted to see that her pubic hair was as red as the hair on her head. I gently moved my fingers to the entrance of her pussy and moved it up and down before sliding it in slowly. She had a beautiful cunt. If you were to see only her pussy in a picture you would swear she was a much younger girl. It was just a slim tight line. And her muscles grasped at my finger so tightly it almost hurt! I pulled my finger out and put it in my mouth and sucked it clean as I watched her. On yes, this was going to be good.

The waiter came by just then and started to ask if we wanted anything else. He stopped in mid sentence when he saw Jo holding her skirt up. I expected her to drop it. But she kept her eyes locked on mine and held the skirt up, permitting the young waiter an excellent view of her pussy.

I thanked the waiter and told him that it had been a wonderful meal. I left him a forty dollar tip and I let Jo drop her skirt and we left.

I told Jo to leave her car here and we would pick it up later. I had Glenn drive and Jo sat in back between Kara and me. I ordered Glenn to drive to the club and Kara squealed in delight. Jo didn't know what that meant.

As Glenn drove Kara and I took turns kissing Jo and moving our hands under her clothes. Her moans of pleasure were music to our ears. She really seemed to have given up all of her reservations once she let Kara talk her into becoming my slave. This was going to be an interesting evening!

Glenn brought the car to a stop and we finally took note of where we were. Everyone climbed out of the car and I put my arm around the girls and we went into the club. Jo had never been in a place like this of course. She looked around, curious, but careful not to meet anyone's eyes. She was made uncomfortable by all of the attention we received when we entered.

Kara, on the other hand, had come to crave it. I was sure that Jo was going to as well. We spotted a table and started making our way to it. As we weaved between the tables, men kept speaking to Kara, genuinely glad to see her. And Jo watched as she talked to them, smiled, let them touch her and even kissed a few. This was a real culture shock for Jo.

By the time we got to the table the waitress was waiting with our drinks and ready to take Jo's order. Jo ordered a drink and we watched the stage. It was a new girl, one I hadn't seen before and she was

actually doing a pretty good job! It must have been her third number, she was nude and she was smiling at the audience and coming to the edge of the stage from time to time to allow one of the customers to place a bill in her garter.

Gina was circulating through the audience serving drinks in a g-string when she spotted us. She rushed over and gave Kara a hug and a kiss. They whispered back and forth for a couple of minutes and then she went back to serving drinks.

Dave came over to say hello. I introduced him to my new slave Jo. He smiled or leered, it was hard to tell. I explained that she had only been a slave for less than an hour. She was about to have her life spiced up considerably.

Dave looked at me in amazement and said, "How in the hell do you fall into things like this?!" He shook his head and started to walk away. I stopped him and went back to his office to talk with him.

I told him that I was going to hold off for a while on backroom shows. I was getting the feeling that things were getting out of hand. I would, however like to keep doing what we were doing out front if he didn't mind. But if he had any ideas for a backroom show that were interesting he should let me know.

He smiled and said he understood and agreed. And I would be welcome to come in every night. Every time we came in his sales doubled. And since I started bringing Kara in here his place had been filling up every night.

I started to go back to my table and he told me that anytime we came in our drinks were on the house and then he handed me the rough cut of the dog show and the final cuts of all the previous movies. They looked quite professional and the pictures of Kara on the cover were fantastic. I shook his hand and said I was happy to call him a friend and went back to my table.

By the time I got there, Glenn was sitting alone. Gina had taken Kara and Jo into the back to get ready for a show. I had planned on letting Jo watch tonight, but this was even better.

When the girl on stage finished her act there was a scattered applause in the audience. One of these days I was going to have to ask Dave why he hired these girls and why he kept them on.

The room got quiet and from behind the curtain came Kara, Jo, and Gina. Kara and Gina were already naked and they were leading an obviously nervous...no, scared, Jo.

Jo was still fully dressed in the business suit she was wearing in her shop when we met her this afternoon.

Kara and Gina pulled her up to the edge of the stage and Gina said in a loud voice, "Ladies and gentlemen.....I mean gentlemen.....I mean guys," the audience chuckled, they knew that there were no ladies OR gentlemen among them. "I know you are happy to see your favorite customer, Kara, back on stage." The crowd yelled and cheered and whistled appreciatively. Kara stepped forward and curtsied deeply and then blew a kiss to the crowd.

Gina continued, "Tonight we are joined by a new friend of Kara's, and after tonight I know she will be a good friend of mine. Allow me to introduce Jo, a local business woman." There were a few chuckles at that and she said in fake exasperation, "Not that kind of business! Men! Geez, get your minds out of the gutter! Jo owns a local business and due to circumstances beyond her control Jo has not been naked in front of anyone but her doctor in almost ten years. Kara brought her here to show her what she's been missing.

The crowd looked at the obvious fear in Jo's face and they knew Gina was telling the truth. They applauded gratefully and a few of them shouted out, "Thank you Kara!"

More soft jazz started coming from the speakers but the girls didn't start dancing. They just moved to Jo and started kissing her lightly and then moving their hands lightly over her body. Then they started undressing her while they whispered in her ears. Whenever they whispered something she would nod. I was curious. I would have to find out what they were saying to her.

They pulled her jacket off and tossed it to the side of the stage. Then they pulled her blouse out of her skirt and started unbuttoning it. They were undressing her slowly, but not the normal kind of undressing you see in a strip show. She was being undressed by two women who seemed to be more or less talking her into it as they went. It looked like she was being seduced on stage.

The blouse was unbuttoned and the girls pulled it open and slid it off of her shoulders and tossed to the side. Now Jo was standing between two naked women in her bra in front of a room full of men. She looked very nervous, but Kara and Gina were smiling and talking to her and caressing her and she wasn't resisting. Kara kissed her on the lips while Gina unfastened her skirt and dropped it. Jo stepped out of it and Gina kicked it away.

I saw that Kara had given Jo her panties back. Now Jo was on display in just her lacy bra and panties, and she looked very good in them. The crotch was obviously dripping wet! I was really impressed at how well she had kept her figure. I noticed how stark white her skin was. It looked like she had never gotten a tan in her life. It made her look even more pure and innocent.

In another minute the bra was gone and the audience, which had been watching in quiet fascination until then suddenly cheered loudly. Kara held the bra up and twirled it around and tossed it into the crowd. Several men struggled briefly for it and then the winner held it up like he had just won the Heisman Trophy!

Gina and Kara played gently with Jo's beautiful breasts for a moment and then they looked at each other and sank to their knees. They slowly pulled Jo's panties down and there was another big cheer when her bright red pubic hair came into view. The girls nuzzled Jo's hips and thighs as they slid her panties down. Jo's legs were so weak that she had to hold onto the women for support. They lifted her feet and pulled her panties free and stood up again. Kara handed the panties to Jo and whispered in her ear and moved out of the way while Jo held them up and swung them around and tossed them into the crowd. There was another brief struggle and then another happy man held up his trophy to the cheers of the crowd.

Kara was gently kissing and touching Jo as Gina made another announcement to the crowd. "Guys, my new friend Jo has never had the pleasure of making love to a woman before. Tonight she is going to have that pleasure for the first time, and we want you to watch. You guys don't mind do you?"

There was an unintelligible roar from the crowd and then Gina said, we will bring her around to the table later for tips, but you're going to have to take it easy on her. Remember it has been ten years since any man has seen her naked or touched her beautiful body."

Gina spread a blanket out on the edge of the stage and they pulled Jo onto it and gently laid her on her back. They started kissing and touching her and Jo was moaning like crazy and kissing them back feverishly.

Over the next hour the crowd stared in fascination as the three women made love in every possible positions and combination. I was forced to make Glenn get under the table again, but he wasn't there long, it was a very exciting show. This was going to be one hot DVD.

The men left them alone for most of the show, but during the last fifteen minutes they started reaching on stage and touching. Once the first few did it and were not rebuffed, the others started reaching in and the girls seemed to love it.

Finally the girls were exhausted and after pausing to catch their breath they stood and bowed to the thunderous cheers of the audience. They moved backstage then and the crowd returned to their tables and waited anxiously for the women to come out for their tips.

I watched as they led Jo around to the tables. Most of the men were gentler with Jo, but sometimes Kara or Gina would have to make one of the guys take it easy. I wouldn't be surprised if Jo doubled the number of orgasms she had in her life tonight. She must have had a dozen on stage, and she was having more as she circulated around through the audience, an audience which seemed to be noticeably larger every time we came in here.

I remember the first time we came here. I don't think there were two dozen men in the audience. Tonight I estimated that there were close to 200. The place was packed, almost full. I didn't see any tables with just one customer sitting alone.

Finally, after more than an hour, the girls came back to the table. One of the dancers had brought Jo's clothes out while there were making the rounds of the tables, but she ignored them and sat naked like Kara. I hugged and kissed them both and told them it was the hottest show I had ever seen.

Kara counted out the tips and split them into three even piles. Everyone was shocked at the total. It was almost \$3,500! Kara whispered something in Glenn's ear and he nodded. Then she handed her share of the money to Gina and kissed her. "It would be a crime for me to take money for that," she said. "It was too fucking much fun."

Jo smiled and gave her share to Gina too.

We gulped down our drinks and the girls grabbed their clothes and we rushed out again. I only remembered the cops as we were driving away. Oh well, those lazy strippers needed to do something around the place!

I asked Jo if there was anything she had to have from her house tonight and she said no, so I had Glenn drive us to the slave quarters. It was going to be an interesting evening and I wanted to get it on film.

It was an interesting evening. The four of us did just about anything and everything that four people can do with each other. I was the first man to fuck Jo in more than eight years. And thanks to the events leading up to it this evening she was definitely primed. She was hot! Right up until she passed out.

I carried her to the king size bed in the master bedroom and stretched her out and Kara and I curled up with her and slept soundly through the night. I even let Glenn have a blanket and pillow in his place on the floor at the foot of the bed.

The next morning at breakfast I noticed that Jo seemed almost comfortable being nude with a group of people. I guess it makes a difference if you have had sex with all three of them. As we ate I told Kara that I had spoken with Dave and there would be no more backroom shows for a while. Not unless he came up with something interesting and could talk us into it.

Kara said, "You know, I wouldn't mind them, once in a while."

"I do," I said, much to my own surprise. "They go too far, they get out of hand. I love you just the way you are. I am afraid of what these shows could do to you."

Kara just smiled but Jo said, "What shows? You mean like last night?"

I said, "We have them on DVD, I picked up the most recent one last night. You can see them later. They are pretty shocking. But speaking of last night, now that you have had the night to sleep on it, is it still as exciting as you thought it would be?"

Jo got up and stood behind me and hugged me and said, "I want to be your slave forever!"

I pulled her around into my lap and told her that when we went to my house later we would put that in writing. Then I hugged her and kissed her passionately.

After breakfast we had to arrange to get everyone where they needed to be at the right times. Jo had to get her car from the restaurant parking lot and get showered and changed so she could go in and open her store.

We decided Kara should spend the day with her. We also decided that she needed new store hours for the foreseeable future. She should close at four PM instead of six PM.

And Kara was going to help her for awhile. Help her sell, help her model, and help her spice up the inventory even more so that women who wanted to buy those kinds of outfits didn't need to go to the adult bookstore to find them. We all thought that adding a new line of toys would be a good idea too.

I had to spend a few hours on my computer and then Glenn was going to teach me how to kayak this afternoon.

While we were kayaking Glenn and I had a long talk. He told me that once he started back to work they would buy their house back from me. But they still would like to retain their slave status.

I was so excited I almost turned the damned boat over! But I didn't show it. I asked him if he was sure. He said they had been talking about it for days. The last month had been the most exciting time of their lives. The initial shock had been rough, but even that had been exciting. They trusted me to protect them, especially to protect Kara. And now with Jo it was even more exciting.

I had let Glenn have sex with Jo several times last night. It turns out she is the only woman besides Kara that Glenn had ever been with. He had had girlfriends in high school and all through college, and there had been some heavy petting. But he had never gone all the way with anyone but Kara until last night!

So now I have three permanent, moneymaking slaves. A job I love. A couple of new hobbies, kayaking and sex shows, a growing DVD collection. Oh yeah, and someone to do my yard work. It just doesn't get any better than this!