

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



PART I: THE BEGINNING

CHAPTER 1: THE PROPOSITION

It happened the way it always happened. My smartphone made a discrete 'beep'. I turned away from the computer monitor on my desk, woke my phone up, and checked the text ID. Sir. It could have been much more. It could have been Mr. Charles Woodburn, CEO & Chairman of the Board. That's who Sir was.

I opened the text to find the message I often received from him. 'I need you in my office.' I smiled as I stood immediately and retrieved my jacket. It didn't matter what I might have been working on, important or mundane, it was all the same in comparison to that expression of need. The message wasn't a request; it wasn't a demand or suggestion. The message was merely a statement, a statement that didn't require any consideration or evaluation or prioritization on my part. The statement was simplicity. He needs me. I need to know nothing more. I am slipping my arms into my jacket sleeves and reach for my tablet in case I might need it.

My high heels click and clack on the hard floor as I exit my office on the 10th floor past my secretary and others in their cubicles on my way to the elevator for the 11th floor, the senior executive level. The nameplate on my heavy wood office door says, Tina James, Executive Accounts Director. I am that. I manage the accounts that Mr. Woodburn personally oversees for special clients of our financial institution. But, I am also much more. I swipe my badge along the side of the floor buttons to allow me access to the 11th floor. The 11th floor is very restricted. Normal, everyday business transactions and decisions don't frequent there. Only the most important and critical issues, decisions, and strategic clients reach into those offices.

As the elevator begins its slow ascent from 10 to 11, I catch my reflection in the high gloss door. The familiar tingle increases as I consider the potential of his need. Sometimes it is professional, some potential client or a pitch to an existing one. Sometimes, though, the need is personal. Those are my favorite.

Stepping out of the elevator I swipe my badge at the double doors immediately ahead of me in a wall of glass separating the 11th-floor occupants from the activities below. That was the singular impression I once had, too. Now, as I step inside I am again struck by the weight and power that emanates from these offices. This floor contains the Board Room, separate offices for the six board members when they are in the building, offices for the COO and CFO. The personal assistants for each are stationed outside their offices, which are separated down the hallway due to the size of each office along the left. On the right is a smaller conference room, a telecommunications room, and the formal Board Room. I am intent on the furthest office down the hall and the largest, Mr. Woodburn's.

I knocked on the door and wait quietly. I glance at Trudy, his personal and very discrete assistant. She gives me a knowing smile and I return it. I stand on both feet with equal pressure. My back is straight and shoulders pulled back, which has the effect of pronouncing my breasts in front of me. My business suite today is black and consists of a jacket over a semi-sheer buttoned, white blouse. My skirt flirts with propriety for my position in the financial industry. It ends just below mid-thigh, which might be considered several inches too short for anyone else.

"Come in."

Mr. Woodburn's voice is clear and direct. I grip the handle as I smile again at Trudy and push the heavy door into the room. I walk into his office, the door closing automatically behind me. Mr.

Woodburn, even in the quiet and subdued nature of the 11th floor always has his door closed. I walk directly to the front of his desk between the two visitor chairs. He pushes himself back against his chair, his elbows on the arms of the executive chair, his fingers steepled at his lips, and his gaze not leaving me. His jacket is off and hanging in a closet along the inside wall.

Without a word from either of us, I remove my jacket, fold it and lay it over the back of one chair. My fingers then move to unbutton each cuff of my blouse, then work the buttons from top to bottom on the front. My eyes are in contact with his. I pull the blouse from my skirt, unbutton the final button and slide it off my shoulders and arms. I place it over my jacket. My hands move to the back of my waist, unclasp and zip, then wiggle out of the tight-fitting garment, which is also placed over the same chair. For a moment or so, I stand perfectly still, my hands comfortably at my sides. I am naked except for the thigh-high stockings and 4-½ inch heels.

He is watching me intently, longer perhaps than normal, but I wait with patience. He nods, almost imperceptibly, which is the reason for my close attention to his face and eyes. With that nod, I move to the side and sit in the other chair. I cross my legs comfortably as though I were some other female employee or visitor fully clothed in his office. I wait for him to declare his need.

“Do you know what today is, Tina?”

“Today, Sir?” I puzzle over that. Was there something significant about today that I neglected to remember. I doubted that. I am meticulous about the details with Mr. Woodburn. I slowly shook my head, my long, blonde hair moving across my right shoulder, which I move back behind my shoulder. I am sitting with a straight back, again with my shoulders slightly pulled back to enhance my breasts, no part of my back against the back of the chair. There may come a time when he desires me to slouch in the chair, but he will indicate that. “No, Sir, I’m sorry. I assume you don’t mean ‘Tuesday’ or ‘the 6th’.”

He chuckled, “No, dear. Should I take it as a positive thing or a negative that you don’t remember that one year ago today you started your new position for me?”

I smiled in return. I hadn’t registered that. “Very positive, Sir. I have enjoyed serving you in every way. I was simply unaware so much time had already passed.”

He smiled his knowing, always confident smile. “Perhaps this might be a good moment to recall our agreement, my dear.”

I continued to watch carefully his eyes, face, and hands for any slight indication of for me to react to. “Yes, Sir, if you wish.”

There it was. The first two fingers of his right hand separating into a ‘V’. Time for the slouch. I leaned back in the chair and raised my knees over the arms of the chair, fully exposing my smooth, hairless, leaking pussy to his view. He gazed at my pussy for several moments, his eyes moving and holding at my breasts and nipples before finally rising to my face.

“We agreed that you could stop this at any time you wished without hard feelings. I would make sure there was a job inside the company if you desired to stay with us. It would be the same as it was for Trudy a little over a year ago.” I smiled. Yes, Trudy may have stopped being his mistress, but she never REALLY stopped.

I flexed my Kegel muscles to make my pussy wink at him. He caught the movement and smiled. “Sir, I can’t imagine why I would desire to leave this position with you. You have provided me with a position that is the fulfillment of who I am. Before I accepted this position and your patient training,

I was an empty shell. You have filled me with the understanding of what and who I am." My eyes glanced down for a split second. "Sir ... I hope you are not leading up to indicating your displeasure with me ..."

He laughed. It was not a soft chuckle, but a boisterous laugh. "Silly, slut! Displeased with you? It is a good response, however, a true slut's response wouldn't you say?"

I recited the mantra of my training, "Sir, a true slut never assumes anything, but only seeks to improve her devotion and skills constantly, never expecting to completely attain her master's full pleasure." He smiled.

A full year since that day. I couldn't believe it. It seemed like only moments ago that I was sitting in this same chair about to change my life.

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I sat at my desk on the 2nd floor of the building minding the business someone put in front of me. I was a lowly account specialist handling the mundane accounts that are a dime a dozen to an institution like ours but the livelihood of the people who bring them to us. I had been with the firm for five years and the only reason I could see why I hadn't risen any further in the organization was that I wasn't cutthroat and scheming like most the other account managers, which appeared to be the way to get noticed. I was invisible in the organization. Necessary. Needed, even. But, invisible.

Imagine my shock, then, when my monitor chimed that I was scheduled for a meeting with Mr. Woodburn, the CEO, in 15 minutes. Imagine the worst-case scenarios that raced through my mind because there couldn't possibly be a good case scenario. I didn't really believe even my manager's manager knew who I was. Why Mr. Woodburn?

"Tina James?" I looked up to the voice standing at the opening to my cubicle. "I'm Trudy Michaels, Mr. Woodburn's Personal Assistant. You are aware of your scheduled meeting with Mr. Woodburn?"

I numbly nodded my head and gazed at her like a deer in the headlight we would see on the quiet country road back home. She was maybe not quite 30 years old, about a year younger than me. She was trim and maybe a couple inches taller making her 5' 7". She wore her brown hair to her shoulders. She had a very pleasant face.

"What ... is there some mistake? There must be some mistake. Why would Mr. Woodburn want to see me?"

She smiled warmly, which was a little reassuring. "There is no mistake, Miss James. I made the schedule myself at his direction." I just looked at her. "Miss James, I need to escort you upstairs. The 11th floor is restricted to limited access."

I shook my head and leaped from my chair. "Of course, sorry."

At the elevator, I noticed she used a different badge to punch the 11 button, then using it again to enter the office area. She indicated a chair by her desk. "It may or may not be a few minutes. I assure you he is aware of the time and your meeting with him. He will let me know when he is available." She said it in such a way that it didn't allow any room for discussion, but her soft smile was again reassuring.

Her phone buzzed. She listened a moment, set the phone back down, and stood up. "Mr. Woodburn is ready for you now."

She showed me into the office, which was huge, lots of wood, plush carpeting, a small conference table, and sitting area to the side by the windows overlooking the city.

“Miss James.” He was already moving from behind his desk to meet me. I heard the door close behind me. He was in his early 50’s and maybe an inch over six feet tall. He had a toned, athletic appearance, which was reinforced by the easy way he moved across the office. He was quite attractive, more so in person than the impression I had from his picture on the website. His hair was brown with graying at the temples. It was a little longer than you normally see on executives of his stature.

He directed me to one of the two chairs in front of his desk and he returned behind it.

“I think there might be some mistake. Perhaps there is another James in the company?”

He opened a folder in front of him. I couldn’t see what it contained, but there were several pages. He perused the first two pages.

“Well, let’s see here ... Tina Marie James, Accounts Specialist on the 2nd floor under Mary Robertson. You are age 30, 5’5” tall, 120 pounds,” he looked up with a smile, “sorry my dear for the personal information. I have been told how sensitive women can be about their weight.” He chuckled and I laughed with him. He continued, “Long, wavy, blond hair extending down the back.” He nodded. “Okay, the oldest child of three to Harold and Agnes James who are farmers near Lamont, Iowa.” He looked up, “Lamont, Iowa?”

“The northeast corner of the state near the Minnesota border. It’s all of about 500 people in the town. It just serves the surrounding farms.” He nodded. He didn’t really seem that interested and I flushed at the recognition that I gave him so much information about something that meant nothing to him.

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He looked at her sitting comfortably in front of him. Yes, he could reread the information and the reports another dozen times, but the woman in front of him was the rough shell of what he could bring out from within her, like a butterfly from the hard chrysalis. He read the details about her family and debated again if it would be helpful or harmful to bring them out. It was possible there was information from his investigator on these pages that even she hadn’t opened her eyes to. This whole attempt could turn well or bad in the next few moments. Several women had appeared through his screening process, most of them younger, but none had shown this kind of potential. Not since Trudy had he found a woman of such potential and Trudy had not been anything as alluring as this woman. The personal nature of the information could offend her as privacy-invasion or reinforce suspicions that had haunted her.

Nothing had changed. His only course of action, if she was to be the one, was to plow forward to show her what she was. He always recognized the risk of using personal information. Whether to find her or understanding a large, potential client, knowing as much as possible had its rewards, how it was used could pose risk.

* * *

He had been studying the sheets in front of him and was now studying me. I wondered what it was he was considering. He already provided enough details to convince me I had to be the Tina James he wanted to talk to.

He was reading a report, "Raised in a strict, quite conservative farm home and devoutly aligned with a small very conservative Protestant group, which wielded considerable influence and control over the couple dozen family groups in the area. The mother was very subservient to the father." He looked over the pages at me. He seemed to be gaging more than my confirmation of this information about myself. I was shocked at how much he knew about a low-level employee like me from a nothing town and background.

"How ... why do you know so much?"

He smiled disarmingly, "My dear, I make it my duty to know what I need to know about people I may be dealing with." He again was reviewing information while he was clearly considering both the information and what it meant. Then he sat back. "Are you happy here, Miss James?" The question was such a surprise. It came out of nowhere and seemed incongruent from the talk leading up to it. I stammered. It was the kind of question I might expect during a perfunctory performance review with my direct manager, a question asked of all employees, though the answer would be ignored. My eyes flitted around the room and his desk while I searched for some way to safely answer the question. "The reason I ask is you have been here for five years and you haven't yet advanced much. Yet, when I look at your work quality and comments from clients you've served, your performance has been stellar. Clients seem to love you. Not a single negative comment. Usually, we accept some percentage of negative comments regarding Accounts people pushing products the client didn't want. You, on the other hand, have a good record of adding products but you avoid the negative impression. Yet, you haven't been promoted."

"I ..." I had the distinct feeling he already had an impression of why. If my performance was so good, could my attitude with male co-workers still get me disciplined or fired?

"I understand you are divorced. That's personal and I am sorry for your experiencing that. It has some relevance, however, I think. But, there appears to be a carry-over to relationships with male co-workers and males in social settings." How could he know that! Okay, the male co-workers might have risen to someone's attention, especially if the petty pricks weaseled a whiny complaint. But ... my dating life?

"I am going to be completely honest with you, Miss James. I am constantly searching for uniquely qualified people I feel I can work with very closely. I have a position in mind that will report directly to me and to nobody else. Perhaps you can imagine that I have the opportunity, responsibility really, to bring in very large and lucrative accounts to the company. These accounts are very important to the company, but also to me as how they are handled reflects directly on me with the men coming to me. The person I am looking for would manage those accounts personally, exclusively, for me. Can you understand, now, why I need to know in depth the person I would have in such a position?"

I was about to respond when his phone beeped. What I hadn't noticed was his other hand pressing a button on his smartphone placed alongside the open folder.

"Excuse me." He listened for a moment, then covered the mouthpiece, "I really need to take this." He winked conspiratorially, "One of those accounts."

The door behind me opened and Trudy indicated for me to join her outside the office. My god! I walked out of the office in a daze. He was talking to me about a promotion. God, it had to be a huge promotion to handle his accounts.

"How's it going in there? You understand why he wanted to talk to you privately?"

I shook my head in disbelief. I sank into the chair in front of her desk without knowing I was doing it.

“Partially, I think. We were interrupted by the call. I thought I had to be in trouble.”

She chuckled. “If you were in trouble, it would have been handled down on the 2nd floor.” I looked up at her, still not believing what I had just heard inside the office. “Mr. Woodburn always knows what he is doing. He is meticulous about knowing everything he can about every situation he intends to be involved in. That includes who he is working with.”

I looked at her hard, seeing a possible ally for the moments that might follow after he finishes his call. “You’ve worked with him for a while?”

She smiled. It was an unusual moment that she quickly controlled. “Yes, very closely.” She leaned forward and I found myself doing the same. She glanced down the row of executive offices and assistants outside them as if she didn’t want to be overhead despite the separation between offices. “You aren’t used to these kind of men, are you?” It wasn’t a demeaning comment, but an observation on her part. I shook my head. A small-town country girl in the big city and high-powered company, I was way over my head on the 11th floor much less the idea of working for him closely.

“Would you like a few hints that might help you with him?” I nodded eagerly and glanced at the door as if it might open any minute. “He is a man who understands the very nature of power and he knows how to wield it. He will be in control of every situation he finds himself in. Despite what someone else might feel about being in control, he won’t put himself in a situation where he doesn’t know something or have something that will give him the edge; then it is up to him to manage that edge. Whether it is him personally or someone he is entrusting to manage it for him.”

She looked intently at me to let that sink in. I would be that person he was entrusting. But, I don’t have that kind of power. It is the very reason I haven’t had a promotion. I don’t have that element inside me to leverage office politics to my favor. That deficiency within me is what I have been fighting within myself and my relationships. My father, my husband, my male co-workers, and most of the males I meet socially. My life experience with men is controlling men who exude strength in a way that stifles my singular existence, experience, and joy. I was fighting that with every fiber of my being, but it was getting me nowhere. Now, here is another very strong male. Maybe the ‘big city’ I belonged in was Dubuque, with a total population of 58,000.

She saw the worry and disappointment growing across my face and posture. “What are you thinking?”

I looked at her, “A small state country girl lost in the big world ...” I sighed, “I’ve been fighting strong, controlling men my whole life. I don’t know that I can handle someone like Mr. Woodburn.”

She laughed and leaned back in her chair. “Believe me when I say this, he probably knows you better than you know yourself. He doesn’t make mistakes about people that will matter if he puts them in orbit around him. There is no question about it, Tina. He is a large mass that holds everything else within his gravitational effect. But, for those he deliberately places closely in orbit around him, that strength and control are different.” I looked at her quizzically. The very idea was foreign to me. “The controlling men you are fighting are those that stifle your life and intend to bend you to their will, to shape you into something they imagine.” I nodded. “What they see in you is compliance and they want to take advantage of it.” Yeah, my mother. “What he sees is potential. He uses his strength and controlling nature not to stifle, but to bring the full potential of you out. I can speak from experience with him. People think that to grow and thrive they need complete freedom and release from reins held by others. He will hold the reins, but loosely in his hands like a skilled rider on a horse needing training. He’ll allow freedom but is always ready to make corrections with the reins. Sometimes, more reinforcement might be required with repetition and training on specific elements that leads to understanding. The end result, though, is a release of full potential.”

I was shaking my head, again. "But why? There must be a couple dozen other accounts people out there who have exhibited more political ability to play the game."

She laughed. "Very true and he knows it. But that is just the thing, he doesn't want people next to him who play games and act specifically for a political gain. He wants to completely depend on and trust those closest to him. I know. He pulled me out of the secretarial pool."

"So, you're saying what he started talking to me about is something very real and he has already decided he wants me for it?"

"He doesn't do anything without being sure." She could see me carefully considering all that. "But ...", which got my attention, "there is always a price. He is very supportive and will reward devoted service, but he will expect a lot in return. I mean a lot."

Her phone beeped and she checked the message. She stood up and I did as well.

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"Sorry for that, Miss James. That's what we are here for, though." He moved a notepad to the side and reopened the folder. "Now ... where were we?"

"You were describing a position you have in mind and the need to have the utmost trust and commitment from the person in that position."

"Yes. Trust. Commitment. And, devotion." He looked at me hard, glanced at the sheets in the folder and seemed to make a final decision on something. I realized I was holding my breath. From the comments from Trudy, it seemed this might be my job if this meeting resulted in the confirmation of his previous analysis.

When he started talking, I was shocked at the depth of personal information and knowledge he had and sought confirmation about. He probed into the nature of the relationship of my father and mother. He probed into the religious influence in my upbringing and how that affected me today. He probed into my failed marriage, what I thought the cause was and how the experience affected me now. He probed into my current relationships with men, both at work and socially. I was at first put off by his probing into my life, but I remembered what Trudy had said about his style and need for complete trust. I decided to go along with his probing to see where it took us.

My feelings about the process began changing as he questioned and I answered or clarified. I could feel a process behind his approach. This wasn't merely showing me how much he already knew and intimidation. He was after something. I could decide later, after all this, if pursuing this position was what I really wanted. I was sure I was going to learn more about his style on top of what Trudy had already given me.

The shock went deeper when he asked me deeper, more personal questions about my parents. I admitted I knew nothing about how they met or their romance leading them to marriage. He showed me a report, a birth certificate, and a wedding license. My mother had become pregnant with me by my father. She was wild and "easy" as the term was used then. Both families made sure the two got married. The tight, controlling, and conservative religious element of our lives was punishing and controlling of my mother and me. I had heard of the expression 'the sins of the father' but this was 'sins of the mother'. It was expected that without rigid, tight interventions I would follow the same path as my mother.

Some of this my mother had apologized for when I was getting ready to leave home. Some were still

new to me. It helped explain, though, the choices I had made in my life, the kinds of men I was programmed to seek out and attach myself to. My husband had been of the same ilk as my father. It was ironic that the man who was looked to for “straightening out” my mother and controlling me was the same man who was equally responsible for the problem.

It also provided some satisfaction and relief in the final realization that I wasn’t perverted in my desires. I had kept them private, even though they came out easily. My husband found my desires and needs sexually to be a perversion of our upbringing and the nature of the holy nature of marriage blessed by God. I saw it as a bodily need to be fulfilled, but I was fighting my entire life to overcome it. The men who I interacted with weren’t worthy of me. I had wondered, struggled with those intense feelings. Men at work were manipulative and always playing games, always with motivations they resisted divulging. Men in social situations were similarly manipulative but it was easier to identify what they were. Their needs were basic. Any who had interest in a prolonged relationship found my reserved and compliant nature to be an opening to control. That control, though, was stifling, restrictive, and limiting like my experiences with my father, brothers, and husband.

The more the discussion with Mr. Woodburn progress, the more I saw the difference in the man from the others. This was a man of real power and control. In him, though, I felt the ability to be guided and directed in ways that would be freeing and empowering. She saw what Trudy had shared with her. Mr. Woodburn’s strength and control could release a person’s potential.

He was smiling at me from behind his desk. It was as though he could read the monitor of my mind as all those thoughts and realizations passed through me. He could see my understanding and acceptance. Our eyes locked. How could I not trust and follow someone who went to such lengths and effort to know and understand who I was? He seemed to see that, too.

“May I call you Tina?”

“Of course.” It wasn’t lost on me that he didn’t offer me to use his first name. But that was for the better. If he was to lead me fully, this couldn’t be a casual relationship.

“This position has never been attempted here, certainly not at this level. Despite the job description, I have prepared for Human Resources, the real performance of the position will be an evolution between us as we learn to function as an intimate team for the clients and accounts.” I nodded. He passed me a written job description, which I skimmed. As he indicated, it was common language for managing accounts except for the references to working directly for and at the discretion of the CEO on accounts and assignment directed by him. Following that was a sheet with benefits and compensation. It was staggering compared to what I was currently getting. It also spoke volumes about the man. He could have offered a fraction of this and it would still have seemed exceptional. My office would be located on the 10th floor where all senior executives resided who weren’t on the 11th. Other benefits were also increased dramatically: medical, vacation, personal free days, profit sharing, and incentives.

I was flabbergasted and ready to take the job, whatever it might be, right there. He apparently read that in me, too.

He smiled knowingly at me. He buzzed Trudy who quickly entered the office and strode to stand at his side. “Before we get too far into formally offering the position and you accepting if that might have been where this was going ...”, he smiled, “I want Trudy here to witness the rest the of the discussion. No offense, Miss James, but we don’t yet have that understanding of your commitment and devotion. I need Miss Michaels for a witness of my words and your responses so we don’t end up

with a 'He said, She said' legal conflict."

"Legal conflict? Mr. Woodburn, I can assure you ..." His hand shot up to stop me.

"The conversation is going to take a very different turn here, Miss James. Some women would take severe offense to it, though my judgment of you is that you won't. Nonetheless, I prefer to err on the side of caution." I nodded. I looked up at Trudy and saw her wink at me. "What I have described so far is the official, public job I want to offer to you." I looked at both of them confused. She smiled widely. "The other part of the job is what makes it so particularly difficult to fill with the proper person." He leaned back and looked up at Trudy. "How many have we offered this job to?"

"None, Sir."

"How difficult has it been to try to fill it?"

"Exceedingly, Sir. In fact, in all honesty, I was thinking it would never be filled. Yet, there she sits."

He smiled and turned his full attention to me. "The other part of the position, my dear, is to be my personal slut." He let that comment hang in the air for a moment. I know my expression reflected the complete shock of what I had heard. He continued as if it was a minor extra condition added, "You understand that can't be an official position or job requirement, but it will be very real. You will be my personal slut, not a company slut."

"Mr. Woodburn ... you said slut ... you mean ... sex ... as part of the job?"

He smiled and let it settle over me. "Yes, sex of a wide-ranging variety. You will be devoted to the job as Executive Accounts Director handling the biggest and most strategic accounts for the firm, and you will be just as devoted to me as my slut." He was skilled I realized in his presentation. He gave these stunning comments as if in casual conversation, then waited for the full impact to take hold before continuing. By doing that, it didn't overload the senses and emotions. I found myself letting each statement settle in and achieving some level of acceptance before he continued.

"These two elements of the position are critically tied and fused. There are particular clients with accounts that some 'special attention' can reap huge benefits."

"Sex. Sex with you and with clients."

"Actually, sex as I direct it. When, where, how, and with whom. Remember the devotion part? I will have very specific rules, expectations, and criteria for dressing, standing, sitting, walking, sucking, and fucking. You are a woman who has been frustrated and denied of her desires for too long. You yearn for release and the freedom to be what I am offering you to be ... a true slut."

My head was spinning. My mind was struggling to keep up with all that was being said and the implications of it all. But, there was no doubt about how my body was reacting to it. If my mind was grasping for something to hold onto, my body was screaming to be touched. I felt my body tingling from my pussy to my nipples and up into my scalp. I focused on what I could.

"Excuse me, but you seem very comfortable with this, Trudy. Can I ask your role in this?"

She looked down to Mr. Woodburn and he nodded. I noticed the entire time she stood straight, her feet together and her weight balance between them, and her shoulders were back having the effect of projecting her breasts forward. She giggled.

"I was you. Well, not really. I was really Mr. Woodburn's mistress as his personal assistant."

He slipped a hand onto her butt, "She is very good ... at both jobs. But, she desires a significant reduction in her mistress duties. Trudy, as it happens, has a boyfriend she is very serious about. I am very happy for her. You, like her, have the opportunity to leave the position whenever you feel it has become too much or for any reason. No hard feeling. As with Trudy, I will make sure you will be taken care of by the company."

"You really were ... are ... used to be ..."

She giggled and he told her to show me. She immediately began unbuttoning her blouse, pulling it from her skirt, removing it and placing it on his desk. She undid the clasp on her skirt, lowered the zipper and let it drop to the floor. She stepped out of it, placing it on the desk. I was fascinated as her hands moved behind her, unhooking her bra, and dropping it on the desk. Her panties were last. She was left in thigh-high stocking and heels. She resumed her position alongside Mr. Woodburn.

I found him watching me. "She is very comfortable being naked in this office. You will be, too. I can see it." I blushed profusely. I could feel the heat flowing through my upper body and face. "Stand up, Miss James." Shocking to me, I did. "Remove your dress." I looked at him, then at Trudy who remained standing comfortably. I unzipped the back of the dress and lowered it down my body. He studied me, reached into the middle drawer and came out with scissors. "Take off the pantyhose and cut them to shreds. You will never wear pantyhose again. I like stockings but they are to be thigh-highs like Trudy is wearing or stockings with garters." I did as I was told, now standing before them in bra and panties. Mine were not sexy lace like Trudy's and I could sense another comment from him. He shook his head. "Take off your bra and panties." I did, leaving me naked. He smiled. "You are beautiful, Tina. I love your body." I blushed, again.

He offered me the chair, again. I sat, discretely crossing my legs. He asked, "Tina, do we have a need for Trudy to further witness our discussion?" I smiled and said no. Trudy got dressed and strode past me, winking as she did. "Now that you understand much of the full scope of the position, I would like you to consider this offer over the weekend and give me your answer at 9:00 AM here." He thought for a moment as if a new idea came to him. "Let's do this. Arrive here at 9:00 AM. When you enter the office, you can give me your answer physically. If you undress to stockings and heels upon entering, I will know you are accepting the position. If not ..." I nodded. "Then, do you have any immediate questions?"

I was sitting in this man's office naked in the final moments of an interview for a job I had no knowledge of only hours ago. Did I have any questions??

"Mr. Woodburn, Sir, the slut part notwithstanding I wonder about the handling of the accounts. I imagine the accounts are being physically handled by accounts personnel somewhere downstairs. If these clients are to be truly managed at a special level, shouldn't we have a small staff to oversee and review the day-to-day processing?"

He chuckled and the biggest smile I had yet seen spread over his face. "My dear ... 'the slut part notwithstanding' ... your first question is about managing the accounts ... I love it!" He came around from behind the desk and held out his hand to me. I took it and stood up in front of him. "We have no agreement, but may I kiss you?"

I smiled and nodded. He didn't move, however. It flashed into my brain with that moment of awkwardness the realization that if I move forward with this I am his slut. Does he take his slut or does his slut avail herself to him? I put my hands on the sides of his face and kissed him on the lips.

It was a good kiss, a lover's kiss, but not a slut's kiss I guessed. I wrapped my arms around his neck and devoured his mouth. His hands were on my bare back, one sliding down to my bare butt. He squeezed one ass cheek, but that was all.

I broke the kiss and took a half-step back from him. My body was flushed, my body was super-heated, my body was tingling with excitement, and I was aching for him to touch my pussy, for him to feel how I was responding. But, there was time for that on Monday. Until then, I truly needed to decide about this.

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## **CHAPTER 2: THE TRANSITION**

After my usual long commute home (two subways and a train), I drove my little car the last five miles to my efficiency apartment. I lived in the Western suburbs where we lived when married. After the divorce, he moved away so I stayed put, downsized. It was a relatively safe area and apartments were affordable for a lowly Accounts Specialist. Within the last mile, I stopped to buy two bottles of cheap wine. I was anticipating a long weekend of turmoil.

I committed to putting my mind to rest for the night and looking at the proposition from Mr. Woodburn with a fresh mind tomorrow. It didn't work. I tried losing myself in something mindless on Netflix but that didn't work. I then tried to get into the novel I was currently in the middle of, but that didn't work, either. I walked around the little apartment. It didn't take much time. I went to the kitchen counter, opened one of the bottles, and poured myself a glass. I walked back to the center of the apartment and turned a full 360 degrees. I had just viewed everything that was my current existence except for the cubicle where I processed accounts from information someone above me provided and even that might not have been from a first-hand contact with a customer. I specialized in forms, not clients.

I poured a little more wine into my glass and sat down at the little table in my little kitchen in my little apartment. I retrieved the three-page job description and benefits sheet. I reread the job description and pushed it aside. As Mr. Woodburn said, it didn't really say anything meaningful. It was corporate words to satisfy auditors and HR managers. It was a new position and the real job requirements would evolve from the activity. But, there were real necessities that needed to be considered as I suggested to him. I started writing out my ideas, issues, concerns, possible ideas, and crazy ideas. Before I knew it, it was 11:00 PM and I had pages of written thoughts and an empty bottle spread over the table. I went to bed.

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Saturday, I began wondering why I wasn't more fixated on the "other" part of the job. I had never been a slut before. Could I even really imagine what that was like or what to expect? The last couple years I have had my share of guys coming through and I had been married so it wasn't like I wasn't familiar with sex, but ... a slut ...

I Googled it. Slut: noun; a woman who has sexual relationships with a lot of men without any emotional involvement. Well, yeah, that was already established. Mr. Woodburn and clients. But, what did that mean? What kind of sex? My mind led me to a conclusion that there might not be any defined answer for that. Now that my mind was working around this aspect, though, I decided to seek some guidance and took a chance to call Trudy Michaels. I logged into the firm's system and found her contact information. Her cell phone was listed. I called late afternoon.

"Trudy, this is ..."

"Tina, hi." She laughed on the other end. "I already put you into my phone's contacts."

I wasn't sure how to take that. She was so confident I would be taking the position? There was a period of silence and I realized I was causing it. "Trudy, I apologize to be bothering you on the weekend, but ... I was wondering if I could ask you some questions ... you know ... about ..."

She giggled, "I've actually been expecting you to call. Yes, I know what about."

"The sex. You were his mistress so you know what he is like. What kind of sex might I expect if ..."

"If you took this position? Tina, what I was and what you will be are quite different. I was strictly him. You will not be. He will be a primary for you, but not the only one. All I can help you with is what he was like."

"It's something ..."

"Okay. Mr. Woodburn is an aggressive lover. Think of it as fucking, not making love. Count on oral and pussy with him."

"Not anal, though."

"Tina, that's the thing about your position. The clients. Even if Mr. Woodburn didn't want anal, and he might with you, some clients probably will. The client aspect is the wild card here. My personal advice for you is to expect anything. If you take this, you should anticipate someone wanting almost anything."

Almost anything. What don't I even know about?

I decided to change and do some necessary shopping. I slipped out of the loose shorts I had been wearing and only then realized my panties were soaked through. I took them off and couldn't resist holding them up to my face. I had never noticed my panties so thoroughly soaking. My scent off the panties was intoxicating even to me. I had planned to wear leggings to shop, but decided on a simple dress. I might be buying some thigh-high stockings.

\* \* \*

It was only 8:50 AM but I was outside Mr. Woodburn's office. I paced around the area of his door but remained close by. At precisely 9:00 AM, I knocked on his door. Trudy looked up from her work and smiled at me as I heard Mr. Woodburn say come in.

I took a deep breath, turned the handle and stepped into the room. I walked deliberately past the sitting area and small conference table. As I approach, I decided on the proper location, between the two visitor chairs where I would be directly in front of him. As I took my position, I noticed him lean back into his chair, seeing it tilt back as he did. His elbows were on the armrests and his fingers were steepled at his lips. His eyes were solidly on me. He didn't say a word. He only watched.

I had elected to wear one of my few dresses I felt might be close to executive appearance. It was a black sleeveless, sheath dress that went to a few inches above the knees. I took a breath as my hands moved behind my neck to unclasp the catch, then unzipped it down the back. The dress sagged. I moved my hands to the shoulders and pulled the dress slightly forward and down until it would fall to my waist. I pushed it over my hips and legs. Holding the dress from the top, I stepped out of it and laid it over the back of one of the chairs next to me. This time I was wearing black lace bra and panties. For some reason, even though I wouldn't be showing them for long, it seemed

important that my underwear be sexy. By the approving look on his face, I was correct. I unclasped the bra and dropped it onto the chair and quickly pushed the bikini panties down my legs. They followed onto the chair. I now stood before him in sheer black thigh-high stocking and black three-inch heels, the tallest I owned.

He remained as he was still looking at me unabashedly from my face down my body and back up. He smiled. "I am very pleased, Tina. I think we will make an extraordinary team."

"Thank you, Mr. Woodburn, Sir."

He chuckled, "Mr. Woodburn or Sir will be sufficient, Tina." He turned his chair to the side. "Now that you have agreed to the position, I think I need to find out what you can do and what you need to work on. First, sucking cock." I smiled nervously as I moved around his desk. I looked up as I knelt in front of him, my breasts jiggling as my knees hit the floor. He noticed.

I reached for his belt, then the zipper. Opening his slacks, he raised his hips as I tugged them down. He wore blue boxer shorts. I placed my hand on the front of his shorts and flinched. I wouldn't have pretended to be an expert or overly experienced in cocks, but his was large and it wasn't hard yet. I replaced my hand over the front and squeezed his cock through the material. I looked up at him.

"Sir ..." He only smiled.

I took the waist of his shorts and tugged them, too. Again, he raised his hips so his shorts were with his slacks at his feet. I grasped one shoe and looked up, he nodded. After removing his shoes and socks, I pulled his slacks and shorts down and off. I moved between his knees and examined the cock in my fingers. Compared to any other cock I had experience with, this one was huge. I stroked the soft cock, bent my head forward and licked the length of it. I noticed his pubic hair was missing. I took the head between my lips, then into my mouth. I sucked and licked, twisting my head and mouth as I did. Soon, his cock was hard and I pulled back to examine it, again. I held it with one hand at the base and placed the other above it. The head was still showing and I bent down to suck on it more, dropping one hand down to massage his balls.

When he came in my mouth, the spurts nearly filled my mouth each time, requiring me to gulp with each spurt. I licked his cock clean, knelt back onto my heels to gaze up at his face.

"You are very large, Sir. I suppose you already know that", as I blushed at the silly comment. Unconsciously, I licked my lips.

"Open your knees wider." I did as he required. "When in that position, I want to be able to enjoy the view of your pussy." I blushed but smiled. "Do you deep-throat?"

"No, Sir." Then I thought about the response. "Sir, maybe I should say, not yet, Sir."

He smiled and stood up in front of me. His cock was right in front of me and it had softened very little. I leaned forward and kissed it. He put his hands down to me and assisted me to my feet.

"Your mouth is very nice. You will get much better, however." Anticipating a lot of practice for me, I am sure. "Now, let's see about your pussy. Bend over the desk with your feet spread wide."

I was thinking how slutty this was to be bent over a desk in an office to be fucked by a man I hardly knew. Slutty. Yes. That is exactly what I decided to become, his slut.

I felt his cock head slide over the length of my pussy. "Do you always get this wet without being

touched, slut?" Ooooooo ... now I am slut.

"Not normally, Sir. I found I was changing panties regularly over the weekend until I decided to just leave them off and wear simple dresses or long t-shirts." His cock was still moving over my slit. It stopped at my entrance. I felt it just at the opening, not quite pressing into me.

"That's good, then. You are responding to the idea of being my slut. Now, to see how we fit."

He pressed a little at my opening and I gasped. He was large and he was not going to enter me as easily as other men I have been with. He pressed harder and several more inches entered after expanding my pussy.

"My god, you are tight." He chuckled, "We will have to work at loosening you up. Who knows, there may be clients with larger cocks than mine." I groaned and neither of us was sure if it was his cock stretching me as he entered or the idea of an even larger cock.

My hands were braced on the top of the desk as he grasped my hips and pulled me back as he pressed forward. I didn't know how far he was inside me, but when he pulled back to press back in, I was shocked that he went further in, then again and again. When his hips bumped my ass, I felt stuffed with cock. The intense feeling of being stretched to the painful point had slowly eased as he was fully in me. He pulled back and pressed back in, each time with a little more speed and a little more force until my juicing, wet pussy took his length and width with more comfort. Then, he stopped.

I looked over my shoulder at him. If I hadn't known better, I might have thought I was being fucked by a fully dressed man. All I could see was the man in a pressed white shirt and tie still secured firmly at his neck.

He smiled and smacked my ass. "It occurs to me that you not only work for me but you are the slut in this relationship. So, why am I the doing the work?"

His point escaped me for a moment as the feeling of his large cock in my stretched pussy seemed overwhelming. Then, it sunk in. "Yes, Sir." I pulled my body away from him until I felt the head at my opening, then I pressed back hard and quick until my ass impacted his hips. He groaned in response and my gasp was as if the air pressed into the top of my pussy was somehow being released through my throat.

One hand was on the small of my back as if grounding himself. The other hand snaked underneath me and took hold of my breast. He squeezed and fondled it, then squeezed firmly, then hard. The hand gave way to fingers taking the nipple, gently at first, then hard, twisting and pulling it. The torture was exquisite. My body started shaking and shivering as an orgasm built strongly inside me. I stopped moving, aching to avoid the orgasm from being realized.

"Cum for me, slut."

"Sir ... you ... you need ..."

"I said, cum for me, slut."

The pressure on my nipple increased, again. My body shook violently. My arms became wobbly and my vision went blank. My eyes were open, but my eyes rolled back as the orgasm crashed over me with an intensity far beyond anything I had ever experienced. I heard a scream somewhere, but it was later that it even occurred to me that it came from me.

As my mind began clearing, I realized I had fallen forward and was flat on the desktop. He was still inside me and was slowly stroking as I slowly recovered. With that recognition, I pushed my body up and resumed moving my body on his cock. I had just sucked his cock and swallowed his seed before fucking, no wonder he was lasting longer. I continued to increase my fucking and it wasn't lost on me how odd this felt. I am usually the one being fucked. Now, I am the one fucking him with my movements. I pressed back hard and discovered muscles in my pussy as I intentionally attempted to increase his pleasure. He moaned and pressed back at me as I pushed back at him. I felt his cock become harder than it had been. I moved a hand underneath and stroked my clit. I wanted to join him this time. I felt him jerk and spasm inside, then I felt the first spurt of his seed filling my pussy and at that moment my pussy spasmed around his cock and my orgasm joined his.

After he slowly pulled out of me, I turned around and took him in my arms, kissing him fiercely. "A magnificent fuck, Tina." He stroked my cheek with the backs of his fingers, kissed me, then with his lips brushing mine, "After we fuck, I want you to clean my cock of our juices." I blushed but smiled as I slid down to my knees with his now softening cock in front of my face. Yes, so much to experience.

I was again seated in the open visitor's chair and we had been discussing a number of things including my ideas about handling the executive accounts. I remained naked and acutely aware of the cum in my pussy, which was undoubtedly leaking onto the chair seat. Mr. Woodburn redressed and was behind his desk.

He said he had thought about the arrangement over the weekend, also. He concluded on a number of things he wanted to institute as rules: As nice as he found my pussy, he liked bald pussy better; my clothing needed revamping, which meant that I would only wear dresses and skirts with hems at mid-thigh; he also liked my breasts, not too small and not too big and preferred them without a bra unless my blouse was too sheer, then a skimpy, lace one or covered by a jacket; he didn't want me in panties ever; my stocking would never be pantyhose; and, he really like the view as we talked, which meant that any time I entered his office I was to strip down to stockings and heels. Oh, yes, and my heels should increase to 4-½ inches.

I had an obscene salary increase, but even so, it was going to cost a lot of money to completely change out my wardrobe. I saw him press a button on his office phone, then the door opened. I froze. His office was secure and nobody got into it unless Trudy allowed it, but it still caused my heart to stop. I turned my head to find Trudy striding into the office toward his desk with a folder in her hand. She looked down at me and smiled.

She placed the folder down in front of him and opened it for him to peruse. He asked me to pull the chair up to the desk and slid the first stapled sheets in front of me. Trudy handed me a pen. Suddenly, I was back in business mode. I was naked, but I was in business mode. The first document was defining my responsibilities for the department budget. It listed two employees reporting to me. The second was a capital request for construction of my office on the 10th floor and two cubicles outside it with furnishing, computers, phones, etc. The third was for a corporate credit card to be used for expenses in the name of the firm. The fourth was a lease agreement. I looked up.

Mr. Woodburn was smiling, "I take care of my most important employees, don't I Trudy?"

"You do indeed, Sir."

"Where you are living is just not suitable for your position and is too far away. Your hours will be variable and I don't want you traveling that far late at night. This lease is for a condo on the 14th floor. I understand it is very nice." Trudy was nodding her head. "Did I mention Trudy lives on the



12th floor. There is no 13th floor by the way. The lease will be covered through my discretionary funds, as Trudy's has been. I want you both safe in this city."

The next document was also a credit card. "This is for clothing and accessories, shoes, etc. Also, use it for travel to and from work by cab. It might only be two miles, but do that for me." I smiled, not knowing how to respond to all this. "Trudy will take you out to some nice shop around here where you can start assembling a new wardrobe that will satisfy my criteria. Don't duplicate what Trudy wears, I have given you stricter guidelines." He certainly had and my concerns about the expense of new clothes just vanished. "What have I forgotten?"

Trudy reminded him of the transition period. He wanted it as short as possible, but he recognized that it might take two weeks for the new offices and furnishings to be expedited. In the meantime, I was to clean up my current assignments. My old managers were being informed of my promotion as we were meeting. I should begin the selection of the employee I wanted. I already had a good idea from the pool of people I had been working with. He understood but suggested that I make it look like I went through the interviewing process. The salaries included in the budget would attract anyone I wanted. He suggested I spend mornings on the 2nd floor doing those things and the afternoons in his office at the conference table reviewing the 'executive accounts' and potential clients list.

"In your office, Sir?"

He smiled, as did Trudy. "Yes. Trudy will pull the files as you work your way through them for familiarity. I figure that might fill the two weeks with some diversion along the way." There was a distinct twinkle in his eyes. "By the way, Trudy, did you hear anything outside this office earlier?" I blushed profusely remembering my orgasms.

"Yes, Sir. It was muffled, but it sounded like a slut was being used in here." I gasped.

\* \* \*

The time slipped by quickly. I initially focused on my projects, then on interviewing and assembling the team. Additionally, I used mornings to overseeing the construction and layout of my office and the two cubicles. I was shocked at what Mr. Woodburn had specified for me. My former manager and her manager would be green with envy. Trudy and I also used mornings for shopping. She showed me the shops with lines Mr. Woodburn seemed to enjoy. As instructed, I had my outfits tailored to be shorter. They were a length and exposure that seemed to push proper business standards, but proper business was only a part of my job now.

I spent each afternoon available in Mr. Woodburn's office at his little conference table. Each time, I walked up to his desk and undressed in front of him. I learned he liked to scrutinize the process of my undressing. He liked to savor each piece coming off. Of course, with his dress code for me, there sometimes wasn't much to take off if I was wearing a dress. As a result, I augmented my wardrobe with more business outfits that included a jacket, blouse, and skirt. At least, then, there were three items to remove. I found a new object in the office to the side of his desk, a coat tree. Besides his own jacket, that was now where I was to hang my clothes.

\* \* \*

Of course, he was also doing a good job of familiarizing himself with my mouth and pussy. Every day, he availed himself of me in one way or another. Not that I minded at all. His cock was the largest and most amazing cock I had ever experienced. I was always wet in anticipation as I removed my clothes upon entering his office. The ease with which I took to the comfort of being sexily naked with

him and Trudy and the eagerness with which my body responded to being available for this man's use, whether I was in the middle of a review or not, startled me when I reflected on it but also reinforced to me what this man had somehow always known: I was indeed a slut that needed to be released.

He talked to me in quiet moments after a fuck or while I sucked his cock. The talks often were centered on some technique he desired me to develop or refine. He spoke a lot about deep-throating and how completely erotic and sensual the feeling of his cock tightly encased by the throat and how the muscles in the throat could more dramatically massage the cock. He admitted to enjoying it himself very much. His quiet telling of the sensation was the motivation for me to regularly try to take more and more of him. It was difficult, however. The gagging reflex was strong. There had to be a trick.

Into the second week, I was well past the mental thoughts of 'okay, I'll probably be fucked or asked to suck, again' and it was now, 'it's almost afternoon, I can't wait to find out how he wants me to suck or fuck him today'. I sat at the conference table facing him. That way, though I worked hard on the files, when he moved dramatically from his monitor or away from what he was reviewing on his desk, I would look up in expectation.

Wednesday afternoon of that second week, he took Trudy and me to visit my new condo. It had been going through a refurbishment with new paint, cleaning carpets and rugs, and switching out certain furniture. The condo came to me furnished and I was amazed at how stylish the furnishing was. It would be ready for me to oversee movers box and deliver my belongs from the small efficiency to this large condo on Friday. The condo was larger, most rooms were as large as my efficiency. A large balcony was off the living room with floor to ceiling windows, which I found very nice, but then found that the same windows were in all outside rooms including the dining room and bedroom. Heavy curtains on motorized mechanisms for opening and closing were in the bedroom. The living room and dining room had light curtains that opened and closed and designer blinds that rose from the floor. I learned that Trudy, with other unspecified help, had a big hand in decisions. She and I had become conspiratorial compatriots.

The bedroom was finished and I fell in love with it immediately. The curtains were pulled open to a view of the skyline. Besides the obvious items like bed, dressers, makeup table and bedside tables, a corner in the windows (it was a corner apartment) was a lounging/reading space with a Carlisle chaise lounge. I could see myself lounging there with a glass of wine, a book, and the nighttime view of the city below.

I turned around to find Mr. Woodburn and Trudy watching me expectantly. Trudy moved to the bed and pulled the covers down to the foot of the bed. I watched with understanding but in disbelief. I would certainly have expected it with Mr. Woodburn, but Trudy was not expected to be involved in my activities.

"Trudy?"

She smiled and hugged his arm as they both put an arm out in my direction. "This isn't about Mr. Woodburn's control. This is something I have wanted to do since almost the first time we met. There was something about you, Tina. I don't think I can begin to explain it, but something very sexual and erotic. I mentioned it to Mr. Woodburn and he confirmed that he had felt the same thing from you."

I stepped into a three-some hug with kisses and hands stroking. Then, I was eased back a step. She looked at me with lust in her eyes, "Strip, slut. Then you will undress us. You will enhance our sex today."

Mr. Woodburn added, "You will not concern yourself with your own release or satisfaction. You will only be concerned with heightening our pleasure as we enjoy each other." I nodded my understanding as I stripped off my dress leaving me essentially naked. I then began undressing them in turns, an article on Trudy, then an article on Mr. Woodburn. He added, "Tina, my slut, use this as an important lesson about being a slut." Then he gave me the words that would become a mantra to assist me in becoming an ever-improving slut: "A true slut never assumes anything, but only seeks to improve her devotion and skills constantly, never expecting to completely attain her master's full pleasure."

I assisted them in their love-making, which is what it was. They shared themselves with each other in tenderness and softness as if they were lovers lost in themselves. This was not a fucking that I received or gave. It was totally different than how he used me. I found I wasn't feeling anything about the difference. Her relationship had been different. I was his slut. A slut gets used.

The unusual feeling, though, was my unselfish assistance in their lovemaking while on my new bed in my new home. They were christening my new bedroom and I had a sense that it would be a part of the essence of the room for me, something I would always recall. That was something that would always remind me of my new role.

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CHAPTER 3: MRS. DEBORAH WOODBURN

I wasn't even spending the first night in my condo after moving in. Mr. Woodburn told me to pack a small case for two nights. He would be picking me up Friday late afternoon and return me home Sunday afternoon. He gave me little information other than some essentials to be packed.

I was waiting inside the secure lobby of the building with my single carry-on size roller bag. The doorman, who I had only met that day, was very attentive and suggested I wait inside out of the traffic and flow of people on the sidewalk. When Mr. Woodburn's Cadillac pulled next to the curb, the doorman looked back at me. I nodded and he began rushing back and forth, first to hold the door for me, taking my bag, then to the car to open the door for me, then to the trunk that popped open for him. The driver handed him a tip as he shut the trunk lid.

I settled into the back seat next to Mr. Woodburn. He had suggested an office-type outfit. The short skirt rode up my thighs as I slid into the seat. He noticed. He didn't ask but he was almost able to see if I did indeed take his comment of "office-type outfit" to mean no underwear. I didn't have any on, of course, and I thought the doorman might have had the better vantage point as I got into the car.

"Sir?"

"You'll find out in due course, my dear."

"Yes, Sir." He was still not telling me, but we crossed the river leaving downtown. I had the very familiar tingling feeling in my pussy as I sat back trying to present an air of calm while the potential of the unknown crashed against those efforts.

* * *

"So, you're the slut who has been fucking my Charles at his work?"

The woman standing in the foyer of their mansion-sized home was Mrs. Deborah Woodburn. She was

about 45-years-old, younger than him. She was trim, 5' 6" tall and about 130 pounds. Her looks were younger than her actual years. She had stylized reddish, blonde hair that fell to her shoulders. She was in a very nice dress, stockings, and heels. Jewelry completed the look on her neck, ears, and wrists.

I glanced nervously to Mr. Woodburn who had taken his place alongside her. His expression showed no hint of discomfort or tension.

"Mrs. Woodburn, I ..."

Her face suddenly changed completely by breaking into a smile. She stepped up to me and took me into her arms, pulling me in for a truly heartfelt hug that could have been a mother's hug to a daughter who had been away too long.

"I am sorry, dear, but you should have seen your face." She took my arm and led me through the foyer. A large, curving staircase went upstairs. She took me past what was a formal dining room already set up for three. She commented on the rooms as if settling me in. We stopped in a study, large curtain covered windows on one wall, other walls covered with bookshelves, and a sitting area at the other wall around a coffee table. While Mr. Woodburn went to a hidden bar for drinks, she held me out in front of her, stepped back and appraised me from head to toe.

"You did well, Charles."

He chuckled as he handed us our drinks, "I know I did, my love."

"You know about me?"

She laughed, "Of course, I do. Charles and I have a very good marriage, my dear. I knew about Trudy, too. When he told me, Trudy wanted to reduce her involvement and that he wanted to change the situation to include a professional person working closely with him who would be his personal slut for personal and professional use, I was intrigued." She looked up at her husband.

He nodded, "As I said before, my dear, I have no objection to expanding the relationship as long as Tina is in agreement. But, remember she has critical responsibilities at the firm."

I looked between them, "Expand? What are you suggesting?"

Mrs. Woodburn stared at me. Her face was still pleasant but there was new purpose or authority there, also. "How are you dressed when in Charles' office?" I told her what she already knew. "When in my home, consider the rules of his office to apply here, as well."

My eyes began flitting to Mr. Woodburn, but I stopped them. I slipped the jacket from my shoulders and looked for a nearby chair. Mr. Woodburn held out his hand and took it from me. I started unbuttoning my white blouse when I was stopped. She commented on how attractive the hint of my nipples were. I handed the blouse to him, now naked above the waist. I reached around my back without hesitation, unclasped and unzipped it, then wiggling out of the tight skirt. After stepping out of it, it was too given to him. I stood before them in my dark thigh-high stockings and black heels.

"You are a beautiful woman, Tina." Her eyes traveled over my body. "Does your willingness mean you accept the expansion of your relationship with Charles?"

"I don't think you explained the terms of the expansion, Ma'am. My compliance was only in deference to your husband's presence and in anticipation of what might come."

“Oh, Charles, I do like her.” She held up her glass and we touched each other’s. “A good combination of professional competence and slutty obedience.”

At dinner, Charles sat at the head of the table while his wife and I sat on either side near him. I remained naked, both periodically pointing out how my nipples would become erect or my face and upper chest would flush. She explained what she wanted in the expansion of my slut agreement with her husband. She confided that he kept her very satisfied sexually and, in fact, found his interest in sex with her increased with the addition of Trudy and now me. My arrival in an expanded capacity, however, introduced an exciting potential she wished to pursue. He agreed, but it would depend on my acceptance.

She described herself as a woman schooled in the lost art of formal etiquette where women held men’s attention simply by the way they stood, sat, touched an arm in conversation, or allowed their eyes to travel over someone. She proposed that she could instruct me in that art and it could prove valuable in the enticement of clients. After all, she said, using a slut to gain business was all about enticement. It can be done purely slutty or have the slutty be a surprise, which would be more enticing.

She said there were things she desired, though, too. She desired to know and experiment with the feel of the touch of a woman. She also had other desires. Desires that were quite taboo in society and too taboo to attempt to experience them except in the privacy of the estate. I questioned what those taboos were. Even as I asked the question, though, my pussy was sending tingling messages to my nipples and brain and they were responding with increased signals back. She assured me they were not hurtful, at least not more than a hard fuck by a big cock. She smiled.

“You’ve fucked my husband. You know what I mean by that. Are you used to him, yet?”

I nodded, “Mostly, I think.” I was blushing intensely and I knew my nipples were again hard nubs on my breasts and my pussy was again leaking. I hoped the chairs could be cleaned. “He says I will be stretched more. There may be clients with larger cocks.” She looked at her husband. “And, he has mentioned anal.” She gasped. Apparently, that wasn’t part of their lovemaking.

I woke up with the morning light filtering in through the bedroom window’s sheer curtains. It took me a moment to orient myself. The air and sounds were different. The bedroom was certainly different. Most different, though, was having one person’s leg draped over mine and another person’s arm draped over my breasts. I don’t know if I slept on my back the entire night or in our sleep, we found positions like this.

Of course, the people entrapping me to the bed were Mr. and Mrs. Woodburn. It was an interesting evening and night. I was sure she had heard the details of my being hired and the days after, but she was adamant about hearing it from me. I couldn’t help feeling embarrassed in the telling. I was sitting naked in the study with them on a couch, each of them stroking my thighs as I related the story including our first and other fucks. I was relating to a woman about the times I had fucked her husband and she wanted details. And their fingers became more insistent as I told the story. And the drinks. Mr. Woodburn refreshed our drinks numerous times. Sometime in the description of trying to take him deep into my throat and gagging yet again, my legs were pulled open and draped over their legs. Now, two sets of fingers played over my inner thighs and drooling pussy.

We ended up in bed. There was no question of that inevitability. I assisted them in fucking. In a moment of ingenuity, I lay on my back with my head toward the foot of the bed, had her straddle my head, then he came up behind her. He fucked his wife on her hands and knees while I licked her pussy and clit, my mouth and tongue playing over her and his plunging cock and balls, my fingers

working over her hanging breasts and nipples. Periodically, he pulled out of his wife and fed his cock into my mouth, then plunged back into her. She screamed her orgasm and he moaned his along with her as I pinched her nipple and massaged his balls.

After, there was light banter that led me to suck him hard, again. She sat cross-legged and offered with open hands for me to take my turn. And that was an interesting moment. I excitedly jumped at the opportunity. That was when it crystallized for me. It wasn't at all that I was just a compliant, accepting slut. Well ... maybe ... but not JUST. I also really, really like to fuck him. I liked the way he fucked. I liked his cock ... a lot. I liked being with both of them. I liked being with him and Trudy. I really, really liked fucking, sucking, and eating pussy. I really liked sex! Mr. Woodburn really did know the woman inside me and he was drawing that woman out of me.

* * *

"I hope you don't think badly of Charles, my dear."

We were at the kitchen counter, the two of us pulling together a breakfast. I like this woman. Actually, being in their home with them was showing a side of the Woodburn's I wouldn't have guessed. From the outside, he projected an image of wealth and power that would naturally include not only the limo service to and from work but service at home, too. That was the part I found telling about them. They both treated the home, despite the magnificence of it and the grounds, as a place of retreat. I was sure they had a cleaning service and grounds service that would come in to do major efforts, but they liked their privacy. She enjoyed cooking and last night they shared in doing the cleanup. So, this morning, I found myself assisting her in pulling together the breakfast.

"Why would I think badly of him, Ma'am?" I studied her as she took the egg dish out of the oven. It was amazingly simple to put together with eggs, sausage, cheese and crumbled bread, then cooked for 40 minutes. She was covered with a mid-length, light-fabric robe that covered her, but the tie slowly loosened as she worked requiring her to frequently retie it but also allow glimpses of her otherwise naked body underneath. I admired her body last night. Her extension of my role as her husband's slut to include her now required that I also remain naked in their home unless otherwise directed. It was a modification I would never have expected.

"The fact that he is going off to play golf when he brought you here for the weekend." She glanced at me with a look that said there was more to her bringing it up. We heard him and she called out that we had breakfast ready and he had to eat before leaving. "The truth is, I suggested it to him. I have something I want to ... discuss with you while he is gone." Just then, he came into the kitchen, wrapped his arms around his wife, kissing her neck and shoulders as he untied her robe and fondled her breasts. She wiggled with embarrassed delight. While she retied her robe, he came to me and repeated his attack. I, however, was much more compliant and his hand moved further down my body. I glanced at his wife beside me who was now leaning against the counter on one hip watching as my feet spread and my hands reached for the counter for support as his hand found my pussy. He smacked my butt, grabbed a mug of coffee and retreated to the kitchen nook. She smiled at me, sensing the frustration of the quick, teasing arousal and just as quick let-down.

* * *

Mr. Woodburn had left for the golf course and she was leading me out into the yard. I could see in the rear of the large lot a small building that clearly was a kennel with a large fenced-in run. Inside were two dogs, a Golden Retriever and an Irish Setter. Both were beautiful dogs and mature size. She was now dressed in shorts and a pull-over top. I was still completely naked, even barefoot. She assured me the property was completely fenced in and private, but that didn't stop me from

surveying around us as we walked. I was not used to outdoor exhibition. Being stood in front of a window 11 stories in the air was one thing, this was another. But, I now satisfied her expectation, too.

She stood at the chain-link fence with her palm on the mesh. The dogs came rushing to her and nosed her palm.

“You grew up on a farm, right? Aren’t I remembering that correctly?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“You’re comfortable with dogs and other animals?”

I was wondering what this was leading to. “Yes, Ma’am. I love dogs. We had three, sometimes four dogs around the farm. They were almost strays. We put food and water out for them and they kept varmints away from the chickens and the barn. Then, there were lots of cows, a few horses, and pigs.”

She only nodded. It took her a few moments, “We recently got the dogs because Charles wanted dogs. You can see the balls and ropes scattered around the yard. They play with him very well. They might be rough on the plantings and gardens, but the three of them are a delight to watch.”

“The three of them, Ma’am?”

She smiled, “Yes, not much slips by you, does it?” She turned to me, “The thing is ... well, we wanted handsome dogs and playful. These two are certainly that. They came from the same kennel and had been living together when they were ... mmmmm ... taken from the owners. It didn’t seem that the adoption kennel had a lot of information on them except that they were healthy, loved, and well cared for. But ... stand over there away from the gate and watch what happens.”

I move around the corner of the fenced run but could still see through the links as she opened the gate and stepped back. I noticed she did nothing with her hands or body but to step back several steps. The dogs glanced at me warily, but with wagging tails rushed to her. My hand went to my mouth as I watched them circle her, snouts pressing into her front and butt. She stood there taking the aggressive probing of the noses before returning to the gate and ordering them back inside. I saw her hands shaking on the latch to close the gate.

We walked back to the patio. “That’s why I had you stand away. Imagine them with a naked woman? At first, we thought they were just happy and excited. Well ... duh. But, not in the friendly, family dog kind of way.” Her hand slipped between her thighs as she gazed out into the yard toward the kennel, then quickly pulled it back as she saw me watching. “Sorry. It becomes rather arousing when you accept what they are after.”

“Ma’am, you really think ...”

She patted my hand and smiled. “I was the same way. When it first was happening, Charles became quite embarrassed for me. I think men tend to see the sexual implication of things faster than we might. But, eventually, we went back to the adoption kennel for more information. He was nervous that there was something wrong and offered to take the dogs back and return our money. The thing was, though, that with Charles they were exactly what we wanted. The man promised more information so we could decide. He came back to us over a week later, apologizing for the delay. It turned out the dogs came from a police raid on a family. There was nothing in the police reports to indicate anything out of the ordinary. The neighbors all said the dogs didn’t bark, were good with

kids and well-behaved, but were kept in the yard or the house. Out of curiosity, the animal control people who took the dogs into custody after the arrests pursued it further. They were given permission to interview the woman. The man wouldn't talk to them. Both were in prisons, obviously different ones. The woman, since she was already in prison, decided to confess that she had been having sex with the dogs and the man rarely interacted with them. We were told she had a perverse smile on her face. Apparently, she let the dogs have her anytime they wanted. She preferred sex with them over her husband."

I stared at her for a moment as the information fully sunk in. "So ... that was a trained response for them. Maybe not a deliberate training response, but the woman had gotten them used to ... having her as ..."

She finished it for me, "Yes, as their bitch."

We both sat quietly for many more moments. Although I now had a very challenging professional job, there was always the element of sexuality orbiting my life, always within a comment, text, email, or phone call away from that orbiting sexuality to consume me. Her story, now combined with the image of the dogs with her, ignited in me a very real arousal. Was that perverted, disgusting? Dogs. This was dogs she was talking about. But, still ... the feelings were there and ... what other reason was there for her telling me that?

I looked at her after half turning to face her more directly, suddenly much more aware of my nudity. "Why ... are you telling me all this?"

She didn't look at me, not at first. Her hesitancy spoke volumes about what was going through her mind. Finally, she let it out. "Tina, this is way beyond the arrangement you have with my husband, not to mention the expansion I asked for." She reached across and put her hand on my arm. "Feel free to be offended and reject me, it's probably asking too much, even of someone who has agreed to be a personal slut." She turned slightly to face me. "I can't get the idea of what that woman was doing out of my head. You might have noticed that the dogs probing at my crotch and ass didn't cause me to jump away. I am intrigued, but ..."

I smiled at her, "But, you don't know if it should be something you should be considering or how to pursue if you really want to?" She nodded, her eyes remaining down looking at the ground between us. "Ma'am ...", she looked up at me, "I don't know if it should be too much to ask me or not. I think that is my problem right now. Everything is so sensual and arousing to me. Just being around your husband and not knowing what that relationship might bring me; being in his office naked and not knowing when he might have me suck his cock or bend me over the table or desk to fuck me; and now you, naked in your home, helping the two of you to fuck and for you to be sitting with us as he fucks me. Ma'am, it is explosive just thinking about it." I smiled with reassurance, "To your point, finally, I don't know that there is anything that is too much to ask. Heck, not ask but direct me to do. That is the way I am feeling, that there is nothing that is too much to expect from me. I wasn't sure what it might mean to accept his offer of being his slut. I liked sex more than I imagined as time passed. The more I experienced, the more I liked it. But, ultimately, your husband showed me how much I really did. This is going to sound really bad ... or slutty ... but I am wondering what my limits might be."

She looked at me with eyes that were very soft and tender. "I wish I was like that, Tina. I love the sex Charles gives me, but I wish I could give Charles more, be more adventurous for him. Understand, he loves me tremendously and we are very happy. It isn't that him wanting you somehow diminishes anything we have. I think having you might actually improve what we have." She hesitated, again. "Can I ask something of you, then?"

I put my hand on hers. "Ma'am, I want you to ask me anything you desire."

"When you are here with us, can you push me, encourage me to try new things, to push my fears of what might hurt versus the experience of some hurt that leads to increased pleasure?"

I got out of my chair and knelt alongside her. "I will do anything you want me to do. I want you and Mr. Woodburn to have anything any slut might ever give in service."

She smiled and gave me a peck on the cheek. Her eyes glanced from me to the kennel and back to me. I sensed that even with my offer she was weighing the appropriateness of asking.

"It was only last week that we got the information about the woman. We were trying to decide what to do about it. Could they be retrained to leave women alone? But, I think Charles began seeing the other question in my mind, but he would never suggest anything like that for me. I don't think I can even suggest anything like that for myself. But, you ... you've been around animals. You might have a different perspective."

I laughed. "Some familiarity maybe but not experience. Dog cocks develop a knot that is thicker than their cocks. That could be a terrifying surprise if you weren't expecting it." I looked out at the kennel now. "Maybe you need two things to be considered." She looked at me quizzically. "First, can the dogs be retrained to leave women alone when the attention is not wanted." She looked at me funny at the words 'when the attention is not wanted'. "Second, determine what fucking a dog is like. You might find you never want to pursue doing it and just focus on the training."

She looked at me with a wry smile. She recognized what I was doing. The training was very possible. Both dogs already responded to the command to sit even when they wanted to sniff. The training just needed to get them to stop molesting women.

I stood and started out into the yard. She caught up within a moment. "You're going to do it?"

"I don't know anything about it. I've never done it or seen it done. But, being on the farm I have seen dogs mount and other animals, too."

She grabbed my arm in hers as she walked along tightly beside me. "This is so exciting! I never thought you would do it. I think you might really be a full-blown slut, Tina."

I smiled, partly to myself, though I knew she saw it, too. "It is what your husband wants me to be." After a moment of further reflection, "The thing about dogs is the knot that forms at the base of their cocks. It's a ball that can be significantly larger than the cock. The knot locks them, called a tie, to the bitches to help with insemination. If you aren't aware of that, it could be a painful surprise."

"You're really going to do it. I can't believe it." She was so giddy. Maybe I was talking myself into it. "How are you going to do it?"

We were at the kennel. "I have no idea, but it would seem that what experience I lack, they might make up for."

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## **PART II: ENCOURAGE THE SLUT**

### **CHAPTER FOUR: DOG AND BITCH TRAINING**

I remembered the reaction of the dogs when she released them last time so I knelt on the grass with my knees together and my ass on my heels. When I was satisfied, she opened the gate and pressed herself against the chain-link fencing. The dogs glanced at her but saw me in the open and made a beeline in my direction. They were both largish dogs and the sight of them charging my way was more than a little intimidating, but I held my composure and waited for the moment.

“Stop! Leave it! Sit!” I had worked with the dogs at home. Nobody else in the family seemed to care enough, but I found the process interesting and it had given me some amount of satisfaction.

The dogs stopped in their tracks and seemed confused. Clearly, nobody had commanded them like that, at least for a long time, though they had some training at some point in the past. I repeated the command to sit and they did. ‘Stop’ was more of a panic command meant to grab their attention. ‘Leave it’ was a common command used to tell the dog whatever had their attention to back off. They didn’t have to literally back off, but to stop the fixed behavior. It might be chasing a squirrel or tearing into a slipper. The effect was to be the same: stop the action.

“Wow, that’s amazing.” Her comment came from behind the dogs where she was still pressed against the fence.

“Well, I noticed they seemed to have training. It will divert them, but we will need to work on not having to have the situation where they need to be commanded like that.” I glanced from them to her, “This will need to be reinforced regularly once we get started. Unless you think you can handle it, it might mean I will need to be here for a few hours regularly.”

“Oh no! I don’t know how Charles and I might handle the intrusion ...” I looked up in surprise to find her stifling a laugh. I smiled but gave her stern look, which seemed to surprise her.

I stood up and continued to give commands if the dogs began to move. I motioned Mrs. Woodburn over. She looked at the dogs with an expectation of being probed by snouts at any minute but then giggled that my nudity would probably mean they would ignore her.

I knelt down in front of the dogs, giving them scratches and pets. Their snouts did sniff the air around me, but they were held at bay. She introduced the dogs: the Golden Retriever was Sammy; the Irish Setter was Paddy. They were both very handsome dogs. They looked to be about the same height, but the Setter was about two inches taller. They looked to be the same weight.

“Now that they are calmed down, how are you ...”

“Still not sure,” I said with a laugh. “Though I have seen plenty of animals mating, it never really crossed my mind to involve myself; not with the upbringing I had.” She nodded and chuckled at that. I looked up at her, “Ma’am, could you put one of the dogs back in the kennel? I might not get mauled with just one ...”

She did and I was left with Sammy. She stayed near the kennel fence, allowing me space to interact with the dog without distraction. I moved my face close to the dog’s while petting it and scratching its ears. I still wasn’t sure. I was trying this without the benefit of preparation. With some warning, I could have at least done an internet search. Images in my mind were coming back to me, though, from what I had been fascinated with at the farm. Maybe I was more fascinated by the animals than I had previously admitted.

The dog was sniffing around me as I petted it with increasing interest and it suddenly occurred to me that he was picking up my arousal from my anticipation of this crazy act I was intending to do; a crazy act to be done only because this woman now shared me with her husband as a slut. I shivered.

After only a couple weeks, my life was now this blatant.

The moment of truth, and to give myself a little more time to consider how I wanted to take it to the next stage, I sat my butt on the grass and leaned my body back on my elbows so I could watch, then I raised my knees and spread them. The dog was instantly on his feet and sniffing his way forward. Clearly, this was something he was familiar with. His snout sniffed his way to my pussy, his wet nose bumping into my crotch. When his tongue shot out and lapped for the first stroke, the wide, long, wet tongue covered my lips and clit. I gasped at the feeling. I've been licked before, even by Trudy just nights before, but nothing like this. Though there was a 70-pound dog between my legs, all I considered was the head and tongue now lapping at me. The first gasp gave way to a moan and I lowered my back to the ground and raised my hips into the air. I had to have him more completely on my pussy. When his tongue somehow parted my lips and the tip of it sank into my drooling hole, my mouth released something that sounded like a cry of gasp, moan, and shriek.

It was the most amazing feeling of being eaten I had ever in my life felt. It was a simple feeling of a soft, but still intense sexual arousal that was intimately focused at my pussy and clit. The wonderful dog was bringing me skyward to an orgasm that felt like my pussy was rocketing into the sky and about to explode into the most amazing display of fireworks. My entire body tensed, shivered, arched, and fell to the ground. Then it went through various combinations all over, again. There was a sound in my ears of someone in distress or pain or ... ecstasy ... and that when I realized the cries were coming from me.

My body was still in the throes of that orgasm and the dog's incessant lapping of my pussy and clit continued. No doubt my pussy was leaking my juices as quickly as he was able to lap them up. The effect, though, was incredible. My orgasm peaked and started to subside, but the continued licking created another orgasmic rise in my body that was threatening to be even greater. My fingers were digging into the grass and dirt underneath for something to grab onto. The next orgasm sent me into uncontrolled shaking of every part of my body. My legs fell, going straight out from my body and shook on the ground. My mouth cried out in conflicting demands to the dog ... or the universe.

"Oooooooooo ... Godddddd, yesssssss ... NO MORE!!! ... Oooooooooo ... more, yesssssss like ... thaaatttttttt ... oooooo, pleassssseeeeeee stopppp himmmmmmm ..."

All I could do was roll to the side and forcefully remove my pussy from his tongue. I curled into a fetal position and my body continued to shiver. It was moments later when my body and mind regained some control that I found out Mrs. Woodburn had interceded and taken the dog by the collar because he continued after my retreating pussy, even curled into a defensive position, he licked at my butt and thighs.

I didn't stop shaking for several minutes after getting away from that tongue. When I finally rolled onto my back and gazed up, her eyes changed from concern to amazement to delight. I blushed and giggled at the orgasmic exhibition I had just displayed and she giggled in response with her hand stroking the dog while the other held him securely by the collar. Soon we were both laughing with relief.

I took a deep breath and moved to my knees. I clapped my hands and called him. She released her grip and he came prancing to me. I hugged his head, stroked him and moved my hand onto his belly. My fingers made contact with his sheath and I felt something. I patted the grass and commanded him down. He did and I looked up at Mrs. Woodburn with a look that reaffirmed these dogs were well-trained.

On the ground, I stroked his side and scratched his ears. I shifted both hands to his body, one sliding

back and forth over his belly. He partially rolled further onto his back and I could see it. The red tip of his cock was peeking from the sheath. I looked up, again, finding her fixated on the cock.

"It looks so different."

I smiled without looking up, again. "Wait until more comes out." I smiled knowingly. Growing up on a farm was finally paying off for something.

I touched the cock tip carefully, but he hardly flinched. It was hard to keep in mind that these dogs had a lot of experience being sexually active with women. With his ease evident, my confidence ramped up quickly. What would I do to get a man ready? Easy, suck him, get him good and hard so he could fuck me good and hard. I smiled to myself and Mrs. Woodburn must have noticed.

"What are you thinking? You've decided something, haven't you."

I didn't even respond. Not to be rude, but rather an action would speak volumes compared to a few words of description. I shifted my position on my knees so I was alongside his cock. I lowered my head, sticking my tongue out to touch the tip. My tongue captured a drop of pre-cum already leaking from the tip. I brought it back to my lips and ... "mmmmm ... not bad." When my mouth lowered and engulfed the inch of exposed cock, Ma'am gasped.

"My God! Tina ... you slut ... you're really doing it!"

Really doing it, indeed. With the tip in my lips, I sucked and touched the tip with my tongue. I had no idea what the dog was used to with the other woman, but his hips flexed at me, driving his cock further into my mouth, the hairy sheath bumping against my lips. His cock was growing quickly now.

I pulled my face away from his crotch and gazed in amazement. I let a dog lick me to two orgasms, now I just sucked the dog's cock to hardness. I slid my hand over his sheath and felt the ball of cock flesh forming underneath. I looked up and found Mrs. Woodburn with big eyes that were flitting between me and the cock.

She finally managed to stammer, "God, Tina, look at that cock. It is so different and ... much bigger than I expected it to be." I could only nod my head. My entire body was on fire. If there was a thought that two orgasms might have dampened the arousal in my pussy, it was dead wrong. In that moment, I knew I was fucking these dogs. Dogs. Not just this one, but Paddy, too.

I took Sammy's head in my hands and kissed his snout. His tongue came out and I poked mine out to meet it. I heard the Mrs. gasp, but I continued touching tongues until his tongue invaded my mouth. I trapped it with my lips and sucked on the tip. I was on fire and knew the only way to put that out, at least temporarily.

I spun around to my hands and knees, patting my ass. I knew he knew what that meant and I braced myself as I saw him scrambling to get to his feet. I watched over my shoulder, then between my legs to find him approaching me, licking my ass and pussy more. I pushed his snout away this time. I wanted to be fucked by this dog, then the other one.

I glanced around, wondering where he was when I felt him land on my back, a front paw scraping over my side, his legs grabbing me, holding me. His cock probed, pushed, thrust against my ass and butt cheeks. The bony canine cock began to hurt as he probed. I reached between my legs, felt his cock and moved it with my palm to my pussy. A few more stabs and he found my hole. The penetration was surprising, deep, and brutal. Being fucked by a caring man prepares you, enters you, then presses forward. This was different, completely his domination, his purpose, and his

instinct to inseminate his bitch taking over his actions.

He drove into me with power and brutal control. For a moment, he relaxed his grip around me but it was only to reposition himself deep in me, then to grab me even tighter. When he did, he pulled me back onto his cock, then he drove forward and from that point on he never slowed or varied his purpose. He was now a fucking machine, a fucking animal. His cock flew in and out of my pussy much too fast for me to even consider assisting him. The only way I could assist was to be a rigid body for him to fuck into and that was what I did. My arms braced in front of me, my knees spread, and my thighs trying to be a solid object in front of him.

I was steadily moaning and gasping at the intensity of his fucking. Then I felt it ... the knot. The knot was pressing at my opening but I was too inflamed with an animal need of my own to worry about my opening being stretched, the tension of it sending a delicious kind of pleasure-pain through my body. When it popped by my opening, I cried out in a relief from the stretching but also the amazing feeling of the ball inside me, filling me, and the cock driving suddenly deeper into my pussy. I could feel the knot and cock pulsing growth in every way: diameter and length both growing inside me. My own orgasm was only a delirious moment away when I felt everything inside me swell up even larger, then pulsing and jerking. I arched my back to feel everything more intensely: the fur on my back, the knot and cock doing some crazy erotic dance inside my pussy, and my own pussy clenching, spasming, and squeezing as his cock shot the load stream of dog-cum into my already drooling pussy. That was all it took for my third orgasm from Sammy.

Mrs. later said I scream so loudly she feared what the neighbors might think. I collapse to the grass, except for my ass. I was tied, locked, trapped on that wonderful cock by the knot too swollen inside me to come out. I sighed and whimpered and giggled at the experience. The dog turned on me, somehow turning so we were now ass-to-ass. The dog periodically tried the knot, testing if it might be pulled out. Each time he did it, though, it sent a new shiver through me when the knot bumped against my g-spot.

I felt a hand stroking my back. I opened my eyes and found Mrs. Woodburn. Her panties were on the ground beside her. I looked at them, then up at her. "I couldn't help myself, dear. That was the most intensely erotic thing I have ever seen. But, thank you", she giggled, "I orgasmed while watching you. It was amazing, dear Tina."

I smiled up at her. "It was literally my pleasure, Ma'am." I pulled at the knot myself and felt it stretching my hole. It would be soon and we would be released. I got up on my hands and glanced behind me. Paddy was sitting at the fence, his front feet antsy, moving in little non-steps. I spied a reddish flash and smiled. He was already exposed from his sheath.

I looked up into her eyes, "Are you ready to try this amazing thing? I'll help you."

Just then the knot popped out and she moved behind me and gasped, "My God! You're gaping and there is a steady stream of cum running out of you. God, that is so obscene." She stroked my back. She was quiet a moment, then, "No, not yet. I can't. It looks so amazing but there is still some arguing going on inside me. I know I want to, though."

Sammy was lying not far away. He was licking his cock and knot clean. I jerked my head toward him and she stared. "That is so hot. Look at that cock and knot. You had that inside you, can you believe it?"

"Not quite yet, but ... maybe after Paddy, I will." She saw the look in my eyes and moved to the gate in the fence to release the other dog. Controlling him seemed easier, maybe he had some sense or

understanding from watching Sammy on me that this was his turn.

I wanted to repeat everything, but I was too ready for round two of fucking. He sat in front of me and I could see about four inches of hard, red cock staring at me. Okay, maybe I was staring at it ...

Something filed away in the back of my brain came forward: the dog's cock is generally not hard and erect when initial penetration is achieved in mating with a bitch. They become erect while fucking. Having four inches to begin seem sufficient in my mind so I turned on my hands and knees and patted my ass to him like I did Sammy. He was just as quick to respond to the command and mounted me. This time I spared myself the moments of him stabbing blindly at my ass. I slipped my hand between my legs quickly and eased him close to my pussy. Again, the initial penetration made me gasp and groan.

I was blissfully oblivious as the dog pounded me with his jackhammer strokes when a man-cock appeared in front of my face. I opened my mouth and gobbled the cock deep into my mouth. The dog's forceful fucking had my breast bouncing and my mouth moving sharply over the cock in my mouth.

"She was willing, I see." That was definitely Mr. Woodburn. Thank goodness.

"We talked, but she was great. For someone who had never been fucked by a dog before, she looks like she has been forever." A pause. "Charles, this is so hot and sexy. I have to do it. Would you mind?"

"Love, you know I wouldn't. We've talked about it after we found out what their history was. I was the one who suggested my slut to see what it might look like. If you want to, do it. Talk to Tina. Work it out. I know how your mind works, love. Work it out, then do it." Another pause. "Can I watch?" I didn't hear a response, but I felt both of them shift around me, Sir's cock moving in my mouth. I suspected they were kissing. "I love you, Deb. I'll support you in anything."

It was so weird to be overhearing their heart-felt feeling over me as if I wasn't there, but I was there. I was being fucked by their dog and sucking his cock.

\* \* \*

I came out of the bathroom after a much-needed shower before dinner. Mrs. Woodburn was seated at her vanity in bra and panties applying her makeup and fussing with her hair. On the bed was the floor-length, sheer, white nightgown I had packed on Mr. Woodburn's recommendation. I knew it well. Trudy had seen it in one of the shops we visited and insisted I get it after seeing me in it. She was convinced it could come in handy sometime with a client. It was one of those gowns that were held by thin straps at the shoulders. The back was non-existent. It simply dropped to just above my butt. The front was a sheer lace bodice with a single catch between the breasts. The front was open to the floor if I moved. Standing in one place, the gown closed. If I stepped or a breeze caught it, I was exposed. I loved the feel of the gown and how it made me feel. I walked around the tiny efficiency enjoying the feeling of it opening and exposing me, wondering what occasion would have me actually wearing it. Alongside the gown was a new package of sheer, white thigh-high stockings. On the floor was a pair of white, strap heels.

I was expecting another evening of stockings and heels. "Charles thought you might enjoy dressing up along with us." I smiled. Dressing up. They were dressing in almost formal outfits. Me? I was 'dressing up' in a sheer nightgown.

She stood up and stepped in front of me, her hands grasping mine. She looked intently into my eyes,

"Dear, I want to thank you." I started to protest, but, "No, I mean it. Thank you. Charles is better at this 'dominant in control' thing. I just blurt out my feelings, but he feels the same way. What you might do for the firm is one thing. What you do for us, though, is personal. I know he calls you his personal slut, but ... well, last night was beautiful and today was stunning."

We were interrupted by his appearance in the bedroom door. "Are you two going to make me drink by myself?"

We looked at each other and laughed. I said, "Sorry, Sir. I'll be down as soon as I get dressed ...", I glanced at his wife and smiled, "it won't take me long." She stifled another laugh.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Woodburn and I were sitting next to each other on the patio looking into the yard to the kennel. Mr. Woodburn was on the other side of his wife and remaining very quiet as I verbally rehearsed what was going to happen.

"Okay, once more."

She exhaled a big breath and started going through it, again. I will release one of the dogs and she will control it with the commands. Once he is sitting securely, she will undress in the backyard in front of the dog. I will be standing by the dog to ensure his compliance with the commands. She will then nuzzle the dog, stroking it and scratching the ears. Only then after she has felt the dog's fur on her bare skin will she lay back with open legs for the dog to lick her. Assuming they do as good a job with her as me, she will orgasm. After, she will return the favor to the dog. Oral sex between her and her husband is a big part of their loving so it won't be any more difficult for a dog. Once she has three to four inches of cock out of the sheath she will assume the position. I stressed the idea of using her palm to guide the cock, but the moment might become blurred at that point. I reminded her about the knot.

She turned to her husband who had been very quiet, allowing us to focus on the task. "Are you still okay with this? You won't think less of me?"

He moved to her and hugged her. "Never. We've talked about this. What I saw Tina doing yesterday, was stunningly sexual. When we talked about canine sex because of these dogs, I wasn't truly sure how I felt about bestiality. It seemed arousing to think about. Seeing Tina, it was one of the more arousing things I have seen. This excites me, darling. But, it only excites me if it excites you."

She kissed him and stood up. "I can't wait any longer." She walked out into the yard. I had to move quickly to catch up with her.

\* \* \*

Paddy was the dog that was at the gate, first. He responded in almost all ways the same as Sammy had yesterday.

Mrs. Woodburn screamed out when the knot entered and when her orgasm rocked her world. While tied to the dog, her husband sat next to her, stroking her bare back. "That was the hottest thing I have seen."

She turned her head to him, "I thought you said what you saw yesterday was the hottest thing you have seen."

“It was ... until now. You’re my wife. That made it hotter.”

She smiled at him, fatigue taking hold of her as the dog pulled against the knot. When they separated, she collapsed to the ground, sprawled on her front. She rolled over, raised her upper body to gaze at the mess of her gaping pussy. Her husband kissed her and whispered something into her lips. She glanced at me. In far more than a whisper, she responded to him while holding my eyes.

“I don’t know. You’d have to ask her. Or command her.” She winked at me.

He turned to face me, “Slut, you’ve cleaned my cock after we fucked. You’ve greedily swallowed my cum when you sucked me. Are you slut enough to clean my wife’s messy and well-fucked pussy?”

I looked at them. These two were truly in love. She had commented that his proclivity to a mistress and now me only seemed to stimulate their own sexual relationship. It seemed an odd thing but I didn’t doubt it after this weekend with them.

Dog cum. As I stared at her gaping pussy, I knew in my heart my relationship with them and their dogs were only beginning and where my slut role might take me I wasn’t sure but these two were an adventure I was excited about.

I crawled to her open legs. I bent her knees and splayed them to the sides. While on my knees I bent over to begin lick and suck her pussy. After a few licks, I raised my head and gazed into her eyes, “Nice ... you’ll return the favor sometime?” She blushed, but I knew she was hooked. Still holding her eyes, I spoke to her husband, “Sir, would you be kind enough to release Sammy?” She groaned and her eyes followed her husband as my tongue dove into her pussy. I gazed up at her over her pubic bone. Her eyes were wild and I knew the dog was approaching. My mouth was busy with her pussy and she was torn to command the dog or not. I just smiled at her and she stared at the dog.

The dog slammed into my upturned ass, his cock already out and humping at me. And, I let him. My hands were busy holding her pussy lips open for my tongue. It took a while, and I was sure I would feel sore later, but his penetration was the most animalistic I had ever experience. I orgasmed on his penetration. There was another later, but not before pulling one out of Ma’am with my mouth.

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CHAPTER FIVE: BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING

“Ah, my favorite Accounts team.”

My team consisting solely of me and the two Account Specialists I recruited from the 2nd floor were seated around the small conference table in my new office. It had been a little more than two weeks since I had moved into my new office and condo; the same two weeks since spending the memorable weekend at the Woodburn’s.

Mr. Woodburn stood in the open door. It was not a common occurrence to find him venturing out of the sanctuary of the 11th floor. Since taking this position, I had used it to encourage him in certain matters and his visibility with the employees was one of those matters. He considered himself the kind of senior manager that allowed managers down the line the freedom of management without interference and suggested to me that Trudy and I were the exceptions where he applied a more ‘hands-on’ approach. That, of course, warranted a groan from me. I still suggested that it would be good for employees to see his presence in their work areas as symbolic of his interest in them.

He was making his rounds periodically, but I still sensed he stopped in our area more frequently as a more familiar group to him. It was always strange to me to have him stop by my office or our area to talk. I had been conditioned that when I met with him I would undress. I wondered if he felt the same turmoil when he came to my office and I didn't move to take off my outfit. That question would be answered when he mentioned that he would like to see me in his office before the end of work today.

* * *

"Hi Trudy, I hope he is still here. My day suddenly got very busy and he didn't give me a particular time to meet, just by the end of the day." Trudy was just gathering her items and shutting down her computer. "And ... how's Adam? Are you going to introduce me sometime?"

She chuckled, "Introduced him to YOU?!? Do you think I am out of my mind?" She winked at me and said he was good ... very good ... and we should get together some night for dinner since we were in the same building. Then, "Yes, the man's still here. He's been busy, too. Some important business dinner. He's had me arranging for a catered dinner. Maybe that's what he wants to talk to you about." She shrugged her shoulders. Apparently, she didn't have too many details, yet. That usually meant it was still in flux. Trudy always knew the details. She winked at me as she gathered up her purse and shoulder bag, "Hadn't seen you in there today. Working late tonight?"

I smiled at the implication and raised my eyebrows, "You know him ... work, work, work." She laughed and I knocked on the door.

"Sorry, it took me so long, Sir. The day got busy ..." I was walking deliberately, as always, to the spot between the two guest chairs in front of his desk. I was already reaching behind my neck to unclasp and unzip the dress. We had already made another modification to my dress code to include a little more cleavage besides the short hem. Both might be pushing the boundaries of normal business decorum, but since I reported only to Mr. Woodburn, and it was at his direction, nobody else dared object.

He smiled as he leaned back in his chair to watch. Something else that always happened. He was, also, almost always quiet as I removed my clothes and waited for his gesture to sit in one of the chairs. This time was different, though.

"Tina, your influence on my wife has been fun for us. Tell me honestly, did we overstep the bounds by involving you in our personal lives?"

I was standing before him in stockings, heels, and jewelry. He motioned for me to sit, which I did. I took the opportunity to flash him slowly, something I had decided to add to our ritual, by exaggerating the motion of crossing my legs by spreading them a bit more than necessary in the process. Now, I could count on his eyes glued to my exposed pussy as I took my seat. Now, I was not merely reacting to his directed needs but devising my own ways of enticing and teasing him myself. The slut inside me was taking a firm hold on me.

"Sir, I agreed to be your personal slut. True, it had implications of being used for the firm in dealing with clients, but, from the beginning, I had no misconceptions that this was anything but very personal for you. In a very real way, adding control to your wife could be considered a natural extension of yours. I am pleased to serve both of you and more pleased if it adds to your relationship with her."

He smiled. "She'll be glad to hear that. She is still a bit intimidated to experience the dogs by herself."

I felt a tingle at the memory of that weekend when we both discovered the unique pleasures of canine sex. "I will give her a call, Sir. Perhaps she will again share one of them with me."

"I think you can count on it. I think she is fully capable of taking the dogs solo, she much prefers your company." I smiled. The tingling increased. So nice when a slut is appreciated. "Now, the reason for wanting to talk to you ..."

I pouted playfully, "Work?"

He laughed. "Yes, my dear slut, we do first work for the firm." He laughed, again, at my playfulness and did not miss when I changed legs being crossed. I knew my nipples were already hard and I could feel the slickness between my legs. He put both hands on the surface of the desk in mock sternness, "Do I need to fuck you, slut, so we can devote just a little time to business?" I replied with another pout but neither of us could hold the acting very long before we were laughing.

"As I told you, the Board approved the creation of your position and 'unofficially' approved the application of the slut aspect. Everyone is very conscious of the potential legal issues surrounding an implication of sexual harassment or, worse, assault. They are trusting us, especially me, to use the highest judgment for its use. Several members of the Board have reached out to me for a ... presentation, maybe we could say regarding the Executive Accounts and how you, as a slut, might be applied. I anticipate question after the presentation and perhaps some challenge to gage our commitment."

My nipples became harder. "Sex with the Board, Sir? The entire Board?"

"I wouldn't rule it out. They already approved the use of sex while keeping that approval unofficial. We are technically sitting out there without the Board's approval should anything go seriously wrong. That is not one of my worries, though." I nodded agreement. "I am considering a semi-formal dinner at my home without spouses after the Board meeting." I questioned him with the obvious. "No, not Deborah, either. She would go visit a friend, which she does occasionally, anyway." He had leaned forward but again leaned back as he considered it further. "Yes, I think that best. If they might think spouses could be included in some way, it can be at another time and place. I am envisioning you providing a PowerPoint presentation of the major accounts we currently have and a review of several we have identified to pursue. I want them to see you as the responsible executive you are and to see me as your support. I want them to especially see you as much more than the slut." I nodded and agreed. "I will work out the timing and details through Trudy, but I am thinking of saving the end of the Board Meeting for your presentation to them, fielding any questions, and not addressing the slut part immediately. It will, of course, be increasingly in the backs of their minds."

He hesitated and watched me. His eyes moved down to my nipples several times. I had the sense he was gaging my reaction. He expressed how he thought both the meeting and dinner with the Directors might flow. He wanted my feedback, but I had little to offer. Although he had enjoyed me sexually and in a variety of ways, my being a slut for him had only been personal. If this happened, it would be my first time with others I barely knew. It was an inevitability and, besides, this was the Board, which made it even more significant in my mind.

"As you know, the Board is made up of six people: five men and a woman."

I smiled. "You saw my comfort with your wife and Trudy, Sir." He smiled. Settled.

* * *

On the day of the Board Meeting, the schedule I received indicated the actual meeting through the

afternoon, then a break for them to return either home or to their hotel to refresh and dress for dinner, which would be catered at Mr. Woodburn's home at 8:00 PM. It had a note added to the email specifically for me: one of my business dresses with cleavage for the meeting; and, a special dress he gave me for more formal situations for the dinner. And, I should arrive early for the dinner.

The laptop was primed with my presentation. It would be shown through the in-house wi-fi to the large flat-screen monitor on the wall at the end of the room. Mr. Woodburn had buzzed for me to join the meeting and he and I stood before them in front of the large monitor as they re-took their seats after getting some refreshments while I entered and prepared the system. He introduced me and made some introductory comments, then stepped to the side allowing me full command of the presentation. I flipped through the slides covering all the accounts I had inherited, then moved on to potential accounts Mr. Woodburn had identified. This segment of slides included information procured from multiple sources indicating susceptibility to our approach. We had already brought in a couple accounts through normal business relationships while using care in identifying accounts to target for our new approach.

Following the presentation, there was a flurry of probing questions from the Directors regarding the accounts, clients, risk, and profitability. These were all standard fare circling around the business aspects of the accounts. Mr. Woodburn stayed at the side in his chair he had pushed away from the massive conference table. At one point when I flipped back to specifically address a client detail, I glanced at Mr. Woodburn as I turned to use the laser pointer to hi-lite several lines of data to address the question. I found his face serene as he sat comfortably back in the chair while intently watching the faces and body language of the Directors. He had an exceedingly please look on his face. Inwardly, I gave myself a smile.

Then, the meeting changed. I waited patiently to see if there might be another question but found none. One of the Directors thanked me by name and expressed his pleasure and satisfaction. Others added similar comments.

There was a pause, almost awkward, then, "Charles, you're saying Miss James here is now acting as your personal slut ..."

Mr. Woodburn interrupted him, "I can assure you there is nothing ACTING about Miss James in this relationship." He stood and joined me to stand front and center. "Are you just pretending, Miss James? Are you playing me?"

I flushed at the directness of the discussion and the room was now totally silent, seven pairs of eyes watching me, more than a few of those eyes also scanning my body. "Sir, I would think my actions have spoken far better than any words I might provide." Mr. Woodburn winked at me. It was a moment and I saw all of the others smiling and commenting quietly among themselves.

The original questioner took up his question, though. "Excellent response, Miss James. Allow me to rephrase the question, Charles. You're saying that with Miss James, AS your slut, works on our top accounts and will do whatever you direct her to secure and keep those accounts?"

"The only meaningful answer should again come from Miss James."

I consciously took a couple steps closer to them, closing the gap before retaking a confident stance. "Yes, Sirs and Ma'am. That is exactly how this is going to work. I am sure each of you knows of people who, in their personal image of power and control, find sex so enticing they may willingly compromise on many things to enjoy it. Then add in a woman who is not only willing and eager but an executive. These people of power given the opportunity of enjoying not only a slut but an

executive like themselves. Imagine some of these men and women. The offer of a slut, some whore or escort hired, might be alluring enough, but a business executive who provides the same thing?"

The woman of the group, "For the sake of argument, how does giving clients the use of a slut improve our position in their business?" It was interesting to me that the lone woman of the group looked directly into my eyes as she emphatically referred to me a slut.

This felt like as much a challenge to my person as it might to Mr. Woodburn's idea. So, I didn't look to Mr. Woodburn, and he remained silent, continuing to allow me full control of the Board of Directors since they had already re-focused their attention fully on me. Since the actions of the Board had changed the tenor of the meeting, I took it to yet another level. I moved slowly, exaggerating my walk, around the outside of the occupied chairs around the table lightly brushing up against the backs of the chairs. I looked each in the eyes, several already had their eyes moving from my face to my cleavage or further down to my legs. "Competition will always exist. We know we can't simply allow some senior executives a blowjob or fuck and expect that we can turn around and rape them financially in return. They have their own Boards and accounts. But ... at the sizes of the accounts we are targeting, to gain an extra $\frac{1}{4}$ percent or $\frac{1}{2}$ percent on the interest ..."

She finishes my answer, "Straight profit to the bottom-line." I nod.

Mr. Woodburn suggested we hold any additional questions and comments until dinner. His voice changes subtly and I turn to look at him. He is outlining a few mundane items to be discussed and agreed upon before they break, but ... there is something different in his approach and I see he is intently considering the reaction of each of his Board of Directors. Then, I sensed some relaxing in his shoulders. We are still standing at the head of the table and his head turns to me with a smile and a glint in his eyes.

"My dear, Miss James. This is very unorthodox in an office setting, but perhaps it might help the Directors after that discussion to ease any remaining tension they may feel."

I looked around the table at the people who have the power to bring down even Mr. Woodburn. All of them were watching my reaction intently with eyes discretely flitting to the other Directors. I smiled, then, "Unorthodox for the office, Sir? They don't know what happens in your office?"

Mr. Woodburn couldn't help but smile as my comment erased the tension from the anticipation he had initiated, but he also blushed at his secret being released even if to people he could trust with confidence the most.

"Charles", one of the Directors chimed in with a laugh, "it would seem your slut is not submissive." That brought laughter from the others and an agreeing nod from Mr. Woodburn.

"Very true." He put his arm around my waist and drew me in tight. "Despite what her own self-evaluation was before, she is a strong businesswoman." He turned to me and we locked eyes. "But, she is also a very eager and willing slut." This time I blushed as all eyes focused back on me. He stepped behind me, pulled my loose hair from my neck and kissed my neck and shoulders. "Isn't that right, slut?" I nodded my head as I looked around the table so they each also received my response through my eyes. I then felt the zipper of my dress being pulled down and felt the dress gap and sag around my shoulders and front as the zipper reached the bottom. Some of the Directors were leaning forward with looks of amazement while others, mostly males, were leaning back with looks of lustful anticipation.

As he kissed my neck, again, he whispered so softly even in the quiet of the room it wasn't heard beyond us. As my dress was slipped off my shoulders to fall to my waist, I nodded my understanding.

There were several gasps as my bare breasts came into view and those who might not have then did as I shimmed the dress over my hips and down my legs to lay pooled on the floor leaving me naked but for my customary thigh-high stockings and high heels.

The air in the room was vibrating with expectancy as Mr. Woodburn applied slight pressure on my shoulders and I slowly dropped to my knees and disappeared under the table. "The few mundane matters remaining on the agenda only require the attention of most of the group at any moment. Miss James will assist in temporarily relieving any tension you currently have and provide a sample for later tonight."

I heard the woman in the group gasp, the distinctive female sound in the midst of the deeper male expressions. For whatever reason I moved to my left, setting a clockwise approach to each of the Directors. When I touched the knee of the first man, he flinched. When I worked his belt and zipper, he sighed as his hips rose for me to pull his trousers and short down to his knees. It was tight under the table, but I managed to stay under the table as I took his semi-erect cock into my hand and licked the length of it before taking the head between my lips. It would have been easier if he pushed his chair back from the table, but he perhaps was self-conscious in front of the others. Not so self-conscious, though, that his cock quickly became erect and his sighing turned to soft moans, one hand holding the edge of the table and the other on top my head as it began engulfing his rigid member completely in my mouth as my tongue circled around it.

I reached underneath for his balls and his hips rose as I heard a more urgent gasping moan escape his mouth. I heard halting voices above and around me, but I was not attempting to follow the discussion. I suspected it was garbage items, anyway, merely a reason for everyone to remain at the table. When I felt a tightness in his ball sack and pulsing in his cock, I drove my mouth down completely over him. He wasn't large and his cock didn't enter my throat, but I sucked as I pressed harder for more cock that wasn't to be, my nose already pressed firmly into his pubic hair. When he came, his cum shot into the back of my mouth as I slowly raised my head to provide room in case his climax was more impressive than it turned out to be. His gasps and groans were more uninhibited at his climax and the quiet that descended over the room was evident even to me.

I swallowed his cum and whispered, "Thank you, Sir." I licked his cock clean and kissed his cock head before crawling backward a step to move to the next set of legs. The man I had just left was raising his hips and pulling himself back together. The man I was approaching did not move away as I anticipated. The one Director I was sensitive about was the woman. In a room full of dominant men, she might be the most anxious about all this.

After three loads of cum into my mouth, I finally moved to the only nylon encased legs sitting at the table. Though she would have known she would be next in my quest to circle the table, she still jumped when my hands touched her knees and slid up her thighs under her business suit skirt. The room went quiet, quieter than when any of the men had physically reacted to my initial touch, which only reinforced the reality of her unique status in the group. I hesitated a moment, my hands high on her thighs and I was still on nylon telling me she was wearing pantyhose. My nervousness eased when she raised her hips off the chair to hike up her skirt. I took that as my signal to reach up and pull her pantyhose and panties down off her hips at the same time. I didn't stop at her knees, though like the men, but pulled them down to her feet and removed them along with her heels.

I watched as her knees spread and her butt slid to the edge of her chair. Maybe everyone else was wondering about her reaction, too, because as she settled before me the mundane topics began being discussed, again.

I kissed up her left thigh until I reached just short of her pussy. At that point, I looked and smiled. It

was showing moisture on the lips and she was nicely trimmed. I knew she was single and I wondered who in her life this trimmed pussy was for. I moved my lips to the other knee and kissed my way up the right leg, my tongue coming out between kisses to lick her. I felt her shudder and was encouraged.

I reached next to her pussy and felt her knees spread further until they were stopped by the arms of the chair. Her hips rose from the chair in search of my mouth that was softly blowing over her moistening pussy lips. Trying to avoid my face touching her thighs, I poked my tongue out and made initial contact with her pussy and felt her flinch and moan at the same time. I felt her hand on the top of my hand, but it was neither pushing me away or pulling me into her, it was merely stabilizing for her awareness of the sensations beginning within her.

My tongue probed her protruding clit and I felt her shudder, again. My thumbs spread her pussy lips and my tongue probed inside the length of her slit. I stiffened my tongue and pushed into her hole and her hips slipped a little further down in the chair. I continued to probe and was delighting in her taste and reaction to my mouth. This was a woman I could spend time with and enjoy it as much as I knew I could bring enjoyment to. I didn't want to play with her too much, though. The others came quickly given the situation and I needed to have her join them the same way. With my tongue and lips probing and sucking on her lips and hole, my thumb press and rubbed her clitoris until I felt her stiffen and her breathing suck in and hold. I intensified all of it and pressed hard on her clit and she rose off the seat and cried out muffled by her hand over her mouth.

I kissed her pussy and stroked her thighs as she came down from her orgasm. Her hand reached down under the table and stroked my face. I took it and kissed the palm. I retrieved her pantyhose and panties and placed them on her lap. I then kissed each foot prior to fitting her heels on them.

After taking the other two men to climax, swallowing their gift of cum, and licking their cocks clean, I crawled to Mr. Woodburn at the head of the table to find he had already loosened and pushed his trousers and shorts to his knees. His cock was by far the largest and it made it just a bit harder to manage while under the table. The back of my head bumped the underside of the table several times as I worked my mouth over his cock, taking it into my throat and working my muscles there to enhance the feeling for him. I had come to enjoy the ability to deep-throat him. It gave a deep sense of satisfaction to add that thrill for him.

After swallowing his load and cleaning his cock, I crawled out from under the table, and stood alongside his chair still naked, my hair mussed, my mouth wet from the many loads of man-cum and pussy juice. I stood confidently and proud next to him, his arm coming around my waist and pulling onto his lap. He thanked me and the others offered their agreement and renewed support for our unique effort. Without standing, Mr. Woodburn suggested that perhaps dinner tonight could be a lot more interesting than just tasty sampling provided here. They all seemed very pleased and eager as they adjourned from the Board Room.

He pulled me tightly into his arms and kissed me as the last has disappeared down the hall. His crotch was pressed into my butt and I felt his ever-present hunger as much as I felt my own. To be openly discussed as a slut and how I would use it to the firm's benefit, then to demonstrate it to each of the Directors was hugely exciting.

"My God, you were brilliant! I need you so badly right now, but I think we should wait for the dinner, don't you?"

I wiggled my butt on his lap, I could already feel him recovering. "I can tell you are happy with me, Sir." I kissed him on the mouth and looked into his eyes. "Are you wanting me to talk you out of

waiting, Sir? I would gladly fuck you now and later.”

He chuckled as he fondled my breast, “I’ll wait. Your greedy mouth already sucked part of my life out of me. But, I swear, if they don’t fuck you tonight, you’re spending the night with me.”

I pull his face into mine for another kiss and whisper into his ear, “Why can’t it be both, Sir? Even if they fuck me, can’t I devote myself to pleasuring you more? I’m so wet I’m afraid it might be running down onto my stockings. If I don’t do something soon, I’m liable to rape the taxi driver.”

He laughed. “Well, I certainly don’t want taxi drivers being raped, but I want your first orgasm tonight to be explosive for them.” I reluctantly agreed.

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## **CHAPTER SIX: BOARD OF DIRECTORS DINNER**

“Good evening, Sir.” Mr. Woodburn asked me to greet each of the Directors as they arrived. They had been in his home before, just in very different circumstances, so I would only need to guide them in the general direction of the Great Room where he would be entertaining them as they arrived.

“Miss James, nice to see you joining us tonight.” I nodded politely. “I must say I much prefer the way you were dressed earlier, though.” He gave me a teasing smile. “Charles has spoken glowingly about you, but until today had kept you for himself. After this afternoon, I can understand why.” I smiled and blushed, then led him through the foyer and pointed him down the hall.

I was dressed in an evening gown that was strapless, showing lots of cleavage, backless, sleeve dress that hugged every one of my curves to mid-thigh. When I arrived earlier, he teased me that I brought out a sexual vitality he hadn’t known in years. His words sent a thrill through me, “I want to fuck you right now. Wouldn’t it be interesting to go through the night greeting and talking closely with them and the smell sex wafting up around you?” It certainly would. Just the comment made my pussy begin juicing. I was, of course, without underwear.

I mixed with the Directors. Mr. Woodburn guided me through the small group making more formal introductions. They already knew me by name, and certainly from the Board Meeting, but this was for us to put familiarity to names. The gown I was wearing was somewhere between nice-dinner and provocative-dance. It had the material and cut for dinner and the exposure at the bodice, back, and legs for provocative. Mr. Woodburn planned for the casual drinks to last just long enough that my bare back would begin to receive touches.

Mr. Woodburn sat at the head of the table in his usual place. I was placed at the other end of the table with the six Directors on either side. As dinner progressed, comments continued about the slut aspect and the types of men and what activities might work as if the actions in the Board Room only hours earlier hadn’t happened. The discussion remained almost on a theoretical level if it weren’t for the leering looks I caught from the table and the occasional touches to my arms or hands when it wouldn’t be unnatural in another situation related to a business dinner.

As dinner was completed, we are enjoying after-dinner drinks back in the Great Room. Mr. Woodburn and I suddenly noticed we are by ourselves and the six Directors are huddled together. Fearing an appearance of having forgotten them, we moved to join their group. The senior Director turned as we approached and asked if we minded giving them a few moments. We of course comply and take our drinks out to the patio.

I ask what he thought was happening. He smiled, "They are coming to decision."

I looked back through the glass wall. "A little late for that, isn't it?"

He hugged me around the shoulders and touched his glass to mine. "Not the decision about how we handle these account opportunities. The decision about the rest of the night."

I smiled and took a sip. "After the Board Room, I would have thought that was determined." He chuckled in agreement. I pointed with my glass to the back to the kennels and changed the subject. "What do you think I need to do to get your wife more comfortable with those two out there?"

He laughed. "There are six people in there talking themselves into recognition that they are going to fuck you. And you are thinking about helping my wife with the dogs?"

I smiled and stroked the front of his slacks feeling his cock harden. "What happens with them is business like any of the clients in the future. What I can do for you and Mrs. Woodburn is ... well, as you said, I am a personal slut and I take the personal very seriously."

He took me into his arms. Both my arms went around his neck, one still holding my drink away from his back. We kissed. We kissed hard and passionately. His crotch pressed forward and I returned the urgent need with my own pressing body.

"Uh hum." The voice came from behind me. We separated and faced the doorway from the room. "Why aren't we any longer surprised to find you out here like that?" There was light chuckling, which we joined with them.

We approached them. Before Mr. Woodburn could do anything, I took the issue directly to them. "Well, Directors ... you've had your initiation to me and now your discussion and you've come to some kind of conclusion and agreement? What have you decided you would like to have happen now?"

They were taken aback. They had anticipated dealing with Mr. Woodburn.

"You are indeed a woman of strength and self-confidence. We can see how you mean that certain businessmen will be more susceptible to a business executive fucking underneath them than some hired whore." He continued to direct his attention to me, but his question went to Mr. Woodburn. "Charles, you said she will do what you want her to do. What will she do for you?"

I smiled and stepped up to him. Mr. Woodburn recognized the situation did not require his involvement. Although this hadn't been discussed, I already sensed his confidence in me as well as my own confidence in being the woman he desired me to be.

"Sirs, Ma'am, Mr. Woodburn can direct me to entice and flirt with men, which may be sufficient for some. He can also direct me to act as that hired whore you referred to if that is what is required. I will do those things for him." I looked into the Director's eyes and then looked at the others to gauge where they were and I felt I knew exactly where they were. "If he wants me to suck cock, I'll do it as you found out. If he wants me to eat pussy, I'll do it as you found out, Ma'am. If he wants me to fuck them and fill my pussy with cum, I'll do it eagerly. Does that answer your question, Sir? Mr. Woodburn has shown me how much I love sex." I considered my next statement. Then, "Or, are you looking for a demonstration of just how far I might go for him?"

He looked back at the other five Directors and they all nodded back to him. I presented a challenge and they were accepting it. I smiled, not even waiting for the reply. I walked to Mr. Woodburn,



kissed him, then whispered into his ear. I saw his head turn involuntarily toward the back of the yard. He looked at me questioningly. I nodded.

He stepped up to them while I remained behind. "If by your question you are looking to see how much control I have over her, I can't show you that." They glanced at each other. "But, if you are looking to see what she is willing to do for me ... that I can show you." Their faces returned to the expectation they had before. He received nods from them. I wasn't sure they were prepared to express anything more, possibly for fear of overstepping. Despite being the Board of Directors, Mr. Woodburn had consolidated a lot of the power to himself.

He turned to me. "Slut ... you know where the kennel is. Bring back one of the dogs. Your choice." After I left, he turned to the others and chuckled. "I wonder if she'll put him on a leash? We've had a little trouble with them. We've discovered they had an interesting life before coming here."

I approached the group with Paddy and he was not on a leash. I knew we hadn't yet completely broken him or Sammy of their desire to assault women, but we were making progress. As we got closer, Paddy must have noticed the other woman and started running. I waited until he was 10 yards from her. "Stop! Leave it!" He stopped abruptly and pranced impatiently. "Sit!" He sat. I waited until he calmed. I then called he up next to me and had him sit.

I chuckled inwardly at the looks on their faces. None of them would have admitted what they thought what was about to happen. I touched Paddy's head and scratch his ears. He looked up at me and began licking my stocking covered thigh below my dress. "This is Paddy, an Irish Setter ... get it? Irish ... Paddy?" There was nervous chuckling. "Sorry about the scare. The dogs came to them with an interesting history with women. Mrs. Woodburn and I are trying to retrain them and we have made some progress, I think." Mr. Woodburn was smiling and nodding at the dual meaning.

The woman who was probably scared the most interjected, "Okay, but why are we talking about the dogs?"

"Oh right ... sorry, the dog, yes ... well ..." I turned to Mr. Woodburn.

He took over. "How about a demonstration of the extent to which she is willing to go for me?"

The woman blurted, "No fucking way!" She clamped her hands over her mouth and blushed. Even in the patio lighting of night, we could all tell. The others laughed at the language they didn't expect coming from her.

Mr. Woodburn chuckled, "Yes, have any of you ever seen a woman mounted by a dog?"

"Holy shit! I can't believe this." They all laughed, again.

Me? I was once again inflamed with lust just at the thought of fucking this dog in front of the Board of Directors. What will be going through their minds the next time they see me while in the firm's offices? I walked up to the woman and turned my back to her.

"Ma'am, would you please?"

Without a word but with shaking fingers, she unclasped and unzipped my dress. I stepped away and shimmied it down my body. They quickly saw that I was naked underneath.

"Wow, is this the way you dress all the time, Miss James?"

I smiled, "It is what Mr. Woodburn desires. It is very erotic and arousing to be sitting in a meeting with co-workers and strangers and to be completely naked underneath." I stepped out onto the grass alongside the patio, knelt down, and called Paddy to me. I scratched his ears as his snout sought the scent wafting up to him. I looked up at Mr. Woodburn, "What do you think, Sir?"

"Everything."

Someone asked, "Everything?"

"Just watch."

I lay back and propped my shoulders up on my elbows, raised my knees and spread my legs. Murmured comments came from them, both from the sight of my bare, open pussy, and the dog's head quickly moving to it. At the first long, eager swipe of his tongue, I dropped my head back and released a long and satisfied sigh and moan. Paddy was really getting into it; my pussy was already stimulated by the talk and now was flowing plentifully as he was lapping it up with the zeal I have only experienced from a dog.

My body was a jumble of aroused nerves all tangled and sparking across each other as the dog's relentless dedication to savoring the fluids from my pussy increased with my increased flow. I allowed my elbows to relax and my shoulders to fall to the ground as I lost awareness of anything but that tongue and the feeling of supercharged sexuality through my body. I pressed the tiny heels of my shoes into the grass and lifted my hips off the ground, determined to entice more of his tongue onto or into my pussy.

When I came, it was an explosion. I cried out my release and my fingers dug into the grass, my hips pumping my pussy into the snout of the animal. I fell back to the ground and rolled defensively to my side, pulling my knees into my body. Somewhere in the distance came voices.

"Is she okay?"

A familiar voice laughed, "Okay? She'll say she visited heaven. A different time she forced herself to stay open to the other dog after her first orgasm. At the second orgasm, she almost blacked out."

"Has she always been doing dogs?"

"No, she was asked to do it her first time here."

I smiled to myself and barely looked at the others, only to find Paddy who was being held at the collar by Mr. Woodburn. He released the dog and I patted the ground. He responded immediately. It is amazing how quickly these dogs had adjusted to Mrs. Woodburn and me after only a few sessions with them. I shifted his hind leg up, exposing his crotch. I heard the expected gasp from the woman and murmurs from some men. His cock was, as expected, already partially exposed from the sheath. But, 'everything' meant I still would suck him for effect.

I didn't waste time with preliminaries and his comfort, he was more used to being handled than I was handling him. I dropped my face into his belly and my mouth to his exposed cock. I licked the tip and released a satisfied 'mmmmm' for my audience. I engulfed the cock and pumped my head over it with the same enthusiasm I had given their man-cocks earlier. My lips stopped when I felt the fur of the sheath before pulling back, sucking out the pre-cum, and pressing back down. For effect and education for the Directors, I pulled back and licked the length of the oddly shaped, reddish cock.

"Good boy, you do enjoy that don't you. Yes, look at that knot forming in your sheath, but I want your

cum in my bitch pussy, not in my mouth." A feminine gasp came to me from the group.

The murmurs and comments continued. I sneaked a peek to find the woman holding her breast and several men with hands over their cocks from the outside. I smiled as I shifted position, again. I was going to be well-fucked tonight!

I moved to my hands and knees. The dog rose with me and I saw its erect cock sway underneath it. I wasn't the only one. The woman exclaimed, "God, look at that cock." It was impressive, indeed. It was made more so by the shape and color and hanging beneath a dog. I slapped my butt cheek and braced myself. Only a moment later the dog was on my back. I flinched as a claw dragged over my side, but I had come to associate that with dog-sex. We discussed socks for the dogs, but I insisted. If I was marked by the beasts I serviced, so much more appropriate. Mrs. Woodburn felt the same way, treating them as a matter of pride that few people would ever see but her husband and me.

The dog entered me after several thrusts even with my hand providing some guidance. When it did, I groaned loudly and deeply, as deeply as the first thrust pushed his cock into me. The unequalled fucking that began elicited the expected gasps of amazement and wonder from the Directors. The knot was already showing inside the sheath when we started and the dog didn't need much more stimulation from my pussy to be pressing the now exposed knot at my opening. I jammed my body back against him, timed for one of his thrusts, and the knot brutally spread my hole and entered me, sinking his cock further and filling my pussy. I cried out and felt my orgasm leap several notches in that moment. His jerking cock, swelling and growing, and increasing leakage of pre-cum were the signs of his imminent climax, too. I raised my back, pressing his furry belly into my back and rotating my pelvis, allowing the knot to impact my g-spot. I exploded again almost on top of the first spurt of his cum.

"What's wrong?" Again, the female voice.

Mr. Woodburn's voice responded. "Nothing. Here look." He must have raised the dog's tail for them to see and I shivered that they were all getting a very intimate look at the knot bulging inside my pussy. "Canines knot their bitches during the breeding. It's some evolutionary thing to aid in insemination. She has been connected this way for up to 10 minutes." More comments.

The dog turned on me and that produced more comments.

"Cock. Please ... I want a cock." My voice even surprised me, but the exhibitionism of the situation continued to drive my need for more. "Can someone give me a cock?"

Something happened behind me, then knees appeared in front of me and a hard cock pointing at my face. I smiled without looking to see who it was, knowing it wasn't Mr. Woodburn, though. I shifted my weight to one hand so the other could grasp the proffered cock at its base. The next moment it was engulfed in my mouth. He came inside my mouth before the dog released me.

I could feel my pussy gaping and the dog cum leaking freely from it. In my blissful state, I listened to the comments made around me.

Mr. Woodburn's voice, "Well, lady and gentlemen, are you satisfied with what my slut is willing to do? Does she have your approval of these actions on our behalf? Understanding, of course, that the approval is officially off the record and can't be construed as sanctioned by the firm."

A male voice, "Charles, you have our approval, but, yes, that approval can't be officially provided as it would bring the firm down if something were to go wrong."

I rolled over and raised myself back up to my elbows, my body exposed and legs still spread. My stockings were now stained at the knees. They shifted their attention to me with my movement. "That is understood, Directors, and we ask for nothing more than that understanding." They nodded to the mutual understanding, but their eyes don't leave my used body. "Now, I have just one more question for all of you ... are you sure you are all completely 'satisfied'?"

One of the males reached a hand to me and assisted me up. His other hand cupped my breast as I rose. Someone else was touching my butt and another took my other breast. I smiled at them, but push away. Their expressions shifted from need to confused.

I turn to Mr. Woodburn, "Sir, I think it would be good if I used your shower to clean up, first." I glanced over my shoulder at them, "The dogs can make quite a mess." I looked down between my legs and their gaze followed mine. The sheen of dog cum leaking down my thighs was visible. "Sir, perhaps another drink for them. I promise to hurry." He smiled and led the others back into the house. They seemed to move a bit numbly.

I returned after one of the quickest showers I had ever taken. I avoided my hair getting wet, but I did take a moment to brush it. I left my soiled stocking on the floor and replaced them with a spare I always had available there, then slipped back into my shoes after wiping some dirt from the spiked heels. The 'click, clack' of my heels attracted their attention as I walked back into the room.

They were all gathered in a group, dressed, and drinking casually. I stopped a few steps into the room and stood with my hands on my hips. I gave them a pouty look, "And here I thought you needed more satisfaction."

Mr. Woodburn walked to me, taking me in his arm around my shoulders as he walked me up to the others. "Silly, slut. Of course, you're going to be fucked. Not many are as comfortable being so casually naked as you, my dear."

I let my face transform into a beaming smile. I dropped to my knees in front of the nearest male Director. After loosening his belt and unzipping his pants, I pulled them and his underwear down. His cock was already nearly hard from anticipation and I captured it with my mouth almost before he knew what was happening. Soon, there were more hands on my body as I squeezed the man's balls and sucked on his cock. He was hard and pulsing in moments. I stood to guide him a few steps back until he fell into an easy chair. I turned around, spread my legs, and moved over his thighs until I was in position. I reached between my spread legs with my back to him, held his hard cock in the air and settled my rinsed-out pussy down over it. I eased my body down fully until I was sitting on his thighs, then raised up, revealing his cock and the moisture on it from my pussy. I began fucking him in earnest with the others standing in front watching.

One of the men moved forward. He had removed his jacket, tie, and pants. I leaned forward to take his cock into my mouth, my hips continuing to move up and down. Two more men appeared at my sides, similarly naked except for shirts. I grasped each with hands and awkwardly began trying to attend to four cocks at once. I could manage to stimulate the two in my mouth and pussy, the other two I was trying to merely keep hard by stroking.

After the first two came in my, pussy and mouth, the other two moved me to the floor on my hands and knees. One approached me from the back and the other to my mouth. Again, I was being fucked at each end. This time, however, it really did feel like being fucked as both of the men were in stable positions to thrust their cocks at my body.

\* \* \*

"You're not joining them, Mary?" Mr. Woodburn stepped alongside the only female Director on his Board. "Outside I would have thought you were more excited by it all than anyone and your response in the Board Room was dramatic."

She glanced at him and smiled. "You always were so observant it could be disconcerting, Charles. Yes, I am excited and I want to, but ..."

"You don't want to be naked with six men and possibly imply that you are willing to have sex with them?"

She smiled and nodded. "Have you ever noticed the slight difference in the words about men and women engaged in sex? In my feeling, society seems to feel that men fuck and women are fucked. There is a preconception that a naked woman, any naked woman, is fair game, especially in a situation like this." He starts to add something, but she continues. "I know, Charles, you would say that we are above those prejudices, people in our positions have risen above those base instinctual reactions." She turned to him and looked him in the eyes. "But just look. How much baser of instinctual reaction could we have. Don't get me wrong, I do want to be right there with them. I want to use the slut just like they do. I'm just not sure it is the same for me as it is for them as much as we would like it to be."

He nodded. He had to agree with her. As much as he would like to argue the point, the very nature of his idea of using a woman to manipulate business decisions proved her point. He was also targeting the same type of person held by business and society to be above certain actions. She was right, of course, and she had to be careful to not risk her standing among these men.

"I understand, Mary. Not participating, though, runs another risk of alienating yourself from them, don't you? They participated and you didn't?"

"What are you saying, Charles?"

"Wait for the last man to engage the Tina. I'll whisper to her to offer herself on all fours. You leave your dress on but removed your pantyhose and panties. Slip in front of her and let her eat your pussy. Your dress above will protect you, but you will have participated."

She kissed his cheek, "This is exactly why you are running the company, Charles."

\* \* \*

As the two men separated from me, Mr. Woodburn moved to me on the floor and whisper his instructions. I nodded and looked at the female Director, Mary Borden. She had her dress pulled up around her waist and was pushing both her pantyhose and panties down her legs after kicking off her shoes. I remained on my hands and knees and looked behind me at the remaining male Director.

"Come on, Sir. Do me this way, it is so much more dominating for you. I want to feel you take me, to fuck me."

It was all that was required to work on his male ego. He knelt behind me, lined up his cock to my hole and drove it in. I now had two loads in my pussy so I was expecting him to last longer, not because he might otherwise, but because there would be less friction despite my efforts at squeezing my pussy around him. That would be good because it would give more time to eat the female Director for the second time and clearly was not being as aggressive in this situation.

As the man entered me and began fucking, the woman sat on the floor in front of me and slid herself

forward, her dress bunched around her waist and her trimmed pussy coming nearer and nearer. I looked up at her and winked. She glanced up at Mr. Woodburn, then back to me with a smile. She leaned back and sighed as my mouth covered her pussy ... her very wet and pliable pussy.

I was very preoccupied, but I felt a shift in the energy and I raised my face from the Director's pussy. To my surprise and the other's as well, Mr. Woodburn was kneeling next to the Director and she was sucking his cock, his trousers fallen to his knees.

The man behind me slowed his fucking and it might well have been due to the scene in front of him. The other Directors were standing in a tight circle as the last activity ran its course. Director Borden orgasmed, first. The man behind me started fucking my pussy harder, but more was happening front of me. Whether something was said or it just happened, the woman pulled her pussy from my mouth and both she and Mr. Woodburn moved to my head, both on their knees. Before I was sure how it happened, we were both licking and sucking on his cock presented between our mouths. When the cock wasn't in her mouth, her mouth showed an excited smile and her eyes were energized. I smiled back at her as I transferred the cock to her mouth and we traded it back and forth.

Another orgasm was taking hold of me as the man behind me was reaching his own climax. My head drooped and my hands shifted for stability as my orgasm spread from my pussy and clit up through my body. Only after I started recovering did I realize I had clasped one hand around hers. She stopped sucking Mr. Woodburn in order to stroke my head and shower me with kisses.

With the recognition of what was happening, I pulled her face to mine and we kissed with deep passion. Then, I gazed into her eyes, "Ready to help me bring him to climax?" She nodded enthusiastically. And we did together.

\* \* \*

"Ma'am?" I was seeing the Directors out when the female Director exited. I chased her out to her car.

She turned around and upon seeing me jogging out to her, my breasts bouncing, and long hair flying out behind me, she glanced nervously at the street outside the gated driveway and back to me.

"My god, you are amazing! You aren't worried about the street?"

I laugh. "Someone would have to be looking at just the right moment. Besides, sometimes I think I would walk down the middle of it like this if he asked me to. Neither of us wants me arrested, though." I stood in front of her. "I sensed something in there when you came to me."

She smiled. "Your awareness in the midst of situations is almost as astute as Charles'. I can see you two working very well together. Yes, I regretted I couldn't really BE with you."

I smiled, "I understand. A woman in your position even if the men are." She nodded. "I assume you have access to the network directory. My cell phone number is listed."

"Shouldn't I go through Charles?"

"I'm his slut when he needs me. Otherwise ..." She smiled.

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CHAPTER SEVEN: ANAL TRAINING

"Mr. Woodburn, Tina is here." I was walking toward her cubicle, which had a clear view of anyone approaching from the elevators. As I came to her desk, "You didn't call her, Sir?" She listened and hung up the phone. "Go right in, Tina. Is anything wrong?"

I was usually called up to see him. I smiled, "Just need to discuss something with him."

I pushed through the door and was shrugging my arms from my suit jacket as the door closed. "Good morning, Sir."

"Everything okay, dear?" He was standing with concern reflected in his stance and face.

I assured him I was fine but thought I would get his advice on something. I was removing my blouse, laying it over the jacket, and unfastening my skirt. I let it drop, turned to point my butt to him and bent at the waist, legs straight, to pick it up from the floor. I turned my head to him as my fingers grasped the garment. Only when I got the approving look on his face did I stand up and take the pieces to hang on the clothes tree.

I stood before my usual chair in front of his desk for his usual moment or two of inspection/appreciation before he gave the signal with his hand for me to sit.

"So, what is your problem?" At this point, I was sure he was expecting something related to an account and maybe it was too complicated to trust to a phone call. Though, we both had agreed this process was more fun than using the phone.

"Not really so much a problem, Sir, as your advice about something." He motioned with his hands opening up with his palms out that he was open to helping any way he could. "Anal, Sir." That surprised him.

"Anal?" He leaned back in his chair, a smile growing broad on his face. "We haven't done anal."

"That's my problem, Sir. I never have." He did the hand jester, again. "It came to me this morning as I was showering that it might be an issue at some point."

He chuckled, "In the shower ... you must have been washing very ... intensely for it to come to mind." I blushed. I had indeed. "How might that become an issue."

"When I get involved with a group of men that don't really know me, Sir. They may not be as considerate as the men on the Board were. I wouldn't want my first time to be a surprise during a session with clients and have it be painful. It might ruin what we are trying to achieve with the effort."

He chuckled, again. "I am somehow not able to envisioning you involved sexually and it being ruined, but for the purpose of discussion, go ahead."

I smiled and felt my nipples and pussy tingling, "Thank you, Sir. Your slut is grateful, as always, in the confidence you show. But, Sir, it is in that gratitude of your confidence that I don't wish to ever lose. So, rather than a potential risk of disappointment, I would like guidance in preparing. You have focused on only two of my holes, Sir."

"Are you suggesting, slut, that I have been remiss in your training?" I stammered but he saved me from having to answer. He was leaning back in his chair, gently rocking with a wry smile when he pressed a button on his phone. The door opened behind me. In a moment, Trudy was standing at the side of the desk between Sir and me. She looked at him, then me, "Always nice to see you in here,

Tina.” She winked and I smiled. Now living in the same building, she and I had gotten together several times when we were alone and feeling the need.

Mr. Woodburn gave us a moment to exchange our meaningful looks. He enjoyed very much that his former mistress and current slut enjoyed each other. It kept open the potential for our threesomes. He described my concern and asked for her recommendation.

“Not a problem. I have a website I use for toys. My boyfriend has become interested in some. I’ll give you both the site, but let me go to a ‘private window’ and show you.” She pulled his keyboard over to her, typed in the address and pulled it up. She quickly clicked to the anal toys for a wide variety of lubrications, plugs, beads, etc. She clicked on one that was shiny metal with a colored, crystal end. “I think these would be very attractive, Sir. They come in different diameters and lengths and jeweled end colors.”

He looked at me, “Very attractive, indeed, to see that glassy jeweled end in your butt-hole.”

I smiled at them both. “Thank you. I knew you could help me.”

* * *

“Hello there ... that is a pretty sight.”

I was bending at the waist to pick up my dress after stepping out of it. I turned my head to him while remaining bent over for his pleasure, “I think it’s cute, very flirty.”

“Very erotic, sexy.”

I giggled as I moved to the clothes tree to hang my dress. As I approached his desk, he twirled his finger for me to turn around. I anticipated his intention and bent over at the edge of his desk and pulled my butt cheeks apart so he could have an even better look. I had received my order of two sizes of butt plugs and several tubes of lubrication. They were both stainless steel and jeweled ends. The smaller one was clear and the other was blue. I was wearing the smaller one today. It was the first time I had them in when I stripped in his office. I had been experimenting with them at home and finally ventured to wear them for a couple hours at a time in the office. I had just re-inserted it prior to coming to his office.

“How does it feel?”

“God, Sir, I love them. I had no idea anal could be so erotic.” I turned around and saw the look on his face. I knew we would be having anal sometime soon. As I sat down, he wanted to know more. “I wasn’t sure about how it would be so I was cautious about how long I would have them in. Mostly I have used the small one, but I have progressed while at home. After only a few days, I put the small one in, then the medium one after I feel loosened up. The medium one makes me feel really full, but even this smaller one gives the same sense.” I blushed, “I have started using a dildo along with this one inserted. It’s an amazing feeling! Since I’ve never experience anal before, I never knew how double penetration would feel.”

He shook his head and smiled. “Have you mentioned these to Deborah by chance?” I nodded. She and I have taken to calling each other ever since that day with the dogs. “She asked me about anal. She’s never had any interest before.”

* * *

The taxi left me at the front door of the Woodburn estate. I knocked on the door holding my purse and overnight bag. I never quite knew what to pack for visits with them. Sometimes I needed an evening gown for the club or dinner. Sometimes all I needed was clothes for the return trip.

Mrs. Woodburn opened the door and immediately enveloped me in her arms. She pulled me into the house and gave me a deep kiss. After, I put my bag against the wall out of the way and began taking off my suit jacket. Mrs. Woodburn had decided to duplicate Mr. Woodburn's rule about my nudity. When I agreed to extend my arrangement of being a personal slut to include her, she added the rule that I was to be naked inside her house unless otherwise directed.

"No. Let me take a look at you." I shrugged my jacket back on and stood erect in front of her. She was something of a student on how 'proper ladies' carried themselves, standing and sitting. She had been working with me on those things during my visits while I had been working with her in more sexual matters, including the dogs.

"We're going out to dinner. I see you've come directly from the office." I nodded.

She opened my jacket and seemed to make a decision by taking my jacket off and laying it over my bag. She then opened the buttons of my blouse until the first one buttoned was just below my nipples. Not being allowed to wear a bra meant my nipples were vaguely visible through the thin, satiny material of the blouse. Another button undone and things would be blatantly displayed. As it was, my jiggling breasts would be partially visible whenever the blouse gapped open.

"I think that will work." Mr. Woodburn arrived from upstairs. She turned to him, "What do you think? I think by opening some buttons and leaving the jacket here ..." They both looked at me while I remained still. She twirled her fingers, just like he does in the office, so I slowly turned in a circle.

He volunteered, "It would be nice if the skirt was shorter away from work, but ...", he got a guilty look about him, "I may have forgotten to mention dinner." I felt relieved that I hadn't missed something during the hectic day while she muttered something unintelligible about men.

The blouse wasn't really intended to be worn without a bra. Or, maybe it was but not for work, which why I wore a jacket with it. I received a number of interested looks upon entering the restaurant. My breasts jiggled as I walked and my nipples were poking prominently at the thin material. After a starter drink and our meals ordered, Mr. Woodburn directed me to unbutton one more button. They both watched as I moved my fingers to accomplish the task as discretely as possible. They smiled at each other, much better apparently. I looked down and was sure I would be flashing the waitress and other staff during the evening.

Through dinner, Mrs. Woodburn leaned in to ask questions about my use of the butt plugs. Then she blurted out, "Do you have one in now?" She put her hand over her mouth and giggled with embarrassment, but I was doubtful anyone around had a clue what the 'one' was. I nodded to her that I did. I had added it just before leaving the office. She looked at me, "Naughty girl, did you put it in while in your office?" I nodded, again. Mr. Woodburn smiled big. I suspected he was imagining being the one to happen to walk in on me at that moment.

She asked more questions, some we had covered in other talks. Yes, it feels full and erotic. Even simple things like walking, sitting, shifting positions and angles have an erotic effect. Yes, sitting takes some getting used to. It drives the plug deeper and is felt more intensely. Yes, with it inside and adding something 'next door' produces a very full and exciting feeling.

The discussion in the restaurant was having a powerful effect on me. It was also making me much more aware of the plug in my ass. I could feel the juice leaking from my pussy and we could all see

the effect on my nipples. The waitress did, too. She began standing on the other side of the table to take orders so she had a better vantage point to me. She might have been missing out on looking down my blouse, though.

On the way home, they raised the stakes significantly. As we waited for the valet to bring the car around, my blouse was unbuttoned to my skirt. It now billowed up with the slightest breeze and it was that night. As I got into the car with the valet holding the door, he was torn between what he might see under my skirt and what he was seeing inside my blouse. On the way to their house. I was instructed to strip, with one item removed at each stop light. Blouse, skirt, shoes, and stockings until I was naked sitting in the front seat. There were more stop lights but all that did was allow someone outside to get a look before the light changed.

Mr. Woodburn brought glasses and wine to the bedroom, finding his wife and me already engaged in the downturned bed. He quickly undressed and arranged us. He wanted to fuck his wife's pussy while she ate my pussy with my feet toward the headboard. At first, this didn't make much sense to me until he started moving the plug in my ass. All three of us came quickly and I was sure that was the idea.

Then, as we gave him some recovery, I retrieved the small plug from my case, lubed it up good and twisted it into Mrs. Woodburn. She moaned, groaned, and gasped, but I did push it past her reluctant sphincter. Then, she went nuts when I insert a smaller diameter, vibrating dildo into her pussy. From my own experience, I knew the vibrations from the pussy were transmitted directly into the anus. Her orgasm was rising quickly.

I felt the bed behind me sag, then, "No time like the present to truly become my slut."

I felt the plug in my ass being pulled. There was a moment my body resisted, the natural reluctance of the sphincter to open. I pushed to relax and the plug came out. "They really work. Your hole is gaping."

I looked back over my shoulder while my hands were still moving the toys inside his wife while I was on my knees bent over, "Better fill it, then, Sir. Make me truly your slut. Seed my ass and claim me. I understand a slut is only truly owned when her ass is taken." I think it turned him on as much as did me.

I felt his cock head at the entrance to my asshole. I held my breath and concentrated on relaxing just as I did with the insertion of the medium sized plug. There was pressure and he was in. The plug really did prepare the anus for penetration ... that and lube.

Mrs. Woodburn came, first. Then I did as I used fingers on my clit for extra stimulation. I was wondering about him, though.

"God, your ass is still so tight. I love both of your pussies (smart man to include his wife lying right here with us), but your ass ... ohhhhh, this is wonderful. I never knew ..."

He had previously cum with his wife and he was showing some staying power now. With one orgasm under my belt, I settled in for a longer fuck, but I was wrong. My second was building when he suddenly began thrusting strongly into my ass. I strummed my clit viciously, then fingers were pinching and twisting my nipples. I looked up to see her intent on sending jolts of stimulation through my body. When I felt his cock jerk and pulse inside my tight anus, I pressed hard into my clit and came with him. My first ass fuck and I loved it!

* * *

Mrs. Woodburn managed to get Mr. Woodburn off to play golf with the reminder that he had the rest of the weekend to enjoy us. With that, we had at least the entire morning to ourselves. We were standing on the patio looking over the backyard and in the direction of the neighboring yards. They were very comfortable in telling me that the yard was very private so I could be me naked, but when I suggested she be casually naked in the backyard, it suddenly required a little more consideration. There were a few places where someone might see in if they were aligned perfectly and she finally agreed it was unlikely.

She was wearing a light robe she had put on for breakfast before Mr. Woodburn went off to golf. I was, of course, naked since sometime last night. I pulled the tie loose from around her waist and her robe gapped open. My hands moved inside and caressed her naked body underneath, finally cupping her more substantial breasts and I leaned in to kiss her. As I pulled away, I slipped the robe from her shoulders and she allowed it to slide down her body to the patio blocks at our feet. I took her hand in mine and led her out into the yard to the kennels.

I had resolved in my mind this would be the most intensive session with the dogs, yet. It astounded me how the act of being taken anally by Mr. Woodburn last night still had me stimulated in attitude. What I had said to him in the heat of the moment, now still seemed to be true inside me: being taken in the ass was a truer appreciation of being his to have and use. I felt consumed to discern what that meant.

There had been nights after work that I visited the estate only to join Mrs. Woodburn in mating with the dogs. This was still an activity she was more comfortable participating in with me. I certainly didn't mind and saw the positive in it. If there were problems with control of the dogs, despite their increasing familiarity with us and acceptance of our rules and commands, there was someone who might be able to assist. The reality, though, was this more a psychological than practical support because once we got started, we would both end up being mated at the same time.

Today was no different. We released the dogs from the kennel run and I was pleased when I heard her give the commands in a voice that had their attention. They sat and awaited our approval, but their bodies visibly twitched with nervous energy and expectation.

Despite already being very wet and ready just from the walk through the yard to them, both of us liked being licked by the dogs. We would generally orgasm first on their tongues, then pay them the same tribute before being mounted. Mr. Woodburn had commented how accomplished she had always been in sucking his cock and I could see the same easy appreciation in the dogs under her ministrations. My orgasms under the dog's tongue were delicious. The tongues were aggressive but had the ability to somehow twist and curve inside my pussy, nearly always flicking over my clit that would become engorged very quickly under the attention.

The act of paying tribute to their oral abilities by giving them the same seemed to be more bestial than being fucked by them. Being fucked from behind can be lost in the exquisite feeling of the cock in my pussy, but sucking the dog, put my eyes and face right there in the dog's crotch, my face pressed into fur, my mouth around an unusually shaped cock the distinct color of reds, and the fur of the sheath against my lips when I took the cock deep into my mouth was completely different. Everything was different and sucking it made that blatantly clear. I found the dog's cock an excellent shape to practice deep-throating as the more pointed tip eased into my throat more comfortably than the large, blunt head of Mr. Woodburn.

My fingers feeling the growing of the knot under the sheath was my signal to be mounted. There were times when we sucked the dogs to climax, but that was not when we were intent on being fucked.

For the first time, we both fucked each of the dogs, taking advantage of the quick recovery the dogs exhibit. We were enjoying the dogs licking our pussy clean of their leaking cum when Mr. Woodburn's approach across the yard attracted the attention of the dogs. Their heads raised and tails wagged at his approach as if anticipating the praise he heaped on them for jobs well done.

He brought us both a bottle of water and we moved to the shade of a nearby tree, stretching our tired and very sated bodies. We talked, mostly small, pleasantries of the day while we recovered. We were both resting our heads on his thighs, with Mrs. Woodburn's nearer his crotch. He was idling fondling her naked body and lightly stroking her cheek.

"You seem to be more beautiful all the time, my love."

She giggled and probably blushed with the verbal attention in my presence, but I couldn't see it in my position. "I'm no different, dear. Nothing has changed about me."

"No, you are very much different. Maybe it is your attitude, but you appear different, more beautiful, erotic, stimulating to me." He reached across with his other hand and stroked my long hair back from my face. "Am I imagining things, Tina?"

I shifted the water bottle to my other hand and stroked her thigh up to her pussy, which was in easy access to my touch. "I think you are both correct, Sir, Ma'am. It is not a physical change, but attitudinal. I think deeper comfort and acceptance of her sexual being is being projected into your relationship. This being a prime example of that; she is comfortably naked outside in your yard, freshly fucked twice by the dogs after orgasming by being licked and sucking one of them. I suspect her pussy, like mine, is gaping and drooling with dog-cum and there is no embarrassment or awkwardness about it as she relaxes in your presence." I curl a finger and slip it past her pussy lips into her wet hole. "I would say a woman like that is very erotic and beautiful, indeed."

Her hand snaked between my casually open legs, a finger moving along my equally wet and pliable pussy lips. "Then, it is your slut we have to thank for it, my husband."

Nobody said anything, but it was like someone had directed our next actions. She and I both moved to take a position against his body on either side and alternated kissing him. His hands were stroking our backs to our butts and our hands came together at his crotch. I felt his cock hardening quickly under his golfing short. Again, it was like we were directed as both she and I worked in concert to open his shorts and release his cock to our demanding fingers. The thing about his cock is that both our hands fit around it easily. When my head moved down to capture its head in my mouth, her hand release the cock and began working his pull-over shirt up his body. With his assistance, she was soon kissing his chest and sucking his nipples while I was engulfing his hard cock.

Then, he shocked us both. "Do you think the dogs have recovered?" We looked at him in surprise. I think we both were thinking we would enjoy him outside in the open air. "I have been thinking about something since last night." He raised my head from his cock, "Since I took your ass last night, I haven't been able to get out of my head the comment you made about fucking yourself with the dildo while having the larger plug in your ass." I looked at him, then her confused. We both pressed him to continue. "I want to fuck your ass with a knot in your pussy."

I can honestly say I never expected to hear those words strung together in a statement. By the look on her face, she felt the same way. Her face reflected shock and deep concern but wasn't interfering though her expression to me indicated her concern. I was his slut, not his slave. There was a big difference there. In fact, I was a slut without truly being a real submissive. My acceptance of doing his bidding was not out of a basic submissive nature, but of a desire to be the slut he was showing

was inside me. A willing slut and submissive slut were very different things.

“Charles, it was amazing to me that she took your cock in her ass, period. With the dog in her pussy, though?” She looked back and forth between him and me, this time directing her comment to me, “You don’t have to do this.”

I touched her cheek, “That’s what makes all this so exciting for me. I have free will but also expectation. It becomes an internal struggle to continually allow myself to be pulled in whatever direction either of you takes me. It is very exciting. It is deeply arousing. And, yes, sometimes it is even scary.” I focused on him, “Am I sure about this? No, I am not.” I paused for the next words to solidify into true belief in my mind and soul before I released them to define me. “Last night I told you that taking my ass was taking me as yours, your slut. In a way, it was taking ownership of me. Not completely, of course, because I will always have free will, but in an emotional way it is very much that way. You are the first man who ever fucked me in the ass. Sir, you are the first man I ever wanted to do it. You offered me this opportunity with the job and when I came to you about anal I knew I was accepting it. I decided to move forward with the idea.”

I leaned into each of them. I kissed him on the mouth, giving him my tongue, then dropping my mouth to quickly suck his cock. Then, deliberately and with the same enthusiasm and desire, I kissed her the same way before dropping down to suck each of her breasts. I sat back on my heels and moved my knees apart to open my pussy to their gaze, which was noticed and taken by both.

“Sir, we started this by calling me a slut, but it has only been by your guidance over time that you have created, drawn out of me, the slut in reality that was initially only in name. You have stoked a blazing fire within me to experience everything sexual I can ... but far more importantly, that fire within consumes me with a passion to bring you pleasure and pleasure to others.” I turned to her, now watching with eyes wide, “And, you Ma’am, I have given to you my same dedication to being your slut. I have the same desire to fulfill all the pleasures you seek and will seek to discover.” I paused and thought more. “There might seem to be a fine line here between acting out of free-will and out of submission. Maybe there is some submissiveness inside me, but I also know I am making a decision each and every time. I decide to wear certain clothes to entice you; I decide I will immediately strip in your office and display my body; the same here. Those things excite me, thrill me, make me dripping wet. Am I merely being submissive or a willing slut who can’t get enough?”

He spoke softly, his arm around his wife, “You are right, Tina, when you say we started this in name. We were both unaware of where this might actually take us. Could any woman of free will really evolve into a slut to be used by others? There are women like that, of course, but one who is a highly effective professional in business even if not a commanding figure, certainly very smart and effective? I will never put you in a situation I don’t believe is safe for you.” Now, he was thinking. “Tina, if there is a submissive response from you, it is not an overpowering part of what you are. Early on, it might have seemed possible. You were reluctant to stand up for yourself or take charge, but I always thought that was what was driven into you for a behavior rather than your personality. The way you have handled your responsibilities in your position and the way you handled the Directors has proven I was always correct. You are a strong woman, Tina. It makes you being a slut so much more erotic.”

“I know and trust that, Sir. And, I thank you for helping me bring that out. I honestly feel I have escaped that chrysalis to become what I am.” I looked down at my own pussy and felt the electrically charged arousal that was coursing through me as if my own body was affirming what I was telling them, that I would always be ready and willing to please with my body. Never would three orgasms be enough for my body or limit me from giving fulfillment to another, especially these two who have become so much more than a boss and his wife.

Then, it was my turn for words to surprise and even shock them. "You have guided me patiently and cautiously, Sir. I think I am ready for what you want."

She looked up at her husband who was quiet. "Ready? Ready for what, dear?"

I smiled. My nipples were as hard as pebbles. My pussy was drooling, dripping moisture that was a combination of dog-cum but also my increasing wetness. They followed my eyes and waited. "I am ready for everything you wish for me to do for you. Everything and anything. Anywhere and anytime." I paused. "I know we have to be careful and cautious for the firm and my reputation will reflect on the firm. That is an added factor in why I have so much confidence. Sir, I want us to take the next steps."

The dogs were still wandering the yard. Mr. Woodburn whistled and they both came running. His command brought them to a stop and a sit in front of us. With his finger still pointed at the dogs, he addressed me to the side, "Slut, you will do them both at the same time. Pick which you fuck and which you suck. Be sure they both cum before the one in your pussy turns on you. At that point, you may not be able to concentrate on sucking the other."

I understood his meaning perfect and the gasp from his wife told us both she still wasn't completely comfortable with this.

Without taking my eyes off the dogs, "Yes, Sir." I didn't care which dog mounted me. They were roughly the same size. I moved onto my hands and knees and turned my butt to them, then braced myself. I felt his hand slap my ass and waited anxiously for what would happen. Which dog would mount me? Would there be any conflict at the moment? We hadn't done it this way before.

Whatever happened, there wasn't any resulting conflict. Paddy was on top of me. I could tell by the legs quickly wrapped around my body. His hips immediately driving his partially erect cock at my ass. I slipped my hand between my legs and a few thrusts later, he drove deep into my pussy and his cock grew with each new thrust. I shook my head to concentrate on the other part of my duty here. I craned my neck to find Sammy and patted the ground in front of me. He came to me, but when he lay down he was too far away. I tried moving to him and it was difficult. I was dragging an extra 70 pounds on my back with two feet resisting the effort. I did it, though, and it only increased my intense desire of the moment.

Paddy was an urgent fuck and this being his 4th effort to climax would prove to be a longer than normal. His knot formed predictably and forced its way into my pussy, which was loosened by the earlier knots and orgasms. My attention to Sammy's cock in my mouth continued to be diverted by the feelings coming from my pussy. Paddy's cock bumped my g-spot as he wildly fucked me in his effort to climax, yet again. It wasn't in his ability to understand that the more times he came, the longer each one would subsequently take. He only wanted to seed his bitch, again. Perhaps wondering how a bitch could be so hungry for seeding.

Eventually, after another orgasm of my own, both dogs dumped more cum into opposite holes, my pussy swamped by yet another load of dog-cum and my stomach ultimately receiving the load I desperately gulped from Sammy's spurting cock.

I felt Paddy begin to turn on me and settled my chest down on the ground with my head resting on my forearms when I felt hands on my ass cheeks and something cool and slick being applied in a thick smear on my asshole. That brought me back to Mr. Woodburn's challenge and my pulse instantly shot skyward. I felt him push a finger into my asshole, then a second, and finally a third, which were then twisted back and forth. As he pulled his fingers out, I felt the head of his large cock

replacing them. I had taken his cock up my ass last night, but that was not with a dog's still swollen knot trapped in my pussy.

The slut within me, though, was breaking the chains binding her and she fought to not only find her freedom but to take a measure of control over me. It was a measure of control I welcomed giving up to her. I welcomed her presence alongside my control and professional self. I relished the very idea of seeing my world through the eyes of this slut and to experience life through her wantonness and completely uninhibited nature. I wanted this part to stand beside me as equals, professional or slut, different sides of the same.

His cock head firmly pressed against the restrictive ring of my sphincter. A wicked smile crossed my face, a wicked smile consumed by lust. I pressed back hard and abruptly. His cock pierced my tight ring and plunged into my anus. I cried out and Paddy jerked at the sudden intrusion that was putting pressure on his cock and knot. His knot jammed against my g-spot as he tried to pull away and I came, bringing an orgasmic cry of pleasure mixed with pain.

Mr. Woodburn paused at the sudden action from me, Paddy's reaction, and my vocal response. My orgasm, though, loosened up my ass and he took advantage by pressing steadily into me until his hips pressed against my butt. He waited for moments before he started pulling out, then pressing back in.

"Oh, God! You are so, so, so tight, slut. So much tighter than last night. Ohhhhhh, fuck!"

I pivoted my head to gaze back at him, "Yes, Sir ... please, Sir ... yes, like that ... yes, fuck ... yes, fuck me ... I am your slut, Sir ... ooooooo, yesssss ... like that ... use me like the slut you want me to be, Sir." He started pumping hard into me. "Yes, yes, yes ... fuck me! She's here, Sir!"

A pause, then from Mrs. Woodburn, "Who? Who is here, Tina?"

"The slut, Ma'am! The slut! The slut is truly here. She is taking over. She wants to be used. Use her! Use me ..."

A new peak was reached then, a new level of orgasm. I orgasmed so hard I saw stars dancing in my vision. When he finally came, spurting his cum deep into my ass, I orgasmed again and I didn't stop shaking until both cocks inside me pulled out, first Mr. Woodburn, then Paddy. I was a limp pile of female flesh. A very sated pile of female flesh.

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### **PART III: RELEASE THE SLUT**

#### **CHAPTER EIGHT: CLIENT MEETING**

I got another very familiar request to see Mr. Woodburn in his office. The request is always cryptic and vague. I, of course, know what will probably transpire. The meeting with him may be about some business issue regarding a client, present or potential, or a current account issue. Or, the meeting might only be that he wants to see me because that is what will always be a significant part of any meeting in his office ... seeing me. And very often ... a lot more.

As I approached his office door at the appointed time, I saw it open and Director Mary Borden exiting with a final 'thank you' spoken back into the office. As she turned, "Miss James, just wanted to say you did a marvelous job presenting your account strategy last week at the Board Meeting. I also wanted to let your boss know how I felt." She glanced at Trudy who was watching the exchange

closely but discretely. The Director winked at me, "And, I look forward to seeing you, again." I was blushing and I knew it and I knew Trudy would be picking up on it, too.

"Thank you, Ms. Borden. It was my pleasure to be at the service of the Board." I figured I might as well add my own piece of a double meaning to the discussion. This time it was she who blushed under her white blouse.

I winked back at her and put my hand on the doorknob while glancing at Trudy who was gazing with interest back and forth between me and the retreating Director.

Inside the office, I strip out of my business suit. The jacket, blouse, and skirt finding themselves placed on the clothes tree at the side of the office before I took my place again in front of Mr. Woodburn in my jewelry, thigh-high stockings, and heels. I was getting to the point of enjoying this nudity in the office as much as he was in having me do it. The idea of being naked in the office was a huge turn-on. And, I knew what it did to him and I was always assured of sucking his marvelous cock or being fucked in one of my holes by it.

After I sat, again exaggerating my motion as I crossed my legs, he described the conversation with Mary Borden. He found it quite interesting. On the one hand, he was intrigued and pleased, but on the other hand, he was concerned. She made small talk with business and the accounts we had outlined to the Board. He chuckled.

"Imagine ... she was using business for small talk to get around to what she wanted to talk about."

She confessed to her enjoyment of both what happened at the Board Meeting and at the dinner afterward. She was most interested in the dog fucking. She hadn't remembered being so turned on by a single act. She then went on to inform him that she had approached me about meeting outside of the office and business.

I relayed to him what had transpired between us that night and how I had approached her outside the house. When she had called the other night, I had the sense I was being asked out on a date, but one that would be free of emotional entanglements. My thoughts were that our activity had opened in her a renewed desire for fulfilling sexual contact and I might be a safe place to find it.

He was watching me intently, then, "I told her she didn't need to pass this by me. You are both adults and can establish whatever relationships you mutually seek."

"I told her the same thing. I'm surprised she came to you."

He shrugged, "It could simply be that business relationships are complex with layers of hierarchy, responsibility, friendships, etc. I suspect it was merely giving me the respect that she contacted my employee directly so there wouldn't be misunderstandings." He gazed at my breasts, but this time I didn't think he was seeing them as much as his eyes settled on them as he thought something over. "It opens up a concern I do have, though." I raised my eyebrows for him to continue. "I wouldn't want the Board to think they can just contact you for a night or moment of sexual relief."

"Thank you, Sir. I was concerned about her comfort with what happened after the dinner and so I reached out to her." I giggled, "After everything that had happened she thought it was outrageous that I was naked in the driveway in front." He smiled, too. Probably wishing he had seen that himself. "I guess I kind of opened the door for her to contact me if she wanted." He nodded. He understood and it wasn't any of his business except the concern he felt. I thanked him for that. I smiled at him and would have attacked him right there for his concern and care he has shown me while at the same time having me as his slut. I might have, but ... his phone beeped.



He listened a moment, then, "Thank you, Trudy." He looked at me with a smile. "Tell her we need two minutes." Turning his full attention to me, "Mary is back. The delay will allow Trudy to believe you are getting dressed."

"You want her to see our arrangement?" Then I shrugged. She was one of the Directors on his Board and the past meetings probably wouldn't have any of them surprised by anything, any longer.

When he stood to open the door for her personally, I was surprised by his mischievous nature coming out. I was also surprised by her calmness as she stepped into the office. She looked at me still in the chair, but she spoke loudly enough for Trudy to overhear as the door closed, "Sorry for the interruption, Miss James."

Once she was seated in the chair next to me, she gazed at my naked body. "I had a feeling you two had something like this going on and I had to see for myself."

Mr. Woodburn described our office arrangement. She was delighted. "You are such a sexy woman, Tina. I can't wait for tonight." She rose from the chair, bent over me and kissed me on the lips of my upturned, expectant face. She then winked at Mr. Woodburn as she moved to the door. With her hand on the knob, "I will leave you to continue with what I am sure is quite erotic." She was smiling as she walked out. I was imagining what our dinner date tonight would be like and I had a strong sense it would end up at my condo.

Mr. Woodburn got my attention back from my musing.

"Believe it or not, my dear slut, that was not the reason for asking you to come up to my office. I just thought it would be fun." I refocused on him and was fully aware that my entire body was tingling, my nipples fully erect, and my pussy very well lubricated. I needed a good fucking and I hoped that would be coming after whatever he really wanted to talk to me about.

He told me we had an important client coming in for a meeting tomorrow. The meeting was scheduled for our smaller conference tomorrow after and then dinner with them that night. I nodded my understanding, but he continued to watch me.

"It will be Harold Tenor. Harold is President of ..."

"Tenor Industries. A large manufacturer of various home products. The firm is just completing a major upgrade and expansion of one of their facilities." Mr. Woodburn nodded. I chuckled at his surprised look. "Sorry, I was just reviewing with an associate the status of the account since it had reached completion phase."

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I stepped through the door into the conference room across from Mr. Woodburn's office. I was preoccupied with another issue my team brought up as I was heading for the elevator. I was surprised to find two men with Mr. Woodburn rather than just the one.

As I approached the conference table, Mr. Woodburn motioned to the man who even looked to be the senior. "Miss James, meet Harold Tenor, President of ..."

I jump in as I did the day before, "Tenor Industries. You're a large manufacturer of various home products. Your firm is just completing a major upgrade and expansion of one of your facilities."

Mr. Woodburn introduced the other man as Henry Wilson, the CFO of the company. Interesting,

both the President and CFO in our conference room. This must be big. After the introductions there were normal moments of small talk as we appraised each other, something is almost a ritual in these business situations as though we were sizing up a physical adversary. In my normal attire for Mr. Woodburn, I had the sense that more of their appraisal might be more my physical impression than any business sense. And, there was nothing wrong with that. It might give us some edge along the way. Harold Tenor was a stout man, well-dressed in a finely tailored three-piece suit. He was maybe early 60's, balding on top, his hair was becoming quite gray on the sides. He wasn't much taller than me but weighed considerably more. Henry Wilson was about a decade younger with a full head of hair, which was streaked with gray. His dress wasn't quite as finely tailored and looked like he had been in it for a while. He was taller and soft.

Mr. Woodburn took over. "I've asked Miss James to join us because she is now the primary control of accounts like yours, Harold. As my Executive Accounts Director, I am able to keep these special accounts close to my control." It was clear these men had at least a good, trusting working relationship. "She can provide the best accounts management support possible and also a personal touch unrivaled to those clients we deem worthy of special ... handling." He smiled at the man and winked at me. The careful opportunities for my services with clients had been slow in developing, but that seemed to be ending. The man's eyes hadn't found my face for several minutes as I had removed my jacket before entering the room and unbuttoned an extra button, all at Mr. Woodburn's direction. His gaze was now fixated on my nipples showing through the thin fabric of my blouse as they uncontrollably were becoming quite erect under his gaze. Mr. Woodburn turned to me, "As you correctly mentioned, Tina, the account we currently have with Tenor Industries has reached the physical completion stage. It is just financial return for us after this. What Harold is here for today is a discussion about the next project, which sounds very similar to this one."

Tenor hesitated, obviously somewhat distracted, then picked up his narrative, "Yes ... yes, our prototype production through the upgrade and expansion shows just the kind of efficiency, quality, and productivity improvements we were hoping for." He looked at me, then my breasts and down into my lap where he found my crossed legs sliding my short skirt up my thighs. "I came to Charles to open discussion for the second phase, which was to perform an upgrade at our oldest facility. We wouldn't do an expansion there, there appears to sufficient room if the upgrade of new equipment and processes layout is corrected. As we began negotiating some of the finer details of the account, management, terms, financing, and your firm's return, he suggested we bring you into the discussion and arrangement. I can see why." He looked at Mr. Woodburn, a guilty smile trying to form on his mouth but was partially constrained by the businessman not wanting to give away too much.

Before the man could muster too much strength in his business attitude, Mr. Woodburn pressed on, "Harold has agreed to consider a slightly more generous financial arrangement for this next project." I smiled at them, knowing full well where this was going, but wondering just how much would be coming from me. So far, I had been meeting with a single man or maybe a couple and most often right here in Mr. Woodburn's office. Taking an extra fraction of interest for a quick blowjob or fuck. This felt like more. This was a large project and "a slightly more generous financial arrangement" could be a very nice bonus for us.

"Harold has a celebration for the completion of the construction phase at the facility and would like our presence." I nodded, holding his eyes. "After the celebration with the employees, he is taking his senior management group and sales force to an off-sight location for an intense day and a half of motivational work to increase sales to take advantage of the improvements and discuss the next phase of upgrades. After that, as part of the 'motivation', he had planned a two-day, one-night chartered cruise from Key West where the meeting would be held back to Miami where everyone would depart for return to their regions." He smiled at me. There it was.

I ask the obvious question, "You would like to offer my assistance at the sales meeting and cruise?"

"The cruise portion, only, is where I thought you could be most effective."

I put an eager smile on my face and considered them all. A two-day cruise on a chartered ship and a group of men. This is an interesting expansion of what I have been doing so far ...

"Just the cruise", Mr. Tenor confirmed with a smile. "I want them to be focused on the discussions of the sales meeting." Mr. Woodburn nods to me. The client continued, "I would like you on-board when everyone else arrives." Without question, Mr. Woodburn has made it clear how I could be most "effective".

Mr. Woodburn interrupts, "Miss James, we can discuss the motivation for us to participate." He turned to the client, "As I said, I wanted Miss James to hear the proposal from you. She and I will discuss our participation and level of such. We need to also look at clearing schedules." The client nodded his understanding, of course.

Since there was nothing further to be discussed until Mr. Woodburn and I had our opportunity to talk and to verify our existing schedules and what option might be available for rescheduling, that portion of the meeting was concluded. Though Mr. Tenor was uncertain about the next move, Mr. Woodburn wasn't. He looked at me after a side glance at the other men.

"This is awkward ... I promised these gentlemen a nice dinner at my favorite steak restaurant, but it turns out I somehow double-booked tonight with several of my Board of Directors." I knew that was true because Mrs. Woodburn told me they were going to their favorite seafood restaurant.

I jumped in as was intended, "Not a problem, Sir. I will take good care of them tonight." I looked over at them, "Do you mind spending much of the evening in my hands, gentlemen?" It was clear by their reaction they understood my double meaning.

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I arranged for a limo and driver for the evening. He picked me up at my condo and then to the hotel for the men from Tenor Industries before going to Ruth's Chris Steak House. I had Henry sit in the front while Harold and I sat in the back. The drive was to the outskirts of the city and we discussed many things along the way.

Dinner was excellent, as it always is at Ruth's, especially when the reservation is made by Mr. Woodburn. Through dinner, Harold probed into the relationship I had with Mr. Woodburn, which I deflected with ease. I explained that I had the trust and confidence of Mr. Woodburn and he allowed me to handle my clients the way I felt they should be handled. I explained that he didn't ask questions or put limits on me.

Harold suggested going to find a couple drinks somewhere. I noticed that Henry was quite compliant when it came to what Harold wanted, never offering any dissent or argument. It was clear to me that Harold was in charge of the evening so my attention went solely to him while I knew Henry would follow.

We were standing at the restaurant entrance waiting for our limo to arrive from the location the driver was instructed to park. I touched Harold Tenor's arm and pressed my breasts into his arm, "I have a better idea, Sir. How about we go back to your hotel and order up some room service for wine or drinks? Do we really want a noisy bar environment?"

Back at the hotel, I stopped in the lobby and asked the two men what they preferred to drink. Tenor came back with bourbon and Wilson with scotch. I decided on a Merlot. I stepped up to the registration desk and asked if we could have the order from room service expedited to Tenor's room.

I then rejoined the men, taking them both by an arm and guided them toward the elevators. While we waited, I turned to them, "Care to make this a little exciting?"

They looked at me, then each other quite confused. I merely turned my back to Tenor and pulled my hair from the back of my dress and exposed the zipper.

"Seriously?"

I looked over my shoulder, "Only if you want, Sir."

He hesitated and looked around the area in front of the elevators. It was past 10:00 PM and already quiet. What people were moving around were in the lounge near the front of the hotel. Finally, as the elevator dinged its arrival, I felt his stubby fingers on the clasp, then felt the zipper moving down my back. Wilson held the elevator door for us until the zipper was all the way down and Tenor guided me into the chamber. As the door closed, I looked around the enclosure to find highly polished mirrors on the three other walls and equally polished door surfaces. I glanced up at the corners for cameras I was sure were there but couldn't find.

Tenor pushed the 14th-floor button and the door closed. As it did, the men stood to the sides and watched me expectantly. I shrugged my shoulders forward gapping the material for the dress to slide off my shoulders and drop to my waist. I was naked from the waist up without a bra and the gasp from the men was audible. Without looking at them, I shimmied the dress over my hips and down my thighs until the dress fell in a puddle around my feet.

Wilson surprised me, "Allow me ..." He stepped to me and bent over to retrieve the dress and put it over his arm, smiling as his upturned face was level with my bare pussy. I separated my feet at that moment, which caused him to hesitate in standing back up. I moved to Tenor and took him in my arms to kiss him. He returned the kiss and his hands immediately roamed over my bare back and ass, then aggressively move to my breasts. I smiled at him and turned to Wilson who had gallantly retrieved my dress for me. I repeated the kiss for him and found him less aggressive, though his free hand slid down to my hip.

The elevator dinged again to announce the arrival at a floor. I glanced quickly at the indicator to find it was indeed stopping on the 14th floor. I released a nervous breath I was holding. I have found exhibitionism to be thrilling because of the potentiality of being discovered, but actually being discovered might cause embarrassment for the other party, which was the catch-22 of it all.

The two men stood to the side for me to exit first, then Tenor indicated to the right hallway. The men stayed about 10 feet behind me and I enjoyed that, too. I stood calmly in the hallway as Tenor used his keycard to open the door. The men took off their jackets and ties, my dress was draped over one of the chairs as I began kissing the men, again.

Room Service must have been in a separate elevator at the same time because there was a knock on the door and a male voice announced, "Room Service". The three of us looked at each other, but nobody moved for a moment. I was dripping wet from a combination of knowing what I was intending to do for these men in the name of business only and the exhibitionism so far. I decided to ramp it up a bit more for all of us. I stepped to the door, peeked through the spy-hole, and opened the door for the man with his cart, which he pushed into the room with the six drinks with cellophane wrap over the tops.

He stutter-stepped at the threshold upon seeing me naked and the two dressed men behind me. He tried diverting his eyes but it appeared he was trying to figure out what someone like me was doing with two men like them and following that thought to considering if I was a prostitute or not. He would have no way to determine that but I was confident that might be his assumption and I felt something of a cloud pass over me at the thought of someone thinking I was a prostitute. A cloud I managed to shake off quickly to focus on what I needed to do, ultimately recognizing that in a way I really was in a way prostituting myself but for business instead of money.

We toasted a nice evening so far with the first drinks, but that didn't last long. The teasing so far had its effect on the men and I recognized all the signs. I put my wine down on the dresser and moved to Tenor and dropped to my knees in front of him. I worked the belt open, then the button on his slacks, then the zipper. I reached inside, stroking my palm up his boxers, feeling his cock underneath already swelling at my touch. My fingers worked the top of his shorts and, pulling the waist down, revealed and grasped his hardening cock. It was a normal cock, nothing like Mr. Woodburn's. I stroked it several times, feeling it come further into life in my hand. I was focused on his cock. I didn't look up at him as my head dipped into his lap and my tongue licked up the length of it. I kissed the head, then took it between my lips and sucked the pre-cum forming there. I gave him some satisfied sounds and he responded with groans. I lowered my mouth to his cock and took all of it into my mouth, burying my lips in his pubic hair. He moaned as I played with my throat over the head of his cock, it not quite reaching into my throat like Mr. Woodburn's.

I sucked his cock hard for several minutes. When I had his cock as hard as it was going to be and I felt it pulse, I slowly pulled back, kissing the head and moved to the side to Wilson.

As I repeated the effort on Wilson, Tenor stood and removed his slacks and, after a moment of consideration, the rest of his clothes. He stood next to me and I stroked his hard cock, occasionally moving my mouth to it before back to Wilson's. When I had both of the cock hard and ready, I pulled back and looked up at the men.

"How may I satisfy you best, Sirs? In my mouth or ... perhaps my pussy? One at a time or together?"

Nothing was said for a moment, so I interjected my own thought, "May I suggest?" They numbly nodded. "Let's do both at the same time. Mr. Wilson, if you'll lay yourself against the headboard ..."

He did as I directed after quickly shedding his remaining clothes. I crawled up onto the bed after him thinking the reputation of hotel bed covers being a haven for bodily fluids was about to become even truer. With him settled, I crawled onto the bed to him and looked over my shoulder. In a deliciously devious gesture that only I understood I patted my ass for Tenor to come and fuck me. It was a gesture I, of course, used for the dogs.

He followed me onto the bed, the bed moving significantly with his approaching weight. When I felt his hands on my hips, I lowered my head to Wilson's cock below me. I gasped at the same moment Tenor did on penetrating me and Wilson did as my mouth engulfed his cock. Neither of them was particularly large and maybe barely average if they were. And, they were both very excited by the sounds escaping them, already.

Wilson was passive as I sucked on his cock, my mouth moving up and down taking his length into my mouth. Tenor was far less so. He knelt behind me with his hands on my hips and pulled me onto his cock as he rammed it into my pussy. My ass was sticking up in the air while my chest was on Wilson's thighs while using one hand to hold his cock and the other rubbing and strumming my clit. I was anticipating the first fuck, if there was to be more tonight, to be quick and I wanted to try to orgasm, too. Nothing stoked a man's ego like having a woman orgasm while fucking them.

I felt the cock in my mouth pulse, first. I felt his cock swell and pulse in my hand and the head of it jerk in my mouth. I pulled my lips back to the head and sucked hard as it spewed the first cum shot into my mouth. I moaned in satisfaction as I sucked out each of the spurts and then sucked the last remaining bit from his cock head. As he climaxed he went rigid, his hips flexing, pushing his cock into my mouth.

I redoubled my self-manipulation of my clit and felt the cock in my pussy get jammed deep into my pussy, then feeling it pulse and loud gasps and groans come from the man as he leaned over my back and thrust his hips into mine, his cock as deep as it would go into my pussy as it spewed its own seed into me.

At the same time, my orgasm, stimulated by the men and my own efforts, crashed over me with verbal and physical evidence as my moans and gasps joined theirs and my back arched into the man pressed against me.

I would resume sucking their cocks in moments to recharge them, but for the moment we were all relaxing with our other drink. They showed no indication of calling it a night, though they were less than dynamic, which I put off to it not being their normal activity when they traveled and that was a good sign about the men, I thought.

“Harold”, I ventured for diversion, “out of curiosity, how many others will be on the ship for the two-day cruise?”

“The cruise ship is small having a passenger capacity of 16 people, but I expect only 12 at the most. The ship’s crew is also a dozen, both men and women. Although nudity will be allowed on the main deck, it would won’t be in the bar or restaurant.” He seemed a bit embarrassed about continuing but finally did. “They cannot allow any sexual activity anywhere but in the staterooms. That is partly for the comfort of the crew members. We have two women in the group and we need to handle this entire thing with discretion so nobody is offended, feeling forced, manipulated, or intimidated. We will approach each person privately and offer three alternatives without prejudice. They can participate fully recognizing you will be present and available; they can be on board but not participate; or, they can stay in the hotel for two days of free vacation.” He watched me. “Knowing the staff, I am expecting nine to be on board and fully participate. The others will remain at the hotel.” He smiled, “But, as I said, it could be as many as 12.”

I smiled to myself. As I had considered all along, larger groups were much harder for clients to effectively manage in our country’s current sexual harassment climate than smaller groups or individuals when it came to this activity. Mr. Woodburn and the Board also understood that even if we were mere participants, any harassment blowback could encompass us as well.

While the men continued to talk, I eased myself back to my knees and my mouth over one soft cock before shifting to the other. I felt Tenor’s hand on my head and a gasp from his mouth as my mouth fully took his cock back in. They tried to continue their conversation until they were only talking about my skill in sucking cock and what position the men might want to fuck in next. It was suggested that he could have me bent over the table, lying on the table, or me in his lap doing all the work. The discussion of positions seemed to have the desired effect of increasing their arousal and each cock was again strengthening in my mouth as I moved back and forth.

Tenor chose to bend me over the little table in the room and I wasn’t surprised by the choice. It was the most dominant position and these men, willing to risk themselves and money for moments of pleasure, were men prone to a desire to dominate, control, and use.

Wilson came around in front of me and presented his hard cock to my mouth. I kissed the head and accepted it into my mouth. Leaned over the table top, legs spread wide, I felt Tenor place his cock on my pussy and move it up and down my lips, spreading my lips and coating his cock with the juices from our last fuck. I heard him gasp as he slipped his cock into me from behind and it sent a thrill through me to bring such a response unsolicited from him. He pushed his hips forward until his cock was fully inside me, his hips against my butt, and he held himself there for a moment. I felt the man's hands on my hips, then his cock head moving in and out of wet lips of my pussy. He sighed and gasped as he continued to press in and pull out and back in slowly.

"Ohhhhhh ... so wet ... so hot and wet ... amazingly tight ... for a slut." Tenor was saying to Wilson. I smiled. My Kegel exercises paying off. And, I remembered that Wilson had cum in my mouth but had not yet fucked me.

I pulled my mouth off his cock and looked up at him. "Will you fuck me next, Mr. Wilson?" He nodded numbly. I smiled, "Then, I will keep you hard but will save your climax for inside me." He put his hand on my head and it slid to the side of my face where the backs of his fingers gently stroked my cheek.

Tenor, again, obviously having heard our exchange, "Just wait, Henry, she is a fine fuck." He grunted a few times as his bravado seemed to stimulate him. "I think ... ugh, yeah ... the cruise should be ... mmmmm ... memorable to say the least."

He began moving in and out of my pussy with a feeling to me of more urgency and demand. It was the kind of fuck I anticipated. He was fucking me and there was little consideration in his mind of satisfying me, but, again, these men might also be offended if they thought their fucking didn't bring an orgasm from me. That was not a problem I had with most men so far because the stimulation was mutual even if their intention was my use. Here, I cheated, once again, by slipping a hand between my legs and strumming my clit to raise my arousal, then time it to orgasm close to his.

When I felt his cock pulse and throb inside, I pressed hard on my clit to bring my own orgasm. As he collapsed on top of me, pressing me into the table, and his cum spurting and oozing into my pussy, I moaned. He misunderstood my reaction to his suddenly collapsing on me against the hard tabletop.

"Yes, it was good, wasn't it?" He pulled out of me and slapped my ass. "Damn, she is a good fuck, Henry." He really surprised me by pulling me off the tabletop and pressing me to Henry. "Why don't you take her to your room to finish the night off. I'm going to finish my drink and get some sleep." He smacked my ass, again. "Nice doing business with you, Miss James. I'll confirm the arrangement with Charles first thing in the morning before we leave for the airport. I look forward to the cruise. Yes, indeed. A slut on the payroll, how does he get away with it."

I smiled as I seethed inside, "Thank you, Mr. Tenor. I am sure Mr. Woodburn will be pleased to hear from you in the morning." I reached out to Wilson who seemed to be struggling with his pants and gathering up his other clothes in his arms. "Now, Mr. Wilson, to your room. We have some unfinished business."

I picked up my dress and heels from the floor where they had been discarded. I was waiting at the door. He looked nervous, "Aren't you getting dressed?"

"How far do we have to go? Just down the hall, I presumed." He nodded. "Then, dressing would be silly. I'll just have to take off, again." He shook his head, but his smile grew bigger as I figured he was remembering my naked walk in the hallway earlier.

I walked alongside him down the hallway. We only had a half dozen rooms to walk. He glanced at me

several times and I made a point of striding in my heels to make sure my breasts jiggled for his enjoyment.

He fumbled for the keycard that was in one of the pockets of his jacket, he just had to find it. All the time I was naked in the hallway and I concentrated on not looking nervously along the door and hallway even when I heard the elevator ding somewhere, not sure if it was this floor or a floor above or below. When nobody appeared in the hallway, I let out a breath of relief despite my appearance of calm.

Inside his room, I dropped my dress on the dresser and kicked off my heels. I took his clothes from his arms and unbuckled his pants, unzipping them and they dropped to the floor. I knelt in front of him to take his soft cock into my mouth.

From above me, "Can I ask you something?"

I glanced up without taking his cock from my mouth, "umgha".

He chuckled. "You seem like a very competent and capable businesswoman ...", he paused and I glanced up, "why do you do this? Not that I am complaining, mind you ..."

I stood up and looked him mostly in the eye, a little up at him. "You seem nice, Mr. Wilson, and I appreciate that. I do it for a couple reasons. One, I like sex and a variety of sex. Two, it helps to keep certain clients happy. Doesn't it?"

He smiled. "Very definitely."

"Good. Now, I want you to be even happier, Mr. Wilson. Is there some sex you haven't tried?"

He blushed but I encouraged him. "Anal. I've never had the chance to do that. Is that possible?" I nodded and pulled him to the bed. I suggest doggy position and that he could use the cum in my pussy for lubrication for my ass. The smile on his face was unbelievable, but the bigger amusement to me was his confession. "Wow. This is amazing. Thank you. Oh boy, I can't tell Tenor about this, he'd pop a cork that I did and he didn't." I laughed.

After getting quickly cleaned up and dressed, I stood by the door and took a very awkward Henry Wilson into my arms and kissed him passionately. "I enjoyed this last part, Mr. Wilson. You're a very nice man. Thank you."

"I should be thanking you."

I smiled and kissed him, again. "You did. That was a very nice fuck." He agreed and blushed.

I wasn't sure what kind of a stir I might cause leaving the hotel well after midnight, though I was dressed, again, I had that unmistakable 'just fucked' look on my face.

\* \* \*

The next morning, a little later than normal, after I was settled naked in the chair and my legs crossed discretely, I gave him a run-down of the evening and Mr. Tenor's commitment to calling this morning. He relayed that they had talked earlier and the new project details were confirmed.

"An excellent result, I think. The project and terms will be very good for the firm." He studied me closely, then offered about last night, "A bit boorish, huh?"



I nodded, smiled, and shrugged. This wasn't about being made love to, though it happened on occasions. This was really about fucking ... or sucking. "Not a problem, Sir. Separately, Mr. Wilson was quite nice." I chuckled, "But, any disappointment in the act I might feel is really your fault, though, you know."

"And how is that?" His face was a big smile, but he was curious, too.

"Simply that you spoiled me, Sir. Your lovely, big cock that touches all the right places inside me ... you so caringly introduced me to anal, which did come in handy ... your strong, controlled approach without being domineering or rude." I blushed. "I'm sorry, Sir."

"Sorry? Why?"

"I don't mean to make it sound like more of a relationship than we really have. I respect you and Deborah too much to have you get the wrong idea of my feelings. I'm not in love with you, Sir. I am in love with what you are doing to ... for me." I blushed, again. "Sir, I love the woman you are bringing out from within me. Thank you."

He seemed a little embarrassed by my proclamations. I smiled and stood up to give him something more physical to consider. I stepped to the side of the desk and bent over it, pressing my breasts into the desktop, then spreading my legs wide.

"If I could be so bold, Sir ... your slut would really like her pussy or asshole reamed right now." As he stood up from his chair and moved to the side of his desk behind me, I spread my feet even further apart and settled my head on my forearms and sighed with anticipation and contentment. I really did love being his slut, but I also really loved his cock inside me ... pussy or ass. And since his wife and I had had the same conversation ourselves, there was no guilt in my confessing that to him, her, or myself.

As he smeared a dab of cool, slippery lubricant onto and into my asshole. I sighed very contently and a strong shiver coursed through my body.

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CHAPTER NINE: CONVENTION SLUT - GANGBANG

"You wanted to see me, Sir?"

I was two steps into his office, my suit jacket sliding down my arms as I walked to my location between the chairs in front of his desk.

"Something has come to my attention that might be interesting."

It wasn't normal for him to blurt out what was on his mind when I was summoned to his office. We had established something of a protocol of how this was to work. It was akin to a tribal ritual of exchanging pleasant conversation prior to entering into serious exchange, a ritual intended to maintain civility and peace and calm prior to any interaction. I had thought ours was the same, though it had never been expressed or defined. I undressed and he sat back in his chair to enjoy it prior to entering into any business.

So, his comment brought me to a stop prior to even reach my intended location. After a pause, "Sorry, my dear. That was rude, wasn't it." He even looked a bit sheepish. "Please continue." Which is what I did. I moved to the spot, dropping my jacket in the chair as I came to it. After removing

everything but my stockings, heels, and jewelry, I stood before him, slowly turning around before taking my clothes to the tree. Upon returning, "I guess I was just excited to talk to about this."

It wasn't my own impression of our ritual, after all. He had recognized it and caught himself violating it. I sat in the chair I usually used, remembering to use the exaggerated motion as I cross my legs. I smiled as I caught him gazing between my thighs.

"What has you so excited, Sir? A new account potential? If it's a new toy, you should surprise me, Sir."

He laughed. "No, nothing like that. Do you remember what you blurted out to Deborah and me last weekend?"

"I think I said a lot of things, Sir. I was very horny, as I recall. You were going to DP me with a dog knot in my pussy."

"Not only going to, I did that. You enjoyed it, too, didn't you slut?"

"I did, Sir. By my reaction at the moment, there was no hiding that fact."

"Well, I'll assist your memory. You were telling us you were ready for everything I wished for you to do for me. Everything and anything. Anywhere and anytime. You wanted us to take the next steps." He paused while watching me. I remembered those words well. There were more as I recalled. Then, as if reading my thoughts, "You also talked about the slut truly being there. It was confusing at first, but you said she was taking over and she wanted to be used."

"I remember, Sir. You understand, don't you?"

"It was confusing at first. Then I understood. The slut we were grooming within you, the slut we thought was there finally arrived at that moment. You felt her presence in you at that moment. A presence that demands to be used."

I was nodding excitedly. He understood. "Yes, Sir, exactly." He looked intently into my eyes. "My wife has instructed you well, slut. You don't slouch when sitting, you stand straight and tall, you hold your shoulders back, making your lovely breasts more prominent. Truly lovely." He was smiling approvingly. Then, "There will be a situation where slouching will be required." I looked at him enquiringly. "When I indicate for you to open your legs, like now, I want them over the chair arms." I did as he indicated and he was correct, I had to slouch to accomplish it.

I smiled at his game, "Is there a point to this, Sir, other than getting a better look at your slut's pussy?"

"That's about it, slut. But, it is affirming to see how wet your pussy becomes from these little sessions." I smiled. It was approving or obedience. It was merely acceptance. "Now, what had me so excited ... I got wind of a convention from a friend at the club. We were just talking and this convention came up. I looked into it and it seemed like it might fill the bill to assist you in going to the step." He continued to watch me. I couldn't help but start thinking about what options 'fill the bill to assist' might be. "This isn't business related. This would just be ... your slut coming out to play. You've never been gangbanged, have you?"

There it was, I thought. I expressed my thoughts and feelings and emotions and excitement. And he was listening. He heard and he took it to heart. It spurred us into and through what we thought was a ridiculous sexual act: not just his marvelous cock in my ass but at the same time, a knotted dog-

cock was in my pussy. It was spectacular!

He was watching my pussy openly displayed and he smiled. "A true way to judge a slut's reaction. My dear slut Tina, you are leaking. Hell, it is as though your pussy is winking at me." I blush, but I don't doubt his assessment for a minute.

He told me his thoughts. This coming Friday we would catch an early afternoon flight and be at the convention hotel by late afternoon. The convention includes people showing, selling products, providing services, and those attending to consider the options available in the industry. He wouldn't say more about the industry, brushing the question aside with a, "Does it really matter?" No, it didn't. There would be men, lots of men. There would be me and only me with those men. And, there would be him to watch over me constantly. Those were his promises. The rest were unimportant details he would manage.

"I'm talking to the slut now Tina. This isn't for the businesswoman who thought she would be playing with me or some clients on occasion. This is for the slut that burst out finally to be acknowledged. Do we go? Do we challenge the slut's powers?"

I smiled and looked down at my body. My nipples were solid, hard pebbles. My pussy was open with need, juices seeping out, puddling on the vinyl seat. Damn right, we're going!

* * *

We left directly from the office so we were still in our business clothes, which was perfect for the final arrangement of the suite he was able to reserve on an upper floor. The floor contained a number of suites and was to be one of several floors having hospitality rooms associated with the convention. Walking from the elevators to our suite, we passed a number of other suites being set up for the evening's hospitality activities. Mr. Woodburn judged correctly that the amount of booze and food on the floor wouldn't require that we would need much available inside our suite, but he did allow for the minimum required because the rooms were being booked for hospitality. A giggle that reflected some nerves escaped as I considered the hospitality that would be available in our suite compared to the others. Mr. Woodburn sensed it and gave my hand a squeeze.

Our suite was a series of rooms on the corner of the building. The main living, assembly room that could be converted for conferencing or entertaining. A separate large bedroom adjoined it. Each room had its own bathroom but the bedrooms had the large shower and separate jacuzzi. The bedroom had the corner with floor to ceiling windows on each outside wall. The curtains were currently closed. In the main room, Mr. Woodburn was overseeing the addition of a few easy chairs and the arrangement of furniture to his liking.

Once the hotel staff left, we focused on the bedroom. He imagined this would be the center of my activity, but we weren't entirely sure about that once it got going. He propped the door to the suite open and walked down the hall, then walked back. Our suite was at the end of the hall and the layout of the room made it difficult to see much inside except for a narrow view-line. That convinced him the entire suite could be used with a minimal risk of drawing more public attention than the word that would undoubtedly spread as the evening progressed. The more we stood in the room and thought about the reality of the situation, the less we felt certain about how many might ultimately be involved.

He held me at arm's length. "Are you sure? It was an exciting idea, but the reality of the moment is making even me a little nervous."

I reached up and kissed him hard and passionately. I pressed my body into his and answered

through our joined lips, "I've never been so ready for anything. You have a slut on your hands, Sir. All I ask is that you watch over her/me. The Miss Tina James, Executive Accounts Director who left the office with you hours ago is no in this building."

He smiled and we made the final preparations. We stripped the king-sized bed down to the bottom sheet, stuffing the other covers into the closet. He went back into the main room to fuss over the drinks and snacks, making sure everything was as he wanted it, then checking the door. We had no company sign attached to the door. If they didn't know about what was offered inside, they wouldn't be in the hallway. I remained in the bedroom preparing myself. I moved a large bowl of condoms from the bedside stand to the dresser. Some may want to use them. There would not be a requirement that they do. I then opened the curtains around the room. The coming darkness of evening was dropping over the city's downtown. The lights and faint sounds of traffic below filled the windows as I stood before the window.

Feeling nervous but ready, I entered just inside the main room. I glanced at the partially opened door. Mr. Woodburn turned and stopped. I was dressed for the evening to start: thigh-high, white lace stockings, white strap heels, a string of costume pearls looped around my neck, and earrings. My hair was pulled back into a pony-tail to be out of the way.

"God, you are beautiful." He started to say something more when there was a knock on the door.

The door opened hesitantly and four men entered, the door closing behind them onto the doorstep placed there to keep it ajar. The first one in stopped when he turned to see me, then smiled. "We weren't sure this was the place, but the room number matched. Seeing you there can't be any mistake."

I glanced at Mr. Woodburn and smiled, then I walked right up to the men, slipping my arms around two of them and led them into the room. The nerves were gone. Their hands were stroking my bare back and butt. We weren't doing anything fancy with drinks: beer and simple alcohol. We didn't want a bartender who would have to be hotel staff. I took their requests and served them their drinks. We talked and got comfortable and, surprisingly to me, it was more them than me. One of the guys shared a joke and we laughed as there was another knock at the door. Mr. Woodburn greeted them, this time closing the door to avoid hotel staff wandering in unannounced.

This group consisted of three more guys. There were now seven strange men in the room I had never seen before and they were only there to fuck me. I couldn't imagine being more excited and turned-on than I was right then. Mr. Woodburn went through the rules of 'engagement' with the primary one being that anyone getting out of hand would be thrown out and if I were to even mutter 'no' or 'stop', everything was to stop. Everyone nodded their heads. I walked through the group of men to the bedroom door, turned around to face them, took a breast into my hand and squeezed it.

Adding a smile, "I'll be in the next room. I don't want to get lonely ..." Mr. Woodburn's smile grew huge. Unknown to me, he still had another surprise we hadn't discussed, but that was for tomorrow.

I was a couple steps from the bed when two pairs of hands stopped me. They turned me around and I found two more standing behind these. I stepped into them and the others came up to encircle me, each finding a part of my naked body to touch, stroke, squeeze, or probe. I had hands on my breasts, my butt, my stomach, and between my legs. I groaned as a finger enter my pussy and pressed inside. Another finger was circling around my asshole and I was very relieved that I was now more comfortable with anal.

I kissed each of the men, turning in a tight circle to do so. I dropped to my knees and my intentions

were clear. Each began loosening belts and zippers. I turned to the first cock coming out and sucked it into my mouth. I took two others into my hands and gently pulled on them, periodically changing with a new cock in my mouth and hands.

I felt hands behind me encouraging me to my feet, then moving me to the edge of the bed. I saw Mr. Woodburn standing in the doorway nodding as there was another knock at the suite door. All four men were naked as I crawled to the center of the bed. I felt fingers at my pussy and the subsequent declaration from one to the group, "She's dripping."

I smiled, "I need cock, gentlemen."

Cock I got. They must have known each other because they moved and shared around me with comfort and ease. I was on my back, the men surrounding me. One came up between my legs and eased his cock into my pussy. Another moved his to my mouth. The other two men used their hands on my breasts, nipples and held my legs spread wide. They shifted regularly, moving from my pussy to touching me, someone touching me to my mouth, the one in my mouth to my pussy.

It was almost a maddening process and against what I was used to. In relationships, sex was supposed to a matter of mutual pleasure. Mr. Woodburn's indoctrination of me into being a slut was about me ensuring the other person's pleasure above my own. Now, here I am feeling fucked and stimulated while they rotate one after the other through my pussy, stopping at my mouth to be hard prior to their turn in my pussy. The rotation seemed to be a switch based less on equal time as to avoid climax while continuing to fuck me. Each of them was in my pussy for only minutes at a time, but that produced steady and increasing arousal in me. Sometime in their second rotation, I orgasmed. They never stopped, though. Not even to let me flow through my orgasm and to recover. They continued, maybe even switching more quickly as my pussy spasmed around whichever cock was inside.

I wasn't sure my orgasm fully ended when I rolled over a man lying next to me. On autopilot, I raised my hips, found his hard cock, and inserted it into my pussy. Another cock was brought to my mouth as I began fucking up and down. Finger probed my body, but this time I could tell they were intent on cumming. The man underneath me grabbed my hips and assisted my motion. In moments, he was straining, his hips rising into me as his face strained, his eyes closed tight. His cum shot into me warm and juicy and the feeling gave me another orgasm even if less intense.

Another man was lying next to him. I moved off one, his wet cock slapping on his abdomen and I moved to the next one. Inserting him, another man offered his cock to my lips. The cycle continued as each of the four moved from my mouth to alongside the one I was fucking as climax and orgasm became evident. When the four men had all climaxed, I sprawled on the bed as the last of them got dressed. I pulled the band from my hair and put my hair back into a tighter ponytail.

I glanced at the mirror in at the vanity table and smiled. My lips and cheeks were smeared with moisture from sucking and cocks pulled from my mouth. So far, none had cum in my mouth. I stopped in the bathroom to wipe my face, tossed it onto the bed, and followed the last of the four out into the other room. I could feel the four loads of cum oozing from my pussy, making my lips and inner thighs slick.

I walked confidently into the room. The four I had just fucked stopped to have a beer. What I noticed was the room was crowded with men standing in groups or alone. I walked to Mr. Woodburn for a drink of water and he said one of the men told him he had heard about this from someone else. Apparently, the word was spreading through the convention. He no longer had any idea how many men might decide to show up. He reinforced that he would stop it at any time I chose. I kissed him

on the cheek.

“We’re a long way from that, Sir.” He laughed.

I walked back through the crowd with my bottle of water. I touched the faces of a couple men who immediately followed. I had no idea who came to the room when or in what order, but this wasn’t a delicatessen where you take a number. As the saying goes, if you snooze, you lose.

These men were straightforward about what they wanted. They stripped down upon entering the bedroom. I was on my back with my legs open and that seemed to be okay with the first man who crawled up onto the bed between my legs. He nibbled on my nipples for a bit, but then slid his already hard cock smoothly into my filled pussy. The other man came to my head with his cock pointed at me. I opened my mouth and he slid it in. I was being fucked now at both ends. The man in my mouth was stroking in and out of my mouth as though he was fucking my pussy. Thankfully, his cock wasn’t as big as Mr. Woodburn’s.

Both men came roughly at the same time, pulled out and left me lying on the bed still wanting. They were so quick, I never quite attained my own orgasm, but then that was the idea of a slut, right. Standing at the door were two large men, both naked, and both sporting nice, large, and hard cocks.

They came to the edge of the bed and put out their arms to me. Not knowing what they might have in mind, but sudden very interested, I slid across the bed to be assisted into standing between them. They turned me back and forth between as they kissed and fondled my body. When I was pressed up against one, the other had a hand squeezed between us to fondle a breast and the other between my legs from behind, stroking and fingering my pussy. They moved me up against the floor to ceiling window and pressed my front into it as they both started stroking my body. One was on his knees driving fingers into my pussy from behind while the other was stroking my clit. I was pressed against the window and I couldn’t miss the fact that the city was going about its business below me and for anyone happening to look out from another window, I was perfectly visible and it was perfectly apparent what was happening. That, of course, just added to the stimulation I was aggressively receiving from these men. When my orgasm erupted, it shook my body and I cried out. I heard others coming to the doorway behind me, but the reflections in the window weren’t distinct enough for recognition. I don’t think my mind was focused on recognition, anyway.

The fingers didn’t immediately stop when my orgasm hit. I felt hands pressing against the window as the fingers continued to stimulate me, driving my peak higher and higher. The hands on my back, I realized, were not just keeping in place, but keeping up. My legs became like soft rubber as I shivered and quaked unto the sexual assault.

My mind cleared enough to recognize that I wasn’t pressed against the cool glass, but support against the front of a naked man behind me. My left leg was pulled up and around the man in front of me as I felt his hard cock slide into my pussy. With the aid of the man behind me, I felt hands on my ass lifting me into the air and my other leg going around and locking my ankles. My arms instinctively grasped tightly around the man’s neck and I was moved up and down on the cock in my pussy. Then, after being satisfied apparently, the man behind me pressed a glob of lubricant to my asshole, then a finger followed by a second pushed the lube inside.

I was going to be double penetrated while being held in one man’s arms. I felt my ass cheeks spread and a blunt object pressing against the tight ring of my sphincter. I was very glad I had decided on anal with Mr. Woodburn as the cock pushed through and into me. After a few more strokes, both cocks were deep inside me.

They weren't finished with the window, though. These two must have been exhibitionist and clearly had done this before. They worked as a team as they moved us back to the window, standing with their sides to the window, my body being lifted up and dropped down onto the pair of cocks filling me so delightfully. I came, again, as I looked out the window to find several windows across the way with people looking out in our direction. They saw it, too, and increased the action to make what we were doing more noticeable.

They came together or very nearly so. I felt the one in my ass spasm and pulse. As I felt his first spurt into my ass, I orgasmed again, my pussy clenching and spasming around both cocks in separate chambers but intimately in contact. That seemed to be all the other one needed as he followed us.

They eased me off their cocks and gently placed me on the bed. Mr. Woodburn came into the room, propped me up and held water to my mouth. Some water dribbled out of the corners of my mouth but I was already a sweaty mess.

"Are you okay?"

I smiled and wrapped my arm around his neck, pulling him in for a sloppy kiss. "Thank you, Sir. Thank you."

He smiled, "There are a bunch of guys still out there. Some before must have leaked the word because they are still coming."

"Send them in. I don't care how many at a time. I only have three holes at a time, but ... God, this is amazing!"

I heard Mr. Woodburn in the other room and five guys came in already naked. I started sucking cock, but one must have gotten himself hard because I was being moved onto my knees and my knees spread wide as I continued to rotate my mouth between several of the guys. A cock was pressed into my pussy and I pushed the other guys slightly so I could push my butt back against the cock plowing into me. He came fairly quickly and maybe that was what a typical gangbang is like with a lot of cumming into a slut and not always enough steady stimulation and variety to allow her to cum. That was what some of the fucks felt like.

I was next moved back to the bed where a guy was laying on his back. I didn't even ask what they wanted to do, I just straddled the guy and took him into my pussy. I reached to the side for a cock to occupy my mouth. I fucked the guys in my mouth and pussy, bouncing my hips on one and sliding mouth back and forth on the other. I was getting close to an orgasm so I slipped a free hand to my clit and just start strumming it when I was pushed down against the man underneath me. This pulled the cock out of my mouth but before I could say anything, someone began pressing a cock into my asshole, again. With lube and cum already in my ass, this one went in fairly easily. The guys didn't function too well together but the erratic motion had a surprisingly arousing effect on me even if it didn't on them. The pressure in my holes felt amazing and my clit was being pressed into the pubic bone of one guy and the aggressive fucker, in my ass, was pressing the cock in my pussy at weird angles. I came, again.

At some point as I was rolling with my orgasm, the one in my ass climaxed, too. This momentarily gave the one in my pussy more freedom of movement and rolled us over so I was on my back. Now, he fucked me with a frenzy that felt on the edge of desperate, but it was effective enough for him to climax.

There seemed to be a steady rotation of guys now. Exiting the bedroom and entering the bedroom

with always about four to six guys around me on the bed. I had completely lost track of how many men had fucked me or cum on me. I was surprised by the number of men who seemed to be happy to have me suck them, then stroke their cocks over my face or breasts.

I was moved over another guy on his back, but this time he wanted me to sit on him with my asshole. Once settled onto him fully in reverse cow-girl, another guy eased me back against him and he inserted into my pussy. Other guys then fed their cocks to my mouth or fondled and worked my nipples and clit. The heavy action yielded me another crashing orgasm and, again, they didn't stop or slow down through my orgasm for recovery. They seemed bent on seeing how many times they could make me cum. And, it turned out to be a lot.

The cock in my ass was substantial, not huge but not small, and he seemed to be the constant in their plan. I found out later that he had already climaxed twice with me and still hard because of a Viagra he took before arriving. The others fucked my pussy him providing a tighter fit than I likely would have been after so much use in one night. This group had worked out their plan and stayed coordinated. The guys didn't leave the room once they climaxed as other had. These guys stayed to maximize the effect for each one. They were after the feeling of my body orgasming, my pussy going into spasms while they fucked and climaxed themselves.

I could only assume they had been satisfied because I saw several give high-fives as if they had just scored a touchdown or hit a home run. This group turned to be the last group, too. And, they were different in consideration. They each gave me a kiss on the lips and forehead, then finding the covers in the closet and covering my used body, turning out the lights on their way out.

They shut the door to a crack. I could hear voices in the other room. I glanced at the bedside table but remembered I had turned the clock to the wall so I wouldn't be distracted by the time. I heard voices, then a louder voice and more noise as the alcohol and remaining food was removed from the room. Whatever time it was, it was closing time for the hospitality suites.

I must have dozed, but not for long. Mr. Woodburn had still not come to bed. Then I thought he might not want to. I moved to the edge of the bed and stood up and went into the bathroom. I looked at myself in the mirror and was shocked. My hair was a mess and my face and body were covered in dried or drying cum. I raised a foot to the counter and sighed. My pussy was worse. Red and puffy, it was caked with cum, some still leaking out. I staggered to the shower and turned it on as hot as I could stand it and soaked the cum off it before I began washing it and my hair.

Feeling just a little bit better, I opened the shower door to find Mr. Woodburn holding a large towel out to me. I stepped onto the mat and allowed him to dry my body, noticing and appreciating the care and gentleness he used over my breasts and between my legs. He dropped it on the floor and wrapped me in another dry towel, then handing me one for my wet hair.

He took me in his arms and held me, not saying anything, just holding me.

In the other room, he pulled a bottle of wine he had put away. We sipped and talked while sitting on a couch facing the large window overlooking the late-night city. We sat plastered against each other. His arm and hands were comforting but not fondling. We talked about the night. He shared the comments the men made and expressed his personal astonishment at the activities of the evening. He found himself in the doorway to the bedroom frequently in concern, amazement, wonder, and gratification. There were times when the sounds caused him concern only to find explosive orgasms. There were times when he was amazed at what my body could consume in one act as when I had all three holes filled and other masturbating over my body.

He asked me about my feelings and I sensed more than a little concern. I assured him I was also amazed at what I had done and had thoroughly enjoyed it. I was tired, very tired, and might be a bit sore in the morning. I rested my head on his shoulder and cuddled into the security of his embrace.

I softly offered with a giggle, "This was something I needed to do to prove my worthiness as our slut, Sir." I felt his head shift to look down at me. "I hope your slut was satisfactory in pleasing those men you sent to her." Referring to myself in the third person seemed to have an effect on him. There was one more fuck yet tonight.

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## **CHAPTER TEN: CONVENTION SLUT - KENNEL SLUT**

"What's on the agenda for today, Sir?"

We were relaxing in the hotel café over another cup of coffee. We had managed to arrive just before the end of serving breakfast, which happened to be my favorite meals. It was probably the eggs and fatty meats of the choices I gravitated to. I was in a casual dress with straps over the shoulder. There was nothing obviously erotic about it except for the shortness of the hem to mid-thigh and the fullness of the skirt. The light material allowed it to swing with my walk, especially when wearing heels, which I almost always did. Of course, the lightness of the material allowed for a breeze to sometimes lift the dress. I knew if we went outside I would be told to not interfere with the wind in my dress. That I was not allowed to wear underwear would make that most interesting.

"Do you even know what the convention is about?" I shook my head. It didn't seem to be important to me to question anyone. Probably some boring industry. Besides, I was there to entertain some men, not feign interest in their industry. But, he was smiling, which had me pause as I raised the cup to my lips. "It's called, The Semi-Annual Southeastern Regional Kennel Club Convention." I put the cup down on the saucer without finishing to take a sip.

"Kennel Club, Sir?" I was already thinking of nasty things that could mean, but decided I should rein in the horniness rising up within all over again. I would have thought last night would have quenched some of that.

He was smiling that smile I had come to understand indicated much more was coming. "I thought that might pique your curiosity." He glanced around our immediate area to see if anyone was close enough to overhear. "Yes. Those last gentlemen last night you engaged so magnificently are kennel owners. Those five men own several kennels in the region. According to our discussion last night, they specialize in purebred dogs that are well-trained."

I looked at him over my coffee cup with a mixture of nerves and anticipation. "Sir, did you discuss with them my fondness of ...", I glanced around our table, "... of being with dogs?"

He smiled, his eyes piercing mine. He was gaging my reaction. "No." He turned his eyes out the window we were seated next to then back to me. I waited. "How are you feeling after last night?" He lowered his voice, "Is my slut sated? Sore?"

I blushed as his words came out and his eyes bore into mine. I could feel the rush of warmth spread over my face, neck, and chest. I took a sip of coffee and glanced around, again. "Sir, the jacuzzi worked wonders on my body. My pussy and asshole are a little tender, but okay. As far as being sated after last night ... I'm a little scared."

He furrowed his eyebrows, "Why are you scared, my dear?"

I squirmed in my seat, the heat of blush rising, again. We were in a restaurant discussing how my body felt after my gangbang. "I'm very wet, Sir. I'm afraid because I am wondering if I CAN be sated, anymore. I have no idea how many men there were or how many times I was used by them last night. My body has some soreness, but this discussion has also caused my body to prepare for more. Shouldn't I be concerned, Sir? What's happened to me? Did I go from liking sex to needing sex in ever greater forms and quantity?"

He was pensive. That was affirming to me. He had always been supportive and protective as he challenged me and guided me. He wasn't discounting my feelings but considering them. He reached his hand out, his fingers stroking my hand. His voice was soft, "Perhaps your reaction now isn't an indication of requiring greater forms and quantity but, instead, a preparatory response of your body to opportunity. Were you feeling this way earlier or when we were eating?" I thought back and shook my head. No, I wasn't, it was just a morning with him to enjoy some breakfast. He smiled, "See? It isn't that your body is always craving it now, but when the discussion became focused on the potential, your body responded. Your body didn't know if the opportunity was in moments or tonight or tomorrow or next week. A trigger sent a signal and your body responded." I watched him closely. Was he bull-shitting me? Did he have a degree in the sexual response of the female body and psyche? It all sounded so reasonable ... and preferable. He seemed to sense my concerns relax and continued, "You know what I think?" I shook my head, my eyes flitting up to him with my head slightly bowed to my cup. Even to me, it felt like I was flirting with him. "I think it is the slut part of you is fully released. She isn't restrained, bound within you only to see some occasional, partial effect on you. She is wholly a part of who and what you are."

"But, I don't want to only be a slut, Sir."

He chuckled. "You aren't, my dear! I know you don't follow football, but consider this ... I read a story of a young college coach taking his first assignment as head coach. When he met with his team for the first time, this young coach told his team a secret, football is important and they have to focus their every fiber on it ... but only while playing or preparing to play. But, otherwise, it can't consume their lives. They have to have fun, relax, have relationships, excel at school work and jobs. He told these impressionable young men that their lives have to be balanced. Most coaches would try to influence their players to live and breathe football or whatever sport." He paused and I was already considering his message. "You know what the effect was?" I shook my head. "In two years that young team with the first-time coach went undefeated, which might not mean anything to you, but they were able to focus the entire year to overcome setbacks because at the time it was the most important thing while at other times it wasn't. They focused on the part of their lives they were engaged in at the moment."

"And that's what I need to do? Don't constrain the slut intentionally, but embrace myself as Executive Accounts Director or friend or athlete when I am working out or quiet when I want to just read or listen to music?" He was nodding and smiling. "Thank you, Sir."

"So, any interest in talking to those men at the convention hall?"

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We found the men at the convention. It turned out that they all owned kennels in and around the region. But, only two of them were from the immediate area. As Mr. Woodburn explained to me, they specialized in purebred dogs that are well-trained. We singled out the two men from the city and offered to buy them a beer, which they were grateful for.

They couldn't get over what I had been through the night before and I was here talking to them as

though we were just friends or acquaintances. There was no indication of awkwardness, except visibly on their side. That was amusing to all of us. During the private discussion, Mr. Woodburn divulged our interest in dogs as being a little different than maybe most. Upon explanation, they were taken aback, but we were pretty sure after sharing our intimacies last night that sharing a little kinkier interest wouldn't seriously put them off.

They assured us their dogs were well trained, but for the average purchaser. They had never considered dogs for a kink market like women interested in canine sex. They shared a look between themselves, though, and wondered what it would take to see if there was interest. They felt the effort, however, would produce a market too limited to make it worthwhile pursuing. We had their interest, though, and were shocked when Mr. Woodburn offered to give them an idea of what we were talking about.

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We were pulling up to the kennel they had given directions to. As we entered the property, the two men came out of a building off some distance from a house closer to the main road. Mr. Woodburn drove to the men and stopped in the parking lot near the door. I was wearing a simple, light-weight, spaghetti-strap dress that hung loosely and stopped at mid-thigh. Otherwise, I was wearing heels. Of course, that was all.

They showed us into the kennel building. I was surprised, but perhaps I shouldn't have been for a serious-minded business for pure-bred dogs. It was very clean and the smell of dog wasn't overpowering. When questioned, they had six intact males old enough for breeding. Many of their customers like the dogs neutered, but some might use them for breeding so they wait until an owner makes the decision. They asked if I was sure about this. I assured them we had two dogs who mounted me. I had never had six before but until last night I had never had so many men in one evening that nobody knew how many there actually were, either.

I undid the zipper at my back and slipped the dress off my shoulders, handing it to Mr. Woodburn. I then looked around the area and asked for an old mattress or thick mat I could use to cushion my hands and knees. The men looked at each other, shook their heads but weren't about to delay this too long for fear I might have a change of heart.

They pulled a rolled up heavy rubber mat and spread it between the kennel doors where a breeze might form. I smiled at them, then turned to Mr. Woodburn, "All six dogs, Sir?" He nods his head with a devilish smile. He knows I can stop it at any time but will be reluctant to do so once started. He knows that by setting the expectation high I am more likely to strive for that. I turn to the men as I drop onto the mat to my knees. "Bring out one dog for now. Once he has mounted me, bring out another and lead him to my head. Then, keep the dogs rotating."

One of them is shaking his head in wonder, "Sounds an awful lot like another gangbang to me." I smile. I am projecting confidence I don't entirely feel. Yes, I have been with Sammy and Paddy multiple times but were dogs familiar with fucking with women. Dogs, even well-trained dogs, unfamiliar with this might be an entirely different experience.

The first dog, a German Shepherd, is brought it. It is a large, muscular dog and I feel intimidated immediately by the animal. I take control, however, by slapping the mat and, "Down." He obeys and lays on the mat in front of me. I begin stroking him, muzzling him, and using a soft, comforting voice. There is no question that the dogs are well-trained. Even as I slide my hand down his belly and graze his sheath, there is a flinch and his head moved from my face to my hand, but he is calm. They are well cared for and feeling safe here.

My touching along his sheath produces the “lipstick” appearance of the tip of his cock poking out of the sheath. I take charge now and push him more onto his back, which allows me to relax more as he allows my handling of him in this way. I drop my head to his crotch and use my tongue on the tip of his cock, taking up the drops of pre-cum forming there. It registers that it tastes like Sammy and Paddy, not a surprise but an observation. With more of his cock coming out from the cover of the sheath, I part my lips and take the tip between them, sucking at more pre-cum and continuing to use my tongue. I hear a mix of sounds now. Some are from the dog, a low rumbling from deep inside his chest. Others are murmurs and comments and gasps from the men watching it.

One is directly behind me, “You should see how wet she is. Her pussy is drooling. She’s not just a man-slut as we enjoyed last night; she really is a dog-slut, too.”

I smiled, a quick glance up to Mr. Woodburn. I am a slut. I am his slut. Neither one of us knows just how much of one I am, though. Not yet, anyway. Last night might only have been a hint.

With several inches of dog-cock showing from the sheath, I turn around and present my ass to the dog. He sniffs and scrambles to his feet. His nose is pressed into my ass and pussy, his tongue coming out and lapping at my leaking lips. Despite the shiver, his licking gives me, I push his snout away and slap my ass to encourage him to mount. He seems confused or uncertain for a moment, perhaps recognizing the situation but the bitch in front of him. Finally, though, I feel his paws and body on my back. The feel of dog fur pressed into my skin sends a familiar thrill through my body. His hips are immediately thrusting at my ass and my hand is slipping between my legs to assist him. His hips seem to flinch away from my hand, but I persist in using it as a guide to my hole and after several more thrusts, his cock sinks deeply into me.

I gasp out and uttered a low, almost growl of a moan. I arched my back into the dog, pressing my bare skin into the furry belly of the dog. The tilt created new impact and penetration of the dog’s cock in my pussy. I gasped as the cock pulling back grazed my g-spot. The dog starting fucking hard and fast. I hadn’t even noticed another dog being brought to me until the animal was on the ground in front of me.

My lust-glazed eyes sought out the cock of this new dog and finding it, I pulled the dog by his hind legs, my mouth dropping to engulf the tip of cock showing from the sheath. My mouth had mostly fur of the sheath inside, but that didn’t last long as the dog reacted to my lips and sucking. I lost contact with the cock in my mouth as the cock in my pussy presented its knot against my opening, banging against it, pressing to stretch it for entry. I gasped and groaned as we both pressed firmly against each other for entry of the knot. I felt the cock pulse in my pussy as the knot finally stretched me and popped into my dripping pussy. I was desperate to be seeded by this dog, the combination of the previous night, now this audience and strange dogs.

I felt the first spurt of dog-cum shooting into my pussy, filling me with his seed, and I came with him. My arms and legs shook, my pussy clamped and spasmed around the cock and knot trapped inside my pussy. My body’s response seemed to drive the dog further into its climax and his spurting continued.

My arms were stiff to hold me above the floor, my breasts shaking from my orgasm and the short, sharp thrusts of the dog releasing the last of his seed. The dog turned, testing the tie at the same time. I sucked in huge gulps of air to steady my recovery, only then refocusing on the dog lying in front of me. The cock was still erect and exposed from the sheath. The scent in the air apparently having a stimulating effect on him, as well. I continued to suck on the cock, keeping it hard and long. When the dog behind me pulled out of my pussy, I pulled away from the cock with my mouth. It didn’t need any more command or instruction, he was on his feet and coming around to my ass. He

mounted me and jammed his probing cock against my ass. With a bit of guiding palm to slide against, this one was deep inside me, too.

The third dog was brought out and it was put into the same position in front of me. It was the fourth dog being brought out that changed the entire attitude of the fucking. By this point, the scent of sex must have been strong and while I was already mounted by the third dog, the fourth came out but didn't respond to the command to go down. My mouth was hanging open in the midst of my third canine-fucking, already have had two marvelous orgasms in a row. The fourth dog took the initiative that surprised all of us, but most definitely me. He mounted my back from the front, my face now against his crotch, his legs wrapping around my upper back, somehow the two dogs overlapping on my back. All I was aware of for sure, was the cock in my pussy pounding me hard and fast and a new cock poking at my face. In what was mostly an act of self-defense, I opened my mouth and the cock flew into it.

I wasn't even aware of what kind of breed it was, but the cock seemed to be about six inches, much shorter than Mr. Woodburn, certainly. I relaxed a little as that realization sank in. I was able to take Mr. Woodburn fully into my mouth so I knew I could take this dog. I tried to stabilize myself as I found myself being pummeled aggressively at both ends, the thrust of one cock driving me into the other. I focused on relaxing my mouth and throat to take the cock fucking at me with the same energy and frenzy.

The next panic moment, though, was feeling a pulsing in the cock in my mouth at about the same time as the cock in pussy managed to press the knot inside. I gasped at the intrusion of the knot, which opened my mouth further to suddenly realize the bumping against my mouth and lips was the knot of the other dog. He was pressing as determinedly as if entering my pussy. I stretched my mouth and the knot pushed in, but not without some scraping against my teeth, bringing a soft growl from the dog. I tested my breathing to verify that I could breathe through my nose without obstruction.

I was tied at both ends. But, even that wasn't weird enough. I felt cum jetting into both orifices at about the same time and forced me to focus my swallowing around the cock to relieve the filling of my mouth with hot dog-cum. The sensation of my pussy being full was temporarily lost. My orgasm that took over all other sensations and thought was a mind-blowing experience. When the dogs' release of cum into my body holes slowed to little squirts, they both awkwardly turned, both knots holding me tightly to them, my face now pressed into the asshole of the dog in my mouth.

The men offered to spray the dogs to stimulate release, but I weakly held up a hand to stop them. Any sound from my mouth was nothing more than a garbled mumbling. It turned into the most effective gag I had ever experienced. This was at the same time the most bizarre and the most erotic experience to date. To be knotted in the mouth would have seemed brutal, obscene, even impossible. Yet, here I was ...

Given this was my third knot in my pussy, the ties were less and less long as my pussy was stretched and the amount of cum deposited provided lubrication to the extreme. The knot in my pussy came out before the knot in my mouth, another dog already brought to my ass since my mouth was very busy. The new dog licked and licked and licked some more at my drooling pussy. I had dog-cum mixed with my own orgasmic juices not only dripping from my gaping pussy but running down the insides of my thighs.

The tongue stimulation on my already hyper-aroused pussy and clit set shivers and increasing arousal through my body as another orgasm quickly rose. My mind was overloaded with the disgusting appearance I must present with a knot lodged in my mouth, the dog frequently testing the

tie, but stopping quickly with impatience and irritation when my teeth scraped and pressed against the hard, fleshy, ball. I learned something more about being tied to a dog, though. Once the dog unloaded into my pussy, I thought that was it. With the knot in my mouth, I had been forced to gulp the spurts of dog-cum and now I was finding my mouth filling up with the frequent leakage of more cum from the cock. The beast just kept giving and giving, it's just that my pussy becomes so flooded I hadn't noticed.

After the fifth dog brought me to an orgasm with its tongue, he mounted me. The activity must have been stimulating to him, too. Without my subtle assistance, his cock jammed into my ass until it started to become painful. I was about to attempt trying to balance myself with one hand between the two dogs when the cock found my hole. I gasped out in a scream of surprise at the depth of the penetration, but I was sure the knot in my mouth muffled the scream to a moan. When the knot in my mouth finally shrunk enough to pull out, though still scraping against my teeth, my mouth hung open with cum and saliva pour out of it. It had to have looked very similar to my pussy. But, my mind couldn't register too much on that obscene appearance as the knot behind me bumped against my pussy and requiring my attention to it. As the knots were coming out of my pussy easier, this one also went in easier.

My eyes were less focused as I became more inwardly focused on the experiences of my body and the electric-like impulses flashing along nerves ending at my nipples, clit, and pussy. But, I did register another dog (the last one?) brought to my face. I kept my mouth closed, breathing heavily through my nose, the nostrils flaring as I took in air. Only when the dog was on its side, did I lower my head with an open mouth to take up the exposed cock. These last dogs had come to me with well-exposed cocks. The scent of mating must be heavy in the air to their acute sense of smell.

My body was a limp rag. The activity of last night suddenly washed over me with a fatigue I hadn't experienced since days of intense, repetitive athletic training days. My mind was torn between the continued pounding at my pussy, the cock in my mouth, and rolling orgasms through my body, something small bringing shivers to my limbs and sometimes so intense they brought gasping, crying, body shaking explosions.

When the last dog was done, his knot pulled out of my body, I was wasted. By the time the knot came out, my body was limply lying on the ground, only my ass was still in the air on my knees. With the feeling of a strange emptiness in my pussy that seemed to run with fluids, I tipped to the side and curled into a fetal surrender of my body having been used. My body quaked and shivered, not from any feeling of cold, but simply unable to stop the experience of arousal and stimulation even after the actual touch and penetration had ended.

Mr. Woodburn's concerned voice pierced a darkness that attempted to envelop me like a shroud. "Tina ... my God ... Tina ... are you okay? Tina?"

My eyes focused on the voice. I know that voice. A smile formed ... yes, I know that voice ... The shivering still occasionally rippled through my body, but I became content and at ease. That voice was security.

I rolled onto my back, my arms and legs splayed. I raised a hand to the arm extended to me as he stroked the loose hair from my face. I smiled up at him, "How did I do, Sir?"

He visibly relaxed and laughed in relief. "Hello, slut." He winked at the men on the other side of me, "Should we bring another dog out for you, slut?"

I glanced over at them, then back to him, giving him a wink and holding the smile, "Maybe next

time, Sir. Maybe next time ...”

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CHAPTER ELEVEN: BITCHES IN HEAT

It was clear to me just how much Mr. and Mrs. Woodburn discussed things related to me the very next weekend when I was once again invited to share an intimate weekend with them at their estate.

I arrived well after Mr. Woodburn, wanting to finish up some office issues so the weekend could be relaxing. Arriving by taxi, I carried my overnight bag to the front door, which opened as my hand was reaching to use the ornate knocker. Mrs. Woodburn nearly knocked me over as she engulfed me in her arms.

“My dear, girl!” She stepped back and looked at me intently. I was puzzled by this welcome. “You don’t look too worse for wear, though. Charles told me about the convention, but I want to hear all the details directly from you. What on earth were you thinking, dear? They didn’t hurt you, did they? I’ll ring Charles’ neck if he allowed anything to happen to you.”

I took her arm and led her back into the house, stopping in the foyer. She interrupted me as I began to disrobe as she had previously required anytime I entered her home. “Wait, Tina. I want to ask you something very important.” She hesitated and I glimpsed Mr. Woodburn backing out of the foyer to allow us privacy. He was able to anticipate the conversation even if I had no idea. She stepped up to me and took my hands into hers and looked me in the eyes, suddenly very serious. “You’ve become very important to me, Tina. I asked you to extend the slut relationship you have with Charles because I thought it would be fun, sexy, and something he and I could enjoy together. He and I have always been sexual and it seemed natural we have someone for us to share and play with.”

“I know that, Ma’am. I agreed because I respected and trusted your husband and I transferred that same trust and respect to you.”

“And I appreciated that. It was all very exciting. You provided such stimulation and playfulness to our times together. Then, the dogs ... oh, my ... how you took to them and even somehow got me involved, though that was never my intention.” I smiled. She smiled and blushed. “What I am trying to say, dear, and not getting it out very well ... I mean ... well, I value so much what you have given us, but there is something I value much more.” I tilted my head in a gesture for her to continue. “I feel like you have given me your friendship along the way. We have wonderful times together when there is nothing special happening. I can talk to you and I feel like you can talk to me. Am I right?” I nodded. What was she getting at? “I want to take it back. I don’t want you to be my slut like you are to Charles. I want you to be a friend ...”

I was floored. When she had asked to extend the slut relationship to include her over me, it seemed a natural thing for a wife to request. She could reinforce her primary position with her husband. I had no romantic designs or feeling for him. I would be his slut but that was all, it was just sex. A wife’s wish to exhibit control seemed rational, even proper. But, this ... not only was she fully accepting and comfortable with my relationship with her husband, but she wanted a very different one with me, one that transcended the sexual.

“You want to be my friend? A no-strings attached friend?” She nodded and I quickly took her into my arms. “I would love that! I have enjoyed our time together, too. That’s why I keep accepting the invitations to visit. The sex is good, but I enjoy the company of you both so much.”

She put me at arm’s length, “Don’t forget now, you are still his slut. That isn’t changing.” I nodded, a

big smile on my face. "He might make the money and be powerful in the business world, but this is my domain. So, when you are in our house and property, you are here as my friend. You don't have to strip, anymore. Though, we both enjoy looking at you ..." We both laughed. I didn't really think much else would be changing. I would still be engaged in a lot of sex with them, the dogs outside, and I would still be naked much of the time. But, she was right, there was a difference when it was required and when it happened because we wanted it to.

* * *

We had reservations for dinner at a very nice restaurant on the other side of the city. The location was selected away from their normal restaurants because Deborah surprised me with a special dress she saw while shopping and loved it. She knew she shouldn't wear such a dress but considered it perfect for me. It was a red sheath dress that fit my body like a glove. The front was cut deep between my breasts and the back was exposed to the small of my back. It was very clear that no bra could be worn with it, not that I was ever allowed to wear one. The skirt hem was six inches below my pussy and cheeks in back. We didn't measure it, but standing I was covered, though it did have a tendency to creep up on me if my strides became too long. I had to be especially careful when sitting to keep my thighs together or legs crossed and standing after sitting required a tug to become covered. Both Mr. and Mrs. Woodburn took great delight in watching me manage the dress even as we enjoyed a drink at their home before leaving and they confided they were anticipating looks from people throughout the night.

Mr. Woodburn ordered a car to take us because we all wanted to drink and relax. The three of us sat in back with me in the middle. After several miles from the house, Deborah's left hand was on my knee and slowly caressing along my thigh. As her caresses moved up my thigh and slipped to the inside, my legs spread a little to accommodate her interest. The higher her fingers moved, the further my legs spread. With her fingers inches from my wet pussy (how else would it be?), I leaned into her and curved my hand to encourage her face to mine. I kissed her on the lips and gasped into her mouth as her fingertips slipped over my pussy lips. I tried moving my legs further but was restricted when my left leg bumped into Mr. Woodburn's. I already had my right leg pressed firmly into Deborah.

"What are you two up to?" My leg against him had brought him out of whatever was distracting him. In the dark car, he found my stocking encased thigh pressed against his and followed it up to touching bare thigh skin and encountering his wife's hand already busy with my pussy. Consumed by our kissing, Deborah's attention to my pussy waned and Mr. Woodburn moved his fingers against me more aggressively. I moaned into her mouth as his finger pressed along my slit until it found my hole. I slouched in the seat to move my ass to the edge of the seat, which allowed a little more room to open my legs. The motion also pulled my dress up to further expose my pussy to their touch.

I turned my head from her to him. His other hand tilted my face up to his and his tongue immediately entered my mouth. At the same time, her hand wiggled into the gaping front of my dress and cupped my breast, a couple fingers finding the nipple and teasing it. I was on fire. God, these two loved to tease my body between them. God, how I loved to be teased by them.

My pussy was dripping and my breath was panting into his mouth and I was thankful the material wouldn't show a wet spot on the back of the dress. I was so close to cumming. My hips rose from the seat, then I arched my back to encourage the hand on my breast. I turned my head back and forth between them. When I turned back to him, he pulled his fingers out of my pussy and brought them up to his wife who greedily sucked my juice off. He repeated the action for me. We both moaned as we did it.

I turned my face to him and gazed at him. God, I wanted to cum. I needed to cum. I didn't care that I was in the back of a car with a stranger driving. I needed it.

"Sir ...", I whispered. I wanted to cum, but I didn't want to have the driver hear me ask. I whispered a little more urgently, "Sir!"

He whispered back, "What, slut? Did you say something?"

Then I knew Deborah heard it, too. Her finger joined his inside my pussy. "Oh ... dear God ..." I flushed. I was so close! My voice had become more than a whisper, but I was so close.

Then, from the front, "Sir ... we are two blocks from the restaurant."

"Thank you." He replied in a clear and controlled voice back to the driver. To me, his comment was lower but enough for his wife to hear leaning against me on the other side. "Slut, I'm sorry, but it appears you will have to wait before cumming."

"No, please, Sir ... quickly, do it quickly ..."

He was already sitting up straight and touching his tie and sleeves to be proper when we arrived. Deborah was doing the same and giggling. I felt her raise her hips and pull her dress down. She leaned against me, "Take a couple deep, cleansing breaths, dear. We'll be at the restaurant in a moment."

I was having enough problem gaining some control over my breathing and body that I didn't have time to react to my state of dress or rather my state of exposure. The car pulled up to the entrance and the valet was already opening the door for Deborah as the driver opened the other door for Mr. Woodburn. I quickly ran my fingers through my hair to fluff it out from having been pressed into the back of the seat. The door was still open where Deborah had exited and I saw the valet's hand extended toward me. I slid across the seat and placed my right foot on the ground outside when I realized what I was doing. With one foot out and one in, my hand held by the valet, I glanced up at him, saw his eyes glued lower down on my body. I glanced down and blushed deeply. Between the activity on the drive over and sliding across the seat to get out, my dress had fully slipped past my butt and my legs were spread to get out.

I heard Mr. Woodburn who was standing next to the car, "The sights are sometimes amazing this time of night." Deborah was giggling, again.

The valet looked up at him, then back at me but not my face. "Yes, sir, positively amazing."

It was far too late now to try to have any dignity in front of the valet so I accept his assistance and slid out of the car. Standing just outside the car with the door still open, I heard from inside the car, "Have a good evening, ma'am."

I thought it too late now so I might as well flow it. I leaned over to look inside, "Thank you." I did it without adjusting my dress, first. I knew my dress was bunch about mid-ass and bending over flashed everyone my pussy. I straightened up and wiggled my dress down into place and smiled at the poor valet who looked quite uncomfortable based on the bulge in the front of his pants.

* * *

Dinner was relatively uneventful, especially considering the ride over. It was very nice and our conversation was entertaining and fun. We found the same car waiting for us outside with the same

driver. I managed to get into the car without flashing everyone and thanked the valet who apparently remembered me for some reason.

Deborah and I were settled in the backseat, but Mr. Woodburn was standing outside talking to the driver. I asked, "What's going on out there?" She shrugged her shoulders and acted like she had no clue. The wine and drinks with dinner had given me a very pleasant buzz and I wasn't as suspicious as I should have been, neither was she.

Finally, both men laughed and glanced into the car at us. When the driver settled into his seat, I noticed him adjusting the rearview mirror and we made eye contact. That distracted me and I didn't notice that Mr. Woodburn didn't immediately enter the backseat, too. The next thing I knew, the door next to Deborah opened and he was indicating for her to slide over. That moved me to the other door and Deborah in the middle.

As the driver merged into the traffic, Deborah asked, "Charles, what ..."

He bent over and kissed her on the lips, ending any further question. When he pulled back, he looked at both of us, "Ladies, please lean forward." I did immediately, Deborah a few moments after while still perplexed. I looked at him and smiled. Although I understood I was soon going to be almost naked in the back of the car, he was going to have Deborah in a similar condition and this time it would be her being fondled and probed on the way home.

He nodded at me and I slinked out of my dress before tossing it onto the passenger seat in front. He and I then encouraged Deborah out of her dress. She protested constantly but never made it too difficult for us. When she was down to her bra, panties, and stockings, I took her face in my hands and kissed her. I didn't allow her to come up for air from my mouth for minutes, my left-hand slinking over her bra encased breast and further down her body to her panty covered pussy. She gasped in my mouth and continued her protests, which were becoming more subdued by the moment.

"No ... please, the driver ... ohhhhh goddddd ... not in front of ... ohhhhhh ... don't ..." Until the no and don't turned into, "Oooooooooo ... you wicked ... oohhhhhhhh ... Charles ... oooooooooo ..."

I pulled back at her calling his name. I looked her directly in the eyes. "Look at the rearview mirror. See the driver glancing at you ... at us?" I kissed her again. "You want your husband. You want his fingers between your legs?"

"Oh God, you're wicked ... such a wicked slut you are." She moaned as my fingers pressed the gusset of her panties between her lips. Her panties were wet. "Wait until ... oooooo ... I get you ... oooohhhhhh, yesssssss ... I get you home ..."

I heard a chuckle from Mr. Woodburn but he took my suggestion. His fingers snaked under the waist of her panties and dove between her lips and into her pussy. She arched her back and raised her hips off the seat. When she dropped back down, I pulled her back from the seat and quickly unsnapped her bra. She gasped out a protest about the driver again, but we both continued to ignore them.

I glanced up at the rearview mirror and the driver was indeed glancing between the traffic on the road and the action in the backseat. I smiled at him and he smiled back.

To Deborah, I said, "He's watching, Deborah. He's watching as my hands fondle your bare breasts." She moaned loudly.

I bent to her breasts and sucked on the nipples, then nibbled on them, biting softly and pulling. Mr. Woodburn's hand was stroking furiously inside her panties and she was gasping and moaning louder and louder. I slipped a hand alongside his and sought her clit as he continued to invade his wife's pussy with two or three fingers. My teeth were still pulling on her nipple when she went rigid, her back arching, and her legs shivering as her arms clutched to my head, burying my face in her breast. Neither of us stopped our assault on her throughout her orgasm and she cried out as a second followed immediately on the first, even before it had a chance to subside.

A voice pierced our action, "We'll be at your home in just a couple minutes, sir."

Mr. Woodburn was bent over me as his hand slid out of her panties and he covered his wife's lips with his. I pulled out from between them, looked out the window to find the car approaching the gate to the driveway. I nudged Mr. Woodburn and pointed ahead. As the car slowed to make the turn, Mr. Woodburn was pressing the remote to open the gate.

The car stopped at the front door and the driver was out and opening the door next to me. I looked up at him as his hand came toward me to assist me out. I looked at Deborah who was watching aghast. I looked down at her wet panties and thought, 'At least she still has her panties on.'

I took the driver's offered hand and slid along the seat to the door, sure I was leaving a trail of wetness behind me. Naked, I put one high-heeled foot outside, which had the inevitable effect of opening my pussy to his gaze. And, gaze he did. He discretely looked over my body, but not so discretely that it wasn't obvious. He then bent and put his hand into the back for Deborah.

I could hear her inside as she swore softly, then, "Charles! Now, look at what you've done. He's going to see everything."

His chuckle came out, "Yes, he will. But, two of the most beautiful women he's lucky enough to see. You wanted more excitement."

I heard her slap his knee but it was clearly playful by the smile on her face as she slid to the door. Putting her high-heeled foot out the door and taking the driver's hand exposed her similarly, except she still had panties on, though the gusset was pushed to one side. I took her hand from the driver's and hugged her, reveling in the feel of our naked bodies coming together in front of the man. The next thing I knew he was holding the two dresses in his hands.

"Sorry, ladies, these came flying over the seat so suddenly I couldn't tell whose was whose." He had a playful smile on his face. I stepped up to him, took my dress and gave him a kiss on the mouth, which seemed to surprise him.

Deborah watched me and sighed before doing the same. When she broke the kiss, she looked up at him, "I trust we can rely on your discretion about this?"

He assured us we could and he hoped to have the opportunity to serve us in the future. I was sure he was hopeful. At that moment, Mr. Woodburn stepped forward handing Deborah's bra to her, causing her to blush a whole new shade of red, and the driver his tip, a substantial one we found out later to guarantee his discretion.

* * *

I was up early. I was able to sneak out of the bed without disturbing them only because Deborah was put in the middle as he and I continued to focus on her and bringing her to a couple more orgasms before he fucked me for our release.

I was in the kitchen with coffee made and putting out an assortment of pastries. I was about to take my coffee out onto the patio when arms wrapped around my naked body. I placed my hands on the arms and pressed them tightly into me.

“Good morning, lover.” It came out of my mouth before I knew it. I turned around, “Sorry ...”

She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me deeply. “Thank you!” She pulled back just enough to look at my body. I was completely naked and barefoot, my hair surely still sleep-messed. She was wearing a light robe tied at the waist that went to mid-thigh. “I was hoping this would happen.” She hugged me and spoke into my neck, “It’s a rare thing that a person’s two best friends are also people you can call lovers. I know you are a slut for Charles and I hope you always will be. And, I hope you’ll always be my best friend.”

“Your best friend? I ...”

She kissed me. “Best friend. You are someone I can share anything, everything with ...”, she giggled, “even Charles and the dogs.”

Mr. Woodburn found us on the patio sipping coffee and gazing over the backyard. He also had a robe on when he pulled up another chair and joined us with his mug.

He studied me. “When Deborah released you from being her slut, I thought that meant you didn’t have to be naked here.”

“I ...”

Deborah jumped in, “She’s a slut, Charles. She can’t help herself. Even if it makes her a little uncomfortable, she likes to be seen. She knows she doesn’t NEED to be naked, but I for one enjoy it very much.” She reached out and took my hand, squeezing it.

* * *

It was later in the morning after we had eaten breakfast and cleaned up but still dressed as we had been.

Mr. Woodburn had been looking at us expectantly. Finally, “You’re not sending me away to play golf this morning?”

She laughed, “You can go play golf if you want, but your slut had something else in mind.” He looked at me and I saw his robe begin to tent as his mind considered what my mind might be considering. I didn’t offer anything, so she continued, “You’ve made sure she has had a lot of anal lately, especially at that convention.” I blushed. She and I had spent hours intimately as I shared details of what I had experienced. “And, you know how she enjoys the dogs. Also, at the convention.” She turned to her husband, “You were lucking she could walk properly for the trip back.” She smiled at me. “Anyway, she thought it would be fun to combine the two.”

His face took on an expression of shock. “Mounted anally?”

“Yes, and we might need your strength with the dogs if something goes wrong.” I blushed and his look of shock remained, if not intensified.

Just then, right on schedule actually, the front door chimed. We might have been able to hear it only because Deborah and I were expecting it.

"Ahhh ... that must be Tina's friend." The look of shock was clear on Mr. Woodburn's face and he was clearly about to protest with authority, but his wife stopped him. "Relax, Charles. Tina has spent personal time with this woman and she thought it would be fun to share this experience with her."

"No, wait." He glared at me, "You invited a strange woman into our home to witness dog sex? My home ... without talking to me?"

"Charles, shush." Deborah took my hand and led me back into the house. "Besides, Charles, she is not a strange woman."

A few moments later, he could hear the sound of shoes on the patio pavers and the two women he had been sharing the morning with were both barefoot. He stood, cinched the robe's belt tighter, and turned around. I thought the image was going to knock him backward.

"Mary ... what ... you're Tina's ..." After a moment to recover, "What are you three up to? Somebody talk."

Deborah handled explaining everything to him. She explained that during some intimate moments I had confided in Mary about canine sex without divulging where I had done it. Mary was so taken by the obscenely erotic nature of the act she pestered me every chance she had to be able to witness it. When we began planning this activity, I confided in Deborah without pressure and she took it from there and was the one who actually invited his female Director, Mary Borden.

Mary had her arm around my waist as we waited for the outcome, having all our confidence in Deborah's ability in handling the man in her power space.

After he seemed appeased, Mary spoke up. She kept her arm around me and I felt her hand moving up and down my bare side, occasionally sliding over the side of my breast and down to my hip. I had the distinct feeling of being protected by her and I suppose she might have had the same feeling as she finally spoke to him. She was nearly his equal in the business world and I felt a strength and control I hadn't fully appreciated before.

"Are we okay, Charles. It isn't your slut's fault, I pressured her and I manipulated her at her weakest moments." She winked at me, then winked at him, "I know you know which moments those are. Her orgasms are delicious to behold, aren't they?"

I decided it was now or never. I turned and walked into the yard, headed directly for the kennels with a tube of lubricant in my hand. The others followed, but I suddenly stopped in front of Mary. She looked at me questioningly. I grabbed her pull-over shirt and started tugging it up her body. She flinched but then relaxed and held her arms in the air for me to take it off. I pressed my body into her and unclasped her bra as we kissed. We broke with her laughing and she pushed her shorts and panties to the ground and followed me, again. The dogs had long since become trained to behave, even when they could pick up the scent of a needy female and I was sure my dripping pussy was giving off that scent. But, I was also sure there were two other pussies were giving off scent, too. I released the dogs who calmly milled around the three females without the frantic attack they would have before.

I turned to Deborah, "Will you help me get them both ready?" I looked at Mary, "You can too if you want, but you might just watch with Mr. Woodburn this time. Both he and his wife had lost their robes on the walk across the yard.

It wasn't really necessary that both of the dogs get ready at the same time if I was going take each of them anally, but Mr. Woodburn loved to see his wife on her knees with the dogs, whether she was

being mated or sucking them. Her sexual willingness had expanded so much since I entered her life.

Sammy was closest to me so I mouthed him hard. I wanted to have his cock more erect than normal if it was going to press through my tightest hole. Though the tip was pointed and usually dripping pre-cum, I didn't want any more pain than necessary and anal often involved some painful stretching at the beginning. Mr. Woodburn applied a generous amount of lube to my asshole as I sucked Sammy. He had two fingers buried in me, twisting them back and forth, loosening my sphincter. I pushed back on his hand as I mouthed Sammy's cock deep into my mouth, feeling the tip at my throat.

I pulled off the cock and turned around gasping in need, in the process pulling the fingers from my ass. I grabbed his hand as Sammy jumped onto my back. I sucked his fingers, licking and mouthing the fingers just coming from my ass. I was consumed with lust for what I was about to do and even ass-to-mouth wasn't outside my need.

Sammy thrust against my butt, randomly poking both cheeks and everywhere but a hole when it suddenly drove into my pussy. I groaned but wiggled away from him. He reacted with frustration at the loss of his cock inside me. He circled me, a guttural growl escaping from his throat. When he mounted me, again, I was ready with my hand, pushing his cock higher so it hit my asshole instead of my pussy. The pointy tip penetrated me and I cried out as the tapered cock pushed open my sphincter and the combination of lubrication and pre-cum eased the passage. As he forced more cock into me, the increasing diameter of the dog cock stretched me more and more. I pressed back against him and took more of his cock and after regripping me with his front legs, he began a frantic fucking like a wild piston. My tight anal passage squeezed his cock as he pumped at me and the lubrication made it acceptable as his cock slid in and out at a horrific pace compared to the anal fucking I had ever received from men.

I felt my breast squeezed hard and I looked to the side. My eyes were a blur of lust, but Mary was watching the fucking I was receiving, then my facial reaction. "The knot is forming, slut." She smiled wickedly, "Get ready for that experience you were seeking."

Oh, God. I felt the knot pressing against my tight hole that was already stretched by the dog's cock. I took a calming deep breath and reminded myself that I had been fucked anally by Mr. Woodburn's large cock numerous times and, though it seemed to stretch me impossibly, I was always able to do it. I grunted with determination as I pushed back against the ball as it slowly stretched me further.

"Oh God ... oh god ... oh god ..." It seemed impossible and it seemed to be tearing me open, but I also knew it was not true and it was more a psychological than physical concern. I gritted my teeth and pushed back harder as the dog humped into me with more force and his own determination. When the knot had stretched me fully and popped into my anal chamber, I cried out in shock, relief, and satisfaction. I was tied in my ass and I had no idea how long it might take for the tie to end. What I did know, though, was that I was about to cum. The knot and cock moving inside my ass was wickedly erotic, a sensory overload. My orgasm hit me like a bolt of electricity, my entire body tensing and quaking in response. My pussy and anus clenched and spasmed around the intruder in my ass, making any additional movement of it difficult. And, in that instant of suddenly being clamped tightly by my anal passage, the dog spewed his seed deep into my bowels. His cock pulsed and spurt, over and over. All the while I was cascading through an orgasmic tidal wave of emotion and sensations.

My moans and groans, gasps and sighs, slowly eased as my limbs and body relaxed from the tension-filled spasms and shaking. My face and chest had fallen to the ground when my arms gave out. My ass was in the air still tied to the dog's knot. I struggled back to my hands and looked around as my

vision and mind cleared. I found the three of them standing nearby as they stroked their own naked bodies.

"I need a pussy or cock." It came out as a statement of urgency and need. A demand. A command. My orgasm was subsiding, but the cock in my ass was still leaking cum with occasional pulses and was very erotic in the tight chamber.

I noticed bare feet shuffling before Mary's was on the ground in front of me, her knees bent and crab-walking forward so her pussy was under my head. I dropped my face into her pussy, which was very wet and pliable. My ears had only picked up buzzing from around me since my orgasm had crashed over me. Now, as I munched on her familiar pussy and clit, the buzzing was giving way to words.

"My God, dear! That was both the most erotic and obscene sexual thing I have ever seen!" Deborah's strong words came to me as one of her hands combed my long hair from my face and back over my head only to fall back.

I was tied to the dog for a long time. Nobody had a watch and we were in no hurry. The time didn't really matter and we all just flowed with the situation. The knot was continually being tested by Sammy as he pulled. He had long since turned on me. The dog was normally quite content to be tied in our safe and secure environment, but the length of time this was taking proved to be just beyond his patience. I glanced up after a particularly strong pull from him and glanced at my moaning partner beneath me to find her muffled moans caused by Mr. Woodburn's cock in her mouth.

I slipped two fingers into her pussy and curled them to strike her g-spot, which often resulted in the final stimulus she required to explode in orgasm and it worked this time, also. Her head dropped back to the ground while her mouth remained open as if still containing his cock. Her hand held his cock as her hips rose and fell underneath me. Her legs straightened out alongside me as her orgasm's intensity took her. About that time, the dog's knot finally pulled out of me and I fell to the ground, my face doing a plant into her pussy. Her hands stroked my head as she recovered and my heavy breath washed over her winking pussy.

This had not been a challenge put to me by Mr. Woodburn. This was my idea completely. As a result, I didn't know what was going to happen next. There was no direction or expectation. At least from the humans, anyway. A long, wide tongue began lapping at my ass and it felt soooooo good. I glanced back to find Sammy lying to the side casually licking his cock clean. I smiled, this is Paddy, then. I raised up back to my knees and pulled my ass cheeks apart to allow him full access to my dripping asshole. It was so obscene and delicious. Asshole licking had not been a part of our play and I never understood the appeal. Now I did. It felt wonderful and feeling that allowed me to understand the obscene pleasure it could give to another. I knew instantly this was going to be an obscene pleasure I would be providing to these three in the future.

Paddy licked my hole for minutes and it felt wonderful, my sexual energy being recharged with amazing quickness. So, I was neither surprised or unwilling when he jumped onto my back, his hard cock also probing at my ass. I wanted it again and this time it would be easier. My hand guided him to my asshole, too. The sphincter recovers very quickly and it was closed as the pointy tip pressed forward, but the muscles were loosened and it pressed into my ass with less trial and pain. I stretched around his cock and it moved fully into my sleeve until I felt his furry legs against my hips.

My orgasm under Paddy was delicious, too. While tied, I found a man-cock before my eyes. I opened my mouth eagerly and accepted it pushed deep into my mouth and after a few strokes into my throat. His hand stroked my cheeks as I sucked on his cock head as he pulled out before pressing

back in. He wasn't fucking my mouth. We were moving together easily. I found out why he wasn't more urgent.

"Don't make me cum, slut. As much as I love the feel of your mouth when I cum, I want this to go into your pussy. I think your pussy is feeling deprived ..." I heard Deborah giggle as her hand was stroking my back.

When Paddy pulled out, finally, I could feel the cum of the two dogs running out of my asshole but there was no time for lazy recovery. Mr. Woodburn was lying on his back alongside me, his cock held up in the air by the gentle stroking hand of his wife as I moved to straddle his hips with the supportive assistance of Mary. I didn't have to do anything but move slightly as she positioned the cock head at my dripping opening. I sat down abruptly, sinking to full depth. I gasped. As much as I have had his wonderful cock in my pussy, there was something very different suddenly after two knotted cocks in my ass.

My gasp was joined by the sounds from Mr. Woodburn. I started moving up and down on the man and smiled down at him as his wife came up behind me and took my breasts in her hands from behind, pinching and twisting my nipples in sweet, erotic torture. At the same time, Mary knelt beside me and took my face in her hands to kiss me deeply. He was watching all this stimulation provided to me and smiled. I recognized that she was not only teasing my breasts and nipples but adding some force in my downward motion. I gazed into his eyes as he gazed up into mine, occasionally shifting his eyes to his wife or Mary, which was only right. It struck me as so odd the relationship that existed between us. I called him Mr. while I used his wife's first name. And, now one of his Board of Directors was included casually and familiarly. It was, of course, the difference in the formality of relationships but it was so easy to have the different relationships without conflict or guilt or jealousy. I marveled at what I had become and what, as Deborah had confided to me, what I had brought to their marriage.

The middle of the afternoon found me still naked. Deborah and I had enjoyed the dogs together while Mary watched closely but was not yet ready to partake. Deborah was very comfortable and at ease with the dogs now and it made it fun for me to have someone to share this taboo activity with.

* * *

"Dear?" Deborah's voice broke into my dozing in the lounge chair on the patio. I glanced back to find her coming out with a large glass of iced tea for me. I gulped it down, not realizing how thirsty I had become while lying in the sun. I looked up at her as she sat beside Mary watching me, only then considering that she had something more on her mind than giving me something to drink. I gave her my attention, which spurred her to continue.

"We were talking about the DP's you experienced at the convention gangbang and I thought you might join me in selecting a strap-on to order. I think I would like to try it but not with two men ... not yet." I nodded and looked at Mr. Woodburn. His attention was on his wife. I think this might be causing him as much excitement for the potential with his wife than some of the more outrageous things he has seen me do.

I look at her, though, and saw there was more she was having some trouble getting out. "What is, Deborah? What else is on your mind?"

"Well ... I was thinking it would be interesting for me to see you in a DP. I haven't. It sounds so wicked and exciting."

I smiled and took her hand in mine. "It is both of those things, I assure you. But, it is mostly exciting

and thrilling. I would willingly have you watch, but are you thinking of bringing another man in for this?"

She looked nervously at Mr. Woodburn. I followed her gaze and saw him encouraging her to continue. "No, I wasn't thinking that. I mean that might be something that happens at some point, but right now this is my sacred domain and ... well ... introducing wild sexual parties would be too different." I had always assumed she was aware of the night the Board of Directors were in this very house while I pleasure them all, then demonstrated canine sex for them just off the patio here. Maybe I was wrong, but that was between Mr. Woodburn and her. I raised my eyebrows at the apparent conflict in her thinking. "Okay ... what I was thinking was ... after the dogs fuck us there are five to ten minutes of being tied, right?" I nodded but not connecting how that related to a DP. I watched her blush as she prepared to continue. "What I was really thinking was that after one of the dogs fucks you and you are knotted ... Charles can ..."

"In my ass?!?" I looked from one to the other of the people surrounding me. They all had conspiratorial grins. "With a knot in my pussy? You know how big he is ... oh my ..." A smile began forming on my lips.

It was his voice that continued, "She likes the idea. See, the longer she thinks about it, she likes it. It's depraved and obscene and just possible enough that she is too tempted, too enticed."

He was right. He knew me better than I might know myself. I thought a knot in my ass was too much. But a knot in my pussy and his cock in my ass? It was crazy. It was too much. But he was right, it was exciting.

I stood up before them. I was naked; they weren't, each with a covering. I looked them in the eyes without letting my face reflect anything. I put my hand out to him. He looked at it, then his wife. She gasped. That was when I knew she never expected it to happen, she was just teasing the slut. With that realization, I put my hand out to him and he took it. I turned to the backyard and he dutifully followed. There are times when the slut can take fantasy and make it a reality with the simple act of action. This was one of those times.

I led him to the back and the kennel. I didn't look but I knew Deborah and Mary were following behind us. What else would they be doing? Of course, they would be wanting to see this played out to a conclusion.

The dogs were already out in the yard and this was only going to happen once so I had to determine what was going to happen. If Deborah didn't end up helping, I would somehow need to satisfy both dogs. I had a weird emotional issue with one dog being satisfied and the other not.

The first dog to me was Paddy. There was something in the air, or about me in my highly aroused state, that had the dogs showing from their sheaths. It was an insanely erotic scene for me. I was being penetrated and fucked by a very good fucking dog while knowing fully well that Mr. Woodburn was going to attempt to force his cock into my ass after the dog turned. To more fully divert my mind from what would happen, though, I patted the ground to attract Sammy to me. I began sucking his cock as Paddy continued to assault my pussy.

It wasn't long before all the activity and anticipation welled up into an good orgasm that crashed over me before Paddy's knot was inside. The orgasm diverted me from Sammy's cock momentarily but it also assisted in Paddy's forming knot to more easily press inside me as my pussy convulsed. Soon after, as my orgasm was just ebbing, I felt the cock pulse and jerk inside just before jet after jet of dog-cum flooded my pussy. I groaned out another small orgasm as his jerking cock and the knot

beat on my g-spot.

As the last of his powerful spurts ended and his cock was reduced to leaking a flow of residual cum from it, the dog relaxed on my back for moments and I lowered my head back to Sammy's crotch and very exposed cock. Within moments I felt my lips on Sammy and bumping into the knot as I forced the cock deeper into my mouth. I felt Paddy turn on me so we were ass-to-ass. I tensed in anticipation, which was the worst thing I could do in the situation. I also suddenly realized I had neglected to bring any lubrication. But, at the same instant of that thought, my asshole was smeared with a glob of cool gel and a finger pressed into my anus. I felt the finger move in and out, then turn, then press down on the knot in my pussy. Paddy reacted slightly to the manipulation of his knot as a second and third finger penetrated and stretched me.

The fingers were removed and more gel was applied to my opened anus. I dropped my head back to Sammy in a desperate attempt at diversion. That attempt at diversion failed miserably.

Mr. Woodburn placed his cockhead at my opening and pressed forward. His cock was as hard as I had ever felt it and I had felt it hard and excited many, many times. This was also affecting him with a similar sense of erotic perversion as it was me. As the cockhead forced my sphincter open more and more, though, it felt more than ever that my asshole could tear due to the fullness with the knot in my pussy. I groaned and moaned at the forceful intrusion, which yielded to gritting my teeth as my mouth once again came to the other cock.

"Wait." I had to have him stop. This wasn't working but I believed still that it could. I glanced back at Mr. Woodburn, "Deborah, hold Paddy still. I am going to press back against him hard to force his knot inside me as far as possible. When you see me do that, press hard, Sir."

The three of us would get this done. All for a crazy fuck.

I told him to press hard, but ... damn. He leaned into me with his weight behind it and my sphincter was stretched abruptly enough to cause me to cry out and jerk my head up. That had the effect of scaring both dogs, Mary, and Deborah at probably equal levels. Paddy could only flinch and jerk at my reaction but Deborah's presence calmed him quickly. Sammy, however, was on his feet and facing me in a crouch with his head down as if he might think he caused my reaction. My concentration was pulled in different directions at once, Paddy and Deborah behind me and Sammy in front of me. I now felt the cock not at my ass but in my ass and slowly moving back and forth, each motion forcing more of it deeper into my very tight sleeve. I was holding my breath, my head hanging from my shoulders as the cock slowly and forcefully moved deeper and deeper into my anus. The knot in my pussy was pressed downward and it seemed to be in constant contact with my g-spot with each testing of the tie by the dog or Mr. Woodburn's pulling back inside me, which had the effect of pulling the knot against my closed pussy opening and forcing the knot back and down, the exact location of my g-spot.

I cried out, again, but this time in another orgasm. My body shook and I felt my pussy and anal passage spasm around the cocks inside each. I never ever felt so stuffed. I never ever felt so wickedly erotic and stimulated.

With my breathing returning to normal, I looked ahead of me and found Sammy pacing before me. His cock was enticingly bouncing hard and erect underneath him, his knot exposed. I made a kissing sound to him and he stopped to consider me. He seemed to look around at everything happening and moved to me and walked over my head. To add to the wickedness of the scene, I opened my mouth wide and took his cock as it was pressed into my face. This was like the convention gangbang, three cocks in my three holes only this time it was two dogs.

I was gasping, moaning, and groaning but it was all muffled by the dog-cock buried deep in my mouth and entering in and out of my throat. The erotic feel of the leaking cock in my throat was added to the feel of the cock thrusting into my tight anus and the cock and knot in my constricted pussy, my g-spot still being jammed with each movement. I continued to orgasm one after the other. Each powerful thrust from Mr. Woodburn forced my mouth over Sammy's cock. I didn't want the knot in my mouth, though. I had enough going in my body to handle that at the moment, but I relished the cock in my throat but kept my lips curled over my teeth to cushion my teeth with each impact of the knot.

When the climaxing cocks started, it was overpowering. Cum was flowing everywhere. Mr. Woodburn's climax filled my ass while Sammy's flowed directly down my throat. The surprising one was Paddy who apparently became over-stimulated by the fucking around him and in my ass and climaxed a second time. Surrounding all those climaxes was my own, which joined theirs. Each of the three cocks sent cum into each of my holes, increasing my orgasm higher and higher until it was finally too much and for a moment or two I blacked out.

When I came to, I was in the arms of Deborah and Mary. The dogs were lying nearby and actually seemed to be watching us. I was being gently stroked over my body and they weren't bothering to avoid sensual touching. My breasts, body, and pussy were all being softly stroked as I slowly became aware. My face and breasts were splattered with dog-cum that must have happened when the cock came out of my mouth at some point near my losing consciousness. My other two holes were gaping and leaking cum onto the ground.

"My dear, dear, sweet girl ..." Deborah was kissing my head and forehead. I tilted my head to look at her, which at the moment felt like a great effort. She smiled with soft eyes, "That was the most erotic and amazing thing I have ever imagined, much less seen." She glanced at her husband and Mary, then hugged my head to her breasts firmly. "No matter what might happen with your relationship at the firm, I will always want you close to me."

I smiled, not yet ready to dialog. What a strange relationship we have formed. My eyes found Mary and her smile was tender and seemed full of wonder.

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## **CHAPTER TWELVE: CLIENT CELEBRATION**

Mr. Woodburn and I were both attending the celebration at the client's plant and offices. It was an afternoon off for all employees with a catered buffet, tours of the upgrades, and, of course, speeches from the company extolling the benefits and positive impact for all their futures in their very competitive market. We were not called upon to give a speech or comments, but were identified for our assistance and involvement.

After the celebration, we both return home. I put in a short day the following day to make the connections that would put me into the small regional airport in Key West. As I stepped off the plane into the warm, salt-laden air of the small island, I was torn between feelings of excitement and nervousness. I had never been on a cruise of any kind and the idea of living in a bikini in the sun for much of the daytime was a welcome respite from the formality of business days. On the other hand, I still wasn't fully sure of what I would encounter while on the cruise. I had been told to expect from 9 to 12 employees, but there would always be the other crew members and I never got clarification how they might fit into the activities. I was hoping to get that clarification from Mr. Tenor as soon as he arrived on the ship.

I was arriving a full day early at Mr. Woodburn's insistence. He felt it important that I had the time to acclimate to the environment and place with plenty of time to find my way to the ship and prepare myself for the arrival of the employees.

I spent my time sight-seeing and at the beach. I walked Duval Street at night and enjoyed the light atmosphere that said 'party'. I remembered videos I had come across about Key West during their "Fantasy Fest" with lots of nudity, body paint, and drinking. I wondered if Mr. Woodburn and Deborah would be interested sometime. They were certainly interested in nudity, especially mine.

I arrived at the ship's mooring location a full hour ahead of the scheduled arrival of the company personnel. I was cleared to board, my information indicating an earlier arrival, and I followed a crew member who carried my bag. The man introduced himself as Mr. Edwards, the First Officer, second in command. He was an attractive man. All of six feet tall and very athletically built. He had dark hair cut short and his white uniform added to his attractiveness. I wasn't necessarily drawn to men in uniform, but he looked really good in his. As we walked the narrow passageway, I asked him what he knew of the plans for the two-day cruise. He commented that a full itinerary was prominently located in each stateroom but that the crew was told to expect a lot of partying, lots of drinking, and that the normal rules of proper attire might be constantly pushed beyond normal limits.

He stopped at a stateroom door, inserted the keycard, turned the handle and pushed his way in with the bag. I followed in behind him. I was warned by Mr. Woodburn that ship rooms were notoriously small and cramped, the spaces efficiently used. I was, therefore, shocked at the room we entered.

Mr. Edwards placed my bag on the very large bed that occupied one side of the room. The side of the room we entered into was more of a large sitting area with couch and several chairs, wide-screen TV, and a sliding door to the balcony outside. When I turned to him, I found he had been watching me closely, perhaps even evaluating or interpreting what my situation was. He also saw the surprised look on my face.

"Yes, a lovely room, isn't it? It is the only such suite onboard." He was still watching me closely and I felt my face and neck flush. I told him I wasn't expecting anything like this, I had been told the rooms were very small. "Most are. Can I ask you something?" I nodded. This cruise must be a different experience for the crew. "It probably isn't any of my business and I don't mean to be too personal, but I guess I will be ... what's the deal here? Are you a ... professional?" He seemed embarrassed in an attempt to search for a safe word for it.

I smiled at him and chuckled. "Yes, I am but not that kind." I laughed, again. I described my position without giving any names or identifying my firm. I explained the expansion of the plant facility and the celebration and sales meeting, which I was not involved in. This cruise was a motivational, inspirational effort by the company's senior leaders to 'rally the troops'. There was a lot more sales required to make use of the upgrades and expansion. There had been a lot of rah-rah motivational effort, but this cruise was more 'okay, we gave you this outrageous experience, now we expect you to work your asses off' type thing." He laughed and indicated to me. "Yes, I'm supposed to the outrageous experience." I smiled at him wondering how this kind of thing is explained. "I just love sex and I know someone who has discovered there are times when that comes in very handy."

He shook his head but he was smiling. The explanation seemed to make a little sense to him, even if it was completely outside his normal experience. He offered another 'welcome' and began leaving. I reached out and touched his arm. He stopped, looking from my hand still on his bicep then to me. For the first time I felt something not quite fully professional happen from him. I felt his eyes very carefully consider my body encased in the light sundress. Like all my dresses for non-work occasions, it came only to mid-thigh and the top exposed all of my upper chest and a considerable

amount of cleavage. He took all of that in before recovering his professional attitude.

“Does the crew often interact with the guests. Like in this situation?”

He looked nervous. “Not normally, no. We’ve been told to expect almost anything over the next two days. We’ve also been reminded that while on duty, our responsibilities are always to our jobs.” He smiled at me with what I read as significant meaning. “When we are off-duty, however, this situation might be different than normal cruises. Normally, we are discouraged from interacting with the guests. In this case, if we are invited ...”

I smiled and realized I still hadn’t removed my hand from his bicep and it felt very good. “Perhaps there will be a time when you are off-duty ...”

\* \* \*

I was standing behind the crew members checking in each guest as they arrived. Baggage was checked with stateroom assignments and guests were given their room/identification cards. I was wearing what I knew would catch the attention of anyone in view of me. I was wearing the skimpiest bikini I could find on the island and still be legal. It was a white, thin material thong bottom that barely covered my pussy and had thin cords around my hips and between my ass cheeks. The crotch had no lining to it and I wondered how it would look when it got wet. I suspected there would be a lot to see underneath. The top was a string top with small triangles of the same cloth that covered the nipples but left 80% of the breast exposed. With it, I wore strap-sandal high heels on my feet, my long hair pulled back in a ponytail, and large round sunglasses despite being inside on the access level of the ship.

“Mr. Tenor!” I was overly enthusiastic in my recognition of him. I took him into my arms and kissed him on the cheek while pressing my breasts into his chest. He was the first through the checkpoint. “I hope your meetings were a success and you are ready to relax and enjoy the next two days.”

“With you along with us, my dear, I feel assured we will all have plenty to feel enjoyment about.” He smiled a rather leering smile.

I handed him a gift bag that every guest would receive. It included sunscreen, lotion, chocolates, a bottle of wine, and condoms. The condoms weren’t my idea, I rather liked the ‘full of cum’ feeling, but it must have been decided by someone that the option would be good.

The table behind me had a dozen such bags to be distributed. It was felt my doing the honors, especially dressed in a bikini (I decided on going to the extreme), would be an appropriate introduction.

“You must be Tina.” The next man was a roguish looking man about mid-30’s with sleeked back hair, tall and athletically cut. He had dark sunglasses on, but I could feel his eyes moving over my body like a pair of hands in a dark bar.

I smiled coyly, “Yes, I am.” I looked down at my chest, “Nobody could figure out where to put a name tag.”

He laughed, leaned in for a kiss that wasn’t aimed at my cheek until I turned at the last moment. There would be time enough for that later when we weren’t holding up the rest of the line. He smiled at my maneuver, “My name is Tom, I’m sure we’ll spend more time together.” I smiled back. I had no doubt. He came across as one of the smooth sales operators of the group.

Most of the rest of the group were less forward than Tom. I glanced at the table behind me as there were still a few people to come through. I counted the people and found just enough gift bags and that the last were the women of the group. Apparently, the entire management and sales group had chosen to attend the cruise. The two women moved almost as one. The first one through waited for the second and they both allowed plenty of time to separate themselves from the men.

“Ladies, welcome.” I gave each of them their gift bag and stepped between them and led them into the ship. I stopped at a sitting area. “I was led to believe you might not be coming on this cruise. I’m not sure why it seems important to me, but it is, that you understand I am not a whore hired for this.”

“Tina, relax. Helen and I thought this might be kind of kinky. When we came into the sales group about the same time, we got together and made an agreement to protect ourselves from random flirting from these guys by letting slip that we were far more interested in each other than men.”

Helen laughed, “We know the guys will be watching us, especially as we shed clothes for sunning or the little pool, but they won’t be hitting on us. It’ll be one of those very curious situations of seeing how much they can see of what they can’t have.” That made us all laugh.

“Well, in my case it is the opposite.”

“So, is it true? You’re really an executive who is a slut? You just really like sex?”

I put my hands out to the sides, “That’s me. Actually, I’ve given myself to a married man who has brought the slut fully out.”

“Married?”

“Yeah, his wife finds me exciting, too.”

They shook their heads in wonder, looked at each other, and smiled. I took a chance. “Are you both lesbian or pretending?” They were pretending. They both had boyfriends they kept away from the company. “Are you curious, though?” That was the reason for the shared smile. They were. I smiled, too. “Let’s hook up in one of your rooms, then. I think my room will be watched closely. I have always thought of myself as straight, but I have been shown that I enjoy women, too.” They both hugged me and promised to do exactly that. I had a feeling those two might have more of a shared experience on this cruise than they originally expected.

After seeing the guests on board, I made my way up to the sun deck where there was a small pool. It was really a pretend pool. There couldn’t be any real swimming done in it, but there was a bar sunk into the deck at one end which would make it a very appealing place to hang out. I found a deck lounge and spread out a towel, planning to catch a few rays of sun before dinner.

I was spreading sunscreen over my arms and stomach. I was reaching for a leg when I heard a very masculine voice behind me, “Need help with that?” I knew where this was likely to go, but dinner would slow it down.

I looked up and smiled, it was Tom. I knew it wouldn’t take him long to find an opportunity. “Oooooo ... just when I started thinking I might be lonely.” I stretched my legs out and slightly parted them on the lounge. I winked at him, “I don’t want to be a bother, but that would be helpful.”

“No bother at all.” He spoke the words to me, but his eyes never left my crotch where there was a hint of cameltoe.

He took my bottle of lotion and knelt at my side. He started on my right foot and spread the lotion onto my leg, kneading the lotion in. I noticed the further up my leg he went, the more kneading he used. He got to my hip on the outside and the itty-bitty piece of cloth on the inside, glanced at me and shifted to my left leg. He repeated the effort. This time, though, when he reached the top of my leg, the side of his hand repeatedly grazed along my pussy barely covered by my bottom. He encouraged me to roll over. I could have declined, that I wanted sun on my front, but that wouldn't be in keeping with my purpose for the trip. I rolled over onto my front. He started on my shoulders and moved down my back. Now, that thin bit of cord that tied my top in back didn't take much space, but he untied it anyway. I smiled as his hands massaged over my back. I wondered to myself what I was going to do when he finished. Leave it untied and roll over? That would expose me. Was that within the rules? He had moved down to the small of my back to the next thin cords of my bottom. These were also ties, but he applied screen over them. I felt his hands massaging, kneading my ass cheeks, his thumbs sliding between my cheeks. There was a spot there that might get burned, apparently. He applied more to my legs, more attention going to the insides of my thighs the higher he went.

I glanced over my shoulder as his fingers rubbed my pussy through the thin material. "That's nice."

"How did your bottoms get so wet?" His voice was raspy and heavy. I looked to the side and could see his cock inside his shorts was very hard.

I smiled at him, "The same way your shorts seem to be straining."

His finger moved under the covering and slid along my pussy lips. I sucked in a breath just as a voice broke into our activity, "Dinner will be served in 20 minutes. Just enough time to change."

Tom left, disappointment displayed in the way his body reacted. I turned over and exhaled deeply. I looked to the side. Mr. Edwards. The look in his eyes was unmistakable, a combination of desire and professionalism fighting for dominance.

He held his hand out. Once standing, "Sexual activity on the deck is against the rules."

I looked at him with real embarrassment. "I know." I breathed in deeply and exhaled. "I apologize. I think I need to talk to Mr. Tenor. This puts me in a difficult situation. I am supposed to be responsive, but there are rules." I looked at him. "I am sorry, Mr. Edwards, but I am outnumbered here."

He smiled, "Tim Edwards." He visibly relaxed. "I understand, but I also have to enforce the rules. Would you like me to speak with Mr. Tenor and save you the conflict?"

I looked around the area and quickly took him into my arms and kissed him. "That's only partially for assisting me. Yes, that would help me." I noticed him having trouble not looking down at my breasts. I suddenly realized the small triangles were no longer covering even my nipples. I giggled and retied the top and adjusted the triangles over my nipples. I looked at him intently. "When do you get off duty?"

"Usually at 10:00 PM."

I giggled, "I am sure I will be busy then." I glanced up at him. "I might be able to clear out my room by midnight and get cleaned up."

He smiled. "Are you for real?" I nodded. "I'll walk by after midnight." I smiled.

At dinner, I wore a spaghetti strapped summer dress, very lightweight material and hemmed to mid-thigh. Underneath, I wore nothing. I took a random seat at the large table but Mr. Tenor wanted me at his side. As dinner wound down, he stood to reinforce the rules of the ship. Though this was a chartered cruise and there were no other guests to offend, the ship also had to concern themselves with the sensitives of the crew. He apologized for mistaking that nudity would be permitted on the deck and pool area. There was no nudity allowed in the public areas. I suspected Mr. Edwards had a stern conversation with Mr. Tenor and by the contrite look about Tom, I also suspected he had been talked to personally.

After dinner, most of the group headed to the bar where they also had a small dance floor. Being the only woman interacting with the men, I had a lot of requests for dancing and did little drinking, which was fine with me. It didn't take long, though, for a dance partner to begin feeling me up more suggestively and subsequent partners taking it a little further each time. When my dress was being pulled up my legs and my bare ass exposed, Mr. Tenor walked up and cut in. We danced for only a few minutes when he took my hand and led me out of the lounge to the staterooms. I glanced back as we left the lounge to find other men standing and watching us leave.

I was led to his room. He made no bones about it. He wanted me first before my holes were sloppy. He intended to leave the rest of the evening up to the others as he would be retiring. It was a straightforward fuck as it turned out. He began undressing as I stood there still wondering what happened. He apparently wasn't interested in a strip or preliminaries. Maybe, he even felt a bit put off by what he had done in the hotel room previously. Whatever it was, he stripped and that only meant I needed to do the same. I unzipped the back of my dress and let it fall to the floor.

He sat on the edge of the bed. His cock was limp between his legs. I moved to him, went to my knees and moved my mouth to the head of his cock. I sucked the head, taking more and more of it in as I raised and lowered my head. His moans told me he was responding and the stiffness coming to his cock confirmed that. Even fully hard his cock went no further in my mouth than the back, just before the entrance to my throat. He moved me back and indicated his desire to have me leaning over the bed. He unceremoniously moved around me and thrust into my pussy.

It had been a long time since I had a less satisfying fuck, but after putting my dress back on, I opened the door to leave, feeling his cum in my pussy, and stepped into a group of three men. Tom was not among them so perhaps he wasn't the renowned leader of the group he wanted me to believe.

We stood in the hallway somewhat awkwardly, but that changed quickly when I stepped up to one of the men and put an arm around his neck to kiss him on the lips. With my other hand, I held the neck of the next man and repeated the kiss. The third was at my back, hands on my back and waist. I turned and moved directly to him for a similar kiss. These men were ready to play and so was I after the disappointment with Mr. Tenor. Standing outside the door, I made another rotation of kissing, this time the hands on me were much more aggressive. The hands were joined by kisses on my shoulders and my dress was again raised up with a hand on my bare butt. I separated my legs and the hand moved between them and found my wet pussy. Another hand found the zipper at the back of my dress and soon the bodice of my dress was hanging at my waist, hands fondling my now exposed breasts.

I pushed away from the man who had me in his embrace, my own hands moving to the front of their slacks and feeling hard cocks underneath. I pushed through the grouping tightly compressed by the narrow hallway, took the closest hand and led them to my stateroom.

I was stripped in the hallway. I walked out of the dress and only glanced back to be assured that one



of the guys picked it up and they did. Inside the room, they all teased about the size of the room before one of them said, "I guess we know where the group action will be happening ..."

I smiled and told them to strip. They looked at each other. It might have been that the idea of them taking me on was arousing until they were faced with being naked around each other. That dissolved quickly, though. I loosened the belt and zipper of one and sank to my knees while taking his semi-hard cock into my mouth. Around me was a flurry of clothes being removed, including the man I was sucking as he removed his shirt and dropped his pants and shorts to his feet.

His cock was bigger but still not nearly the size of Mr. Woodburn. I looked up while keeping his cock in my mouth and pressed more and more of his cock in. I pulled back and pushed forward, over and over until his cock head entered the top of my throat. Another cycle and his cock head was in my throat. I held it there, concentrating on breathing through my nose as I worked my throat muscles around the cock.

"Oh my God! You guys have to feel this ... she's got me in her throat."

Another hand was on my shoulder and I knew I had to shift. I moved to the next man, repeating the same action and receiving a similar response. Then, it was on to the third man. When they were all hard, I asked if they wanted to cum in my mouth or in my body. Without hesitation, they wanted to fuck me. I stood and kissed each of the men before stripping the bed to the bottom sheet, then settling myself in the center. One of the men got between my legs while the others came to me from each side. The cock between my legs was inserted with a smooth stroke and plunged into me on the next stroke.

I moved my head to the side and engulfed the cock pressing against my face. I groped to the other side for the cock being rubbed against my head there. I switched side to side sucking cock as the one in my pussy began picking up an aggressive rhythm. This felt much better. It was still being used, but these men were fondling and stimulating me as we fucked. Hands were on my breasts, fingers at my nipples and clit, and cocks were moving in and out of me. The cock in my pussy felt good, stroking me smoothly and my body was responding to it. He was responding, too. Overall the other sounds in the room, his moans and groans increased until I felt his cock pulse and his body over me tense as his strokes became more urgent. He slammed into me and held himself deep, then I felt the warm wetness of his cum shooting into my pussy. I didn't cum but I was right there. The men shifted awkwardly and the next simply took the same position between my legs. I wrapped my legs around him after he was inside and lifted my hips to him. He hit me in a new spot and it took me over the edge into an orgasm.

The action never stopped, though. He kept fucking me and the cock in my mouth was still in my hand. Another cock was pressed against the side of my face and I was anticipating it to be covered in our juices but it wasn't. I glanced up as I rotated to the new cock and found the room filling with other men. I only guessed that the rest of the men were now in the room, too.

The next man flipped me over onto my hands and knees, driving his cock into my pussy which was now sopping with cum from three men. Someone eased under my head to present another cock for my mouth. Other men were fondling, stroking, and pinching at nipples. The man in my mouth now came quickly, filling my mouth, and I made a show of swallowing his cum and licking his cock clean. He moved out from under me and was replaced by another just as the cock driving into me from behind slammed a final time and dumped his load. When he pulled out of me, I crawled over the man in front of me to straddle his hips. I held his cock up and eased down over it in a smooth motion until I was sitting on his hips, his cock fully inside me.

More men came to either side and presented their cocks. I held them and stroked them, alternating sucking on them. Another came up behind me, pressing me forward and fingered my asshole. I was about to be double penetrated. I had no idea if anyone had lubrication or not and it registered on me that I still had something to learn about being a slut. Don't leave home without it.

I looked over my shoulder as I raised my body off the cock below me. "Use my pussy for lubrication." He looked at me, then smiled. He plunged into my gaping pussy and thrust in five or six times, then pulled out. I sat back down on the other man and leaned forward in anticipation of the cock pressed at my asshole. When it happened, I closed my eyes, exhaling slowly in a relaxation reflex. When the cock head passed my sphincter, I pushed back against both cock and moaned loudly. I looked up to find another cock inches from my face. I smiled and opened my mouth wide and the cock was pressed into it. Three cocks. A happy slut.

\* \* \*

I was coming out of the tiny shower of the suite at 11:45, rushing in the hopes Tom Edwards, the First Officer, might be hanging around the hallway outside "just in case". Without bothering with underwear, I slip on the summer dress I had worn previously, sandals, and quickly brushed my hair. I opened the door to find Tom nervously pacing just down the hall from my suite.

I leaned against the door frame as he tentatively approached. He was out of uniform, wearing nice shorts and pull-over shirt with sandals. "Hi, I was thinking about you."

He looked at me curiously, "About me? No offense, but I've seen the number of men coming and going. Why would you be thinking about me?"

I chuckled, "Many of them were nice but they were all part of an expectation. You're different. You're a choice." He smiled and visibly relaxed. With him at my side, I turned to gaze into my room. It was a disaster. It looked like some college guys had partied in it for a weekend. I apologized as I indicated the torn up bed. What he couldn't see, but probably could imagine, was the cum stained condition of the sheets.

He pulled out a radio clipped to his belt (always on duty as First Officer) and asked House Keeping to come to my suite for a quick cleaning and bedding change. He winked at me. Ending the conversation and replacing the radio on his belt, he took my hand and led me up onto the open deck explaining that he knew of a spot that would be secluded, if I was interested. I told him I was very interested.

He wound us through passageways toward the stern of the ship and through doors marked, 'Crew Only'. We were at the rear of the ship and encountered a solid steel door at the end of the passageway. He smiled, turned to a keypad next to the door and entered a passcode. I heard an audible click when the lock released and he held the door for me. A small room opened to an area overlooking the back of the ship where guests would never be able to get to. It was a beautiful location. The rest of the ship protected it from the breeze of the moving ship and the night sky opened up above with a clarity that was amazing and only possible when there was no ambient lighting to diffuse the light of the stars above. I stood at the railing and gazed at the dark water below and the night sky full of stars above.

I felt his tentative presence close behind me, still the ship officer with a guest. I turned and stepped into him, my body pressing into his. As my arms went around his neck, his wound around me and we kissed. He was a good kisser and I felt his arousal in the stiffening cock pressing into my abdomen.

I pulled at his shirt, releasing it from his shorts. I broke the kiss, "Are you okay with this?" He

nodded and took my lips with his.

I pulled his shirt up his body, which forced us to break the kiss, again. As my fingers worked on his belt and zipper, his fingers were working on the zipper of my dress. We were both naked in moments. He pressed his hard cock against me and I sensed his unwillingness to be the aggressor with a guest, even one like me.

I turned and leaned against the railing and spread my legs. With an invitation like that, he didn't hesitate further. He stepped up to me and stroked my pussy. It was very wet, of course, and a groan escaped my lips in anticipation. I felt his cock head being moved up and down my slit, then stopping at my open hole. I wiggled my ass for encouragement and he pressed forward, his cock sinking into my hole. I pressed back at the same time indicating my desire for fucking without concerns. I had been well-used already; my pussy and ass were loose and ready. He thrust into me, driving his cock deep. His hand moved around to a breast, which he fondled, pinching the nipple, occasionally.

I felt him throb inside me, but he pulled out. A moan of frustration escaped my throat. He turned me and applied pressure to my shoulders. I smiled and sank to my knees on the hard steel surface and took his hard, juice-coated cock into my mouth. I fucked his cock with my mouth, taking it into my throat. He gasped and groaned, then he began fucking my mouth and throat, his hands on the sides of my head.

He pulled out and looked around us. He found the life-rings stacked against the wall and pulled me to them. He sat down. He indicated he wanted my ass and I nodded with a smile. I figured he was lubricated sufficiently from my pussy. His hands on my hips guided me back, then down onto his cock at my puckered hole. He held his cock and I pressed down until his cock had succeeded in stretching my sphincter and entering my anus. I gasped out as he did. With his hands on my breast and nipples and my fingers working my clit as I rose and fell on his cock, we both came shortly after, our cries of orgasm lost in the receding wind of the ship.

\* \* \*

I kissed him as we were parting directions, he toward the crew quarters level and me to guest room level.

"By the way," he said, "I ran into your two female friends. They wanted me to let you know they would be up late."

"They knew I was meeting you?" He shrugged. I wasn't going to get much sleep.

I knocked softly on the door. One peeked her head from around the door, seeing me she pulled the door open enough for me to enter while she stayed behind it. They were both naked. I looked at them surprised.

"We were hoping you would come by. We were drinking and trying to work up the courage to do something even if you didn't show up."

"I thought you said you had never been with a woman."

The one who had been speaking lowered her eyes, "Well, that was her. I just didn't say anything. Truth is, as I admitted to her only moments ago, my boyfriend and I have done some swinging with other couples. There always seems to be some girl-on-girl at some point in those things." She blushed.

They handed me a glass of wine and we talked, mostly about my eventful evening. That seemed to get the three of us in the right frame of mind for trying a female three-some. I had stripped out of my single garment after seeing them naked.

We were about to form a small daisy-chain of pussy munching when I remembered Tom. "I should warn you, our good First Officer probably made a mess of my ass."

The woman who had done some swinging piped right up, "No problem. One thing about swinging and girl-on-girl is encountering cum." We all laughed.

I knelt to begin eating the other woman and I felt my ass cheeks being spread. When her tongue probed my ass, licking and driving into my puckered opening, I groaned deeply. I'd found a woman who really seemed to enjoy asshole sucking and licking, even with cum leaking from it. It was a very worthwhile experience for me.

\* \* \*

I showed up for a late breakfast, just before the buffet was about to shut down. I received a lot of knowing smiles and smirks wherever I went. Although I hadn't paid much attention to all the guys who had joined me in my bed, there was no question in their minds who they had been with.

When I went up to the pool deck, there was still about four hours before docking in Miami. I was encircled by a bunch of the guys in the pool and as I climbed out of it I felt hands on my body as the cool water ran off my nearly naked body. I stepped onto the deck in front of the rest of the guys and from the look in their eyes, I just had to look down at my obscenely small suit. I was right about it. The material clung to my pussy lips and nipples and all but became non-existent as a covering.

I spotted numerous hard cocks forming under the wet swim trunks around me. There was still between three and four hours to docking. I looked at the suits tented by arousal and took the hand of the nearest man and led him off the pool deck to the stairs leading below. As we did the 180-degree turn on the stairs, I look up and found a long line of men following. I walked directly to my suite, walked to the center of the room while I untied the scraps of transparent cloth and sank to my knees in front of them.

Once I had two of the men hard, I move to the bed on my back. One knelt between my legs while the other presented his cock to my face. Both of them were fucking me hard. I relaxed my mouth and throat and allowed it to happen.

After the first two, I was encouraged onto my knees. One took me from behind and another sat in front of me. The next was a group of three. I sat on one guy up my pussy, another took my ass, and the third my mouth.

It went on like this for the next several hours. I think we all lost track of the time. It wasn't until the in-room speaker announced that docking would be in 30 minutes and all guests should be preparing to disembark. The last two finished what they had started before I was left sprawled on my cum stained bed ... again.

\* \* \*

"Hey, sexy!"

I knew that sexy, female voice. I was making my way through the cruise ship terminal when I heard the words. It could have been directed at someone else but for the familiarity of the voice. I turned

in search of the source, but why would she be here? A smile spread across my face as I took in the sight of the woman rushing toward me in a short sundress, sunglasses in her hair, and heels clicking on the tile floor. Her braless breasts were jiggling with each step. I dropped my bag and took her into my arms while other guests from the ship parted around us.

“Mary!” I kissed her passionately as the two women employees walked by giving me approving nods. I smiled back. “What are you doing here?”

“YOU. You’re what I am doing here. I took a couple day off and told Charles you needed some time off, too, especially after what you just did for the firm.” I looked at her and kissed her, again. She beamed back at me as she took my hand and led the way to the departure door where a taxi was waiting. “I booked us into a hotel on the beach. I hope you have a sexy bikini in that case.”

I smiled. “Just wait until you see it!”

**THE END**