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THE INDIA CHALLENGE - A BOSS'S SLUT EPISODE

This is a new episode to the story, THE BOSS'S SLUT, Tina James. This is an addition to the story of a woman who has found the person she is and, in the process, truly comes to love that person. It is recommended that you first read the previous story in this series for background and character development continuing into this story: [The Boss Slut](#)

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The man who opened her eyes and soul to the person trapped inside her was her boss, the company CEO and Chairman of the Board, Charles Woodburn, who knew exactly what her potential was and he was confident her potential could be brought out in her. The story of how that happened and what it led to is provided in THE BOSS'S SLUT. The role of the boss's slut is not only to satisfy the needs of the boss, Charles Woodburn, but also select client whose business and accounts can be beneficial to the firm.

This story carries on from that. One of the characters who ends playing a significant personal role in her life is Mary Borden, one of the Director on the Board for Charles Woodburn. Mary and Tina find a close personal relationship though neither are lesbian. It is Mary Borden who approaches Tina and Charles about a business venture in India that could have huge benefits for both her company and Charles'. The man she is dealing with in India, however, has some very different ways of doing business, so different that the skills of a slut would be most beneficial.

This is that story, THE INDIA CHALLENGE. Should Charles find the venture worthwhile, and should Tina agree, the business challenge laid out may be more of a sexual challenge than Tina has ever dreamed possible.

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CHAPTER ONE: DIRECTOR MARY BORDEN'S REQUEST

Four months had passed since I participated in the Hansen Industries celebration and private motivation cruise from Key West to Miami where I was surprised by being greeted at the cruise terminal by Mary Borden. Mary was the lone female on Mr. Woodburn's Board of Directors and president of her own company. It was as a member of the Board that we first came together, a very eventful Board meeting and an even more eventful dinner for the Board at Mr. Woodburn's home that did not include his wife, Deborah. Those shared moments eventually blossomed into a non-business and very physical relationship.

The Board dinner without Mrs. Woodburn wasn't about Mr. Woodburn hiding anything from his wife, it was just that the activities of his slut (me, Tina James, Mr. Woodburn's Personal Slut and Executive Accounts Director) never involved her when it was business. The business distinction was significant because there were many times that I served both Mr. and Mrs. Woodburn as his slut, privately. Initially, in the relationship, I extended to Mrs. Woodburn the same privileges of my body as I had freely given to her husband. She was as eager a participant as her husband, which included requiring me to be naked inside her home and I would sometimes spend entire weekends at their home. After some time, however, she recognized a deeper potential in our relationship and rejected the idea of my being a slut, but instead a friend. We ended up sharing many things together including their dogs.

My personal relationship with Mary Borden was with the full understanding of Mr. Woodburn. None of us wanted a conflict in relationships that could complicate personal lives and business responsibilities but my slut relationship with Mr. Woodburn and his sharing me with others seemed

to already open that door. To our credit, we managed to walk that line without creating conflict even when she pressured Mr. Woodburn that I needed a few days away from work to decompress after serving the company in my unique way for two days on the small cruise ship with 12 strangers. The fact that Mary intended to provide the method of diversion for me personally was not lost on Mr. Woodburn.

The direction my career had taken proved to be challenging professionally and exciting personally. I continued to be both Mr. Woodburn's Personal Slut and Executive Accounts Director and, according to him, excelled at both. My relationship with his wife deepened into one I relished in which I could completely relax and share anything. In turn, she found a companion more than willing to explore new and stimulating experiences that were very often shared with her husband.

Mary Borden continued to be a complicated personal and professional relationship. As a member of the Board of Directors, she had to remain above conflict within the company in order to fulfill her responsibilities of oversight. As an individual, she found herself attracted to a relationship that was anything but devoid of conflict. Neither she nor I were lesbian in any form. We were certainly bisexual, but even that was a surprise to her. It left both of us confused about what our relationship was. Although much of our time together, when we could be together, was comfortably sexual, we also experienced satisfying times alone when sex wasn't the primary motivation for being together. It was something we agreed not to think too hard about and simply allow whatever was to come ... to come.

When the message came that Mr. Woodburn wanted to see me, it was a day like so many others. The request from Mr. Woodburn was also like so many others. I closed the open files and documents on my computer and neatly arranged the documents on my desk before quickly rising from my chair, slipping back into my 4-inch heels and walking deliberately from my private office on the 11th floor to the elevator for the secure 12th floor.

I stopped briefly at Trudy Michaels' desk. As Mr. Woodburn's Personal Assistant, she would know anything possible about anything, but this time she could only tell me that 'Miss Borden' was inside. It wasn't that she wasn't aware of my personal relationship with Mary, but within the office it was held closely private. Trudy and I shared everything since she had previously been Mr. Woodburn's 'mistress' until she expressed her desire to end the relationship after she became serious with a man outside of work. That was the interesting part of Mr. Woodburn's work relationships. They weren't secrets from his wife and they were fully consensual by both participants and could be ended at any time. Trudy was getting married soon and I was to be her Maid of Honor. It was a common joke between us that that distinction did not include 'trying out the groom'.

I put my hand on the doorknob and winked at Trudy. She was well aware of what would likely be expected of me when I entered the office. I knocked on the door with my other hand, waited for his comment, and entered the office. Since it was only Ms Borden as the other person in the office with Mr. Woodburn, I had a hand moving behind my neck to loosen the clasp and the other pulling the zipper down as my eyes took in Mr. Woodburn behind his desk and Ms Borden in one of the visitor chairs across from him. I paused only a split second to get his nod that I was acting appropriately. As part of being his Personal Slut, I was required to strip to my stockings and heels upon entering his office regardless of the intention of my entering unless he had a visitor with whom it wouldn't be appropriate.

I still had no indication from either of them if this was purely business related or more social, but my entrance wasn't conditioned by that knowledge. Both of them gave me their full attention as I wiggled the mid-thigh length pencil dress over my hips and down my legs. I stood naked for a moment for their observation before hanging the dress on the nearby coat tree. Another of Mr.

Woodburn's restrictions was that I never wear underwear unless absolutely necessary for maintaining some business decorum. When I wore a business dress, like today, there wasn't much of a striptease effect.

As I passed behind Mary, I allowed my fingertips to graze her shoulders as I took the other visitor chair, sitting comfortably with legs crossed like hers as if nothing was out of the ordinary. In fact, due to the conditioning of the repetition of this action nearly every day since taking my new position directly under Mr. Woodburn (pun definitely intended), it was not out of the ordinary for me to be naked in his office.

They both smiled at me, Mary shaking her head at my composure. Although she was familiar with the arrangement in Mr. Woodburn's office and was a recipient of my open sexuality, it still took her by surprise that it occurred so comfortably.

"Ms Borden has a venture her company is pursuing in India and has come to us for assistance." I nodded at his comment and glanced at her assuming she would be picking up on the explanation. Apparently, this was entirely a business meeting.

"You need the firm's assistance in landing the business?"

She looked nervously at Mr. Woodburn, then shifted in the chair to directly address me. "Not exactly. You might not be aware that your firm and mine has a long-standing agreement about business together. It was something the lawyers felt necessary to establish to avoid the appearance, real or imagined, of any impropriety since I am President of one and a Board Member of the other. No, if I am successful in landing this project, it will be yours at the established rate for the size of the project. It makes it very clean."

I looked at her intently and I think she found it more awkward than either Mr. Woodburn or I did that I was so comfortable in a business role while still naked. The awkwardness had been drilled out of me long ago by Mr. Woodburn.

"So, if it isn't the relationship we can bring to the project, what isn't clean about it that still needs our involvement?"

Her response was nervous, whether it was professional or personal I didn't yet know. "I've discussed it with Charles to get his perspective before even bringing this situation up." She looked at Mr. Woodburn.

"Tina, I advised that a discussion was all that could be considered at this point. I gave no indication of what might be acceptable."

"Sorry, you two, but ... blah, blah, blah. There is noise but nothing of significance. You two know me too well to be killing the poor bush you're beating around."

"You're right, of course. I apologize. It's just a rather delicate situation. I've never even heard rumors of such things happening in our world today, but ..." She looked at the exasperation reaffirming itself on my face and stopped. "Right ... blah, blah ..." That got me to smile. "Okay, here it is ... there is a huge project in India and my people have done a magnificent job of positioning us. All indications are that we are in the primary position, a proposal that is significantly better than the next proposals. The wild part is that I challenged out people to review all the numbers because when I hear we are significantly better positioned I get nervous if we missed something. The feedback is that we have a healthy profit margin that still allows room for negotiation, but negotiation it appears we won't need to use. It appears that others just might be nervous about doing business in India but

we have validated the financial backing and it is all sound.”

“Where is it in India?”

“That might be part of the issue, too. The project is in an area of India away from major population centers. It’s a large infrastructure effort controlled by a small group led by the strength of a single man. His power in the region is said to be extensive. He has exhibited strange stipulations for doing business in the past. He is essentially acting as a general contractor in that he is approving all major contracts on the project.”

“Who are you up against?”

“Effectively, just some Europeans. The others are too far behind.”

“Strange stipulations? What does that mean? Is that the part that involves me and not the firm?”

She looked at Mr. Woodburn and nodded. “This guy is said to live and wield his control in the region like some prince of centuries ago. To finalize any major dealings, he has required an exhibition of sexual proficiency for the entertainment of himself and guests.” I looked at her in disbelief, though I shouldn’t have been surprised if it dealt with me alone. “Typically, he wants to be entertained and the woman’s background wasn’t important. Companies were said to hire prostitutes.”

“This time it is different, apparently.”

“Yes. Apparently, he doesn’t like American companies. He is going to require something different. I don’t know all the details. There is a local coming on a flight tonight. I have someone picking him up at the airport. He can meet with us tomorrow for more explanation and information. Or ... I can just send him home.”

“What would stop you from meeting with him?”

“What I do know is ... the woman, this time, has to be an American executive.”

I looked at Mr. Woodburn and shrugged. He shrugged back. I turned to her, “No sense being rude, we can at least hear what he has to say.”

She thanked me, then Mr. Woodburn. She moved to get up, excusing herself to finalize the arrival of the man and prepare for the meeting tomorrow. It was agreed to meet at her company offices.

On impulse, I stood and followed her to the door. “Ms Borden ...”

She turned at the door, “Miss James?”

Mr. Woodburn laughed, “Would you two stop and just kiss?”

We chuckled. “Thank you, Sir. I wasn’t sure I should step outside the door to do it.” We did kiss, then I leaned into her and whispered, “Plans for tonight with the guy coming in?” She shook her head. “Dinner and ...?”

She kissed me, again. “Especially the ‘and’ ...”

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“So, you really don’t know much more?” I was sitting across from Mary at a small table in her

favorite and very expensive restaurant.

"Tina, I'd tell you anything I knew. I was just warned this power guy, a Mr. Chowdhury, likes kinky sexual demonstrations. I heard talk of being fucked by four big men, some dogs may be involved. Like I said, prostitutes were used."

I was quiet for a moment and my gaze was deep inside the wine in my glass. She chuckled, "You're really considering this, aren't you?"

"Maybe more really curious than interested at this point." She nodded. "That's the strangest thing I have ever heard, though. I mean I know sex is used," I held out my arms, "but for such a blatant display to set up exhibitions for guests to enjoy ... weird." She nodded, again.

She leaned forward and glanced to both sides, "So, my slutty lover, what about tonight?"

"God, I hope so. All this speculation has my motor running."

She laughed, "Your motor is always running." I smiled. She knew me so well. "Speaking of motors, are you wet right now?" I nodded and gave her a look like 'dah'. She smiled. "Do you have underwear on?" I nodded. She looked at me curiously.

"I know how much you like taking them off me." She smiled more. "A black lace thong."

"Here's what is going happen ... I can't take them off right here so we're going to the hallway to the restrooms where I will take them down your legs. I will return here and you will wait long enough that you are sure I am waiting and watching. You will carry them back here dangling from one finger at your side."

I looked at her in disbelief. I glanced around the room. "Are you sure? Is there anyone here who might know you?"

"That's why we are both going so I can check the other guests." I shook my head but stood. She was right behind me.

At the restroom door, she pushed me up against the wall and kissed me intensely. This idea had her motor running, too. When we broke, there was a younger woman standing near us. We apologized, embarrassed, but she said she loved it. She had been glancing our way for a while and admired the looks we were sharing with each other. She wished she and her boyfriend felt so intensely in public. She asked if we were partners. We said we weren't lesbian but were exploring whatever it was we felt. She smiled. Then I saw the look in Mary's eyes and knew she was going to say or do something I might regret.

Mary knelt before me, lifted my dress and pulled my thong down my legs. I placed a hand on her shoulder for balance as I stepped out of it. The woman's eyes were huge but the smile on her face was just as huge.

Mary put a hand on the woman's face and gave her a peck on the lips. Her fingers came up to her lips, her eyes flitting between Mary and me. Mary added to the stunned woman, "If you want to encourage your boyfriend into something more, be watching for her when she returns to our table and have him watching, too." She nodded and bumped her way back to her table where she leaned into a young man, both of them looking our way.

Mary turned to me smiling, "Don't disappoint me, now."

I shook my head at her, "You're terrible. That poor woman almost fainted."

I waited the time I figured it might take Mary to return, then peek out to see she was seated. I glanced at the other table and the woman was saying something more the man who turned in his chair to watch.

I took a deep breath, the thong hooked on my left index finger. I spun it once and strode out into the restaurant. For the most part, few noticed. I know the young woman and her man did. She gasped and I could hear it from 15 feet away. An older woman gasped, too. I made it a point of not looking at her.

We left quickly after that.

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I grabbed a taxi, but Mary had her car, which took her longer. I was waiting when I heard the elevator ding down the hall. I opened the door. She was still halfway down the hall.

"That was so hot! I can't believe you had me do that!" She stopped and smiled. Her eyes traveled over my body. I was stripped completely naked. No stocking or heels. Completely naked. I was ready for her. I needed her. "If you don't get in here quickly, I'll have to come out and drag you in."

She gave me a look that dared me. I secured the door so it wouldn't close completely and strode down the hall to her. This time I pressed her against the wall and we made out right there until she finally relented and hurried us back to my apartment.

* * *

We lay in bed after a vigorous session of 69. We both orgasmed and collapsed in each other's arms in bed.

"I need to leave, I'm sorry."

I mumbled into the side of her head, "I know. No sorry, okay. I am thankful for each moment with you."

She raised her head, kissed me hard, then, "What's happening between us?"

I cuddled, "I don't know, but I am happy." She held me tightly. I looked at her, "What you did in the restaurant ... I think you might be a bad influence on me."

She laughed a laughed of pure hilarity. "I sincerely doubt that."

* * *

The man's name was Ishaan. Mr. Woodburn and I met him in Mary's femininely appointed spacious office. He introduced himself simply as Ishaan. He told us he was assigned to be our representative if we continued. He was upfront that Mr. Chowdhury was more than a little eccentric and his ego and belief of being intended to rule the region has created a condition with his wealth that he can demand whatever he wishes in that region of the country. His feelings about Americans comes from an association to the British, though Ishaan recognizes the conflict in such thinking.

He has never been involved in one of these before but was briefed by Mr. Chowdhury's people to effectively relate it to us. As we already knew, this exhibition would be different because prostitutes

could not be used. Typically, the activities last for one or two days with up to three events per day, but (and he stressed the but) Mr. Chowdhury is unpredictable and there is no telling what he might plan. Ishaan was clearly nervous as he relayed what information he had been given in his heavily accented English.

The exhibitions have included four large men with the woman and dogs on occasion. Mr. Chowdhury likes to witness the exotic and there is no set program for these when they occur. Because it is an American company he may have a desire to try to humiliate us in the process even if it is a closed situation. That could certainly be assumed since he has changed the requirements for the woman to be an executive.

I looked at Mary and she recognized the questions I had and nodded. "I don't understand what the significance of this challenge is. How can someone commit to this challenge without knowing the full requirements?"

"This is all I am given and all you will be given. Your company will sign a non-disclosure of the activities to protect him. If your woman representative succeeds in each stage, she will go to the next stage until he deems he is satisfied. The maximum is two days with two or three exhibitions per day. The two or three times a day allows for the woman to rest and prepare for the next. I am only told the women in the past have been fully, sexually used."

I turned to face him fully, "Have any gone the full two days?" He shook his head. "But, since we're American ..." He shrugged. "And, what happens if this woman doesn't complete the full challenge? What if she quits at some point and just can't do any more or isn't willing to do some act required?"

"I am only told the completion of the challenge is a final acceptance. In other words, complete the challenge and reap the rewards of the business. If the challenge is not completed, evaluation of doing the business would continue." I asked what his involvement was if he hasn't been involved and does not work for this Mr. Chowdhury. He will receive a commission from the man if successful and he is very motivated to assist us succeeding. He promised to seek every bit of information he can find from others and leaks from his circle of contacts to assist us. He confided that in a debt settlement with his father, Chowdhury took his sister for a concubine. Yes, the practice continues in some parts. With the commission he could receive, he could buy back his sister.

I collapsed back into my chair. Not only was there a huge business project on the line, but a man's efforts to secure his sister from a life as a concubine to an egotistic man wielding his power like a feudal master. And, all that hinged on participating in a sexual challenge nobody still understood. Fucking some men to further business was one thing, but entering into a situation where it wasn't only men, but dogs for the entertainment of a man and his guests who leaned to the exotic ... what might be involved?

Ishaan broke my reflection, "Am I to assume you would be the female representative?" I nodded with a look at Mary and Mr. Woodburn. They both looked concerned. "I am sorry, but I will require documentation that you truly are an executive involved with this company. Also, I am sorry, but a picture of you naked. These things must be sent back for acceptance."

Mary explained that I was an executive of the firm who will be working with her company in managing the financial aspects and that I was the executive in charge. She passed along information from the website indicating executives, an organizational chart showing my reporting to the CEO, and references. He nodded his acceptance of the information, then pulled out his phone and looked at me. He was embarrassed.

Mary contacted her assistant outside, informed her that we were not to be disturbed for the next 10 minutes and her door would be locked from the inside. With the door locked, I stood and undressed. Unlike most other situations, this time it took longer since I was wearing underwear. It seemed appropriate to allow an impression of how an executive might dress in attractive but not overly sexy underwear.

He assured the confirmation should be quick. India. I had never even considered going to India ... for any reason.

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## **CHAPTER TWO: CHALLENGE DAY 1**

The home we were brought to the night before the challenge was to begin had the appearance of something constructed to remind you of a palace from a time long ago. Though I wasn't that familiar with Indian history and I had no idea how long ago it might have been representative of, it did seem to reflect what we had been told about the man's ego and feeling of power and control over the region.

I was accompanied on the trip by Mary Borden, a man she hired as a bodyguard just for this trip, and Ishaan who would be our primary representative with Mr. Chowdhury and his people. Mary had a team of people waiting in Mumbai in case they were needed for any negotiations should the need arise.

Mary and I were given a large guest room to share and the bodyguard was given a small room across the hall. Neither Mary or I got much sleep that night. Ishaan had delivered the schedule for the coming day and I was hopeful, but still intimidated by what I didn't know was to come. The first day seemed to be manageable given what I had experienced in the course of my duties but I wasn't sure this Mr. Chowdhury could be completely trusted and I worried about the unknown that might spring up. That was foolish, but everything was so strange and new to me: the idea of the challenge; the idea of needing a bodyguard; involvement with a man such as Chowdhury; a sexual challenge to establish a business relationship; being in India; and, being in the remote part of India. There was so much for the mind to fuss over.

The next morning as we finished the light breakfast brought to us, a servant provided me with a sheer saree and I was shown by one of Chowdhury's junior wives how to put it on. The saree is five yards of material that is wrapped around the body and draped over the left shoulder. Because it was sheer, there wouldn't be an under-skirt to tuck the material into so a thin cord was tied at my waist. The material is gathered to hang to the floor, then tucked into the cord (or petticoat, if it is used), then it is wrapped around the body and tucked with pleats added, then draped over the shoulder. Normally, the saree is worn with a form-fitting blouse underneath. But not this one.

Once completed, I was surprised how much of my body was still visible underneath despite the layers by wrapping. The way it was draped over my left shoulder, though, it was one layer of sheer material covering that breast and my right breast was fully exposed.

I looked at Mary and her look back to me was of deep concern. Neither one of us had any idea what we were getting me into.

I motioned with my head to the door, "You may as well have him come in. He's going to be seeing a lot more in a short while."

She did as I suggest and I felt kind of sorry for him. He had a kind of rugged handsomeness about

him but I was doubting I was going to feel much like helping him with any bodily tension he was likely to experience by watching me during the next days.

The man stood at the door as Mary returned to me. I looked at him and gave him a smile. "Don't worry about looking, Bob. It's going to get a lot more blatant."

Mary took my shoulders in her hands, "Tina, I am sorry I ever asked this of you. I am sincere, we can leave at any time, right now, if you want."

I smiled, "We've come a long way to just turn back now. This first day appears rugged, but not awful. I've had gangbangs and that kennel adventure. This should be okay unless these guys are horses in disguise." That managed to make her chuckle.

A soft knock on the door turned our attention in that direction as Bob, the bodyguard, cracked the door and opened it. Ishaan stepped just into the room and followed by a young woman dressed identical to me. The only difference I could see in her dress was that she wore thin slippers on her feet while I was barefoot.

Ishaan indicated her, "This is Aashi, one of Mr. Chowdhury's concubines." He looked at her softly, "She is my sister." He looked at us, "Her name means, smile. Now, she must always smile, but it is not the smile I remember."

I stepped up to her and looked at her petite, dark-skinned body, and black hair. She was as exposed as I was and this was apparently her normal appearance. I turned back to Mary, "So, humiliation and intimidation are his tactics. He will present the white, American executive as a concubine, a woman only for the pleasures of her masters."

"Tina, calm down and focus on the task at hand."

"I am, Mary. If he wants to represent me that way, fine; I can give him a woman whose purpose is sexual gratification. I'll give him a concubine, but I am betting the concubines in this house have a communication system all their own and they know more about what is going on than others think. We need to get her assigned to us to assist me in their ways." I smiled. "Maybe there is a way for us to ensure Ishaan will succeed in gaining his sister's release if we get that cooperation?"

I could see the wheels spinning in Mary's head as the powerful woman in her own right considered the options and potential. She smiled at me, then took Ishaan's arm and led him aside for a separate discussion. He looked at me and his sister frequently, then his eyes got big and he took Mary's hand, shaking it and kissing it. He then had a similar conversation with Aashi. Her eyes, too, went big and hugged him, quickly looking back at the open door. She nodded energetically and spoke in a normal voice.

Ishaan added, "Only Hindi is allowed to be spoken in the house except for translation to foreigners. I will translate for you. She says it is time and her master and guests are waiting."

I padded barefoot along the elegant hallway and watched the petite, brown body of the young woman in front of me and wondered how life could be so different for people merely based on where they happened to be born. A new motivation was building within me if there was anything I could do in this situation to help her and Ishaan.

My thoughts were interrupted by a building wave of noise coming from ahead of us and my refocusing mind recognized it as many voices joined into a rising din of anticipation and amusement mixed with the musical sound of some instruments.

A courtyard within the building appeared as we approached. It was open to the sky above with the structure of the house surrounding it on all sides. Large pillars provided cover around the courtyard. Two fountains added to the ambient sounds with water splashing. Between the two fountains was a grassy patch and in the center of it was an ornately woven rug spread in the center. Around the courtyard were people but what caught my eyes was the man sitting on a palace-style, large, ornate chair directly in line with the center between the two fountains underneath the cover provided by the structure held by the pillars. Around the courtyard, the floor of the house rose three steps from the level of the courtyard. Around him sitting on cushions were women of various ages, all wearing sarees. These were not sheer, but elegantly designed and decorated. Ishaan whispered that those were his wives. I counted five.

Surrounding the courtyard were 30 or more people, men and women, seated on chairs and cushions. Ishaan indicated these were dignitaries from the surrounding region, business associates of his, and his family members who were also involved in his business affairs in one way or another.

Seated on lower steps from him and his wives were five other women. These did not have the comfort of cushions but sat on the hard-stone steps. These women were also of mixed ages and were dressed like me, their darker skin showing even more starkly through the sheer layers of the saree material. These were his concubines and it was interesting to me that they existed in common space with the wives, yet clearly degraded by their dress and where they sat relative to him and the wives. I found Aashi in the mix and saw she was the youngest among them.

Mr. Chowdhury greeted everyone in a loud and commanding voice from his seat of power. It was apparent by his attitude and the relaxed nature of the other people that this sort of the thing has occurred before.

Ishaan quietly reminded me to follow his lead and attitude. Proper decorum and the appearance of respect was important in placating his ego and achieving our goal. I followed Ishaan into the center of the courtyard while maintaining a discrete step behind him to the side. We stopped directly in front of the rug spread on the ground in front of the man.

Even though Mr. Chowdhury spoke very good British English, he would refuse to in this situation. Ishaan stood alongside me and translated. At some point, he would retreat to rejoin Mary as an observer.

Mr. Chowdhury explained to his guests that 'these Americans' have come wanting to be partners in his important project that will bring improved living conditions and growth to the region. Like any man of power, he made it sound as if it would be through his singular effort of will that would allow it to be realized. I already didn't like the man and his egocentric attitude and sneering appearance reinforced it. I glanced back at Mary and saw her face and body language revealing her struggle to maintain her own control. I knew the proposal and support her company was offering for this project would be crucial for its success, yet his attitude gave no such credit. We were warned of this.

He directed their attention to me, a white American woman dressed in the saree of a concubine to allow for the visual pleasure of any who might lay eyes on her. He announced what was already known to all of them that we seek to gain his approval to work with them on the project by successfully pleasing him and his guests through various acts of sexual conquest. He declared that he had devised a number of interesting challenges that could go into the next day, if ... he lets the ending hang and everyone in the space laughed at the implications as he continued. Ishaan suggested that he not continue with the translation as they were only meant to demean me and entice his guests.

"Yes", he says, "I know what you are thinking. Few have gone past the first day, much less a white American woman who is not a whore hired for these challenges. You see, I have made a new condition in this case that she is not a hired whore, but instead a woman from the company and of good standing and high status in the company. I have had it verified and this woman is that. Before you is an executive of their company." Loud talking and more laughter ensued. "Yes, it should be interesting and I hope that makes this more entertaining and exciting as we witness what she endures." He looked directly at me, "It certainly makes it more exciting for me." He laughed, "Although this might be very short!" Heavy laughing rose in the room.

He then announced that there will be two or three challenges per day and, if it extends past today, he has arranged challenges, though that is not expected. He assured his guests they will be provided with a festive atmosphere with drink and food throughout. He wished them all an enjoyable time, then turned his gaze back to me and clapped his hands.

At the sound of the clap, two of the concubines rose and approached us. One was Aashi who whispered to her brother that she had been assigned to assist us. I smiled at Ishaan but my attention was shifted by the hands of the two concubines unwinding the saree material from my body. When the material was removed, they even remove the cord around my waist that only served to tuck the material into. I was now completely naked and the only one in the room that was. I took some pleasure in the sounds that rose from the guests as they were now able to fully see me. I would take my encouragement where and when I could.

I whispered if they knew what was first. Aashi whispered in Hindi to her brother, "Four black men. It is said they are large." She glanced at me and I could see the blush even through her dark skin.

Four, I thought to myself, I can do that.

Ishaan touched my arm discretely and retreated to the side where he joined Mary. I heard a buzz spreading through the guests and turned to find the cause. From behind the fountain to my left I saw four very black men and as naked as I was. They were large, but not excessively so. Perhaps they were just so large compared to Indian men. As they moved around the fountain, I was also able to gage if maybe it was their cocks that were so large. They were, certainly compared to average. A smile spread inside me, though, because they weren't really large in comparison to Mr. Woodburn who had claimed every part of my body. If these men were larger, it was only slightly. Even so, I could understand why they would be intimidating to anyone not used to the size.

I decided on the spot to not challenge this challenge with my own attitude but instead to placate his intention so I put on an attitude of concern and nervousness.

The men stood two on either side of me and we all faced Chowdhury who smiled like a Roman magistrate might at the sight of lions hungrily eyeing their prey before being released. Something was said, but without Ishaan, I didn't know what. I surmised the intention, though when the men turned to surround me. They all stood a few inches over six feet and were certainly something over 200 pounds. They had strong, muscled bodies and were imposing. Their cocks were all about nine to ten inches, very close to Mr. Woodburn now that I had a closer look.

Their hands were suddenly prodding me everywhere, grasping my breasts and nipples, probing between my legs, and fingering my pussy. I was pleased by the reaction of the one to first stroke my pussy. Yes, I was wet and ready. I may not like the attitude of demanding this type of activity to win a business arrangement, but my body responded to anticipation, not to offense from a business concern.

I sensed this wasn't the first time they had done this, but I did sense a change in them when I sank to my knees in front of one and took his cock in my hands to lick, kiss, and suck on the head. The others crowded around me quickly and I heard a buzz rise around us. With one cock in my mouth, I shifted my hands to the sides and blindly grasped for two more cocks, occasionally shifting to take a new cock into my mouth and changing cocks in my hands. It wasn't long, given the public circumstances, that all four cocks were rigid and standing out from their bodies.

I knew I was intended to be used and merely taken by these four, but I also wondered in my mind if this could be manipulated into a lot more. Could putting on a real show for everyone further the cause of succeeding?

One of the men encouraged me to the ground on the rug. I lay on my back subserviently. He used his feet to kick my legs open and knelt between them. I had made the decision to initiate a submissive, tentative response ... then escalate it to take control at the proper time.

The other three men stood stroking their cocks as they watched the first one pound into my pussy. I groaned at the rough fucking he was giving me. His pelvis impacted my clit with some regularity as his intention of overwhelming my body with his cock drove him. I reached up and clung to him, lifting my hips to meet his thrusts. He pulled back a bit and gazed into my eyes as I moaned and ground my breasts and groin into his strong body and I saw the look in his eyes change to recognition. He understood, he wasn't destroying me at all, I was getting ready to orgasm. That recognition seemed to change his response, too. His hard, rigid cock slamming into me grew more intense, his thrusts rammed deep into me and held for a moment, and at that moment, I felt his cock pulse and swell through my tightly clamping pussy walls.

I figured there might be at least one word we had in common and I said it strongly into his ear, "Fuck ... yesssssss ... fuuuccccckkkkk!"

My orgasm exploded and my pussy began spasming around his cock and he responded to that bit of added stimulation. His cock erupted violently with several spurts of cum drenching my pussy and his voice crying out his climax. As he collapsed on me, I again heard a buzz around the courtyard.

That man rolled off me, his cock pulling from my clasping pussy. He lay beside me breathing heavily as the next man knelt between my splayed legs. I raised my knees in preparation and reached between my legs for his approaching cock. When I found it, I guided the head to my pussy, then moved it up and down along my gaping slit to find my hole. With the head at my opening, it sank inside an inch, and I grasped him under the armpits and pulled him forward. At the same time, he thrust his hips and he slammed into my open and leaking pussy.

He pumped into me for several minutes, my arms around his neck, and my legs now wrapped around his waist. I pulled him to the side but he was immobile to my efforts. But, he pulled back and looked at me as I continued to try to get him to roll to the side. The language barrier made it difficult, but he figured out my intention. Despite his confusion, he went with it and I soon found myself on top of him, his cock still embedded in my pussy. I shifted my legs to get my knees underneath me and began raising and lowering myself on his cock. Again, there was more buzzing as the guests saw me taking charge of the fucking rather than enduring it.

Once I got a rhythm going and the man was comfortable with the action, I sat up and motioned the other two to us. They were stroking their cock to maintain erections and it was a no-brainer for them to allow me to do it for them. I had a cock in my pussy that I fucked, one in my mouth that I alternated with one in my hand.

When the one in my pussy came loudly, I pulled off him as I felt the last strong spurt of cum fill my pussy more. I knelt on hands and knees and was quickly entered by the third cock. The remaining one approached my face. This time, the cock in my mouth didn't seem content with being maintained hard but actively began fucking my mouth. I took it deep into my mouth and down my throat as the other cock slammed into my pussy.

I was no longer aware of anything specific around me. Any sounds became ambient to the grunting efforts and groans of the men fucking me. My own sounds were muffled by the cock fucking my mouth, but the men using me felt my arousal nonetheless. My pussy was clamping in spasms around that cock and my throat was clenching around that cock. After many minutes, the three of us exploded in climax one on top of the other. The man fucking my mouth pulled his cock out and squirted my face with spurt after spurt of his cum, coating my face and into my hair. The man behind me, perhaps witnessing that, pulled out and spewed his seed over my back.

I collapsed to the rug on my front and slowly the noise and sounds around the courtyard came to me as distinguishable. There was even some clapping. The men were struggling to their feet and I was surprised when two of them came to me and offered assistance to help me rise. I accepted and hugged each of them.

I wasn't sure what was to happen when I felt soft, feminine hands on my arms. It was Aashi and she was leading me from the center of the courtyard and I could see Mary straight ahead, a look of concern dissolving into a smile.

\* \* \*

I had been bathed and massaged by Aashi. Ishaan hovered nearby, seemingly unwilling to leave Aashi when he had the chance to be near her. Bob remained inside the suite. Mary hovered around me constantly. I was fed and given something to drink. I slept for an hour and came to with soft kisses on my face.

I reached up and stroked her face and groggily offered, "Well ... one down." She giggled as I sat up. I looked around the suite, saw Bob still watching the door and me. Ishaan was talking to Aashi near the opening to the outside which brought a gentle breeze into the room. "Any information on what is next?"

Mary smiled at me, "You're still not intimidated by this, are you?" I shook my head. At least, not yet. "Aashi just returned. She overheard Chowdhury talking to some guests that those same men will next be given access to your ass." She looked at me with renewed concern. "Those are big cocks, dear."

I nodded. "Yes, but so is Mr. Woodburn. It's not the anal fucking, but maybe the number of times. They are all so big. I wonder if they will have lubrication out there?"

"I asked Ishaan that. Aashi doesn't know, but she added that the idea is intimidation, humiliation, and conquering any woman taking part in these challenges. So, she doubts that there will be any." I nodded. I was already thinking along the same lines.

"Inside my bag is a tube of lubrication and a butt-plug."

"You brought toys with you?!?"

I chuckled, "I was trying to be prepared. How much time before I need to be back out there?" She checked her watch when Ishaan and Aashi came near. They had overheard our discussion. Aashi was

wanting to help in any way for the hope of leaving the service of this man. It was determined that it was a little less than an hour.

Mary returned with the tube and the butt-plug and was smearing lubrication of the toy. I was watching Bob, he became aware of it, and shifted back and forth on his feet.

Mary forced the plug into my ass, stretching my sphincter repeatedly and adding more lubrication to it to coat my anal passage. With it inserted, I walked naked to Bob. Mary watched confused. "Bob, how would you like to help me out?" He nodded, of course. "I need you to fuck my ass."

He chuckled, "You aren't getting enough?"

"What I need is to be loosened up to take all four of them and be well lubricated. Besides, I feel sorry for you to have to watch all this and not get some relief."

He got embarrassed by that, but, with a playful smile, added that he would help in any way he could.

\* \* \*

Aashi had assisted me in wrapping the sheer saree around my body, again. As we walked back to the courtyard, I could feel the liberal amount of lubrication in my ass and the just deposited semen from Bob who was walking alongside Mary with a bit more of a swagger, perhaps now truly feeling a part of the little entourage.

The four black men were waiting around the rug on the ground, their cocks hanging between their legs. I walked into the midst of them and purposefully lay hands and fingers on them as I passed. I felt it couldn't hurt to try to add some familiarity to hopefully ease the expected anal assault.

Chowdhury announced the next challenge: the same men would now also have access to my ass. The wording was interesting. They weren't directed to all use my ass but they could.

I made the decision quickly, already having considered the effects on my body of different ways I could be fucked. Using gestures, I instructed one of the men I lie on his back. I straddled his hips and knelt over his hard cock, which I held vertically while facing away from him. Again, there was that buzz of comments around the courtyard as the guests watched and commented between themselves.

I slowly sank onto the cock using gravity as an assist. The strategy of using the butt-plug, lubricant, and Bob's fucking was working. Although the anus closes quickly, the sphincter was stretched and stretched, again, to allow the easier passage of the cock head into my passage. The lubrication and cum inside made the insertion easier once the cock head passed my sphincter. I pumped up and down several times, then moved my legs to sit down on the man and lean back onto his chest. I pointed to another man and indicated with my fingers for him to come to me. I put a hand on my pussy. He looked at me and smiled, understanding immediately. I wanted to be double-penetrated and he was more than willing.

I didn't know what was coming past this challenge, but I had made the decision to give the most interesting exhibition possible. I had discussed it with Mary and Ishaan. Though we didn't really know what to expect, the motivation of these challenges was to intimidate and conquer us. But, anytime it proved thrilling, the company got the contract. This time, though, Chowdhury seemed intent on making it more difficult than ever simply because we were American. I argued that if the guests were presented with an exhibition that surprised and thrilled, perhaps Chowdhury wouldn't be able to back away even if the full challenge wasn't completed. Reluctantly, Mary agreed. Ishaan

warned, though, that if it seemed I was challenging the challenge process, it could lead to ever-increasingly bizarre acts within the challenge. It was a risk that needed to be taken.

Being double penetrated by the men rather than individually ass-fucked would end this challenge quicker than they might have anticipated, but it would hopefully be thrilling for all watching. Even Chowdhury seemed intent on the action before him.

The man approaching had his eyes singularly focused on my pussy. A nasty smile spread across his face as he knelt between my spread legs and lined up his rigid cock with my pussy. I knew the cock in my ass would make my pussy tighter, but the four fucks earlier had my muscles loosened ... and pussies are very resilient.

As he pressed his cock head against my pussy, I shifted my hips up slightly to allow just another bit of room for his cock. I pressed into me, looked at me, then pressed hard, sinking his cock into my pussy half way. I cried out and that gave him some motivation to press harder. Another moment and his cock was buried deep inside me like the man in my ass. The man in my pussy was the position of movement. The one in my ass tried to add to the fucking but he was immobilized by my body and the man above pressing down and into me. The pressure from my pussy, though, provided significant stimulation inside my ass.

The sensation was amazing. These two large cocks filled me like I had seldom felt. The only double penetration to beat it was when Mr. Woodburn took my ass while I was knotted to the dog. This was a close to that, but that was the confidence I brought with me into my decision to double penetrate with them.

My orgasm rose sharply each time the man above crushed my clit with his pelvic bone. I was desperately holding on until one of them would be close and it was the man in my ass. As I thought, the feeling of another cock stroking along his was too much even if his cock wasn't moving as much. I felt his cock twitch and pulse. My own orgasm crashed over me and I cried out loudly as it took hold. My orgasm sent my body in spasms of muscle twitches and shivers, my pussy and ass clenching and spasming around the cocks inside. The man in my ass was crying out in some language I didn't understand with his own grunts and groans, but the essence was clear to all around the courtyard.

Soon after, the man above me followed us, sending his seed to fill my pussy and match my anal passage. The three of us collapsed as our bodies struggled through our mutual orgasm. The man above backed away first, pulling his cock from my pussy and I felt a trickle of cum following the cock, knowing that anyone with the proper angle saw my gaping hole. The same man extended his hand to me. I grasped it and he assisted me up, the cock in my ass being slowly pulled from my ass until it was free and an audible wet slap could be heard as it impacted his abdomen.

Supported by the one man, I looked around the courtyard. There was an initial moment of quiet, then excitement from the guests as the other man stood to join us. I reached up to kiss each of the men and thank them in English, presuming they understood that simple expression.

The other two men approach and the two I had been with backed away. I saw the exchanging comments and nodding. One started to go down to the ground, but I smiled and stopped him. I chose the one that was largest in muscle, though they were both well-muscled. I patted him on the chest and pantomimed a series of actions. I didn't think he completely understood, but I was confident he would put it together very quickly. I then motioned to the other man, indicating my butt.

I jumped up and wrapped my arms and legs around him. His reaction was as I had anticipated. He



caught me with his arms and braced his legs. He hefted me up and held me securely. I felt his hard cock pressing against my crotch as I moved inches from side-to-side and back and forth until his cock head was at my pussy opening. His eyes made contact with mine, a smile forming on his face as he slowly lowered me, my pussy engulfing more of his cock.

I glanced over my shoulder and, by releasing one arm, motioned for him to join us. I moved my free hand to my butt and he understood immediately, as did the people around the courtyard watching, a new buzz of comments rise from them.

I first felt his hands on my butt cheeks, spreading them to expose my just ravaged asshole. And, just ravaged would make this second insertion easier. Then, I felt the head of his cock pressing at that hole and slowly spreading the opening and penetrating. There was little resistance from my sphincter this time.

Once both were fully inserted into my holes, I turned my upper body to put an arm around each of the men. By a combination of using my arms and them using theirs and flexing their hips, they began both driving their cocks into my holes. This was a completely different experience because both were equally active in fucking, driving their cocks forcefully into me.

My head fell back, my long hair cascading down my back and bouncing as I was handled like some large rag doll. They alternated kissing or more accurately devouring my mouth with their lips and tongues. I groaned and gasped into their mouths as their fucking continued until I sensed a change in the man in my pussy. His cock swelled and his fucking became more urgent. I was turned to fully face him and pushed against the man in my ass. The man behind me held me steady, his actions stopping, as the man in my pussy began fucking me furiously until he groaned and cried out his climax and, with strong, brutal, thrusts, sent his seed into my pussy. He leaned against us for a moment, somehow the man behind supporting it.

When the penis in my pussy was pulled out, the man behind had me fully in his control. One arm was wrapped around my mid-section, the other under my butt. With his tight embrace and flexing his hips, he fucked me and slowly turned in a circle. My front was fully exposed to all in the courtyard as he turned and drove his cock into me. It was obscene. It was delicious. It felt like the most exhibitionistic display of being fucked.

\* \* \*

I was lying on the bed with Aashi giving me another massage after a brief meal. She was using some ointment that had penetrating, soothing abilities. Although she massaged my entire body, she was now focusing on my pussy and asshole. The ointment seemed to do wonders at relieving soreness and reducing the swelling of abuse from those large cocks.

Mary sat near me on the bed and Ishaan stood near his sister. Aashi's fingers were working the outer lips of my pussy and when she glanced to me I saw the blush spreading over her, the sheer saree doing little to hide the deepening color of her chest and spreading into her face. I suspected she hadn't touch a woman like this ever before.

In an attempt to divert her mind, "You say the next is four dogs?" Ishaan translated both directions in the conversation.

"Yes. He has many dogs. I heard mention of a German Shepard and the others are the same size. You will have to be ... mounted by each of them. The man from the kennel talked about 'knotting'?"

I nodded and explained the difference between a dog's cock and a man's. She looked at me in

horror. I smiled and shocked her more, "It's actually quite pleasurable once you get used to the knot." I explained about the dogs back home without saying anything about the Woodburns. She looked at Mary but she shook her head, which was true, she still hadn't ventured into the dogs.

\* \* \*

I stood in the center of the courtyard for the third time this first day. The four knots would be manageable, but the use including the large men would be noticeable by soreness. I only hoped Aashi could continue working her magic with the ointment and her fingers.

The concubines removed the sheer saree from my body and four men brought out the dogs. As Aashi said, one was a German Shepard, two were Labs, and the last was a Retriever. After an explanation of the next exhibition by Chowdhury, which I largely ignored, one of the dogs was brought toward me. I glanced back at Mary who was fidgeting, her weight shifting from one foot to the other. Our eyes made contact, but my attention was redirected to the approaching man and animal as I heard the click-click of claws on the hard tile floor of the courtyard surrounding each fountain.

A murmur rose from the people as I moved purposefully to the center of the rug spread on the ground between the fountains. They were by now used to my assertive approach to each of the challenges so far. I suspected their curiosity was primed for this one, especially since my reaction to the appearance of the dogs was hardly any different than my reaction to the men at the other times.

I stood waiting for the animal to reach me, bent over and offered the back of my hand for it to smell. It might have seemed a silly gesture, but I wanted some level of comfort before I offered myself to it for mating. Did this and the other dogs have any experience with mating? Did they have with human females? One question was answered when the animal raised its snout and sniffed the air. Despite my baths between the challenges, I had no delusion that my pussy and ass were cleaned of past cum deposited inside both. The animal indicated his recognition of it, too, as he warily followed the scent to my pussy as I stood before him. When his nose pressed at my crotch, I open my legs where I stood and sighed as his tongue shot out and lapped quickly at my open pussy.

After several quicker licks of his long tongue, I squatted before him and scratched his ears and neck, tentatively bringing my face to his snout. His tongue came out to lick my face. I laughed and slowly reached underneath his body for his sheath. When I touched it, however, he gave a low growl and danced to the side. Another question was answered. If he had familiarity with mating women, it wasn't to the extent that the women attempted to initiate their own sexual contact with the dog. This was going to have to be mounting on the terms of the animal, which would be different than my experiences with Paddy and Sammy back home.

I gave the dog another friendly scratch of the ears, then sank to my hands and knees on the rug and waited. He walked around me. On his second trip around, he stopped at my butt and sniffed, his wet snout touching the crack between my cheeks. I spread my knees and lowered my head, tilting my ass up and exposing my pussy to him. His sniffing led him to my pussy and his tongue sent an involuntary shiver through me and a sigh to escape my lips. I looked around my shoulder and patted my butt. He licked me some more before making his move to mount. His body landed on me and his front legs wrapping around me, the claws catching my right side. I flinched at the scratch but kept my focus on the steps I had in mind.

At home with Sammy and Paddy, I would use my mouth to make them erect and the first penetration secure. This dog wouldn't allow that intimacy so I was going to have to rely on his instinctual mating, which meant his cock would make partial penetration and grow inside me. This, of course, led to many incomplete and unsatisfactory penetrations. Without assistance from anyone else, I

would need to accomplish it on my own with the least amount of frustration for the dog as I could.

As soon as his cock found my hole, I reached back with one hand and secured his rear leg and pulled him in tight against me. He thrust into me with the wild, frantic, animalistic nature of canine fucking, but my grip on him prevented him from pulling out of my pussy with his wild motion.

I could feel his cock quickly lengthen and swell inside me, filling my pussy with cock with each stroke in. I could finally relax and released my grip on his leg. Without my holding him, he relaxed his grip slightly and repositioned himself before regripping me tightly, his frenetic thrusts continuing in my pussy.

I rejected any thoughts about the people surrounding the courtyard and focused on the mating ritual I was involved in. I felt the familiar bumping of the forming knot against the outside of my pussy and I prepared for the effort of taking the knot as it grew larger and tried to force its way into me. I repositioned my legs and hands for support and pressed back against the dog to present as rigid an object as possible. He pressed and pushed and thrust and I pressed rigidly back against him. I felt the ball of the knot spreading, slowly but steady, my pussy lips until it suddenly was pushed through and I cried out in relief and satisfaction, the knot filling my pussy greatly and the cock pressing deeper inside.

Once inside, the knot restricted his motion but his intention of fucking never changed, it only caused his cock to move in shorter, jerkier motions. Those new motions though occasionally bumped my g-spot, which was an added stimulation to the base, taboo, animalistic fucking, the feeling of fur on the back and the ball jammed inside. I felt his knot and cock swell and pulse and knew I was about to receive another pussy full of cum, this time canine. When it spewed out of the cock, I felt the warm, watery semen coating me, filling me inside. It was all I needed for my own orgasm to crest and take me for my own ride as the dog continued its jerky last thrusts as he continued to cum.

I dropped my face and chest to the rug, gasping and struggling for breath as my orgasm began to ebb. The dog pulled, testing the tie, then turned, pulling on leg over my back, then the rear one until we were ass-to-ass, the instinctual defensive position of canines in nature.

I reached back and stroked the fur of the dog and it testing the tie, again. At this point, all he really wanted was for the knot to shrink so the tie would be broken, but nature had devised this manner of increasing the likelihood of inseminating the bitch. His only problem was that this bitch wasn't going to be inseminated no matter how long we were tied together by that knot.

I heard more murmurs while we were tied. When the knot began to feel like it was stretching my hole for escape, I assisted with my own movements. As the knot popped out of my pussy, I took a new chance. Before the handler could pull the dog away from me, I moved to the dog who was wanting to clean his cock and knot. I coaxed him onto the rug and moved my face to his belly and slowly inched closer to his cock. The dog released a low, guttural sound, but the menace wasn't there this time. When I captured his cock in my lips, the people around the courtyard were uttering much more than quiet mutterings. It was as if they had released a loud gasp at the very same moment. I smiled as I licked the cock, then nuzzled the dog before taking my place in the center of the rug on my hands and knees, again.

I looked up at the next handler and smiled at him. I almost laughed when I saw him adjust his pants in front. The dog he was holding was going to get relief before he would.

I was mounted by the next three dogs in much the same way with much the same results. I was given new loads of dog cum until it was draining from my pussy as each knot pulled out. I orgasmed

with each dog, ensuring it by manipulating the knots against my g-spot.

In the end, after I pulled myself up to my feet after the last knot was pulled from my very used pussy, I stood in front of Chowdhury. He only looked down at me from his chair. The guests around the courtyard were clapping and talking excitedly. In an obscene gesture that was almost unintended, I parted my legs. I looked down at the cum running from my pussy, some running down my thighs, a long string of cum hanging from my lips until it broke and fell to the rug. I looked up at the man ... and I smiled ... weakly.

If I managed to piss him off, who knew what I might be facing tomorrow. But, how could I not smile? I completed Day 1.

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CHAPTER THREE: CHALLENGE DAY 2

“How are you feeling today?”

Mary was hovering around me while the others kept their distance and anxiously watched. Aashi had arrived early with the light breakfast brought to the room by servants. She confided that the information is being held close in confidence to provide an element of surprise for the guests ... and me. She smiled before adding that concubines are regarded as so subservient and controlled others hardly consider them until they are wanted by men.

The little information she had about today was the first challenge this morning. Dogs will be used, again. This time, though, the four dogs will be brought out to me, but the situation will be different. This will be a timed challenge. This challenge will be for three hours. The dogs and I will be kept in close contact and they will fuck me for the entire time. If some dog or dogs lose interest in the activity, they will be removed and new dogs will be brought to replace them. They intend to always have four dogs active with me.

Upon hearing what was planned, Mary was obviously concerned, which brought out her query.

Absently, as I thought about this new challenge, “Physically, I feel fine. A little soreness and puffiness, but I don’t think it is even on par with after that gangbang at the convention.” She knew I had the kennel gangbang with six dogs the day after that. The six dogs and the couple men still weren’t three hours but a little more than two. I looked up at her. “It’s still okay, Mary. Don’t worry much, yet. This is getting excessive but still doable, still within the range of my experiences.”

She shook her head and took me in her arms. I could still feel the tension and nervousness through her body in the embrace. “What does that say about you, then?” We both laughed and it helped ease some the nervousness from us both. Even if I thought this was doable, these were strange dogs without the support and control of someone more concerned about my well-fare than anything else.

Unlike the previous challenges, this time I left the sanctuary of the suite for the courtyard naked. We talked about it and Ishaan and Aashi warned me of the uncertainty of the reaction. But, I had my own thoughts on the matter and it had weighed on me overnight. Chowdhury was using the sheer sarees as a mark on me that I was nothing more than one of his concubines. By rejecting the saree, could I also be rejecting his smear? By not playing to his mind game and being honest about what was happening, could I take a psychological point myself? The saree only provided an opportunity for his concubines to remove the garment in front of his guests. This was an exhibition, could I turn the table, even slightly, by presenting my participation openly by arriving naked, ready, and willing?

My arrival to the courtyard provided the surprise I was intending. Even Chowdhury couldn't resist commenting to those around him. I smiled and nodded to him. At that moment, I could see in his reaction he considered the situation different. If that was good or bad for me, I would have to see.

He made his usual announced that Ishaan translated, but I was watching to the side where the dogs had come from before. Comments and gasps roiled around the courtyard at the mention that this would be a three-hour challenge with dogs. I listened to the translation with only enough attention to know the challenge hadn't been changed since Aashi brought us the word. Then, I saw heads turn to the side and the room become quiet. As far as I could tell, it was the same four dogs as last night.

As the four handlers with their dogs approached where I stood, Ishaan turned to join Mary and Bob at the side, while I dropped to my hands and knees to assume a mating position for whichever dog would be released to me. It was the German Shepherd. He walked around me as he did last night, sniffing the air and reconsidering what this bitch was. His wet nose touched my pussy as he moved in closer and closer to the scent of my already wet pussy. It was impossible for me not to be constantly aroused whether in the courtyard or recovering from the challenges.

The dog licked me several times and my pussy rewarded his efforts with more leaking wetness. His licking continued and my mind continued to work on what, if any, strategy I might be able to employ in this challenge to my benefit. Allowing the dogs to lick me seemed to be an obvious one. The more time they spent licking my pussy and ass would be fewer minutes of being fucked and, though I liked being fucked, the knot going in and then out were likely to be the painful aspect over time, at least until my pussy was so used that it was left gaping open.

I dropped my front to the rug and enjoyed the tongue on my pussy. The licking was very nice and my arousal increased steadily. I broke contact by sitting back on my heels and reaching behind to scratch his ears and neck. I wanted to show interest in the dog, but I was mainly interested in allowing my pussy and clit to calm somewhat from the steady stimulation of the tongue. Then, as if encouraging the dog, I returned to all fours and patted my ass but with less direction effort than I might have back home to truly encourage a mounting.

The dog finally did, though, jumping onto my back and probing rapidly with his cock jabbing into my ass cheeks and around my crotch many times before finally sinking into my pussy. Once he hit the target, his fucking became crazy, but he managed to pull out of my pussy. Frustrated, he backed away and circled me several times. Without some assistance, mating can be frustrating. In nature, it can take several mountings before the penetration is secure enough to last. The second mounting and penetration, I could feel that his cock was more erect than before. He gripped me with his front legs and began fucking all over again. This time he stayed inside and I felt his cock growing in length and size. I gasped my own increasing stimulation and groaned when I felt the knot forming and bumping into my lips outside.

My head hung from my shoulders and my eyes caught the image of my breasts swinging beneath me as the dog fucked wildly. I felt the knot begin to spread my lips and opening as he shifted his efforts to create the tie. I joined him, bracing myself to assist him in pushing the knot through my constricting hole. When it pushed through, I cried out and he repositioned himself, grabbing me tighter and pressing deeper into my clenching pussy.

He was singularly focused now, only concerning himself with seeding the bitch he was tied to, human or canine, the eons of instinctual mating took him over completely. He pressed into me, pulling back to press further, but each time he pulled back he jammed the knot against my g-spot. When I felt his cock and knot swell even larger than before, his cock jerk and pulse with the imminent climax, I braced myself for my own orgasm that was on the edge of reality. The first spurt

of warm, watery cum into my pussy sent me over the top. I cried out in orgasm as spurt after spurt of doggy seed poured into my pussy, trapped by the knot closing off my pussy hole.

I collapsed to the rug, my ass still up on my knees tied to the dog but the side of my face on the rug, my breasts pressed and flattened. The dog continued with erratic thrusts as the last of the strong spurts slowed to the leaking of his semen. He waited on my back, the fur of his belly slowly rubbing on my bare back. He tested the knot but we weren't separating, not for a little while, anyway. Satisfied that we were tied, he turned, somehow his cock rotates inside me as we become ass-to-ass. He tested the tie, again, the knot bumping my g-spot in the process and another shiver of excitement coursed through my body.

As I wait, feeling the knot inside my pussy, occasionally bumping my g-spot, a thought takes form. I reason that the worst part of a doggy-gangbang for three hours would be the knot stretching my pussy both in being pushed in and pulled out. The orgasms will be exhausting but the abuse of the muscles and flesh from the knots would be the long-term problem. I remembered Mary commenting to me while I was mated with one of the dogs at the Woodburns'. I had just orgasmed a second time while being tied and she asked how I kept the knot in longer. That might be my strategy here. Keep the knots in longer than normal and reduced the number of ties.

I used the Kegel muscles Mr. Woodburn had insisted on for his own enjoyment. They were also effective in prolonging the tie with a dog, then rocking back and forth on the knot bumped the g-spot, which could induce a secondary orgasm. I wasn't sure more orgasms were what I needed but reducing the number of knots stretching my pussy was what I needed.

The poor dog didn't know what was happening. He was tied to me for much longer than he was used to so when the knot had reduced to the point I couldn't hold onto it any longer he moved away as if he might be afraid of being recaptured. I stayed in place and let the handlers do the work with the dogs now that I saw the approach I could survive. Dog after dog was brought to me and dog after dog went through a similar ritual, each subsequent dog finding more cum leaking from my pussy. The dogs spent considerable time licking me and I did nothing to dissuade them. In fact, I had minor orgasms several times just on their tongues as they lapped at my messy pussy, even curling their tongues somehow into my hole.

Two additional dogs had been brought in to continue the train of interested canines in mating with me. I was tied to a dog after having orgasmed, again, when the dog emptied into my pussy when I heard one of the handlers tell the others to take the dogs out. The three hours had passed. I didn't squeeze on this dog and the tie didn't last very long, my pussy was so full of dog-cum and my opening so stretched that the knot pulled out after only a short time.

The length of this challenge meant I had less time to recover and I was very much looking forward to Aashi's ointment massaged into my body, especially around my very used pussy.

* * *

"What have you heard, Aashi?" Although she was only allowed to speak Hindi, she understood English.

"Very little, Miss." Ishaan translated while his sister carefully massaged between my legs focused on my puffy, red, and swollen pussy lips. She looked at Ishaan, then at Mary with deep concern in her expression before continuing with what she had overheard, "What I did hear ... I am not sure I understand." I was lying on my back in front of them as she worked her magical ointment into the areas that hurt. She still seemed intimidated by my comfort in being naked in front of them as she

touched my pussy. I encouraged her. "I heard Mr. Chowdhury talking with several men about snakes."

My eyes bulged open and sought out Mary as if she could dispel what I had heard. She looked just as confused and concerned as I was. Mary touched Aashi's arm to get her attention. "What do you mean, snakes?"

"I don't know, Miss. They were talking about snakes in the next challenge but this time they were much more careful about their discussion. I think, maybe, they think she is getting information because she has not been shocked at each challenge but seemed prepared."

I nodded. It made sense. Perhaps it was a mistake to go into the challenges with so much confidence and actually taking charge of them instead of appearing intimidated. I might have ended up heightening the level of challenges he chose to give me.

The idea of somehow snakes being used in the challenge weighed heavily on my mind as I padded barefoot and naked with my little troupe back to the courtyard. Snakes presented significant psychological reactions on the surface: they were the embodiment of evil in Western religions; and, they were an ultimate phallus object that had the ability for movement all their own. I hadn't seriously considered snakes in either light before as I had never truly been exposed to them in any form. And now, my exposure to them was somehow going to be sexual.

I immediately heard a different buzz of anticipation when I approached the openness of the courtyard. I also saw a completely different setup in the courtyard. A number of large flat screens were arranged by the fountains on either side of the center of the courtyard where a white table had replaced the large rug on the grass. I approached the table, which was directly in front of Mr. Chowdhury. I made a cursory examination of the table while Mr. Chowdhury began his talk to his guests and Ishaan translated. He described this challenge as being truly unique and never before tried. He apologized for the lack of ability for everyone to see what would happen intimately but indicated the wide screens, then two men with cameras approached. To adequately show everyone what was happening, these men would video it all and the images would appear on the screens as it happened.

There was certainly confusion until he announced the use of snakes, which caused a clamor of shocked and excited exclamations. He held up his hands to bring quiet and leered at me. "Let us see how the Western black slut and dog bitch handles this ..."

The table had a sunken center as if it might be a shallow bathing tub. There were sides extending up about six inches all around the outside. I was assisted onto/into it and now noticed slots through the surface. The sunken part of the table was deeper at one end and rose at the other end. My upper body lay on the part that slanted up so I was somewhat looking directly at Mr. Chowdhury. Then, it became clear what the slots in the surface of the table were for. A wide strap was fed through one side, over my upper chest, and out the other side. It was then cinched tight. My arms were separately secured by smaller straps at the sides. A similar strap cinched across my lower abdomen.

I was beginning to get nervous. I have been willing to participate in a lot of sexual positions, but I have always been allowed a significant amount of control of the situation by at least having freedom of movement to stop if I wanted to. This was different. Now, I would be restrained and helpless to resist. My mind was beginning to panic and, apparently, my eyes showed it. Mary rushed up to me.

"I'm going to stop this."

I looked at her, my eyes flashing from her to the straps and Chowdhury. I forced myself to take deep

breaths. "No. Not yet." I gazed into her eyes, "But, you'll stop them immediately if I say so, right? Promise me!"

She touched the side of my face, "You know I will." She looked at Chowdhury who was smiling at the scene before him. She turned back to me, "I think we should stop this. It isn't worth seeing you like this."

I managed a smile that must have looked distorted and strange. "No ... please. We've come so far. Just have Bob ready." She nodded and kissed my forehead.

I looked at Chowdhury as Mary retreated. His expression changed to disappointment, which caused me to smile at him with renewed determination.

My knees were bent and pulled widely to the sides, then strapped to the sides, my feet strapped to the sides of the outside walls. I knew I was now completely exposed. From the many dog cocks and knots I had just experienced, I was sure my pussy was gaping obscenely, too.

That was confirmed as one of the video men pointed his camera at me and the screens came to life. The one just to the side that I assumed was for Chowdhury and his wives were actually two monitors with one facing me. Suddenly, my exposure appeared on the screen. The image zoomed in to capture and magnify my gaping pussy, some juice still leaking from it. My eyes couldn't help but focus on that magnified, leaking pussy, just like everyone else around the courtyard. I knew some of that juice was still remnants of the dogs, but I also knew some of it was my own lubrication leaking from my renewed arousal. Despite the intimidation, my mind was reacting from being restrained moments ago, my body was becoming excited at the possibilities of the unknown, and both had occurred at the same time.

What an erotic sight and that was me I was looking at just like the other 30-plus people. It was hypnotic and then, my pussy winked ... an involuntary opening and closing caught in zoom of the camera. I gasped at the sight and recognition, made all the more stunning because it was me.

My focus on my own pussy was broken moments before the camera moved away. To the side, I caught movement and turned my head in that direction, which was all I could move. Approaching were two men, one carrying a small box and the other a largish burlap-type bag. I watched them stop before Chowdhury who gave them a nod. They turned and approached me secured on the peculiar table. I was already guessing and anticipating that the large bag held the snake I was forewarned about, though I still couldn't figure out how it would fit into a sexual challenge unless they intended to fuck me with it like a living dildo. Something told me, though, that wouldn't be bizarre enough for Chowdhury.

The man with the bag stayed back a few feet as the man with the small box can up alongside the table below my bent knees. I craned my head up to see what was going to happen, my heart rate rising noticeably. I watched him place the box on the table and open the folded lids of the top, then put his hand inside. He clearly wasn't able to grasp what was there, his hand moving quickly for a moment until a small sigh of relief escaped his lips. He looked at me restrained on the table, then, as if doubting what was expected, looked back at Chowdhury.

I followed his gaze and found a look of exasperation and building anger cross his countenance. The man sighed, again, this time it seemed like resignation. His hand was closed around something small. He removed the box, dropping it on the ground, then cupped both hands around the thing and brought it to the surface of the table near my ass. I craned my head to follow his hands and gasped out in surprise and confusion to see a very small rodent escape his hands and skitter around the

smooth white surface of the table. The man used his hands to control its movements. I looked at the small animal, the man, and back to the rodent, my mind not yet making sense of what was happening.

Then I saw the screen near me split with dual images side by side. One was focused on the rodent sitting near my ass probably more confused and uncomfortable than me. The other image followed the other man as he opened the bag with one hand and put his other hand inside. He, too, felt around for a moment before he started pulling something out. I saw the tail end rising out of the bag first. A snake, it was a snake. A black snake mottled with greyish tones. When the head became visible, it was about 3 feet long and squirmed as the man carried it by the tail to the table.

The snake was placed on the table, but the man continued to hold it by the tail. The rodent must have spotted it at the same time I did because it became very agitated, moving from side to side, seeking an escape that wasn't there. I could see on the monitor that my body filled the curved shape of the sunken table top closing off any escape for the animal in that direction. It moved frantically to the edge, but its tiny claws gave it no grip on the smooth surface and slipped back down.

The snake found the animal by scent or sight and squirmed more aggressively, though it was still held by the man. I watched the snake for a moment straining for the rodent, then a change in one side of the monitor brought my attention to it and I gasped.

"NO! Noooooo ... no, not that!"

The monitor was focused on my pussy with the small rodent darting back and forth in front of it. But what caused my exclamation was the only possible hiding place for the animal ... my pussy was gaping open and the more I strained and struggled, the more it opened and closed.

My attention was taken from the monitor when I felt a shifting by the man with the snake. I looked at him to see him moving his hand and arm toward me allowing the snake to close the gap between it and the rodent. I strained my head up to watch in fixed horror ... fixed erotic horror ... as the snake closed the gap under the control of the man's hand.

I felt a small bump against my ass cheeks but I could see nothing directly so I moved my attention back to the monitor to find the animal now huddled against my pussy after having backed up to it while fixing its attention on the snake. The camera zoomed in a little more until my pussy filled that side of the screen with the rodent in front of it. The other side followed the snake from a more distant perspective.

I couldn't help but glance down at my chest because it felt like my heart was about to burst through my body. My breathing was ragged, my entire body was tight and struggling against the restraints, but my eyes couldn't leave the monitor like everyone else because the entire room was deathly still as if nobody was breathing.

"Oh, no, Tina ... I'm so sorry ..." It came softly across the stillness from Mary.

My eyes opened wide when I saw the little guy turn from the snake and step to the only dark, closed retreat available to him. My mouth flew open when his tiny claws thrust into the opening of my pussy. His rear feet found little traction on the smooth surface, but his front found a hold in my tender flesh and pulled himself into my hole. I thrust my head back and my mouth released a high pitch groan as the animal's claws grabbed my pussy walls for protection, his furry body huddled deep inside me.

My head and eyes twitched back and forth with no particular purpose. My mind was trying to

comprehend what had just happened with I felt something flick against my pussy lips. I craned my head to see the snake loose on the table. I shifted my gaze to the monitor to find only one image ... my pussy with the snake's head at the opening, flicking its tongue against my dripping pussy. I couldn't breathe as I watched it slowly curve with the head right at the opening. My lungs strained at the lack of air but the anticipation was too much to think of breathing until all expectation and unknown became startling. The snake drove its head into my pussy with a suddenness that expelled all the stale, used up air from my lungs and I sucked in a deep breath as I groaned loudly.

I watched on the screen what I could feel happening inside me. More of the snake crept inside me until about a foot was inside. What the others couldn't see, except for the bumps occasionally showing in my abdomen, was the snake twisting, the rodent scurrying madly inside me to avoid the thrusting mouth of the snake.

In a different kind of horror, though, the rodent's claws had a strangely erotic effect on my pussy and the snake's wild movements was exactly like a cock moving erratically. The body and head of the snake bumped my g-spot, the animal once ran over the body of the snake and dug at my pussy, probably to escape, but only seemed to manage to claw furiously right on my g-spot. The snake turned around inside and struck at the animal but closing on my g-spot nub, instead.

I cried out in an orgasm that seemed too taboo and obscene. The crowd had been raucous as they watched, but went silent, again, at my orgasm. My spasming, drenching pussy must have changed the game inside me, though. As I regained some perspective, again, the animal was no longer moving and the snake was doing something that felt like ... oh god ... it felt like my throat on a cock buried in it when I created a swallow action to pleasure the cock. The snake was swallowing the rodent!

After the snake was removed, I knew there was nothing inside me, but Chowdhury wanted to show his guests that fact. A speculum was brought out, inserted in and opened wide. With a pen-light, the camera focused on my open pussy. They made quite a show of inspection, but for the first time, I saw my own cervix.

After my upper chest bindings were relaxed and I was allowed to have some water. Mary, Aashi, and Ishaan came to assist me. Mary kept apologizing, but I reassured her. After all, I had survived. She swatted my arm and whispered, "You orgasmed?"

I smiled weakly, "You could tell, huh?"

"Tell? I think the people in the next town probably heard."

"That was the wildest thing I have experienced. I couldn't describe the feeling."

Aashi leaned in and whispered, "Well, it's not over. They are going to do it, again." I sighed deeply.

After I was secured to the table, again, I felt I had control of expectation this time. I thought so, anyway. The stir from the crowd turned my attention to the side but this time I found three men approaching, one with a similar small box, but the other two each carried separate bags. I dropped my head to the table back and sighed. Two snakes?

Now, I knew what to expect and it all followed a similar pattern until it was time for the snakes to be released. Again, the animal was huddled in fear next to my pussy as the two snakes were pulled out of the bags by their tails. I felt my own trepidation at the sight of the snakes wondering how this was supposed to play out, but I knew I wasn't going to have to wait much longer for the answer.

At the appearance of the snakes, the little rodent responded as the previous one had. It scurried around desperately looking more earnestly for an escape and coming to the same conclusion eventually as the controlled movements of the snakes brought them closer and closer.

Even prepared for the sensation this time, my eyes opened wide when I felt the little animal touched my pussy and his tiny claws thrust into the opening in his escape to safety. Again, it was his front feet that found a hold in my tender flesh and pulled itself into my hole. I watched the screen aghast and released a high pitch moan as the animal's claws grabbed onto my pussy walls seeking protection, his furry body huddled deep inside me.

I thought I was also prepared for the snake, thinking it was going to come down to which one managed to get to my opening first. I was wrong. The screen was again zoomed into my pussy filling the image and the two snake heads appearing at the opening. Now, though, two tongues flicked out at my lips and the tender skin of my pussy. Both heads approached my opening, sensing the animal inside, both intent on it. I watched as the mouths opened, tongues darting out, and suddenly striking at each other. Though I was assured these snakes were relatively harmless without poison or significant teeth, my body and mind flinched when the mutual attack happened, something about being in the way of two combatants.

After neither backed away, I watched as both thrust themselves at the opening at the same instant, both heads hitting the opening to my pussy, twisting and squirming to gain entrance at the same time as the other, neither wanting to lose the prize waiting inside. It felt like two cocks being forced into my pussy only these moved independently and erratically. The monitor showed the scene in graphic and obscene detail, zoomed to capture it as the heads disappeared, my pussy stretched wider, and the bodies wiggling to gain support for thrusting deeper through the restriction of the opening.

The animal, of course, erupted into frenzied action inside. This one had two heads to concern itself with but the same was true for me. I watched in mixed horror and fascination as more and more of the snakes disappeared inside me. The camera zoomed out to show the bodies of the snakes separately writhing from my pussy, but equally fascinating was the movement of my abdomen being pushed up in one spot, then another as the snakes moved in competition to find and capture the rodent.

In the process, the action inside me became beyond anything I felt even the previous time. The two living cocks writhed, squirmed, thrust, and wound around each other in pursuit of their prey. The feeling was a constant shifting of a huge cock rolling inside, then two independent cocks spreading my walls, one moving deeper, the other to the sides. All the while, the rodent was scrambling over, under, and around the bodies attacking it. The tiny claws digging, scraping, and pulling at my sensitive flesh.

Again, I felt the tiny claws digging into the hard nub of my g-spot as it sought a location more difficult for the snakes, but they managed to coil and strike wherever the rodent moved. Two snakes coiling inside, the partially length of their bodies, they filled me in a way I had never felt. My walls were extended like a balloon inside was being expanded, my hole was stretched as they moved in and out inches at a time in pursuit, the scales sliding easily in but grabbing and catching coming out.

With the rodent clamoring near my g-spot, first one, then the other snake struck, each hitting my g-spot, each momentarily clamping down on the sensitive nub. As before, despite the obscenity of the situation, despite my being bound and helpless to control what was happening, my body responded to the physical and my mind responded to the obscene nature in which it was happening.

I exploded in orgasm. I cried out even more intensely than the previous time. My orgasm flooded my pussy with my juices, clamping, clenching, spasming around the three living creatures inside me.

The knowledge didn't register until my body stopped shaking. There weren't three things moving anymore. Only two, two long independently stimulating cocks moving. One was more docile, but the other still moved as if thinking there might still be prey to be found. Soon, both became more docile and pulled themselves out of my pussy, one at a time. The second one came out and was clearly distended near the front of the body and I knew that was the one who captured the rodent. I almost came again as it squirmed to gain the purchase it needed to back its body out of the confines of my pussy.

Like waiting for a canine knot to shrink, I collapsed within my bindings and patiently waited, small tremors sending new shivers through my body.

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#### **CHAPTER FOUR: "I QUIT"**

After the second snake challenge, Mary had Bob and Ishaan assist me back to the suite we used during our stay while Mary met with Mr. Chowdhury. I had little interest at the moment in what business was being discussed. If I thought the first day's activities were stressful on my body, this second day was more so. Part of that, however, was putting the three-hour doggy gangbang on top of what happened the day before.

I was assisted immediately into a hot tub prepared and waiting by Aashi. I was blissfully soaking and dozing when Mary came rushing in. The new flurry of activity immediately brought me out of my peaceful repose. Mary's face flashed between concern at seeing my appearance in the tub reflecting the exhaustion I felt but also showed excitement. She knelt beside me and stroked my arm resting on the edge of the tub.

"We're leaving. I've asked Aashi to pack everything up, then to assist you in getting dry and dressed."

"What ...?"

"I got it ... you got it! Tina, he's giving us the contract with no negotiation. In all his time of doing this, he has never seen anything like what you did these past days. He said it is going to be talked about for a long time." She glanced behind her, but we were alone. "He suggested we stay the night and leave tomorrow. I politely declined. I didn't trust him, Tina. I had the feeling he would try to wheedle something more from you."

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Mary rode with Bob in the front. Bob drove while I had the backseat to myself. I quickly removed the seatbelt and curled on the seat, falling into sleep immediately. It was hours before I woke up. We stopped for something to eat along the way with Mary keeping the conversation light and away from the challenges. We were going to Mumbai for the night and catching a flight out in the late morning tomorrow. Her team, who were in Mumbai, would head for meetings with Mr. Chowdhury tomorrow.

It was well past dark by the time we arrived at the hotel where Mary's team were waiting. She took me to the room and got me settled in bed before meeting with her team, knowing they would be on the road early in the morning.

I must have fallen asleep because I never saw, heard, or felt Mary re-enter the room, much less crawl into the bed and curl up behind me. I woke in her arms. She must have been awake and watching me because my stirring and flutter in my eyes brought a series of soft kisses to my shoulder and neck.

"I hate to rush you, Tina, but we don't have much time. Take a shower and dress. I took one earlier. We'll grab something to eat at the airport."

Two hours later we were working our way through security to the VIP lounge and something to eat and coffee. As we waited and ate, she finally was able to fill me in on what happened at the end. Mr. Chowdhury's appreciation had not only landed the project, but he released Aashi from his house to Ishaan and pronounced their father's debt absolved. I smiled for maybe the first time after the challenges ended. Ishaan had Aashi back and Mary had the project she wanted. I remembered she had said they had built-in margin in the contract for negotiation and she also said she got the contract without additional negotiation. I asked her about that and she smiled with delight; yes, this was going to be a very profitable project.

She sensed my withdrawal, though. She tried delicately to pull at my feelings with talk, but I didn't know how to express what I was feeling because I didn't know what I was feeling. My feelings were in a jumble of confusion. One moment I was felt disgusted and shame; another moment I just felt delighted that it was over and we were heading home; another moment I wondered how I would feel once I returned home, much less the office. My emotions were mixed with the memories of the fantastic fucking and wild orgasms along with dread as the dogs continued to mount, fuck, and knot me hour after hour. Despite my perceived cunning to hold the knots longer, it was ultimately futile with the sheer length of time. And, of course, it was all culminated by the snakes. The dread, fear, panic, and disgust at what was happening inside me with the small rodent. Perhaps part of the disgust was the overwhelming orgasms I experienced as the snakes moved to capture and eat the rodent. I tried expressing it, but ...

I took out my phone, tapped in the numbers and waited. It went to voice message since I called his private cell phone. "Mr. Woodburn ... Tina. I am taking three days off from work. Please don't call me. I'll see you on Thursday." I closed the call and walked to the large windows overlooking the tarmac.

\* \* \*

Mary's cell phone rang moments later. "Mary Borden ..."

"Mary, this is Charles Woodburn. I just got a cryptic voice message from Tina. Is she okay? Did something happen to her?"

"Charles, she's okay ... mostly, anyway. She went through a lot. I never saw someone orgasm so much, but she endured a lot. I'll talk to you tomorrow about it more. I think she just needs time and space to process what she is feeling. She's struggling with conflicting feelings, right now. We did get the contract ... she was amazing."

\* \* \*

The jet-lag was debilitating on returning home. The first day of taking three days off from work was basically in bed sleeping and stumbling around the apartment and more sleeping. It was halfway through the second day before I began trying to process what had happened, what I had done, and what I felt about all that. The third day my mind was processing just fine and I made the decisions I needed and set out organizing the necessary actions to support those decisions.

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I approached Mr. Woodburn's office first thing Thursday. There was no sense in putting it off. I wasn't going to be able to concentrate on anything until this discussion was completed. They had given me the time and space I requested. For three days, I wasn't bothered by him, his wife, or Mary. Several times I almost broke down to call any one of them, but I stayed with my plan to work myself out.

Trudy jumped up from her desk and rushed to me, bringing looks of questioning from the other assistants along the hall. We hugged and I assured her I was fine and we would talk soon about everything.

I knocked and entered Mr. Woodburn's office in the same way I always had. I moved directly to the spot between the guest chairs and his countenance slowly relaxed from tension to hopeful anticipation as I removed my jacket and lay it on the chair to my left. I preceded to unbutton and removed my blouse and his face visibly relaxed and the old lusty look of appreciation settled over him. I unzipped my skirt at the side and pushed it down my legs where it pooled on the floor around my high heel encased feet. I turned my back to him, now only wearing my thigh-high stockings, heels, and jewelry. I bent over at the waist, my legs slightly parted and straight. As I picked up the skirt, I peeked behind me, catching the look on his face and gave him a smile.

After hanging my clothes on the tree at the side of the office, I took my usual chair. To continue teasing him, I crossed my legs in slow motion, giving him ample time to view my pussy. He looked at me ... my face, now. I could see the concern still residing there beneath the hopeful smile.

"How are you feeling, my dear? I am pleased to see you applying our ritual. I have been concerned. Deborah has insisted that I not bother you, to give you the time you requested. She had her own difficult time in leaving you to your own thoughts and reflection."

It was true. I was taken advantage of, no question, but not intentionally in the way it came to be. The challenges we were told about would have been and were managed. Ultimately, we were all taken advantage of by a power-crazy man. And, ultimately, we overcame him to beat him at his game. I knew Mary and I had much to work through, perhaps beginning with deciding what our relationship was. In a way, the idea was exciting, to start deliberately, to rediscover, and to determine what we could be and wanted to be. New beginnings can be good; they can be exciting. I was excited to see Mary, again.

"Yes, Sir, I understand and I appreciate all that. You and your wife have become two of my closest friends and confidants. Thank you for respecting my request, though, Sir."

"Two of ..." I nodded. "Can I presume from that you and Mary are making your way through the experience?"

"We haven't talked, Sir. Not because she hasn't reached out with texts to let me know she is thinking about me. She respected my time away, too. Mary is a wonderful person in many ways to me. She knows I had my problems with what happened, but we both understand that she was taken advantage of in the situation as was I. She gave me every opportunity to back out, it just wasn't in my nature to not succeed once I see the goal in front of me." He smiled at that. "So, yes, Sir, she and I will be actively working my/our feelings out."

Even as I sat in his office, naked and so familiar, I was still somewhat conflicted. The 'India Project' will be a huge success for the firm and Director Mary Borden's company and personal status. And, it will be a huge success because of my ability to perform to the challenges of that Indian asshole

egomaniac. But, ultimately, I was left with fears and trepidation I couldn't shake. On reflection, the feelings started with that night in the hotel with Mr. Tenor and his associate, then the cruise when I was on my own without support, but it culminated in India. I realized over the three days that I couldn't do what Mr. Woodburn had asked me to do for the firm any longer.

I looked him in the eyes, "I quit."

The look on his face was resigned disappointment. It was his biggest fear while witnessing what I was willing to attempt in the name of the firm and Mary. He feared he would ultimately lose me.

"I quit the proposition of being a slut for the purpose of advancing projects and accounts for the firm." He only nodded in understanding and acceptance.

With sadness but understanding in his eyes, "I understand, my dear. It was a huge thing to ask and I feared it might become too much. I only wish we could have understood what that man might ask ahead of time so we could have rejected it." After a moment of thought, "I am sorry, Tina."

"The firm and Director Borden will make sure you are richly rewarded for what you did. There was nobody who could have secured that project." His eyes reflected pain. He shook his head slowly. "No matter the project or the rewards in business coming from it, nothing about those things compares to the loss of not having you. I hope you can still be friends with Deborah, but I know she will understand if not."

I looked up in shock. "NO, SIR!" I jumped out of my chair and quickly moved around his desk, pulling his chair and turning it so I could sit on his lap, which I had never done before. After all, it wouldn't be a slut's place to assume such action. "No, Sir. My words were chosen carefully. I quit the proposition of being a slut for the purpose of advancing projects and accounts for the firm." I took his face between my hands and kissed him passionately, at the same time squirming on his lap and feeling his cock respond to the pressure and movement from my bare butt in his lap. "I very much want to remain your personal slut and very definitely Deborah's friend. You have made me what I am, Sir. I love what I am and I know you can devise fun and exciting things for us to do. But, I saw the inherent dangers of allowing others too much control and power of the situations." I kissed him, again. "I very much want to be your slut." I looked at him with a pouty tease, "If you'll have me, of course, Sir."

I slip off his lap and between his knees. I unfastened and opened his trousers to release the cock I enjoy so much. I took the head into my mouth and looked up at him. His hand smoothing my hair.

"We still do things the same way? Are you still my Executive Accounts Director? You still enter my office and disrobe? You still suck and fuck me when I want? You will still come to our home to share me and the dogs with my wife?"

I pulled my mouth off his cock, kissed the head, and looked up at him. "Everything, Sir! Everything but the clients."

I went back to sucking his cock and he was quiet, though several moans escaped his lips. Then, "I suppose I need to let the Board know about the change."

I sat back on my heels, a thought running through my mind. "You set the meeting, Sir. As in previous situations, this should be the last agenda item timed for when this floor is otherwise vacated. You give me notice and I will come in to take care of this item with the Board." I paused for a moment, "Sir, I don't see any reason why the Board can't continue to be included."

He smiled. "As always, Miss James, you have a way of finding the appropriate ... handling of things." We both laughed. Then I continued sucking until he fed me his cum, which I greedily swallowed.

We discussed several business items that had accumulated while I was away. Even discussing these business issues reflected his pleasure and relief that he wasn't losing me. We talked until it was time ... then he came around the desk and gave me his hand. I stood in front of him, my hands on his chest.

"I want you, Tina. It feels like forever and I am sure Deborah feels the same way ... not to mention the dogs, but right now you are here. But ... it might still be too soon?"

I chuckled and stroked his chest under his white shirt. "No, Sir, it is not too soon. In fact, it would be very much appreciated. It feels like a long time for me, too, since I was fucked by someone who cared about me." I looked up into his eyes, "I, too, would like to re-experience that now."

He led me to the conference table, and like so many times before, bent me over the edge of the table as if nothing had changed. And between us, thankfully, nothing had changed. He fucked me smoothly and lovingly but with all the strength and power that I knew he could give. We both came and I was sure Trudy was outside at her desk smiling and reassured that I was really okay and back with them.

\* \* \*

I had been antsy since arriving home, in the kitchen, setting the dinner table, showering and dressing to send a message. I hadn't seen Mary since arriving home and I was anxious now that I knew what I wanted.

I had the door to the hallway cracked and when I heard the elevator ding down the hall, I ran to the door and peek out to see if it was her. I asked her to come for dinner tonight, my first day back to the office, so we could talk.

I saw her turn from the little alcove with the twin elevators. I didn't see the normally confident, in-control, stride of hers I could recognize anywhere. She was looking at the carpeted floor of the hallway as if deep in thought or deep in concern. I suspected some of both since we hadn't communicated. That was why I dressed very particularly for tonight.

I opened the door and strode out into the hallway. She looked up and stopped in her tracks. I continued toward her when the apartment door to the right opened and Mrs. Olsen, 70 plus years old, stepped out of her apartment, was surprised by Mary, then followed her gaze back to me.

She wagged her finger at me. Mrs. Olsen had immigrated from one of the Scandinavian countries and was in many ways a good Lutheran. But, she took great pleasure in me and my habit of making quick trips through the hall in various stages of undress.

"Miss James ... going out somewhere formally dressed tonight?" She couldn't suppress a girlish giggle. Mrs. Olsen was quite the woman if she allowed you to really know her and I was one of the few so fortunate.

I pulled the gown out to the sides and gave her a little spin, "What do you think of it, Mrs. Olsen?"

"I think you should be careful, dear." She looked at Mary, "And would this be your date, tonight?"

I nodded, "Yes, but I decided we would eat at my place for a change." I introduced them.



She nodded, looking at each of us, "I think that would be good." She looked at Mary and patted her arm, "You must be a very good friend, indeed, Miss Borden." She looked back at me, then smiled at Mary, "I suggest you take very good care of her. She's worth it."

Mary was stunned by exchanged and stammered out something approaching that she was aware of all that and promised to do just that. We watched Mrs. Olsen walk carefully down the hall and both giggled.

Mary looked at me, "I wasn't sure what to expect tonight. You've been very quiet."

I put my arms out to the sides, "Does this bely your concerns?" I could see she was wanting surety. I moved my hands to the ties of my gown at my breasts, pulled the bow apart and shrugged the sheer negligee off my shoulders. I stood before her, in the hallway, in nothing but my heels. "How about now?" She looked at me in shock. I stepped into her, pressing my body into hers and moving us against the wall, and kissing her passionately. It took a full minute before I released her from my passion. I gasped into her mouth, "How about now?"

We stood in the hallway, me naked, both of us gasping for breath, our eyes glued to each others.

"I ... I thought I might have ... I thought you might resent me for ... India ..."

I kissed her, again, took her hand and pulled her to my apartment.

With the door closed behind us, she scanned the room and took in the dining room table. It was set for two, candles burning, the light low, and the smell of a wonderful lamb dish I got from the restaurant down the street to be reheated.

"Are we ..."

I stopped her and took the bottle of white wine in her hand that I think she forgot she was holding. "I'll put this in the refrigerator to chill. The meal will be good warming for a while, yet. Before we talk though, there is something I want to show you ..."

I put the bottle in the frig, turned, put my hands on her shoulders and directed her out of the dining area to the hall to the bedroom. Along the way, I unzipped her dress. She stopped and took me in her arms. She shrugged out of her dress and I led her to the bedroom. She giggled. The bed was already turned down to be ready. I had no-flame candles scattered around the room. I pushed her onto the bed, removed her heels as I kicked mine off, then reached for and pulled down her black lace bikini panties. She squirmed up into the center of the bed where we have enjoyed each other many times before. The relief and joy showed on her face as I crawled over her body and kissed her for minutes. Now, our hands were roaming freely over each other's bodies. I rolled us over so she was on top so I could undo her bra, tossing it to the side.

She looked down at me with lust and joy in her eyes. "What was it you wanted to show me?"

I looked up at her and smiled. I took her face between my hands and kissed her deeply, meaningfully. "I want to show you how much I love you. Then, after I show you, after you experience it, then we can talk about what that means for us. If you want there to be an 'us'."

Her answer was to devour my lips and mouth. I rolled us, again. I needed her on her back and when she was, I worked my lips and tongue down her body, stopping for extensive attention to her breasts and nipples, then temporarily avoiding her clitoris to lap my tongue along her glistening pussy. My mouth encompassed her pussy and I sucked her juices, bringing her lips into my mouth, and softly

chewed on them before pushing my tongue into her opening. My mouth, lips, and tongue rotated from her pussy to her clit, which I began boldly taking between my lips and teeth, pulling and softly biting down on the sensitive nub.

She was groaning and moaning with unabashed abandon. Early in our meetings together, she was tentative in her reaction and release but by now she completely released herself to me, allowing her full senses to experience and express the joy and pleasure.

“OH FUCK! ... Oh, my God ... fuccckkkkkkk ... ohhhhh, yesssssss ...” She raised her head and looked down at my face buried between her legs. “Oh, God ... listen to me ... fucckkkkkkk ... you make ... me ... say things ... I never say ...”

Then, she exploded. First, her hips rose and fell and I fought to keep my mouth and tongue attached to her pussy. When her body settled back on the bed, I moved my lips to hold her clit and slipped a finger into her pussy, curling it and rubbing along the upper front in search of her g-spot. When I found it, she jerked violently, her hips rising, falling, then her back arching and falling, then her shoulders and head curling forward like a violent curling exercise. I sucked on her clit and circled her g-spot, two very sensitive nubs of nerve endings simultaneously sending explosive charges through her body from outside and inside her pussy.

Her legs shot out straight and rigid, her arms thrashed, then her hands gripped the bottom sheet and clung as if she might take off from the bed. When her orgasm crested, it was an explosion of both overdo physical and emotional release. Her eyes were wide open but only the whites showed as her eyes rolled back; her back arched high, held for moments, then collapsed to the bed only to repeat the motion over; her shoulder rolled forward as if to see, but her eyes were unseeing. And, she screamed like a banshee, crying, moaning, groaning, sighing, and gasping in unintelligible combinations and mixes.

And, I drank her release, literally sucked and drank her fluids.

\* \* \*

“I don’t know if I will ever get as used to this as you are.” We were sitting at the dining room table finally enjoying the meal and bottle of wine. I asked what; we were currently doing nothing out of the ordinary for me. “That wall of windows and we’re completely naked.”

I chuckled as I poured the last of the wine into our glasses. I was sitting at one end of the oval table and her on the side next to me and facing the wall of glass. “Exhibitionism. It’s so exciting, isn’t it? The simple act of moving around in the comfort of your home but someone out there among all those people may be seeing, may be watching, may have made the purchase of a telescope just because I moved in here.” I looked at her, set my fork down on the edge of the plate and took her hand in mine. She stood with me, both taking up our wine glasses, and I led her to stand in front of the window. She was nervous, but she followed my lead. I passed my glass in front of the window, my other hand still holding hers. “Maybe a hundred thousand people just in view of this spot, all those lights in windows. What do you feel?”

“God, Tina, I’m getting wet and aroused all over, again.”

“Good, I’m not done with you, yet.” I kissed her shoulder. “Stay with me tonight?”

“Friday tomorrow ...”

“Stay with me.” She nodded and we kissed.

We moved back to the table, but both of us just picked at the meal. Finally, she said what was still on her mind. "Tina ... I don't know when I can stop feeling guilty ..."

I smiled at her, "I'd say don't, but I've already said it a hundred times. Mary, you tried to end that experience, tried to get me to leave and stop it. You wanted to sacrifice the project for my well-being. At the same time, I was will to risk my well-being for you and your project." I moved bits of lamb and green beans around my plate for a moment, then dropped my fork and looked at her. "Mary, I love you." I blushed, turning red at finally saying the words. "I love you. I'm not sure what that means, but I do and ..."

She stopped me with her own words, "Tina, thank you ... I thought I was going to be the strong one between us ... thank you, because I feel the same way. I love you, too. I don't know what it means, either. We're not lesbian, we both like men ... at least their cocks." We broke out laughing. Both of us with short, failed experiences with marriage.

"Then, we can explore the potential together?" She nodded. I stood and put my hand out to her and she took it. "I said I wasn't done with you ..."

**THE END**