

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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## **AN EVENING WITH MOM & DAD**

The days following their return from their honeymoon was a blur of trying to adjust to a 'normal' life work, family, and how their new life fits into that. I spent much of the next few evenings letting Cody re-establish his familiarity and comfort with me as again being part of the family and my lover. I wanted him to regain his familiar expectation of mating when I was available, which was defined in our relationship as when I was naked. Once arriving home from work I would go immediately to the bedroom, undress, and make myself available to him. I almost always started with opening my legs and pussy for his tongue and licking. Usually, by the time I got home, my anticipation had my pussy wet and ready, but I so thoroughly enjoyed his licking of my pussy, that I always wanted to start that way if I could. His tongue was such a pleasure tool, I could and would easily reach a cum just from his tongue. Once I was pleased by his tongue I would struggle to get up and get into position on the floor for him to mount me. I would have one, if not two, orgasms from Cody by the time Tim arrived home. The first few days he would stop along the way to pick up takeout food to bring home for dinner. He would announce his arrival and ten or fifteen minutes later I would come to the kitchen naked with Cody following behind. I would have his and my cum running down the inside of my thighs and a flush over my chest and neck from the recent orgasms. Eating was usually peaceful, but occasionally Cody would get under the table and nudge my knees until they were open enough for him to access my pussy and he would lick more of the leakage from our recent mating.

I was anxious to see the video but Tim insisted that we wait for the first viewing until their planned evening with my parents. Not that I wasn't getting enough sex since getting back. Work was an interruption in the sex occurring in the house, but between Cody and Tim, I was getting fucked three or four times a night and maybe in the morning again depending on timing and Cody's insistence.

When Friday morning finally arrived, Tim said we should meet at home after work, feed Cody, let him out, get themselves together, grab Cody and go to my parents. I should probably establish my parents for reference. My dad, Jack, and mom, Barb, are in their mid to late 40's. Being 24 years old myself now, they were young but not terribly when I came along. That night we followed that plan exactly and arrived at my parents at 6:30 PM for dinner and video watching. I was still getting used to this twist in my relationship with my parents. Last Sunday night they had insisted that they be able to watch me mate with Cody before they left. Tonight we were going to have dinner at my parents' home and then watch a video that was supposed to be the recording of me fucking with two dogs at Mr. Rodriguez's dinner party and who knew what else might be on that recording.

My mother had specifically requested that Cody also come. I was suspicious of mother's motives in that regard but would have to wait to see. We put Cody on a leash and walked to the front door. It opened and mother greeted us naked. I admit that I gasped. Tim just smiled and looked appraisingly up and down his mother-in-law's naked body. She nervously motioned us to get in quickly (worried about the neighbors, I would guess). She gave us both a kiss on the lips and petted Cody who was getting interested himself. He walked up to her front and nuzzled his snout into her crotch. She jumped back. Tim explained that the understanding at home was that when Michele was naked, he could reasonably expect that sexual contact would be acceptable. We'll try to keep some control of him while here tonight or we can have him out in the backyard for a while. That was accepted as the best solution and Tim took Cody to the back door and let him out, making sure the fence gates were both closed.

When he returned, he was greeted by his mother-in-law, "Strip young man. I want to see that nice body of yours."

"Whatever you say, mom. You two can put your clothes in your old room, Michele."

Tim and I went to my old bedroom and began stripping. Tim asked, "So, what do you make of your mother's insistence on being naked?"

"No idea except that she must be feeling highly charged in anticipation of the video. She said earlier that she envied me making my decision. Maybe she is liberating herself and pushing herself to go through with it."

Dinner was certainly interesting. Four naked people sitting at the dining room table, curtains drawn, parents and kids. And if that wasn't enough the primary topic of discussion was titillating details about our recent honeymoon to an island, all inclusive, adults only resort. As I learned on the plane coming home, Tim had posted updates of our honeymoon activities to a website that focused on human/animal sex. And I certainly had that, too. Of course, Tim had notified my parents about the website and his postings and they had followed his postings with tremendous interest. I had been shocked to see that Tim had invited them to my commitment ceremony (see "Michele's Wedding") which occurred after our traditional marriage ceremony. At my commitment I gave myself to Tim as his slut and to Cody (our dog) as his bitch. Our close friends who were aware of our interest in liberating our sexual experience were invited. As I said, my parents' presence was a shock. Even more of a shock was when they participated in the celebration sex after my commitment. My father fucked me and my mother presented her pussy to me to suck and lick. Not only that, her pussy was bald, just like I keep mine. I thought that their involvement might be a onetime thing, but based on our present state that wasn't likely.

I don't know if you can imagine how totally weird it would be to have your mother and father asking detailed questions about sexual escapades that occurred on your honeymoon, but how about the further exploits on private and public beaches, night clubs, boats, and private parties. All with strangers except for Tim's presence. But that's what we talked about. They read the postings and were curious about details of how it felt to be essentially nude the whole week; to participate in my first gangbang; be the only naked person at a dinner party and demonstrate dog sex for their entertainment. During all this discussion over dinner we went through two bottles of wine. The discussion was very stimulating, bringing back the intimate memories of these adventures.

After dinner, mom and I quickly cleared the table and kitchen to get leftover food put away and dirty dishes stacked for cleaning later. Then mom and I joined the guys in the family room. They had the DVD player and TV primed for our viewing of the DVD that Tim brought back from the island. Tim set the stage of the evening, describing how the invitation for us to join the party came about. He further described my "uniform" for the night and general duties to greet, serve and entertain. Dad then started the DVD and gave the remote to Tim to control.

We sat as couples as the video began. Tim almost immediately guided me onto his lap. He began stroking my breasts and thighs while we watched. I was also facing somewhat towards my parents. Seeing us my dad encouraged mom onto this lap. Mom and I were now positioned to be able to watch the video and each other by slight turns of our heads.

I was very surprised by the video and wondered how much of the evening would actually be displayed on the video. I was anticipating the dog-sex demonstration when they had set up cameras and lighting. That portion of the evening was obviously being filmed. Apparently, Mr. Rodriguez also had cameras discretely hidden around the house because what we were watching was prior to the dinner. Someone had also spent time editing the video because the views were switching from various perspectives but always at a constant distance. But it was clear enough to show me nakedly serving drinks and being stroked, teased and probed as I went from person to person. Later, the

shift to dinner was the same. There appeared to be multiple cameras hidden somewhere in the dining room and the editing kept me in view.

Tim pulled me back into him and whispered into my ear, "What do you think about switching with your mom? Would you like your father to love your body while watching you on the TV? Would you like the idea of me loving your mom while she is watching her nude daughter being used by these people?"

"Yes, that would be such a turn-on. I'm almost cumming just thinking about it."

"And imagining not just being on your dad lap being stroked, but actually being inside you? Sitting on his rigid cock, firmly planted inside your pussy? Also know that I will be doing the same to your mom?"

"Oh, god, Tim! Yes, I want that. Watching this with my parents is so wicked. So erotic. I need it to go even further."

Tim took over, "Jack and Barb, we're going to switch partners. Barb, mom, I want you to switch with Michele and join me here. Michele will take your place with her father."

My mom's mouth dropped and she looked at me and then at my father. He just looked at us and then at Tim who was just smiling with self-assurance. Without really seeming sure about why she was, my mom stood up. Tim paused the video, I got up and met mom and stopped her. I looked her in the eyes and asked, "Are you okay taking this next step? Tim will continue to encourage us to take a next step. I can't believe how excited this is making me. Tim intends to do more than just feel you up. Are going to be good with this?"

"This is happening fast. I'm the one who insisted us being naked. That alone was so erotic to me. I see that Tim has a quiet but firm way of directing things to happen. It is very erotic to be led into something you didn't even know you wanted but it feels so perfect when he directs it. Yes, I do. At your commitment celebration, we loved you in the heat of the moment. This is cool and deliberate. It is much more intense. Yes, I do. Thank you, dear. I love this. I really do."

And, so we switched husbands for the moment. But it was more, much more. The psychological was intense. Tim was getting his mother-in-law. I was getting my father. I stopped at my father and turned to watch my mom and Tim. Tim stood up. His cock was completely rigid and standing up proud in front of him. That wasn't missed by my mother. Clearly the mental side of what was going to happen was also not lost on Tim. I glanced at my father and he was in the same condition. I sat across his lap so I could continue to watch them. My father instantly took a breast in one hand while stroking my back and hips with the other. Tim took my mom by her shoulders and pulled her into him. He moved in himself so they were in full body contact. I am sure she felt his strong, rigid cock pressing into her abdomen. He kissed her lightly on the lips. Put his arms around her and placed his hands on her ass and pulled her in tighter. They kissed again, but this wasn't light or gentle. It was with passion and I could see my mom moving her hips against my husband's cock, pushing herself into him. Then, I saw mom pulling into Tim and bury her face into his shoulder and her body started shaking.

Dad reacted, "Barb, what's wrong? Should we stop? Are you okay?"

She didn't immediately respond. Tim held up his hand for us to wait. He was rubbing her back from neck to ass, smoothly and lovingly. Finally, she raised her head and sheepishly looked at Tim and kissed him on the lips and said, "Thank you, Tim." She looked over her shoulder at us, her husband and daughter, and added, "Sorry, absolutely everything is great. Michele, I can't believe this man of

yours just made me cum without touching me.”

Tim responded, “And I didn’t, mom. You were the one moving your sex into me. Plus, I suspect the psychological aspects were more of stimulation than the physical.”

My dad was still playing with me and moved his hand to the inside of my thighs. I opened them just enough to give him access to me. His hand went to my pussy and I opened my legs a little more to make it easier. He stroked my pussy lips and flicked my clit. I smiled and turned to look at him. I leaned in and kissed him on the lips. I then looked back at Tim just in time to watch him as he sat back down with his legs together and guided my mom back to him so she was facing us. She had to spread her legs and looking back she saw Tim hold his cock up with one hand and with the other on her hip guided her back. She stopped, realizing what his intention was and looked squarely at dad and me. I smiled at her and gave her an approving nod. With that she let herself be guided onto Tim’s cock, slowly sinking onto his cock. Her eyes were closed and her mouth open. When she was fully impaled on him, she opened her eyes and gasped, “Oh my god, Timothy! That feels so good. Oh, Michele, this feels so wickedly good.”

I kissed my dad again and said, “Okay, father, ready for your daughter to impale herself on your beautiful cock?” I positioned myself just like mom and when fully penetrated I wiggled my butt to get the last millimeter of penetration. Then I heard my mom tell Tim to start the video, again.

We watched the scenes of the dinner. Many hands stroking me, touching my breasts, fingers going between my legs and presumed to be going into my pussy but since the camera views were stationary, that detail was shown. I was gently moving my hips on my dad when I was suddenly stopped by what I saw on the screen, “Oh no. He didn’t film that, too.” The video was showing me walking into the kitchen to talk to the chef. This was the result of Mr. Rodriguez suggesting that I personally “thank” the chef for the fabulous dinner he prepared. I was about to watch with my parents and husband offering myself to the chef. I couldn’t believe he actually also had cameras in the kitchen, too. He must have rigged the entire house just in case. My anxiety over the scene that was to follow had me moving with greater urgency and when the chef reached his climax, I did too. But that wasn’t close to the end. Following this scene was my very casual demonstration of being mated by a dog. And twice.

Half way through the segment of me being mated by the first dog, I heard my mom groaning and gasping and mumbling to nobody in particular. She was cumming. She later said that listening to me describing the steps and details of fucking a dog and watching it occurring in very specific detail and close-ups (here a handheld camera was also used), she just couldn’t hold back any longer.

At that moment I heard Tim call for Cody. I thought he was outside but apparently he had let him back in but given him a command to stay in the kitchen. Cody came into the family room, looked around and came to Tim with my mom on top of him. Tim snapped his fingers and patted my mom’s exposed inner thighs. I thought to myself, she’s going to go to heaven under that tongue. Cody sniffed at mom’s leaking pussy and gave it a tentative lick. Then another and followed by intense licking. Mom’s eyes shot open wide and gasped out “Oh fuck! Oh my god. Oh ... that ... tongue is ... magnificent.” Still impaled on Tim, she raised her hips involuntarily to expose herself more to that tongue and Tim’s cock slipped part way out. Tim groaned when Cody started licking mom’s pussy juices off Tim’s cock. When mom relaxed, she sank back down onto Tim and cried out again because Cody was still licking her.

Near the end of the second mating, I heard mom calling out her pleasure. I looked over to see Tim pumping into her and using both hands to squeeze and pull her nipples while Cody continued to lick her pussy and clit. She erupted into what she would later say was her most intense orgasm (so far).

Mom was having her third orgasm of the night, all with Tim. Tim called for Cody to lay down and he did but continued to sniff the air.

At the end the video cut out but for just a moment before it flashed back on and Mr. Rodriguez was shown. He said, "I hope you enjoyed this, Michele. We certainly enjoyed the original event. And I had a wonderful time going through all the video I collected from that night to piece into this DVD. I know the guys doing the editing didn't mind the work. Yes, Michele, a number of other people have seen this video by way of preparing this DVD for you to enjoy. Remember my proposal and when you and Tim have had time to consider it and are ready to discuss or have come to a decision, let me know. I am hopeful that we will be able to be together once again in the future. Thank you, beautiful Michele."

My mom said, "That was Mr. Rodriguez?"

"Yes. Apparently, he is quite wealthy and well connected. Somehow he even knows this area."

"What proposal was he referring to?"

"I'll explain later. Just curious, though, how much of a conversation are you intending while sitting on my husband's cock?"

At that moment Tim pulled my mom into his chest and whispered into her ear. At the same time he started raising and lowering his hips. Sliding his cock in and out of her now well used pussy. Mom's eyes went wide and I heard her say, "Really? Are you serious?"

I interrupted, "What are you two cooking up?"

Mom replied, "Not me, him. That husband of yours. Is he always looking for a way to push things just a little further once a comfort zone has been established?"

"I warned you about him. Yes, pretty much he will. Why, what's the next push?"

"He seems to think that since we have all taken this step of being fucked by each other's husband, that we should extend it to include the night and tomorrow."

"You mean we spend the night here with you guys?"

"Ah, no. I should go back to your place with Tim and Cody. You stay here with dad."

"Really? How do you feel about that?"

She looked at dad and then me. "I'd be in favor." So we agreed. Another huge step. I know I had just been fucked by my own father and had a nice orgasm, but now I was also going to be sharing his bed with him for the night.

Tim spoke up with his full proposal, "I suggest that this evening has gone so well, that we extend it. It is very arousing for you to take these steps. Michele will share a bed with her father. Not just a fuck like what just happened but the entire night. The person next to her in bed is her father. Who she wakes next to is her father. Spends tomorrow with. The same for Barb. Being with me that same time. Her own daughter's husband. Her son-in-law for that same time. I propose that we meet up again tomorrow night for a casual dinner at Jason Grill on 31st Street at 6:00 PM. Okay or not?"

Everyone thought it sounded good. Extremely kinky and wicked, but good. Tim lifted my mom off his

cock and they stood up. He helped me up and kissed me. He asked me, "Okay?"

"Yes, it is. You are so wicked. Promoting incest. But I love it. In my head I am already close to an orgasm just considering the change in our family structure."

Tim turned to mom and gave her a sharp slap on her butt. She jumped, grabbed her ass and rubbed it. Tim said, "Go pack just enough clothes for tomorrow night for dinner and personal toilet items like brush, toothbrush, whatever."

"Only that?"

"Yes, tomorrow night will be casual for dinner so whatever you pack can be used during the rest of the day."

She turned to leave and he reached and took her hand and pulled her back to him. He pulled her into his body, put his hands on her ass and pulled her tight into his crotch. He looked into her eyes and said, just loud enough for us to hear, "And don't get dressed. Just pack for tomorrow. But you stay just like that so make sure you pack shoes. Understand?"

She blushed a deep red, looked at dad and me but quickly responded to Tim, "Yes, Tim. I understand." She turned and hurried into her bedroom.

Tim turned to us as he began getting dressed, "Did you notice her blush? That's what you do, dear. We had just fucked in front of each other. Been naked the entire evening. The suggestion that she stay naked in the car, made her blush. Beautiful. But, also, Jack, did you notice her response to me just now to stay naked? A very obedient response. She has the same potential that your daughter exhibited and has shown in reality." Now it was my turn to blush, again. Tim noticed and pointed it out to my dad, "See her response to my talking about her to you? A blush. I love these women." And as he pulled his shirt on he pulled me into him and kissed me. "Have fun tonight with your dad. See you tomorrow night."

Then he turned to the bedroom. Turned back to us and smiled. "Let's see what happens." He turned back toward the bedroom where my mom had disappeared, "Barb, what's the problem. Just some clothes. It could be arranged that you not have any clothes." I heard my dad chuckle.

In a flash my mom came running out of the bedroom and stopped in front of Tim with a small back, her breast still jiggling after she stopped. I took the opportunity to evaluate my mom's body as she stood in front of my husband who was doing the same. She had taken the time to clean herself just a bit and to brush her hair and apply a little makeup. Her breasts were still nice, drooping a little maybe but very attractive. Her hips were slightly full but her waist was still small. I decided, very attractive. Then I saw it form. With all of us looking at her, she was forming another blush.

Tim took her bag and headed for the front door and stopped to wait for her. Mom stopped and kissed dad passionately, then me, too. She then joined Tim who opened the door and without looking walked her out to the car. He held the passenger door for her, he got in and they were gone.

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## **AN EVENING WITH MOM & DAD - CONTINUED**

Dad suggested we go to bed. We would clean up the dinner tomorrow. I stepped up to him and pressed my naked body to his and kissed him on the mouth. I search his mouth with my tongue and felt his tongue react. I looked into his eyes and smiled. We turned out the lights and he led me to his

and mom's bedroom. He seemed a little tentative so I took his hand and pulled him into bed with me. I looked at him with my best little girl imitation, pouted my lower lip and asked, "Do you want me again, daddy?"

He smiled and pulled me to him and said, "Honey, you are an amazing young woman. It is so exciting what is happening to your mother and I since you made your decision with Tim. The postings of your honeymoon were great. The video of your fun at the dinner party was a total turn-on. Yes, I want you, again. But remember, I am older than and not as strong as Tim."

"Don't start apologizing before we even start. I love you, daddy. I want you, too."

We made love in their bed. Then I curled up against him and settled in for the night. It was very nice, safe and comfortable to be in bed with my father. As weird as that might sound. I thoroughly enjoyed the gentle loving we had and the peaceful sleep. The morning dad was up first and walked into the bedroom with a cup of coffee for me. He was wearing a robe and he handed me one of mom's. We went to the kitchen, sat at the table drinking coffee and recounting the previous evening. He squeezed my hand and repeated how happy he was. The decision I had made with Tim was having positive effects on their sex life. Our day together was fairly mild. I cleaned up the kitchen, dad got some work done in his office. As I was finishing in the kitchen he came up behind me and pulled me to him, opened the robe and stroked my breasts and down to my pussy. He led me into the family room and we made love again. And it really was like making love. He was very tender and loving. It was beautiful. But I finally took control and added some fucking. I really wanted to feel him intensely in me. I rolled him over from missionary so I was on top. I dropped myself down hard onto him and bottomed out in one hard assault. He gasped out at the sensation. I bent over and kissed him, nibbled on his lips and explored his mouth. All the while raising and dropping myself onto his cock. Then I got off him and pulled him up and led him into the kitchen and bent myself over the kitchen table and patted my ass. He came up behind me and stroked his cock into me.

"Harder, dad! I need you to fuck me harder. Yesssssss, like that. Yes."

"Oh, God, Michele. You feel soooooo good. God, your pussy feels so good wrapped around me. I wish I could stay inside you longer but I am almost ready to cum."

"Harder, dad, and I'll be there, too." I reached under me and stroked my clit vigorously. When he shouted out his climax, I was right with him.

We then got cleaned up, showering and dressing. He wanted to do some shopping and have me help him. He had wanted to get mom some sexy items to wear in the house and hoped I could help. That was fun. Picking out sexy things for your mom is also very weird, especially with your dad. By the time we were done and back to the house it was almost time to meet Tim and mom for dinner.

Tim and mom were already there, seated in a large booth when we got there. We joined them and I looked at mom. She looked awful, tired and fatigued. I looked at Tim and her and asked, "Mom? Are you okay?"

She looked at me, dad and then Tim. "I'm okay, really. Just tired. I guess you guys just wore me out last night with the excitement of the video and being with Tim. That is quite a man you have, Michele."

We had a good dinner and talked about the inane things that parents and their kids talk about. Work, life in general, plans for the house, etc. We kissed each other and got up to leave our separate ways but mom grabbed me and held me back for a moment. "Honey, let's get together soon. Give me a call. I need to talk to you about last night and today and something I have started thinking about



seriously.”

I got into the car with Tim, turned to him and asked, “What happened to mom? She looked like she was exhausted.”

“She made me promise not to say anything. She wants to talk to you herself.”

“She just told me that. But what happened?”

“Honey, I like your mom, a lot. I don’t want to go against her wishes on this. You contact her and get together. Tomorrow is Sunday. See if she wants to come to our place, I can disappear, maybe go to the gym for a few hours.”

“Okay. But she is okay, right?”

“Yes, she is okay. Just talk to her tomorrow so you don’t stew about it.”

Getting home, Cody ran to me and loved me up but when I went to the bedroom and came out naked, he didn’t make a move to me. He just lay on the carpet and watched as Tim and I watched the DVD again, nuzzled and worked ourselves into another good fuck. I thought it strange about Cody and wondered if maybe we shouldn’t check with vet but decided to see how he was doing Monday.

The next day I called mom and asked her if she would like to come over and talk. Tim was leaving and we’d be alone for privacy if that was needed. She thanked me and said she would be right over. Tim grabbed his workout stuff and headed out the door after putting Cody in the backyard.

When I heard mom drive up, I let her in and asked if she wanted coffee or ice tea. She asked if she could have something harder. I opened a bottle of wine, grabbed a couple glass and we went into the family room. I said, “Okay, mom, spill it. I was worried about you last night, but Tim told me you were fine but you were very tired. But he wouldn’t tell me anymore. Said you made him promise to let you tell me, first. You know he really likes you, mom. He didn’t want to go against your expressed wishes.”

“I know he does, honey. Believe me, I know. And I meant what I said last night. You really do have quite a man there. How was your time with your father?”

“Good. He was a true gentleman. We ended up making love twice more after you left. Then we cleaned up and did some shopping. Did he show you what we got you?”

“Oh, yes, they were beautiful. He made me do a little fashion show. Very erotic trying that stuff on for him.”

“Okay, already. You have your wine. There’s more if we need it. Tell me, please. What is it?”

“Dear, it’s about after we left you. Tim was wonderful so don’t worry about that but it really got me seriously considering a big decision. I’ll start with Friday night and yesterday. Then, what I have been thinking about.”

“Just tell me. Friday night and yesterday. Go ...”

“Okay, this might be long. Unlike what your experience with your father was like, mine was decidedly different. And wonderful. Oh, my god, Michele! I have never felt like that in my life! I felt like a sexual animal. And I loved the feeling. Okay, I’ll start at the beginning when we decided to

change partners for the night and following day. Dear, I know now how you feel with him and why you are so comfortable resigning yourself to him. Remember when he TOLD me to pack some clothes for tomorrow but NOT to get dressed? Michele, I could describe it at the time, but I felt so energized and tingly just then. He didn't ask me. He didn't suggest it as being fun. It had nothing to do with what I wanted at that moment. He told me not to get dressed but I knew we were going to your house, meaning going outside, getting into the car, driving through town. God, what a feeling.

"Remember that I hurried to the bedroom? I was so excited by that command. I grabbed some clothes but no panties or bra. That was a conscious decision. I started to take them and put them back. I don't go without panties or bra. I looked at myself in the mirror as I moved around the room and I saw a middle aged woman, naked, who had just been tremendously fucked and looked it. I washed quickly, brushed my hair, and just a bit of make-up when Tim threatened to take me without any clothes. I heard that and I shivered. I swear I did.

"When he opened the door and led me outside, he turned the outside light on. Now it was past midnight but still ... I looked around the neighborhood quick and every house seemed quiet and dark. You want to know how wicked I was feeling? I was actually a little disappointed!

"Getting to your place isn't terribly long but it does mean going right through town. We weren't even out of the neighborhood and he told me to open the glove compartment and take out two things that didn't belong there. He turned the dome light on and I knew that also exposed me to others outside. What I found was your vibrator egg and the remote. Without even thinking I gave him the remote and he just smiled at me. I wondered right there if that wasn't a manifestation of what my big decision would be. Anyway, I held the egg in my hand and I felt it start to vibrate gently. I looked at him and he held up the remote. He told me, 'You know what to do with that, mom.' God, Michele, when he calls me 'mom' in those situations it's just about enough to make me cum. So, I leaned back in the seat and worked the egg in. Not that it took that much work, he already fucked me pretty well earlier and the situation was keeping me very wet. I could feel it vibrating in my hand and then in my pussy. I looked at him and he just said, 'Good' and he showed me the remote and moved the intensity up to the next level. He then told me to sit up straight, then he told me look to my right. That's when it finally occurred to me that we were stopped at a light. In the next car was a group of young men and they saw me. I came right there. I threw my head back and arched my back in response. Of course that just made my breasts more visible to them. Tim acted like he was going to take off fast but let the other car pass us as he slowed. We were only half way and I had already cum, again. Then he told me he was going to drive the speed limit and very carefully, but he wanted me to take my seat belt off, get onto my knees, open his fly and suck him with my ass pointed at the side window for the rest of the trip. Michele, I told you I was feeling wicked. I did what he wanted. I didn't care who might look and see my bare ass and pussy in the window. I just took his cock and loved it. Like I have never loved a cock before. I couldn't believe the intensity of my feelings. But he didn't want to cum and told me to get in the back seat for the rest of the trip. That's when I remembered about Cody.

"Cody actually whimpered when I started moving to the back seat. Tim told me to sit against the door, put one leg up on the back ledge and the other on the floor. Cody was immediately between my legs. He licked with that marvelous tongue of his. He made me cum so deliciously when Tim and I were fucking. Sorry, honey, but it's not 'making love', it's 'fucking'. When Tim pulled into the driveway and opened my door, he had to catch me. I was in the throes of yet another orgasm, this one from Cody's tongue. Tim told Cody to sit and helped me out of the car, Cody of course following close behind me. He continued to sniff my ass and lick when he could get close enough. Tim took me to the family room, put me on the sofa, and told Cody to lay down. He then went to the kitchen to get us both a drink and when he came back he was naked as well. He gave me the drink and we sat and sipped our drinks quietly. He had his arm around my shoulder and softly stroked by arm.

Occasionally, he would move his glass to one of my nipples. The cold from the ice would keep them hard.

“Finally he broke the quiet as our drinks were getting low. He told me that he loved me, that you loved me. He asked if I trusted in that love. Did I trust in him to keep me safe? I assured him that I knew that and did trust in that love and in him. I told him that I wouldn’t have gone along with things so far and being there alone with him if I didn’t trust in him and you.

“Then he said he intend to open some doors for me during the night and the next day. Then he asked if I was okay with going forward with more. Was I okay opening up some boundaries and exploring the edges of my comfort.

“God, what a turn-on. I told him that he makes me feel so intense. That I had orgasmed already more that tonight than I probably had in the past week. And Jack and I thought we were increasing our sex since your wedding. And that was when I suddenly became of the egg was still planted in my pussy. He started the vibrations again at a fairly high level and I jerk my butt right off the sofa and tensed.

“Then he started right in again. He told me to use my pussy muscles and push the egg out. It was still on high and it was driving me nuts. I finally got it out of me and I sighed deeply with the relief from the constant stimulation. But then he got down in front of me and licked and kissed my pussy and clit. I was getting so close but he was toying with me. I knew he was. The he got up and looked down at me and smiled. He pulled a chair over in front of me and about six feet away and sat down. I looked at him, not comprehending what he wanted. He told me to use my fingers and get myself off. He wanted me to masturbate in front of him and to do it to orgasm. But I was so stimulated and I don’t know what it is but I wanted to do it for him if he wanted me to do it. And it didn’t take long, either. My hips were bouncing on the sofa and I was moaning and crying with release.

“When I opened my eyes, he wasn’t there but was coming back from the kitchen with another drink for each of us. This time, he put the drinks on the side table and sat down with his legs together and motioned for me to sit on him like while we were watching the video. I got up on very rubbery legs and positioned myself over him and he helped guide me down onto his cock. I sank all the way down. I was so wet I had no problem him this time. We drank and talked this way. It was during our talking that he went from question to question about my sex life, my interests, my fantasies. Then he just blurted out the question that indicated how different this time was going to be. He asked if I had ever had sex with a dog like her daughter. My mouth dropped open and I looked over remembering that Cody was just ten feet away. Watching us. Probably thinking his turn was coming. And here was the indication that Tim did indeed have that in mind. I’ll tell you, Michele, from then on that idea was set in my mind. All my senses were heightened and everything else that happened was increased by that realization.

“As a result, I couldn’t sit still on Tim. It wasn’t him. He didn’t move his hips to stimulate me, but I couldn’t keep my hips from moving on him. I needed the stimulation. It was like an itch that I couldn’t fully satisfy. Without realizing it I was moving up and down more and more. Tim took the glass from my hand and put his hands on my hips to balance me. I was now fucking Tim. He was passive, just sitting there. Occasionally, he would stop me and pull me back and the side so he could kiss me and play with my breasts and nipples. I kissed with intensity I haven’t applied for years. I was hungry, desperate. Then I would start fucking, again. Then he would stop me but he would play with my clit to keep me high but allow himself to gain control of himself, I am sure. This went on for an hour, I swear but I didn’t really know.

“He pulled me back into him and we kissed more, then helped me off. I protested. I whimpered. I whined. Michele, did you hear me. I actually protested that he took his cock out of my pussy! I didn’t

want that cock out of me. But at the moment those thoughts were conscious. I was just feeling. I was just wanting. He moved me into the family room and told me to get on my hands and knees. I did without thinking. He was behind me and drove his cock into my empty pussy. And I came. Again. But he kept pounding into me through my orgasm and when I reached the end he was still fucking me and my orgasms turned into a string of mini-orgasms. One to another to another. I dropped to the floor with my ass still sticking up in the air. Then I felt Tim cumming in me and I called out and thanked him. I thanked him for his cum in my pussy. It was like I was deprived.

“When he pulled out, he told me to raise up so I was on my hands and to ‘stay’. Yes, he told me to ‘stay’ and I did what he said. I was still gasping and struggling to catch my breath when I felt a tongue on my pussy and ass. I looked back and saw Cody. I just gasped and moan. That tongue, again. But then Tim patted my ass and told Cody to mount me. I tensed, realizing that this was the time. But then as Cody got up, Tim stopped him. Tim came to my face and kissed me. He said he wanted me to do this. To mate with Cody. To be bred by him. He asked if I was willing. Hell, by that time I would have agreed to anything. Then he had Cody continue. Within a moment I was being fucked by a dog. My brain was rebelling, saying no, not a dog, I can’t do this. But my body was craving it, doing just the opposite, pushing back to meet Cody’s thrusts, grunting my lust being filled by that big dog cock. Then the knot. I panicked when I felt it, I knew what it was, I saw it going into you and knew the tying and discomfort of it going in and coming out. But, again, I saw the joy you got from it and I wanted it. I called to Cody to tie with me, to give me his knot. Then Tim did a beautiful thing. He got down on the floor with me and pulled my head to his and we kissed. Hard and passionate. As Cody finally forced his knot into me. I screamed, but just mashed our mouths together more. God, Michele I came so hard and then Cody stopped and started cumming, too.

“The next thing I knew I was on the sofa with my head in Tim’s lap. He was stoking my head with one hand, my breasts with other. Cody was lying nearby watching. Tim said I passed out. Then he got up, turned out the lights, made sure the doors were locked, came back to me, picked me up and carried me to the bedroom. I’m sorry, honey, but right at that moment I was in love. He had me totally in his control. And I loved it. I was so safe and secure and loved. He gently put into the bed, covered me and crawled in and spooned up to me, his hand on my breast, again. I was out almost before I recognized his hand on me.

“The next morning, it wasn’t. The alarm said it was just after noon. I used the bathroom and was looking for a robe or cover when I saw him standing in the door with Cody. He was naked. He just said I wasn’t to put anything on. That we still had five hours to enjoy. Then he backed me to the bed and made love to me. This time it was. It was slow and gentle. And we both came pleasantly.

“Then he fed me. He had made a wonderful breakfast and we ate. I ate like I hadn’t forever. Then we talked over the last of the coffee which we took out onto the patio, being very careful of the neighbors. Cody came right up to me and licked my knees. When I gave him a little room, he kept pushing for more and soon he was lapping at my pussy, again. Tim said that should probably be inside away from the neighbors. I blushed like a new bride faced with my first lewd proposition.

“Inside Tim just told me assume the position. After I was down on my hands and knees, it hit me. He said that like I was being trained. Worse, I responded. And when I did it, he put his hand on my head and stroked it and told me ‘good girl’. On the one hand my brain told me that was so demeaning, but my body started creaming with the recognition and praise. Cody mated me then and once again later in the afternoon. Tim took me again before we went to the restaurant to meet you and your father. In between either Cody was licking me or the egg was buzzing in my pussy. I can’t even guess how many times I orgasmed. My body was drained of energy. He kept pushing fluids on me. I didn’t understand his insistence, but now I realize he knew the dehydration effect of orgasms.”

Mom had stopped, just looking into her wine glass. There was a silence. She didn't look up. She finally pleaded, "Don't hate me, please. It just happened. He made me feel so good, so wanted, so sexual."

"Mom, why would I hate you? I wasn't judging you with my silence. I was speechless. I had no idea you were so sexual. I knew Tim would test you, that's what he is, he takes charge and pulls you along. We might be independent women in some ways but I think we both respond to a strong man and are inclined to please a strong man. Thank God Tim is also a good, loving, and caring man."

"Thank you, dear. I feel so much better that you understand and apparently feel the same way."

"So what about dad? He apparently doesn't provide you with that or you haven't realized it as a need?"

"You know I love your father with my whole soul, but, no, he doesn't give me that. Since I saw you and Tim go through your commitment to him and read the postings and then this weekend, I've realized the difference in me and what I've had. Your father and I, I think, are both somewhat pleasers but neither of us takes real charge. There are a thousand ways in a marriage of give and take that it works beautifully that way. There are also times when it doesn't, when one or the other would just love to have the other just make the decision and take action without talking about it. That's what I saw in Tim in that part of your life. And he obviously worships you."

"Yes, it is a little strange. In many parts of our life, we share responsibilities and he asks for input on most decisions. But like the Commitment Ceremony, the Celebration afterwards, the honeymoon, he didn't ask. He took full charge of it. That was the part of our future life that he would be totally in control of and I doubt he even considered not taking it on."

"Honestly, how do you feel about it now that you've lived with the consequences of acting out his wishes?"

"I love it. I know he'll control it. It frees me to not worry about the emotions, embarrassment, indecision, fighting with my conscience. I am free to enjoy the pleasure and to give pleasure. What's not to love about that?"

We hugged and kissed. I walked her to the door and to her car. Watched her leave and waved. Then I saw Tim's car parked down the street as he pulled away from the curb and pull into the driveway. I opened his door and crushed him against the car. I whispered in ear, "You devil. That's why she looked to haggard at the restaurant last night. Now, mister, it's my turn, again."

And I totally forgot about the second thing mom wanted to talk about. Whatever decision she was considering. But there was only one consideration on my mind right then and Tim and Cody were the solution.

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## **MY MOTHER SUBMITS**

The Sunday following our exchange with my parents and Tim put my mom through her paces testing her capacity for sex we got a call from my parents asking if we would be home. I took the phone from Tim, "Yes. We don't have any plans. What's up?"

It was my dad, "Honey, we've been talking all week since last weekend and we think it's time to consult with you two."

"What's this about, dad? Is everything okay?"

"No problems, dear, don't worry. But we think it better to discuss this with you two in person."

"Come for dinner, then. Late afternoon. We'll get beer and wine cooling, grill some steaks, and we can talk as you're ready. Okay?"

"We'll be there. Thanks, Michele. And thank Tim for us, too."

I got off the phone and Tim was watching and said, "What was that about? Sounded rather mysterious."

"I agree. But he assured me it was okay. At the end he thanked me and said to thank you, too. But he got off the phone before I could asked for what. Well, we'll find out tonight. Do you mind grilling some steaks tonight?"

"Not at all. I like your folks, you know that. Let's face it, your mom isn't making our relationship the typical mother-in-law relationship. Now I can see where you got your sexuality."

"I never knew that before. If I got it from her, it was genetic because they never showed that when I was growing up. You were the one that brought it out of me." I gave him kiss. "And, thank you for that."

My parents arrived at 4:30 PM. Mom had a big salad to go with the steaks. She was dressed in a simple summer dress, string straps over the shoulder and coming down to mid-thigh. From the movement of her breasts she wasn't wearing a bra. She always wore a bra. This is new for her.

Tim was now heavily into exhibitionism of me whenever appropriate and possible. I was wearing a fashionable tank-dress meant to be worn over fancy underwear because it showed at the large arm holes on the sides. I wore it with a loose belt around the waist, but Tim didn't want the underwear. That meant my breast could be exposed from the sides. Mine came down to the upper part of the thigh. No false moves in this without showing everyone my charms.

I suggested that dad join Tim in the back but took him to the kitchen first for cold beers for them. Once he was out, I leaned into mom and asked, "Don't get me wrong, I love the way you look in that dress. You have a great body for it, but you have never gone without underwear before. What's up?"

She blushed, "I know. This is new but its part of what we want to talk about tonight. But not now, let's wait until after dinner and a few drinks."

"Can't you even give me a little? I'm dying of curiosity here."

"Wait, please. It's not bad. At least not bad in a bad way. Enough, just wait."

So that's the way it went. Tim and I looking and wondering but knowing we weren't getting anything until they were ready. So we fed them, wined them, and then settled in for our discussion in the family room.

Dad started it off with a look over to mom, "Michele, Tim, we wanted to come over tonight to talk with you about something that your mother and I have been talking about almost non-stop since last weekend. As you know, your commitment ceremony affected us greatly. We have felt more aware and curious ever since. Then, the postings of your honeymoon activities further spurred us in our imagination. Then watching the DVD with you and switching partners was seemingly over the top.

But then Tim suggested that our switch of partners continue through the next day. And that was a wonderful idea. Michele, I loved the opportunity. But your mom came away from her experience with new resolve for something she was already contemplating. But it's something you guys know more about, but this is about your mom, not me. Dear?"

Mom looked at everyone and started, "Michele, you inspired me when I watched you at your commitment ceremony. Your vocalization of your commitment to Tim and Cody. Then, when you exercised that commitment first with Tim and then with Cody in front of all of us. I almost had an orgasm right then. You followed that with fucking everyone else ... I was blown away. If that had been the end, I might have left it alone. But then Tim's postings of what you were doing down there just reinforced my interest that was now turning into desire. I found myself being envious of you, Michele. I was wishing I was doing those things and asking myself if I was just too old now to turn such fantasies into expectations. But the clincher was Tim. Thank you, by the way, Timothy. I don't know if I ever got around to saying that." She blushed, vividly. "You really had me messed up. The constant sex, the dog, the lack of sleep, more sex. It was almost an overload of my senses. And I loved it. I was exhausted. Michele, you even noticed and commented on how I looked. I was messed up. But in a totally good way. A totally satisfied way. But like I've never been satisfied before. Your dad and I have talked about this and it is nothing to do with Jack. We're still as in love as we ever were, but what I felt last week was different and it was an awakening for me. And that's what this is about. That's what we want to talk about."

I looked at Tim. He shrugged his shoulders. We still didn't know anything. "Mom, spit it out. Everything you said is nice but, you haven't told us what you want to do."

She looked at dad who nodded his head in encouragement. "You're right, I'm just beating around the bush. Jack ..." Dad stood, held his hand out to her and helped her stand. She was visibly shaking. She stepped to a point in front of Tim and stopped. Dad came up behind her and put his hands on her shoulders. "Jack and I have talked and this is what I want and he is supportive." She looked directly at Tim and continued, "I, we, trust you as Michele trusts you." With that dad untied the string straps of her sundress and pushed it down to the floor. Mom stood before us naked. Dad went back to his chair.

Mom's hands were fidgeting from her side to in front of her to behind her. Tim took over, "Barb, stop fidgeting. Put your hands behind your back with your elbows out. Now, tell us in your words what you want. You have to speak it clear for all of us to hear and recognize."

Once in position, her breasts pushed out. She took a deep breath, "Tim, I want to submit to you. Like Michele, I want you to direct my sexual activity when we are together."

I was stunned. I looked at mom, dad, and then Tim. He was the only calm one. He had a slight knowing smile. I said, "You were anticipating this?"

"I wasn't sure, obviously. But I certainly saw in her that same thing I saw in you. Last weekend she responded to everything I suggested and directed. She refused nothing. True, I was anticipating her boundaries and pushed beyond those but not too far. The first sign was that she just accepted my statement that she leave with me naked. Then, that she would suck me off with her ass raised while we drove through town. Very willing."

Tim continued to sit and he looked at mom and appraised her. He then looked over at dad, "Jack, you are in agreement with this offer from Barb? You understand what it could mean?"

"Yes, Tim, we have discussed this and I am in agreement and will be supportive of your decisions."

Barb wants this and we all know I am not the person to give it to her.”

“Barb, you fully understand what you are offering to me?”

“Yes, I do. I think.”

“Let’s be very clear. The word ‘submit’ can have multiple layers of implication. I want no regrets later if we go ahead.”

“If? My god, I just assumed you would be okay. I’m so embarrassed. What was I thinking?” Mom tried to cover her body with her arms.

Tim became very firm, “Put your arms back into position as you were told.” She looked at Tim and moved back in front of him and put her arms behind her, elbows out. “Listen to me. This is a highly emotional and psychological situation we are approaching. Care and consideration is critical. Michele had the benefit of being with me for several years to grow into the decision. You, well, this is all very sudden even if it represents a basic personality desire to have someone provide some control. You have been resisting it and compensating in your relationship to Jack. But don’t discount the reactions.”

“Thank you, Tim. That’s why we feel comfortable with this. You understand more than we do.”

“Yes, well, going forward is not about making you comfortable. Safe, yes. But not comfortable. I guarantee that you will be outside your comfort zone on many occasions.”

“I understand.”

“Okay. Now, so we fully understand what this does and does not mean. I will not be your master. I am not interested in a slave, sexually or otherwise. Your submission is to give me control over aspects of your sexual life. Your life away from me is your life. I know you and Jack are happy, you have a strong and supportive marriage, you have other interests and you have other responsibilities. But there are other times when you will be expected to comply willingly with what I want you to do. Understood?”

“Yes.”

“Michele, what were the words you used in our ceremony? No, instead, run and get the actual ceremony wording we gave the minister to use. Let’s go through the same process for clarity with your mom.”

I was still in some shock, but repeated the vows from the ceremony, “Okay, mom, respond after me: Mom, do you willingly and openly before your family, of your own free will and without coercion or force of will through emotional or physical threat or action, submit yourself to Tim?”

She looks into Tim’s eyes and answers, “Yes, I do.”

“Mom, do you also willingly and openly before your family, of your own free will submit yourself to Tim as his Slut?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Mom, as Tim’s Slut, will you submit yourself completely in mind and body, willingly and openly whenever, wherever, and with whomever he so directs you?”



"I will."

I turned to Tim and finished the vows, "Tim, do you accept your mother-in-law, Barb, as your Slut, to care for her, to watch over her, to protect her when you use her and have her used whenever you do, wherever you do, and with whomever you do?"

"I do, with the same conviction and dedication that I do for you."

I turned to dad, "Any questions or concerns, dad?"

"Absolutely none."

Tim stood up and stood immediately in front of my naked mother. "Are you in complete understanding and acceptance of those vows?"

"Yes, Tim, I am. I want to experience new things and be challenged to go beyond my comfort, inhibitions, and control in my sexual life as you find opportunities. Thank you for accepting this for me." And with that she took the step between them, put her arms around Tim's neck and kissed him passionately, greedily, pressing her naked body into him. While they kissed in front of my dad and me, Tim's hands roamed up and down her back, to her ass, up her sides and brushing the sides of her breasts. He broke the kiss and put her at arms distance.

Tim looked at her body and into her eyes and said, "Place your arms in position, again. Good." He then walked around her, appraising her body. He ran his fingers over her breasts and nipples and watched them harden. "My, that was a quick response. You are excited, Barb?"

"Yes, I am. I am very excited right now."

"Good. A responsive body is a wonderful thing." He touched her side, her butt and legs, then around to her stomach and pussy lips. "I like your shaved pussy, Barb. You will keep yourself completely hairless from your neck down."

"Yes, sir."

"I like long hair. You will not cut your hair except for necessary trims."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you belong to a gym, Barb?"

"No."

"You will. Join the one we belong to. You and Michele can go together some days. Other times you will need to go on your own. You are a very attractive woman, Barb. With a little firming, your body will be amazing. Is that a problem?"

"No, it is not. I will have Michele go with me to sign up."

"Excellent. No time like the present, Barb ... Jack, have you seen your wife fucking a dog?"

Mom gasped, but to her credit she said nothing.

Dad responded, "No, I haven't. I've seen Michele, of course. But not my wife."

"No time like the present to see if we are on the same page here. Cody? Here boy."

Cody came running into the room. Seeing mom standing naked he looked at Tim and then me, but went right to mom, sniffed her ass and went around to her pussy and gave it a lick. Tim instructed her to open her legs. Cody worked his tongue along her slit and over her clit. She was now gasping and groaning with the sensations. She put her hands on his head and held him to her, opening her legs a little more.

Tim instructed her, "Into position on your hands and knees facing your husband. I want you to look right into his eyes and tell him what it feels like to mate with a dog. To have a dog treat you like his bitch. To knot you and tie with you so you're his."

We all watched as she shivered and had her first small orgasm. An orgasm without any physical contact.

Tim said, "Look at your husband. Did you have a small orgasm at the thought of mating with Cody and describing it to your husband?"

"Yes. Yes, I did. Oh god, Jack, see what he does to me? How he makes me feel? Sometimes without even being touched. See why I need this?"

"I have not doubted you, Barb. I believed you. I want you to have those feelings, to experience new situations, to be pushed beyond what you have known. I love you, Barb."

"And, you know how much I love you. Thank you, Jack, for understanding my need to do this."

Cody came up behind mom and sniffed her, then licked her pussy and ass. Several more times but he knew what he wanted and he jumped onto her back and humped her ass several times. Then mom moaned out, "Oh god, he's in. Jack, the dog's cock is in me. Oh, jeez, he fucks so fast. Now he's deep, yes ... so deep ... Oh, he's spurting. What a feeling." She dropped her head and raised it, again looking at dad. "His is growing inside me. Thicker. Longer. Constantly spurting pre-cum. They fuck ... ewwwwww, nnnnnnnnn ... like jack-hammers ... mmmmmm ... with no regard for subtlety or tenderness."

I interrupted, "Dad, come over to the side here and see what's happening. What is going to invade your wife's pussy. Let me lift his tail. Like this attention, mom?"

"God, this is so embarrassing."

Tim interjected, "But that's the idea of this isn't it? To get you do things that you might not otherwise decide to do?"

I continued, "Look, dad. See this ball forming at the base of Cody's cock? He will be trying to force that into her. Once in and he does start to cum, that will hold most of the cum inside. With a bitch that is intended to increase the likelihood of impregnating the female. Once inside it will also grow in size and will lock them together, or tie them as it is referred, until the knot naturally diminishes after this climax. Dogs give out an amazing amount of cum in their climax. Much of it will escape mom when the knot comes out."

Tim instructs, "Yes, it will, but you, dear, will be down there to drink it when it does."

Dad looked stunned by the whole thing. "That's going in her? Honey, I don't think that's a good idea."

“Dear, I’ve already ... nnnnnnnnn ... already done it ... Oh, jeez ... done ... it ... mmmmmmmmm ... last weekend. Ohhhhhh, dear god ... he’s puuuuushing it ... in now.”

Tim asked, “Is the knot close to go in?”

I replied, “Yes, it’s stretching her pussy lips open now.”

“Then it’s time for you to get into position. Jack, how would you like your wife to suck your cock while she’s getting mated by the dog?”

“Wow, you guys. Yes, excellent idea.”

So mom was pushing against Cody who was pushing against her, both trying to get the knot seated inside mom’s pussy. I was wiggling underneath mom to get my mouth to her pussy. Dad was straddling my legs to present his cock to mom’s mouth. Tim was just sitting back directing it all. Just as mom took dad’s cock into her mouth, she pulled off and shrieked with the knot finally pushing past her pussy lips and sinking into her. I saw Cody pause to get himself readjusted to the new depth of penetration and he started pumping her vigorously, again. I was licking their union and reaching up with my head to suck on mom’s clit. I could feel mom moving in disconnected reactions to the two opposing forces at each end, one in her pussy and the other in her mouth.

I reached up with one hand and played with Cody’s balls. I could feel him stiffening and then felt him start cumming inside mom. Mom’s reaction was muffled by the cock of her husband in her mouth but she stiffened herself and arched her back. I put my other hand on her stomach and felt her trembling, then saw her leg muscles twitching. She was cumming now herself. I could feel that Cody was now essentially done but continued to give mom small spurts while they remained tied.

Later, I heard dad groan and say, “Oh, yes, yes, yes. Oh that’s so good.”

Then, mom was groaning and staining. Leaning forward and Cody was pulling back. I got ready underneath mom, kissing and licking her pussy and clit, sucking off the leakage the knot wasn’t holding in. Then, with a ‘plop’ sound, the knot came out and Cody’s cock slapped me in the face and forehead and a stream of cum ran out of mom pussy which at this point was wide open after just releasing Cody’s knot and cock. I swallow as quickly as I could to capture as much as possible but some was running onto my cheeks and chin. I pulled mom down onto my mouth and sucked on her pussy and rammed my tongue into her, clean her out as much as possible.

Mom collapsed and rolled onto her back next to me but opposite. I got up, crawled over her and lowered my face to her. She looked and smiled, “I made quite a mess of you, didn’t I?” She put her arms around my neck and pulled me down to her. She used her mouth and tongue to lick and suck off the mixture of cum from my face. We looked up at the guys, smiled and licked our lips. They just shook their heads and laughed.

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## **EXHIBITIONIST SHOPPING WITH MOM**

After that night when mother expressed her desire to submit to the same conditions of sexuality that I had and to do so to Tim, it caused a lot of discussion. We were understandably concerned. I mean, really, she was my mother! So all of the sudden we would start treating her the same way I was? Really? I’m still young and spent several years with Tim growing into this stage of commitment. Mother, I’m not sure. Tim wasn’t so sure there was anything for us to question. Sure, he would say that, he gets to use her. No, I know that isn’t fair. Tim is the best person to commit to because he

truly does care and desires for my safety while exposing me to each new erotic opportunity. Mom and I could always talk things out openly and honestly. So I just called her for good girl-to-girl talk and get my concerns out and let her reassure me or find out that my concerns were legitimate.

We talked and she did convince me that there was nothing to worry about. She and dad had spent the necessary time reassuring themselves that this was the right direction for her and them to go. So, I said the only thing I could think of at the moment, "Okay, mom, so welcome to Tim's slut harem. If my experiences are any judge, you're in for some great times."

Several days later Tim got a call from my dad which was a bit unusual. Although my dad liked Tim a lot, the communication between us usually went through me. This time he made it clear he wanted to talk to Tim. I watched Tim as we were sitting at the kitchen table finishing up a late dinner. Tim was fairly quiet and it was clear that dad was suggesting something for Tim to consider. Tim mostly just nodded to himself and making one or two word responses which gave no insight into the conversation. When he got off the phone, I asked, "What was that all about?"

"Seems he is part of a group that regularly gets together and plays poker. Not any meaningful money involved, just the guys getting together kind of thing. But given the new developments around here, he started thinking about changing it up. He discretely checked around with the guys and eliminated a few and invited the others to a card game at his place but with a twist. One of the issues was that he would like a few more guys. He wondered if I wanted to come and if I knew of two more guys who would enjoy some discrete fun."

"Discrete fun? That sounds ominous. Is it?"

"Yes, it is. But not just you, your mom, too."

"Oh my, that will be interesting. So, what's the plan?"

"He is going to get the card game set up, drinks, food, etc. He wants me to provide the 'service' personnel. I said I could take care of that. The game is Saturday night."

"Mom and I? Together 'serving' how many guys?"

"He thought it was going to be about eight guys. I think we should check out that intimate wear boutique Mr. Rodriguez suggested we use and pick out some attire for the both of you. I was thinking you two would be wearing the same outfits."

"Wearing. And how much will we be wearing to start out?"

"Yeah, you're right, not really very much. I'm thinking thigh high stockings, high heels, a lace choker, maybe a long string of fake pearls that fall between your breasts. Maybe all white."

"Sounds interesting. So, I'm guessing the boutique will be an opportunity for exhibitionism?"

"You know me too well, dear. Yes. Your mom should find it a real experience. So, Friday right after work pick up your mom and you can change here for shopping and dinner."

"Change here?"

"Yes, I want your mom wearing one of your tank top dresses with the large arm holes and barely covers your very cute butt."

"Mom's never done anything like this in public."

"Exactly."

So Friday night Tim arrived home and found mom and I in the bedroom getting ready. Both of us naked. Tim just whistled from the door. "Jeez, wish I could take the two of you just like that."

Mom responded, "Luckily, you can't without someone getting arrested."

Tim hurried us along. So we left wearing not much of a dress and high heels. No underwear, of course.

The boutique turned out to be in a small strip mall. I was afraid it was going to be in one of the large malls and we would be sharing our wonders to all the shoppers and possibly harassed by mall security. I was relieved. I'm sure mom was, too.

The sign on the door said they were closed. I giggled and suggested calling first next time. Just then the door opened. He said, "I did. They're open just for us. Mr. Rodriguez has pull apparently."

The young man said, "Hi, you must be Tim? And you're Michele?"

Tim responded, "Yes, thank you for see us. This other vision of womanhood is my mother-in-law, Barb."

"Welcome. Sharon, the owner is in back but will be right out. I told her you had arrived."

A moment later a woman of about fifty-five strode through the racks of clothes and walked right up to Tim and gave him a hug and kissed his cheek. She repeated that with each of us. Then she stepped back and looked at mom and me. "My, I like those outfits. Very erotic. I bet lots of people get a good look at you if you're not very careful. Where in the world did you find them?"

Tim responded, "They're not really dresses, Michele just came up with the belt idea to give the illusion. The first time we tried it was on an island for our honeymoon. It's just a very long tank top meant for a cover-up for the beach."

"Really. I think I might try developing a line of these but really as dresses. Michele, do you think we could meet some time and talk about that idea? Different material, patterns, lengths? I think it could sell for the right woman. And you two are definitely the right type of women."

"That sounds like fun. I'd love to."

Tim said, "Thanks for meeting us Sharon. The ladies have a special engagement tomorrow night, last minute kind of thing. And they will need some matching attire for the evening. I want them looking the same. After-all, mother and daughter."

"What were you thinking, then?" She was discussing this with Tim like we had no say in it. Of course, we didn't but I wondered how she realized that.

"Simple, really. It can't get in the way of the evenings activities. I was thinking all white: High heels, thigh high stockings, a lace choker, and maybe a string of long, fake pearls."

"My, this sounds interesting." Now she looks at mom and me. Very appraisingly, up and down. And smiles. Wickedly, I almost think. "If I may ask, what kind of event is this? Not that it matters. It's your business, but you have me very curious."

Tim replied, "No problem, Sharon. Michele's dad, Barb's husband, has a poker game planned for tomorrow night. I think there will be eight of us there. The ladies will be serving drinks and snacks during the game. Of course, later, they will be very much UN-lady like."

"Delicious. I love it. Can I ask if they're your ...?"

"No, not slaves. That's too far. But both have submitted to being sluts for me. It might be a fine line, but we feel it is an important line. It's about fun and expansion of boundaries, not about abuse or true humiliation. Does that make sense?"

"So much I am getting wet myself. I'd love to talk to you guys more. Maybe come to my place sometime for dinner and drinks?"

Tim looked at me and I nodded. I looked at mom and she shyly smiled. I liked this woman already. Tim responded, "From the looks of it, we'd love it. But right now let's not hold you up more than we need to tonight. Can you help us?"

"I can do more than that. I can give you some options. I like to think we're the best 'intimate apparel' store in the city. Come this way." She led us into the store with the young man following us. I had forgotten about him. She turned to the young man, "John, did you lock the door after them?"

"Yes, mom, I did."

I reacted to him calling her 'mom'. She said, "Yes, this young, handsome man is my only child, John. He's been a dear to me, so supportive since my husband died from a long illness. It was devastating to me. Thank god, John was there for me. I couldn't run this place without him."

She led us to the rear of the store. "Ladies, strip. I know it won't take much."

Mom's mouth opened and she looked at John. Sharon just chuckled. "Ladies, John is going to help here. Now, strip."

I had already kicked my shoes off and removed the belt. Then I grabbed the hem of the dress and pulled it over my head. I took some pleasure that John looked me over approvingly. Mom reluctantly followed suit. Tim added, "Better get used to it, mom. You're mine now."

Mom blushed at Tim's words and John standing next to her and appraising her now naked body. He smiled at his mom and went off in search of something. He came back with several pairs of stockings and handed them to Sharon.

She explained to Tim. "They really do look like mother and daughter. Seeing them together like that is going to look so hot. Don't you think so, John?"

"Absolutely. They look really hot, right now."

Mom was blushing profusely at the comments and attention. I might have a little, too.

Tim wanted to get this going, again, "I know this isn't a big purchase but we are just needing a few things for tomorrow night. What do you suggest?"

"Well, Tim, I like your idea for them. Given the occasion, there is no reason for subtlety. Everyone knows what is going to happen from the sounds of it, so they should be available from the start. I don't imagine there is really much intent on much card playing, just a prelude for getting everyone a

few drinks into them and getting everyone in the right frame of mind.”

“You’ve pretty well got it pegged.”

“The stockings can either end roughly mid-thigh or all the way up. Personally, I like all the way up. It frames the ass from the back and the pussy from the front. The sharp contrast brings the eye right to the spot you want it. There is nothing discrete or subtle about this exhibitionism. It is open and bold. Only a strong woman used to being publicly exposed is truly casual in this situation among strangers. The costumes will be very blatant. Your ladies should feel in anticipation when they see themselves in the mirror as they are getting ready. I love the idea.” She looked right at mom and then me, “I am actually a little envious of you. I’ve done a lot of things, but never had the chance to do some of the things you ladies are involved in.”

Tim asked, “And what have you heard and from whom?”

“Oh, sorry, I let too much slip out. Okay, Mr. Rodriguez called to let me know of the gift he provided to you for the use of my shop and that he would cover all expenses. Along the way in our conversation he gave me just some highlights of your visit to his estate.”

“I would like to discuss Mr. Rodriguez more at some point. He has made a proposal to us and I would feel more comfortable if I understood him more. Perhaps if we got together later?”

“I will try. He is a very considerate and sincere man. Did he tell you his former wife was from here? Give me a call and we can meet. I would like that. I think John would, too.”

I was getting the sense there was more to Sharon and John than just mother and son keeping the shop going. Maybe it was just the turn my own relationship with my parents had taken that was making me see things that weren’t really there.

The chokers that John brought out were beautiful. Fine lace and seemingly delicate and fitted securely to necks. Sharon glanced at Tim, seemed to make a decision and instructed John to bring the tags. John returned with a shallow hinged box and a big smile on his face. Sharon held the box in front of Tim and opened the top. Inside I could just see rows of tags with loops that could be used to attach them. Tim started looking at a few of them, stopped, and looked up at Sharon’s face inquiringly. She nodded and Tim smiled and was thinking. I could see it. He was working through a decision. Finally, he took two out and looked at the two of us. He handed one to each of us. I looked at mine, it had but one word, “Slut”. No comment from him, no question for us to approve, no expectation that we might approve or not.

Tim simply asked about the shoes. Sharon said they didn’t carry the shoes but they worked closely with a store nearby. She said she would make a call and we should work with Mike. He would transfer the expense to her store and it would be put on our account. Tim thanked her and we were leaving when she stopped us at the door. “I would love to be there to see his face. These little dresses aren’t going to hide anything as he fits the shoes. He may not charge me.” She laughed, shaking her head and wishing us luck.

At the shoe store, Tim asked for Mike. He came up to us and smiled. “Sharon told me you would be coming and I would enjoy it. She also told me to bill her shop so there won’t be any issues about that. Now what can I do for you. He was talking only to Tim but looking us up and down. Sharon must have warned him of the situation. He didn’t seem fazed in the least in talking to Tim about items for us.

Tim explained the shoes he was thinking of: white first of all, high heeled but didn’t know how high

in inches, open toe and strap in back. He guessed our sizes and asked us to have seats next to each other. Tim moved me to the chair directly opposite mom. I saw what he was doing. He wanted us to see just how exposed the other was and, therefore, how exposed we were.

Mike came out with a stack of shoe boxes, paused looking at our seating arrangement, looked at Tim and mumbled, "I guess Sharon was right." That made me blush. Sharon apparently described us to him as submissive to Tim. Even if it's true it takes getting used to being described that way to people you don't know. I may have blushed but my other reaction was a warming down in my pussy. Then a panic set in. If I get too excited that would cause me to moisten and perhaps open if my position allowed it. But stupid me, that only increased the sensations.

And my luck he came to me, first. As I sat there with him in front of me, I looked over to mom who was quite nervous about all this. But what really hit me was seeing that sitting as lady-like as I would only expect my mom to, I could clearly see her pussy. The dresses were so short that they only came to a level of cover if you were looking down as it would appear if I looked down at myself. Looking across at her I couldn't clearly see her pussy because it was in shadow and her thighs were tightly together, but the natural 'V' showed me what was really there. Now I really blushed. Funny how your mind creates a reaction before anything actually happens but I knew he was seeing the same thing looking at me as I was seeing looking at mom.

As he was kneeling in front of me, he took my left foot in his hand and raised it maybe a foot and slipped my shoe off. Then he did the same to my right foot. At first I didn't realize until I noticed the look on mom's face. I looked down and saw that when he replaced each foot he moved me ever so slightly so my knees were now a little further apart. From the look on mom's face I knew for sure I was now fully exposed to him. And I turned a deeper shade of red. And, worse, I felt more warmth spreading through my pussy. How can I be so embarrassed AND thrilled at the exact same moment? Then the thought that went through my mind before I could stop it was how I was going to ravage Tim, or Cody, when we got home. Yeah, pretty stupid, again. Wham. It was like my pussy was screaming at me now for attention. Now, it was like it had mind of its own and it wanted satisfaction. You know how stories describe your pussy gives off a scent, yeah, well, I should just stop thinking. That was the next thought that went through my mind, I was sure he could smell me. True or not didn't matter anymore. I looked up at Tim behind mom, pleading in my eyes. He saw it in my eyes and my face, the way my mouth was screwed up and tight, the deep blush through my face and across my chest exposed by the flimsy dress. My nipples were at full firmness and pushing right through the material. What? I looked down and of course they weren't but I was now convinced my whole body was conspiring against me. Stop! Stop thinking, count the tiles in the ceiling. But then I realized my breathing was close too rapid, ragged and flushed. God, no, not here, not now, not in front of him, not in front of my mom. "Shit!" It was the only thing to come out of my mouth but was followed by long gasping, moaning sounds, almost whispered. Then my mind asked me almost clinically, 'Anyone else in the store?' Who the fuck cares, anymore! Yes, I came right in front of them. Not touched by anyone. Just left to my own thoughts and imagination.

I was holding the chair arm rests so tight my fingers were white from the pressure. I looked into the guy's face and didn't know what I saw. Confusion, amazement, awe, wonder, who knows what else. I looked at mom and Tim and I ran out the door. I was walking down the sidewalk along the stores when Tim caught up to me. Mom was standing outside the door. I crushed myself into Tim and threw my arms around his neck and gasped out into his shoulder. Not really crying but I couldn't control my breathing or my mind. Tim being who he is, just held me tight and stroke my back and whisper his love for me. My stupid mind, again. I sensed people behind us going about their business until they saw us. I knew then that with my arms up and around Tim's neck that the hem of my dress was up high enough to expose a generous amount of my bare ass. Probably clear that I wasn't even wearing a thong. What a slut, I thought. And with that thought I pulled my face back and looked into



his, examining his eyes, his mouth, the furrow of concern above his eye brows. I sighed and smiled and said, "Do you know just how much I love you?" And I kissed him passionately, deeply, with tongue. When I broke the kiss and hugged him again, I looked behind us, saw mom watching and gave her a wave and smile. I could see her concern melt away and came and joined us in a three-way hug.

I only recall Tim saying something to the guy about matching shoe sizes to our other shoes and we were on way. Tim asked if we were interested in dinner. I laughed and said I was interested in some wine, if that meant dinner, fine. That made everyone laugh and achieve a more relaxed attitude after the tension of my running out.

Tim took us to a place that had good wine and light food, a lot of salads and fish. The wine came first, thank god. Tim and mom probed a little to get me started in divulging what actually happened. They saw the result but not the cause. We laughed so hard we were a little concerned someone might object but others only seemed to see us as having a good time. We needed that, and I really needed it, and I needed to get it out. I was becoming so sexual in my attitudes and reactions. Tim needed to understand that and beware of my reactions and how they were changing. Wonderfully, but changing none-the-less.

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### **DAD'S CARD PARTY - or NOT, and WHEN A SUBMISSIVE ISN'T**

The next day was to be the night of dad's card party. And, even though he said the food and beverage was arranged and Tim just needed to have the 'entertainment' available, dad wasn't quite as good about following through as we had hoped. And Mom seemed different when I called mid-morning that Saturday. I told her I would come over to help get food prepared for the card game and talk.

Tim went with me into mom and dads. We found mom in the kitchen. Tim went right over to her, hugged her from behind, kissed her neck and whispered something to her. I could see she responded and a short conversation ensued. He kissed her again and took my arm and led me towards the front door saying over his shoulder, "See you later, Barb."

At the front door he led me outside to the car. "I'm worried about your mom. You might have been right about her, after all. She was fine last night but the embarrassment got focused onto you because of your reaction and it never had the chance to focus on her. The reality of what is about to happen might be just now sinking in. Talk to her before it's too late and it really gets awkward for her. She might have gotten carried away by your activities and felt a need to compete. Is she competitive normally?"

I said, "I really love you. And thank you for being sensitive to my mother. That's why you're perfect for me to submit to. I'll talk to her and get her to open up. We've always been able to talk openly with each other. And, yes, she can be very competitive. That's why I was surprised by her submission announcement. Let me see what happens here and we'll know what will happen tonight."

I rejoined mom in the kitchen. Dad was out. Mom didn't immediately say where. As we talked, she was clearly trying really hard to hold herself together. I took a chance to test her attitude about the party. I casually touched her butt and asked if she was ready to be a fuck slut for Dad's friends? That's what it took and she blew up, threw a plate of mini-buns across the kitchen, shattering the plate. She started crying with big sobs but then started to move to clean up the mess she had just created. I diverted her out the back door and sat her down on the patio.

"Mom, what's wrong? I've never seen you react so physically before."

"Your father is out playing golf with his friends."

"Okay ... he does that a lot doesn't he?"

"Michele! Don't you understand? He's out having fun with his friends. These are some of the same guys he'll be having over tonight to play cards."

"Mom, he's been play golf and poker with these guys for years, many years. They are old friends. You've known these guys for years."

Mom didn't look up or react. "Mom? I thought you might be mad because he was out playing golf and we had to get stuff ready for the card game. But that isn't it, is it?"

"Honey, what does your father expect to happen tonight?"

"He wants you and me to fuck the guys tonight as part of his card game."

"Yes, exactly. But mostly, he wants ME to fuck his friends. But he at least thought enough about it to suggest to Tim that maybe both of us should participate. That it might be too much, too soon for me. So take the edge off and have you here, too."

"We kind of talked about that before, right? That's why we went out to get similar outfits."

"Yes. No. That's not the point. Well it's part of the point, but ... I don't know what the point is ... but ..."

"Mom, let me say something that might help. Tim and I don't think you're prepared to do this. We don't think you should."

Mom looked up at me. She studied me, tears still going down her cheeks. "You don't think I can?"

"Mom, it has nothing to do with 'what you can' do. It's not a competition. Tell me, right now, what you are feeling about tonight. And, please, be very honest. This is important, mom."

She wiped her eyes, reached for my hand, and looked at me. And looked. Then she diverted her eyes but still didn't respond. I just waited, letting her formulate her response. Perhaps only now feeling the situation honestly. She looked up at me, again. More tears were running down her cheeks. I got up out of my chair, knelt next to her and hugged her. Her sobs increased. I could feel her tears on my shoulder. I waited.

I felt her breathing even a bit and asked again, "Mom, tell me, please. What are you feeling about tonight?"

"Oh, Michele, I'm making this such a mess." A couple more sobs before she continued, "Michele, I just can't do this. I'm sorry, honey, but I just can't. I thought I could. But I can't. I know these guys, Michele. We're friends as couple with most of them. If I fucked them tonight like a slut, how could I ever look at them, again? What if their wives don't know? How could I look at them, much less being friends?"

"Mom, it's okay. We can work through this."

"No, I really can't."

"That's what I mean. You don't have to. We'll work something out."

"Michele, I saw what you were doing, read the accounts, watched the video, and listened to you both and it all sounded so ... so ... exciting. I wanted some of that. The sex sounded amazing and thrilling and fulfilling. I wanted that. And then what Tim did to me, for me, with me that night and day. It was just that, amazing. I wanted more. I told you father all about it, how amazing it was, how I felt as a woman. Maybe I over did it with him. He encouraged me to submit to Tim. I hadn't even thought that but then, yes, it sounded perfect. But it wasn't. I'm not you, Michele. And this is too much, too fast. You spent years with Tim before getting married and committing to him, submitting to him. Even now you two are still evolving that relationship so you both are comfortable. I didn't see that part until now. Michele, what am I going to do?"

"We mom, we. That includes Tim. He saw it, too. Can we go over and talk to Tim?"

"I screwed that up so badly. I submitted to him, but ..."

"Mom, you're not a submissive. Someone I've communicated with, Luscious is her play name, told me something about dominants and submissives. A submissive GIVES a dominant control. The dominant doesn't have any control until it is given to him. And a submissive can ALWAYS take that control away. You didn't truly give any control to Tim. We thought you did, but you didn't. Come. I think Tim can help us."

Mom drove us over to our house. I called ahead to alert Tim we were coming and that he was right about mom's fears. When we got there, it was about noon. Dad was due back at about 1:30 PM.

Tim met us in the kitchen with a large pitcher of lemonade and three glasses with ice. We all sat at the kitchen table. Mom started, "I am sorry, Tim. I am sure this must disappoint you. But I just can't go through with it."

Tim got up from his chair, walked around the table to mom. Knelt down next her and took her in his arms. Kissed her cheek and neck, "Mom, listen. Any of us could have questioned your jumping into this submission thing so fast. And, we probably should have. Michele and I were caught up in everything we were doing and you were caught up in all the experiences you and I had that night and day. You didn't disappoint me. Or Michele. You realized the mistake soon enough and had the conviction and strength to act rather than perpetuating the mistake into a bigger mistake. For that we are proud of you, not disappointed."

Mom looked at us and seemed to finally be getting herself back to some confidence. She asked, "So what do we do?"

Tim jumped in again, "I don't think it can just go forward with just Michele. Not that I don't have complete confidence that you could handle it by herself, dear." He gave me a devilish smile.

I responded, "Thanks, Tim. Glad you have such confidence in my sluttiness." For the first time since this started, we all laughed.

Mom went right back to it, though. "Then what about the card party?"

Tim said, "Give Jack a call. He should be done with his round by now and getting ready to leave the club house. Get him on the phone and let me talk to him."

"What are you going to say, Tim?"

"The truth. But we need to regroup. Cancel the game tonight. He can claim an illness at home, 'sorry, but these things happen'. He assured me that he gave out no indication of your participation. That was going to be one of the surprises. There is nothing lost there. Nobody knows. It just got cancelled."

"Thanks, Tim. You are a sweetheart. If I could submit to someone, you'd be the one."

"Thanks, mom, but let's not go back to that." He looked at me and started again slowly to gauge my reaction, "But, if it's an occasional sexual encounter that you are looking for ..." He continued looking at me and I gave him a nod. "... then we can help you with that without the submission thing. Okay?"

"Thanks, you two. But I feel bad that even your friends will be affected by this."

I spoke up, "Not really. They are all guys I have already been shared with. Just not all at once. Tim's going to have his own card game tonight, but here and I will still provide the service ... and fucking."

"I'm sorry, honey."

"Don't be mom. I'm the one that gets all the fucking. If I know Tim, he'll probably give Cody free rein of the place, too. I'm going to have an interesting evening."

Mom did get dad and Tim did take care of the discussion about cancelling the game. Mom left and Tim got on the phone to change plans with his friends and I got busy with snacks, Tim finished his calls and ran to the liquor store for beer and bourbon. Tim got home, saw I had everything in order. He said he would get the table and chairs, etc. taken care of and handed me a gift envelop from Massage Envy. He said I had an appointment in twenty-five minutes for an hour massage. I kissed him and took off. Have I mentioned how much I love that man?

I was home in plenty of time, relaxed from my massage. I took a long soothing bath next, Tim brought me a glass of my favorite wine and I relaxed more. Once I got out, dried and did my hair and makeup, I got dressed for the evening (that didn't take long - lace choker with a pendant saying "slut", a gold waist chain, stay-up nylons and high heels, all white), and joined Tim in the living room where he had another glass of wine waiting. Everything was ready. Snack table next to the card table, plenty of beer cooling, bourbon, and me.

The doorbell rang. The evening was starting. I got up, kissed Tim and went into my role.

I answered the door for each as they arrived. Giving each a big welcoming hug and long passionate kiss. I noticed that each arrived on their motorcycles which I thought was a little unusual since all the guys were casual riders and not normally relying on their bikes.

As they came and milled around prior to the card game starting, I walked among them delivering drinks, refilling drinks and generally being available to their touch. It was blatantly obvious what my role was and they didn't waste much time getting comfortable with me. I soon had hands on most of my body as I passed or stood next to them. I had been with all of these guys before through Tim in three-some sharing situations, but never with all of them at the same time. But since we were all familiar, it took some of the initial awkwardness out of the evening.

As the guys started the card game (very low stakes, that wasn't the idea of the evening), it slowly evolved into less a bidding strategy as just winning the hand. Tim brought out a bowl of cards and placed it in the center of the table. He announced that bidding and chips were no longer the motive for playing. With each hand he would pull a card from the bowl and place it face down. Whoever won

the hand would take the card, read it aloud and would sit out the next hand. And he clarified, "And, yes, they all involve Michele heavily."

This was the warm-up period apparently. The cards included my giving the winner a blow job, sitting on his lap kissing him, letting him kiss, suck and nibble on my breasts, eating me out, getting into a 69, sitting on his lap with him buried in my pussy, and repeating. Once everyone had several such turns, Tim stopped the game entirely and moved us to the family room where there was more room. He brought the cards with him and held them up to his three friends as I sat on the couch watching. The cards indicated the order in which the first round of fucking would happen. I was soon being fucked in the missionary position, followed by the next guy with me riding him and doing all the work. The third wanted me doggy, while Tim was last and chose to have me sit on him facing out to his friends. I had already had a couple nice orgasms and was looking like another was on its way when I saw Cody wander into the room. I looked at Tim over my shoulder and he was just smiling. I asked, "Your friends?"

He replied, "They know. Remember, they were all at the ceremony after the wedding."

So, I went with him. And, sure enough, Cody was coming directly over to us. He put his snout right to our joined crotches and sniffed, then licked tentatively. Then there was nothing tentative in his actions. He licked with deliberate intent. He was licking up past my clit onto my mound and when I looked down and watched, I realized why Tim's breathing was coming with sharp intakes. Cody was starting his lick on Tim's balls, ran his tongue along any exposed cock and up my pussy lips, clit and mound. It was heavenly, if not heaven. A good cock in my pussy and a long, energetic, raspy tongue on the outside. I came then, as did Tim.

Tim then told me to get into position for Cody. I immediately did as I was told and got on the floor and on my hands and knees. Cody approached, sniffed my pussy again, gave me a few more licks and finally jumped on top of my back and thrust at my rear. I reached between my legs, found him and guided his extending cock into my pussy. Once he had a couple inches inside me, I pushed back and he pushed in. He started pumping frantically and soon his cock was growing inside me. Longer, wider. And he kept on thrusting into me, giving me small squirts of his pre-cum. Soon enough I felt his knot banging against the outside of my pussy. When he started pushing hard to gain entrance of his knot into me, I started bearing down on getting his knot into me, also. I felt my pussy lips stretching, each thrust stretching my lips a little further around the familiar cock and knot. Soon it was in me and I gasped out my relief to be past the stretching and into the enjoyment part of fucking a dog. Once his knot was in, his thrust sent his cock even deeper into my pussy. Deeper than any of the guys had penetrated. When he started cumming, it was a huge load, spurt after spurt after spurt. A dog will cum a lot more than a man and I was used to Cody's cums but this seemed exceptional for him. Maybe it was the stimulation in the air from the fucking, cumming and sweating. His knot lasted 10 minutes and I came several times with Cody. Once when he did and another time during the knotting when I moved back and forth on his knot, bumping my g-spot repeatedly in the process. By the time Cody shrunk enough to pull out, I was exhausted from the five wonderful fucks I had been given. I had cleaned each cock after fucking me and Cody was no different.

Tim suggested a break and requested another round of drinks. That meant me. I was to get up and bring back their requested drinks. In the kitchen I took the opportunity to check myself out and get myself in order again for them. Aligned my nylons, brushed my hair, touched up my makeup.

When I returned with the drinks, I was surprised to see that Tim was showing the video from Mr. Rodriguez's dinner party. After delivering all the drinks, and getting additional feels from each of the guys, Tim whispered into my ear what my next assignment was. While the video was playing, I was to go from guy to guy, sitting on their laps, their cock in my pussy. I was to ride each for five

minutes and then switch until the video ended. I was to pay attention and not let any of them climax during this time. And he wanted me to try to avoid cumming. This was new for us. He had never asked that of me before. I enjoyed cumming and wasn't sure what the purpose of the request was but wasn't going to debate the point. Especially in front of the other guys. I was realizing my submissiveness more with each such event and as such I was to follow Tim's direction.

It was extremely erotic for me to see and hear the video of my performance for Mr. Rodriguez while moving from each of the four guys. Their eyes were riveted on the video until it was their turn for me to come to them and then they intently watched me slowly pull myself off one cock and move over to the next guy, position myself in front of him, legs spread around over their legs, and lower myself over and onto the next cock. Each time slowly but firmly lowering onto the cock to the very base. Then with a new set of hands on my breasts and nipples, I resumed an up and down motion alternating with rotating my hips and sliding forward and back to hit new parts of my pussy and more firmly on my clit. I pumped hard towards the end of each five minute segment to stimulate the guys but not enough to bring them to climax. The same was happening to me. Each segment brought me closer but each break to switch allowed a calming opportunity.

When the video ended, I was sitting on Tim. The other three guys stood and applauded. Came over to us and each bent down to give me a kiss and stroke somewhere on my body. Tim suggested another round of drinks. I looked and noticed the others watching me. So, I made sure my legs were spread extra wide and slowly raised myself so they could see me rising from Tim's cock until finally it was out and fell to his abdomen. I bent over to Tim with straight legs pointing my ass to them to show my gaping pussy. What a nasty slut I was becoming.

After the next round of drinks, Tim suggested a change to this round of fucking. After sucking them all to full erection, again, Tim identified that this would be multiple penetration with all my holes filled at the same time for as long as the guys lasted. One lay down on his back and raised his arms to me. I straddle his midsection and knelt down with my knees on either side of him. I took hold of his cock, positioned myself over him and lowered myself. I pumped him several times to get him seated well in my pussy and then looked over my shoulder for the next guy. He approached with lubrication which he used on my asshole and his cock. He put his cock head to my opening and pushed. I pushed back. I hadn't had anal for some time and my body was resisting but gradually began yielding to the intruder. With a grunt and groan at the final painful thrust, he was past my opening. After three or four tentative strokes, he was fully embedded in my ass. I was fuller of cock that I had been for months. And there was one more hole to be filled. I turned my head forward and opened my mouth expecting to have a cock waiting for me. And there was. It slid into my mouth and was soon butting into the back of my mouth and the top of my throat.

Tim was the guy not in me, yet. He walked around the scene and finally commented, "When someone cums, the one in her mouth will take his place. Then I will go to her mouth."

The cocks in my pussy and ass were beating a pretty good beat now and the one in my mouth was trying to lodge itself deep in my throat. The stimulation during the video and the tightness generated by the adjoining cock in my pussy was apparently enough with the already tight fit in my ass because he was coming quickly. That caused a momentary pause while he pulled out of my ass and the guy in my mouth moved around to take his place. The guy in my ass came over to my mouth before Tim. Tim had already given direction that I was to clean each cock after it had given me its cum from climax. Then Tim stepped up and presented his cock to me. Soon the guy in my pussy came sending spurts into my pussy. When he stopped I lifted myself and partially supported the guy in my ass so the one under could wiggle out. Then Tim had to wiggle in under me and I found his hard cock and directed it into my flowing pussy. All the while the guy in my ass was still fucking me. Once again, I was cleaning a cock after giving me its juices.

I was amazed actually, but these guys did that for two climaxes each. I was very well used by the time we ended. I had also managed to cum myself three times. The last time when the final guy was fucking my ass and I used my fingers on my pussy and clit to finish off the night.

Somebody suggested it was time for another drink. It had been an hour since we started the last round of activity of multiple holes being used. Tim said no. Everyone looked at him with some interest because of that response. We were all still naked, me certainly, but also the guys. Tim said, "Since we're all relatively sober, again, I want to do the final activity of the evening." Then, I realized just how late it was. It was already just past 2:00 AM. "You might have wondered why I insisted everyone ride their bikes over tonight. The last thing we'll do now is go out for a ride. So, if everyone can get dressed, we can take off and follow me. I have a route all planned." All of us eased ourselves off the chairs or the floor for me, but Tim added, "Except for Michele. You, my dear, can straighten your nylons and check your makeup, but that's it. Oh, yeah, probably find your heels. You need something on your feet."

I looked at him aghast. He was taking me out on his bike without any clothes? He just looked at me with a challenge in his eyes that spoke clearly, 'did you submit to me for sexual situations or didn't you?' I took a deep breath, returned a look of acceptance, lowered my eyes and went to the bedroom to check my makeup.

Tim was waiting for me in the kitchen when I returned. The guys were already outside. Tim gave me a hug and kiss and expressed how proud he was of me for how the evening had gone. He gave me another kiss and led me out to the garage. I grabbed my heels on the way out. Tim was raising the garage door, the guys were standing by their bikes. It was about 2:30 AM and very quiet in our neighborhood. I was hoping we wouldn't be gone for more than a couple hours or it would start getting light and more people would be getting their day going.

Tim pulled his bike out of the garage and was waiting for me to come out so he could close the door. I stood there a bit stunned by what he wanted me to do. My previous exposures were fairly restricted to small groups or areas of more general acceptance like the honeymoon settings. My mind was racing with the images that I could easily create. But Tim just gave me the same look and when I saw it, I immediately went to him before he could see anything further. I knew I was on the verge of disappointing him with my hesitation to follow his instructions. Each new thing reminded me of my commitment to him. And it reinforced that soon, maybe tomorrow, we really needed to specifically talk about my commitment, my submission and what that really did mean to each of us. What are the limits, are there boundaries he intends to control? But for now, I needed to follow his direction. And that direction at the moment was full naked exposure to yet unknown number of people. Hopefully, avoiding any police intervention. At this hour the number of people would be few. But I still shivered at the thought. And the anticipation.

The guys got on their bikes and Tim onto his. He started his bike and helped me up onto the back. Sitting behind in stay-up nylons, high heels and a lace choker around my neck with a pendant saying "slut". With everything else on display.

Once I was settled in behind Tim, hugging him tightly as I always did on his bike, we were off. Four big, heavy bikes heading out of the neighborhood only moments after starting the big engines. Shortly we were on the four-lane highway. I was hoping Tim would be happy cruising the regular roads, but, no. The four-lane, and probably the Interstate later, would have more traffic. Tim set the pace with the others taking positions behind. Tim was going exactly the speed limit, which meant we would be getting passed by almost anyone out at this time of night. The warm evening wind from the ride did feel amazing on my naked body. And I knew my long hair blowing behind me without the helmet (it's legal in our state) would make quite a sight.

Sure enough, a car load of young guys came up and started passing. Once basically past the other guys, the car apparently confirmed what their foggy brains were trying to tell them. 'Naked girl on the back of that bike.' When confirmed, they slowed down to match our speed alongside us. Windows came down the cat-calls started. Tim told me to lean back and sit straight. With my hands still glued to his sides, I leaned back as directed and slightly turned to the car. Each overhead road light illuminated my naked features for them. Then Tim raised one hand and slowed, the guys behind us were already reacting. That must have been a signal they used on other rides. The car shot ahead of us and Tim turned down another road and then another. We ended up on a street that was usually busy during the day. Thankfully, this was not during the day. I was again leaning into Tim and hugging him tight to hold on, of course, but more because of the stimulation. Warm night riding naked through town, the wind rushing over my skin, but don't forget the vibration of the bike against my naked pussy and clit. The more I thought about it, the more the sensations came over me. Damn, just like the shoe store all over again. Trying not to think about it made me think about the sensations even more. I hugged Tim tightly as my body shook. I rubbed my breasts against his back, momentarily forgetting about the bike and only thinking of the sensations coursing through me.

I was brought back when I felt a bump from the bike under me and much more light. Tim was pulling into a self-serve gas station with a mini-mart. And it was still open! He pulled up the pumps closest to the store front. There was one other car parked in front. Two of the guys starting filling their bikes. When they were done, Tim suggested that they take a Coke break. He gave me a twenty and suggested that I get a six pack of Diet Coke and something to munch on. There was a city park was just two block away. I just looked at him, the money, the store and back to Tim and then the guys. Tim looked at the guys and suggested that maybe a couple of them should go in first and cover me so nothing would happen but not to be too obvious. Just watch, but to be ready if someone inside decided to take any action.

Two immediately walked into the store. One stayed in the front area and the other walked toward the back. I shrugged my shoulders, took a deep breath and walked to the store in my heels and nylons. Half way there my walk became very sexy. I figured if I am going to do this, I might as well really do it.

I opened the store door and tried to imagine myself dressed and to act like it was just another trip to the mart for a quick snack. Then I walked in front of the shiny display for the cooler and saw just how I looked. Even if I say so, I looked stunning. But naked, in the store. With strangers. I caught the eye of one of Tim's friends and relaxed just enough to continue. I went to the cold beverage section, opened the door and with straight legs, bent over to reach the bottom most six-pack. I then went in search of something for a munch and just grabbed a bag of Chex Mix. I tried to confidently walk to the front and the counter. The guy and the only other customer were eyeing me intently but didn't say a word. He couldn't count out the coin change for his life. Mostly because he couldn't get his eyes off my breasts or bare pussy. He just gave me paper change, I assumed he rounded up but wasn't going to count it there. As I was walking back the bikes, I fully exaggerated my walk for the audience I knew were glued to the glass window or door.

One of the guys put the stuff in his saddle bags. I handed the change to Tim. He started laughing. Someone asked him what was so funny. He said, "The fool inside gave her twenty-five dollars in change."

Tim pulled me to him, turned me so my back was to the store and kissed me really, really nice. He also grasped my ass by both cheeks and separated them exposing my asshole. He whisper, "You are amazing. I wasn't sure you could do that."

"If you hadn't pushed me and not given me an alternative, I wouldn't have been able to."



We weren't headed for the park after all. The guys took off in various directions and we went home.

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## THE NEXT DAY

Well that was certainly an interesting couple of days! Have an orgasm in front of a shoe salesman Friday night. Deal with mom's submissive disappearing act on Saturday and then take care of four guys (and Cody) on Saturday night. The evening ended on a high note with the exhibitionism at the gas station quick mart store.

The next morning I was really no worse for wear. Although I had been fucked a lot, the guys were really very considerate about it. I got rest, they used lubrication when they fucked my ass, and we really had a good time. I was used and used well but not being sorer was a testament to their care. But what really brought me to consciousness was a very good feeling in my crotch. I was being gently licked, sucked and probed. I put my hand down on top of Tim's head and pulled him harder into me indicating my desire for more. He raised his head, looked into my eyes, said 'good morning, lover' and went back to eating my pussy. A lover who eats you out without being asked is definitely worth keeping.

From waking me up to making me orgasm took him only about ten minutes. I guess I was ready for some gentle loving. And his tongue was absolutely gentle loving. And good loving. After I came, I offered to take care of him, but he declined. Suggested I take a hot shower and he would get the coffee made and something to nibble on. I'm guessing he meant besides me. As he was walking out the bedroom door he said, "And no clothes when you come to the kitchen".

When I arrived to the kitchen, Tim had coffee and a light breakfast ready. I gave him a kiss as I passed him and could still taste myself on his lips. I got through my first cup of coffee before I felt a cold snout pushing into my knees under the table. My legs were crossed, as women seem to be taught to do almost unconsciously, but Cody was quite insistent, so I uncrossed my legs and opened them slightly. He pushed in but wasn't satisfied and pushed each leg outward with his head. When I didn't immediately comply, he even gave one thigh a little nip. That opened both legs. I looked at Tim with surprise in my eyes.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Cody wanted into my pussy and maybe I was a little slow to respond, but ... he nipped my thigh to get me to open my legs more for him."

"Did he break the skin?"

"No, it was very light. But such a surprise."

"He has claimed you. You're his bitch now. You gave yourself to him. He might have felt cheated last night. He only got you once."

I slid my chair back a foot and looked down at him between my legs. "Is that it, Cody? Feeling like you didn't get enough of your bitch last night. All the humans monopolized your bitch? Okay, here I am." I fully opened my legs as wide as I could and patted the inside of one thigh. He went straight in for my pussy. "Oooooooooo, yesssss. Cody, you are soooooo good with your tongue." I glanced at Tim who had now pushed his chair back a bit and turned slightly to watch better. His look indicated he was pleased.

I let Cody lick me for a good while before pushing my chair back further and moving to the floor. I

lay down on the tile and pulled him over me so I could get to his sheath and his cock tip that was just showing itself as a red, pointed tip. I rubbed the sheath more and licked the tip. As more of his wonderful cock came out, I licked more and finally had enough out to get my mouth around and then started sucking, tonguing and licking. Soon there was three to four inches out of the sheath and I got onto my hands and knees in front of him and wiggle my ass to him, enticing him, letting him know I wanted him as much as he indicated he wanted me.

He was on my back in a flash. Dogs are not subtle. They want to mate, they mate. But their tongues are great for getting a girl ready! After a couple jabs, I was able to help him find his way into my pussy. I just love the first contacts of a dog cock going in. Feeling the fir of the sheath on the outside of my pussy. Feeling his cock grow on the inside. Getting longer, thicker, shooting pre-cum as he does. I love when they are fully grown, how they hammer away, full out energy with one purpose, only. Mate his bitch. And I love his initial knot hitting me on the outside, how it slowly pushes at my pussy lips to gain entrance. Pushing, jabbing, and pushing. I push back myself, moving my ass up and down, side to side, rotating to try to assist him in getting it all inside me. Then, YES, the entire cock and knot is inside. Deep, full, still small spurts. So well lubricated to allow the knot in and to move within me. I love the feeling of his knot growing once it is inside. Fuller, bigger, I know I am tied to him. I am his. His bitch at that moment. To him I am his to make puppies with. God, what would that be like??? I love how he then tenses, gets unbelievably hard and longer and fills my pussy with his cum, spurting. Not once, but repeatedly, massive volumes, feeling like he is filling my entire insides. Dogs cum and cum. What a feeling! Then, yeah, I really love the knot, the being tied afterwards. Still spurts, much smaller, but still while he is in me, spurts. To remind me that he has me, he tries to pull out, often turning so we are butt-to-butt. I can feel his tail against my ass. He tests the tie, pulling. But I don't want him out. I want him inside. I hold him, push into his ass and moving his cock and knot deeper, then pulling away, again, back and forth. His knot hits my g-spot, repeatedly. I know I will come again doing that. And I do. God, I love dogs!!

When Cody pulled out, I collapse onto the hard cool floor. Cody gave me a few swipes with his tongue that made me wiggle with the extra sensations. I roll over and smile at Tim and call Cody to me. I grab his dripping cock and licked and sucked off our combined juices. I got up then and gave Tim a kiss. I felt so wicked doing that to him but he never seemed to mind. Giving him a full passionate, a mouth and tongue kiss right after cleaning up the dog's cock of all the fluids.

I sat back down and Tim got me more coffee. When he returned I saw that he was rock hard, his cock swaying in front of him as he walked. I waited for him to sit and then slid off my chair, went under the table, opened his knees and inched forward to his cock. I simply said, "Allow your slut to help you with this, sir." And I did. I took him into my mouth, twirling my tongue around it. I released it, kissed and sucked just the tip, pushing my tongue tip against the pee hole. Then licking along one side and then the other. Licking from the base to the tip. Sucking him into my mouth, fully to the rear of my mouth and to the entrance to my throat. Licking down to the base and to his balls, sucking each. Back into my mouth, sucking so hard my cheeks collapse inward. Moving up and down with this suction. Over and over, then driving my mouth over the length, taking him to the back of my mouth. Then, concentrating, breathing, I take him into my throat a little, backing up and down again. Each time taking more of him into my throat. When I feel him tense and become more rigid, he is in my throat and the first spurt shoots directly down my throat, but I pull back a little so he is in my mouth to take the rest. Sucking and licking him, massaging his balls to get everything he has to offer me.

I slowly pull my mouth off of his cock and kiss the top and look up at him, still holding his cock in my hand. I smile and lick me lips with some exaggeration. He returns my smile and asks, "Very well done. Feeling better now?"

"Oh, yes, much. You?"

"You always do that so well, Michele. Thank you."

"No, sir, thank you for allowing me to have both you and Cody."

He smiled at me and helped me up. He held my chair for me. "Okay, let's talk. But first, put these in." He moved part of the newspaper to reveal the two vibrators from our honeymoon including the remotes. "A talk about sexuality, limits, and what could happen in the future cannot be done cold and sober. Your sexuality is highly charged and we are just getting to what that might include. So, to discuss it you should also feel it."

I looked at him and smiled and that smile grew into a lusty smile of intention. I inserted the egg into my already wet and open pussy. I then went to the cupboard and used a little olive oil on the anal bullet and bending slightly inserted it. I came back to my chair and sat down, wiggling slightly to seat everything properly.

"Michele, I understand that after the experience with your mom yesterday your need for discussion about our new lifestyle. This reinforces that suggestion we received from our on-line friend, luscious. As you know, she's been in the submissive lifestyle for many years and she believes an understanding early is critical to avoid problems in the future. This is to assure that there is full understanding when you are in the role of submissive so that it won't cause problems in the rest of life during the 'normal times' according to society. Those times when you are a wife, daughter, work professional, friend, or whatever but not in the sexual role."

"Thanks for being so understanding, Tim. That's why it is so easy for me to submit to you. But you know we have had talks about the future. How my being a submissive might evolve. The new places it could take us. I am totally committed to you. To serving you sexually as you direct me. But there are things I have no interest in or scare me or disgust me. Also, as more strangers get involved the need to understand becomes more important, I think. The fact that our on-line friend, luscious, with all of her experience in the lifestyle still feels the importance of establishing limits and boundaries makes me more convinced." At that moment both vibrators started inside me. My eyes crossed slightly as they came to life at the mid-range. "You're not going to make this easy are you?"

"As I said before, dear, you can't be discussing limits out of context to your body's reaction. If you were sexually excited, you might want to exceed them immediately."

"Okay, I can buy into that logic. So can we start?"

"Absolutely. You lead the conversation since this is about using your body for the pleasure of others. That is what we are talking about, right? The use of your body for the pleasure of men and dogs?"

"Keep that up and with these vibrators I will be cumming, again. You know how easily I can cum once my mind gets active."

"Yes, I have certainly seen it enough, haven't I?"

"Oh, Tim! Shit, this feels so good. God, how I love to cum. Please?"

"Until we are finished with this discussion, you will not touch yourself. Understand? I will provide you with your stimulation. Your hands stay on the table. Understand?"

"Yes, yes ... yes, I understand. But I want to cum."

"No. Not until I make you."

"Tim, please? PLEASE, TIM! I want to cum. Please let me cum."

"Michele, not only don't I want you to touch yourself, but I want you to try to NOT cum. Until we finish this discussion I do not want you to cum."

"Oh, Tim. That will be so hard for me."

"Michele, I said, no cumming."

"Okay."

"You understand?"

"Yes,"

"What?"

"Yes, yes, sir. What do you want me to say? I won't cum. Not until you let me."

"Very good, Michele. We are taking the next steps even as we talk about the limits."

"Thank you, sir."

"Very good, Michele. I do believe you really are a submissive and with training and experience may be a superb submissive slut. How does that make you feel?"

I hesitate, not sure what I feel. No, I feel pure lust. My pussy feels like it must be satisfied, must be filled. He can do that just through a few commands? Oh god, I feel ... I feel ... I'm not entirely sure. Alive, open, ready for anything. Desire to make him happy with me. To please him. I did all those things for him before, the sharing with his friends, his dog, the Commitment Ceremony in front of all those people, the Honeymoon, fucking my own dad, spending a night with him, gangbang his friends just last night. I was willing to do all those things for him. Now, a few direct commands, forcefully, dominantly and I feel like I might explode. God, I had no idea it could feel this way.

And he called me a slut. A submissive slut. He said I may be superb at it. How do I not cum??? The thought that I could become HIS superb submissive slut. I'm shaking, no! Don't cum! Resist it. Don't disappoint him so soon. What has he done to me so quickly?

But then I feel the vibrators reducing to a lower level. I suck in each breath. Mustering up control over my body, again. I look at him and see him looking at me intently. And smiles at me. Reaches out his hand and strokes my hand and forearm.

"That was very good, Michele. You fought it off, didn't you? You are feeling what you are and that made you want to cum that instant. But you fought through it, didn't you?"

I looked at him and smiled weakly. And lowered my eyes. Instinctively. He didn't tell me to or instruct me to. I just did. Am I really that much of a submissive that my soul just takes over like a birthright? I respond, "Yes, sir. I almost came. It would have been beautiful, too."

"I'm proud of you Michele. Now, let's have that discussion. I think you are in the right frame of mind."

A warm glow just ran through me. He's proud of me? My god, this is powerful. What will it be like when I really know what I am doing? What will it be like when he knows what he is doing?

"Okay, Michele. I know you have been thinking about this. I have, too. I will take some notes, you describe your thoughts."

"Thank you. I have been thinking about my submissiveness. I want to be everything I can for you but I don't want to have bad experiences in this side of our relationship ruin the really good stuff we have in the other areas of our life. As you said, being a wife, a daughter, working, and our other social life. And, as you stated in the intimate shop, I am not a slave. I see this role as a 'sexual submissive' and it doesn't necessarily carry over to the other part of our lives. In sexual situations, I am your submissive, your slut. That's a huge point. Agreed?"

"Yes, Michele. Absolutely, I agree. I like that, 'sexual submissive'. Very defining."

"Okay, here goes. I have separated limits into two categories: Hard and Soft. Hard Limits are those that will NOT be exceeded. They are non-negotiable at the time. Maybe later as we evolve, but not during a session. Soft Limits are those that might be considered as conditional experiences. They are things that are uncomfortable for me but may be pushed and I will do based on allowing for appropriate conditions."

"You have given this a lot of thought."

"Yes, and some serious discussions with luscious in chat. So, my Hard Limits are:

- No bathroom - scat, piss.
- No blood - mine or others.
- No caning, whipping, etc. that leaves marks, sores, wounds.
- No cruel bondage - bound into bizarre positions of great discomfort. Perhaps not greatly defined but any intent that is remotely questionable better be discussed, first.
- Hard BDSM is a danger zone in general - serious discussion required prior.
- Anything illegal - minors, prostitution, drugs, etc.
- Needles, clamps, etc. that draw blood.
- Burning - any kind, including dripping wax, branding.
- Piercing and tattoos - definitely not spur-of-the-moment. We need to discuss and agree. Especially tattoos which are permanent.
- Being given to anyone unsupervised that is not known to us and has not proven his/her trust for my safety.

Those are my Hard Limits. Any discussion about those?"

"No. I understand all of them. A few we might evolve closer to but let's get closer before worrying about that."

"Good, thank you. I need your support and you know I trust you completely. Being aware of the bad stuff will make it easier for you, too, won't it?"

"Absolutely, it will. Okay, on to the Soft Limits."

"Right, so the Soft Limits I have identified are:

- Light flogging.
- Mild bondage.
- Public sex, especially if families are nearby.
- Other animals besides dogs.
- Extreme size penetrations.

- Uncontrolled gangbangs.

I know some of this isn't really very well defined but they are things I have no reference to. The idea of flogging or bondage, for instance, scares me some. But, I am told they can tremendously enhance the sexual experience. But I remain nervous."

"Is some discussion, okay?"

"Sure."

"Back to the idea that Soft Limits are conditional. Help me understand your comment, 'I will do based on allowing for appropriate conditions'. On the one hand it is a limit and you're uncomfortable but on the other hand it is not a limit. You will do as commanded even though it is a Soft Limit but certain conditions need to be met?"

"Yes, for instance, the 'Light flogging' is something I am very nervous about. But if it can be done without marking, bruising, sores, cuts, then I am willing. If it just doesn't work for, it might have to become a Hard Limit. But for that experience I will do as commanded with the conditions of I just mentioned. Does that help?"

"I think so. But can you give another example?"

"Other animals, for instance, if you tell me to give oral to a horse, I will not want to just go into a stall with the horse, get underneath it and try to blow him. That could be a huge safety issue. How is the horse going to react? Does he kick? Could I be thrown against the sides if he jumps or reacts? So a conditional modification to the command could be that someone knowledgeable is in control of the horse restricting its actions."

"I understand. So, Soft Limits you won't be allowed to refuse but we need to work out the details that allow you to be safe and alleviate your fears."

"Exactly."

"Excellent. I understand these, too. They are new to you so we should proceed with caution and gain familiarity if we want to expand into them further. I am curious about the 'other animals'. Are there certain animals you absolutely wouldn't want to try?"

"No, they would be Hard Limits. I don't really know what to expect. I think we need to understand more about the animals and move slowly. Again, it is largely a safety issue, right? I don't want to get put into a situation with an animal that might end up hurting me or because it's scared or threatened."

"Good. Understood. Anything else, honey?"

"Yes, there is one more thing and that is public nudity. I really couldn't even put it into the Soft Limits because ... well ..."

"Because you're basically an exhibitionist?"

"Yeah, I guess so. But, we've been very careful where and when I am nude in public. Last night was a real stretch from the past. Ultimately, it boils down to the fact that I trust you. But I definitely don't want to be arrested. I decided the timing of the bike ride was relatively safe from the police issue. And, the gas station was quick enough and the guys were there for my physical safety. I just ask that we continue to keep that in our minds with the public nudity."

"I really was proud of your willingness last night. You were clearly tempted not to. I am glad you ended up trusting me on it. It was something of a test. It was another of the things that indicated to me that you really were progressing in accepting commands even without this discussion of understanding. Anything else?"

"Just that this is all I can think of at the moment ... may we discuss these more, if something comes to mind or a situation arises?"

"Absolutely. You'll find I am a good and caring Master," he said with a twinkle in his eye. He continued more seriously, "Now, I have also been given all of this some thought. And, I have also check in with luscious to see if we might be missing anything before we take this too much further with others. So, I have come up with what I am calling Boundaries. These are the bounds around which your activities will be contained within. Mostly for your safety, also. This is what I have come up with:

- All engagements with you must go through and approved by me.
- Your engagements must be attended by me or someone I completely trust and approve.
- All clothing purchased for engagements will be approved by me for appropriateness of the event. It is understood that 'normal' life clothing is immune from this control.
- Attire for engagements will be selected or approved by me.
- Whenever you are at home you will always be naked and sexually available to Cody and me. If we have visitors, I will guide you on what will be appropriate attire. But, never will bra and panties be worn at home. If you must wear a bra for work or other outside social activity, it must be removed promptly upon exiting the car in the garage regardless of the situation in the house. Panties are never to be worn regardless.
- Once engaged in an event, you may not refuse anything or anyone intentionally involved unless one of your Hard Limits is being crossed.
- While in the role of 'sexual submissive', I will be referred to as 'Sir'. You, Michele will be referred to as 'Tim's slut' or 'slut'. This is to firmly establish in your mind in your submissive role. In your mind when thinking about these terms, the 'Sir' should be capitalized, the 'slut' should be lower case. A small point, but further identifying your submissive role. Also, when or if we get involved with strangers, you should not be referred to with your real name for your safety. To all strangers you should simply be identified as 'Tim's slut'.
- Next, you need a 'Safe Word' that can be used, especially when strangers are involved. Saying this word will stop everything. This can only be used if one of your Hard Limits is being crossed or your safety is threatened in another way. We have previously used the word, 'Aardvark'. I cannot imagine that word needing to come up in any conversation. If that word is heard, everything stops."
- Finally, this last point is to begin your training to open your mind to the experiences and pleasures you will give and receive. You must learn to fully and directly relate to the things you will be commanded to perform and the things, the pleasures you wish to experience. To that end, from now on you will not answer a question in either a short response or a vague response. An example, if I asked you if you want to fuck Cody, you will not reply with a mere, 'yes'. You will not reply with a drawn out mumbling, unenthusiastic but accepting response. A proper response could be, 'Yes, Sir. I would very much like to take his hard cock in my pussy. To again feel his throbbing cock, his large knot stretching me. Please, Sir, I need to, I want to fuck him.' Do you see the difference, slut? Do you see how your commitment to the command, even if put into a form of question, will affect you?"

I was stunned. He really had put a lot of thought in this. I thought I was being a silly girl, but his approach to this validated my concern and the seriousness of the agreement. I responded to him, "Oh, I do, indeed, Sir. I immediately felt the difference even though it was you saying it. The power of expressing it clearly and directly taking away any veils of deceit or modesty. In verbalizing the actions and pleasure I will give and receive readies my mind and body for receiving and giving

them.”

I looked up at him from the tops of my eyes, still keeping my head slightly lowered. My eyes caught his and he asked, “What is it, slut? Do you have something else to say or ask?”

“Yes, Sir, I do. Sir, may I please cum now? I have done what you commanded. I have refrained from cumming. I have been so excited and stimulated. Sir knows how stimulated I can become from mental stimulation alone. Please Sir, please allow me to cum.” Just asking, just saying the words filled me nearly to the maximum with pleasure and excitement. I was pleading with Tim to let me orgasm. Sure, this was so minor, there was no real physical stimulation associated to it. The vibrators have been on very low for most of the discussion, but still ... If he had given me more physical stimulation, a good fucking or hard vibration, and commanded me not to orgasm, could I? I doubt it. Will he want me to? The question is exciting.

But I am brought out of those considerations with a sudden change in the vibrators. They are both at what must be the highest levels. Sitting on the hard wooden kitchen chair sends the vibration right back up into my body. I hear him tell me that I have done very well and he is pleased. I have shown him what a good submissive I will be for him. He tells me to cum and to use my fingers if I need to. Hearing his words, with the vibrators buzzing at maximum are enough. I have no need for my fingers. They are busy pressed into the top of the table as my entire body stiffens, shudders, and quakes. I have the most intense orgasm I can remember in a long time. And my orgasms tend not to be shy, little whimpers. As I sit rigid as a statue except for the quivering of my muscles and flesh, this thought flashes through my mind, ‘My god, this new life is going to be so fucking awesome!!’

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## **SHARON & JOHN**

Since our discussion and establishment/agreement on my submissiveness that Sunday morning, I had all the rest of the day to begin the commitment to being naked when in the house. And Cody was definitely a dog that was aware of his surroundings. No longer was my reaction to him like it was just earlier in the morning when I reacted with sympathy for being otherwise busy. No, now I was his and he quickly picked on the fact that if he made himself known, I yielded to him. Willingly and quickly.

Life under the re-commitment was interesting. My nudity at home and constant availability to Tim and Cody was a perpetual stimulation. I was washing dishes from our lunch only a couple hours after our talk when Cody came up behind me and pushed his nose between my legs. I looked behind me and smiled at him and spread my legs to give him better access to my pussy. But his tongue was so good and I got so stimulated so quickly, mostly from his tongue but also from the realization of the change in my situation. I soon found myself bent over the sink holding on while being licked by Cody’s very pleasurable tongue.

Before my legs collapsed I sank to the floor next to the sink and got into position on my hands and knees. He quickly go onto my back and was inside me after three thrusts. I immediately felt him start to grow inside me, longer, thicker and releasing small spurts of pre-cum. He was humping me hard, almost like he was understanding the change and affirming his place in the order of the house. I was now his bitch. When his knot started banging against my pussy lips, he pushed harder and so did I. I wanted his knot. I wanted him to make me his bitch, to mate me. I wanted this and to be all for him and Tim. I took his knot and he slammed into me and drove his cock and knot as deep as he ever has been. I started cumming with him passing my pussy lips and I kept cumming as he drove himself in and held himself and me tightly together and spurted and spurted his cum into my pussy.



When he was done and his knot was tying us together, I could feel that his climax was large and my pussy was not holding it all, even with the knot. Especially since I like to use the knot for added stimulation. Rocking on it, making it hit by g-spot. Sending me into another orgasm. Always when I am on his knot. I can feel his cum leaking from my pussy around his knot and slipping down the insides of my thighs. But when he finally separates and the knot all but pops out of me, then his cum doesn't just leak out but runs out of my used and open pussy. Down my thighs and pooling on the floor below me.

After a moment of collecting myself (which almost always seems necessary after fucking Cody), I crawl to him and move his head to I can get to his penis and knot. Cleaning him as I was told his bitch should do.

I hear Tim and realize he has been standing there watching for at least some time. "Very good, my little slut. I see Cody is making use of his Bitch and your new dress code at home. Did you do a good job on Cody?"

"Yes, Sir. I believe I did. He seems well satisfied. And I enjoyed taking his cock and knot in my pussy for his release." I moved to Cody's head and kissed his snout and added, "Didn't you enjoy that, Cody? Huh, boy? You like Michele being fully available to you, don't you?"

"And what about me?"

"Yes, Sir. May I please suck your cock for you? I would love to take your cock in my mouth and lick it, suck it and kiss it. Taking it into the back of my mouth and down my throat just to make you cum, sir. I love your cum and the feel of your cock in my mouth."

"Very good, slut. I am proud of you. You are taking all this in very well. Yes, since you want it so badly, you may take my cock out and suck it. When you are done, we need to go out and do some shopping."

"Where to, Sir?"

"I will let you know when you need to know."

"Yes, Sir." Still on my knees in the kitchen, I took his cock out of his pants and began loving it. Initially, kissing its head, licking it and taking part of it into my mouth. Then licking its length down one side and up the other. Taking it again into my mouth and pumping down and up, taking more and then more with each downward push. I continued with variations for a long time, slowing as I felt him tensing, then taking him in earnest again after he relaxed. Then after feeling him tense several more times, deciding to finish him by taking him deeply into my mouth and then inch by inch into my throat until I had his entire cock in my mouth and him firmly into my throat. I made little pumping motions so he remained in my throat for as long as possible, raising to catch my breath and dropping back to taking him into my throat, again. When I felt him tense this time, I took his balls in my hands and massaged them as I raised up and began sucking and sliding him in my mouth. When he came, I was determined to take all he offered me.

When he finished, I pulled back so only the head of his cock was in my mouth and I sucked with everything I had to make sure I got everything he had to give me. When I was satisfied I got everything, I pulled off and kissed the end of his cock and put it back into his pants. I looked up to him, still on my knees.

"Sir, thank you for allowing me to suck you cock. My hope is that I was able to satisfy you and bring you pleasure."

"You did, indeed. You were extremely satisfying. Thank you. Now, I want you to go take a shower and get yourself ready. I will put your clothes out for you. Wear only what I put out, understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

I got up off my knees and walked away from them. I looked over my shoulder and continued but making sure my ass moved with a little more exaggeration. I heard Tim say, "That is a mighty fine looking ass, isn't it boy?"

I looked back and saw both Tim and Cody watching me. When I stepped out the shower, I found on the bed a single item, a light weight summer dress with shoulder straps. On the floor were a pair of sandal heels. I went to my mirror and brushed out my long hair, applied just a bit of makeup to bring out my eyes and lipstick. I put on the dress and looked at myself. It was cut low in the bust leaving a healthy amount of cleavage. The dress didn't have a built-in bra for support. I would be moving and shaking braless. The bottom of the dress came down to mid-thigh. Bending and sitting would be interesting.

I found Tim in the living room waiting. He got up when he heard my heels on the tiles and looked me over and nodded his approval.

I realized we were going back to the intimate apparel store where we met Sharon and her son John. We walked in and Sharon was at the counter. She recognized us immediately and came out to give Tim and me a hug and kiss on the cheek. John walked up and stood by his mother. Sharon asked, "And what can we do for you today? First, how did the card game go last night?"

Tim explained the issue with my mom but clarified that the change in plans did not affect the ultimate outcome and that those present thoroughly enjoyed themselves. When describing in general terms the activity, including the exhibitionism, Sharon visibly shook and John said "Control yourself." And then looked nervous. Sharon looked at the two of us and I looked at Tim.

Tim looked between them and smiled. He said, "I was wondering but you two did a pretty good job of hiding it the last time. But there were slips." He looked right at Sharon and stated, "John is your Master. You've submitted to your son."

"Oh, god. How did you know?"

"Don't worry, we have our own issues, remember? Michele's mom. Even if that didn't work out, it doesn't mean we haven't done the same thing. I don't think this is the time to discuss any of that. We would still love to meet with you. Why don't you come to our house some night this week? Look at your schedules and call us at this number."

John said, "Thank you, Tim, for being so understanding."

"Not at all. If I read the situation correctly, I think we can have a lot of fun some night this week." John agreed with, "Thanks, again, Tim. We will do that. And I agree. Michele seems like a very interesting woman who can provide a 'meaningful' experience. Now, what can we do for you?"

Tim said, "I am interested in Ben Wa balls. Do you have any? Are there different kinds? What can you tell me about them?"

The conversation was totally between Tim and John at this point. Since Tim had identified their relationship, Sharon had fallen into the role of submissive. The confident, in control shop owner had disappeared. She was waiting for direction from John. As I was from Tim.

John replied, "Sharon, will you get some of the selection we have, make it the best sellers." Looking at Tim, he continued, "There are really a variety of types and sizes. Has Michele used vibrating eggs?"

"Yes, she's been exposed to that pleasure, mostly with me in control of the remote."

"Good, that's a frame of reference. The Ben Wa balls will be slightly heavier and harder to keep inside her pussy as a result. Her pussy muscles may need some training to keep the ball or balls in for an extended time. But, that can be very pleasurable when she has the control to flex and contract those muscles."

Sharon returned with several type which she spread out on the counter. Tim continued, "As you can see, the balls can be small when you'd have a couple inside at the same time, or larger. This one is a ball inside a ball." He took it out of the container and shook it and the metallic sound of the two balls colliding was evident. "Then, some aren't even balls. This one is two balls in one. Note that it has two balls at each end connected between them. It's an oblong shape and is heavier. This is one you would want to work up to."

Tim thought a moment and made his decision. "We'll take the ball within a ball."

John looked at Sharon and asked her, "Sharon, what do you think?"

"I think that is a very good choice. She can move up to one of the others later."

John did call as promised and it was set that they would come over on Friday night. Although I think Tim was originally thinking earlier in the week, both he and John decided that Friday night would allow a little more time. They would have someone to close the store on Friday night. We were anxious for the meeting with them for several reasons but one was to learn more about Mr. Rodriguez. We had not responded to his offer to visit him again and the primary reason was to determine more about this man.

But each day was a further realization of my deepening role. For instance, I quickly learned after a few embarrassing situations with visitors at the door where I had to hide behind the door, to keep a light robe in the closet near the front door so I had something to easily grab. And Tim made sure it met with his approval, a light satiny robe that when cinched at the waist left a deep vee of exposure on top and the bottom barely covering my ass. And the material was such that my nipples would likely be evident. But I was covered and I could always claim to have been getting ready for a bath.

And since he didn't allow me to wear a bra in the house, I almost always entered topless and quickly took off my skirt or slacks in the laundry room which was the entrance from the garage. And Cody was waiting for me every night. Before I could even get fully inside to get him his food or let him outside, he was nudging my pussy with his nose. The first fuck of the night was always in the kitchen that week. Then I could get him his food and let him outside. Then I would start dinner which was usually something pretty quick since we both worked. But most of the time, just like Cody, Tim would come up behind me in the kitchen, turn the stove burner down if I was cooking something there, push me over the counter and take me from behind. Like Cody, I would immediately kneel down in front of him and clean his cock and replace it in his pants. Then I could continue with dinner.

For dinner I was instructed to always keep my knees apart in case Cody wanted access. And he often did. I am sure the aroma of two loads of cum leaking from my pussy and onto the chair was quite an attractor for him. On most nights, Cody would be between my legs and I would open them even more to allow him full access. When Tim said, "Forward", I was to slide my ass to the edge of the chair

and fully open my legs. This gave Cody complete access to me and often would bring me to orgasm. I really, really did like his tongue.

The Ben Wa balls that Tim purchased were to be used every day. They were heavier than the egg vibrator so they did take getting used to. Sitting wasn't any problem. They were large and the weight even just sitting made them evident, but it was standing and walking that they became an issue. I found I had to work up to the length of time I used them to avoid dropping it in public. Since my pussy muscles needed strengthening to hold the Ben Wa for extended periods, I needed to devote a training program for my pussy the same as for any other muscle. And Tim believed the pussy could be strengthened with the same muscle development strategy that could be applied for pull-ups, for instance. To increase your capability for performing pull-ups, you purposely do half of what you are capable of but perform them frequently. Very frequently. So, he had me on the same regimen by having me use the Ben Wa for short periods but repeatedly throughout the day.

During this week Tim also decided it would be good for us to get more exercise even though we worked out three days a week at the fitness center and another day we swam laps. Tim decided for all us to get more exercise we should take walks most nights. Well, Cody became obsessed as all dogs do with the expectation of walks. And it was good. We usually went out after dark when it was a little cooler and quieter. We would sometimes sit on a bench in the local park and Tim again forbid me from closing my legs. And Cody would sometimes sniff between my legs. Sometimes even give me a few licks. But Tim wasn't letting that go too far. At least not yet.

When Friday came, Tim had several bottles of wine and our normal liquor in anticipation of John and Sharon coming over. After dinner I asked Tim what I should wear. He said his selection was already on the bed. I went into the bedroom and saw thigh high nylons, heels and a sheer, very short baby doll that tied just under the breast. I put the outfit on and looked in the mirror. I could see everything. My breasts and nipples were exposed by the sheer material. My pussy was exposed by the gap in the front. And ... what? ... yes ... I could also see the cum from Tim and Cody shiny on the inside of my thighs. I took a deep breath and walked out to the living room where Tim was waiting with my glass of wine. Which I nearly gulped down.

When the doorbell rang, Tim indicated that I answer it and let them in. I went to the door with all the confidence and calm I could muster and opened it. John was standing with Sharon at his side. He looked at me and smiled. Sharon gave a smile and a sigh of relief. As they walked in, John gave me a kiss on the mouth and touched my bare hip. Sharon followed him and kissed me on the lips and whispered, "Thank god! I was afraid I might be the only one."

I was about to ask what she meant when John took her coat. She was in a similar outfit to mine and equally exposed. I then responded with a chuckle, "Oh, yes, I suppose you might have. Actually, I had the same concern." We both giggled. Comforted by our shared submissiveness.

Sharon and I walked into the living room to find Tim and John awaiting us with a glass of wine for each, standing side by side. Tim commented, "John, your mother is a very attractive woman."

John responded, "As is your wife, Tim."

I think both Sharon and I blushed as we walked into the room nearly naked and being so obviously appraised by the men. The reaction was heightened when the men stepped forward and brought their glass of wine to the opposite woman. Clearly, we were being switched. John led me to the love seat and Tim took Sharon to the couch. Sharon sat down with her legs crossed but Tim quickly moved her leg off the other and her knees separated. "Sharon, there was no way for you to be aware of this, but you will notice that in the house Michele does not have her legs closed. There are a

couple of reasons for this, but she is to always be easily available while in the house. John, do you have any problem with the same requirement for Sharon?"

"No, Tim, I think that is very reasonable and practical. That will be implemented in our home, as well. Thank you for the idea."

Tim already had his hand on the inside of Sharon's thighs and working his way up as John was with me. John moved my thighs a little further apart and then moved his hand to my breast. I looked over and Sharon was watching intently when she felt Tim doing the same to her.

Tim then asked, "We were obviously very interested in meeting with you because you two are very sexually attractive to us, especially that you share our interest in the submissive roles. But the other reason was to learn more about Mr. Rodriguez who we are very interested in given our past meeting with him and the future potential for further meetings but we want to know better the type of man he is before increasing our relationship with him. As we understand it, Sharon, you have personal knowledge that would be very helpful for us to understand. Could you elaborate your past relationship and your personal feelings and knowledge to help us?"

Sharon interrupted, "Tim, if you don't mind, I would like to know what Michele's reaction was to the Ben Wa before we get into that."

Tim replied, "That's fine. Michele, please give us your appraisal of the Ben Wa and also a comparison with the vibrating egg."

"Yes, sir, I certainly enjoy the Ben Wa. They are stimulating and certainly take some getting used to in terms of the extra weight and holding them inside."

Tim interrupted, "Inside what?"

"I'm sorry, sir. I wasn't being descriptive enough was I? They take some getting used to holding the extra weight inside my pussy. In comparison I would have to say that the vibrating egg is a more submissive appropriate toy with a master controlling the remote. For individual play, the Ben Wa is stimulating. They are both very good and pleasing in their own ways."

I interjected, "Let me freshen everyone's drinks. Sharon, would you help me in the kitchen, please?"

Once in the kitchen and out of earshot, "How are you doing, Sharon? The guys obviously got together for their plans for the evening. The fact that I don't know what the plans are is no longer significant. Tim establishes all those plans and makes the arrangements. I am to be where he wants me and perform as directed. I don't know what your arrangement is with John."

"Thank you, Michele, for your concern. John and I haven't been as inclusive of others, more just ourselves but this feels safe. I have been shared in the past and we'll get into that later. I am not used to being shared, but only with a few other men, but it has been more restricted. But, I am good with this, thanks."

We returned to the men with new drinks and returned to our seats as before. Sharon noticed my legs separated and remembered to keep hers that way, also. Tim even commented, "Very good, Sharon. You learn quickly." This caused her to blush and looked at John. It was apparently one thing to see mom and me naked and directed when in her shop and another when Tim was doing it to her.

Tim got back to the topic of Mr. Rodriguez. Sharon said it would probably just be easier if she told the story of her knowledge of him and relationship with him.

Her story of Mr. Rodriguez:

His late wife was from town here. She was married to a man who owned a company and was quite successful. When he died of a sudden illness, Mr. Rodriguez was one of the people who was interested in acquiring the business. Her husband had been the driver of the business and it seemed to flounder after his death. But the company was good, it just needed good management. After he bought the company, he brought in some people to help manage it. One of those was Sharon's husband. His role was to be the direct link to the corporation that was the umbrella for all the Rodriguez companies. And Rodriguez was at the top of the organization. The company became very successful, again.

Over a couple years after he acquired the company he had the opportunity to interact with his to-be wife during visits and company functions, especially social community events where she was still active. It became clear to Sharon and her husband what was happening and they made the introduction. After that it just didn't take that long and they were soon married.

It wasn't more than a couple years after that when Sharon's husband died a little more than three years ago. Sharon said it almost devastated her. Rodriguez was quite concerned about her and stayed in close contact. He setup the boutique for her, not that she really needed the money or the job but to keep her active and busy. And it pretty much worked for much of the time. She poured herself into the boutique and turned it into a true specialized shop that women could feel comfortable in. Her husband always thought the world of Rodriguez. And she did, too, so she wasn't really surprised that he continued to watch over her and help her. His wife became a regular customer and she spread the word to others. Sharon ended up with a very good clientele who could easily afford lavishing themselves with intimate wear.

His wife died a year or so, ago. It was an illness of some kind, he didn't talk about it much. But, she went very quickly. Which is probably always a blessing. He seemed to really struggle afterward for a while but he is a controller and applied it to himself. He deeply grieved and was at a loss but he went on with life. I really doubt he will ever remarry. I was actually surprised he did, but that was the kind of woman she was. Despite be a controller he didn't control her. She was her own being, strong, assertive, matching him. She might have been the only woman he'd ever known who matched him. He was totally devoted to her. It was wonderful to watch.

In fact I think he still has her place outside of town. I think he just couldn't sell it. By his standards, it is quite a modest place. In the country outside of town, some acreage, I think. Anyway, he just keeps it maintained. I don't think he's been there for a while. He has it taken care of.

Tim said, "Thank you, Sharon. That is very helpful, but there is something I am still curious about." He looked from Sharon to John and back to Sharon. "From what I hear, you totally trust Rodriguez. You sound totally safe with him. You would suggest that we have further contact with him, entrust ourselves in him?"

"Yes, I definitely would. I know that probably sounds strange that I would encourage you two to engage him and feel comfortable and safe. But that is the fact about him."

"You're going to have explain more about why that is. He sounds like a nice enough guy so far, but for that recommendation there has to be more."

"Okay, you want to know why I am so positive about him and feel so safe? Okay. Understand, even John doesn't know part of this. John, you are my salvation, my rock. You deserve to know everything. I had been submissive to my husband. You're right that I have given myself to my son and I'll get to

that part. For the most part my husband and I kept our dom/sub relationship very quiet and personal. It was more of plaything between us. But we occasionally had activities with Mr. R. This was before he met and married his wife. He was always alone. High profile, dynamic, but also alone. We socialize frequently when he was in town. Both of us really like him. It just happened one night. My husband shared me with him. I was very enthusiastic and agreeable. Like I said, we both adored him. We became very close. He is very much a dominant. Clearly a strong dominant. I could feel it every time we were together. I was submissive, my husband filled the role to provide control in my life. But Rodriguez, my god, it oozed from him. But he never once intruded. Never once tried to take over. That's one of the reasons we were so comfortable. I think he could have taken me. He was that dominant. But he respected our relationship. He was grateful for the inclusion.

After my husband's death, Mr. R noticed that although I was doing better much of the time, especially when working in the boutique, I still had periods of profound loss and struggle. He also noticed that I was probably struggling with the submissive part of me not being fulfilled. Through our relationship he understood what we had in our relationship. It was obviously something we were very careful to keep from John. Being away to college helped. During this time he experimented with me and notice my change when he took control, not sexually, he wouldn't do that to his wife. But he also notice that after John moved back from college after graduation, and started helping me at the boutique, that I seemed better for more of the time. John was showing the ability to call me on my behavior and pull me out of my funks by directing me, but he was still dealing with his mom. Rodriguez finally took John aside and told him what he had to do, take control of me. He took the chance to explain that I was a submissive and needed that control. He assured John that I would respond to him. He also told John that taking control did not have to include my sexual response. But he did make it known to John that it was also a big part of my previous life of being controlled. He told John that he understood that the sexual control was outside of our societal boundaries, but that it might be necessary, even good. John told me all this afterwards. After John took control and I did fully respond and submit to him as Rodriguez predicted, I have been a changed woman again, and my sex life has once again been full because of John. But understand that all this was a result of Rodriguez taking the time, the interest, the concern, to follow it through. To get me through this. That's why I can recommend him so fully and unconditionally."

Tim and I just looked at each other for a moment. Tim then said, "Sharon, John, thank you so very much for sharing such an intimate story with us. We are in awe of what you have gone through, but are so very much grateful for sharing it with us. It is exactly the information we have been wanting to be comfortable with continuing a relationship with Rodriguez. Thank you, so much."

Tim said, "Michele, I think we all need another drink. What do you think, John?"

"Agreed. Sharon, please help Michele."

In the kitchen I gave Sharon a hug and kissed her cheek. "Thank you, Sharon, for sharing that with us. It makes us/me feel so much better about our next steps."

Sharon just looked at me and then stepped into me, looking into my eyes, and hugged me and kissed me on the lips. Passionately. Lustily. She pulled back and looked at me. "You know they are going to share us."

"Sharon, I know that is exactly one of the reason for this evening. Maybe not the primary reason. We just concluded the primary reason. Now comes the physical part of the reason. Are you okay with that?"

"Oh, yes. We haven't gone out of ourselves, but this feels so right. I want Tim. Do you mind?"

"Sharon, I am a submissive to Tim. It is not up to me. I serve Tim and his wishes. But if I did have a say, no, I would not mind you with Tim. Do you mind if I want John? He is young and new to all of this. Has he been with other submissives besides you?"

"No, like I said, we have been very closed to ourselves. But I know he will enjoy you. Do you mind if we seek advice and mentoring from you two? I just know John has so much potential to be the dominant I will thrive with. Is it awful that we are mother and son?"

"I think I can speak for Tim, although it is not strictly my place, but we would be honored to do whatever we can to assist you two. And, no, we have no judgment about you and John being mother and son. If it is what you need and fulfills you both, then it can't be wrong."

"Thank you, Michele. We better get these drinks in before we find ourselves being disciplined."

When we returned, both men were sitting where they had been but were now naked. I looked at Sharon, smiled, and said, "As you were saying." I gave her the drink for Tim and she gave me the one for John. We then walked to the other's partner. I gave John his drink and put mine on the end table and knelt on the floor in front of him. I glanced and saw that Sharon was following my lead. I looked into John's eyes and then to his cock. "Sir, may this slut suck your cock and prepare you for our activities tonight?"

He immediately got hard. I smiled. Sharon would have to work more with Tim. He wouldn't let her get by that easily. He replied, "Ummm, yes, you may." I leaned into him and took him directly into my mouth and sucked and let him feel the back of my mouth and the entrance to my throat before pulling back off and kissing and licking him. I purposely licked my way down his cock so I could look over to Tim and Sharon. She was nervous but eager. Tim was smiling and winked at me. He was pleased with my rapid acceptance of my role. That motivated me to redouble my efforts on John. But, I was conscious of the need to not allow him to cum in my mouth but to allow him the pleasure of using my pussy.

When I saw that Tim was indeed hard, I released John's cock from my mouth and stood in front of him. I turned around so my back was to him and positioned myself over his cock. I took him and guided him into me and slowly sank to the bottom. I knew Tim had plans for bringing Cody into the activities and this was an excellent icebreaker to have him lick us. Once both Sharon and I were seated, Tim held onto Sharon and guided her up and down. He then instructed me, "Michele, please bring the next experience for Sharon and John." I got off John and walked to the back door and let Cody in. I controlled him so he wouldn't charge into the room and possibly frightening Sharon. I had Cody sit while I once again took my position on John. I then called him to me with a pat to the inside of my thigh. He immediately came to me. We have often used this position to allow him access to our joined sexes. It is a favorite for enhanced stimulation and he knew exactly what was expected.

John moaned loudly when Cody started licking. Depending on how far I might be on the cock inside me was the determining factor in how much cock he licked. But he always got my lips and clit. When I lifted, Cody got more of John's cock in the licking. That was John's moaning. Those times Cody made good contact with his cock. I always enjoyed this and I could tell John was now, too.

I heard Tim call Cody over to him. Tim patted the inside of Sharon's thigh to indicate what was required of him. Cody went directly to the new pussy. Sharon shrieked but didn't fight it or try to move. In fact she just sat there and enjoyed the licking while being stuffed by Tim's cock. Tim had to physically move her to break her reverie and resume fucking him. Soon I could hear and then see Sharon's orgasm taking her over.



Tim was holding her tight and massaging her breasts as she came down from the orgasm. She looked over at John who was smiling at her. She thanked Tim. Tim reached over for her wine and handed it to her. While sipping it, Tim asked John and Sharon if they had ever experimented with dogs before.

John said, "Not to my knowledge. I know we haven't since I have been involved with mom. But now I am curious. Mom, have you ever done anything with dogs before we've been together?"

"No. I have never even known anyone who did. At least I didn't know that anyone did. Why, Tim?"

Tim looked at me and said, "Michele, would you like to take this?"

I looked at everyone and responded to Sharon's question, "Well, because sex with a good dog is absolutely amazing. You know that I am submissive to Tim. What you may not know is that I am also submissive to Cody here. It may not be quite in the same way because Cody can't really direct me beyond the basic. If he wants to lick me or fuck me. But, I am not allowed to deny Cody if he wants me when we are in the house. Not only am I to be naked, or if dressed to be totally accessible, it is specifically for both Tim and Cody. Of course, Tim can direct me to be available to someone else, Cody can't quite manage that communication. But, I am still submissive to him."

Sharon just looked at me. She thought and then asked, "And the sex part?"

"The sex with Cody is amazing. Totally different, though. Tim can be direct, forceful, just plain fucking. Or, he can be gentle, pleasing for me, loving me. Cody is just a high power fucking machine. And his knot, my god. That knot is an orgasm guarantee for me. I will orgasm EVERY time we tie. Guaranteed."

"Sounds intense."

"Very. And very enjoyable. Would you like to try it tonight?"

"No. I'm not ready for that. It does sound interesting but I need to get my head around it better. This is coming so fast. Remember, John has protected me within ourselves until now. Being shared before seems like a different life."

John agreed, "I support that, actually."

Tim asked, "Are you interested enough to watch it? Would you like to see Michele get mated to Cody?"

"Michele makes it sound very appealing and I am very curious. Would you mind if we watched you, Michele?"

"Tim knows this isn't a problem for me. I've performed these demonstration before. I would be pleased to demonstrate the joy of dog-sex. Once we get going, I would suggest that you forget about modesty or intrusion and come down for a good, close look." I got up off of John and said the Tim, "I think I should get a beach towel if we are doing this in the living room."

John asked, "What does that mean?"

Tim replied, "Dog-sex is a little messy. When they cum, they cum a lot. It always leaks out around the knot and cock. But after they separate there is a lot of cum running out of her."

I returned with the large towel and double it on the floor. I lay down and spread my legs for Cody to

lick. I say to Sharon, "Cody and most dogs are wonderful at licking cunt. You had a bit of it, but there is nothing like a big dog tongue lapping your cunt juices." After a bit, I wiggle around so he still has access to me but I can now reach his sheath. I gently manipulate his sheath until his red tip shows and I start licking it. Soon more of his cock is showing and I can suck on it and until I am satisfied he will penetrate me and stay in. I then crawl out from under Cody and bring Sharon's attention to his cock. I get on all fours and wiggle my ass to him and he is quickly on top of me. I reach back between my legs to help him enter me and he does with a sudden thrust. I groan out my satisfaction and now I can feel him growing inside of me. His cock gets longer, thicker, and constantly send out little spurts of pre-cum. I call Sharon down to me and want her to witness the details. I call her attention to the speed Cody fucks me, pounding me. I feel his knot starting to form and hitting me outside. I tell her to get close and look, see the knot at the base of his cock. That will be inside me, tying me to him.

She exclaims, "That is going inside you? My god, it's too big."

"That's ... ewwwwwww ... yes, Cody, just ... like that, boy ...that's what I thought the first ... Oooohhhhhh ... first time he pushed it into me. But ... shiiiiittttttt ... yeeeeesssssss, god, I'm cummmmmminnnnnngggggggg ...!!!"

Cody kept pounding the entire time I was orgasming. Another orgasm partially the result of my mental state. Then I could feel his knot stretching me, he pushed, I pushed. "Sharon, look, look at the knot. We are doing it now."

And we did. It suddenly was inside my cunt. Once inside, he pounded his cock and knot deeper and pounded relentlessly into me. Then he tensed and I tensed, "Oh, yesssss, yes, Cody, shoot your cum into my cunt, yes, Cody." What a wonderful feeling, his warm cum spurting inside me, coating my walls, spurt after spurt after spurt.

When he was done and he stopped, except for the small spurts that keep coming, I caught my breath and then started rocking on his knot. "This is one of the best parts, Sharon. I am stuck to him, his big knot is now too big to get out. But by rocking on him, I can hit my g-spot repeatedly. And, I ... ewwwwwww yes, ... I always cum, again." And I did, explosively. Walking Sharon through my mating with Cody was just too much additional stimulation and I came and came on his lovely knot.

I collapsed onto my front with my ass still sticking up in the air. Soon, Cody broke free of me and his cum ran out of my cunt like a river. Dropping straight down to the towel and running down both of my thighs.

I heard Sharon exclaim, "My god, Michele, all that cum running out of you. You are still open. My god, John, look at that."

"I am my dear. There's an open pussy with cum running out of it. What do you think I'm looking at?"

I recovered, we all had another drink and John and Sharon thanked us profusely for the wonderful and educational evening. We thanked them for the important information we were needing about Mr. Rodriguez. Everyone kissed and they left.

Tim pulled me to him and kissed me deeply and passionately. He separated us slightly, enough to look me in the eyes, "Dear, what happened tonight?"

"What do you mean, what happened? You know perfectly well."

"I don't mean the sex and Sharon, I mean you. You made a transition, subtle perhaps, but I am curious."

"Tim, I don't know what you want. What transition?"

"You have always used the term 'pussy' until tonight. Just now, with Cody, taking Sharon through what was happening, you didn't once say 'pussy'. You only used 'cunt'. Was that deliberate? Were you just playing with Sharon? Or is this a change?"

"I guess I hadn't noticed. But lately it seems I have been thinking 'cunt' and not 'pussy'. Lately, 'pussy' just wasn't cutting it with the new attitude, new depth of my role, your role. 'Cunt' just started feeling more appropriate. If I am now a 'slut', I will probably be a 'cunt', used by men and dogs, used by who knows what eventually. 'Pussy' just seemed so nice, delicate. Does it bother you that I want to use 'cunt'?"

"Never. You are what you are. Right now you are a slut. As you say, someday, maybe a cunt. Does that bother you?"

"Absolutely not. Before maybe. Not now. I feel so free. So open to you. So honest to myself. I know I have a lot to learn, yet. We probably both do. But we have a good mentor."

"A mentor?"

"Yes, luscious. A submissive like her can guide us on this journey. Sir?"

"Yes, slut."

"May this slut suck your cock?"

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## **A WALK IN THE PARK**

As I said, Tim had decided that taking Cody for walks would do all of us good. These walks were usually late at night, certainly after dark. And, also as I previously mentioned, Tim maintained the same control over me on these walks. He tended towards short skirts or dresses that were full which provided for an opportunity of the wind to raise the hem. Besides never wearing panties, I was not allowed to control the skirt in windy conditions. This was actually an excellent opportunity for exhibitionism without the inherent danger of being arrested for public exposure. It just appeared that I was not aware of what the wind was doing.

On previous walks Tim has maintained that I am not allowed to deny Cody but that we needed to apply care and discretion. Otherwise, being arrested is a very real possibility. Tim manages this mostly as a tease for me; extra stimulation and eroticism for my ever active mind.

This night was no different as it started out. We are again in the park as part of our normal route. As on several other occasions, we sit on a bench in the middle of the park. As required my knees are separated, and as often happens, Cody comes to me and sniffs. He pokes his head under my dress and I open my legs more to allow him better access, at the same time I am looking around the park to see that we are still alone. In the distance I see another couple walking on the sidewalk as they pass under a light. I move to push Cody away but Tim stops me. "They are still far enough away. They can't see anything, yet."

I am again dressed in a simple summer dress that comes to mid-thigh, full in the skirt, and without panties or bra, of course. As such, with Cody pushing into my crotch, my dress is bunch to my hips. As his tongue continues to work on my lips and clit, I slouch back and let my hips slide to the edge of

the bench. Of course, this moves my dress all the way past my hips in back and to my waist in front. I give glances in the direction of the other couple, but I am now hoping they don't come our way. This is the first time Tim has allowed Cody as much access and time at my cunt. And the stimulation of his tongue and my imagination is taking me quickly to a wonderful feeling that I want to continue.

I am nearing an orgasm and I glance up but can't find the couple. Fearing that they may be closer than I thought, I look around but Tim reassures me, "They left out the side access. We are alone. It's after midnight and we've never seen anyone here this late."

I lean back and spread my legs as wide as possible and prepare for my first orgasm with Cody outside in public. But Tim stops us. Just as I am peaking, just as my body was about to crash over the edge and send me to another of Cody's marvelous tongue orgasms, he stops us. He pulls Cody back and has him sit and stay. I look at Tim. I know my eyes are filled with lust and passion. "No, I want him to finish me. I am so close. Cody come, boy."

Tim responds instantly, "Cody, STAY! Slut, stand up."

I'm struggling to process the conflict between what my body is demanding and what I am hearing from Tim. But I know that Tim is the demand that I must respond to. I stand with only the briefest hesitation for processing the conflict in my mind. He is holding Cody's leash and starts down the path, I hurry to catch up with them. We get further into the park and he stops beneath a light and looks around. We stand quietly and look and listen. We don't see anyone; we don't hear anything but distant cars and trucks.

Tim again looks at me, "You hesitated back there, my dear. But you recovered very well. I am truly proud of your responses. Now, I want you to take off your dress and shoes and hand them to me."

I looked at him with my mouth open like I wanted to say something in response, but I didn't. Without even another glance around to check for others, but fully trusting Tim to honor our need for safety and avoiding issues with the police, I removed the strap from one shoulder and then the other. Without the straps, the dress slid down to my hips. I gave a slight push and my dress dropped to my feet. I stepped of it and my shoes at the same time. I turned my back to him and bent straight legged to pick up my dress and shoes, giving him a good look at my cunt and ass. It was more than a look as he came up and put one hand on my back to keep me bent over and the other went between my legs. I opened them a little more for him and he responded, "Excellent. You anticipated my desire for more contact and you provided it. I do believe that with dedication you will be a truly exceptional submissive slut."

He patted my ass and I straightened up. I turned and looked at him, my eyes slight down. I stood before him completely nude in a public park under a sidewalk light. I asked him, "Sir, may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Are you just trying to encourage me, making me feel good, or are you sincere that you think I can be an 'exceptional submissive slut' for you?"

"I do want to encourage you. And I do want you to feel good with the encouragement. But, yes, I sincerely do believe, in my soul I believe, that you are a true submissive that has given only indications for years and is only now realizing your potential. Yes, you will be a truly magnificent submissive and slut."

"Thank you, sir. I will do everything I can to meet and hopefully exceed your expectations for your

submissive.”

Tim smiled and put his arms around me and gave me a deep kiss, stroking my back and ass. When he released me he pulled something out of the pocket of his shorts. It was a studded white collar, a dog collar. He handed it to me and just watched. I took it, looked at it and put it too my neck and fastened it. He then handed me the clip end of a leash. It was also white. I clipped it to the collar. He held the other end. I stood there in front of him. Cody was at his side on the right. He slapped his left thigh and said, “Stand here.” I walked to his left side and faced the same direction. He turned his head to me and said, “Tonight, Cody mates you in nature the way dogs normally do.” I continued to look ahead, but a shiver ran through me.

I was again nervous that I was standing totally naked in a park under a light but at least it was the middle of the night. And, I was to be mated to the dog in this very park. If he knotted me, I would be helpless to do anything if someone did come along.

Tim led Cody and me off the sidewalk, across the grass, through some trees and among some bushes that offer some privacy from the sidewalks. Tim unclipped the leashes from both Cody and me, lifted my chin with his finger, kissed me on the lips and said, “Now, you have fun with Cody. I’ll watch out for you.”

I sat down on the grass and opened my legs wide. Cody looked at me and came over as soon as he saw me in the inviting position being presenting. He started licking my cunt of the juices that were already seeping out just from the anticipation. But since I was clearly ready for him, I stopped him after a short while and bent under him to get his cock ready for our mating. It also didn’t take long for him to expose his cock. I then turned to my hands and knees and patted my ass for him to mount me. And he does. And, again, I love that cock in my cunt. I am enjoying it like I always enjoyed it but every sound that makes its way to my consciousness, every bush movement, tree branches moving, dog barking somewhere makes me so aware of my vulnerability. I glance behind me but I can’t see Tim. But he has to be there. And all the while Cody is pounding into my cunt. Then I feel his knot. Do I want to knot with him, should I, is it safe? Do I have a choice? Think, what did Tim tell me to do? He told me I was to mate with Cody. Does that necessarily mean taking his knot? But, damn, I love that knot. I really do. Feeling it hitting me outside sends feeling and knowledge through me. I know what this will feel like and I know I want it, I am just scared. Of what? Being seen by someone. That can be the only fear. I know everything else. Being seen is the only unknown tonight. But this is Tim’s wish, he will watch out for me. That is one of my limits, safety. Tim will take care of my safety; he won’t let me get into trouble.

So I relax and as a result I enjoy. I release myself to Tim’s safety and control and in that release of control, I feel Cody’s knot enter me and at that moment of understanding and acceptance, I go over the edge. I feel my legs and arms shake as they support my weight along with Cody’s. I drop down onto the ground, my breasts mashed into the grass and my ass still up in the air. This pulls Cody forward and deeper into my cunt and with a final thrust, he cums, too.

After his release, my awareness returns, again. I am aware of my surroundings, the noises, and my vulnerability. And for a moment I forget about the pleasure I get out of his knot. But when he pulls on me, I return to what I am doing, what Tim wants from me. I push back on Cody and pull away. Rocking and pulling and pushing, moving his knot inside my cunt, finding my g-spot repeatedly and, yes, find that wonderful orgasm while tied to Cody. And I find myself consumed by it, heightened by the danger of being seen, and I scream my own release.

When he is finally able to pull out of me, there is no mess to worry about. We are outside and on the ground. I begin to turn to clean off his cock and knot when I hear Tim. “Michele, put on your dress

and do it quick. There's a cop coming from the sidewalk."

I throw the dress over my head and adjust the straps but stay on the ground next to Cody. When the cop comes, he excuses himself but shines his flashlight on me, Cody, and Tim. He says, "Folks, is everything alright? I heard a scream from this direction."

Tim responds, "I'm sorry officer. I guess we got a little noisy, I hope we weren't causing a problem for the neighbors."

"It wasn't the neighbors. I just heard what sounded like a woman's scream. Are you okay mam?"

I said, "Officer, that was me. We were walking and my husband was teasing me and began tickling me. I ran through the trees and these bushes when I must have tripped on that tree root. Our dog thought it was playtime and pounced on me. That's when I screamed in playfulness. It's a game we play. He's very affectionate and large. When he gets excited he's all over the place."

"Okay, well, it is pretty late. Maybe keep it down a little, alright?"

Tim said, "Thank you, officer. And, again, we apologize. I am wondering, though. Is there a reason why you are patrolling the park so late?"

"No. Actually, I was on break and rather than get something to eat, I thought a little exercise would be better. Good night, folks."

After he left, I said, "That was close."

"Only because you screamed."

"What changed in your thinking to go this extra step in the park tonight?"

"Remember when Anja suggested the Ben Wa as a possible toy for you?"

"From Belgium, yes, I remember. All this help from on-line. An experienced, committed submissive in luscious and an experimenting one in Anja. They're going to be my ruin."

"No, they may contribute to it but you were already well on your way. Anyway, Anja also suggested the exhibitionism/public sex in the park."

"And she seemed so nice. That little minx!" And we both laughed.

"Yeah, well, you didn't sound like you minded tonight's activity. Next time we may need to use a gag-ball."

"Next time?"

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## **RETURN TO MR. RODRIGUEZ'S ESTATE FRIDAY MORNING**

After much discussion, and factoring in the additional information we received from Sharon, we contacted Mr. Rodriguez and agree to take him up his offer to visit for a 3-day weekend. Tim thoroughly reviewed our terms contained in our drafted Limits and Boundaries to confirm to Mr. Rodriguez our commitment to him, his potential with me while in his care, and our position on limits.

We essentially were providing him with the direction his mind might go with ideas for the weekend and where pushing is acceptable. Our Limits and Boundaries document will now be used in each new situation where my participation could possibly have me be separated from Tim. That wasn't the case here, but could be in the future.

The last time we were on our honeymoon and managing the normal travel of people through airports, connections, transfers and meeting up with baggage and ground transportation. This time Mr. Rodriguez was sending his personal jet and had limo transportation arranged to and from the plane on both ends of the trip. He also arranged to ease customs clearance on that end. Coming back into the US would still require going through customs but would be simplified by having an agent coming to the plane. The advantages of money and power.

He also repeated the terms from his end. I was to be naked the entire weekend from pickup at the house to return to the house. The only time that wouldn't be true is during customs clearance and there would be a very fashionable full cape on the plane for that purpose. Once the agents were off the plane and cleared of it, I would return to being naked. The only other times I would not be naked would be if we left the estate while on our free time. I was to come dressed in thigh high nylons, high heels, necklace and earrings of my choice. He would provide any other clothing that might be required. He assured us that there was an excellent selection of clothing available from his past wife. Our time would be our own during the day but at night I was to be a willing slut to him and any guests, and a bitch to the dogs. And that would start from the time we set foot onto his plane until we left the plane on our return.

We were going to be picked up by a driver early Friday morning and it would be dark yet. That would give sufficient time to arrive on the island by mid-day.

But I couldn't sleep. I tossed and turned much of the night. Okay, people always say that and the reality is they do sleep some but not nearly what their intention was. That was my case. I wanted to sleep until 5:00 AM, then we would get up, dress, lock up the house and leave by the car coming to pick us up. That was still early enough that I could walk out to the driveway and get into the car naked and, hopefully, not be seen by the neighbors. But, I didn't. I was staring at the alarm clock which kept reminding me that it was only 2:55, 2:56, 2:57 ... at 3:05 I said screw it and got up.

It was pitch black in the bedroom. Must have been a new moon because there was no light coming in the windows. I didn't want to wake Tim if he was able to sleep so my intention was to make my way out of the bedroom and down to the kitchen to get coffee and a light breakfast ready. Yes, it was early for that but I needed to do something.

In the dark and afraid of where we might have dropped shoes the night before, I inched my way along the bed and around the foot of it towards the door. I got about that far when I suddenly bumped into fur, a cold wet nose, and slippery tongue on my skin. And I went down stumbling to one knee. I quietly cursed Cody but then he was in my face with his tongue. I grabbed his head giggling and hugged him to my shoulder as I put the side of my face to his. I pulled back and whispered to him, "You almost killed me. Why didn't you move?" He started licking my face and neck. I giggled and again hugged him. Pressing my body to his as he sat in front of me. I was now on my knees and at the same level as him. His furry chest felt good against my naked breast. Suddenly, making coffee and breakfast was nowhere in my mind, any longer. I had something else to do that would get my system going much better than caffeine.

I took his head in both of my hands and moved my mouth to his, missing by a bit and hitting his nose, but quickly adjusting and touching lips and tongue. What is it about my kissing this dog that gets me going so? He's like a man to me in that regard. I love the little intimacies with him. Okay,

maybe not quite as good as with Tim, but ... god ... I do so love loving this dog. Yes, quite possibly more than most any other man I've met except Tim. Oh, sex with other men and other dogs is great, don't get me wrong, but these two guys will always be the best for me. Others may have me do different, exotic, erotic and challenging things in the future (and it definitely looks like that is where I am headed as I go further into my submissiveness, willingly, even eagerly), but pure intimacy and soul pleasure is for these two guys. I love both of them so much.

So there I am kneeling on the floor hugging and kissing Cody, my knees slightly spread for balance. Cody lowers his head and licks my breasts and swipes my nipples, hits each in turn. Then down my stomach and I can feel him sniffing me between the legs. I open my legs a little more to encourage him. I feel his nose pushing into my pussy, then his tongue, just a touch, then a swipe but the angle is all wrong. He's frustrated and I certainly am not getting what I need. I rock backwards to sit on my heels and continue back until I am sitting with my legs spread further apart. Cody moves in and starts licking with more urgency, deliberateness. But soon I want more. I try to keep myself quiet but my moans get a little more vocal with each passing moment. Finally, I fall back flat onto the floor and raise my hips to give Cody better access to my pussy. Now raised and more exposed, his licking starts underneath me at my asshole and pulls up along my cunt lips, over my stiffening and throbbing clit and onto my bald mound. As he continues ... and god, can he continue and continue ... he must love my juices as much as I love given them to him ... I start to shake and loudly moan. I clamp my hand over my mouth, not wanting to wake Tim too early.

Sensing an orgasm already approaching, I squirm out from under him in search of his sheath and the cock inside. I find that my scent must have been having an effect on him for he is already several inches out from his sheath. I lick the tip of his cock and taste the pre-cum already seeping out. He is as needing of this as I am, I think. I quickly take those inches into my mouth and suck. Soon there are more inches to love, suck and lick. With my mouth full of dog cock, I take in a sharp breath and gasp. Cody has once again found my cunt and is again licking. The angle isn't great to get into me but that just means that every lick starts at my engorged clit. His wet, long, powerful tongue feeling like heavenly torture on my increasingly sensitive, stiffening, and swollen clit. Despite my best intentions to shift the arousal to Cody with my mouth, lips and tongue, my body is again reacting to his tongue that has found my secretions continuing to escape my lips. I shudder with the approaching orgasm but again force myself out from under him. I hug him, deeply. Feeling his strong body under that fur against my breasts, nipples and upper body and arms. He feels sooooo good. I stroke him along his side, pressing my body as if into him. My hand slips under him and stroke his cock a few times, still coated with my saliva.

I kiss his head. I turn his head and kiss his snout, his mouth and lips, put my tongue out for our kiss. I open my mouth at the first touch of his tongue, wanting him inside, and mine inside his. I break it off with a lust filled look in my eyes as I stare into his. "I want you, Cody. Now. I want you to mate me, make me yours, again." I realize I am not whispering any longer. I need him and want him. I am no longer thinking quiet, Tim sleeping, too early. I only want Cody. More to the point, I want his cock and I want it and his knot inside me.

I move to my hands and knees in front of him. Still at the foot of the bed but now intent on Cody and my lust for each other. Possibly the impending separation for three days, possibly the unknown of what was to come for me this weekend, possibly some element of scared and wanting the comforting contact of a known and desired lover. Whichever or all, I presented myself to him as a slut and bitch. At that moment a bitch wanting to be mated by her canine master. Yes! I committed to him that night after my wedding. Committed to both Tim and Cody, slut and bitch. And that commitment to Cody was feeling total and whole and complete in me now as I knelt before him, wiggling my ass, legs splayed in front of him, enticing him, telling him I was his. His. Take me, Cody. "Please, Cody. Take me. Make me yours. Mate me and hold me with your knot." He licked me only once more



before mounting me. I didn't even have to guide him. As if he knew I was his to have, the first thrust and he was inside me! I cried out with the surprise, the delight, the wonderful feeling of him being inside. He shifted a little to be tighter to me and started that pounding he does. Fast, power, as if total ownership. I felt him engorge with the strokes into me. Getting longer ... oh, god, yesssssss ... longer, and thicker ... I love it, yesssss ... and pounding, nonstop, fast and powerful. I feel him deep and then I feel his knot on the outside, hitting my cunt on the outside, my lips only thinking about accepting his knot, not really committed, yet. But Cody is and I am. I want his knot in me as much as Cody does. I work my ass to his pushes. My cunt will take him, I push back, and I yearn for it. As he pushes into me, I am pushing back to him. Intensity matched. My lips are yielding and I realize we are pushing this faster than ever before. My lips are not quite ready but Cody and I are not waiting. The knot pops inside with a terrible sudden stretching that causes me to yell out in pain and ecstasy at the same time. When the light goes on somewhere in my foggy mind I realize that I have woken Tim but I am too far gone now. I have Cody's cock and knot and I am riding my first orgasm. And I know, without any question, there will be more. My body is on fire with desire and need. Cody will be a good start but I will want more. Good thing I was up early after all.

With his knot inside me, I feel him deep, very deep inside me. After only a moment of hesitation after entering me with his knot, he again is pounding me. But now that knot is expanding my cunt as it moves back and forth. He is hitting me on the walls inside, his knot is stretching me. His knot feels bigger. My imagination? My wanting something special to carry over? Or his wanting of me as much? Whatever, I feel him stiffen, push hard into me, clamp down with his front legs harder. Then I feel it, spurt after spurt after spurt. His doggy cum spilling, no more like a hose, a fire hose blasting into my cunt, coating me, filling me. Even with the knot my cunt can't hold it all. I feel it leaking out around his cock. Running down my thighs. And a wayward thought of 'shit, I forgot a towel' but I was clearly way past worrying about the mess now. As he spurted, I came again. Strongly. Vocally. Then I felt a hand on my shoulder, gently stroking me. Tim. Providing me with a physical anchor to hold myself to while I drifted with the intense pleasures coursing through me.

When Cody was done, he became still and didn't try to get off. Tim, again. Keeping Cody where he was, on top of me but with less pulling as when we are butt-to-butt. I fall to the floor. My face in my arms, my ass stuck up in the air. I wiggle my ass. I push back. I pull away. It works better when we are butt-to-butt. In time the knot shrinks enough for Cody to pull away. I crawl over to him and push his head away from his cock. Mine. I'm the bitch. Let me do it. I suck and lick his cock and knot clean, which is hard because he keeps leaking cum but I suck at the tip to get everything I can from him.

Only then do I roll over, exhausted but happy. I look up and see Tim sitting on the foot of the bed looking at me with a huge smile on his face. His cock is as hard as I have seen it. I get to my knees in front of him. I focus my eyes on his cock. Hard, rigid, needy. The veins are clearly visible. He is almost throbbing with need. I glance my eyes up to his, "Sir?"

Tim is watching me closely. I have been slipping further and easier into the submissive side as time has passed lately. He senses another indication of my further submission coming. "Yes, do you have something to ask?"

"Yes, Sir ... I have satisfied one of my Masters." I look over at Cody and continue, "But it might only be temporarily. Sir, may I now satisfy you by sucking your cock?"

"Very well, but, you are not to make me cum. Do you understand? I want to cum in your cunt, later."

"Yes, Sir, I understand. Thank you, Sir."

And with that I walked on my knees so I could lower my head and take his cock into my mouth without using my hands. I kissed the head, licked the length, sucked him and took him into my mouth, to the back of my mouth, and finally to the front of my throat so he could feel my throat muscles acting on his rigid cock. I had no idea how long I was sucking and working him. Mindful to pull back and lick the outside and his balls when I felt him begin to tense. After a time, he lifted my chin and said, "Good girl. You've done very well and exactly as you were told. Let's get some coffee and talk about the weekend."

"Sir, I would like to make you cum, first."

"Later. Don't worry, I will make good use of you, yet."

With that he led me to the kitchen. He put the coffee on while I cut up some fruit and took out some muffins. He poured us each some orange juice. We sat at the table and nibbled at our food, both naked, his cock slowly softening but not totally losing its firmness.

"Michele, does your trouble sleeping indicate a problem with the weekend? Or excitement?"

"No. We talked about this, Tim. This will be the test we are looking for. I am embracing my submissiveness more fully all the time. We have pushed some of my comforts. This will be another push. Naked from the time we leave this morning until we get back Sunday night. God, I got wet all week just thinking about it. I know I will be available to more people and dogs than ever before. I know he has plans for me and I don't know what they are. I know I will have to follow through with his demands unless they clearly violate my hard limits. But I know, we know, he won't. Everything we have learned so far about him indicates that he is hard, demanding but at the same time he cares. Too much to hurt me or us. I am excited but also intimidated by the intensity of my feelings. Does that make any sense?"

"Yes, love it does. Michele, I want you to know you are a wonderful slut and submissive. I am delighted by your progression over this time since the wedding, over the honeymoon, and since we have been back. It has been a journey that I knew you were meant to take. Do you also feel it, Michele?"

"Yes, Sir. I do. I am feeling more released, free to be me and to give to you, Cody, to anyone you want. I am feeling like this is what I was truly meant to be, to experience, to give to you, to anyone you want me to give to. I feel in my soul I am truly meant to serve and give pleasure as demanded. And to receive the pleasure that is given to me, when it is given and under whatever conditions. Yes, Sir, I truly do. That is my excitement. I feel like this trip, this weekend, this experience will be the unleashing of my soul, the freeing of my being."

For some moments there was only silence as we drank our coffee and nibbled on our fruit. I got up from my chair and knelt next to him. He pushed his chair from the table and turned it to me. I kissed his cock head. I took a piece of watermelon from his plate and placed it into his mouth. I then kissed his cock head while he chewed. I then took some muffin, broke a piece off and placed it into his mouth. This time I took his cock into my mouth. Fruit, muffin, fruit and in between I took his cock. When his plate was empty, I kissed his cock, looked up from the tops of my eyes and asked, "Sir, may this slut make a request?"

"Yes, what would you like?"

"Sir, it will be time to get ready for the car to pick us up before too long. Before it arrives, this slut would like both you and Cody to use my holes."

"Be clear, slut."

"Sir, this slut would like very much if my two Masters would grant me a double penetration before we have to leave. This slut would like Sir to use my asshole and Cody my cunt."

"You've thought this through? How do you envision accomplishing this?"

"Sir, if you could lay on some cushions and pillows on the floor, I would lower myself onto you with my asshole. I would call Cody to my available cunt."

"You have thought this through. Okay, you better get the gel."

When I returned from the bedroom, Tim had already placed several couch cushions on the family room floor. He then put several pillows on top which provided sufficient height once I was on top of him for Cody to enter me. Over the pillows he put a couple oversized towels.

Tim lay on the cushions and pillows while I spread my legs and using my fingers lubricated my asshole, inserting several fingers. I then lubed up his already hard cock. I smiled down at him. Cody was circling us as we prepared ourselves. He knew he often was included in some way when we were in the family room. Maybe to lick us when we were joined, but he was pacing around us in anticipation of whatever would be available to him.

I turned my back to Tim and stood over his crotch with a foot on each side. I looked back at him with lust in my eyes. He asked, "Are you sure about this?"

"You don't want to? Please, Sir, I want both of you at the same time. But I want you both together as close as possible without being in the same hole."

"Yes, I want to. I was just checking. Cody is different than taking two men. His fucking along with me being in the next hole I think will be an extreme sensation for me. He is so wild, powerful, and frantic. I may not last long, though, with that stimulation."

"This is to show you, both of you, my devotion and commitment to you."

I slowly crouched down over him. I took his lubed cock in my hand and pointed it up towards. I lowered myself further, finding the wrong hole, moving it back and finding the puckered opening to my ass. I even more slowly pressed the head of his cock to that hole. Feeling the resistance to entry, I pushed slightly more. Wanting to gain entry but not wanting to force it too fast. Anal wasn't exactly new to me but it wasn't a routine for me, either. Slowly I could feel my sphincter relaxing, giving way, opening to his cock and the insistence of my desire, my need to please both of them. Finally! Yes! He was just inside, just the head. But he was there, inside, ready to go deeper. I could feel his throbbing inside my tight hole and sleeve. He was holding back the desire to ram further. I could feel it, the throbbing, and the rigidity and need coming from his cock inside. I already felt owned. Yes ... I needed this more than he did and I believed that now. I needed to show my devotion, my total submission. At least as total as I was aware of at this point. I wanted him to know me, control me, be his to have, to serve him, only him or however he wanted me to serve him and with whomever he desired. God ... I was already near explosive need. But ... my focus has to be him, them ... not me ... first them ... then, if they give it to me ... then me.

Once inside me, I slowly sank down onto his length. Gravity. An unrelenting force, only matched by my unrelenting desire to take him completely in me. All of him. His entirety, his full length, to be consumed and filled. Now that I was sitting on his groin, fully impaled on him, I leaned back and he took me in his arms. Lowering my back onto his chest. He whispered in my ear right there at his

mouth, "You are so tight. Your grip on me is total. I love this. Now what?"

"I love you in me, Sir. I feel so full with you and what is also in my heart, my soul. This is what is next", and I called out, "Cody, come to me. See your bitch, what she has for you."

Cody was already nearby. Waiting, sensing he would have his time with us, somehow, someday. He was there almost before the words were out of my mouth. Sniffing, then licking, a taste. But this was different. My cunt was totally available, yet we were joined. But not like before. I was still available to him. I said before, he is a smart dog. The smell of sex, my open and ready cunt in front of him seeping my juices and his lingering cum from before. He mounted me and Tim. His feet finding support and his exposed and ready cock bumping my crotch. I reached down my body, between Cody and me, guiding him to me, his cock to my cunt, dog to bitch. When his cock made its initial entry, just inches maybe, but my head went back and luckily hit Tim's shoulder and not his head. Just inches inside me but with Tim in my ass, it was so delicious, so tight. But Cody is not a gentle lover, not like Tim can be. Not ever. Cody takes his sex. Takes it fast and urgently. So, once inside, just a little, he thrust hard with power and intention. Soon he was deep, nearly fully inside me. But, of course, with a dog that is only the start. Then his cock grows, longer, thicker. God ... yesssssss ... more and tighter. Tim isn't even moving right now. Just Cody. I feel him spurting his pre-cum. So tight, I can feel his seeping, small spurts. Then Tim moves, slowly at first, then more. The two of them, not nearly in unison. Tim with some effort, his position is awkward, mostly hips thrusting but with the weight of me and also Cody on top. Cody, full and brutal thrusting, hard, fast. No way can Tim time his to Cody. The combination is chaos inside my body. Two wonderful cocks at once. Smooth strokes from my husband/Master in my ass ... wonderful, and urgent, almost violent beating from my dog/Master in my cunt. The two, my thin membrane of my body separating them, each their own use of my freely given body. Chaos, turmoil, ravage, wonderful, ecstasy ... I am totally and utterly holding on to my mind and body as I am being used desperately and completely by these two wonderful males.

My mind is reeling, my body is hopelessly being stimulate and used, yes, even abused. My holes are theirs, being owned, for their pleasure, their use, their satisfaction. Yesssssss ... this is me ... I want this ... fully ... for them ... to use me and use me ... to please them ... both of them ... yesssssss.

Noooo! No way will that fit. Cody's knot is pounding my cunt from the outside. But I am too full, already. Aren't I? No, that cannot possibly fit. My legs are limp, hanging down along both my lovers. I hear Tim in my ear, "Lift your knees, spread yourself and pull your knees to you. Get them up and I will help hold you open to him. Your cunt will be at a better angle."

"What? You mean ...?"

"Yes, you will take his knot. You will experience a fullness like none other."

I do what he tells me. I separate my legs further and pull my knees up. Tim takes them and pulls them alongside me. I am totally open now and my pelvis is curled upward. Tim cock in my ass is stretching me down, anchoring me to him but my pelvis is pulled up. Cody senses the shift and pushes harder. His knot pushes against me, stretching my poor lips. But I do as I am told. God, I am. Without complaint, some pain, some tension, but I do for him as I am told. I put pressure back to Cody. His knot stretches me more. I can't really believe it will go in. I am so full, already. But little by little I can feel my lips and cunt painfully being stretched. Yes, so much pain from the stretching but little by little I feel my lips giving and taking more and ... finally! ... yesssssss, oh god, yesssssss ... I have him ... even his knot ... inside me, too! I have been double penetrated a number of times but nothing, ever, anywhere close to feeling like this. Soooooo full. The knot, I don't think Cody can move, he must be stuck in me with Tim pressing up from my asshole. But, no ... shitttttttt ... he is ...

moving again ... how? ... so tight ... how can he move? I'm going to split wide open. I just know it. Okay, maybe not, but it feeeeeeellsssss so tight, so full. His pre-cum spurting, yes, more lubrication, joining with mine, yessss ... he is fucking me again. Tim, too. Both moving, again!

Tim in my ear, "God, baby! This is so tight. I can barely move. That knot rubbing along my cock in your ass. I am not lasting much longer. Not much longer at all." And I felt him spurt his release inside my ass. More and more. I have never felt so much from him. He held me tight. Trapped in his arms as he spasmed. And as he did, so did I. Powerfully. I shuddered and shook. Cody growled. He wasn't ready for me to leave. I wasn't. Couldn't possible between these two, but he must have felt that was what I wanted as I shook, shivered, and spasmed. My legs twitched, my stomach quivered, my eyes rolled back and my mouth opened as my cunt spasmed and clenched around Cody's cock and knot and squeezed Tim's cock in ass more even though he was finish but trapped inside me.

As I started to return from my voyage into the outer limits of my mind and senses, I felt Cody tense inside me. His cock was bigger, his knot was bigger but Tim was smaller with each moment. A little more room to expand. Then I felt him, pressing further into me, then his release. Warm and copious jets of his cum, his release. I felt him shake, quiver against me. He whimpered and he came and came. And as he did, I came again. Not as hard but it started and carrying with his release. But this time we were so tight, it just filled me. There was nowhere else for it to go. We were too tight this time. I filled and filled. I felt sooooo full of cum. I knew, if really was his bitch, I would be pregnant. Huge volumes of his cum had to be in my womb.

When he was done, I went limp. But that only put more tension on my poor pussy and lips. I raised my knees again and waited. Waited for Cody to shrink enough to escape me, release me more like it. Tim was soft now and barely still inside my ass but he was. And I waited with both still inside me. I wiggled a little and giggled at the same time. The three of us together. As close as we could possibly get.

Many moments later, Cody finally pulled out of me and Tim virtually fell out without the pressure of the knot pressing him inside me. Once the knot was gone, a literal river of dog cum came out of the gaping opening in my cunt. Without two cocks in me I felt empty, but very satisfied. I crawled after Cody and took his cock and knot away from his licking. I actually gave him a little growl to move away and let me at it. Once I had him cleaned of our juices, which is never a short endeavor since his cock continues to release small amounts of cum juice, I went after Tim. Still on my hands and knees I settle with my head on his stomach and my mouth over his cock. The cock that had just been in my asshole but for some reason that wasn't the thought going through my mind. The thought was, contentment. I had satisfied and been satisfied by the two main cocks in my life. And I had cleaned both after they had used me for their pleasure. Slutty enough? Submissive enough? I'm getting there. Progress if Tim is pleased.

Tim stirred and rolled onto his side so I had to support myself on my side and looked in his eyes. He took me and kissed me, tasting the cum of all of us. He looked me back in my eyes, gently, lovingly. He simply said, "Good girl."

And I was happier than ever before ...

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## **RETURN TO MR. RODRIGUEZ'S ESTATE THE PLANE TRIP**

Tim had his bag packed the night before. I had a cosmetics case. That's it. No clothes. Nothing. Yes,

this was feeling a little intimidating. Since our limits discussion I had become quite comfortable around the house naked. A few almost embarrassing moments at the door, but it worked out. Even Cody was getting more used to seeing me naked all the time and didn't seem to need to mount me constantly. After all, how much fucking can this girl take? Yeah, okay, I admit it, a lot. Anyway, around the house is one thing. Leaving the house, jumping on an airplane and flying to another country with no clothes is totally another thing. But, this is where I just have to trust in Tim and, hopefully, in Mr. Rodriguez. And, if Sharon knows him as well as she claimed, he is someone we can put our trust in. In a way this weekend is a bit of a test to see how this relationship could work and where it might go. Our first two experiences with him (on the beach with his dogs and the dinner party at his estate) were certainly highly exciting. The potential for future experiences with him were seemingly endless given his resources, personality, and capabilities.

After our activities of the morning, I took a shower and sat down to do my makeup and hair. Then I got some coffee and a light breakfast. Then I got dressed. Sort of. It didn't take me long, obviously. When the limo pulled into the driveway we were ready. Cody was watching attentively to all the activity. Mom would be coming over to care for him periodically during the weekend. I hoped she would also take the opportunity to enjoy his talents while we were gone.

Tim answered the door while I was kneeling with Cody saying my goodbye. I immediately recognized him as the driver for the limo on the island when we were driven to and from Mr. Rodriguez's estate for the dinner party. I gave Cody a last kiss with open mouths and then kissed his nose and stood.

He introduced himself, "I am the driver and bodyguard for Mr. Rodriguez. He has a relatively small full-time staff at the estate. He is very good to work for because he is relatively low maintenance. But he knows what he wants and how to get it. He is a dominant man, but very caring for those he cares about. It is an interesting combination."

"So why didn't he just hire a service up here to take us to the airport?"

"Because of the way you are going to be dressed ... or, not dressed. He gave me the details. He couldn't have you getting into just any vehicle naked. That could be potential trouble, even with your husband. And, he wanted you to have the effect of being naked the whole time. My job is to get you and your husband to the airport, onto the plane and safely to the island, through customs and to the estate. And, if I be so bold, it will be a great deal of pleasure to spend that time with you."

I laughed. "Not too bold at all. You know what I will be doing while I am there. And, I appreciate the compliment." I walked up to him and kissed his cheek. "Thank you for helping us. What's your name, it looks like we will be spending some quality time together."

"Anthony, my name is Anthony."

We introduced ourselves formally to him and then introduced Cody who was watching it all very carefully.

Anthony said, "He looks like a good dog."

Tim replied, "You have no idea how good. Michele has become rather fond of him."

"So I am told," he said with a knowing smile.

Tim had his suitcase which contained my cosmetics case. Everything I was taking with me in a small cosmetics case. Walking out that door I will be naked for the next three days. A shiver ran through my body and this was definitely a shiver of excitement. For most of this weekend not only will I be

naked, but could be the only one naked among others fully clothed like the dinner party. And the excitement surprised me.

Anthony went out ahead of us, opened the trunk for Tim's bag and then the rear passenger door for me. It was still early and mostly dark as we walked to the vehicle. I concentrated on not looking up and down the street. If someone saw me, there was nothing I was going to be able to do about it. As I approached, Anthony was standing holding the door open for me. I thanked him and then it became very obvious to me, there is no way for a naked women to get into a car without opening her legs. And in that instant, I flashed him my bald pussy.

The trip to the regional airport was uneventful. Anthony drove directly to some private hangers. One had a sleek two engine jet sitting outside and Anthony pulled up alongside it, left the car engine running, opened our door and then went to the trunk for Tim's bag. As Tim got out of the car and extended his hand to me, I noticed an attractive, trim attendant standing at the top of the stairs leading to an open door. Next to her stood a man in white shirt and tie who I assumed was the pilot. I got out of the car and stood next to Tim and waited for Anthony who stowed the bag in the hold under the plane. He came back to us and said he would park the car and join us on board. Tim took my hand and led me to the stairs. Again becoming very aware that I was in heels, nylons, and jewelry. Period.

As we reached the top of the stairs the pilot was gone and the attendant was standing with her hand outstretched. "Welcome to Mr. Rodriguez' personal plane. Tim, Michele, I am Marie and I will do whatever I can for you on our flight to the island. If you will come on board, we'll get going as soon as Anthony returns."

I looked over my shoulder and saw that Anthony was driving the car into the hanger.

I said, "He's leaving the car in the hanger?"

"Yes, Mr. Rodriguez gets up here with enough frequency to allow the rental of the hanger for his trips. He has a business here in this city and because of some unfortunate management situations, he has found it necessary to come here himself. I believe he is searching for someone to represent him here so he can focus more fully on other parts of his world. That was a long answer for 'yes, the car is parked in the hanger'."

We all laughed and I immediately felt more at ease. She pointed to the pilots (there were two) and then led us further into the plane. Inside it was amazing. Not only did it have a few rows of seats like you would expect on a plane, but also couches along the sides and tables with seats so you could face each other. She pointed to a door at the rear of the plane and indicated that beyond that door is a small bedroom, the restroom and a full shower. Mr. Rodriguez uses this plane for all his international flying and some can be very long flights.

Tim and I took regular seats for the takeoff as Anthony bounded onto the plane. He said something to someone outside and then it occurred to me that there had to be other ground support people around but must have been instructed to be discretely out of view. He shut and locked the plane door and was heading back towards us. Marie, the attendant, bent down to me and said, "Michele, you have a stunning body. It will be a pleasure to spend this time with you."

Anthony sat down in the row in front of us and facing us and said, "So you've met Marie. That only leaves George as the last member of the staff at the mansion. But you already know George."

Tim asked, "Anthony, what are talking about. Marie, the flight attendant? And who is George?"

The plane was taxiing and took off and we were on our way for the island. This time much quicker and much more direct than flying commercial.

Anthony clarified, "I'm sorry. Maybe Marie didn't really introduce herself. She has several roles with Mr. Rodriguez. Let me start at the top. Mr. Rodriguez would like you to feel comfortable with your surroundings when we arrive and you can ask us any questions to help make you comfortable." As we reached higher altitude, Marie came down the aisle and asked if we needed anything. We said no and Anthony said to her, "Marie, why don't you sit with us. We were just about to discuss the estate for their benefit."

"Oh, sure." She sat down, leaned forward and said, "Michele, I'd love sitting across from you. I could sit here and watch you the whole trip."

Anthony said, "Marie. Stop teasing the poor woman. She's already in a psychologically vulnerable situation here." He looked at us and explained, "Marie can be very direct. Part of the life she came from before joining Mr. Rodriguez. Yes, I can see by the expressions on your faces, this needs more explanation. Let me lay out the estate and staff for you."

I said, "That would be very nice. I assume that George must be the chef who I 'thanked' last time for his excellent meal."

"Yes, exactly. He was the top chef at a very nice restaurant in the city. The manager started cutting some corners on the food coming into the kitchen without George knowing anything about it. It became a big legal issue that sent people to jail. Even though he wasn't involved, he found himself blacklisted and not able to find work. Before long he was broke and getting desperate. That's when Mr. Rodriguez met him and the next thing George knew, he was living in the mansion and taking care of the meals for the estate."

I said, "Wow. That easy?"

"Mr. Rodriguez was looking for good chef. They both won."

I said, "Marie, you work for Mr. Rodriguez, too? I thought maybe you were hired as part of the flights."

"No. Anthony was right; I do a variety of things for Mr. Rodriguez. Mostly, I am the maid for the mansion. I keep the place on schedule. He has a service come in twice a week to really clean the place, but I take care of Mr. Rodriguez's bedroom, bath and the commons areas of the mansion. George takes care of the kitchen and we each keep our private rooms clean. But, I also serve as 'flight attendant' and travel agent for when he travels. He often has guests or business associates traveling. He occasionally travels just for fun, but mostly it is business. He is very driven. He intimidates most people but to us he is exceedingly loyal and protective." With that she looked at Anthony and he gave her a nod to continue. "Before I started working for Mr. Rodriguez I was at a strip club and it wasn't very nice. I suppose there are clubs that are nice and the girls just show up like a job and then leave, but this wasn't like that. They got the girls onto drugs and then sex. Some got out. It was easy for us to slip down that slope. First some recreational drugs and then providing sex for 'special' customers. Pretty soon I was a whore who also danced, taking my clothes off. When things didn't go well, we got hit. It didn't even have to be our fault because it sure wasn't going to be the customer's fault."

I was suddenly very uncomfortable being naked. Like I was a reminder of what used to be for her. And it showed when I tried to cover myself with my arms and crossing my legs, "I'm so sorry, Marie. You must think I am awful being like this." Tears came to my eyes in reactions of sympathy, guilt and



embarrassment.

Marie crossed the space between us and leaned into me. She pulled my head into her shoulder and stroked my hair. "Don't Michele. For me that was before. What you are doing is your fun. You are safe and protected. It is controlled, if not by you, then by your husband or someone who you trust to protect you. You are totally different from what I was. What they turned me into." She kissed my forehead, smiled at me and then Tim and sat back into her seat.

I looked at everyone and sighed my relief. "Thank you, Marie."

"I was lucky, Michele. I crossed paths with Mr. Rodriguez totally by accident. No way would he normally be in that part of the city. But he was that fateful night. At the exact moment I came stumbling out of an alley after just being severely 'disciplined', still high from the drugs, he drove by. When I fell to the sidewalk, his car stopped. He got out and Anthony rushed in after him. I know that at the time Anthony was far more worried about him than me, especially in that area. Mr. Rodriguez brought me into the car. Anthony protested. Some of his words about me weren't very nice, but they were true. I was a risk and not a good risk at that.

"Later, he took me to the police station. I was sure he was turning me in. Instead, he spoke to a captain and he wanted me to tell them everything. I did. It took hours. They had a doctor come in to take blood samples and to tend to my bruises. They took pictures of my injuries and got my statement. Then I left with Mr. Rodriguez. I had no place else to go, so they took me to the estate. I still live there. He could have dropped me off at a motel and given me \$100 and felt really good about himself. Instead, he changed my life. Completely."

I said, "Wow. Maybe I shouldn't ask but Anthony said I could ask anything to better understand the situation I was walking into. Given all that, do you do more than maid for Mr. Rodriguez?"

"Your right, given that I was a drugged up whore and stripper, that would be expected. Simply take care of his needs while taking care of the mansion. But no. That's the thing you need to understand about Mr. Rodriguez. If he cares about you, he really cares about you. It's not, he cares about you but how can he use you. I will be honest, Michele, I have never slept with him. Nor have I slept with Anthony. We all need moments of being cared for, intimate, secure with someone. But I can't do that right now. But when it does happen, maybe in the future, it will be mutual acceptance, not a sense of having to, being owed or owing. It will be totally my choice to freely give."

"Thank you, Marie. I truly admire your transition and very impressed by all this devotion to Mr. Rodriguez. So, Anthony, what's your story?"

Anthony just smiled, "Not really all that interesting. Nothing like George or Marie. He was looking for a body guard, protection, for a trip to South Mexico and then again to Brazil. I was not too long out of the US Army Rangers. I was essentially a drifting mercenary. Taking jobs here and there. I guess he felt good about how I handled myself on those jobs. When he went to Columbia, he called me directly. I've been with him ever since. I didn't have much to my name at the time so this job sounded pretty good. A nice place to live, great boss, and the assignments might be to bad places but it is for business (legitimate business)."

"So you like your situation, too?"

"Like it? I've seen the guy in action with others. George, Marie, dozens of others in small or big ways. He is tough in business. Absolutely no nonsense when he needs to be. But devoted to those he takes into his circle. Yes, if he was in danger, I would be in front of him. That's how I feel about him. But then that goes for everyone in our group. Mess with Marie and I'll be all over it. Same with

George.”

Tim said, “You guys are confirming what a mutual friend told us. If we didn’t already have that sense, we wouldn’t be here and certainly not with Michele naked.”

Anthony and Marie both said together, “And we are VERY happy you feel trust and security. Because we VERY much like Michele naked!”

I looked into Marie’s eyes and saw real desire. And I blushed. And they all noticed.

Tim turned to me and asked, “Michele, does that take care of any questions regarding this weekend?”

“Well, we still don’t know what’s planned.”

Anthony said, “I happen to have that right here.” And handed an envelope to Tim.

As he read the note, Tim glanced at Anthony and Marie who were watching him. He put the note aside and turned to me. “You’re going to be busy my dear. From this moment until we are back to our house Sunday night you will be in submissive mode.”

I lowered my eyes and slightly spread my knees, “Yes, Sir. Is there anything I can do for you, Sir?” I said it clearly and with acceptance.

Marie said, “Wow. That fast?”

Tim replied while looking only at Marie and Anthony, “We started out slow, testing the water, evaluating what this was, our comfort with it. But, I am convinced Michele is a born submissive. Her progress and evolution lately has been astounding and very gratifying.”

I turned to Tim, “Sir? Will you tell me what will be expected of me this weekend?”

“Yes. You are expected to follow instructions given to you, primarily by me, but also by Mr. Rodriguez while I am present. Any other information will be provided when you need to know it.”

“Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir.”

“There are, however, others on this plane that might enjoy your attention.”

“Yes, Sir.” And I looked at Anthony and Marie, not quite eye to eye. Marie just shook her head no. She got up and said she had some duties to attend to.

Anthony waited until she was gone and sighed heavily. I turned to him with a questioning look. He said, “Marie is very private about her sex now. After all that abusive sex, she is very guarded about it. I don’t think she has enjoyed sex since. It’s a pity, really. She teases like you saw, but that part of her seems to be locked up tight. Caught off guard, she becomes quite withdrawn. And, no, Michele, thank you. Not that I won’t take advantage of the opportunity later if it presents itself. But,” and he looked at Tim and indicated the pilots over his shoulder. Tim nodded and Anthony continued, “But there are two others who might be very happy and we still have several hours before we reach the island. Have you ever visited a cockpit?”

“No, sir, I have not. Interesting term, ‘cockpit’.”

“Yes, it certainly is, especially said that way. Well, perhaps you can discuss it with the pilots, then.”

"Oh, yes sir, I would find that interesting. Do you think they will mind the company?"

"You are a tease. Come on, I will introduce you."

I followed Anthony down the aisle to the front of the plane. I glanced over my shoulder to Tim, he was smiling. I gave my ass a little extra swivel as I walked, just for him.

Anthony stopped at a door to the cockpit and knocked. We were right next to the galley where Marie was working. She came out to me, hugged me, and whispered in my ear, "Honey, you are the hottest thing I have ever met. I am creaming just watching this."

"Marie, I can do something for that."

She hugged me tighter, "Oh, god, shit ... how do you do this to me? ... now I really am wet. I don't know ... maybe ... later?"

I smiled at her and followed Anthony as he opened the door and stepped aside for me to move past him. He introduced the two pilots and they were certainly eager to show me the control and their 'joy stick', I think they said. Anthony left and closed the door behind him. The cockpit was very crowded and tight. But they seemed very willing to share their seats with me. The view was amazing from here and the number of switches, dials, levers, and lights was mind numbing. I stood there overwhelmed. The pilot who was not flying the plane put his hand out to help me to him. I stepped carefully and sat onto his lap after he removed his harness. He put a hand around my waist and pointed out and described the various indicators and controls. I took his hand and moved it to my breast and smiled back at him. His fingers began manipulating my nipple like it was one of the instrument nobs. I squirmed on his lap to look at instruments and gaze of the window. He was hard, very hard.

As tight as the cockpit was, there weren't many options for positioning. So, I raised myself up off him, reached behind and undid his belt, he did the rest. He didn't have to be too smart; he picked up on my intentions rather quickly. Soon, his pants were down below his knees. I sat back down on his lap and wiggle some as I leaned to the side, twisted and kissed him, opening my mouth and using tongue. Hmmmmmmm, remembering my morning with Cody and Tim. He was very hard, already. No need for preliminaries. I was also still wet from the stimulation of being naked and falling into my submissive mode ... an instant trigger for me.

I raised up and took hold of his cock and lowered myself, wiggled a bit to find my cunt hole and settled down. I looked over at the other pilot who was watching. I said, "You just watch the road or whatever you watch up here. Your turn is coming if you want it." As I began moving up and down I settled into the motion and action and focused out the front window. Flying during mid-morning over the ocean, small islands, clouds below us, complete sun up where we were. And a cock in my cunt. I leaned back and twisted again to gain access to his mouth. He again took my breasts and nipples in his hands and fingers. It was very nice. And he didn't last very long. The stimulation of the whole experience, I suppose. After he stopped cumming inside me, I was leaning back just kissing him. Relaxing, letting him relax and somewhat recover. He was shrinking fast and soon slipped out of me completely.

I struggled up from that awkward seating arrangement and worked my way out behind the cockpit seats. I leaned forward and kissed him again and thanked him. He pulled his pants back up and got himself squared away and immediately took the controls from his partner who was getting up to join me behind the seats. When the other pilot got back to me he leaned against the wall in the cramped space and worked to unfasten and drop his pants. I went to my knees in front of him and took his

already hard cock into my mouth and back to my throat. A fast move and I was afraid he was going to already lose it. I backed off and sucked on the head, backed off more and licked around the head, up and down the length. Then took him back into my mouth. I continue working his cock for quite a while, experimenting with pressure and technique. I love how a man responds to my touch, my caress, my lips, my tongue.

I whispered, "Fuck my mouth." I look up into his eyes. He's ready and needs no more encouragement. He grabs my head between his hands and begins to pump his cock into my mouth. He is close to cumming, I can feel it. I know this feels good.

His body is filled with tension and I feel him tip over the edge. I feel him jerk slightly as his body takes over and he goes with his orgasm and his cock spurts again and again. I slowly withdraw his cock from my mouth so that I can swallow, all of it without losing a drop.

As I am walking down the aisle back to Tim, Anthony and Marie are again sitting with him. I comb my hair with my fingers and instinctively rub my hands down my body like I am smooth out a dress I am not wearing. I sit in the seat next to Tim, knees still slightly spread and look up at Marie who is touching the corner of her mouth. She says, "Right at the corner, you've missed a little."

I run my tongue over to the side of my mouth and lick the drop of cum that somehow escaped. I blushed and looked at everyone. "Sorry."

Tim immediately responds, "No, a good slut is liable to have a little cum showing somewhere ..."

Again, it's Marie pointing between my legs, "Well then, she is certainly a good slut with cum showing in two places." And we all laugh, them harder than me.

As we approached the island, Anthony reviewed what to expect. They would taxi to the customs area. An agent would come on board to check passports and ask any questions. He would take another agent to the cargo hold in case the luggage needed to be inspected. Usually it wasn't. Mr. Rodriguez had a lot of influence on the island.

Anthony and Marie went to take care of some things before landing. I asked Tim how he was feeling about everything. He was good, more comfortable after the talk. I agreed that I was getting very comfortable and looking forward to the weekend. Without realizing Marie was right behind us, I asked Tim how old he thought everyone was.

Marie interrupted, "To make it easier for you, I am 22, Anthony is 33, George is 45, and Mr. Rodriguez is 53."

"Thank you, Marie. Marie, the last time we were at the estate we didn't see any of you."

"No, Mr. Rodriguez keeps his party activity and guests separated from the normal life at the estate. But from what I understand George got lucky that night."

The memory of my 'thanking' the chef for the wonderful meal was replayed in my mind. And I blushed profusely that she knew about that.

"Oh, my, Michele. You're blushing! I just love that! You are such an unusual person, Michele. Mr. R (by the way, that's what we call him when we are alone at the estate) told us you were special, but this is amazing. You've been traveling with us naked, I am entranced by your breasts and nipples, and when you open your legs and flash your pussy ... dear, I get wet. You've serviced the two pilots along the way. But you also blush. You love sex and pleasing others but also maintain a sense of

modesty, even in the process. No wonder he loves you so much.”

“He? Who?” I ask as I look to Tim.

“Mr. R. He is really quite taken by you. We think there must be something that reminds him about his wife, but also much different than her. And the relationship Tim and you have. Dominant/submissive. He is very dominant, you know. I doubt he has ever applied it to sexual relationships but ... you two might make it intriguing enough.”

“Would he try with you?”

“No. Never. My sexuality is not a part of my relationship at the estate or Mr. R. In order for that to happen I would have to specifically ask him to dominate me. He would not initiate that idea. That is why he is so special. Limits and boundaries that are established are honored.”

After landing, customs went very well. Anthony was right that the locals would accommodate Mr. Rodriguez as much as possible. After the agents departed, the plane taxied to a hanger with its door open and the interior light on despite our arrival at mid-day. As the plane stopped, the door was opened and the stairs were brought up to the plane. Anthony immediately went down, got Tim’s luggage out and went for the car. Marie came back to us to let us know we could get up now.

I asked her, “Will you be coming with us, Marie?”

“Yes, my duties on the plane were to assist getting you and Tim here. My real duties are at the estate. So let’s go.”

We walked to the front of that plane as the pilots were coming out of the cockpit. Marie stopped and turned to me with a devilish grin, “Tim, I’d like to introduce your pilots. Michele, I think you have knowledge of them, already. If all goes well, you may be flying with us more. We certainly hope so. Right guys?”

I blushed, again, but decided to take the initiative. I was here not for my modesty since I was naked and was traveling without any clothes. I stepped up to each and gave them a kiss on the cheek while pressing myself against them and thanked them for the wonderful flight. Then I asked, “Do you two always fly Mr. Rodriguez’s plane when it is required?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Good, then maybe we’ll see more of each other.” I said with a twinkle in my eyes.

“We’d like nothing more than to have you aboard. But ... uhhh ... we also appreciate that although we would love to see you more often, seeing more of you wouldn’t be possible.” And he blushed.

Walking to the car, I said to Marie that they were cute.

She asked if I noticed his blush.

I responded, “That was the reaction I was hoping for. I was testing them by being so open. I wanted to know if they were respectful or crude, lecherous.”

“Michele, Tim, you won’t find that on Mr. R’s staff. His expectations are extremely high. But we can’t be treated better or with more respect and security.”

I stopped Tim before getting into the back of the car. Even though there was ground crew milling

around doing their jobs, I was getting more and more comfortable with the situation. I said to Tim, "Sir, everything we see and hear about Mr. Rodriguez and his attitude towards others keeps getting reinforced and validated. I am feeling really good about all this."

He simply took me into his arms and kissed me on the mouth. It was a deep kiss, a hard kiss, his tongue coming out to meet mine. He hands over my back and my arms. I loved the feel of his hands on my back, over my ass and back up.

When I heard Anthony speak, I remembered that he had been holding the door for us. He simply said, "Excuse me folks, but maybe you want to get in the car first."

I turned, stepped into him, reached up and kissed him gently on the lips with my hand on his chest. I smiled at him and got into the car with Tim right behind. During the drive Tim and I necked in the back seat like teenagers. Tim left no part of my body untouched. When Tim put two fingers in my cunt, I moaned. I also glanced at the front. I noticed two things: the first, that Anthony had adjusted the mirror to watch; the second, Marie was turned in her seat and watched directly.

When we pulled into the estate, Mr. Rodriguez came out to meet us. Clearly anticipating our arrival and possibly tipped off by Anthony or Marie along the way. As he helped me out of the car and gave me a welcome kiss, Marie came up to us and said, "Boss, I need to go upstairs and masturbate. These two are too hot and in too much love. These two are for real, trust me."

I glanced at Tim, Anthony and Mr. R, excused myself for a minute and ran after Marie who was now half way up the outside front steps. I was very conscious of the sight I must have given, naked woman running in heels. I caught Marie and held her hand. She turned and looked into my eyes. There was pure desire. I hugged her and whispered into her ear, "Marie, thank you for everything. For being there on the plane, answering our questions, sharing about yourself and your story."

"My pleasure, Michele."

"No, not yet it isn't. Were you just joking about going upstairs?"

"No, Michele. You are a hot lady. If I hang around you too much I will burst."

"Marie, I want you. I mean ... I am sorry, Ma'am. I was very forward. But, I've never wanted a woman before. Not really. I have been with some before, but it was something I did because of the situation. Ma'am, can you wait? This slut wants you hot, bothered, and anxious. That is if you would have me, Ma'am."

"Oh, Michele, I haven't felt this way in a long time. I think I'd take you right here if I could. I'm ... just not that public and ... it's been so long since ..."

"You were able to once."

"Yeah, on drugs and desperate."

"Tonight, Marie, I mean, Ma'am. Tonight." I walked back to the men. And this time I was even more conscious of the impression I presented. This wasn't a walk like any I would normally make. My hips swayed with confident strides. My feet crossed in front of me slightly to accentuate that movement. My bare breasts swayed and bounced with each stride and foot strike.

I was a slut returning to my men.

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## **RETURN TO MR. RODRIGUEZ'S ESTATE FRIDAY AFTERNOON**

Returning to the three men, Mr. Rodriguez gave my bare ass a rub and pat. He then looked to Tim and said, "Thank you for coming, Tim and Michele. I think you will experience a wonderful weekend. That is certainly my hope. The grounds and house are yours to enjoy. If you wish to leave the estate, Anthony will take you anywhere you want and make recommendations. Do I need to remind you of the rules when you are on the grounds, Michele?"

I responded immediately with slightly lowered eyes, "No, Sir. While within the estate, inside or out, I will remain naked and available for you, your dogs and anyone you and Tim agree for me to be available to."

"Very good, Michele. Come you two, let me show you the grounds quickly and the house." With that he took my arm and led Tim and I around. He walked around the side of the mansion to the back. The grounds were expansive with well-groomed lawn over nearly the entire property to the tall fence surround the estate. Of course there were plantings, gardens, fountains and quiet sitting areas positioned artistically throughout the property. Workers were evident tending to various sections of the grounds.

In back was the pool, massive for a private pool, and a patio around it that was stunning with planters brimming with growing flowers native to the environment and beautiful sculptures at the four corners. Lounges and chairs were arranged around the pool to allow good sunning throughout the day. A small filmy cloth sun cabana shelter with lounges was placed nearer the mansion. Closer to the mansion was a large, fully equipped grilling station for outdoor dining.

He then took us inside. Just inside from the patio was what we would call a family room (massive) with a very large wall TV screen, sofas and chairs, wet bar and pool table. This was the room I performed in the last time I was here. Being dark I didn't realize what was just outside. We had already seen much of the downstairs rooms the last time. He took us up the expansive stairs going to the upper floor where the living quarters were. He identified his suite and then took us to the suite we would be using. Upon entering I was overwhelmed by the size. It was a suite, also. We entered into a sitting area with couch, chairs and lounge. It had its own large wall TV and balcony overlooking the pool area. The next room was the bedroom with a king sized poster bed and canopy. He showed Tim where he could unpack his clothes and showed me the large closet that was full of clothes that appeared to be my size and a large dresser of nighties, underwear, stockings, and other intimates.

He explained, "When my wife died, I had her things moved in here and this room was never used. I just couldn't take the final step and get rid of her things. Most of the things you will find in here were things she seldom wore. She had so much. She could buy clothes. The worn things, things she wore gardening and playing that showed use, I did donate to an agency on the island. These were almost like new and I just couldn't. This room was decorated that way she liked. I changed our suite to my style sometime after she die. When I met you two and saw you, Michele, I was stunned. You are really very much like her. And it just seemed right that you two should use this suite. You are clearly so in love and so giving, just like her. Your spirit matches hers."

Tim said, "Mr. Rodriguez, this is magnificent, truly, but we would certainly be just as comfortable in a small room. You've kept this room in her memory and it is beautiful. Are you sure you are ready to give that up?"

I agree, "Yes, Mr. Rodriguez, this is a wonderful gesture, but you really don't need to give up this room."

He responded, "First, enough Mr. Rodriguez. Every here uses Mr. R. I would like you to, also. Second, I have thought this through. I feel a connection to you two and I feel you do, also. Otherwise, I don't think you would be here this weekend. I am ready for this transition. I feel like our relationship could be going someplace very enjoyable and worthwhile. This weekend will tell all of us if we are right or it was just a fun diversion."

Tim said after exchanging looks with me, "We agree. You are right; we would never have come if we didn't also have a strong feeling about you and the potential for a mutually beneficial relationship going forward. We certainly would never had agreed to Michele traveling and being restrict to full-time nudity for the weekend without confidence in you and your standard for trust and honor. We truly appreciate you allowing us to use this room. Thank you."

"Yes, thank you, Sir." I took the couple of steps to him and kissed his cheek. His hands went to my side and stroked up and down my sides. Touching the outsides of my breasts and my hips. "And I trust you will allow me the opportunity later to provide you much more than that simple kiss to show our gratitude."

"Don't worry, Michele, you will find this weekend to be enjoyable for all involved. Now, it is early afternoon. The time is yours. If you want to leave the estate, you should be able to find some sundresses or sporty outfits in the closet. If want to stay here, the entire staff will certainly enjoy having your naked body nearby. Tonight, we will dine with the staff. It will still be semi-formal, but just the live-in staff. Dinner will be at 7:00 PM. Is there anything else for the moment?"

I looked at Tim and then to Mr. R, "Well ... Sir ... I was wondering ... I didn't see the dogs anywhere around the estate."

"Of course! They are sometimes left in the kennel. That was the building toward the back, out from the pool area in back. When the grounds people are working it is easier to sometimes keep them kenneled. Even though they are very well trained, an open gate can be quite a temptation to wander. But, if you are wondering about taking them out and playing in the yard with them, just let Anthony know and he will have the gates secured. Is that your question, Michele?"

With a little hesitation, "Yes, Sir. If it would be alright, I would like to greet them. I feel like I know them and ... well ... they are good dogs."

"Michele, I will let Anthony know as soon as I leave here. And, they will certainly like to see you again. And they will remember you, my dear. It isn't like they have the opportunity to mate with women. You took their human virginity, my dear."

"But, they were so confident and knowing on the beach. I was sure they were experience."

"Ha-ha, no, they have been mated with other dog bitches. They are quite in demand because of their papers and features. But no, you were their first. They really did take to you, though, didn't they?"

Blushing now, "Yes, Sir. They took me very well, indeed. Both times."

When Mr. R left the suite and closed the door behind him, I walked slowly to Tim stepping out of my heels as I did. When I got to him, I pressed myself up tight against him, hugged him, feeling him close. I looked up at him, "Sir, I know I will be getting used well this weekend for the enjoyment of many; some that I have now met and others I will not meet until tomorrow night. And maybe a submissive should be satisfied to know that. And I know for me it is not about my pleasure but



others. But ... right now, I really want you. I need to have you, please you, early rather than later. Is that okay? I will do anything you want if you do this for me. No, I will do anything you want, anyway. I know that. You know that. What I mean ... I just need you ... I want to feel you, to please you. Just you. Here and now. I know you can withhold that and use it as a training, demonstrate your control over your submissive. Sir, you know I will also accept that. I just ask because ... I have been doing so well ... I think, anyway ... you know ... in turning over more and more of myself to your control."

"Michele, you are evolving with amazing steps to fully realize the submissive side that I know, you know, is your core being. And don't you feel more fulfilled in realizing and accepting that submissiveness?"

"Oh, yes, Sir! I definitely do. That's why I know you could deny my request as a control demonstration to test me, my resolve."

"But I also agree with you, my sub. You have evolved extremely well. And I think you deserve a reward for your efforts. Yes, I also want you now. Before the weekend goes any further."

"Thank you, Sir. What would you have me do for you?"

"Just fuck me. But, don't let me cum for at least 45 minutes."

"Yes, Sir." And with that I started undressing him. His shirt, shoes, socks, belt, pants and finally his underwear. Kneeling in front of him as I took his underwear down, I kiss his cock head. Lick it. Suck the head into my mouth. Releasing it, again, I lick down the underside to his balls. I kiss them first and then suck them and take each into my mouth and massage them with my mouth and tongue. Licking back up to the head and sucking it into my mouth. Deeper into my mouth. I pushed him back onto the bed so he was laying on his back. He moved to the head of the bed and lays with his legs slightly opened. I crawl alongside him and kiss him, deeply, passionately, lusting for his tongue and mouth as if trying to gain access for my very being. Wanting to be with him, a part of him, one with him as deeply and completely as I possibly could. God, I love this man. I get shivers coursing through my body with the thought of him, touching him. As his submissive, I love doing anything he wants. Anything, and I know this in my core because I have complete and utter trust in him. But, as the woman he married to be his wife, I love everything about him. Everything that he is. Not just to and for me, but what this man is and for what he is to so many others. All this was flashing through my mind as I started the process of making love to him while satisfying him as directed.

I moved my head down his body. Kissing him as I went. His chest, each nipple and taking each in my teeth for just a moment, a quick teasing nip and pull. Stretching them away from his body, just a little. Then down his stomach, to his abdomen and finally his cock, again. I sucked him into my mouth, pumping my head and taking his hard, rigid cock into my mouth further and further until he was lodging into the back of my mouth, the start of my throat. I made sure his cock had my saliva on it. I knelt up and swung my leg over his midsection while facing him. I touched myself but knew even before I felt that my cunt was wet inside and out in anticipation of him, pleasing him, wanting him.

I smiled down at him as I settle down onto his crotch, sitting on his cock which was flat against his abdomen. I leaned forward and kissed him on the mouth, sucked his tongue, bit his lower lip, pulled on it and quickly kissed it as if soothing the bite. Slowly, just the barest of motion, I slid my cunt lips over his cock. His cock lying on his abdomen parted my cunt lips, slippery with my saliva and juices escaping my lips. With each increase in motion I slid my cunt along more of his cock. Looking down I saw what he was watching. His cock parting my lips and sliding the length of his cock from base to the head until the head was covered by my lips. Then back down. His cock not in me, not really. But in me as far as just inside my lips and sliding along him. His hard, rigid cock stroking me just inside

and bumping my clit with each stroke. My full, engorged, wet cunt lips surrounding his cock, gliding along it, teasing it to enter me, but not able to. I watched him carefully through eyes glazed by my own lust and craving. I had done this to him before and I knew how stimulating this can be for him. He could not cum, not yet.

As I felt his cock strain even harder and push towards me with more urgency, I slid off him completely and was met with protest. But my instruction were clear. Not for 30 minutes more. So I let him cool off a little. Kissing him, whispering in his ear teasing little thoughts and suggestions, kissing his neck, sucking on his earlobe. Knowing it was keeping him hard, but lowering the intensity of his arousal.

I played this game back and forth. I say 'I' because he was passive. He was letting me do this for him, to him, arousing him, but also controlling his level of arousal.

Again, I sat over his rigid cock. Again, sliding several times over its length and teasing the head with my hole. Just as before. But not. No, now I was going to take him into me but the action was the same, slowly sliding along his length, enveloping the head in my lips. Each time sliding a little further so more of my lips slid over and past the head. Until I slid far enough forward on him, his cock, that a slight tilt and lift of my pelvis and he was in me. And at that instant of feeling him pass fully between my lips and into my hole I pushed back and fully penetrated myself on his wonderful cock. Deeply and urgently, in a single thrust. I heard us both gasp at the same instant. Him louder than me reflecting the moment of surprise I achieved. I ground myself against him, forcing him as deep as possible into me. I clenched and relaxed my muscles. Squeezing his cock with my cunt. All the time grinding myself against him.

I raised and lowered myself. Keeping only an inch of him inside before slamming back down. A reverse brutal fucking. Raising, pausing for just an instant, then slamming back down and grinding him into me. Over and over and over. Then ... pulling completely off him suddenly as I felt him pulsing and going more rigid. Hearing his wet cock slap against his abdomen. I then took his cock in my mouth and sucked and licked him, cleaning him, worshiping his cock with my mouth, lips, and tongue. Then I moved up, nipping his nipples again before engulfing his mouth with mine and my tongue. Letting him taste my juices from his cock. Again, nibbling his lower lip, sucking his tongue. Then looking deeply into his eyes and smiling.

"It is time, Sir. Are you ready to cum?" I reach down and slide my hand over his cock. "I can feel how ready you are. How rigid and intense your erection is. I can feel how you twitch and jerk at my touch. You are going to cum now, Sir. I will make you cum now. Sir, how do you wish to cum? What hole do you want to use, to fill with your cum?"

"Damn, girl! Just your talking will make me cum. Your cunt. I want your cunt to use."

With a smile, I kiss him, "Yes, Sir."

I position myself over him, again. This time I line him up and slowly lower onto him. Slowly, I don't want him to cum just yet. He is straining to pump into me, but I refuse. I hold him down with my hands and slowly raise and lower my cunt over his insistent cock. Enveloping him with my cunt. Clenching and squeezing him as I rise and lower, slowly at first but quickening after each couple times. Building as I rise and drop until I am just as urgent, needy, driven for his need to climax. I stop holding him down and go with his urgent thrusts up into me. Timing my movements to impact his. As he is thrusting, I am dropping and at the bottom I am again grinding down on him before again rising. But he wants to cum now, needs to, must, has to, demands it. And I give it to him. With rapid and urgent fucking, he has his release and at the same moment so do I. I fall forward and

together, locked in each other's arms, we continue our orgasms. His spurting and twitching cock clamped within my spasming, clenching cunt. And when we're done, we've gasped our last, our organs have twitched, clenched and spasmed their last, we totally and completely collapsed into each other. With some effort he wraps his arms around me, encircling me, holding me to him, our bodies comfortably in full contact, our exhausted organs (his cock and my cunt) still joined. Just as our very beings are, in physical contact and emotionally bonded.

He whispers in my ear as we are embraced in our recovery, "Where did you learn all that? You were amazing ... thank you."

"Thank you, Sir. But I didn't learn it. I just let myself feel it. Feel my desire, my dedication to please you, satisfy you, and fulfill your wish. My mind separated and my body and imagination took over with a single focus to please you. It is my hope that I succeeded."

He kissed my neck and hugged me deeply, raised his hips to press his softening cock into me. "You were amazing, love. I really didn't think you could do it, hold me off for the full 45 minutes, spending the whole time loving me, but controlling my climax." He kissed my neck and shoulder and softly continued, "I was sure you wouldn't be able to. That 45 minutes was too long. I was prepared to initiate a discussion about discipline for failing. That will have to be for another time."

I raised my head up and looked into his eyes, kissed his mouth, searching his face and asked, "Sir, can I ask a question?"

"Of course."

"When we married, I was an independent, adventurously, playfully, sexual woman. This change that has been occurring in me, dropping much of the independent woman, trading the playful for submissive sexuality, has it changed the way you feel about me?"

"Yes, it has. But not negatively. I loved you so much when we got married. I felt you were the perfect match for me. My sexual challenges to your playful, adventurous sexuality. But as good as that fit felt, it wasn't perfect after all. This is. The woman, the submissive, you are turning into with amazing ease is the perfect fit for me. I see that, feel it, know it in my core. Michele, yes, it has changed the way I feel but I know that today I love you more, much more, than I ever did. Understand, before I couldn't even imagine loving someone more than I did. I now know what it feels like to love that much. And part of that love is to see you fulfilled. You are meant to be a submissive. Do you feel that, too?"

"Oh, yes. More than you might guess. This feels so right for me, Sir. Each step gives me a more complete sense of myself, my being."

"Excellent. Time for us to get moving again. The weekend is just starting. I am going to take a shower and I will then be on the patio."

"Sir, may I join you in the shower? May I wash you, perhaps bring you more pleasure?"

"No. What are you?"

"Uhm ... I ... I'm a slut and bitch, Sir."

"Say it like you know it."

"Sir, I am a slut and bitch. For you and Cody to get pleasure and satisfaction. And for those with

whom you wish for me to also serve.”

“Although the weekend has just begun, you have done well with the slut part. The bitch part, however, needs some attention wouldn’t you say?”

“Perhaps I should shower before going through the mansion.”

“No. The dogs will respond nicely to the smell of your sex.” I shivered with excitement at his words. Crude as they were, I knew the dogs’ reactions would indeed be immediate to my smell and nakedness.

I got up and gave him a kiss. He slapped my ass as I took a step away. I turned and saw him smiling at me. I turned, smiling, too. Planning my next encounter of the weekend. The two dogs.

I felt exhibitionistic walking through this magnificent mansion completely naked, even bare foot, stockings removed. Descending the elegant stairway I could feel my wet and slippery cunt lips sliding against each other and additional seepage from Tim and my recent activities. As I reached the bottom of the stairs, Mr. R came out of his study and stood looking at me. Without breaking my stride I walked right up to him, put my arms around his neck and kissed him deeply on the mouth. As my tongue touched his lips and he opened his mouth to allow me to enter, his arms went around me, one hand on my ass, pulling me into his crotch. He was growing hard quickly.

I looked into his eyes, “Sir, I could take care of that for you, if you would like.”

“God, Michele. You are an amazingly hot and exciting woman. But I sense you were already intent on something.”

“Yes, Sir. I thought I would ‘checkout’ the kennels. The gates should be closed by now.”

“The boys will be glad to see you, dear.”

As I continued on my way, I received yet another slap on my ass. This one was harder, but felt just as good.

I walked out onto the patio and stopped, stretched out my arms and basked in the warm sun. I scanned around the estate property and focused on the kennel building towards the back of the property. Feeling totally alive I set off for the kennel at a jog across the well-kept lawn. I was very aware of my body as I jogged. My bare feet on the grass, the muscles in my legs, my breasts bouncing and swaying, my long hair flowing behind me. Yes, I was very alive. Every muscle fiber, ever blood cell coursing through my body carrying oxygen with increasing need the further I jogged. I loved the feeling of my body working, muscles contracting and stretching, lungs filling, arms pumping to an even, smooth stride. And I could do it naked. In the sun, with moist, ocean air surrounding me.

I slowed as I approached the kennel and coming to a stop, tested the door and found it to be unlocked. I stepped inside. The openings between the outdoor and indoor kennels provided enough light to see the area easily. Both dogs came to the inside door with my entry. As I stood next to them, they seemed excited. I wondered, did they remember me or was it the recent sex they could smell on me? I opened both kennel doors and let them out. They came to me as I knelt down to greet them. They eagerly accepted my loving them with rubs and scratching behind their ears. I stood up and they started sniffing the air. Okay, so now they smell me. They both circled me and almost as if timed one was at my front and the other at my rear. I wanted to be outside but I was going to have to run for it or I was going to be theirs right there on the concrete floor. I pushed through them,

forcing my way with my thighs pushing past their insistent sniffing and licking. Getting back to the door was a chore. Getting the door open and me out was more difficult.

Taking hold of the door knob I pulled the door open, forcing myself through them. Once opened, I ran for it. Literally. Sensing the dogs on my heels, I let out a screech of laughter and joy. I glanced behind me and saw the two dogs charging out of the kennel after me. I surveyed quickly for something to use for a dodge. Not to escape, no, I wanted them as much as I was sure they wanted me. But something to make this a chase ending in reward when they finally got me. While surveying the immediate options I notice Tim and Anthony standing on the patio watching me. I waved to them but darted to the side before I saw their reaction as the dogs got closer. I spotted a large tree I thought I could reach and get around to stall them briefly. This was real running, not jogging, and my lungs and legs reminded me of that. Also, I was sure the guys were very much enjoying the wild, erratic bouncing of my breasts. As I got to the tree I made a quick U-turn around it hoping to prolong the chase but instead ran right into one of the dogs. The damn things split and one went on each side of the tree.

The collision sent me tumbling to the ground and again squealing loudly as both dogs descended on me at the same time. My legs, arms, and body flailed in hopeless attempts to regain my feet. But I finally succumbed to their insistent attention. I was being licked from head to thighs. I gave up completely and lay on the ground enjoying the licks. When one found my cunt, I moaned. I looked up and saw the other dog almost on top of me. His cock was half way out already. I looked down to the one licking my pussy and saw that his cock was in the same condition. Time to get this going.

I once again forced my way to turn over and got up on my hands and knees. The dog that had been licking me, did so again but then got the idea and mounted me. The other was still standing nearby. I called him closer and made him lay down. I crawled the foot or so that separated us, knowing the dog mounting me would follow. About the time I was dipping my head the other one found the mark on the fifth thrust and was in me. I took the others cock and proceeded to start licking and sucking the tip. As the dog behind me was fucking me vigorously, I was sucking the other cock with as much vigor (perhaps not the same speed - dogs are insane with their fucking -, but certainly with intensity). As the knot was forced through my lips, I took my mouth from the cock and cried out. And went right back to the cock. As the dog in my cunt started cumming inside me, I rocked back violently as he spurted which sent me into my own orgasm. I kept my mouth on the cock but my attention was definitely diverted for a period until I started settling down. The dog turned and now we were ass-to-ass while tied. Now I had to devote myself to the cock remaining to get him to cum, too. I continued to rock back and forth on the knot and was quickly approaching a secondary orgasm when I felt the cock in my mouth tense and shake. I braced myself for what was to come, a lot of cum. God, dogs can produce a lot of cum. As I have learned with my frequent times with Cody, proper anticipation is everything if I was hoping to take all of the cum delivered. I stroke and massaged his balls as his cock started spurting in my mouth. I swallowed as quickly and frequently as I could. Even so, it was just too much and some cum escaped my mouth between my lips and the cock. Just then, the knot popped out of my cunt and I fell to the ground. I crawled to the dog I just sucked and finished him, cleaning the remaining cum escaping. Then I crawled to the dog that so wonderfully fucked me. I moved his head and clean his cock of our mixed juices.

Finished with that I collapsed, arms and legs outstretched on the ground. I thought I heard clapping from the mansion direction. I lifted my head and looked. Tim, Anthony and Marie were standing at the edge of the patio clapping and now whooping their approval of the show. I smiled and fell back to the ground but raised a hand and waved to them. That's when the dogs started getting weird. I sensed them moving and heard them whimpering and softly barking. I looked at them puzzled and noticed they both seemed to be looking at my legs. The sun on my body felt so good while still recovering from that beautiful orgasm. I just dropped my head back to the ground. The dogs are still

acting strangely and their barks and whimpering are getting more urgent. Then I feel something between my legs, tickling on the inside of my thighs, moving up towards my cunt, then I feel the tickling on my lips. Wondering what could cause this feeling, wind, grass moving, no the grass is too short. When I feel something push just inside my open cunt lips, this doesn't seem right, something else is happening.

When I raise my head to look, I see a three foot snake flicking its tongue on my lips, slightly pushing its head into my cunt, in - out - back in, constantly flicking that tongue. Although I tense noticeably, the snake seems harmless and curious. When the dogs start barking more loudly and insistently, the snake moves suddenly, causing the dogs to go crazy. I raise one arm and wave furiously toward the mansion. I glance over and only see them waving back. Now I am getting beyond nervous and getting scared. I try moving back away from the snake. It moves with me and flicks that tongue onto my engorged clit. I see its mouth open and I try to move but am too slow in this position. It strikes out and bites onto and holds onto my engorged and protruding clit. I scream like I never have before. The dogs start barking and bouncing back and forth. My scream and the dogs finally get the attention of the guys and they are now running out to me.

Tim gets to me first but before he does my screams of surprise have turned to moans as the snake's mouth and tongue work on my clit, constantly squeezing and flicking, both sensations occurring simultaneously. My hips rise as the sensations overcome my fears and the strangeness of the situation. I feel the snake wrap itself around my raised leg and continues to hold onto my clit. I am moaning and shuddering. Strangely reacting to the physical stimulation while my mind is repelled. I overhear Anthony explaining to Tim that the snake is not poisonous, that there are no poisonous snakes on the island. Tim moves behind me and holds me tightly, whispering reassurance into my ear. Anthony moves in to take the snake and force its jaw open. He throws it into the trees and the dogs chase after it. I fall back into Tim and start crying. He holds me tightly with one arm around my front while the other strokes my hair, giving me soft kisses to the cheek.

By now Mr. R, Marie and two groundskeepers are there, all drawn by my screams. I try to cover up but Anthony insists on inspecting for injury. Despite my earlier comfort with being naked, the current situation, Anthony's examination of my cunt and clit, and four other people's attention singularly focused on that same area of my body, I am now thoroughly embarrassed and blush from head to toe. Noticing my discomfort, Tim and Anthony agree that further examination and treatment could be more private. They both help me up just as the dogs return from their flying snake chase. I look down at them and scold, "Fat lot of help you two were! Instead of sitting there whimpering you could have tried to do something. Guard dogs, my ass."

Tim smiles indicating to everyone that I am okay. He recognizes when I am truly angry.

Anthony touches my shoulder and says, "We'll go inside to finish up and take care of any treatment."

"You're a doctor now, too?"

Marie offers, "Michele, honey, Anthony had extensive training in field medical procedures as a Ranger in the Army. He takes care of many medical situations here until we can get the person a doctor or clinic."

"Inside we can properly and privately more thoroughly inspect, clean and treat, if necessary. I want you to go to the third room on the right on the second floor while I get the medical case and meet you there."

Marie starts to say something but Mr. R stops her. There a looks exchanged but nothing else said. With Tim's help I walk back to the mansion. He walks me up the stairs and stops. I look at him. He

says, "No, I think having one man in your crotch is enough." Looking into my eyes, he smiles and kisses me. "I want you to follow the 'doctors' instructions completely. Do you understand, Michele?"

Recognizing his instructions, I respond appropriately, "Yes, Sir. I will follow his directions."

Tim turns and walks down the stairs. I move down the corridor to the third room on the right. I turn the door knob and open the door. It is Anthony's bedroom suite!

I step inside, leaving the door open. The suite is the same layout as the one we are using. But while ours overlooks the pool and patio in back, this one overlooks the front. I walk to the windows and out onto the balcony and look out over the entry drive and the gate in the distance. I hear someone enter, turn and see that Anthony has arrived and is carrying a large medical case. He comes up to me and asks, "How I am feeling, now?"

"Fine, but thoroughly embarrassed. I think I was more traumatized by what happened than actually hurt."

He steps back into the room, "Well let's just make sure. I want to check you over better, make sure there isn't any broken skin that could be infected. Why don't we go into the bedroom where you can get comfortable?"

I lay down in the center of the bed. He spreads my legs wide and feels around my cunt, the lips and my clit and hood. He sighs in frustration, "I need a much better look. Pull your knees up to your chest and hold them spread." After doing that, I am fully and totally exposed to him, but I do as instructed. Tim made it clear that I was to follow his instructions and cooperate with his treatment of me. He touches me, sliding his fingers along my cunt lips, several times up and down. Then he parts my lips, slides his finger just inside between the lips. I am wet, I can tell by how easily his finger slide along me on the inside. Then he pulls the hood of my clit, exposing it and with the tip of his finger he touches my clit. Rotating the nob, pressing, rubbing. I immediately respond to the manipulation ... secreting more from my cunt, lubricating instinctively in anticipation of penetration. I moan, sigh, and gasp at his touches, unthinking, just reacting. Then he takes his finger away and my groan is one of protest. He looks down at me and smiles. He is reaching into the medical case and rips open several sanitizing pads. He carefully cleans around the outside of my lips. Then he pulls each lip out, stretching it open and gently cleans the inside and outside of each lip. With another pad he does the same to my clit. First cleaning the outside of the hood, then pulling the hood back, exposing my clit nob and gently cleans it, again, and again, and again. Oh, God, that feels so good. I know I am reacting to his touch. I know he can see me becoming engorged and stimulated. My cunt is seeping more, my nipples are hard and standing out from my breasts. My breathing is more rapid, my chest and stomach rising and falling with my deep breaths. My breaths catch and I freeze as his touch sends an electric signal from my clit throughout my body, my cunt, my nipples. My mouth opens with a soft moan and gasp. My toes curl as my legs tense. I am quickly going beyond just aroused, I am becoming extremely arousing. Then he stops, again.

He is backing off the bed but his eyes remain on my. Me, laying out in front of him, legs spread wide and my knees pull up to my chest. Fully and completely exposed to him. As his eyes shift up to meet mine, I see it. Lust, desire, demanding. He finally turns his eyes and his expression is one of mustering supreme effort and will. He walks into the bath. I hear him turn on the water, opening and closing drawers and doors and then return to stand at the side of the bed. His hand is stretched out to me. He says, "I need you to soak for a while to make sure it is cleaned." He takes my hand and leads me into the bath room. It is just like ours, huge. The tub is deep and long and is also a Jacuzzi. He tests the water, makes an adjustment to the temperature and swirls the water to distribute and mix it. Apparently satisfied with the temperature, he turns the water off and turns the jets on. He

makes some adjustments to two of the jets. Then, he surprises me and strips himself and gets in. He readjusts the same jets so they are targeted at his crotch. He is already hard. He puts his hand out for me to join him. "I need to be sure you're cleaned."

I step into the tub and look down at him, "How do you want to do this?"

"To be completely cleaned, I need you to keep your legs open and exposed to the jets." He got a big smile on his face and added, "I know ..." I look down and he is holding his cock straight up and smiling. I turn my back to him and carefully lower myself down until I feel his cock against me and adjust my position and sit onto his cock with my legs outside his. I feel the jets are flowing right over our joined sex. His hands come up and plays with my breasts, nipples. Periodically, one hand goes down to my clit and his fingers play over my clit, rubbing it, pinching it. His hips begin to rise and push into me. I sit up and with my hands on the side of the tub, raise and lower myself on his cock. In very quick time due to our joint effort and intent, the hot water, and the fast moving water over our joined sex, we both reach orgasm.

We lay in the water recovering in the swirling water. He gently held me to him with one arm under my breasts and the other stroking my abdomen down to my mound. When Anthony's cock slipped out of my cunt, we slowly got out of the water and released the water to drain. He gently dried me with a large, fluffy towel and quickly dried himself. He led me back to the bedroom and to the bed. He again laid me on the bed, took my legs and bent them at the knees pushed them back to my chest and opened them wide. He said, "Now, for the test that everything is truly okay down here."

I asked, "After all we've just done you are still not satisfied?"

He smiled and chuckled. "Just being sure, Michele. Mr. R wouldn't want me to shortcut the process." An even bigger smile this time. "Michele, are you normally able to cum by clitoral stimulation?"

"Oh, yes"

"Good" And with that he begins to work my clit with his finger, just the clit, extensively, and deliberately. Then he moves his fingers along the sides of my lips and back to my clit. Over and over, back and forth between the two. Then he lowers his head and starts using his mouth and tongue on my clit. He uses his tongue to flick the clit and swirl around it. His mouth then engulfs my clit and sucks, then gently bites it and pulls slightly. He begins using both his fingers in my cunt and mouth and tongue on my clit. He is using multiple combinations of fingers, mouth, and tongue on and in my cunt and on my clit until my hips are lifting off the bed in earnest desire for more pressure, opening myself up to him even more to receive even more pleasure from him. I am more vocal now with moans and pleas, begging for more, demanding it. He is playing with me, holding me off, not quite taking me to the promise of an orgasm. Then he finally gives into my pleas and slams two fingers into my cunt, curling them up and searching for my g-spot, while continuing to mouth my clit, sucking it and licking it. I orgasm, powerfully, exquisitely.

Before I am even completely over my orgasm, my cunt still contracting, my legs and body still sending out small quivering and shaking, he encourages me up and leads me on my shaky legs back into the bathroom and I take another bath. This time alone. And, content, satisfied, I doze off.

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## **RETURN TO MR. RODRIGUEZ'S ESTATE FRIDAY NIGHT**

When I open my eyes, Tim is kneeling next to the tub with a pleased and happy smile. "Anthony



came and told me you had dozed in the tub. I wanted to be sure you would be okay.”

“You knelt there watching over me, Sir?”

“Not much of a sacrifice to watch a beautiful, naked woman. You’ve had quite a day already and it’s not over. How are you feeling?”

“Good. Thank you, but I really do feel good. Dinner still planned for 7:00 PM?”

“There has been a change in plans. It seems George has been seeing a woman and she had a rare free evening. Mr. R gave him the night off to see her so we are all going to a club in town that he says has a wonderful restaurant and lively club and dance floor next door. He went through the closet and selected the dress he was thinking of. I approved immediately upon seeing it.”

“Well, I better start getting ready. What kind of time do I have?”

“Take some time. Shower, do your hair. We’ll wait with a drink downstairs.”

Tim gave me a large towel as I stood in the tub and he opened the drain. I didn’t try to get completely dry since I was just getting right back into the shower to wash my hair. I left the towel in bathroom rather than wrapping it around me. After all, I was supposed to be naked this weekend. As we passed through the bedroom, Anthony was there finishing getting dressed. He looked up and smiled. I returned the smile and said, “Thank you Anthony for so carefully examining me and the thorough treatment you provided.”

“The next time you run into a snake, just let me know. I know what works now.” All three of us laughed because the whole house now knew that the snake had not caused any injury but the ‘treatment’ lasted an hour and a half.

After the shower and finishing my hair and makeup, I went to the bed to get dressed for going out with the group. I opened the stockings and rolled them up my legs. They were sheer white with lace, elastic tops. The dress was also white and very light filmy material. I held it up and saw that it wasn’t see-through but almost. I slid it over my head and let it fall over my body. Of course, there was no underwear laid out. The dress had spaghetti straps and deep cut showing lots of cleavage. The bodice was not fitted with support so my breasts would move inside this dress. The dress was fitted just below my breasts and then dropped loosely and ended at mid-thigh. The material was fairly smooth fitting over my breast and dropping down. My nipples were just barely visible under the white material. I looped some pearls around my neck and added loop earrings. I left my long hair down with curls put into it. I slipped into the heels and made my way downstairs.

Everyone was assembled in the entry area with their drinks. As I started down the stairs, everyone, including Marie, stopped their discussion and watched me. I walked up to the group and kissed each on the cheek but pressing myself into Marie. I stroked her back and felt that she was wearing a bra. Mr. R asked if I would like to have a drink or just go to the restaurant. I chose the restaurant and would have a drink there.

The ride to the restaurant was comfortable and pleasant. Anthony and Marie were in the front and I was between Tim and Mr. R in back. We were seated at the restaurant at a corner booth. It was a lovely restaurant and the service and food proved to be splendid. The wine selected by Mr. R was so good we went through two bottles.

After dinner and moving to the club next door, I became very conscious of just how much my breasts were swaying and bouncing as I walked in these heels. Several people tried to be discreet as they

watched me go by. Mr. R was admitted immediately into the club. We were shown to a booth on the side of the dance floor that must have been previously reserved for us. I was instructed to sit at the outside and to slightly face the dance floor. Oh, yeah, I was also not to cross my legs and allow my knees to be about six inches apart at all times. We all ordered drinks and continued our discussions from dinner. The current topic was focused on my episode with the snake and Anthony's excellent and timely medical attention. There were many questions about how the snake had a hold of me and detailed questions about Anthony's examination and treatment. I was instructed by Tim to provide any needed detail that Anthony might leave out or need assistance with. All this only served to once again have my body aroused, my nipples hard, and my cunt wet.

During a break Tim had me walk across the empty dance floor and return. When I got back, they were all smiles and giving each other knowing nods and signals. I asked what was going on. Marie told me that the intense spotlights on the dance floor and stage gave my dress a whole new look and she asked me to go back out and look for myself. I glanced around the club and walked back into the light and looked down at my breasts and could easily see my nipples through the material. I then looked down further. I couldn't really see anything of my body except that I could clearly see the tops of my stockings. And I could clearly see that I couldn't see any sign of panty or thong. I came back to the booth and was blushing.

Marie looking at me said, "Michele, you are wonderful. You spent virtually the entire day from early morning fucking both dogs and men. And still you can blush at possible exposure. And, yet, we have heard the stories of the park and nearly being caught by the cop, the motorcycle ride and the stores where you have been naked or exposed in. I love these dual sides to you. Explicitly sexual on the one hand and shyly self-conscious on the other."

After another glass of wine and more casual talk, Tim asked me for a slow dance. The band tended to put their music into groupings and Tim was anticipating that there would likely be three slow songs. He slowly spun me before taking me into his arms. He stroked my bare back as the dress plunged dramatically in the back. As we danced for a few minutes quietly he spun us several times and I could feel the hem of the dress flying out from me.

"Michele, for the rest of the night here I don't want you to hold your dress down or to pull the hem down when you sit. In fact when you sit I want you to sit with your bare ass on the surface of the booth. And, maintain at least a six inch spread of your knees. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Sir. Leave the dress alone, sit with my bare ass on the seat, and knees apart. Is that all, Sir?"

"No, you will not refuse any dance requests tonight. Nor will you object to anyone touching you. I will stop any inappropriate touching to keep you out of trouble with the club."

"Yes, Sir. What is planned for our return to the estate, Sir?"

"We will discuss that then. But, it is clear to me that a woman in our group has been thinking about you quite a lot since this morning."

We danced and enjoyed our time away from the others. The dance floor wasn't overly crowded for the slow dances. Tim said, "Before this dance ends I want to show you something about this dress. I am going to slowly spin you, but recognize that with faster dance numbers you could be spun much faster. I want you to be able to anticipate some of the rest of the evening. And to also entice some of those watching us right now."

He then removed his hand from my back, raised his hand holding mine and led me into a controlled spin for about three turns. He told me to look down and I did. My dress was out and rising from the

spin and, as he stated, this was a slow spin. I wondered how much I had just shown and how much I would be showing as the night went on.

Back at the table I was careful to sit without adjusting the dress and to sit with my ass directly on the seat. Marie leaned over as the other watched. She said, "That dress is wicked. I didn't expect that it would fly out and up so much. We didn't really see your pussy but we saw above the stocking tops. And that was a slow spin. I am going to enjoy watching you tonight. I keep saying that, don't I?"

I noticed everyone looking at something behind me. I turned to find an attractive young man. He said, "Excuse me. I hope I am not intruding but I saw you out on the dance floor and I was hoping you would allow me this dance or two."

I looked over at Tim and back to the man, "I would love to, thank you."

He took my hand and stopped, "I'm sorry, I didn't realize you were married."

Tim answered, "No, no, that's not a problem. All you're doing is dancing, right?"

He smiled at me and I followed the man out onto the floor. It was a fast set and he would sometimes take my hand to lead me. I noticed just how much my breasts were swaying with the movements and as he took my hand to pull me and turn me, I felt the dress fly out and back with the turns. The next dance was just as fast and he incorporated several fast spins into the dancing. I really couldn't be sure how high the dress was rising but as I looked out at the people at tables I noticed how many of them were intently watching us. I caught sight of our table and saw Marie with her hand to her mouth. Okay, that means it is spinning pretty high. Based on Marie's reaction I would guess I was showing completely.

The dance ended and he led me to the booth. He thanked me and Tim for the dance as I sat down and sipped my wine. Marie leaned into me and whispered, "You vixen. No panties and your dress was up to your waist. My god, your ass is cute. Look, she's blushing, again."

I noticed the table that my previous dance partner was sitting at and saw one his buddies get up and approach. He too asked for a dance. That table alone ended up keeping me on the dance floor constantly for an hour until the band too their next break. In the mean time I had my dress above my crotch frequently and they were obviously providing entertainment for each other. During the slow dances they became increasingly bold but still discrete. Several times the back of my dress was inched up to show my bare ass. Other times they would move their hands from my back to my sides and move them up and down which seemed innocent enough except the hands were also stroking the outsides of my breasts.

It was exposing to be sure but innocent enough with this group of guys. But eventually other guys decided to insert themselves into the rotation and interrupted right on the dance floor for a turn with me. Also, their hands became much more intrusive and demanding. One had the back of my dress bunched up behind me fully exposing my ass and then his hands clamped onto me and massaged and spread my cheeks. That was when I attempted to break away but was held firmly. Anthony and Tim were quickly at my side and we went back to the booth. Mr. R called the waiter over who called a security guy and the three offending guys were discretely removed from the club. Everyone agreed it was a good time to leave.

Anthony went to get the car while the rest of us waited by the door. When the car arrived, Anthony came around and opened the rear door and then the front door for Marie. Mr. R got in the back first and as I was about to follow, Tim took my arm and asked for my dress. I looked around at the people

standing in front of the club and the traffic on the main street. He smiled at me and I recovered, smiled to him, bent down and took the hem of the dress in my hands and pulled it up and over my head. Standing next to the open car door, essentially naked, I leaned into Tim and kissed him fully on the mouth and took my time to insert my tongue. I then thanked Anthony for holding the door and slipped in next to Mr. R. Tim followed me and Anthony got back in and we pulled away. I turned and looked back at the people and laughed.

Mr. R asked, "Did you enjoy that Michele?"

"What part, Sir?"

"Any of it. But specifically, the getting naked on the city sidewalk, kissing your husband casually, and gracefully getting into the car, all in plain view of strangers."

"I did. I am sure I am again blushing from it. But, yes, exhibitionism seems to be one of my turn-ons. The dancing, too. At least until those other guys got involved. I thank all of you for controlling the situation like you promised."

It was quiet for a moment as we drove. I then picked up Tim's hand and kissed it and smiled to him. I then shifted slightly to better face Mr. R and leaned into him and kissed his lips. I leaned back and looked at him. He just looked at me and I went into him with another kiss and this time provided a probing tongue. He opened his mouth slightly and accepted me. We traded tongues and sucking on each other's lips and tongues. While kissing I took one hand and put it onto my breast and held it there until he began feeling my breast and nipple on his own. He then slipped his hand down between my legs and I shifted again to allow him better access. He pulled back slightly and looked into my eyes, "You are very wet, Michele."

"Yes, Sir. Very wet."

"After all your sexual activity today, you still have more to give?"

We were approaching the estate's entrance. "Oh, yes Sir. Much more." I placed my hand over his crotch and felt his hard cock. "I would very much like to take care of this, Sir. May this slut take care of your cock tonight, Sir? You just tell me how you want me."

"Thank you, Michele. Ordinarily I would be desperate for this opportunity. But I really want to savor the activities we will have tomorrow night with the other guests. But thank you, dear. However, I have another idea of what you can do for me. A challenge of sorts."

Just then we pulled up to the front of the mansion. We exited the car; he took my hand and led me all the way through the mansion to the back and onto the patio. Everyone else followed. Once outside he pointed out to the back and reminded me of the round flower bed I was running around earlier today. He said, "My little challenge for you, my dear. Go out to the flower bed, go around it and return. Wearing exactly what you are currently wearing: stocking and heels. I should think you should remove your necklace and earrings and let your husband hold them for you."

"Sir, I don't understand."

"Of course, I neglected to mention that the boys are out there somewhere. As wet as you are, Michele, and naked, I wonder if the boys will find you before you get back here."

"In high heels, Sir?"

"Yes. It isn't like the boys need any advantage in catching you but the heels just about guarantees it."

"It is pretty dark out there."

"Yes, it is. Please be careful running in those heels. I wouldn't want you to injure you ankle and have to spend the weekend on your back." A smile spread across everyone's faces. "And, also be watchful of the boys. Being as dark as they are you may not even see them before they have you on the ground."

I turned and walked to Marie and hugged her and whispered, "Can I see you when I get back? I would really like to. You can control what happens."

She replied, "Yes, I am so hot right now. I have no promises, but please come to my room. I will have bottle of wine. My room is the one just before Anthony's."

I kissed Tim and told him about Marie and then walked to Mr. R and said, "Sir, thank you for the further use of you boys." And off I went into the dark. I was told later by several of them that I disappeared into the dark very quickly and it was only a few more minutes before they heard a scream and then laughter coming from the dark.

What they couldn't see was me trying to run in the grass in high heels and not doing it very well. I didn't see the dogs really but heard them to my left. I changed direction to the right intending to circle the garden counter-clockwise. But my heel sunk into something and I went crashing to the ground. That was the scream. The dogs were on me almost instantly and were licking any skin they could contact. I had two tongues licking legs, stomach, breast, back, ass, anything they could touch. That was the laughter. But that subsided as I got pinned between them with one between my legs and the other at my breasts and nipples. My sounds turned to sighs and moans as the sensations built within me. I moved to roll over and was met with resistance. But they must have decided I wasn't trying to leave/escape but to present myself to them as I got onto my hands and knees. I wasn't sure who was who in the dark of a new moon. So, I resigned myself to fucking both of them and if they wanted to knot me, I was instructed not to refuse them.

The first one jumped onto my back and thrust wildly against my ass, poking me everywhere but where he needed to be. I reached under and guided his cock into my hole and gasped as he went in and was pounding me furiously with the first penetration. He was almost uncontrollable in his frenzy. I thought back that it was just this afternoon that I had fucked them. I could feel him growing inside me in length and girth and waited for the knot to start hitting me. I also looked to see if I could take care of the other dog with my mouth, but he was circling us, clearly waiting his turn with the bitch.

When I felt the knot forming against me, I pushed back as he pumped at me. Together we were stretching my lips further and further with each thrust (his and mine). When the knot burst through my lips, I gasped and sucked in my breath at the almost violent approach tonight. As soon as I started feeling the cum spurting and his cock and knot moving inside me, I reached my own orgasm. Rocking on him, feeling the knot stretching my lips outward and then pushing against him to drive his cock further in, I was able to maintain my orgasm through his constant spurting. As he quieted, I could feel cum, his and mine combined, running down my thighs. Then he turned and we were ass-to-ass with his knot holding us together. I sank my chest to the lawn with my ass up in the air and waited. Waited for his knot to reduce so he could pull out. In the quiet of waiting I could hear several people back at the mansion. I could hear them talking even though I could not make out any of the words. I could hear them laughing.

Soon, I could hear distinct "Good nights" and wondered who was still there. I knew Tim was. That was a truth I could count on. Had Marie left for the night? Was I going to be too late to see her tonight? I hoped not. I sensed something with Marie and I sensed she had a similar feeling about me.

Then the knot popped out of me. But as one dog left, the other took his place and immediately mounted me. And just as with the first dog, this one made me gasp at the sudden and quick penetration of his cock and the persistent and frantic pounding he applied to his fucking. The inevitable surge and sensation as this cock grew in length and size. Growing noticeably inside me, filling me more and more and reaching deeper and deeper. What a marvelous cock dogs have that they do this. Not just the fucking of cock in and out of cunt, but the growing and increasing, going deeper with time, filling more of my cunt over time. But then, like the first, the knot. Stretching me, insistently applying pressure to enter me and me, just as insistent to get it into me. And the cum, all that cum, the continuous spurting, overflowing, seeping out from my cunt and running down my thighs. And the tying at the end. The rocking back and forth. Taking more pleasure from its presence in my cunt. Seeking that bump against my g-spot, that jolt of pleasure shooting through my body, to my clit, to my nipples.

When this one finally shrinks enough to release its hold on me, I fall flat to the ground where I stay. Not trying to focus. Just intent on recovery. Recover my breath, but also my senses. After multiple orgasms built up by the teasing and touching and exhibitionism at the club, the kissing and stroking and sucking in the back of the car, my body took off on its own, seeking the release it needed. And it found that release multiple times from these dogs. Yes, now just recover. Bring my body back, my senses back.

And then I remembered. Marie. Yes, is Marie waiting for me? Did she change her mind after thought and reflection? Only one way to find out. But I needed to get up, find my shoes, and go back to the patio and Tim. And getting up and gaining my feet under me, I still can't see very well. There is no light out here. And I must be a mess. Ruined another pair of stockings for sure. And where are my shoes? I am walking around feeling with my stocking feet. I touch one and hope the other is near but can't remember when or how they came off. I cannot find the other one. Screw it ... it can wait for morning. I walk for the light of the mansion and the patio that is before it. Knowing at least Tim is still waiting there; I walk to him in my stocking feet carrying one shoe.

Near the patio I was able to make out that Tim was the only one still there. He was comfortably reclined on a lounge chair. "Sounded like the dogs found you pretty quickly."

"I didn't really have much of a chance. Especially in heels."

"Speaking of which, you are carrying only one."

"After it was all done except for the dripping, this was the only one could find. The other one will have to wait for morning. If the dogs don't chew it up."

"Come here and lay with me for a bit." He put his legs to the sides of the lounge and opened his arms. I sat down and leaned back into him. He wrapped me in his arms and pulled me into him. One hand went to a breast. The other idly strokes my stomach. "Looks like those stockings are ruined."

"Well, that's one advantage of not wearing many clothes. Wear and tear is limited to stockings and shoes." We both laughed. We were quiet for a little while as he held me. "I love you, Tim. And thank you for being able to manage this evolving relationship so well. You don't know how comforting it is to know I can just let go and know that I will be safe and protected. Can I do something for you since we are alone?"

"You know I love all the things you can do to and for me. And it is tempting as it always is. But, I know you and Marie have something started that both are curious to see where it goes. Especially, Marie since it has been a long period of absence of sex since she escaped that life. I want you to seek her out and see what happens."

"Are you sure? How about a quick suck?"

"Go, you wanton woman. Oh, by the way, I assume you are cleaning up with a shower for her. Mr. R just mentioned that the head to the shower comes off by pressing the button on the side. Inside is a smooth end fitting that his wife claimed was great for going inside and acting as a douche. I think he is concerned about Marie who doesn't know dogs that way."

I get up and look down at him. He glances at my cunt and legs and I know he can see the dog cum that has leaked out. "Thank you, honey. And if she and I do hit it off ... and I don't want to just leave ...?"

"This is likely to be very delicate given her history and memories. You do what you feel is best for the situation. If staying with her, even for the night, feels like the thing to do, do it. You and I have our whole lives to share nights together."

I kissed him and went inside. As I approached the stairway, I felt myself getting excited, again. Being careful in my stocking feet, I ran up the stairs two at a time, rounded the corner and was running down the hall to our suite door when Marie stepped out of hers. I tried to stop but slid right past her. I turned to her, "Hi".

She offered, "I was just going to check with Tim and see if he had seen you, yet."

"I was just headed in to clean up. I understand the shower head can be taken apart and becomes quite useful. I was hoping I could still stop over for that wine. Is that still okay, Marie?"

"Yes, Michele, I would like that very much. By the way, you know you only have one shoe?"

"Yes, I know. Maybe we can find it tomorrow. Now, open that wine and give me a few minutes." And I rushed into the suite, stripping off the stocking and running into the bathroom and the shower. I showered well and washed 'everything' well including my hair. Then I took the shower head out of the holder and looked at the end, found the button and pressed it. Sure enough it became loose and off. I reduced the water pressure and feeling the end and being satisfied I inserted it into my vagina and spread my legs further. I moved the end around and tried to hold my lips open with a couple fingers to get really well cleaned out for Marie. I quickly dried myself and brushed out my hair. With it still being wet, I used the hair dryer. I stopped in the bedroom to consider if I should put something on for her. But, I was supposed to remain naked and she knew that. So, being completely naked this time, no stocking, shoes or jewelry, I left the suite and across the hall to Marie's.

I softly knocked on the door and waited, looking up and down the hall. I heard the knob turning and the door open. Marie was standing there in just a long tee-shirt. Something she might wear to bed. Bare legs and feet. She was completely dressed just moments earlier. She intentionally changed knowing I was coming. My anticipation took two giant steps. But I cautioned myself to go slow and gentle. She was the vulnerable one so let her provide the initiation and direction.

She stepped to the side holding the door and let me in. I entered and watched as she closed the door and we turned to face each other. There was a silence and she looked at my naked body. I offered, "Marie, I considered putting something on after my shower. For your comfort, but ... this weekend, I ... I am supposed to remain naked when at the estate."

"No, Michele. You are exactly as I expected you to be. You are beautiful, Michele. I ... I decided that ... well, knowing that you were ... I thought that I should ..."

I held out my arms to her and she immediately stepped into me. I wrapped my arms around her upper back and put one hand onto her head. Held her close and brought her head to my shoulder. She was not wearing a bra. Her back was smooth to my touch and her breasts and nipples were pressing into mine. "Marie, you are a very beautiful woman, too. Marie ... thank you."

She pulled her head up to look me in the eyes. "Thank me for what?"

"For trusting me. For trusting me enough to change. You sleep in this, don't you?"

"Yes, but that doesn't mean anything ..."

I pulled her in close, again. "Shhh, don't worry. I am making no assumptions and have no expectations. I like you very much, Marie. I appreciate that we can have some alone time. However we spend it. Now, about that wine bottle you mentioned."

She hugged me tightly, very tightly and her hands stroked my back, sought out my ass and then quickly back up. She chuckled into my neck, pulled back and smiled. She took my hand and led me into the bedroom section, turning the light off in the living area. A lamp was on in one corner and the bed was turned down. Next to the love seat on the side table was a bottle of wine and two glasses. She led me to the love seat and we both sat down. It was barely big enough to provide just a little space between us. She poured wine into both glasses and passed one to me. We clicked our glasses and I offered, "To us, this evening, and that we will forever be special friends."

"That's what I hope for, Michele."

So, we drank wine and talked. For a long time. When that bottle was empty and we were still going strong, she took my hand and stood up, "Come on, I'll show you where the stash is and I could use a light snack."

We left her suite and walked down the stairs, winding our way through the dining room and into the kitchen. Another door revealed a room full of wine. We stayed with the same wine. Then she went to the refrigerator and removed some bowls of sliced fruit, a couple muffins, and cheese. We sat in the kitchen and talked, snacked and sipped our wine. An hour later we put everything away, and took the wine back to her suite. She stopped, then led me to the balcony and asked me to recline on the lounge. Then she joined me on it. She was reclined on her back and I was on my side looking at her.

She just looked at me ... finally saying, "Michele, thank you for this evening. You've given me the chance to talk openly about some things. But ... can I keep you here longer? There is more I want to share and you're the only one I have been able to open up to like this."

"Marie, I already spoke with Tim and we are in agreement that I should stay as long as is needed."

And she started into a description of her life. Before meeting Mr. R and Anthony. The drugs, the abuse, the debasement, the humiliation and the degradation until she didn't have enough self-worth to care any longer. She talked slowly, carefully, choosing her way through the tale. When she got to the point of meeting Mr. R, she took my hand and placed it onto her breast outside her thin night shirt. When she got the point where the story ended before, she stopped. I just looked at her and waited. I eased into her so our bodies were in contact and my hand was gently kneading her breast. She looked at me smiled and said, "I want you to know the rest of the story."



She said when she was brought to the estate and they told the story before, it sounded pleasant and 'happy ever after'. She paused and took several breaths. She continued with her recounting that when she was brought to the estate she was put into this very suite but it was most of a week before she began recognizing her surroundings as she was coming off the drugs. It was another week before she started talking to people and socializing on the most basic level. All the while she was visited by a doctor and medical people to monitor her healing and withdrawal. It was a full month before she was joining the estate in meals and conversations, using the facilities and ready to discuss her options for the future. "If you still wonder why we have so much respect and regard for Mr. R, consider what kind of person brings a drugged up whore into his home and only cares for them and waits for the real person to come out." With that she sat up, took the hem of her night shirt in her hands and pulled it over her hand. She lay back down and replaced my hand on her breast. She turned to me and smiled. "Thank you, Michele. I have never been able to get that out of me before. It was very therapeutic to tell you."

She looked into my eyes and studied me, like she was looking for something. I leaned forward and kissed her forehead, stroked her hair. I moved my hand from her breast to her chest. "I am honored that you chose me to tell. I am humbled that you felt I was someone you could tell."

She took my hand and put it back onto her breast. She looked again at me, and then closed her eyes as I gently kneaded her breast, turning a nipple. I kissed her forehead. She looked at me, "Michele, I think I can take steps out of my pain now with friends like you. And knowing that as you lead me, help me, I also have the support of Mr. R, Anthony and George. Will you kiss me? And not on the forehead?"

I moved my hand to the side of her face, leaned in and softly kissed her lips. I pulled back only an inch. Only enough to whisper, "Nice. Your lips are so soft." I kissed her again a little harder. Broke it, changed my angle slightly and gave her several more kisses. I pulled back further and looked into her eyes. She returned the look and smiled. I leaned in again and moved my hand back to her breast, gently massaging it. The more I played with her breast, the more urgent her physical response became. She sighed into my mouth as I pinched her nipple and I took that opening to push my tongue in. She responded with her tongue and then following my tongue back into my mouth where I sucked on it and softly nipped it. Once I first pinched her nipple, I alternated between stroking her breast and her nipple and moving from one breast to the other.

With a sudden gasp, she rose up and quickly kissed one of my nipples. She stood up and put her hands out to me. "I want you in my bed, Michele. Can you really spend the night with me?"

"That is very much where I would like to spend tonight."

"What about Tim?"

"Tim and I have a wonderful, trusting and respectful relationship. We know we have our entire lives to spend with and for each other. Any time I don't spend with him doesn't diminish that, but reinforces it with a fresh perspective."

With the single light in the corner still on, we made our way from the balcony to the bed. Two naked women from two very different pasts but finding ourselves in the exact same spot and hoping it was an indication of a continuing relationship. We crawled into the center of the bed together and reengaged our kissing and gentle touching. I kissed her lips, hard, passionate, probing with my tongue, making her gasp. She embraced me tightly, her hands wandering. I raise my head and smile at her. She smiles back. I whisper, "I have never felt this way toward a woman before, Marie."

“Neither have I. I never thought of myself as bi-sexual. I don’t know if I am, but I want this.”

“Thank you. I do too. Now, I want you to close your eyes and let me explore you.” And with that I kiss each of her eyes shut. Then I kiss across her forehead, her cheeks and nose, chin, and back to her mouth. I kiss her throat, ears and shoulders. I repositioned myself between her legs and stretch up her body. Kissing her shoulders and chest, one nipple and the other. Then licking and kissing around each breast. The nipple and further around and to the outsides of each breast. Then I reach back up stretching my body against hers and finding her mouth again. Our breasts pressed together, our nipples rubbing against each other. I work my way back down to her nipples and breasts, but for a shorter this time before continuing to her stomach, belly button and over her abdomen to her pubic mound. Quickly I return to her breasts and nipples before licking my way down her body to her mound and just above her shaved pussy. I lift my head and kiss her just above her clit but careful not to make contact.

I move to her left leg to kiss and lick my way to her toes. I kiss the bottom of her left foot and the tip of each toe. Checking her face, then her cunt as I spread her legs more with her elevated foot in my hands, I separate and lick and suck each toe until I get to the big toe which I spend time sucking and licking. I then kiss my way back up her leg and do the same to her right leg. I then raise her leg and kiss the back of her knee and lay her leg spread further apart. I then take her left leg again and kiss the back of that knee and spread that leg further apart, also. I kiss my way back up her legs, alternating from one to the other under I again am at her mound. This time I kiss down, skipping her clit for the time being but seeking out her lips, licking, kissing, and probing the inside just barely with my tongue. I move back up just to her clit and flick it with my tongue tip. She sucks in air and flexes her hips up at the touch. I’m encouraged by her increasing responsiveness. I take her clit into my mouth and gently suck, eliciting a sharp gasp and groan. I alternate between sucking her clit, tonguing it, and gently using my teeth and nipping it. I then move back to her lips and probing inside with my tongue, then add one, then two fingers. I take each lip in turn with my lips and teeth and pull out, stretching her open as my fingers continue to work in and out of her cunt. Her hips lift up off the bed and I curl my fingers up reaching for the top front of her vagina and her g-spot. When she cries out and her hips shoot up and back arches, I know I have bumped it. I lower my mouth to her clit and suck while trying to find and probe that spot more. When she flexes again, I maintain contact in that spot and move my fingers in and out while aiming for contact with that spot while sucking on her clit. Only moments later her hands on my head, her body tensed and arched and she screams out and climaxes. And squirts!

My chin and chest is soaked by her fluids. I am glad I wasn’t sucking her cunt at the time or might have choked. I have never experienced anything like that before. I wipe my chin and suck the juices off my fingers. It’s the flavor of her cunt and I lick her thighs clean of the fluid. I kneel up between her legs and watch her as she comes down from her orgasm. Once recovered somewhat she looks at me and asks, “What happened?”

“Honey, did you know you can squirt?”

“God, no. That has never happened before. That was so intense, Michele. I have never cum that way or that hard before. Thank you.”

“Honestly, it was my pleasure. Should I wash before we kiss or do you want to know how you taste?”

“Yes, just come here. You are covered with me. Let me know what it is like as well.”

I crawl up along her body and lay next to her and we kiss, gently at first but leading to open mouth, tongue tied, passionate crushing kissing. I pull away and look at her. “Well, how do you taste?”

"If I do say so myself, pretty good."

"I agree, Marie, I agree". I lay down next to her and pulled the top sheet up over us and she snuggles into me with her head on my shoulder and a hand on my breast. She is asleep in only minutes.

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## **RETURN TO MR. RODRIGUEZ'S ESTATE SATURDAY MORNING**

Sometime during the night I was having the most wonderfully erotic dream of my cunt being eaten. Very lovingly, but intently. I moved my hand down, half sleeping, to my crotch to add to the dream with some physical stimulation when my hand encountered hair. It wasn't a dream. This was real ... and it was still dark ... I was with Marie and stayed with her ... "Marie?"

"Shh, you just lay back and let me try to repay you for last night," she replied.

Fair is fair, so I left my hand on her head and let my head fall back onto the pillow. Yes, this was so nice, so gentle. I realized then that I have been asked or put into situations to pleasure several women. This was maybe the first time another woman was giving to me of her free will out of love and gratitude. I relaxed, or tried to, as her attention to my cunt and clit brought increasing responses from me. Her hand snaked up my body and found a breast and nipple. Nibbling on my cunt lips she was also pinching and pulling a nipple. Letting go of my lip which she had gotten between her teeth and pulling out, she moved to my clit which she also used her teeth on. As she bit down gently and pulled, she attacked my other nipple, grabbing it and twisting it nearly a full turn. I had a shudder as my body was reacting to her. She released my clit and looked up, "Thank you".

I looked at her puzzled, "What do you mean? Thanks for what?"

"For your reaction. I am just floundering down here, not really knowing what I should be doing, but remembering some of the sensations you gave me last night. I hoped you would feel something."

She apparently felt my shudder and took that as my orgasm. It was nice, not a full orgasm, but I was getting plenty of those this weekend. What I really wanted was to hold her, enjoy the soft warmth, the feel of her next to me. I pulled her up to me and cuddled into her. One of my hands on her breast, one of hers on mine. We went back to sleep. Both once again contented.

I wake to light coming in through the open balcony door and the sounds of birds. It is still very early morning but I feel wonderful. I stretch out and feel Marie next to me. I gently roll over and kiss her shoulder as I get out of the bed. I walk to the balcony and to the railing, stretch my arms out over my head and breathe in the fresh island air.

I step back into the bedroom and look at Marie. She is still asleep and sprawled out on the bed. Her nude body on display. She is hugging my pillow. I walk to the door and quietly open it, step into the hall and close the door behind me. I walk quickly down the hall and the staircase heading for the kitchen and hoping for some coffee. There was something still erotic about walking through a large mansion like this totally naked. I was in luck. George was busy in the kitchen getting pastries baking for the breakfast and there indeed was a large pot of coffee ready. I walked up behind and hugged him and kissed his neck, "So, George, I missed you last night. How was your date?"

He turned around quickly at my hug and voice, "Michele, you tease." He gave me a big hug and a pat on the butt.

I looked at him with a coy smile and raised an eyebrow. "So, I repeat, how was the date?"

"Wonderful. I am so lucky to find this woman at my age."

"Listen to you. Your age. I seem to recall on my last visit, your age had little negative influence on your interaction with me."

He laughed heartily. "You tease. And still naked. Doesn't that husband of yours make enough to be able to afford even some little thing for you to wear?"

"Like you mind. You know full well the rules while I am here. Can I trouble you for a large mug of coffee?"

"A large mug? Here, this should do you." He handed me a mug that was twice as large as a normal one.

"Yes, I may be sharing it soon." He looked at me with a question but didn't ask. I thanked him, took the mug of coffee and left. Not without exaggerated ass swaying, however.

I reentered Marie's suite and found her still sprawled across the bed. I went straight to the balcony and got comfortable on the lounge. Only minutes later I heard her moving off the bed and she was standing in the door. She said, "When you weren't in bed next to me, I thought maybe you left to rejoin Tim. I am glad you didn't. Is that too selfish? I wanted a little more time."

"Not selfish at all, dear. Come, join me here." I wiggled over to the side of the lounge to make room for her. "I got an especially large mug of coffee for us to share."

We lay together on the lounge, our naked bodies touching, sipping the coffee and passing it back and forth. While one sipped coffee, the other idly played with a breast and nipple. When the coffee was finished, we lay together and necked. Kissing and stroking. Idly, not rushed, no urgency. Just softly, quietly enjoying each other's lips and breasts. Enjoying the feel of the pliable flesh of the breast, the hardening nobs of the nipples. Enjoying the soft feel of our lips touching, tongues caressing, searching open mouths.

I finally broke it off and stood. She said, "Leaving?"

"No. Yes. Both, but with you. Come on; put that night shirt on again. We're going outside. Out back." I was taking her to the back of the estate property. Past the pool and patio, to the flower garden where the dogs caught me last night. Was that just last night? What a weekend this has been already and it's just Saturday morning! "It should be beautiful and still quiet out there and you can help me find my other shoe."

She slid her night shirt over her head and it fell over her body, settling with the hem high on her thighs and covering, barely, everything important.

We dropped the mug off at the kitchen on our way which drew an interested look from George seeing how Marie was dressed. Come to think of it, it drew an interested look that Marie was dressed in a night shirt that did cover her while I was naked. Oh well, I choose to assume it was that Marie had been so closed to the group since her arrival at the estate. Not a comparison. I'm not defensive ... Anyway, we exited the kitchen out the side door from it and made our way around the mansion and headed out to the back of the estate property. Both bare foot and comfortable in the warm island air and rising sun, I grasped Marie's hand and held it as we walked. She looked at me with a bit of wonder in her expression and then concern crossed over her face. As we continued our

walk to the back, she asked, "Michele, I feel awful to ask this because you have been so good and gentle to me. But, did someone set you up to be this way with me?"

"Nobody did anything, Marie. What do you mean 'be this way'?"

"Loving, caring, tender, open me up to sexual enjoyment, accepting intimacy, again."

I stopped her and turned us to each other and looked her straight in the eyes so I could gauge her reaction and she could mine. "Marie, look at me. Please believe me when I tell you that last night and this morning was all you and me. Nobody else was involved. Okay, Tim and I talked. He saw my reaction to you and thought he saw something in your reaction to me. We talked because he understood that if, big if, something did happen it might be difficult and take more time. He knew it wouldn't be quick, casual sex like everyone else. And, believe this part Marie, Tim could tell this was different for me. This wasn't part of the submissive doing her duty as directed. This was me, my reaction to another person, you. I wanted last night. Marie, there is nobody here who would violate your privacy. You know that. All this time you have been here and nobody has even hinted or insinuated anything of the kind. Everyone here cares for you. You know that. Where are these questions coming from?"

"I am sorry, Michele. My insecurities are rising up again. Those things I was told all those years before coming here. That I am not worthy by myself and I needed the control of others. That I needed the control and reminder through discipline to be effective and worthy. I didn't mean to offend you, if I did."

"Don't worry about me. Maybe you took a big step last night and today? Maybe you took a step, and looked around your new place, and wondered if you belonged there? The old control over you would say you weren't worthy so how can this be honest or free? Trust me Marie, it is honest and it is free. Marie, I told you yesterday that I had never felt this way about a woman before. It has nothing to do with how I feel about Tim. Tim is my soul mate who I trust and honor to my core being. I love him without the least question or hesitation. Other people I have liked and respected immensely. I have given myself to them with eagerness, sometimes because Tim just said to, but others because of who they were. You, though, I felt much more. I cannot even begin to put words to it so I won't bother even trying."

I hugged her closely to me. "Marie, you took a big step to let someone in close to you, again. Thank you. But don't discount that now because of old programming. And, absolutely, take each new step away from that old programming slowly. You were programmed to believe discipline and strong control was what you needed to be functional. You've seen that isn't true. The time you have been here, you haven't had either and look at you. What you need is love, safety, and trusting guidance. So go ahead and take your time but understand the kind of people you have here are the people who already love you, have kept you safe and have always been there to guide you. But don't worry about changing faster or slower. Find your comfort and don't be afraid of leaning on these people."

"And you, too?"

"Very definitely, me too. Especially if I can get into your bed, again."

She hit my arm and then took me into her arms and hugged me. As we hugged I glanced at the patio to see Tim and Mr. R sitting, talking and watching with their coffee.

We started walking slowly again when she asked, "Michele, about discipline and control; you're a submissive to Tim, right?"

“Yes”

“So, I thought submissives needed discipline or the example of it to make the dominant’s control effective. Is that different for you than it was for me?”

“First, I don’t think you were a submissive. I think you were controlled and abused beyond that point to being a slave. You lost your identity, your will, you were degraded to do anything you were told without any regard for your safety or your morality. And I don’t think you understand how much control a submissive really has on situations. A dominant has no power or control unless I give it to him. I know I am completely safe with Tim and he would never allow anything to happen to me that wasn’t what we have already agreed to. So, yes, I can give him control over situations. If I didn’t feel that way, he wouldn’t have that control. Second, Tim and I are just like most other couples except that he can have me do almost anything sexually because of my thirst for it and his protection. As such, if I disappoint him in some way in this relationship, or otherwise, the worse ‘discipline’ for me is still his withholding of attention when he gets mad. Looking into his eyes and seeing the disappointment is devastating for me. People think of submissives being disciplined by flogging, caning, tied to elaborate apparatuses and being abused as discipline. I think that is something built around a subculture. It would be easier for me to endure some physical pain than the emotional pain of looking into Tim’s eyes. Does that make any sense?”

“Yes. It does. Michele, thank you. I feel so much better. And ... you have reinforced in me ... made it very clear ... that my feelings last night ... with you ... well, my feelings were real. And I again trust that yours were, also. Thank you.” We kissed.

We had made it to the garden. I looked over my shoulder and we were still visible to the patio. I took her hand and led her to the far side of the garden plot, behind the mass of flowers and plantings. I said to her, “Marie, I brought you out here to make you love to you again, but outside in the open air, under the climbing morning sun. And I brought you to this side of the garden plot so we wouldn’t be as visible. Is that okay that I want you, again? Do you mind that I am so forward about it? I want you, Marie.”

“Oh, Michele. I think it is wonderful. I don’t mind at all. From you it seems so natural and honest and good. I want you, again, too. Right now.”

I step into her and kiss her. Then again. My hands roaming as we stand next to the flowers. I find her breasts under her night shirt. I work them, pull on her nipples. All the while we are kissing. Sucking on each other’s lips, tongues, giving little nips to change the sensation. I reach down and pull up the bottom of her shirt and pull it up over her rear and keep going up. Not breaking our kiss until the very last moment she raises her arms above her head and I pull her shirt completely off. I take a step back and look at her. Head to toes, but mostly breast and pussy. While still looking, maybe ogling would be more honest, I say, “You are so beautiful.”

I take her hands in mine and pull her down with me as I lay on the lawn. I guide her right on top of me so our bodies are in full contact. Mouths, breasts, pelvises, and legs. My hands are roaming over any bit of skin I can reach as we again are in a lock of kissing, tonguing and sucking whatever our lips come into contact with. Oh god, I am sooooo turned on with her. Like last night, like this morning. I want to be in constant contact with her, licking her, sucking her, kissing her, feeling her. If I had known what women could be like with the right woman, I might be a lesbian ... NOT! But, oh my lord, this is so good, feels so good, makes me so hot for her, to give her anything in my power. So, again, I try.

I roll us over and I attack her breasts with my mouth. Kissing them and licking, kissing, licking and

biting her already erect nipples. Taking them in my teeth and pulling, out further and further. I see her wincing but not complaining. I let the nipple go and it stands out even further. I go after the other one. The same thing, maybe a little harder bite. She winces but her wince ends with an audible moan. My fingers are after the other nipple now, pulling, pinching, and twisting it. She arches her chest into the air and I pull harder. She is moaning continuously now. I change and kiss and suck the abused nipple, flicking it with the tip of my tongue. I move quickly to her mouth again. Suddenly engulfing her and thrusting my tongue into her open, groaning mouth. She gasps and pants at the sudden change. As she is adapting to my mouth, I move again. Only momentarily at her breasts and poor abused nipples, but down, sucking and tonguing her belly button. She raises her stomach, pressing into my mouth. My hand is now wondering further down. Stroking her pussy lips. Teasing the lips, just poking inside, barely. Accidentally touching the clit and her hips rise in response. She is close. This was fast, her need must be high. I move my mouth to her pelvis, licking, kissing. I push her legs apart, forcefully. I move between them with one quick move, my mouth instantly planted on her clit. Licking it, sucking it, biting it. Then her lips, but not much there, I push my tongue inside. Her hips rise and push further, thrusting my tongue, licking the sides, flicking the tip. Then full mouth plant and sucking. Sucking her lips right into my mouth. Sucking in juices from her cunt.

I look up at her. She senses the move and raises her head and looks right at me. Her mouth moves but there is nothing, no sound, just moving. While I watch her and her me, I jam two finger into her hole. Once, twice, three times. Still we are looking at each other but her mouth isn't moving any more. No, now, it is just open. Sucking in air and looking like she might scream. Her eyes are squinted and focused but not seeing anything. Her face is tensed, her neck, her abdominals are tight, flexing. I curl my fingers up and search, rubbing around into her. Then, yes! She throws her head to the ground and her whole body is tight, raising up, arching with support at the feet and shoulders. It was amazing to watch. Her body just rose in moment of an impending orgasm. My fingers worked harder, finding the spot as my mouth bit down on her clit.....

That's when I heard the scream, the chanting of sounds. A combination of "ohs", "yes", moans and sighs and gasps. Her body totally rigid and arched into the air. I let go of her clit but kept at her g-spot but it took only a moment more ... and she squirted ... again! I held her tight as she convulsed, her legs shaking, her hips bouncing off the ground, her head moving from side to side, her toes curled tight. I held her. She slowly calmed. But then she was very quiet. I checked, worried ... good, her breathing was good. A little ragged, but steady. I held her and waited. Waited for her to regain consciousness.

When she came back, I was holding her and gently stroking her stomach, breasts and face. Over and over as reassuring as I could. She looked at me confused. Looking around but not trying to leaving my embrace. Seeing the flower bed next to her, it started coming back. She looked at me with an unasked question. I reassured her, "You passed out for just a few minutes. Or, you fell asleep for lack of effect from me ..."

She slapped my arm and laughed. She took my face in her hands and kissed me softly, lovingly, tenderly. She looked into my eyes and studied them, my face, and my mouth. She touched each in turn with a finger. A tear fell from her eye and ran down her cheek. I asked her, "A tear? Why? Don't regret this Marie."

"Regret? No, no, Michele. Not regret. Overwhelmed. I love you, Michele. No, I am not lesbian. We both know that. But I do, I love you and not like a sister but like a lover. Is that crazy?"

"If it is, Marie, then we both are. I love you, too. I said it before; I have never felt this way about a woman. You put the word to it. It is a feeling of love as a lover. That is not threatening, Marie. There is plenty of room for you in my heart. Someday, I hope you can enjoy the love that Tim and I can both share with you. We are very open. Until then, though, yes, you have me."

I kiss her on the mouth once more and smile at her. "Come on, I could use some breakfast." I stand and put my hand out to her and help her up. I hug her and caress her ass. Hand in hand we walk around the flowers and are about thirty feet beyond. We see Tim, Mr. R and Anthony standing on the patio watching us come. I wave to them and they wave back. I look at Marie and smile and realize she is naked. I grab her and run back to the flower bed, retrieve the night shirt and help her on with it. We laugh and she is quite red. All of them have seen her naked, even if from a distance.

Later, Tim would relate to me that at that moment Mr. R mutters, "My god, Michele has gotten her past part of the hurt. Thank you, Michele."

After having some breakfast and showering to clean up from the previous night and early morning activities, I was lounging on the patio contemplating the rest of the day. Although I really wanted to go back to the nude beach we enjoyed when we were here for our honeymoon, I also wanted a good walk, maybe a good hike. As I was contemplating my options, Tim and Mr. R came out onto the patio. I waved to them but they were so intent on their conversation they didn't notice me initially.

When they did, they came over and took chairs and placed them on either side of me. "You two seem to be spending a lot of time talking this weekend. Am I safe?"

Tim responded, "Only part of it is about you, dear. Turns out Mr. R has a company that is in the same line of business that I am. Another point of common interest that has kept us engaged."

"Another? What else?"

"Why you, dear. That's the part of the discussion you should worry about."

Mr. R jumped in, "Don't let him tease you, Michele. Most of it has been quite innocent. For one thing I have commented on how happy I was to see the change in Marie since you two have seemed to hit on a personal level. She is a wonderful woman and so deserves to be finished with that part of her life."

"I totally agree. I have enjoyed her immensely. I guess it is obvious that it has been in more ways than one."

"Well, whatever you two have going, it seems to be doing her a world of good. So thank you."

"My pleasure. I really do mean it. I am quite taken by her. I think we could be great, special friends if we had much contact. May I ask a separate question? What is beyond the fence in back? It appears to be fairly wild and I was thinking about taking a good walk or hike."

"That's my neighbor's property. He has horses and a few other exotic animals but they are fenced into a different part of the property. That section is just wild, natural. The boys and I will walk over there. He doesn't use it and has no problem with me using it for that. Actually, we have developed a trail of sorts and if you go about a mile it will lead to a little beach which is very remote. The only access is his property or by boat and that can be a bit treacherous because of rocks."

"Would it be okay if I took the trail? Would the boys be okay with me out there?"

"Yes to both. I am absolutely positive the boys will take your commands. If you do go, you'll want to wear some good shoes. Check the closet, there should be some there. As I said, you and my wife appear to have been the same size."

"You mean I should remain naked? Just put on shoes?"



“Yes. That area can be considered part of the estate. The real issue of naked or not is the legal implication of being naked. If you could get into trouble with the law, then you should wear something. Otherwise, no.”

Fifteen minutes later I was back outside, waving to them as I headed for the kennel to release the boys for a walk wearing shoes that would be good for hiking. Letting the boys out of their runs was easy enough. Getting back out of the kennel building with them sniffing and licking me was not. Once outside, though, they seemed curious of my intentions. As I headed for the back of the property, they ran ahead and around me. When I got to the gate in the fence and touch it, they got excited. Clearly having been out there before and anxious to be again. I opened the gate and let them through and easily saw the trail that Mr. R referred to.

The boys took off down the trail ahead of me and I followed. They periodically came running back to check on me and then turned and took off, again. The trail started sloping dramatically as we approached the edge of the island. Beyond I could see the ocean. By the time we got to the beach I was covered in a nice sheen of sweat. The jungle didn't provide much breeze and seemed to hold the humidity. On the beach it was much different. The breeze off the water felt good and refreshing.

I sat on a large rock on the edge of the water and watched the dogs run on the beach and chase each other. Soon they were back to sit on either side of me. I reached out and put my arms around each of them and drew them into me. I kissed each in turn on the snout and received a lick from each. One of the dogs moved in front of me and nudged my knees open and licked his way to my crotch. I leaned back on my arms and opened up for him. He was doing a great job of getting me ready and each time he flicked his raspy tongue over my clit I got an additional jolt of excitement sent through my body. I let him have a few more licks but I needed to manage myself this weekend. I had been just taking it as it came (literally) but realized sometime with Marie that if I allowed myself to orgasm as much as might be possible, I might not be able to complete the weekend as was expected of me. Therefore, I needed to be conscious of when I give versus receive. In this case I was concerned about letting this dog bring me to orgasm with his tongue (despite how wonderful that would undoubtedly be) when I knew I would also orgasm with each mating of the dogs now, who knows what this afternoon, and then certainly many time tonight. And tonight was critical that I have the energy available. Tonight was the key of the weekend. The whole focus, intention of coming down for the weekend.

So I got away from the dog and crawled underneath him to get his cock out of his sheath. The tip was already sticking out so a few licks brought more of it out and then I had enough to actually suck on. The precum made it even easier. As much as I like sucking a man's cock, it is an action I think about and vary more. A dog is different. The precum actually gives me something to suck on, take into me and focus on as a part of sucking the cock. I am sucking the cock to get the precum out almost. And, as a result, the process seems faster. Or the dog just reacts faster. They certainly don't fuck as long, just harder and more frantic, but then there is the knotting; yes, the knotting. Stop it and focus or you'll be here all day with these two.

My mouth was nearly full of dog cock so it was time. I released it from my mouth and knelt against the rock and the dog was immediately on my back. He was thrusting all over my ass until I reached down between my legs and helped guide him into my hole. Once inside me I immediately groaned and moaned at the abruptness of the penetration, the leaking from his cock. Yes, now it was doggy fuck time. That wonderful sequence I could never get tired of because it was so unique to dogs. The deep thrust penetration and then the growing of the cock in both length and girth. Growing larger and longer. Filling my cunt more and more. Not just in the penetration by his fucking but he actual size of his cock while he is fucking. Much different than a human man. Of course you only get intense fucking with a dog; the tenderness possible with a man is missing.

While I am getting fucked I reach over to the other dog and give his cock a few strokes to begin getting him ready. But when I feel the knot bang into the outside of my lips, I let go and prepare myself to work it into me. With the dog's pounding the knot at me and my pushing back to meet him, my lips are steadily stretched with each thrust. When it is finally inside, I stop moving and try to adjust to the sudden fullness inside me. When the dog begins fucking again he is naturally already deeper and the fullness moves inside me from pulling my lips back outward to trying to go deeper into me. I am getting overwhelmed by the sensations and so when he starts to spurt his warm cum inside me and I feel it hitting my walls, I join him with an orgasm of my own. I am holding onto the rock with both arms and riding this orgasm out. When I come off my ride, I am still tied and will be for a few more minutes. So once again I reach out to the other dog and restart stroking his sheath and enticing his cock out. This time he is amenable to moving and comes closer so I can lean down underneath and taking his emerging cock into my mouth. As I have worked his cock into nearly full size with my mouth and reaching the back of my mouth, the knot in my cunt pops out.

As that dog leaves me, the other moves away from my mouth and goes directly to my cunt. With a few interested licks of my messy cunt and lips, he too mounts me. And the process starts all over for number two. When this one finally is able to pull out of me, I am simply sprawled out over the rock, unmoving. Then I just roll to the side and lay on the sand. The dogs come over and lick my face which causes me to laugh and squeal in delight. Then, I sit up and take the shoes off, walk into the water until it is waist high and dive forward into the surf and come up swimming just a short distance. The water on my naked body feels wonderful and my intention of cleaning myself some is a success.

When I come back to the beach, I sit and let the sun dry me off before attempting to put my shoes back on for the walk back to the estate. When ready, I call the dogs and they lead the way back up the hill and the estate property at the end of the trail. I chuckle aloud but really to myself as a thought crosses my mind: another successful morning for the weekend's submissive slut.

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## **RETURN TO MR. RODRIGUEZ'S ESTATE SATURDAY**

Arriving at the estate property, I opened the gate and let the dogs in first and then closed and locked the gate behind me. I walked the dogs to the kennels, got them back in and then went to the mansion. The patio and pool area was vacant. I sat down on one of the chairs and took off the shoes I had borrowed, took them to the grass and rubbed the soles on the grass to get the loose dirt and sand off them. I was taking them inside when I remembered that I never got the missing high heel from last night. So, I put the shoes on a table and walked back out to the garden. I walked around the garden a couple times in widening circles until I finally did find it. And, no worse for wear. I carried it back to the patio, retrieved the hiking shoes and walked inside intending to take them both up to the suite.

As I walked past the large study, I heard Tim and Mr. R discussing something. I walked to the door and knocked. Mr. R said to come in. When they saw me, they both got up and met me half way. I kissed Tim on the mouth and then the same to Mr. R. Tim asked, "How was your hike? Did you make it to that beach?"

"Yes, I did. And it was very nice. The trail is easy to follow. The beach is small but nice. I even went for a short swim."

Mr. R enquired about the dogs and how they behaved with me.

"The boys were great, Sir. They were very attentive to me, followed my direction and came when I need them to."

"That sounded like a message just full of double entendre."

"Why Sir, I have no idea what you might be inferring." We all looked at each other and broke into laughter. "Well, I didn't mean to intrude too long but I heard you two in here and wanted to let you know I was back. I thought I would go upstairs and clean up a little and then get something light to eat."

Tim said, "We are almost done here, honey. How about if I or we meet you in the kitchen in about 20 minutes and then we can decided what we do with the rest of our day."

I left them to finish whatever was occupying them and went upstairs to shower.

Returning downstairs I couldn't hear any talking and went to the kitchen through the dining room. Tim was sitting at the table with George. Mr. R was not there. While George prepares a lunch for us, Tim and I discussed plans for the remainder of the day. He indicated that Mr. R has planned a cocktail party for three other couples and he wants me to act as the waitress in the same outfit as before. After cocktails and getting the group prepared, the evening will evolve into a sexual group event with me as the centerpiece. The dogs will also be included. That would make five men, three women, and two dogs. We agreed I should probably make sure I use the afternoon for rest. The evening was going to be active and stimulating enough.

After lunch we locate Anthony and indicate our desire to go to the nude beach on the other side of the island. He even assures us that the travel can be managed so I could go without even taking a cover-up, but beach towels, water, and sunscreen would still be needed. Although the car's windows were not tinted, Anthony had a route picked out that minimized the stoplights. If someone did catch a glimpse of me, it would be difficult for them to be sure just what they saw and shouldn't cause a problem.

At the beach we arranged for Anthony to pick us back up at the parking lot again in three hours. To be sure we stayed out trouble (in other words getting me into another beach group action scene) we stayed in the main beach area. We found a spot near the water and staked our claim. We were surrounded by a lot of people, some wearing swim suits, some women topless and only a few fully nude like me but it was legal at this beach. Tim made a point of lathering me pretty well with sunscreen and reminded me that it should be reapplied later. A sunburn would make the later activities miserable for me.

The afternoon was relaxing and just what I needed. I dozed off a couple of times and we spent time in the water cavorting like teenagers, groping each other and necking in the water. At one point while necking I wrapped my legs around his waist when we were in chest high water. We kissed and talked. When I accidentally moved down onto his cock, I looked at him but didn't move off. And he didn't try to remove himself, but we also refrained from getting more active, too.

While walking the beach later, we were following a young woman and I couldn't get over the feeling that I knew her. She was fully naked also and there was something about the body and hair that gave me the feeling of knowing her somehow. I mentioned it to Tim and he agreed so we walked a little faster to get alongside of her. Then we placed her as soon as we saw her face. It was Helen, the woman who was the room attendant for our cabin at the resort during our honeymoon. We had a wonderful evening with her before we left the resort. We said a hello and she indicated her recognition, also. We talked while we walked and got caught up. She was still with the resort and

loving being on the island. When we separated we promised to look her up at the resort the next time we were on the island. Which was interesting that we were reaching a feeling that these trips may continue for us. I certainly enjoyed all the sex and the atmosphere was safe.

We return to the mansion by very late afternoon and went directly to the pool area. I used the pool's outdoor shower to clean the sand and sweat off and spent some time in the pool cooling off and soothing my body in the cooler water. Upon climbing out I saw everyone congregating and was told that a salad dinner would be ready in moments and then we'll have a little time to relax before needing to get ready for the event tonight. During the dinner shared with everyone from the mansion sitting at the umbrella covered table, Tim and Mr. R get up and indicated they had a request of everyone. They had been discussing the arrangement of my participation for the weekend and possible future weekends. Since strangers are sometimes involved in these activities (like tonight), there was some concern about my identity security. They decided on a solution. Tim concluded, "So, it has been decided that Michele will be referred to as "Destiny" at any of these events where people outside of this group are involved. We fully and completely trust all of you and we are humbled by your complete acceptance and respect you have shown to us. But outside this group of people the name "Destiny" should be used in all reference to Michele. As she will be completely in the submissive role at these times, her reference to me will never be my name or our relationship other than as "Sir". Hopefully, that will keep our identities private and not interfere with our other lives. Is there any question about this?"

I raise my hand, "Sir, may I ask a question?"

"Yes"

"What was it about this name that caused you to choose it?"

Marie responded, "How interesting. She didn't question you giving her another name."

"Marie, you and Michele have spent good, quality time together when she has not been submissive. What you experienced is Michele the woman who still has individual wants and needs. You and she were connecting at a different level. She was seeking to receive and give pleasure and love freely and honestly. The woman Michele was to be this weekend is not that woman. That woman is a submissive who trusts me to provide for her situations for her to receive pleasure and to give pleasure as I direct her. It is that woman who needs protection and a certain amount of anonymity for her protection."

"Sir, my question?"

"Yes, sorry. Mr. R actually thought of the name after observing you this weekend. The two sides of you. The side that was open, honest and loving naturally with everyone here and also the submissive that easily and willingly moved into satisfying any wish or command given by me. The name was interesting and one that had a nice sound to it but it also indicated more. The name also represents fate and seems prophetic of your development as a submissive which is when the name will be used."

"Thank you, Sir."

"What do you think of the name?"

"The name is fitting, Sir, because you have given it to me." As Tim's submissive, it wasn't necessary that I agree or not. But as a person looking at it from outside that role, it was a lovely name and was appropriate for my journey further into being submissive.

As the hour of the party approached, I was seated at the vanity working on my hair and makeup after my shower. I found myself just staring at myself in the mirror as Tim walked in behind me. I caught him watching me in the mirror and I smiled at him. He asked, "Anything wrong?"

"No, not really. It's just that I have had enough time to think about this before it happens to cause a different reaction than before. The only other time I had fucked this many people previously was that gangbang on the beach and that happened so fast that I didn't have time to react. This isn't a problem, the anticipation has put another layer of emotion on it. I am very much looking forward to fulfilling your wish tonight, Sir."

"Good. For a moment I wondered."

"Don't. This is so exciting I can barely comprehend what might be expected of me next."

Finished with my makeup I went to the bed for my outfit for the night. The same "maid" costume I wore that night I served dinner to Mr. R and his guests. That night I only fucked the dogs. Tonight would be much more. I picked up the black sheer thigh high nylons and rolled them up my legs. Then I picked up the "dress". Not much of a dress. It was also black sheer material with a white sheer panel on the front that would be between my breasts. There were three snaps in back that allowed for easy and quick removal. The skirt didn't cover a thing. Not only being equally sheer, it stopped at about my mid ass which meant that from anywhere but right next to me my ass and pussy would be clearly visible. And with no underwear of any kind they were also very accessible. The finishing touches were black high heel and a white little maid's cap that I bobby pinned into my hair to hold it in place. I looked at myself in the mirror and remembered instantly all the attention I received the last time I wore this. This was going to be quite a night.

Unlike last time, this was just cocktails and my service would be in providing requested cocktails for the guests. I giggled to myself ... serving cocktails that is until the party becomes cocks going into my tail. And with that I left the suite to take my position to welcome the guests. As I closed the suite door behind me, however, Marie opened her door and looked at me.

"Michele, I was listening for you hoping to see you before you went downstairs."

"Is anything wrong, Marie?"

"No. I just wanted to see you. And wish you ... I don't know ... it isn't luck, so maybe ... have a good time. Maybe we can talk again tomorrow before you leave."

"Won't you be coming with us on the flight back?"

"Oh, yes, but for an intimate discussion ..."

"Marie, I thought there was a bedroom. Couldn't we have an intimate discussion while having intimacy?"

"Oh, Michele, I like how you think. Okay, have fun and tell me all about it later." She gave me a big hug and kiss on the lips. She touched my lips and said, "Don't worry, I didn't smear you." And she swatted my ass to send me on my way. What is it about people swatting my ass, lately?

I descended the staircase carefully in the high heels and saw Tim and Mr. R waiting at the bottom. Both with very big smiles on their faces. "And what brings such smiles from you two fine gentlemen?"

Mr. R responded first, "My dear, how could a healthy male not smile seeing this sight approaching him. A stunningly beautiful woman in a very sheer outfit and a dress that doesn't nearly come close to covering her most intimate parts."

Tim agreed, "Yes, dear, seeing you coming down could leave no other thought in the mind of any male. And, I might add male human or dog."

I blushed knowing this was exactly the reaction I would be getting as the guests arrived and I mingled among them.

Then the doorbell rang. Mr. R checked his watch, "Hmmm, a tad early. Must be anxious."

"Excuse me gentlemen while I see to your guests." And I walked to the door, very consciously applying a walk that guaranteed my hips swung in the most enticing way and my breasts would bounce and sway. I opened the door wide and was greeted by a couple in their mid-forties dressed in casual-formal. Very appropriate for the islands. "Good evening. Mister Rodriguez is expecting you. He is in the study with a guest. May I show you the way?"

I closed the door and led them through the entry to the study using the same walk. As we reached the study, the doorbell rang again. I showed them in, excused myself, and went back to the door. The remaining two couple had arrived together or at the same time. I greeted them the same way and led them to the study and followed them inside. Once everyone was assembled, Mr. R got their attention, "Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you very much for joining me tonight. I think you will find this an enjoyable evening. You were specifically selected and invited tonight in part for your interest in all things sexual and for your discretion in the same matters. The couples know each other already but we have two others among us. I would like to introduce Tim, who is a friend from the States visiting me this weekend and with whom I have the utmost trust and respect. I will leave it you all to personally introduce yourselves to him during the evening. Also, you have already at least met this young woman. Her name is Destiny. She will serve as our cocktail waitress tonight as we mingle and get comfortable. As you can see from her attire, she is here for more than providing us with the beverage of our choice. While we are mingling, her body is free to be sampled by your hands. Later, I have planned some activities that will allow for more ... how shall I say ... more in-depth sharing of her body."

One of the women asked, "Mister Rodriguez, we certainly appreciate your providing us with this evening. And just to be sure there will be no problems later, this young woman is here tonight freely of her own will?"

He responded by turning to me, "Destiny, could you reassure them?"

"Yes, Sir. Ladies and Gentlemen, I want to assure you that I am not a whore or someone taken off the street to be used against my will or for profit. I am merely a sexual woman who is a submissive to my Master who has made me available to Mister Rodriguez for this evening. He will retrieve me after these activities. I am very much looking forward to serving all of you as Mister Rodriguez has planned."

One of the men responded, "Marvelous. How did you find such a lovely creature?"

"That must remain confidential to protect the anonymity and privacy of both Destiny and her Master."

All the while Tim watch with a mostly detached appearance until I had finished and then he let slip a smile to me indicating his pleasure in my handling the situation.

With that I proceed to go from couple to couple getting drink orders and already the feeling of my body started. Delivering the drink was a bigger challenge as I balanced the tray of drinks while being groped and felt. As I stood before one couple, a finger entered my cunt from behind. The finger went in without any issue indicating the state of arousal I was already in. I spread my legs to allow better access and glanced over my shoulder and saw it was a woman. As I was handing off one of the drinks, she brought her finger to my mouth and I opened and sucked off my juices from her finger.

She asked, "How do you taste?"

"Very good, Ma'am. I hope you have tried it." Everyone in the group laughed and the woman gave me a look. I responded, "No offense intended, Ma'am. I just like my taste and think you would, too."

She walked up to me and looked me in the eye and with her free hand inserted a finger back into my cunt. She thrust it deep inside me and removed it. Still looking me in the eyes, she raised her finger to her mouth and sucked on it. She smiled at me, "You are absolutely correct, Destiny. You have a lovely taste. I hope to sample that more directly later."

"Thank you, Ma'am. Whatever I can do to pleasure you." Mr. R was standing nearby and overheard. He was watching and smiled at me. As I moved to the next group, he went with me and whispered, "Very well done, my dear. She can be difficult but she is highly sexual and will be fun later. But you defused her beautifully."

This is the way it went for the first hour and a half. And as people got a few drinks into the evening they became more open and obvious in their approach. Not only with me but also with their partners. There was more brief touching of crotches and breast, hugging and feeling of asses and other body parts. My exposed body was by now in constant touch by at least one person at all times. When the snaps on the back of the little outfit were opened, I knew we were entering into another stage. I turned and saw it was Mr. R and he assisted me in the removal of the dress. Now in stockings, heels and my little cap I continued to provide drinks and snacks to the guests. A half an hour later it took another step when I saw Mr. R clear one table top and indicated for me to come to him. He helped me onto the table and gently pushed me back until I was laying on the table top with my legs hanging off the edge. He then opened my legs wide and stepped back.

The woman who had been fingering me initially came over without any further hesitation and buried her face into my crotch with her tongue right into my cunt. Then each person took several minutes each including Tim.

After everyone had a taste, Mr. R steps forward and offers his hand to assist me in getting off the table. He then takes my arm in his and leads us all out of the study. The party is moving to the recreation room which I now see has had the furniture rearranged and a large mattress occupies the center of the room.

Mr. R led me to stand in front of the mattress platform which had sheets on it. He gets everyone's attention and announces the rules for the rest of the evening, "I have dubbed this 'couples sex night'. Each couple will have their turn for sex with Destiny in whatever position or her holes that they choose. But the couple must have sex with her at the same time with the man fucking her and the woman being eaten by her. After that has been completed, there will be something special for your enjoyment. At least I certainly hope so. Are there any questions?"

There were none. "If not, I am holding three cards. Whichever couple selects the highest card will have the honor of starting the evening off with Destiny. The next highest and then the lowest." The

order of the couples was determined and all of the sudden I wasn't the only one naked as clothes were tossed off by the first couple and they approached me. He was already hard and I was already wet, but for the interest of the evening I decided to play to the mood of the evening. As they approach, I went to my knees in front of him and took his cock in my hands and slipped my mouth over it. I sucked on the head and then pushed my mouth over the length, taking him to the back of my mouth. I came back to the head and licked down the underside and again took him into my mouth. I pushed harder and felt him at the back of my mouth and then the top of my throat. I heard him gasp at that feeling and worked my throat muscles and got another gasp from him. I released him and moved on my knees to the woman who immediately opened her legs for me. I kissed her mound and tongued into her crotch, catching her clit and her lips. I then stayed on my knees and asked, "Sir, Ma'am, how would you like this slut to be positioned to provide you pleasure?"

The woman responded, "Lay on your back in the center of the bed. We will position ourselves then."

I moved to the bed and crawled to the center and lay flat on my back with my knees raised and spread. They had a clear view into my cunt which I was sure showed my readiness. Glistening with my wetness and slightly opened. The man crawled between my legs and knelt there and positioned the head of his cock at my opening. It slipped in without any resistance. The woman then moved to my head and on spread knees, moved over my shoulders and sat back and down onto my mouth. My tongue came out immediately and slipped directly into her cunt without any introductory licks or kisses. As the man started his fucking of me, I devoted my attention to the woman. It was the only control I had except to periodically use my vaginal muscles to squeeze on the cock inside me as it moved in and out. But the woman, I could and was working her. Getting my tongue as pointed as possible to penetrate as far as possible, then licking the lips and moving to her clit. At the same time my hands were moving up her body, exploring, searching for her breasts and nipples.

This went on for a while as they found a rhythm; he pounding into my cunt and her holding her cunt to my face for me to use or sliding her cunt over my face with force. When I felt them lean towards each other, my hands followed her and as her breasts hung down for their kiss I grabbed both nipples in my fingers and pulled down brutally, extending her nipples and breast downward. I could hear her moans and groans but they were muffled, guessing by their kiss. I felt him tensing and slamming into me and holding but doing it again, and again. I felt he was getting close. I wasn't so sure about her. I was used to being able to look someone in the eyes and gaging how close they were to orgasm. So, I took one hand from a nipple and moved it to my mouth and slipped one finger into the woman's cunt, then I quickly move it behind her and my mouth went to her clit. My hand was searching, groping around her ass. At the moment I found her asshole, I used my teeth to take hold of her clit as I inserted my finger into her ass. Then, I bit down harder on her clit as I fully penetrated her ass in one stroke. The timing couldn't have been better, even if it was purely lucky. As I felt him slam to full depth into me and hold himself rigidly and felt the first release into me, I also felt her thighs tense around my face and mash herself onto my face and felt her cunt open and close against my mouth. Both climaxed. He emptying himself into me and she was leaking her fluids onto my face.

They collapsed into each other before getting off me. When they did, each one came to me, kissed me and whispered a thank you.

Sitting in the middle of the bed I looked around the room and found Tim. He smiled at me, walked to the side of the bed and knelt down on it and handed me a wet towel which I used on my face. I got onto my knees and faced away from the others as I wiped myself between my legs. He quietly said, "That was amazing how they came at the same time."

I looked up and smiled, "Dumb luck, Sir."



I turned around and stood at the end of the bed and looked at the other two couples. One had already stripped out of their clothes and were now approaching me. I went through the same initial preliminary with them, sucking each in turn before asking how they would like me. They opted for me to be fucked doggy-style with the woman underneath licking both him and I and my eating her out in a sixty-nine position.

As he entered me and she started licking and sucking on my clit and lips, I knew I wasn't far from an orgasm. The last couple got me close but he was too excited to last long enough but that was fine. No way was I going to be able to orgasm with every fucking and survive the evening. But this couple almost seemed to have decided to make sure I was going to orgasm as they intently went straight into a deep, steady fucking of his nice cock while she provided constant tonguing and sucking. I dropped my head to her cunt and was determined to do what I could for her if she was so intent on me. I had full use of my hands so I rested on my elbows to allow the use of my hands which I slid under her legs to allow me to hold her lips open for better penetration and to play with her clit and asshole while licking and sucking her. I was quickly approaching my orgasm with the attention I was getting but I didn't want it by myself. I wanted them with me, at least close to me. I redoubled my efforts with him. Slamming myself back to his thrusts and squeezing with my vaginal muscles. With her I went after her cunt with fingers and mouth. Alternating between sucking on her clit and licking her. But I drove two fingers into her cunt and curled them up, searching, feeling for her g-spot.

All three of us were a frenzy of activity and I was getting coated with a sheen of perspiration. When her hips jumped off the bed, I knew I had her. I bit down on her clit and probed into her cunt while pushing back at the man's cock, burying it as deeply as possible in me. I was struggling to control my orgasm as I felt him tense and collapse onto my back and explode inside me. As I started shaking going into my orgasm, the woman's whole torso shot up off the bed and arched into my chest with my mouth and hand following her body as it rose, maintaining constant pressure and attention. Her legs started shaking as mine were and we both separated for more air. That separation gave our foggy minds the opportunity to explode and we screamed our release in unison. With the man still collapse on top of me, I gave out and collapsed onto the woman. Somehow realizing what was happening I rolled to the side as I went down and we were a tangle of sweaty, spent bodies.

All I could do was concentrate on my breathing. As I managed to find the room to roll onto my back, it occurred to me how quiet the room was. Nobody was talking, stirring ice in drinks, nothing. Total quiet. I managed to kneel and went to the man and woman. I kissed first him deeply on the mouth and then to her and repeated the kiss. I sat back onto my heels and stroked the woman's breast. I looked at her and simply said, "Wow!"

She looked at me, smiled, and replied simply, "I'll say. I never felt that before. Thank you, Destiny."

Then, noise started as those watching recovered from what they had witnessed. As the couple got up and moved to chairs to recover, they were handed drinks. It was suggested that I get up and move around also and have something to drink. I opted for water and excused myself to the bathroom where I washed my face and wiped my body down with a towel. Upon returning I was met by Mr. R who said, "Tim didn't want to hang on you too much and indicate a relationship. We're all struggling with how to handle this type of situation and our interrelationships. But he was concerned about you. Are you okay? That was really intense. You know I was really kind of anticipating this being like the porn movies where guys just cum and then move on. You are taking this to another level to seemingly ensure their total satisfaction. Why?"

"Sir, this is your party. The enjoyment everyone experiences or not reflects on you as the host. I intend to have their experience to be beyond their expectations so the reflection on you as the host can only be stellar."

"Thank you, Destiny." And he smiled at saying the name.

"Sir, I need to be getting back to the last couple, but may I ask you a question?"

"Of course, anything."

"When do you and Tim plan on participating?"

"I have overheard that Tim has been requested by the last couple to join them. I believe they are intending a DP in addition to you eating her."

"And you, Sir?"

"Me. I have that worked out for the ending. I told them that there would be a surprise at the end. Just so you know and can anticipate, the end will be the boys. I will join in then."

"Very well, Sir. Please excuse me, I have more people to pleasure."

I walked up to the last couple who were now also naked. Tim walked up behind them and was naked. The man was already very hard, Tim was beginning. The woman had his cock in hand and was stroking him. I walked up to him, knelt in front of him saying, "Sir, allow me to take care of that for you."

I took his cock from her hand and covered it with my mouth. I massaged his balls as I sucked hard on the head and pushed his cock into my mouth until it just entered my throat. That was all he needed and was as hard as the other man who was clearly very excited by what he had previously seen. I looked up at the man and asked how they would like to use me. He indicated that Tim was to lay on his back, I was sit on his cock up my asshole. He would enter my cunt and then his wife would lower herself onto my mouth. I looked over at Mr. R and he tossed me a tube of lubrication. With Tim in position on the bed, I squeezed some lubrication onto his cock and spread it over his length. I then put some on two of my fingers and worked it into my asshole. Then I positioned myself over Tim with my back to him lowered myself until I felt his cock at my puckered entrance. I slowly pushed and felt my ass grudgingly giving way to the insistent pressure until his cock popped through. I paused to allow my ass to adjust and then with increasing pressure settled down fully onto his rigid cock.

Tim then helped me lean back onto his chest and encircled me with his arms while he took a breast in each hand. Next was the man who came up between our legs, positioned his cock at the entrance to my cunt and pushed. There was certainly sufficient lubrication from two previous fucks and my own orgasm but the presence of Tim's cock in the adjoining hole made my cunt just that much tighter. Once in, he stroked several times to attain full depth. Now the woman approached. With me laying back onto Tim, I was higher than normal so she needed to adjust her height. But ultimately it would be up to me to manage it for her once we really got it going which looked like it wasn't going to take long. The action from the previous couple seemed to fuel each new couple. This couple wasn't any different. As soon as the woman was in place, the man started thrusting into me. He was interesting. He didn't use long strokes but tended toward shorter, more rapid action. Tim was basically just trapped underneath but was receiving plenty of stimulation from the cock in my cunt sliding over his, separated only by a thin membrane between my two holes. The woman was fairly passive and seemed content to let me stimulate her rather than forcing the contact as the previous woman had. As I licked and nipped her cunt lips and clit, a finger slid past my mouth and into her cunt. Tim had maneuvered his way into assisting me with her and she seemed very much aware of it. Her reaction changed dramatically with the addition of fingers in her cunt while I was intent on her clit and biting and pulling on her lips. I also had a hand up to her breast and was teasing her nipple at the same time. She was amazingly close to orgasm, already. The man, too, was close and I could

feel Tim was extremely rigid and was flexing inside my ass. One of Tim's hands was still on my breast and was pinching and twisting a nipple.

I wasn't sure who was going to cum first but felt that everyone was getting close. The man suddenly went rigid and grunted as he slammed fully into me and shot his release. His wife was now grinding her cunt into my face and increasing the pressure on her clit. I took my hand from her breast and moved it to her clit and with frantic rubbing, brought her to orgasm. The man had removed himself from inside me by this time and his wife just fell to the side off us. That left Tim and I. How ironic. I felt Tim put pressure on my back and I just let him guide me. He pushed me up and I rearranged my feet and legs to be sitting on his crotch and then to a kneeling position, all the while keeping him inside me. He then encouraged me to turn. What an erotic feeling! Impaled on his cock up my ass and turning 180 degrees to now face him. He moved to sit up and I took his arms and pulled him into me so his face was buried in my breasts. I then raised and lowered myself on him. He put one hand between my legs and strummed my clit and took a nipple in the other, twisting and pulling it. Then moving to the other nipple. I could feel him getting very tense. He drove his hips up and held them off the bed, straining for deeper penetration. I knew he was about to cum. Any moment. I took his hand away from my clit and rubbed it myself, the way I knew would achieve the result I needed, that I wanted. I so badly wanted to orgasm with my man. In the midst of all this sexual frenzy and wild stimulation, I wanted this moment of shared intimacy, even if being watched by strangers.

And then it happened. One. Two. I felt his first spurt deep inside my ass and that sent me off and into my own orgasm. I ground my body down onto him. Wanting, needing, insisting on as much contact and penetration as possible. And then I collapsed on top him. Spent. But exceedingly happy. This was a very special treat given the circumstance. Left to finish with the man who, unknown to the guests, was my loving, caring husband.

It was only then that, again, I realized how quiet the room was. And then people were coming up to us. Several to assist in me extricating myself from Tim's cock and to provide help in sitting up and having a bottle of water. As we recovered strength, people were talking, congratulating Mr. R and thanking him for a wonderful party and evening. Mr. R held up his hands to get their attention, "We're not done, yet, friends. I think Destiny deserved some time to rest and consume some liquids but there is one more activity yet to play out. So, refresh your drinks, mingle and enjoy each other for a little bit and then we'll see how Destiny does with the last request."

I immediately excused myself and returned to the bathroom to wash my face and dry off. Returning to the group I was met with a round of applause. I blushed as Mr. R came up to me and led me into the group of naked people, one of whom handed me a drink which I immediately sipped and sighed as the alcohol soothed my body. Mr. R raised his glass and said, "My dear guests, I would like to thank Destiny for all of us for the performance we have witnessed that far exceeded any of my expectations. What say you?"

Amid shouts of agreement and cheers, I was still in a deep blush. I was watching my feet and looked up tentatively into the eyes of the people around me. One of the women walked up and kissed my cheek and asked, "What's wrong my dear. A tear."

"Oh, gosh, not again. No, I'm sorry. You are all so wonderful. Imagine my position. I was instructed to make myself available to provide you with pleasure as you wished to experience it. My role was independent of what I needed or wanted. I was only to provide you pleasure. You could use me however you wanted merely to achieve your pleasure. Your reaction just now, thanking me, appreciative of my efforts, shows your character, the kind of people you are. Provided with the opportunity to use me for pleasure which would have been accepted and expected, you instead shared your pleasure with me. Thank you."

I looked at Tim who was standing behind everyone. He had a big smile on his face and nodded and mouthed, 'I love you'. Mr. R put his arm around my shoulder and hugged me. "Destiny, you are an amazing woman. You have shown beyond a doubt that you can be every bit a slut proficient at giving pleasure. But, you also blush at receiving this attention. But, I promised one more activity for this young woman to accomplish. I will let you all continue to enjoy a drink and conversation for a few more minutes and Destiny and I will be back to begin."

With that Mr. R turned me and we headed out the sliding door to the patio with an obvious, at least to me, destination of the kennels. Mr. R was the only one still dressed. When we got to the kennel, he handed me a black dog collar. I held it but was confused. There were two dogs. One dog collar. He went to release the dogs from their runs and turned to return to me. The dogs were around me immediately after being released. With the two dogs now licking my body around my pussy and ass, both of which undoubtedly had cum leaking, he stopped directly in front of me. I looked up and saw the gentle smile on his face. Then, when I looked again at the collar in my hands, I understood.

I looked down at the two dogs eagerly licking me and smiled. I raised the collar to my neck but it was somewhat awkward to manage for the first time. I shyly looked to Mr. R and asked, "Sir, would you please assist with putting this collar on your boys' bitch?"

He smiled and gently put it on my neck and then took two black leashes from his pockets and clipped each to my collar. Then he did something that sent a shiver of anticipation, excitement, and meaning through my entire naked body. He took one leash to each of the dogs and the end was placed in their mouths. I was leashed and being led by the dogs. And that is the way it was meant to feel and look. I was the one who was leashed. Not the dogs. The dogs were bringing in their bitch. I was being subjugated to being truly their bitch tonight. And that is the way we walked back to the mansion and reentered from the patio, Mr. R in front, then the dogs, and me following behind with them holding my leashes.

Upon entering the room, everyone turned to see Mr. R and then the dogs and me. But it took just a moment for everyone to recognize and process the image they were seeing. When they fully processed what was approaching them, there were a series of gasps and murmurs. And then a hush fell over the group. All naked, moments earlier touching each other, now waiting, anticipating what Mr. R was presenting to them as a finale for the evening.

Mr. R stopped at the side of the bed and turned to the dogs and commanded them to sit. The dogs sat. I was still processing the imagery of my display. I was still standing when Mr. R turned and looked at me. I hesitated and realized my mistake. If I was the dogs' bitch, I was like them. I immediately dropped to my knees and sat on my heels. Mr. R shook his head and said, "I think that one needs a little more training." At first there was silence and then the room erupted in laughter as the full intent of the scene being played out came to everyone.

Mr. R continued, "My guests, I promised a surprise for the ending. I hope you will enjoy this. Destiny, are you familiar with my boys?"

"Yes, Sir, I am."

"How familiar are you with my boys? Be explicit."

"Sir, I have fucked you dogs three times since arriving Friday mid-day. Friday afternoon, Friday night, and this morning." There were more murmurs and whispers among the guests.

"Here is how we are going to end the evening, Destiny. You will suck me while you are being double penetrated by the dogs. I will allow you several minutes to develop your plan for accomplishing that

but clearly if you are sucking me, the dogs will be in your ass and pussy.”

Again, the group went quiet as the implication of Mr. R's settle in on them. And me. The implication was coming into clearer focus for me. Two dog cocks clearly meant two knots, also. Was it even possible to take two knots in adjacent holes? Tim, Cody and I had experienced our own DP with Tim in my ass and I wouldn't have believed that Cody's knot could have entered my cunt. But it did. And I nearly passed out from that. And that was when? Only yesterday morning back home? It feels like I have been naked and fucked for a week. So, how do I want to do this? If I am taking a knot with both holes filled, I better make sure it is in my cunt. So, how do I do that? With Tim, I could lay on him and let Cody enter my cunt facing him. With two dogs, I will need to kneel over a dog on its back with him in my cunt and the other mount me and take my ass. That's the only way. So, I need to make sure that the dog I want to knot me is the more excited when we start so he attempts knotting first. Once he is in, the other won't be able to get inside with his knot. That's my plan then: suck them both to hard and somewhat exposed from their sheaths, but the one I take in my cunt I will focus on and take last so he is ready to knot quickly.

I scratched both dogs' ears and took the leashes from their mouths. I then unclipped them from my collar and dropped them to the floor and crawled onto the bed. The dogs followed and I lay them down so I can get to their sheaths and cocks and provide better exposure for the guests to witness the process. The first dog was half way out of his sheath quickly after only several minutes of licks and sucks. I then went to the second dog and determined that once I had him very hard and exposed, I would roll him over and penetrate myself on his cock and then present myself to the other dog. When I had determined to my satisfaction that this dog's cock was completely out of the sheath and the knot was just forming, I started rolling him over when Mr. R stopped me.

He called Tim over and asked, “Do you see what she is doing?”

“Yes. Very clever actually. But she is acting like controlling the situation is within her capability rather than waiting for direction.”

“What do you suggest, my friend?”

“It seems that being a bitch to two dogs would not be about controlling the events. Being a bitch to two dogs would present a multitude of potential situations. She tried to manipulate the outcome. She figured out the way to DP with two dogs, but if one knots her and which hole should be dictated by chance.”

I wanted to give Tim a look, but instead did what I knew needed to be done to satisfy his comments. I ducked my head to the first dog again and sucked him until he was as hard and excited. Now it was going to come down to which dog could develop their knot and penetrate me first which would keep the other from being able to.

I positioned one dog on his back (it didn't matter which dog any longer) and knelt over him, positioned his exposed cock to my cunt and slowly lowered myself over him. I moved back and forth to seat him well and then leaned forward onto my hands, reached back with one hand and patted my ass. “Here boy.” The second dog approached and was tentative at this unusual arrangement but did jump up and mount me. He thrust wildly but was finding my hole already occupied. I reached back and pulled one of my cheek to the side and lowered my hips further to try to line him up with my ass. That did it as he hit my pucker hole and penetrated a little with its pointy tip. With just that amount of penetration he thrust even harder and with a scream (mine) he was fully inside me. He repositioned himself and his thrusts started in earnest. And, with the pre-cum leakage from his cock and the prior cum from Tim my ass was quickly adjusting to this new intrusion and the pain of

moments again was being quickly over shadowed by the stimulation of his fucking with the other cock in my cunt providing a tight fit already.

What concerned me, though, was that the dog underneath me was not responding and was acting nervous. I could feel the dog in my ass beginning to expand in length and size but the other dog was maybe just starting. I had been so preoccupied by the pain at my ass that I had stopped moving on him and he wasn't in a position to properly fuck me. My fear now was that the one in ass was going to develop his knot first. And as we fucked, Mr. R appeared in front of me, naked and presenting his cock. And a nice cock it was, too.

And he instructed me, "Now that you are in position with the dogs, Destiny, the final part for you is to pleasure me with your mouth and hands as long as you are joined to the dogs. However, until the dogs separate from you, you are not to let me cum. Do you understand this condition?"

"Yes ... Sir ... Oh, God ... Yes ... I understand, Sir."

I had to lean slightly to the side to get to his cock while he lowered a hand to the dog on his back to calm him. There was a buzz in the room as they watched this scene of one woman being fucked by two large dogs and a man at the same time. The adage of air tight was seeming appropriate.

True to my fear I felt the knot of the dog in my ass against my cheeks. I really didn't know what to do, but try to relax. And, I needed to get opened as much as possible. I balanced myself on one hand and took the cock out of my mouth and held it (he said mouth and hands) and looked over my right shoulder but only saw a dog's mouth and hanging tongue. I quickly extended and kissed his mouth and licked his tongue. I then turned and looked over my left shoulder to find some of the women. I asked, "Ma'am's, I wonder if a couple of you could assist me, please. I am afraid the dog in my ass will be the one who is going to knot me. Could a couple of you please hold my ass cheeks wide and maybe apply a little more lubrication to the outside?"

Without hesitation two ladies were at my sides. Someone brought the tube of lubrication and they did exactly as I requested and then more. One started caressing one of my breasts and the other stroked my hip. Both were soothing.

The lube spread around my ass, the stroking and holding my cheeks open were helping but as soon as that knot hit my asshole and threatened to enter, I tensed up and closed around the cock in me like a vise which slowed the dog down. But he was persisting because that's what a dog does. They don't think, they don't care really what is happening or why. They just want in, to mate and breed. I took a deep breath, stopped moving on the dog underneath me and in my cunt, took another deep breath, and relaxed and slowly pushed back against the dog. I could feel the knot forming. I really wanted to get it in before it got too big. Getting it out would come later.

The combination of all the efforts started paying off, although I didn't know that it was a good thing for me. It was a good thing from the perspective of completing this task and satisfying Tim and Mr. R and that was my focus now. That I would get through this and they would be pleased and it would be another step in my progression to be able to take a painful act, turn it into a positive and proper service at a higher level.

Little by little I was making progress. The dog below seemed too nervous to do much so I was resigned to the knot in my ass. I could feel my asshole stretching more and more. I pushed back and felt yielding. I was thinking I might be close enough and I pleaded to the ladies, "Ma'am's, please, torture my nipples. I want distraction to push this knot inside."

Two of the women grabbed a nipple each and counted to three and pulled and twisted the nipple

they had and I screamed but the scream was from the knot popping inside me. I nearly collapsed on top of the dog below me. I still had a hold of Mr. R's cock and I moved to take it in my mouth. Wanting to slow everything down but the dog in my ass had other ideas. So I had to go with him and I needed to get the other dog finished. Without the knot he would come right out. I rotated my hips which put a lot of pressure on my insides with the knot but pressed right onto the cock in my cunt. I moved a bit and the combination seemed to do it and I felt spurts starting deep in my cunt. Spurt after spurt and I was moaning, groaning and mumbling around the cock in my mouth. I opened my mouth with the cock still there and said, "Oh, fuck ... I ... Oh God ... I'm cummingggggggg! Shit, yesssssss ..."

I closed my mouth on his cock and just rode my orgasm, careful not to move too much. I couldn't have Mr. R cum before the dog untied me. Now I focused on my ass and started slamming back into that cock. The pre-cum was providing sufficient lubrication that the cock and knot were now moving easily within my ass and the sensation was amazing. I have had anal before, not new, but this ... oh my. Something as large as the knot slides back and forth. Then the dog went rigid and he stopped. I sensed everything had stopped. I was no longer being caressed, there was no talking, everyone was just watching but I was too occupied. A cock in my mouth, a shrinking cock in my cunt and the most amazing sensations in my ass. When I moved to slide the knot a bit, my cunt suddenly became empty and a little of the pressure eased. But, when the dog under me was no longer mating, he wanted out and scrambled, kicking and twisting to escape which he ended up doing with a mad scramble of the guests kneeling near. But, before he escaped, his back feet hit my thigh and stomach and in his pushing out his claws cut into skin. I screamed again and at the next moment I went back into an orgasm. The reaction to being clawed caused me to jerk up which put that much more pressure on the knot and that was all I needed to go over the edge.

The dog had essentially stopped cumming, just the occasional leaking that seem to continuously occur while tied together. I took my mouth of Mr. R's cock again and held it while people were examining me. I heard a few words but I was still not quite through my orgasm and it was still muddled in my brain. I put my head to the bed but still managed to continue stroking his cock. It was totally rigid and I was concerned I would have the concentration to control his excitement. But he seemed as concerned about me as I was about that and his distraction was reflected in a slight change in his cock's rigidity. I looked up as my senses returned and saw Mr. R on the phone. The phone? We're having sex, he's on the phone? There was a lot of noise and I started recognizing the noise, voices, confusion, people were running for things and pressing towels to me. I looked down and I saw blood. Blood? Where is that coming from? But it wasn't much.

Then I heard Mr. R, "Yes, that's right Anthony. Get Marie, the Med Kit and come to the rec room. Destiny has been injured. No not seriously but it should be looked at. Thanks." He looked at me and gave me an embarrassed smile. "I know. This might be a little embarrassing, but I think it should be looked at."

"But, Marie, too? They'll see me like this ..."

"You know they know, Destiny." I was actually surprised he was able to keep the play name straight with everything that was happening.

Soon, both Anthony and Marie came in. People had scrambled for some coverings but it was still totally obvious what everyone had been doing. Hell, I was tied to a dog in my ass and still stroking Mr. R. When I looked up and saw Marie, I turned the brightest red I think I have ever turned. Tim was at my side and stroking my arm and back that he could reach that wasn't covered by dog. Marie leaned in to me and put her mouth by my ear, "Got yourself into it this time, didn't you, slut? Let me look." She went behind me and exclaimed, "Anthony, look at this!"

I heard Anthony next, "Holy, shit. Destiny, he took your ass? His knot is in your ass? Oh my god, girl. That is so hot."

I was dying slowly of embarrassment. Tim spoke up, "Okay, enough of the fun. There is a woman with some work to do here. Is she okay or not?"

Anthony got on his back and felt around and I felt him near my clit again. But he didn't take advantage. He asked Marie for some antiseptic pads and solution. He rinsed the area and carefully cleaned the length of the scratches. He then asked for antibiotic cream and applied it. He squirmed out and leaned to my face and kissed my cheek and said, "Okay, you're good to go for about three more fucks but then check back with me." Everyone laughed which eased the mood considerably. But, in my defense, Marie slapped his arm hard which got his attention and he apologized to me and they left but were chuckling between themselves.

I put my mouth back onto Mr. R's cock and he put his hand on my cheek and said, "Destiny, I think we can change the rules at this point if you want."

"Why Sir? I don't think I am going anywhere for a while." Just then the dog lifted his leg over me and was turning away from me. "Tim, could you hold him, please, so he doesn't pull too soon?"

"Are you okay?"

"Yes, Sir. Thank you." With the dog off my back, it gave me more freedom of movement to work on Mr. R. I sucked him and had him very rigid again but played it carefully. Moving off his cock when his actions indicated his need and moving to licking and kissing his cock and balls. After what seem like much longer than normal, I tried pulling on the knot but it was still firmly held by my ass. I looked up at Mr. R and then at Tim. Then around the room. Everyone was still in various stages of undress and were sipping drinks and touching each other but not taking their eyes off me. I asked, "Sirs, would it be okay to encourage the knot to shrink?"

Mr. R, "I don't understand. How would we do that?"

"Well, Sir, I think some ice water slowly poured over his ass might have the effect of shocking him and shrinking his cock and knot. BUT, somebody better be holding him well."

Mr. R and Tim exchanged looks and both nodded. Mr. R said, "Okay, you heard Destiny. We need some ice water and Tim will do the honors."

I returned my mouth to his cock and continued sucking on him. I wanted him hard and ready. If this worked I wanted him to be climaxing soon after. I saw Tim approaching my ass and prepared for the cold and the best distraction I could think of was really sucking cock. So I did. Really focused. And as I felt the ice water slowly poured over our asses, it was REALLY cold. I mean my ass and cunt had been abused for most of the night and was sensitive. Now came the cold. I was afraid I would clench up so much that regardless of the dog shrinking nothing was coming out. But I could feel the dog pulling and being held from moving too much. I was on my elbows sucking cock when suddenly I felt my asshole being stretched something terrible. I opened my mouth to scream when the knot pulled completely out. I did scream and at that exact moment the dog jerked and backed into me and sent me forward and my mouth fully engulfed cock. Losing my balance sent that cock fully right down my throat as my mouth hit his crotch. And the shock of suddenly being in my throat sent him over the top and he came, and came and I gagged. Literally. I pushed up with cum dripping from my open mouth as I coughed to get my breath and clear my throat. Then I went back to his cock and sucked out the rest and licked up my spill.



Then, after looking at Mr. R for a moment and receiving a smile, I fell to the side and splayed my body out in total collapse. My arms and legs splayed out. No modesty necessary here. I had just done something I had NEVER even wanted to do. I may hope never to do again, too.

As I caught my breath and my body recovered a little with some offered liquids, everyone else was getting dressed. Tim and I just cuddled on the bed, nakedly in contact. Then we walked everyone to the door and I gave each a hug and kiss and thanked them for a truly unique evening. They profusely thanked me and each and every one suggested to Mr. R that this should be repeated with me in some form. They allowed that the knot in the ass would probably not be included ever again.

When they were gone, I kissed Mr. R and thanked him and meant it. And he knew it. This was an experience that could only happen this way. An inventive activity but controlled and protected.

Tim and I then went up to our suite. He sat me on the bed and told me to just stay put. He went into the bathroom and I heard the water running in the tub. Then, as he came out, there was a knock on the door. Tim returned holding a bottle of champagne and two glasses. He said it was delivered by Marie. Tim led me into the bath, him first, then me on his lap and he pulled me against his chest. He handed me a glass and he clinked our glasses together. He said, "Honey, this weekend has been amazing. Far beyond any expectation. Mr. R is beside himself. Marie told me that Mr. R couldn't be more impressed and is in awe of your ability for pleasing others and using your body. She said our love is dominant and he sees that constantly, even when you are servicing someone else. As far I am concerned, dear, you just amaze me. I love you so much. We are headed for a wonderful adventure. I can feel something coming. You have evolved so much and I see so much more. This weekend is an example."

"I feel it too, Tim. I love this. Thank you for making this so safe. I feel the same way about Mr. R and I think he feels that way, too."

"I know he does. Now, you lean back, drink the champagne and relax. I will hold you."

I wiggled into him and my glass was empty in a minute. He refilled it and I continued to sip. It seemed I was thinking about the evening, sipping from my glass, feeling Tim against my back, the warm water ... Tim said the next morning that he caught my glass as my hand dropped. Sound asleep. He got me out, dried me, and got me into bed and I never woke up. He told me later that as he dried me, my holes were still leaking cum ...

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## **RETURN TO MR. RODRIGUEZ'S ESTATE SUNDAY RETURN HOME**

Despite my fatigue following the activities of the night before, I woke up at first light. I wasn't even sure why. The weekend's excitement and challenge and knowing that it wasn't yet over was on my mind as soon as I rolled over and seeing the first light of day outside of the open windows of the balcony. I lay on my back and felt Tim lying next me and also felt the gentle rise and fall of his chest as he peacefully slept. I thought over the weekend so far and marveled at the activities and thought with anticipation if there might be more awaiting me. My hands unconsciously were on my naked body. One at a breast and the other gently over my mound. As I moved, though, the anal knotting with the dog last night was instantly remembered. My asshole was extremely sore and I wondered how the day might go. I was becoming very comfortable in the submissive role Tim and I were engaged in for me and the idea of excluding anal sex didn't really even enter my mind seriously as an option. It would certainly hurt for a while but was beyond my control if that is what Tim directed.

Lying there thinking about that and Tim, I put my hand out and felt his thigh next to me. That simple touch reminded me how very much I loved that man and everything he has provided to me in love, support, protection, and opportunity for every new experience and sensation. As I lay there, my hand gently wandering over him, I recounted just the highlights of our honeymoon, the activities at home and my parents, the motorcycle ride, and certainly this weekend, I realized my hand was holding his cock. I rolled over and moved down his body and gently kiss his cock's head. Licked it. Took it into my mouth and gently sucked. In a moment he was hard. I raised my head from his cock and looked at his face. He was definitely still asleep. I repositioned myself and determined to wake him with a "happy ending" to start his day.

My intention was that his arousal would awaken him and not my body pressing against him, or bumping into him. So my repositioning was to allow me the angle to take him into my mouth while applying a minimal amount of pressuring against him. With his cock head again in my mouth, I rolled my tongue around it and periodically sucked and pulling my mouth away until just the tip was still between my lips and being sucked. Then I licked the underside and especially the underside tip which was most sensitive. Gradually, taking more and more of his cock into my mouth with slow and easy strokes and completing each up stroke with a powerful sucking of the tip of his cock. Then back down and up. Each time deeper into my mouth until his cock was hitting the back of my mouth, then the entrance to my throat.

The first time his cock head just touched the entrance to my throat I felt his hand on my head. I gave him a few more strokes with my mouth before lifting away and looking up to him with a huge smile on my face. I crawled up to his face and looked down at him. With the same smile, I kissed his lips with just a touch, barely contacting each other. I looked deeper into his eyes, the smile slacking some. I lowered my mouth to his and kissed him deeper, but still just lips. Looking at him with less smile but more intensity, emotion. The next kiss was open mouthed, nibbling his lower lip, and pushing with my tongue. When I raised up this time it was with a gasp and panting for air as was he. I looked into his eyes with lust, devotion, and intensity of commitment. I gently spoke, "Tim, I love you. More than we could have guessed before. My commitment to giving myself to you is not a game, a role that sometimes get played out in fun. My commitment to giving myself to you is sincere, intentional, and without any misgivings. I have only one question for you, my love, my Sir."

"And what is that Michele?"

"How would you like your slut to make you cum?"

He looked at me intently, as if weighing all the possible ways that were open to him but when he responded he simply said, "You were doing just fine a moment ago. In your mouth would be perfect."

I smiled at him and turned my head to look at his cock once again. I turned, kissed his mouth one more time and moved down to his cock and resumed my activities there. I began all over, again. Taking his cock head into my mouth, licking, sucking, and kissing it. Stroking my mouth over and onto his cock, taking him deeper and deeper until he was into my throat and I felt him tense, his cock get more rigid, even more than before. And at that moment I massaged his balls, gently squeezing them and holding them and moving my hand up onto his cock as my mouth continued to move over his cock's length. Until ... until he went totally rigid. Not just his cock, but his legs, his heels pressed into the bed, his shoulders pressed down and his hips rising up to meet my mouth. His hands on my head, not to force me into any action, just in contact. Adding another touch element to his arousal. And when he came in my mouth, I pulled back so the head was the only part still in my mouth. And I sucked. I sucked hard and relentlessly as I continued to stroke my hand over his balls and his cock.

When he stopped cumming, I lifted off and licked the tip and then pulled a thumb up the underside and sucked on the tip to extract that very last drop of cum he had for me. I turned and looked at him and returned to kiss his cock's tip once again. Then looking him in the eyes, his hands guided me up to him and I snuggled into his side and buried my head into his shoulder and all but purred for him. Relishing the feel of his naked skin against my naked skin. My naked skin ... I have been naked virtually all weekend except for a brief few hours when we went to the restaurant and dancing in that ridiculous dress that exposed me in the public setting of the dance club. But even being naked all weekend, feeling my nakedness against him gave me a thrill of excitement and anticipation.

His hand wandered down my body and eventually found its way between my legs and my cunt lips. He pulled his head back to better look me in the eyes and said, "You are a horny slut, aren't you? With all the sex you have had, and especially after last night, and you are again wet and your lips open to my touch. Do you ever get enough?"

I say with a smile, "Sir, it is not up to me to determine when or if I have had enough. I am merely to be available and ready to serve your needs and the needs of those you direct me to satisfy."

"Good girl. But you know we are alone."

"Sir, I find myself increasingly desiring this relationship and service to you. Yes, there are aspects of our lives and our society and friends that must be separate from it. But when we are together and when you deem it appropriate and safe, yes, I do desire this service to you. To respond to your wishes, your guidance, your demands. I love you, Tim. I love you more and deeper than I ever thought possible when I thought I was madly in love with you. I love you freely as your wife and partner. And, I love you devotedly, intentionally, and completely given and submitted as your slut, Sir."

"And Cody?"

"Hmmmmm, yes, Cody ... I will love getting back to my Cody, Sir."

"These dogs have had you repeatedly this weekend. Does that not satisfy your interest in K9 sex?"

"Oh, no, Sir. Cody is my K9 Sir. Like you, Sir. Having other men, or women, repeatedly never would slacken my excitement to be with you, Sir. The same with Cody. When Cody has me, it is special. I suppose because I intentionally and openly committed myself to you two. That commitment, emotionally, psychologically, is a stimulus of its own. Does that make any sense, Sir?"

"I think it does, Michele. Have you enjoyed the weekend? And, before you say it is not your place but to respond, I do want to know. Have you enjoyed the weekend and its challenges, stimulations, activities?"

"This has been wonderful. You asked me earlier if I ever get enough. I would like to answer that truthfully, if I may."

"I want you to, Michele."

"Sir, this weekend has raised a question to me regarding that. That doesn't make any sense but it has caused me to question any prior conception I may have had about 'getting enough sex' or too much. On our honeymoon there was a lot of sex but it was scattered and allowed recovery time. Here, this weekend, even if there wasn't always physical contact sex, there was stimulation. Maybe just psychologically when being the only one naked or nearly so like at the restaurant or dance club. If it wasn't here with people, it was the dogs. Even a damn snake got into the act. Anyway ... sorry

for the rambling ... anyway, now I don't know what is enough, anymore. This weekend has kept me going, on edge, what's next. But I have loved the feeling, the excitement, the satisfaction of being able to satisfy so many so often. And that has been extremely satisfying, pleasurable for me personally, physically and emotionally."

"Good. Because the weekend isn't over until we get home and that will not be for quite a while. And since we've been idling away the early daylight hours in bed, I am sure there a couple of dogs that are probably anxious to see you one more time."

"HMMMMMM and it is still early and cool outside."

"Exactly. By the way, how do you feel after last night's DP?"

"Uncomfortably sore back there, Sir."

"Okay, I don't want you to have any anal today."

"Thank you, Sir. Can we get some light breakfast before I 'walk' the dogs?"

"Good idea. Let me get dressed."

We walked out, Tim dressed and me not, and made our way down to the kitchen to see what George had for us this morning. We find George and Marie. I give each a hug and kiss and both run their hands along my back to my butt. George gives it a little pat. Sitting at the table I accept a cup of coffee from George and halfway through ask about Mr. R. Marie indicates that he hasn't come down, yet.

I look at Tim and quietly ask if he thought Mr. R has something against me. Tim asked why I might think that and I say that he has only had me suck him so far. Tim says, "No. He just had other things planned and those activities limited his involvement."

I ask Marie if he was still in his room and she confirmed that he often has a late Sunday morning. Tim gives me a smile and nods. I stand, kiss him, leave the kitchen and go upstairs to his suite door. I knock on his door and wait.

When he opens the door, he is standing there wearing a bath robe and holding a cup of coffee. He looks at me and smiles. "What a lovely surprise, Michele", he says as he takes in my naked body. Going from my bare feet to my head but hardly getting that far while the focus of his attention is mostly on my body. "To what do I owe this visit?"

"Well, Sir. It seems I have only had the opportunity to be of service to you with my mouth during our various encounters. I was hoping there might be some way I could express my appreciation for all you have done and provided for Tim and me during our visits. I am at your service, Sir, if there is anything I can do for you."

"Actually, Michele, there might be. I was thinking of calling to make an appointment for a massage. Do you by chance knowing anything about giving massages?"

"Back and shoulder? Or full body, Sir?"

"Oh, I think a full body massage would definitely be in order, if you were to provide it."

I stepped into his suite saying, "Absolutely, Sir. I can assure you that every muscle in your body will receive my attention. And, I assume you mean EVERY muscle, Sir?"

“Yes, Michele, that would be excellent.”

I asked if he had massage oil (he did) and where there were towels and where he wanted the massage (the bed). I laid out the towels on the middle of the bed and walked to him. I pulled on the sash of his robe and it fell open. I walked into him, stepped up and kissed his mouth while pressing my body to his. I slipped my hands to his sides and pulled us together. I felt his cock immediately grow, struggling to find room to lengthen while trapped between us. When I pulled back and looked down, his cock was growing before my eyes. I slid his robe off his body and indicated him to lay on the bed on his front so I could work his back, shoulders and legs.

I kneel beside him on the bed and run my hands along his back, over his ass and down his legs, each in turn. Then, after generating a little warmth and heat, I open the oil and squeeze a zig zag line down his right leg and begin working his muscles with long, firm strokes. Moving to his feet and repositioning myself to take his right foot in my hands and working the sole, then each toe and between the toes. The same with his left leg and foot.

Finished with the legs, I work up to his ass. I squeeze out oil on each of his cheeks and work them in tandem, pressing firmly, rotating the glute muscles and separating his cheeks. I pour more oil. This time directly into his ass crack, along the entire length, know it is dripping onto his balls, also. As I resume working his glutes, my thumbs stroke over his asshole, pressing but not penetrating. But intentionally making him aware of the action around his asshole. Not knowing if he is used to his ass being played with or not, it was an early arousal action. Then, in addition to the ass play I began sliding my fingers down between his legs and stroking his balls.

Then I straddled his hips and poured oil over his shoulders and back. Using firm, long, forceful strokes from the base of his spine to his neck. Then again up his spine and pushing outward across his back to his sides and down his sides, back to the base of his spine. Repeating the action until I was pushing from the base out to his sides. Then using forceful strokes the length of his back and working outward. The whole time moving myself on his ass cheeks. Rubbing my lips along his skin, back and forth, as though to account for the massaging of his back but knowing he could feel my lips, now wet and opening, on his skin.

I moved off him entirely and went to his head and knelt on either side of his head. I worked his shoulders and arms and pushing down his back on occasion. And when I did, I arched up and extended my body so my hips were over him and my wet, open, well used cunt just above him. Knowing my odor, my scent would be unmistakable.

When I got off him and moved to the side, instructing him to roll onto his back, I could feel my body on fire. My nipples were rock hard, my breathing ragged, my cunt lips were very wet and easily opening with my movements. When he rolled over, his cock was hard, rigid. He looked at me while I was looking at his cock. When I saw him watching me, I blushed. Even in my aroused state. He smiled, “Michele, one of the wonderful and extremely exciting things about you is that despite your ability to perform such amazing sexual acts, you are also able to blush at being caught in simple acts, like now being caught looking at my cock. You are an amazing and extremely erotic woman. You may be a slut in the activities you are put into and willing perform, but you are not slutty, not in the least. Even walking around naked this weekend, you had an air of innocence, of comfort.”

“Thank you, Sir. Now, if you will be quiet, I will continue.”

I applied oil down his right arm and worked it, kneading the muscles, pulling the joints and extending the joint range of motion with firm but easy tension. Pulling each finger and stroking each, kneading the palms of his hand. Then the same with the left arm.

Then kneeling behind his head, using my already oily fingers to stretch his facial tissue and work the neck. Staying in the same position, applying oil to his chest and abdomen, working the chest muscles with firm, circular strokes from the center to the outside. Then firmly down from his chest onto his stomach and abdomen. Pushing with my hands, reaching out over him down his abdomen. In the process extending my body, my hips out over his face, with my knees apart, scooting forward to reach further, my knees now on either side of this head, my cunt, wet and open, directly over his eyes. Stretched out over his body I return my hands up his abdomen, his chest and in the process rotating my hips forward and slightly down, my lips barely grazing his face, my lips parted by his nose. Again, down and back, each time with my cunt moving just above his face, my odor, my essence right there, demanding him, tempting him.

I feel him raise his head and kiss my cunt lips, quickly slipping his tongue along my slit. I lower my head and kiss his abdomen. Then rise up, place my cunt right onto his face, rotate to my left and swing my leg over him and move to his feet. With oil along his right leg, I work it. Kneading the muscles in front, working the toes, again. While using long, firm strokes up his quads, up his leg. Each stroke going higher. Outside the leg, then the inside. Finally, each inside stroke grazes his balls, then extending up higher and onto his cock. His cock now rigid with tension and need, anticipation. But I move to the other leg and repeat the process. Slowly working to the same touches, grazing, then stroking.

I move each leg to the side and crawl between them, oil in hand. I pour oil now directly onto his cock and balls, letting it run off and down. I take his cock fully in my hands and stroke it, oily, slippery. My hands move along it smoothly, tenderly. His rigidity is now beyond hard. When I release it, it twitches and jumps with need. I lean forward and kiss a nipple, then the other. I crawl forward with my knees now on the outside, he moves his legs together. I kiss his chest and move forward. I sit up and look into his eyes, smiling. His mouth is open, his eyes on mine. I slip a hand down and hold the head of his cock and position myself over the length of it as it lays on his abdomen. He looks down at the feeling. His cock is covered by my cunt lips. Lips on either side, the head in front. I move my hips slowly, running my lips along his cock from the base to the head. The oil and my wetness making the motion smooth and slick. Back and forth along his cock, it between my lips but no penetration. Each stroke going further and encasing the head more, teasing it, tempting it almost as though it was an independent entity. I feel it pulse against me, feel it rubbing along my open slit and over my clit. And as I slide further over the head, I rotate forward and down bringing the front of my slit and clit into harder contact and raising the back part of my slit. As if it knows, feels that my hole is right there, open and available with each stroke, I feel it pulse and strain, pushing upward against me. Back and forth, I look at Mr. R and see his eyes filled with need and desire for release. I see his abdominal muscles clenching to drive his cock up at just the right moment. The movement of my lips over his cock head continues until I rotate further at just the moment when his cock is at my hole, open and waiting, hungry for penetration. I raise up just slightly to give room for his demanding cock to rise of its own need and desire and it does. Like a searching and desperate animal looking for its moment to strike, it rises with a jerk and as I move back it is there, waiting, rigid, ready for the inevitable penetration. Once in me, we both stop and gasp at the relief of finally achieving our union.

I open my eyes and look at him. His are still closed but as I lean in to kiss him on the lips, he opens his eyes. I smile. I kiss him, again. Looking deeply into his eyes I say, "I have been waiting for this moment to fully satisfy you." And intently searching his eyes, I push back and fully take him into me until I have bottomed on his body. I squirm and rotate to fully engulf his cock inside my cunt. I feel him pulsing inside me and I rock forward, grinding my clit against his pelvic bone. I am close but he is much closer. I slammed back down onto him and feel him tense, drive up to me, trying for just a bit more penetration. I grind down onto him, pressuring my clit and feeling my orgasm coming. When I feel his first spurt deep inside my cunt, I join him. I fall on top of him. My breasts mashed

into his chest, my face buried into his shoulder as I feel his cum shooting inside me as my orgasm crashes through my body.

Shaking, gasping, my breath coming ragged, I feel his arms enveloping me, holding me tightly. He strokes my back as the last spasms go through my body. He whispers, "Will you leave Tim and stay with me?"

I jerk up and look into his face, searching his face. I see a smile and I breathe again and settle back into him. He says simply, "Yes, I am teasing. But it would be any man's fantasy to have you in his bed. But I would really hope we have the opportunity to share this again in the future. You are an amazing woman, Michele. Thank you for this."

Many moments later, with him still inside me, I raise up onto my hands and smile at him. As Tim and I had talked, this arrangement, this place, this situation just feels right, safe. "Mr. R, Tim and I have talked about this, also. We feel very safe and comfortable here with you and your arrangement." I kiss him on the lips and continue, "I think I can speak for Tim, even as his submissive, I think I can say that we also have the same wish." I kissed him again and slowly raised up and off him, feeling him slide out of my cunt and slap back down against his abdomen. I look down and smile after see his cum leaking out of my open cunt.

Coming out of Mr. R's suite I see Marie walking down the hall from the top of the stairs. I stand and wait. She walks up to me and pushes me against the wall. With one hand behind my head and the other immediately searching my body, she pushes into me and ravages my mouth with kisses, nibbling my lips and tongue. Her hand on my body is frantically stroking, my breast, my hip. Still kissing me she pulls her hip back slightly and moves her hand between my legs and drives two fingers into my still open and gaping cunt. She pulls her head from me, gasping and panting from our kissing, raises her fingers to her mouth and sucks them. Looking into my eyes she says, "Slut. God, what you do to me! I see you and I get wet." She passionately kisses me. Pulling back she says, "But, Tim wants you down stairs on the patio. He has two of your friends and thinks a show of sorts for us would be fun."

"A show?"

On the patio I found Tim, George, Anthony besides Marie and I. Also present were the two dogs. Seeing me, Tim put his hand out to me and I walked over to him and he takes me into his arm and kisses my cheek facing me to the others. I see the table in front of us is covered by blankets and a pillow. Tim says to me and the group, "All of you are undoubtedly aware of Michele's fondness for K9 sex. She has committed herself to our dog, Cody, at home and is at his service as she is at mine. This was a willing and intentional commitment on her part. And, she is very fond of dog sex from other dogs. She has partaken of these two at least once each day we have been at the estate. But, it occurred to me that you may never have seen a woman mated by a dog. It is quite different than a woman by a man. If you are interested, Michele could provide for your enjoyment and examination an up close and personal mating with these two."

There seemed to be a unanimous agreement as I am sure Tim was expecting from prior discussion with them. This was all, I was sure, for my benefit. I looked at him and then at the others as the implication of Tim's offer sunk in. I was being instructed to provide my new friends with a close up mating with the dogs while they sat mere feet from the action at eye level if they sat at the table as the surrounding chairs would indicate.

Marie exclaimed, "Look, she's doing it, again. Blushing. My god, I love you! You have Mr. R's cum leaking out of you, you've been having sex with everyone and the dogs and entertained Mr. R's guest last night, strangers to you, and you stand here in front of us blushing."

I smiled at her and turned an even darker red. Clearly evident in my nakedness.

Tim's hand was on my ass and gave me a pat. I walked to the end of the table and Anthony came up to assist me getting onto the table. In the process he slipped one hand to my ass and stroked it prior to giving me firm support on my ass. Once up I positioned myself with my knees on the pillow and scooted forward a bit to give sufficient room on the table with the dog behind me. I looked back and saw them lift the first dog onto the table and it immediately came to my ass and sniffed. His tongue came out and licked several times sending a shiver through me before he quickly jumped onto my back and probed with his emerging cock against my ass cheeks. I raised my hips up slightly and he found my cunt and was partially inside me. I noticed Tim had taken a seat at the end of the table directly in front of me. Marie was seated to me right and was positioned closer to my hips than my head. Anthony and George were on my left.

The dog repositioned himself and grabbed me more firmly with his front legs and thrust fully into me causing me to gasp at the sudden penetration deeply into my cunt. Immediately, his thrusts and energy increased and his cock responded with growth in both length and size. As his thrust pounded into me faster and more frantically, his cock's growth sent it further up my cunt with each stroke and his growth filled my cunt fuller and fuller as my cunt clamped down on its own to encase this new stimulation. I looked up at Tim who had reached out to hold my hand. I weakly smiled at him as I concentrated on the fucking I was receiving. A good dog is certainly different than a man. The wild frenzied activity of the dog with only one thought and that being to mate and deposit its seed inside his bitch. There is no loving action, sensitive to me or my feelings or body. But, oh, what a fucking it is!

I don't look to the sides at my new friends. In some perverse way this seems a bit exhibitionistic in a slutty way I haven't felt the other times I have demonstrated dog sex. But the interest, the attention, the whispered comments and gasps are exciting and only add to my arousal and stimulation. When I feel the dog's knot hitting my cunt lips and seeking entry, I am eager to once again be tied and feeling owned by an animal. I push back as the dog pounds forward. I bite my lip and press back, intent on gaining the knot inside me. When it happens, I scream out. Partly due to some amount of pain but mostly due to the satisfaction, the anticipation met, the expectation of the coming spike in stimulation and my own coming orgasm. The cock and knot are once again pushing and pulling inside me and I feel the dog stiffen and begin jerking and whimpering. I sneak a glance at Marie who is intently watching my cunt from underneath but seeing me turning to her, she looks me in the eye and comes to me, taking my face in her hands and kissing me, giving me her tongue and taking mine.

During our kiss the dog's cock begins spurting. Sending squirt after squirt of his cum into my once again own cunt. And as he does my own orgasm takes hold of me and my jaw goes slack, moaning and groaning into Marie's mouth. Her hand goes to my breast and she squeezes, hard. Then she takes a nipple between her finger and thumb and twists it, brutally, painfully, but deliciously, sending me further into bliss and ecstasy.

When Marie releases my mouth, I drop my head and sigh, whimpering some myself. The dog and I are still tied, of course, and he now turns so we are ass-to-ass. This elicits many comments from my friends. As I have recovered somewhat from my own orgasm, Marie asks how long we will stay that way. I respond to her that it could be from five to twenty minutes depending on the dog and his arousal. I begin to rock on the dog, almost unconsciously. I love the feeling of the tie, the knot bumping into my g-spot as the dog's cock continues to slowly leak more cum into me. I can feel some escaping my cunt as I push back against the dog. Some hang down before dropping to the table. More simply runs down my thighs. Marie seems fascinated. I suggest she taste it and she slips a hand between my legs and takes some of the cum from my leg. She tentatively put it to her tongue



and tastes it. She smiles at me and licks the rest of it off her hand. As I continue to rock, I reach for her with my head and we kiss, again. As we break, I say, "Good, isn't it?"

She hesitates a moment but admits, "Yes, it is. That was awesome, Michele. Will you do the other one, too? Please?"

I barely am able to process those words as my next orgasm takes me. I dropped fully to the table so only my ass is up in the air. My chest, head and arms are flat on the table, my eyes closed and my mouth open as my orgasm literally shakes my body. The knot pulls out of me and a gush of cum flows from my open and gaping cunt. I drop completely to the table and sigh, smiling at an intent and amazed Marie.

I get back onto all fours as the second dog is brought up onto the table. I reach over and kiss Marie and say, "You really do need to try this sometime. When I come back, you and I will take the dogs out behind the garden. Tell me you will at least think about it."

"I will, Michele. But, does that mean you really will be coming back?"

"That might have been presumptuous, but I would really like to. You guys are really neat. I love being with you."

And at that the second dog is on top of me and he is thrusting his cock at my backside. Tim is just walking back to the seat in front of me when I scream a blood thirsty cry of agony and my eyes open wide. He rushes behind me and removes the dog that had penetrated into the wrong hole. Instead of my cunt he thrust nearly fully into my asshole, my poor tender, abused asshole. After I calm down, Tim asks if I have had enough.

"No, it's not his fault. He was just trying to find a hole to get into. I'm okay. Just, please, make sure he gets into the right hole."

After mating successfully with the second dog, I am fully and completely exhausted. It had been a wildly stimulating weekend of sex and pain. I realized that pain was not a stimulant to me. The pain of knotting in my ass did not increase my pleasure but rather I found a way to attain pleasure despite the pain. The same just now. The dog going back into my ass turned me off and my reaction was aversion. I got passed it and enjoyed the dog only after getting him where I needed him, my cunt.

Tim helped me off the table and I went around to each and hugged and kissed them. I had cum dripping from my gaping cunt. Even as I stood with them it was running down my thighs. Tim brought me a cup of coffee and George brought me my long delayed breakfast. I relaxed and noticed everyone watching me and realized my plate was nearly cleaned already. I was hungry and now tired, too.

Tim stood behind me with his hands on my bare shoulders and ran his hands up and down my arms and lightly massaged my shoulders. He announced that we needed to get ready to leave and added, "This has been a very special weekend for us. Thank you, all of you for your contribution to making us feel so welcome and comfortable, as though we were a part of your group."

Anthony looked at the others and stood, clasped Tim's hand and put a hand to the side of my face and said, "I know I can speak for the others. Having you and Michele among us has been a wonderful experience. Truthfully, beyond the sex (which was great, by the way), you have proven yourselves to be people we admire and trust. We all hope you can visit us much more."

With that both George and Marie came over and hugs, handshakes, and kisses were exchanged. An hour later Marie was driving us to the small airport and directly to the plane. I was again in stockings, heels, and some jewelry. My hair and face again made up and freshly showered and "cleaned out". I asked Marie as we approached the plane, "I was surprised you were driving. Isn't Anthony joining us?"

"Oh, yes, he'll be here. Mr. R just needed to go over a few things with him before we left. He thought it best if you get to the plane and comfortable. There should be a couple bottles of champagne especially for your return. May I serve you both inside?"

By the time Anthony came bounding up the stairs and indicating to the pilots that we were ready, we had just finished our first glass. He was carrying a small briefcase which he stored under his seat which was directly across from us. Once in the air he asked Marie to bring everyone another glass of champagne and to join us.

She responded, "My pleasure. I love sitting across from that naked goddess! You're going to make her open her knees, again, aren't you Tim?"

Anthony said, "Behave yourself, Marie. Get a couple more glasses and bring the bottle. With everything she has done for us this weekend you are still teasing her?"

I said, "I know she is teasing me, Anthony. She's a beautiful witch and I love her. If you want me to spread my legs, Marie, just say so. After this weekend, you can have any part of me you want. In fact, you said there is a bed in the back room?"

Anthony interrupted the banter, "Not so fast." When Marie came back with glasses for herself and Anthony, he reached beneath his seat and retrieved the briefcase and continued, "Tim, Michele, the reason for my delay in joining you on your return home was a meeting with Mr. Rodriguez that was critical. Marie knows only some of the details, but enough, of what I have here for you. I am about to give you a proposal from Mr. R to you both. It includes many details but if you need any clarification we'll get you more information or an interpretation. Mr. R went over this with me and I am to act in his behalf."

Tim asked, "Anthony, are you his regular representative? I thought you were the bodyguard/driver."

"I am not his normal representative. He has many business and legal representatives. But in some of his personal affairs I act for him in some ways. He couldn't join us and he really wanted you and Michele to think this proposal over without pressure from him."

He looked at us, then Marie, and smiled. He raised his glass and said, "But first, thank you. Both of you. Sincerely, we", he looked to Marie, "we are deeply touched by you both. You accepted us and shared so freely and lovingly with us. We know there was an underlying role being played out this weekend, but your actions were far beyond the role requested. We feel like you are already friends and part of our little group. In many ways we are a group of broken souls brought together by a wonderful man. You two are not broken, or have ever been, but you fit into our trust and security without causing a ripple in the process. So, thank you."

We all drained our glasses and more was poured. Marie was the first to speak. With a sly grin, she said, "Okay, Michele, spread those legs."

Anthony said, "Marie, you are awful! But thanks for saying it first!"

I looked at them with mock offense, then leaned forward and kissed each of them. I sat back in my

seat and opened my knees about a foot. "Happy?"

Marie and Anthony responded together, "Yes!"

We all laughed. Anthony opened the briefcase and pulled out a manila envelope with our names handwritten on it. Anthony said, "From Mr. R to you. If you agree to his proposal, he will get the lawyers to make it all legal. But, and this is his wish, take some time to consider this. He has time. He has been waiting to resolve these issues for some time now. A little more time is worth your complete satisfaction."

I looked at Marie and asked, "You know what this is?"

She replied, "Only in the general terms. But the implications are very exciting. Open it you guys."

Tim sat back and I leaned into him as he pulled out papers. Some stapled together into separate groups, others loose. I almost didn't notice but Anthony guided Marie from their seats to give us space to look at the information. After an hour and another glass of champagne, we had quickly gone through all the documents and were stunned. In a general summary the documents identified the following information and offers:

- In the cover letter Mr. R introduces himself as Carlos Rodriguez. From this point on we can continue to call him Mr. R or Carlos as only his closest friends do. He states that his staff only do when alone and that is why we had only heard him called Mr. R or Mr. Rodriguez.
- The first heart stopper was to read a formal employment offer to Tim. Mr. R owns the largest competitor to Tim's current employer. His USA Division is located in the same city we live in. Tim obviously know the company very well and has been impressed by their history, but their performance in the last few years has been shaky. This was the same company Sharon had apparently referred to and the troubles it was having and concerns it was causing to Mr. R since her husband's death. He was offering Tim a new position as his official representative at the company and would report only to Mr. R and directly to him. The salary and benefits, incentives, travel, etc. included in the offer were staggering.
- As we were told by Sharon, his dead wife had property in the area. He described it as 12 acres of relatively isolated land and a comfortable house outside the city. It was described as a former orchard surrounding the property and very private.
- The second heart stopper was he was offering to give us this property. He identified various expenses that this would save him and allow some gift taxation benefits. The property wouldn't be entirely in our name but a foundation that we would control. He would eliminate the need for caretakers to maintain property which has been needed since his wife's death. The property is reported in "move in" condition. The only stipulation was that the deed transfer to the foundation/us was dependent on employment under Mr. R's corporation for ten years.
- He went on to state that occasionally he would ask us to board his 2 dogs when he is travelling or when otherwise necessary. The property has a complete kennel building very similar to the one at the estate. He stated that this would usually be for about a week. The dogs fly well and would be delivered and retrieved by a professional carrier service specializing in animal transportation.
- Then, also included was some expectations and ideas for future periodic visits to the island and elsewhere for us to play further. Being a global business he included potential opportunities including international travel and cultures. We had already talked and had decided that there was no question we want Mr. R involved in the future. This offer, therefore, didn't influence that decision,

only increased our anticipation.

Tim and I were floored by this. Anthony returned and said, "Tim, you may not have realized it but you were under an intense interview process this weekend. However, don't think you weren't also checked out in every way possible. Background, employment, performance appraisals, even you customers were discreetly contacted and interviewed. But this weekend was the final part. All those random talks with Carlos were far from random or just talks. He was getting your pulse from you. And, I might add, he was impressed. Obviously."

Tim said, "Wow, I don't know what to say. This is an amazing offer. Just the job. But the rest on top of it. Wow."

After Tim and I have a short, preliminary discussion about the offer, I go help Marie in the galley getting another drink for everyone. After delivering them and enjoying some small talk, I take Marie's hand and without another word lead her to the bedroom. Forty-five minutes later I come out first, my hair is a mess. Marie follows shortly after tucking in her blouse.

I then walk to Anthony and take his hand and pull him up. "Sir, I have been informed that these trips are made difficult by the way I am dressed. Since I have no choice in the manner in which I am dressed, I must find other ways to relieve the tension I cause." And lead him to the bedroom.

Returning later, I look at a smiling Tim and he indicates the cockpit. I return his smile. Two blow jobs later we are approaching home ... and a new decision ... and a potentially changing new life.

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## **HOME SWEET HOME and A NEW, NEW LIFE?**

When Anthony pulled into our driveway it was already dark. It wasn't terribly late but late enough. The neighborhood was quiet. As I was stepping out of the back door, he was coming around. He had popped the trunk from inside the car. He put his hand out to help me which was totally unnecessary but nice. Mr. R, Carlos, liked the old school formality. But it seemed silly considering I was naked except for the stockings and heels. When I was out with Tim following me, I put my arms around Anthony's neck and hugged him tight. "Anthony, thank you so much for everything. Please, let Marie, Mr. R and George know how appreciative I am for all the kindnesses shown to us. It was a wonderful weekend and far exceed our expectations. This is awkward. I know I was there for sexual pleasuring others, but I came away feeling like I have made wonderful friends." I kissed him and looked at him. I then kissed him harder and opened my mouth for him and we made out, just briefly, in our driveway, me naked.

Inside, I was hoping to be mauled by Cody. Instead the house was completely quiet. Tim found the note on the kitchen table. From my mom. "Kids, hope the weekend was everything you had hoped for. Your father and I will want to hear every detail. How about we meet at your place after your work and you can tell us everything. You know, like after your honeymoon? I will have dinner ready. Probably something light with lots of wine. Oh, yeah, and I took Cody home with me for the weekend. I thought he would be lonely even if I came over each day to walk him. He will be waiting for you after work tomorrow. Love you guys, Mom."

When Tim finished reading the note, I said, "Lonely, my ass."

Tim responded, "And a lovely ass that is, too."

"No, that woman. She just wanted Cody more convenient for herself. I wonder how many times she fucked him this weekend."

"You're right dear. The poor dog. We know how he hates fucking you and your mom."

"Okay, okay. I just was hoping to have him tonight."

"You will have him again tomorrow night. And the next night and the next and ..."

"Okay, okay."

Tim said, "Did you catch that part about hearing all the details like after the honeymoon? She wants a repeat."

"She is such a slut."

"I think we have proven that not to be the case. But I think you have opened you mom up to sex. Now that she knows, she wants."

"Maybe this is better. I am tired. A good night's sleep will be good."

"Tired? Why would you be tired? You only fucked for three days straight. Come my darling slut, bed time for you. The workday tomorrow will feel alien enough without be exhausted."

The workday was hard, too. All day my mind kept being diverted. Sometimes to the weekend. Sometimes the offer Mr. R gave us which was amazing. But mostly to Cody. I missed him after only three days. Maybe it was the other dogs that kept reminding me. I am sure it will ease up as we do more of this, but right now I wanted to see Cody and have him inside me, again. All of his cock and especially his knot. I was so looking forward to 4:30 coming. In fact I even called mom early afternoon just to see if I should stop and get anything on the way home. Mom saw through it, though. She merely said, just hurry home, Cody missed you, too.

When 4:30 came, finally, I was out the door. I got home in record time and was probably lucky not to have gotten caught for speeding. As I approached the house, I was immediately relieved to see mom's car parked there. I pulled into the garage and closed the door after me and was stripping out of my clothes as I was rounding the car and heading for the door through the laundry room. When Cody heard me coming through he was prancing and dancing around as I got the last of my clothes off, my nylons. I stopped in front of him and slightly opened my legs and sighed deeply as his tongue found my lips and clit. In anticipation of this moment I know I was already wet and ready for him but his tongue is sooooo good.

I glanced to the side and saw mom leaning on the kitchen counter watching with a smile on her face. "That is a good tongue isn't it? Now don't mind me dear, you just get on with it. I have a towel already spread out in the living room." And she went back to whatever she was doing. The kitchen smelled good, but I had something else to take care of, first.

But I was curious, "Why the living room? The family room is normal."

"I thought the first thing Tim should see is you two knotted, again." She went back to her chopping. I guess that made some weird kind of sense. But I felt I had waited long enough and I could tell that Cody thought so, too.

In the living room I slipped my hand underneath him and felt that he was already several inches exposed from his sheath. I was ready, more than ready. It felt like he was, too. I just down onto my hand and knees and wiggled my butt for him. He didn't need any more invitation. He knew what that meant and was at me instantly. His nose went directly between my legs and licked my cunt and ass

for minutes. I lowered my shoulders and put my ass as high as I could for him. God, I loved his tongue. He sent me into shivers of delight before he pulled away and then I felt him on top of me. I slipped my hand between my legs to assist him in finding my cunt hole but luck was with us tonight and his second thrust was inside me and he pushed himself deep. He slightly adjusted himself on my back and clamped down with his front legs and he started fucking me intensely. I murmured to him and called to him how much I missed him, to fuck me deep. And he was. And, no, not because I told him to, but because he was Cody and I was his bitch. The bitch he knew better any other. He knew what felt best for him and knew by our frequent past matings that I would give any of it to him. He pumped and pumped, thrust hard and urgently into me, unrelenting, unyielding, unthinking of me. His only consideration was to breed me. Making me his once more.

I don't know when my mother came into the room but when I opened my eyes I saw her feet to the side. I turned and saw her sitting in the chair next to me, just watching. I gave her a weak, distracted smile. I noticed how strange it seemed. She had a smile on her face. A big smile. But it was that big smile moms everywhere have as they are watching their children as they are excelling in some activity. Usually it is a school activity or dance recital. Being fucked by a dog?

I am back completely focused on Cody and fucking. His cock is now extended and expanded. He is filling me deliciously. He is leaking his pre-cum. I can feel it and I love the feeling. Hell, I love every aspect of fucking Cody. I feel his knot at my entrance and I push back the first time and verbalize it, "Yes, Cody, give me your knot now, too. I want it all. It seems so long since I have had this." In truth it was only Friday morning that he was knotted in me with Tim in my ass. It feels like so long ago. So much has happened in those few days!

I don't know why, but I look at mom and say, "His knot is right there. I can feel it. It wants to get in me." She had no come back. What should she say, 'that's nice dear'?

I push against Cody as his thrust became more intense, determined. As my pushing back to him is. We both want the same thing. Knotting. Tied. We both want to be joined and bound together. I can feel my lips, my cunt entrance being stretched, forced wider. Little by little, I am stretched, opened. Then ... the knot is inside. I gasp. I moan. My shoulders sag and I tremble. My whole body shakes, trembles and quivers. I snap my head up and bang into Cody as my orgasm hit me. The knot has just gotten in and I am orgasming! He is now pounding with renewed energy now that he is fully inside me. He is deep and his knot fills me. And I am orgasming but he doesn't care. He keeps pounding into me, deep, urgent, dominating. I am coming down, I feel more of him again. Then, yes Cody, yes. He stiffens and his cock inside me is rigid but begins to jerk and his cum spurts inside me, coating me, flooding me. Spurt after spurt into my full cunt. Once again I feel totally owned and dominated by my Cody. Once again he has me as his bitch. Pumping his seed into me. Knotted to him.

When I feel him finish, I put one hand behind his leg and hold him. It only takes a minute for him to understand that I want him on top of me and not to turn. My shoulders sag, again. Then, firmly knotted, I lower my shoulders and chest to the floor with my tied ass up in the air. Then I hear a car in the drive. Know dad works further away, I say to mom, "Mom, if you want a good fuck, strip and meet him at the door." She hesitates only slightly, kicks her sandals off, loosens her shorts and pushes them done and off, pulls t-shirt over her head as she walks toward the door, unhooks her bra and drops it, has her thumbs in the waist band of her panties and halfway down her ass when the door opens in front of her. Tim looks at me, knotted and smiling at him, then again at mom. "Don't stop there, mom." I see her shiver. Having him call her 'mom' when they are going to fuck send a thrill through her every time.

He stands before her and waits. She looks at me and then pushes her panties down and lets them fall to the floor and steps out of them. She takes the few steps to Tim and puts her arms around his neck

and kisses him. And it is not a mother-in-law kiss. I see her press herself into him. Tim slips a hand between them and fingers her cunt. He says, "Mom, you are certainly wet and open. Is there something you'd like ... MOM?" He knows calling her mom can get her going.

"You beast. You're going to make me say it, aren't you? Okay, fine. Yes, I need to be fucked. I have been watching that slut of a daughter with that dog and listening to her. I need you now, inside me, now."

He made her undress him. Just to prolong her need. He is a terrible tease. But I can attest that it heightens the experience. Soon enough he has her on the floor and is fucking her as she wanted. Calling her 'mom' the whole time. But I am distracted by Cody's knot as I move back and forth on it. Making it hit my g-spot often enough to release yet another orgasm.

When we are relaxing with a glass of wine, it occurs to me that dad must be getting close to arriving. I give mom a robe to wear, Tim puts on shorts and a t-shirt, and I stay naked, rules of the house. When dad arrives and I let him in, naked; he quickly surveys the scene, mom in my very short robe and knows immediately what has already transpired.

After a pleasant light dinner with easy banter about the mundane aspects of our lives, we move to the family room and the two loveseats with a couple bottles of wine for the story about the weekend. Tim and I agree we will share the telling but there were many situations that we were separated and will require my telling the story and others that involved enough emotional or physical elements that would also need to be told by me. Other situations could be told by either.

We started out comfortably with Tim and me on one loveseat and mom and dad on the other. I started at the plane and being naked but Tim felt the morning starting with a DP by him and Cody was a far better and erotic starting point. It wasn't long before I found myself moving over, removing Tim's few clothes and sitting down onto his hard cock. As the story unfolded and I regaled them with the events in the cockpit, Dad was standing and he and mom were removing his clothes and mom dropped the robe. Both of us now impaled on our husbands.

The snake scene drew a gasp from mom and nearly caused dad to cum inside her. He lifted her up and off him under the pretense of refilling everyone's glasses but we all knew he wanted to hold off. This was clearly going to be a long, highly erotic story. When he sat back down, mom came over to me and took my hand and pulled me off Tim and led me over to dad. I smiled at her and kissed her on the lips. A very un-daughterly gesture. But not nearly as un-daughterly as the next step when I pulled her into me, one hand on her breast and the other behind her head and pulling her mouth into mine. When I released her, she looked dazed and gasped for breath. When she looked into my eyes, she reached out and took a breast and one hand to the side of my face. She smiled, looked down over my body, then hers. She looked up to me and this time pulled me into her, her hand on my ass and pulling our groins together as we pushed tongues into each other's mouths. When we broke, both guys were stroking their cocks.

I looked at the men and said, "Should we say the hell with the story and just fuck?"

Dad said, "No. Your mother and I want to hear the sordid details of your increasingly wild lifestyle. But we can do both, at least until your concentration get interrupted."

Mom pushed me over to dad and she aligned herself over Tim and sat down, impaling herself on her son-in-laws cock. I took the few steps to dad, turned, looked over my shoulder to him and smiled. "Ready for your daughter's cunt, dad?" And sat down, drawing a long groan from him.

As the story progressed, telling all about Anthony's 'therapy' for the snake bite, Tim called Cody

over to start licking mom and him. Then he lifted mom off him and opened her legs to give Cody full access to her gaping cunt. In minutes she was into her orgasm, moaning and groaning, first encouraging Cody and then protesting his continued, unrelenting licking, crying that she couldn't take more, one orgasm going right into the next as Tim handled her breasts and nipples, pulling and twisting each without any concern for delicacy as Cody was equally unconcerned by the protests mom made to them. When Tim closed her legs and held her tightly to his chest, just enveloping her in his arms, kissing her neck and whispering his love to her, she continued whimpering as the orgasms slowed and ran their course through her wrecked, quivering, twitching body. When she recovered, she looked around. There was no talking, not story be related, no fucking sounds. Just us watching her. Even Cody sat in front of her watching intently. She blushed. The deepest red blush over her face, neck and upper chest. I got off dad and moved over to her and kissed her. Put my arms around her with Tim's, hugged her deeply and nuzzled into her neck and added my words of love.

We took a break. Mom excused herself and washed her face and upper chest with water. Returning we sat with our spouses again and I restarted the story. I just started recounting of my time with Marie Friday night and mom was leaning forward watching me, listening intently to my words. I stopped and looked into her eyes, blocking out the guys. I reached my hand out and she took it. I said softly, "Mom, I am going to stop. There is much, more about Marie that night and the next morning. I want to share that with you when it is just you and me, together, privately, intimately if you will allow me that. I want to show you as much as relay it to you. Will you let me, mom?"

She had also blocked out the guys. She only looked at me. Our eyes only for each other now. My mom, her daughter. Agreeing to an intensely intimate sexual encounter together, just the two of us.

God, I was so horny. Remembering the hard cock next to me, I stood in front of Tim, positioned myself and lowered myself onto him, again. Squirming on him to seat him comfortably inside me but also to draw attention to it and change the attention away from mom and me.

As the evening went on, both men were reaching their limits of endurance and would be needing to cum soon. Tim stopped me from my bouncing as I told the story and looked over at my dad. There seemed to be an unspoken acknowledgement between them and they both lifted their spouses off their hard, highly aroused cocks. Tim said, "I am going to cum soon and I would like to do that inside your mom, if that is okay."

Dad said, "Dear, I would really like to have my daughter when I come."

Mom and I looked at each other and giggled, like silly young women with horny guys deciding who they wanted and going back and forth and immensely enjoying the mutual desire of sharing. We changed partners again and intently this time began fucking them. No story telling any longer. Just intent, intense, earnest fucking. Dad was driving deep into me and I was very, very close myself. I squirmed on him and rubbed my clit briefly as one of his hands to a breast and twisted a nipple. I felt him tense and push up into me. His hips lifting off the seat, lifting me with him in his urgency. As I felt the first spurt of his semen into me, his daughter, I came, too. My orgasm crashing over me. I leaned forward, my hands on his knees. My mouth open and gasping. My arms shaking. I lifted as he continued to pump his cum into me and I slammed back down and I collapsed back into his chest, his arms going around me, holding me tenderly, lovingly, securely. My daddy and his little girl. His cock still firmly and deeply in me. Our mutual juices beginning to leak out of me.

We took another break and more wine. This time all shared the same loveseat. Mom and I on our spouses laps, we facing each other. Hands shared freely by the close proximity. I leaned into Tim and kissed him deeply while holding my mom's hand. They were doing the same thing. I cuddled into



Tim's chest but didn't let go of mom's hand.

We weren't through with the weekend story but I was exhausted. The non-stop excitement of the weekend, the workday, and more orgasms tonight left me depleted. Tim sensed it as he held me and suggested that we call it a night. We promised to get together soon and continue. What a horny family. Even if mom turned out not be the submissive she had THOUGHT she wanted to be, we had all found sex amongst us was erotic and highly stimulating, partly (maybe even more than partly) by the taboo nature of the incest.

With mom and dad out the door, Tim brought me a little more wine and retrieved the manila envelope that contained Mr. R's offer. Tim got me onto his lap so I was sitting across it and he took the information out again. He said, "I have to admit to feeling guilty about doing it, but several time today I took this information out to review it. Sitting at my desk reviewing an employment offer from our biggest, best competitor. But the second time I did, I dropped it on the floor. When I picked it up, look want slid out. Keys. They are to the house and there was another note indicating that there would not be anyone on the property on the weekend. I think we should make an initial inspection Saturday afternoon."

"I'm game. What are you thinking about the job?"

"Good, hell, very good. But there is checking I need to do. This would be a big change and would burn any bridges to my company for the future. You don't go to your competitor and expect to be able to return. Based on our discussions and what I can learn, I will contact Carlos later this week and see about getting more information about the company but that will be delicate because we are currently competing and he can't show me too much until I commit to his offer."

I curled into him, wiggled against him and felt his cock stir under my ass. I tucked my head into his neck and kissed him repeated on the neck, shoulder, and ear. I whispered, "It will work out, honey. I just feel it. I just don't think he would set you up into a negative situation that couldn't be turned around. But, you have to be comfortable. It is your career on the line here. And your career is part of you, we both know that. So, you let me know how I can support you in making the decision. Whatever you decide will be right for us. I love our life. There is no down side here for me."

"Thank you, Honey. I appreciate you saying that. That makes this easier."

"I love you, Tim. Nothing to do with this offer or a house. I love you."

He stood up with me in his arms and took me to the bedroom and put me into bed. He went around the house turning off lights and locking doors. He told me the next day he was gone for only five minutes. But I was sound asleep when he returned.

The week seemed to drag along and fly by both. Waiting for Saturday to visit the property seemed to make it drag but it wouldn't really matter unless Tim took the job. But the information he was getting about the company and the management seemed positive. He even approached some customer contacts in procurement groups who would be more factual about competition since they are looking for the best price situation. Tim was learning that the product and management seemed to be good. They were struggling with some of the service operations but that was critical in any relationship. So Tim was getting good vibes about the company's stability and potential if they could turn a few corners which they seemed to be struggling with currently. It might be work but that's what business was about.

Late in the week Tim even call Mr. R and had a series of discussion at night, business stuff. But each time Tim came away feeling better about the opportunity. In fact he told Mr. R that based on what

he had learned, the interviews with others in the industry, and discussion with him that we were going out to the property on Saturday afternoon. Tim paused as he was listening. He was looking at me the entire time. He smiled at me as he told Mr. R that the property visit might be the clincher if Michele was happy with it. He listened a little more and laughed, thanked him and hung up.

I asked what that was about. He said, "Carlos said that if it was up to making you happy he would send a plane load of flowers, the boys and Marie."

I laughed at that, too.

When Saturday finally arrived, we loaded the address into our cell phones and used GPS to find our way there. We brought Cody, of course. A property with this much land should be great for Cody and we were interested in his reaction to it, also. The property was a little ways out of town but not bad and easier to get to than I expected. It took us about an hour but Tim checked Google Maps for a route to the other office and it only seemed to be about 35 minutes.

When we pulled into the property off the county road we had a sense of remoteness. There were not many residences on the road. The drive was long and tree lined so the house was not immediately evident from the road. At the house we got out and let Cody out of the car. He sniffed around and seemed a little confused why he was still off the leash. In town he was always on the leash unless he was inside the fence in back. City laws. Cody was well trained but too many people didn't trust any dog who was loose. We told him to check it out and he trotted around the front and then wandered around the side. We used the key on the front door and it opened. Mr. R was right about the house. Although not lived in full time for a long time it was very well kept and maintained. It looked like it had been cleaned and aired frequently. Although it wasn't the décor in every sense I tended towards, it really was 'move in' ready. There was a little furniture but the bare minimum and ours could be fit in with some rearranging. Some items would be eliminated. Probably some of this and some of ours. The layout was nice and open. The kitchen was off a large family room and dinette area that all flowed from one to the other. A large patio in back. The master bedroom was spacious and the bath was nearly a spa. There were two spare bedrooms and a cozy living room that might be an office for Tim.

We ventured out the back onto the patio and called Cody. He came running from the side of the property. As Mr. R mentioned, the property was once an orchard and now had 3 - 4 rows of trees around the entire property line. That made it very private. There was farm land beyond on two sides and some swampy land on the other side. There were a few acreage homes across and down the county road but not visible. It seemed amazing, peaceful, and quiet. There were a few flower gardens around the house and property and they were doing very well. There was evidence of a former vegetable garden that might be fun to reopen and try to grow some of our own food. The dog kennel Mr. R mentioned was about a hundred feet from the house.

I was looking at everything and watching Cody running after something he found. Tim came up behind me and wrapped his arms around me and hugged me, kissing my neck and shoulders which were exposed in the sundress. I was wearing no underwear, of course. "What do think, dear? Is there any hope for it?"

"Oh, Tim, I don't know if I should allow myself to get excited or not." I turned in his arms and looked up into his eyes. "Can I get excited? Or do we need to make other decisions, first?"

"Honey, I have made my decision. If you want this to be your home, it's yours."

I looked at him hard. I studied his eyes and mouth, hoping not to see any indication of tease. There

was none. "Really? Do you mean it, Tim?"

"Yes, honey. I mean it. I am prepared to call Mr. R and let him know. I am excited about the job offer and the position he has planned for me. There are still details to be worked out, but that's true of any job change. Do you like it?"

"No, I LOVE IT!! Yes, Tim, I want this. I meant what I said about loving our life. But this is a wonderful bonus. Yes."

"Okay, one final thing to make sure it really feels like home and opens new potential."

"What is that?"

"Take off your sundress."

I just looked at him but I was beyond questioning Tim with regards to sex and my body. I reached down, grasped the hem of my dress and pulled it up over my head and put it on the patio table.

He put his hands on each side of my face and kissed my mouth, nose and then forehead. He looked around and called for Cody who came bounding, seeing me naked. Tim looked me in the eyes and smiled. "The last, final determination is your comfort out here in the open with Cody. Take your lover to the back and test your comfort and his while mating in the open." He kissed me, again.

I smiled. I like these assignments! I turned and put my hand on Cody's head and started walking into the back of the property. I had kicked off my sandals on the patio and I was now jogging ahead of Cody into the back through the field grass but not for long. Cody soon passed me and was jumping from side to side and bounding along with me as I jogged, my firm body feeling free and wonderful. My breasts bouncing and swaying. Soon I was slightly winded but feeling so free and energized. I stopped and turned to Tim and waved. Cody nudged me and I went down to my knees and felt under him and found his cock just starting out of his sheath. I coaxed him onto the ground and licked his cock tip and sucked the little bit that was out. But soon, very soon, more and more was out and I was able to aggressively suck on his cock, taking more into the back of my mouth.

I knelt up and looked again at Tim. I put my hands to the side of my mouth and called as loud as I could, "I love you, Sir."

I immediately got onto all fours for Cody and put one hand between my legs in anticipation of helping him enter me. He mounted me without any preamble. He thrust several time before I was able to steer his cock into my waiting cunt, already wet and open for him. He fucked me magnificently as if he understood this was new and important. His knot was wonderful and his cum flooded my cunt until it leaked out as he still fucked and pumped his seed into me. We were tied for fifteen minutes (I still had my watch on). When he came out of me, I rolled over and gazed up into the sky, watching the clouds sail by. Cody nudged me and I pulled him down next to me and snuggled him, stroking his fur and giving him kisses on the mouth, letting his tongue into mine, sucking it. I slowly got up and stretched and looked around me. I walked with Cody to the back of the property and through the trees and looked out over the farmland. This was so wonderful, I love the potential it offered.

I looked at Cody as we exited the trees and saw the house. "Race you back to Tim." And I took off for the house with Cody right behind me, then alongside me until he saw Tim which was when he took off and left me behind. I was laughing as I came up to them.

Tim said, "You are the most beautiful creature running up, breasts bouncing and swaying wildly. And

dog cum leaking down your thighs.”

So that night we call Mr. R. Tim put his smart phone on speaker for the call. We told him it was on speaker and we were both on, he asked, “Is this good news for me, Tim?”

“Yes, sir. For us, too. I most gratefully accept your offer, the complete package.”

“Thank you, Tim. That makes me very excited. I have been trying to fill that position for quite a while now and just have not been happy with the options I had presented to me. Michele, darling, and how do you feel about the house? Can you be happy there? Can you make it your own?”

“Oh, Mr. R, you are too generous to us. I love the house and property. Cody loves the room to run. Thank you very much.”

Tim adds, “Yes, she and Cody seem quite pleased with the privacy and openness. In fact they even took advantage of it this afternoon, if you understand my meaning.”

“Oh, I think I know what that wife of yours was doing. I have to say, Michele, Marie will be very happy to hear that you and Tim will be part of the group.”

“Mmmmmmm, yes, please tell her I am looking forward to us getting together in the future.”

“Tim, please do what you need to on Monday with your ‘old’ company. I doubt they will want to have you stay around after you resign and tell them where you are going. Speaking of which. You have saved me a lot of recruiter fees. I will include a \$10,000 addition to use for furnishings and decorating. I will have a realtor contact you Monday or Tuesday to handle the sale of your current home. I will also have someone in HR contact you for moving. When do you think? Do you want to move now or wait for the sale of your home?”

We looked at each other. This was certainly happening fast. I said, “I don’t know why we wouldn’t move sooner than later.”

“Excellent. Now, Tim, I will plan on coming up in a couple of weeks to make the introductions and establish responsibilities. I will let you know the details over the next week. In the meantime enjoy some time off and figure out details like moving, etc. Again, thank you, Tim. This is going to be a great move for that office and Division. I look forward to coming up and see you two, again. Bye.”

Wow! Just like that? All of the sudden Tim has a wonderful new job, we have a nice new (to us) home and a great, private property, and the sexual adventure potential for me just increased tremendously. I climbed into his lap and nuzzled into his neck. Naked, of course, his hands absently went to one of my breasts. I opened my legs and Cody was there to lick me. His tongue onto my lips and flicking over my clit deliciously.

“Sir?”

“Yes, Michele?”

“When Mr. R comes for business ... will he ... will I ...?”

“Say it, Michele.”

“Will I be given to him, sir?”

“Yes, Michele, you will be. How does that make you feel?”

"First, Sir, will I be given to him because he is now your boss?"

"Does it matter?"

"Please, Sir."

"No, Michele. Not because he is my boss. Because he is who he is. Now that he is my boss, does it change what we talked about before? Does it change how you feel about him?"

"No, Sir. I would have done what you asked. You know that because I trust you totally. But it would have felt different to me if it was just business. Do you understand, Sir? Last weekend made it OUR relationship with him. I hoped that would not now change."

"It hasn't, Michele. I won't use you that way. You will never be used for my advantage or a business advantage. Our/your sexual adventures will be for the adventure, only."

"Thank you, Sir. Now ... may this slut ask one more question?"

"Of course."

"How can this slut makes her Master cum?"

"How does your ass feel?"

"Fully recovered, Sir."

"Then the idea of another DP with Cody and his knot in your cunt is very appealing to me right now."

"To me also, Sir. Cody, let's play."

And we repeated the DP from just over a week ago. I was in stimulation overload, again. Having both of my dominants fully and completely possessing me. In both holes. My Cody and his knot in my cunt. My Tim wonderfully stroking in my asshole, pressing against the knot and cock in the adjoining chamber. Feeling the two of them. Taking me. Totally possessing me. Making me theirs once again. And forever. My body given and taken. My mind, totally consumed by the sensations, the overload of stimulation. My body yielded to my Masters' control and use. Freely, completely, with utter abandon.

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## **ANOTHER WALK IN ANOTHER PARK**

With the decision made and communicated to Mr. R, we waited for contact from the company to get other things rolling, like the realtor and the lawyers and HR. We were surprised to have an express package Monday morning delivered to the home and from the company. Inside was the formal paperwork stating the offer and the job responsibilities and clearly defining the realty coordination, etc., etc., etc. So when we both got home Monday night we went over the package, Tim signed and dated it and call Mr. R as instructed. He instructed us to send it by local mail to the local company and we were now done and legal. He formally welcomed Tim and established the date when he would come and introduce Tim to the company management and have various meetings to go over the expectations and responsibilities.

This was all happening so fast now. The next day at his 'old' job Tim submitted his letter of resignation. Given where he was going, they merely retrieved all company information, tools, etc. and he was escorted off the property, nicely, but still escorted.

The next day I went off to work and Tim was sitting in the kitchen deciding what to do with his day home. He didn't have long to wonder. That morning he received a 'handle with care' box from the company. Inside he found a new laptop, docking station and monitor, new smart phone, employee handbook and several folders of information, instructions, and contacts within the company. And, everything worked. He plugged in his new hardware per the detailed instructions and he was instantly in business. Shortly after he got a call on the phone. He was really in business. Tim learned the laptop was loaded with key information about the business he just joined: financials, competition, product offerings, key personnel and relevant performance and background information.

When I came home he was in his home office still plowing through data and information. I pulled him away and we went out to dinner. He had also been contacted by HR and made contact with their selected Realtor and a moving company. The house would be on the market next week and the moving company would be moving us into our new home in three weeks. Did I mention things were moving fast?

We made mental lists of things we needed to get done, fixed up, get rid of, etc. Then Tim asked, "Michele, do you want to continue working or not? This new job and the complete package gives us options we didn't have before. Not only is my salary a little more than twice as much with a better incentive program and benefits, but we will be saving substantially on house payments we won't have any longer. It is totally up to you if you work or not but you have the option now. You haven't seemed happy there for a while."

"Wow that would be an interesting change. I think I better think about it some though."

But the new job wasn't stopping him from thinking of things to keep me off balance on occasion. Some nights when we would go out, he had the vibrating egg or bullet for me to insert. When the realty lady came to discuss her plan and meet with us, Tim had me insert a butt-plug. I tried desperately not to squirm with that thing filling my ass. But all of them served the function of getting me incredibly horny and anxious to attack either Tim or Cody when we were again alone. Sometimes both. Cody always seemed ready but many days or evenings when we were just home and not doing anything except regular home things, he was fine with hanging out like us. But on the days or nights when we/I came into the house aroused, he would know. He could smell me, naked, walking past him. And at those times he made his need very apparent to me.

Then one night Tim came into the room and announced that we were going to take Cody for a walk in a different park. The last time we did this I was almost caught naked after Cody fucked me and my scream of pleasure attracted the attention of an off-duty police officer. Tim said this park was larger, more secluded and used less after dark as it was further from residential areas.

I was immediately torn between two conflicting emotions. Excitement, obviously that once again I would likely be fucking Cody in the outdoor in a public setting, again. And, scared, again obviously for the same reasons and the last time we nearly got caught. That fear of getting caught was also a tremendous rush and raised the excitement level considerably in the process. Although, I fully trusted that Tim would apply all appropriate safe guards and cautions, in public there was always a potential for being seen. And being seen by the wrong person can lead to a complaint to the police ... and we don't need that.

It was later than our normal walk so that was promising. I went into the bedroom to see what Tim had laid out for me to wear. Again, he had selected a short summer halter top dress with a full skirt. And, of course, there was no underwear laid out. I pulled the dress over my head and slipped my feet in the sandals next to the bed and rejoined Tim and Cody by the door.

He takes us nearly across town to a park/recreational area. We had been here before during the day and used it for picnics. It has sufficient space that with a dog you can separate from others and allow some free running if the dog responds to being called back. The area also had several hiking/biking trails, benches near scenic area, etc. And, lots of trees and shrubbery. Once at the parking lot, we see there is no other vehicles even in the lot. The parking lot is even somewhat hidden from the main road by the winding drive, trees, and bushes.

I get out of the car and get Cody from the back and hold his leash waiting for Tim's direction. I suppose the anticipation has already gotten me aroused as Cody is poking his nose at me and sniffing me around my ass. But Tim indicates to take a particular path and we set out. We have been down this path in the past. There is a clearing along the path that is used for picnicking, some activities like Frisbee tossing, etc. Along the way and well clear of the parking lot Tim stops. He instructs me to remove the dress and shoes and hand them to him. He had been carrying a small bag that I had not paid much attention to. But as I pull the dress over my head and then step out of my shoes, he is pulling something out of the bag. He takes my clothes and hands me a leash and a collar. I recognize it as the collar I have worn very infrequently in the past. I look at both but take them.

Tim says, "Tonight you will be Cody's bitch to use as he wishes out here. As such you will be collared and leashed as he will be."

I just look at him, then Cody and reply, "Yes, Sir." And I put the collar on without another word and clip the leash to it. I then had the other end to Tim, waiting on the opposite side of him than Cody is on. And I wait for the next command. I am in a public park, although it is dark and late, it is still the public park. I am naked. I am collared and I am connected to a leash. Just like the dog also being held by Tim. My body was flush with excitement and my mind was filled with nervousness, waiting for what was coming next. Every sound makes me react even if internally. Car noises, wind rustling the tree leaves. I am sensitive to every otherwise normal sound in this vulnerable, exposed condition.

Tim begins taking a step and simply says, "Come" and gently pulls both leashes. Cody and I fall into step alongside him but slight behind. We walk like this for a ways and I begin to relax as a sense of weird normalcy creeps in. After quite a walk we come to a clearing to the side and Tim veers off into it. He walks to the far side of the clearing. This feels a little safer but my mind is still overreacting to every sound coming from the trees and the roads surrounding the recreational area. But, again, the anxiety, the heightened awareness also acts to increase my awareness of my body. The gentle breeze passing over my body, tickling the short hairs on my arms, softly caressing my breasts and nipples. Feeling Cody's fur on my legs as we now are standing side-by-side in the grassy area. And we continue to stand. Tim makes no move to continue the walk but it all is beginning to feel good to me and I am now beginning to anticipate when I will be given the opportunity to mate with Cody. After all, that was the reason for coming out here.

But then there is a sound. Not like any that fit with the other sounds we had been hearing. This is a sound like a shoe and an occasional shuffle like an imperfect step with one shoe dragging. And listening closer there is a voice. Softly, not necessarily far away but softly and then a soft bark. Yes, there is someone coming down the same path and walking a dog. This person is clearly talking to it and getting random replies in reaction to his banter. Then, as I search the path along the tree line, I see the man come into view. And he has a large dog. Larger than Cody by my impression. I tense and look to Tim but he is also watching the man and he is showing no concern or apparent interest in hiding our presence.

And I am confused. Why aren't we at least stepping into the trees to hide our presence? Does he really think we can stand here in full view under the moon's light and not be noticed? But then the

man stops. He is deliberately looking, scanning the clearing as if looking specifically for something, something he is expecting to find. Then, he steps off the pathway, too. With the dog is on his own leash and is pulling in our direction, the man has seen us and is headed our way. He is coming directly towards us. I want to wake Tim up that this is not right, we have to move, leave. But I see that Tim is looking directly at this man and he is calm and relaxed. No ... Tim has no intention of hiding. For whatever reason he is prepared to meet this person and the dog. I don't understand any of this. But I don't move.

As the man gets closer and will be with us shortly, Cody is acting nervous with the other dog coming. Tim gives him a command to sit and stay, which he does. He then looks at me and smiles, "Very good, Michele! I was wondering how you would respond. You are nervous, aren't you?"

"Yes, Sir. I am. This stranger is going to see me naked here in the park."

"Yes, I imagine he will at that. But you are doing well to control your fear and follow my lead. I told you that you were a wonderful submissive. But before he gets here, I want you next to Cody and sitting on your heels with your knees slightly opened."

I do exactly as he directs and he says, "Very good, Michele. Very good." And just then the man is in front of us.

Tim and the man exchange pleasantries and all but ignores me. Occasionally glancing my way but also checking on Cody and his dog. His dog is pulling hard on the leash, barks a few times at Cody and tries to move to me or us. I put a hand on Cody's neck and reassure him, but remaining in my commanded position, also. I can hear the men now discussing such mundane things as the weather and how lovely the night is, again. I am really wondering what is going on and why Tim is acting this way but I finally decide it must be some kind of spur-of-the-moment test and I focus on keeping Cody calm with this out-of-control dog in front of us. I remind myself that I don't know this guy, it will be over soon, and then we can get on with our evening.

The dog is quieting but straining even harder against the leash and I am at first confused until I realize that despite the embarrassment and bewilderment of the situation, the attention and exposure in front of this stranger and his dog has increased my arousal further. And, undoubtedly, this mutt has picked up on that fact.

I am almost not paying attention to the men anymore because of this dog but then I hear the stranger say, "So what about the bitch, here? Does she service your dog well?"

What?? "The bitch?" Me? Is he talking about me? He is. The bastard is talking about me to Tim like I am just some bitch female dog to service the male dogs. I couldn't believe the nerve of this guy.

I wanted to say something but knew I shouldn't. But then it is Tim I hear next, "Yes, she is very good. She takes the dog like a true bitch."

"Knotted, too?"

"Oh, yes, in every way he has made her his bitch."

"In that case I wonder if it would be alright with you if my dog were able to use her. He is a pet and has never been with a bitch."

Tim looks at me, I sense it more than see it because my eyes are down, "Yes, I think that would be fine." He pulls on my leash and says, "Get into position to take this man's dog."



I move to a hands and knees position, turn around so my ass is pointed to the dog and wait. Before long I feel the dog's nose at my ass and hear him sniffing my sex. Then his tongue comes out and licks. He is licking my ass, asshole and cunt. He seems totally random. Then I feel him start to mount me but he seems unsure of what to do. I look over at Cody and smile. Not so much for Cody but because of Cody. From early on Cody was excellent. He was well trained in general and so had patience. This dog is random and out-of-control. He finally has his front legs around me and attempts at thrusting into me but only manages to poke my ass cheeks, repeated, and his hard cock hitting is beginning to hurt. I reach under me and through my legs to guide him into me but as I touch his cock he jumps off and walks around me.

I hear the stranger say, "I thought she was a good bitch."

I speak up, "Sir, may I speak?"

Tim replies, "Yes."

"Sir, the dog is too excited and lacks control. I don't think it knows what he should do. Perhaps if the stranger could hold his hips against me, I could guide his cock into me. Then he should hold the dog against me until we are well joined. Otherwise, Sir, this will not work."

The stranger says, "I never. The nerve of her. She is blaming my dog?"

Tim says, "I suggest, if you want your dog to be fucked by her, that you do as she says. She has been mated by many dogs. But as she says, they were all well trained, obedient, and patient dogs."

The stranger was quiet for a time and then said, "Very well." He got the dog back up onto my back and held him there by pushing his hips into me. Then I reached down, found his cock and guided it into my cunt. The dog then started humping. Nature took over and he began fucking. As he did, his cock grew steadily inside me, in length and girth. When I was satisfied that he would stay inside me, I said, "Okay, I think you can let go of him now." And he continued to fuck me, but extremely wildly. He was frantic and random. He found no rhythm at all. And then I screamed, "No. Damn." And he slipped out of me again. Damn, I was mad at this dog and his stupid owner for not training him.

Tim came around and asked, "What wrong? I've never seen this happen before."

"It's what I said, Sir. He doesn't know what to do. I thought he was extended enough that even his wildness wouldn't pull him out of me. But I was wrong." I looked up at him and whispered, "If you want him to cum in me, someone has to hold him against me. Otherwise the stupid thing will continue to fail. I will appreciate Cody so much more after this experience."

Tim smiled at me and put his hand on my head and actually patted it. But they did what I said and the dog was once again seated in my cunt. Again he fucked into me with total abandon. But his time the men were holding him in place and he was not allowed to pull backwards too far. He pounded and pounded into me and then I felt the knot outside my lips but he didn't seem to understand that it had to get inside me to truly mate. But, and I praised the gods, I felt him stop spurting little amounts of pre-cum and stiff completely and stop moving. He was cumming inside me. Without achieving a knot. Without apparently even recognizing that he was supposed to.

When he seemed to be done, I said simply, "Okay" and they release their hold and he slipped out of me. What a dud. I could feel some cum leaking out of me but NOTHING compared to the volume coming out after Cody fucks me.

I am murmuring to myself and I feel Cody come up behind me and start licking my cunt. I look back

at Cody and then up at Tim. Tim looks at the other man and says, "Well, are you satisfied?"

The man says, "Yes, thank you. I knew he would control the bitch once she settled down."

I felt Tim hand on my shoulder so I stayed where I was and just focused on the wonderful feelings that Cody was providing me.

The man left with his dog and Tim came over and sat down on the grass in front of me as Cody continued to lick me very well. I was already sighing heavily and rising to a nice little orgasm if it continued (more than that stupid mongrel was able to do!).

Tim lifted my chin and looked me in the eyes and said, "I apologize, Michele. I set this up to challenge you. In fact you did amazingly well. I had no idea the guy had such a stupid, ill mannered, and untrained, stupid mutt. But you were amazing in holding your control of the situation and achieving the best result possible."

"Thank you, Sir.

"I promise, Michele, if there is a repeat, I will have a much better dog for you." We both laughed, but as I did, Cody also brought me over the edge into a nice little orgasm with his tongue.

Tim scooted forward and pulled my head down into his lap and I lay on the ground. Peaceful, content after Cody's help. I rolled over onto my back and looked up at him, "Sir?"

"Yes, Michele, my love."

"Sir, is this what it is going to be like? Major, big, elaborate adventures like the weekend at Mr. R's, but then little challenges like this that put me off balance and test my progress and readiness?"

"That's an interesting way of putting it, Michele. But, yes. I don't exactly have plans laid out for the future. It is partially what seems to become available. But these small one, yes, I specifically try to find these for you. To challenge you perhaps, yes, but also to just keep your interest and enjoyment. Is there a problem, a concern?"

"Oh, no, Sir. Not at all. I was hoping that was your intention. This one was awful but it was the dog and the training. It could have been an amazing experience to be used by a stranger's dog. But nothing is perfect always. Sir, may I say something more?"

"Of course."

"Sir, please don't stop trying things just because this one didn't work. This life you are giving me is amazing. It is because I trust you fully, completely, unquestioningly. I know I am safe and protected. I might be uncomfortable, reluctant, nervous, maybe even scared. But I know I will be safe. The others are emotions to work through. But even experiencing those emotions takes this to a higher level of excitement. So, Sir, thank you. I hope I don't disappoint you."

"Michele, listen to me. Look at my eyes. You are amazing! Truly. I said you were an extraordinary submissive and you really are. Not in the pain, humiliation way that some think of a submissive. But in the giving and serving way without question. Even tonight, my love, you were amazing. I know you wanted to stand up and slap that guy for having such an ill-trained dog and wasting your time. But you didn't. You stayed in position intent on solving the problem so I would be satisfied. Truly, you are amazing."

"Thank you, Sir." I was blushing from the praise he gave me. In the moonlight I didn't think he could see it. "Sir, may I make a request?"

"Of course, what is it?"

"Sir, after that experience, may this slut please have the opportunity to satisfy her two Masters?"

Tim chuckles and smiles at me, "Yes, Michele, Cody and I love the opportunity to share you for our pleasure."

"Sir, when I am knotted and being well fucked by Cody and my mouth by you, do you think it safe if I express my pleasure vocally?"

"Yes, here it should be safe. Make as much noise as you want."

"Thank you, Sir. Now, how can I service you two?" And the recreational area heard some noises that night ... noises not normal for secluded woods.

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## **RE-NEWED BEGINNINGS**

So much was changing. And so quickly, again. And it seemed to be touching on so many parts of our life to give us the impression of our "New Life" being renewed to another beginning. At the wedding and then re-affirmed after our honeymoon, our life took a dramatic changes in commitment and adventure at least in our private lives or very deliberately expanded our sexual life. That had led to many wondrous experiences so far. This new change gave every indication of being as dramatic but also affecting our public and work lives beyond the expanding sexually adventurous life that would seem to lie ahead.

Tim had accepted his new job working for Mr. R at his local company. Waiting for the formal introduction to the company which Mr. R was going to facilitate himself, Tim was spending his days pouring over the financial, customer, and product information to get up to speed. In the meantime we met with the realtor to put our old home up for sale and a mover to move us into the new property. It amazes me how quickly things can happen when they are well managed by people who know how to get things accomplished.

In a matter of only a few weeks our old home was on the market and we were moved into the new property. Mr. R (Carlos) was coming in the next Monday to take Tim in to meet with his new company's managers. He was intent on personally handling the introductions and establishing the reporting structure, expectations, and handle any issues, questions, or concerns that might also arise. Tim expected that next week would be exceedingly busy with Mr. R in town with meetings during the day and dinner meetings at night. Although understanding the need for that focus to maximize the available time for Mr. R while he is here, I did express my hope that I could have the opportunity to see him again even if it was just a little time. Perhaps dinner some night.

And, with all that going on I decided to leave my job. Tim had made it very clear the decision was mine to make but that this opportunity made is financially possible. After spending only a few days at the new place I knew that I wanted to focus my time there. I loved the idea of working in gardens, establishing a vegetable garden and developing hobbies I have always wanted to do but never had the time to enjoy fully. I didn't even bother offering two weeks' notice and let them react. I said 'effective immediately' and resisted them wanting me to stay on any longer. That might cause a bit of 'burning bridges' but the job wasn't that great, anyway.

So I spent a couple days after quitting and the weekend at our new home. I became a 'housewife' taking on the chores of the house, meals and the yard; things I never had interest in before. I actually enjoyed providing a comfortable environment for Tim to come home to, a cooked and ready meal, and landscaping and planning the exterior. And, I also found a certain amount of this activity being fed by my growing submissive attitude to Tim. I found that this housewife attitude and nurturing feeling complimented the submissive feelings I have when serving Tim in the sexual side of our lives. I could feel the submissive side expanding from just the sexual adventure to include more of our lives, definitely when alone and at home. On reflection during the day as I worked on these new tasks, with more diligence than ever before, I could clearly identify times that seemed to occur more often when my responses to Tim were submissive even when it was outside the normal sexual activity and when we were alone.

It was normal that I was naked when home. Inside or outside. I found some comfortable slip-on shoes that I could wear outside when walking over the gravel or hard ground. But even within days I was wearing them less and going bare foot unless I was knew I would be on the gravel. I work inside the house and then several hours outside in one garden or another. I also took to putting on running shoes and jogging around the perimeter of the property, taking Cody with me. Now, when I reach for my running shoes Cody gets excited. He gets excited for two reasons that quickly became part of the routine. We both got good exercise. My first run was once around the property (about 0.6 miles). But each day it got extended. After only five days we (me really because I'm sure it was never too taxing for Cody) made it twice around (close to 1.25 miles). But the other reason is that somewhere around the property I would let him take me. It might have started as a convenient excuse of a rest but he would start nudging me on the run and I would eventually relent, get down on the ground and let him mount me. Then, after recovering, we would finish our run. The pace wasn't fast, especially after being fucked. But the daily routine was working wonders on my body very quickly in combination with eating better with regular cooking instead of eating out or getting take-out.

I also learned the hard way to use sunscreen liberally. I had to confess to Tim it was good that I was naked most all the time since having sunburned breasts would be unbearable with a bra on. But in the process I was developing nice even color over my entire body. For some reason I loved the look when I saw myself in the mirror with my breasts and butt developing nice color without lines. And it had a wonderful effect on Tim as well.

Carlos was arriving in town on Monday morning. He was staying at his usual hotel downtown close to the office. I knew I wouldn't see him or Tim much for a few days. But we got a call from him and he asked if it would be okay if the dogs came with him. It would be a good chance of them to be reacquainted with the property, routine here, and with Cody. I reassured him like I had before, that it was always fine to have the dogs here if it would be easier for any reason. So, Monday morning a van showed up in the drive as scheduled. Having had warning I was dressed and waiting. Cody came bounding out of the house with me. I had him sit and wait while I took care of the paperwork and then joined the driver at the rear of the van. Opening the cargo door I saw two large wire kennels with one of the dogs in each. I opened the latch on each and gave them a 'come' command and they both came out and sniffed the surroundings. Cody was obviously a curiosity for them both and I let them do that sniffing and investigation. I knelt down among them and scratched and stroked them all. I never had any problems from the very start. I knew this was going to work out from the very beginning.

I got a call from Tim about 2:00 PM Monday afternoon. He said Carlos was wondering if the dogs arrived okay and if everything was going alright. I assured him it was. No problems. He asked if I was using the leashes with them. I hesitated wondering if I had forgotten some instruction. "No, I'm not Tim. Was I supposed to?"

"Nope, it is up to you. He was just wondering how they are fitting in to your routine with Cody."

"Fine. Everybody is getting along just fine. All three of them were scarce for hours earlier. I saw them out in the back chasing down something they never caught. They are drinking from the same bowls and curl up in the same areas in the shade off the patio."

"So, what's going to happen yet today? I will be late. We'll have a working dinner tonight for discussions."

"I assumed you would be based on earlier discussion about this week. Well, the next thing we are doing is going for a run."

Tim paused, I could hear it. "You are going for a run with Cody?"

"No, all three of them."

"But part of your run is ... oh, sure ... okay, well that should be fun. Be sure to tell me about that tonight when I get home." We both laughed. The implication was clear and obvious. My routine was to be fucked by Cody. There were going to be three dogs this time. And for the rest of the week. Although Cody didn't normally use the kennel at night, I had started him to use the kennel building occasionally just for these situations. All three dogs would be using the kennel at night and also when I would have to be away from home during their stay.

So, with running shoes on, my hair in pony tail, and otherwise naked, I stepped out onto the patio and called for Cody knowing all three would be coming when Cody did. Cody was certainly a well-trained dog and the Carlos' certainly appeared to be, also. They stayed when I needed them to and came when called. They all got along fine without once having territorial issues. And as expected I soon had three dogs in front of me wagging their tails vigorously. Cody, of course, knew what was about to happen. The others were probably excited because Cody was and their experience with me during my last visit to the island estate.

I gave each of the dogs a pat on the head and started at a jog to the edge of the property and started around. The dogs fell into a loose grouping alongside me. Occasionally pulling away to give chase to a rabbit, squirrel or some other varmint we scared up along the way. There was a little rise and fall to the property but not much so the running was comfortable except that it was on open ground in the field grass and not a smooth surface. My hope was to wear in a path around the property in the process of regular running. Given the orchard trees along all side it was a pleasant place to run and I found myself sometimes running into the trees and getting a look out beyond the property. The surrounding property was largely empty except when planting, spraying or harvesting was performed so inside or outside the trees was usually still very safe. Every now and then I had to quickly veer back into the trees when I spotted a tractor or ATV out in the fields. But that just added to the stimulation of possibly being seen some time.

I made it around one and a half times without stopping and had worked up a good sweat, my legs were feeling it and I was feeling great. There is something very erotic about being naked outside and being physically active. To feel your muscles reacting and for me my breast bouncing so much. But by that time the dogs had been about as patient as they were going to be. Cody came near me and bumped me, then one of the other dogs from the other side. I slowed down anticipating their movements and sure enough I was losing my balance. I steered my fall to the standing field grass and rolled with it. I had slowed sufficiently to avoid any real potential for injury and I lay flat on my back laughing as the all three dogs were at me, licking any skin they could get to. I continued to giggle at the licks to my legs, sides and stomach. But sooner than later one got between my legs and

at my cunt lips. And that changed the whole game instantly. I moaned and my legs opened a little more. Soon another dog was at my face. I opened my mouth and we kissed. I put my hands on the side of its head and pulled it to me for more kissing. The third had found my nipples and stomach. I was quickly getting to sensory overload. I reach up and found the sheath of the one at my face. He was already partially out. I scrambled underneath him and licked his cock tip. He stayed calm and waiting.

All of these dogs had fucked me numerous times and all had experienced my mouth on their cocks. When I took his into my mouth, it wasn't long before more cock was out and ready. I quickly scrambled away from the other two and got onto my hands and knees in front of the one I had sucked. He immediately was on my back, grabbed me and pulled himself up to my ass. I reached under and between my legs to assist him and on the third thrust he was inside. I left my hand there for several more strokes until I felt he was firmly inside me. Then I braced myself for the fucking I knew I would be receiving. This was one of the dogs from estate and he wasn't going to waste any time, apparently. He was in me and he started a frantic thrusting and pounding into my cunt. He was growing longer and thicker as he fucked me. I could feel his pre-cum leaking into my welcoming cunt. When I felt the knot outside, hitting me with each thrust, I thought for a moment if I really wanted to knot with three dogs this afternoon and every time we fucked this week. But the knot is part of the best experience and I knew I wasn't going to deprive myself of that part. I might be sore after it, but I was going to enjoy the hell out of it in the meantime.

When I felt the knot pressing against my lips with urgency and deliberate need, I pushed back myself. Adding my urgency on top of his, adding my deliberate need on top of his. I felt my cunt lips and opening stretching. When you first feel it, the stretching, the pushing to stretch your delicate lips further than they feel they should be, it is startling at the intensity. And it is like that every time. Even after many times, your lips still feel like they are being asked to stretch further than they should. And that was what I was feeling, again. Wonderfully, sensuously, stretched and pushed. And then it is inside, and then the real fucking starts. The cock is now instantly deeper with the knot inside and your cunt is instantly fuller, expanded inside. Feeling that big ball moving inside you. Pressing the wall of your cunt as it moves. Then, he stiffened. His whole body on top of me. Then he pumped again, fiercely into me and I can now feel his cum being shot into my cunt. He drives to the deepest he has been and continues to spurt and spurt his seed. Somewhere in all that sensory stimulation I came, hard. My legs shook and my arms quivered and threatened to give out on my. And this was the first dog! But the knot isn't done with the shooting of cum. The knot is still there, still filling me, keeping me his. If I really was his bitch, his knot would be making sure I was bred. Holding his seed inside for as long as possible. But the knot is even more. Rock on the knot still inside. Pull away and feel it stretch your opening. Push back and feel it go deeper. And, if you are lucky to get it to hit in the right spot, hit your g-spot by this rocking, as I was getting now with this one ... yesssss, getting a second orgasm off the same the dog. The collapsing onto the ground, I wait with my ass stuck up in the air with this dog still stuck inside my cunt. When he finally comes out, pulling my lips away from my body and it comes out and cum literally runs out of my cunt hole, still gaping from the fucking I just received, I actually whimper in frustration from the empty feeling. But there are two more ...

After the other two have finished with me I am truly a mess. Three times I have collapse to the ground. Three times I have been on my hands and knees being truly and magnificently fucked by competent, energetic and capable k9 partners. When I finally pick myself up and stand, the cum is running out of my cunt hole like my lips can't close. Of course it is just the volume of cum but it is running down my thighs and as I start walking my thighs are slick with the juices and my cunt can actually be heard to squish. The dogs are sniffing me and licking me. I stop and rough play with each and then we all head back to the house. Tim will be late, I have thoughts of the whirlpool bath in the

master bedroom. And a glass of wine. When Tim does get home, I will have a tale for him that will give me another male to satisfy tonight. I love this life!

Late Wednesday morning I get a phone call from Tim indicating that the meetings had progressed very well and they thought they would have that night free and Mr. R was wondering if I could join them for dinner at a special restaurant Mr. R knew. Tim had accepted and was calling to give me my instructions. He would come by at 5:30 to shower and change and we would leave again at 6:30. He told me to visit Sharon's boutique today. She was holding a dress and shoes for the evening. I thought, a special dress from Sharon's boutique had to be naughty. I had hoped I would get to spend some intimate time with Carlos on this trip and it looked like tonight might be the time.

The day went as usual. I had broken down daily chores into pieces that kept it manageable and less tedious. Each morning I clean a part of the house and the kitchen and straightened up the bedroom. That kept the house normally clean and presentable. The outside was dependent on need or I rotated around the garden beds if it was just routine weeding and trimming. I also had an allotted time for hobbies and creative efforts which included reading. And, of course, there was my daily run with Cody and this week with all three of the dogs. This week the runs were definitely cutting into my schedule. So the run came a little earlier today to allow for comfortable time to get to Sharon's and back. Not to mention needing to clean up before going to Sharon's shop. Going to Sharon's for me was never as simple as stopping in to pick something up and leaving.

After an early run which included the 45 minutes it took to mate with the three dogs and recover enough to continue the run, I went straight for the master bathroom and a shower. Tim had found one of the shower nozzle heads that Mr. R's estate had which I found to be wonderful. The shower head could be detached which left a rounded end that inserted in my cunt was perfect for douching after a session of fucking when I needed to be fresh for subsequent activity.

By the time I walked into Sharon's shop it was mid-afternoon. The chime sounded as I entered and John was the first to greet the sound of someone entering. John is Sharon's adult son and her lover/Master. Sharon has been into submissiveness since John pulled her out of her depression following her husband's death. John and I were very familiar. He walked up to me and gave me an enthusiastic hug and totally inappropriate kiss for any other customer. But I sure enjoyed it. He then called Sharon on their little radios.

I wandered around the shop waiting for Sharon, looking at some of the items they had displayed. I was especially curious about some of the negligees, sheer of course. Sharon came up behind me saying, "That would be stunning on you. Would you like to try one on?"

"I'll come back another time, Sharon. Right now I should pick up the outfit I understand you have for me. I have work to do to make myself presentable for tonight."

"Listen, lady. I get some beautiful women into this shop for this unique merchandise I have. And you are one that definitely does NOT have to worry about time to make yourself presentable."

"Thank you, but I still like to be sure I will please my men."

She gives me a sly smile, "Oh, I am most certain you do that." And I can't stop my own smile.

She takes my hand, pulls me into her and kisses me the same way her son did. We are still at the front of the store near the door. She breaks the kiss and breathing heavily says, "I have a dress for you that will turn every head. I want you to try it on, though, to make sure it fits just right. This is the kind of dress that must fit in all the right places." She leans in and kisses me, again. But this time she also reaches down and pulls my dress up my body. She moves slightly away from me to pull

it over my hips and then my breasts and breaks the kiss to pull it over my head. She gives me another quick kiss and looks at me, top to bottom and back up. "God, woman, I love your body. Come on and see this dress."

Okay, the passionate kisses weren't inappropriate enough at the front of the shop? By both the male and female proprietors? Now I am naked, too? I want to look around but Sharon knows I have committed myself as submissive to Tim and she instructs me to just follow her, hands to my sides. I glance at mirrors as we walk and there is nobody else in the shop that I can detect. But that doesn't change the thrill of it happening or that someone could walk in at any moment.

I follow her to the back portion of the shop, winding our way through the racks of clothes and displays. She stands to the side to let me pass and I feel her place her hand on my ass and then give it a sharp swat. Damn, people were doing that at Mr. R's that weekend, too. I look back at her and she smiles.

Near the back of the shop, outside the fitting rooms, is an area with mirrors. As we approach, John walks up holding several items and hangs a dress on a fitting room door and places a pair of strap heels on the floor below it. He looks at me and walks to me. Puts a hand on each of my hips, pulls me into him and kisses me, again. A real kiss. The kind of kiss a man and woman share when their every intent is that something more is about to happen. I open my mouth to take his tongue and I suck on it as he follows the opportunity. At the same time his hands slide up my sides to my breasts, they move inside between us and each takes a nipple between the thumb and forefinger and pinch them, squeeze them. I squirm against him and moan into his mouth. At the same time I feel a body pressing into my bare back side, another set of hands roaming over my hips and back.

I separate our mouths just an inch and gasp, sucking in air and sighing my pleasure. With two pair of hands on my naked body, my eyes closed, my mouth open and breathing heavily, I moan my pleasure. I hear from behind me Sharon saying to John, not me, "We need to call Tim to let us have some more time with this slut."

I open my eyes and see John press his head to the side of mine and over my shoulder and I can hear and feel him now kissing Sharon, his mother, just like he had been kissing me. "Yes, I think we all three would enjoy that very much." He pulled back away from me and holding his mother hand pulled her in front of me, also. Looking me in the eyes he slips a finger between my legs and slips it into my cunt, "Yes, I think you like that idea, too. Don't you, Michele?"

Without hesitation I respond appropriately, "Yes, Sir. I look forward to the opportunity to once again provide you both with whatever pleasure you desire from me." I feel a shiver run through me as I say this.

Sharon steps in to bring us back to the issue at hand. "Now, though, let's see how you look in this dress and shoes."

Being already naked, I only take off my shoes and take the dress offered to me. I hold it up in front of me and I can see light through it. I don't see right through it, but the material is not blocking the light from behind it. I can also see that the bodice has the same appearance as the rest. Meaning there is no extra support sewn into it. My breasts will move. I slip the dress over my head and let it fall. There are no zippers. The dress hangs loose enough not to require it. The top is a spaghetti strap with a hanging loose fit. The back is totally backless. I check my back in the mirror and the dress hangs loose all the way to just above my crack. The hem stops above mid-thigh. The whole dress hangs. Leaning forward causes the front to fall away and exposes my breasts. John teases that standing right behind me and looking down he can just see the start of my crack. Sharon asks me to



twirl and I do. I can see in the mirror that it rises. I will be exposed completely if swung enthusiastically in a dance. Sharon pulls a chair out in front of the mirror and asks me to sit down. I do and the dress pulls up so when I look down I am just barely covered. Looking in the mirror, though, I can see the 'V' at the top of my legs. Crossing my legs only pulls the hem up higher. I glance up and John is smiling. Sharon is staring and finally says, "God, woman, I wish I could pull that off like you do."

Sharon asks me to put on the shoes and go into the shop and walk back towards the mirrors. I do and the image is startling. My breasts do move, more than I would have thought, and I am being careful. Also, I can catch images of nipples as they move under the material. I turn around and look closer and can just make out the image of my ass crack but I am specifically looking for it. It is not so blatant to be out there screaming to be seen.

Just then a man and woman, middle aged, enter the shop and seeing us in the back come to seek assistance. He sees the dress I am wearing and asks Sharon about it. Sharon responds with their names so they must be frequent customers. Sharon ends up having me model the dress, showing its fine points and the way it hangs and reveals. Finally, the woman says, "Honey, I love it, too, but there is no way I could pull off that look."

The man sighs but then looks at me and says, "Too bad because that is a beautiful look. Or it just might be on you, my dear."

I smile, "Oh, thank you, sir."

Sharon smiles at them, then says to me, "Wonderful. I think this dress is a hit and it fits just perfectly. Why don't you take it off and I'll package it up for you with the shoes."

I hesitate a moment thinking of the strangers. But, I follow her direction and pull the dress over my head and step out of the shoes. Standing in front of everyone naked, I shake out my hair and ask about my dress. John points to the front of the store where it was apparently left. I smile at everyone, slip into my shoes, and wind my way to the front and slip my dress over my head and zip it up. By that time Sharon is back with me. She is writing up the charging statements that will end up being settled by Mr. R and I sign the receipt.

As I turn to leave, I give Sharon a smile. Sharon returns it with her own knowing smile. She says, "Have fun tonight, dear. We will be in touch with Tim."

Mmmmm, I can't wait.

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## **RE-NEWED BEGINNINGS - EVENING WITH CARLOS**

When Tim and I arrive at the club, I am stunned. I never knew about this place. It is very nice. Tim drives up and stops outside the main entry. A young man comes up to open my door and then park the car. My heart skips a moment because I know what he will see when I move to step out of the car. He opens the door and offers a hand. I take it and he is focused on me. I swing both legs out together but as I shift forward to get out, my dress is pulled back even more. Despite my attempts I have flashed him. I smooth my dress down casually, and wait for Tim. Tim leans into me and instructs me to bend over to act as though I was adjusting the strap on my heels. I take a couple steps and stop, bend over at the waist and touch the strap on my right shoe. Those in front of me are clearly seeing my exposed breasts. Those behind get a view of my exposed ass. I straighten, look at Tim and he smiles his satisfaction. We enter the restaurant area and are led immediately to a

horseshoe booth and I see Carlos getting up. Tim has instructed me to always walk with my hands loosely at my sides. I can feel my breasts moving under my dress with each step. Carlos gives me a big hug and a quick kiss. He says, "I knew that dress would look great on you."

Tim indicates for me to slide into the booth between them. The waiter arrives almost immediately for our drink orders and in the middle of ordering, both men have a hand on a thigh. In sliding around the booth the hem is at the top of my thighs already. Tim says in a normal voice, "Michele, you may as well pull your dress out from under you. I would hate to have it to get wet in the process of this evening." I look at him and he is smiling. I look over at Carlos to see if he was paying attention and he is also smiling. I raise up and slip the dress out and sit back down.

The drinks come and I realize I have unconsciously opened my legs slightly with them stroking. We do the normal chit-chat with me asking all the right questions showing interest in the business and the meetings that have kept them so busy. Carlos finally says, "Really, Michele. That can't possibly be of interest to you. And we have been talking about it for far too long. I suggest we discuss something far more appealing at the moment. What have you been up to since moving in to your new property?"

So I gave him a run down on the things that been happening at the house. The minor things we've done to the house itself, some changes to and additions to some of the flower gardens, the addition of the vegetable garden and general things around the property. Tim gave me a nudge and suggested that I was leaving out a very big part of the daily routine. I looked at him, a little concerned, but then realized who I was talking to and what we have already participated in with him. So I said, "Tim's right, it is not specifically about the house or property but what it allows me to do. I have taken up running. Every day Cody and I run the perimeter of the property. It is six-tenths of a mile around the property and I am now up to twice around and probably would do more except for ..."

Carlos looks me in the eye and asks, "Except for what, my dear?"

"Except that Cody will only allow me so much time outside running naked before he makes it known he wants me."

"Naked? So you do your running naked? Wonderful. Yes, the seclusion does provide some extra allowances. So somewhere around the property Cody finally has you on the ground?"

"Yes. Outside is quite wonderful. But, then again, you know how much I enjoyed that from when we were at your estate recently."

"Yes, even with snakes around as I recall. So, this week, have you been able to maintain this routine?"

"Oh, yes, Sir. Of course it takes longer this week. Because the interruption in the run is three times longer."

"Wonderful, so the boys are fitting right in."

I look at him startled, wondering if that was a tease. He notices and says, "Oh dear that must have been Freudian. I just meant they must be getting along with Cody and your life style."

I laugh and with a blush say, "Actually, both meanings are true."

"All three, you really are amazing, Michele. I do have something I want to discuss seriously with you,

though. Tim has confided in me that after he accepted my offer that you were nervous that things might change for us or that you with me might change because he is now working for me. I want to assure you, Michele, as I have to Tim, already. Our private relationship is separate from the professional of running a business. I suppose in some terribly unexpected circumstance that Tim should not perform the whole thing would be off, but none of us can imagine that happening. I didn't walk into this like I was throwing some dice and hoping for a good outcome. I know what I have here in your husband. Just as you do. Both of us have unquestioned faith and trust in him. So, I do not see any change in our relationship or the activities or adventures, if you will, that we come up with for you. Okay?"

I looked at Tim and leaned over and kissed him. I then looked at Carlos, lowered my eyes to him and said, "Yes, Sir. That is completely understood and very definitely 'Okay'."

"Good." He raised his drink, "then here is to an enjoyable evening." We all clinked our glasses and enjoy a drink.

We had just finished our meals. Tim said, "I think enjoying the evening is absolutely in order." And with that he took the strap off my shoulder next to him and let it fall down my arm. A smile crossed my face. The bodice was so loose it was just hanging there. That side drooped without the strap support and exposing half of my breast. The waiter came to clear the plates. When he returned he kept his attention on me as though he expected my dress to fall from my breast at any moment. We all ordered a last after-dinner drink. Both hands were on my thighs and Carlos quickly went for my pussy. I was thoroughly wet and opened to his slightest touch. He slipped two fingers into me as I spread my legs a little further. As the waiter set our drinks down, Carlos pulled his fingers up and put them to my mouth and I sucked the fingers. The waiter stopped in mid motion and watched. It was getting late and there were few diners left. Tim asked if our staying was causing a problem. The waiter said no, it was still early, just a slow night.

Tim told him he had provided excellent service tonight. He then reached a hand across my neck and moved the other strap off the other shoulder. The top just hung there. Drooping slightly, slowly settling due to its weight unsupported. Finally, both sides fell exposing both of my breasts. Tim then asked us if anyone would like to see a dessert menu. I was shocked when Carlos played into this and said absolutely. The waiter smiled, turned and left. Returning with the dessert menus. I declined and the waiter stood in front of me trying to be discrete but failing as the men spent much too much time looking over the menu. Finally, they decided against anything but smiled at the waiter who was much appreciative of the delay.

I had turned a bright red and when the waiter left to get the bill Carlos leaned into me and said, "You know dear, one of the things about you that I love the most is how you can blush so fully. You can fuck a man or men or dog or dogs for hours, even in front of others, but you are also sensitive enough to be able to feel awkward and blush. A beautiful combination in a woman."

As we were about to get out of the booth, Tim said to me, "Michele, you can raise you dress top now."

"Thank you, Sir." I got out and smoothed down my dress in front and back and we walked out of the club for our cars.

Mr. R asked to Tim, "Can you join me in my hotel suite?"

Tim replied, "I think that is what we were all hoping. Michele?"

"Of course, Sir. You know my desire is to serve and satisfy both your needs and desires."

Tim said, "Good. Why don't you go with Carlos and I will follow in our car to the hotel."

When Mr. R's car is brought up he moves to the driver's side while a bellhop assists me into the car. As he is holding the door, I try to discretely get in and sit down but there is really no way of doing that in this dress without flashing my pussy. So I just let it happen and looked at him with a flirty smile and thanked him.

Mr. R said, "Those young men remembered you from earlier. Did you notice them jockeying for position to assist you?"

"No, Sir. Were they really?"

"Oh, yes, Michele. That dress has caused quite a stir among people tonight. Okay, there's Tim. We can go now."

"Michele, may I ask you something?"

"Of course, Sir, anything."

"When you were down to the island recently, was your time enjoyable, was the flight convenient and efficient? Were you treated well and did you feel safe at all times? And would you like to come back to the island, again?"

"Wow, Sir, that was a lot. But I didn't hear anything that wasn't a 'yes'. I always felt safe during the transportation and while on the island. And I very much would like the opportunity to renew acquaintances at the estate. Why do you ask, Sir?"

"Thank you, Michele. I was hoping that would be the case. Well, I have a proposition for Tim. But that is for later."

"Another proposition, Sir?"

"Oh, this one is really about you but will be for Tim's consideration. But, like I said, we will talk of it later."

"Yes, Sir. If this is your hotel, Sir, I think I will be repeating my display with the bellhops." We both laughed. But that was exactly the case as we pulled up and the bellhop came to the door to assist me. He didn't even have the door open when he saw how high my dress was. And just to make it better I pretended to stumble into the door and leaned forward causing the top to fall away and giving him a look at my breasts and nipples.

We waited in the lobby for Tim and I was receiving so much attention from the young men that Tim almost went unnoticed.

Tim looked a little mystified by our smiles as he walked up and Mr. R described the scene to him and then all three of us laughed but I started turning a blush red when I notice the men were still watching and talking among themselves. If they are still on duty when we leave, I will have to pay closer attention to their actions.

We crossed the lobby for the elevators. It was late so there was less traffic through the lobby and the elevators were waiting. The hotel was the type with a high atrium and the elevators were glass enclosed and were visible from around the hotel. I stood between the two men waiting for the elevator. Tim moved a strap off one of my shoulders as we waited. As in the restaurant, that side

sagged but held as long as I didn't move. The elevator opened and I stepped in followed by the men. As I turned to face the door, they saw that one breast was now mostly exposed. Mr. R then moved the other strap off the other shoulder and the whole top fell to my waist. The elevator was slow. Too slow, it gave them too much time to think. I was turned to face out, towards the hotel inside and visible to the floors as we passed them. Tim took my purse and Mr. R whispered in my ear, "Raise your arms, beautiful." They had this coordinated somehow because Tim then took the hem of my dress and pulled it up over my head. I was now standing in front of glass looking out at the hotel floors as they passed. And I was now only wearing thigh high nylons, my high heels, a necklace and earrings.

Tim asked, "Do you recall mentioning to me that time you went to the hotel with Nikki and Joe when you worked at that resort? Does this feel familiar?"

"Very much, Sir. Yes. I think I may need to stop telling you some of those things."

He leaned in and kissed me. He turned me and took me into his arms and kissed me long and hard. Then he turned me to Mr. R and he duplicated the action with his hands on my bare back and ass.

When the elevator stopped, I took a half step to the door when Mr. R said, "No, Michele, this isn't my floor."

My hand shot to my mouth and I mumbled, "Oh no!" But I composed myself. There was absolutely nothing I could do about it now and my men would protect me and take care of me if there was a problem. Wait, what did I just think? 'My men'? Yes, that is what I thought of them. But also at that instant, the elevator doors started opening. I straightened myself, legs straight and feet together and put a pleasant 'nice evening' smile on my face. An older couple started entering and stopped halfway in and halfway out. Funny, it was the woman who pulled him in.

When the elevator started, she snuck a look behind her and looked me up and down and then at Tim and Mr. R. Their floor came first, apparently as they did the shuffle people do getting ready to exit. But as they were she stopped, put her hand on the door to keep it open and looked me in the eye and then to 'my men'. I thought, oh no, here it comes. But instead she smiled, walked over to me, took my shoulders and gave me a hug and while in the hug she whispered, "Good for you dear. I wished I had had some of your in me when I was your age." She kissed my cheek, took her husband's arm and they disappeared.

When the elevator started, I sighed and said, "Oh my god. I was afraid she was going to slap me."

The next floor was ours apparently, but Tim asked, "What did she say to you?"

Without even thinking, I just stepped out of the elevator and waited for Mr. R to show us the way. I told them what she said. Mr. R said, "Room 2114, Michele. Well, I like that feisty old woman."

I walked to room 2114 and waited. They were at least ten feet behind. "Enjoy the show boys?"

Mr. R said, "Even more after you decided to swing your ass at us more."

"You caught that did you?"

Tim said, "Honey, a blind man would have seen that action."

Inside the room, I see it is really a suite. Mr. R opens the liquor case and pulls out some bourbon. "Michele, will you be drinking bourbon or wine?"

"A white wine would be good for me, thank you, Sir."

"Michele, would you be a dear and get us some ice for our drinks? Here is the ice bucket. The machine is down the hall."

I look at them both with their college boy smiles. "Of course, Sir."

They walk to the hallway with me. I should say to watch me. The classic hotel hallway exhibitionist game. Going to get ice naked. I walked deliberately and provided them with a show of my swaying ass. And then, just my luck, an overweight guy in pants and tee shirt comes out of his room with his ice bucket, too. He follows me to the machine and waits as I bend over to get the ice out, then walk back with the guys watching from in front and the other guy, I am sure, watching from behind. Yes, I was blushing red, again, by the time I got back to the room.

"Sir", I asked neither in particular, "is there any other way you might like to expose me tonight? There must be another way."

Mr. R, I should have known, replied, "Actually, there is another way. Go to the windows and pull the curtains open and stand there as we have our drink."

"I asked for that, didn't I, Sir?"

"Yes, Michele, you did."

I follow his direction and stand at the window while having my drink and talking with the men. At least we were on the twenty-first floor of the hotel. Except for building across the way I was virtually unnoticeable and those looked to be mostly office buildings.

I walked my empty glass to the kitchenette, asked them if I could freshen their drinks which they both accept. Delivering them, I stand before Tim and ask, "Sir, am I correct in the assumption that you will have use of my body yet tonight for your pleasure?"

"Yes, Michele, that is very definitely planned."

"While you continue with your drinks and discussion, may I prepare your cocks?"

Mr. R said, "Excellent, Michele."

I went to where Mr. R sat and knelt in front of him. I unbuckled, unbuttoned, and unzipped his pants and pulled out his semi-rigid cock. I then kissed the tip, took the head, just the head, into my mouth and sucked on it. Then removing it, kissed the tip and ran my tongue around the head and over the tip, teasing the hole. As he stiffened, and he was, I took more into my mouth and sucked harder, pulling up and twirling my tongue around the head and then lowered my mouth down over his cock. Now, fully rigid in my mouth, I took him to the back of my mouth and pushed a little to take him into the entrance to my throat and created a swallowing reaction to tease his cock further.

I pulled off of his cock, looked into his eyes, and smiled at him. His mouth was open and his breathing ragged. I then moved over to Tim and repeated the process. By the time I had Tim to the same condition, they both had long finished their drinks and were ready for whatever they had in mind. Because I was sure they had this planned, it was me who was still in the dark. But I was sure that whatever these two wonderful men had in mind for me would be exceedingly pleasurable and I would be very willing to perform.

Tim then took my hand and led me into the bedroom. He left me on one side of the bed and he walked to the other and it became clear that we were going to strip down the bedding as Mr. R walked in, now naked himself. I looked at him and smiled and he continued to the bed and lay on his back in the center. Tim whispered in my ear, "Time for your DP tonight, my love. Would you sit on his cock, please?"

"Yes, Sir." As I crawled over Mr. R and straddled his hips and took his rigid cock in my hand, "I would love to take this nice cock." I sat down on top of it and let myself slowly be penetrated to the hilt.

Mr. R took my arms and gently pulled me to his chest, kissed me on the forehead and then the mouth. He looked into my eyes as I felt Tim join us on the bed. I looked back and saw he was also naked now. Mr. R said, "Michele, you are an incredible woman. You are so stimulating and exciting, made more so by your ability to give yourself to us so openly."

Tim was pressed to my back and kissed my neck by moving my long hair out of the way and then nibbled on an earlobe, kissed a shoulder and then by turning my head, kissed my mouth. I returned the kiss to each of them in turn, sharing some tongue with each and said, "Thank you, both. Both, my two Sirs. But, you should both know that my ability to be so openly stimulating, exciting, responsive to you ..." and I gave each another passionate kiss while still penetrated by Mr. R's cock and Tim pressed to my back, his wife penetrated by another man, "... I am able to be so only because I can fully and completely put myself into your trust, both of you, that you will provide protection and safety to me. In that way, and only that way, I can release myself to be and to give what you want."

And as I completed that statement, I felt Tim apply lubricant to my asshole and he pushed his rigid cock inside. With deliberate intent, he had the head of his cock inside me. In only moments he was further inside and the two cocks were very aware of each other as one slid along the other. When Tim was fully seated inside me, Mr. R pulled me forward for another kiss while Tim reached around and took a breast into his hand and started pumping into my ass. Mr. R's cock was mostly trapped in my cunt and little movement was possible by him but he could easily feel Tim's cock slid over his separated only by a thin membrane. Then Tim stopped moving and pulled my hips up some which provided Mr. R with some freedom of movement and he pistoned his cock in and out of my cunt and providing the same sensation to Tim's cock. Back and forth they went as they used my body to bring satisfaction to their cocks. I had little movement capability being sandwiched between. This was them using my body. And it felt wonderful. I was definitely rising up on my sensations and arousal, my stimulation and abuse of my clit, cunt and asshole. Then Tim again grabbed both nipples and pulled and twisted at the same moment that Mr. R slipped a hand between our groins and found my clit and began rubbing and pinching it.

When Tim leaned forward and whispered in my ear, "Michele, we are going to use you again, tonight. This isn't all. And wait until you see how we plan to show you off in-between sessions", I went over the edge and came. I braced my body as Tim also drove his cock into my ass with even more force and deeper penetration. And when I did fully go into my orgasm, my body shook. From top to bottom. My shoulders and arms, my stomach, my legs, everything shook, quivered, and shivered. But I was still sandwiched between them and as the orgasm was rolling through me, braced as I could to hold myself up and remain in position for them, I felt first Tim and then Mr. R tense their cocks, drive their hips at me and then felt their cocks jerk as one and then the other spurting their seed into my holes. First my asshole and immediately followed into my cunt. I felt them, not just the jerk, but the semen in both. So tightly packed inside me, feeling their twitching inside me, against each other, the spurts ... and I rolled into a continuing orgasm that kept my shivering, my muscles shaking.

When we were done, actually many minutes after we were done, and our breathing and senses returning to us, I again felt the kisses from these two being showered onto me. Onto my neck, shoulders and back from behind and my face, mouth and ears from the front. I felt so appreciated. I felt so loved. By both of these men. Certainly by Tim, no question. The nearly overwhelming sense of the moment was the natural inclusion of Mr. R in that reaction. But no, it wasn't just the emotions of the moment following wonderful sex. It was the accumulation of past experiences and reaction and confirmed of the discussions Tim and I already had shared with each other. There really was something between us that we had previously recognized. And now we were trusting.

Tim moved first. Slowly extracting himself from my ass. And after his removal, I could feel his cum slipping out of what I was sure was a gaping asshole. Then, I raised myself and equally slowly raised my body up and off Mr. R's cock. And again feeling his cum leaking out of what I was also sure was a gaping cunt.

Then Mr. R got up, went to the phone and called Room Service. He order a particular type of champagne and three glasses, a bowl of chocolate covered strawberries, and a bowl of mixed berries. He hung up and turned to me. "My dear, they will be delivering the order in fifteen minutes. Do not clean yourself, brush your hair or anything but put your heels back on. Then, when the knock comes you will answer the door and lead the service person into the other room and have the person open the bottle, you taste it, and then pour the three glasses. Tim and I will come into this room and after the person leaves we will join you."

So, they really did come up with yet another way to expose me to strangers. And this time it will clearly be with that 'just fucked' look and if they looked closely, possibly with juices leaking out of my holes. But as if anticipating my visual, Tim added, "And as he is finishing that up, you will move to the end of the table and bend over to the floor, where you will have placed your purse, to get a twenty dollar bill for the tip. The table lamp will be arranged to be shining directly on your back as you bend over."

"Sir, don't you think that is going to give a blatant view of my used holes? Ohhh ... of course it is. What am I thinking? Yes, Sir."

Everything was positioned, the lamp, the purse with the twenty dollar bill, when the knock on the door came. The guys retreated to the bedroom, towels wrapped around them, while I went to the door, naked except for my thigh highs and high heels. I peeked through the view hole, verified it being Room Service and opened the door, held it open and gestured for him to bring the tray in and set it up in the living room. He looked at me several times as he walked by and I tried to act normal but I don't know that I was convincing. As he set up the bowls of fruit, the strawberries, and the champagne, he kept looking at me. He looked me up and down, stopping at my groin and at my breasts. He watched me as he also set up. As he took the bottle of champagne to open it, he glanced around the room and then again at me, or more appropriately, at my groin. I was getting nervous until he looked around the room and noticed the other door, the door leading to the bedroom and saw that it was slightly ajar. He took a step to the side in the process of opening the bottle and looked more closely at the door. His demeanor seemed to change and he still looked at me very blatantly but no longer seemed at all aggressive. And I was still nervous about the next move on my part, the bending over. But I was reassured by his recognition of the other room, the door ajar, and three glasses. At the appropriate moment I moved into position, bent over to retrieve my purse and take out the bill, turn, hand it to him and thanked him. Then letting him back out, I relocked the door and leaned against. God, I was dripping wet, again. That was such a turn on! Tim had already confirmed that when I bent over, if he looked and this guy obviously did, he would clearly see that I had just been fucked in both holes.

With the room door closing, Tim and Mr. R came out of the bedroom and quizzed me on what happened. I described the events and Tim clarified that they listened closely and decided to open the



door just to let him know I wasn't alone. It worked. Although I didn't hear the door open, he apparently had and that was why he moved over to look at the door closer. Mr. R indicated that he would discuss this person's behavior with the management.

We had some champagne, some strawberries and berries. The atmosphere relaxed considerably and our playfulness returned with the champagne. After the second glass I was curling up to Tim and slipped my hand under his towel and was playing with his cock, he was getting hard quickly. Tim suggested that I use my mouth again on Mr. R. I stood up and kissed Tim, showing Mr. R my ass and slightly spread my legs, hoping to show him my holes still with some cum showing. I moved over to Mr. R and knelt in front of him, took hold of his towel and opened it. I raised up and kissed him, kissed his chest and then the head of his cock which was already growing by the time I got to it. I took him into my mouth and he was hard.

While I was still down in front of Mr. R, Tim came up behind me and I felt lube being inserted into my asshole. Tim took hold of my shoulders and pulled me up to a standing position in front of where Mr. R was sitting, turned me so my back was now to Mr. R and moved me backward, my legs on either side of his until I was above his rigid cock being held straight up for me. Tim leaned in and kissed me and whispered into my ear, "Now it is his turn to enjoy your ass."

I smiled at him and kissed him back. Bent over, took Mr. R's cock in my hand and slowly lowered myself down. Touching his cock head to my asshole, I applied more pressure, very steady, very deliberate. Once the head pushed through my sphincter, the rest was easy. Inch by inch, with the lubricant and Tim's cum already in my asshole, his cock moved deeper and deeper into my ass. Once I was sitting on his legs, his cock as deep in my ass as it was going to go, I looked up to Tim who was still standing in front of me. He was holding two glasses of champagne in his hands which he handed to Mr. R and me. He then took a glass and sat down opposite.

I looked at him questioningly. He smiled and said, "No, Michele, this is just the preliminary. The real action will be later. Now, we enjoy the last of the champagne and we discuss something of importance to us all."

"What is that, Sir?"

"Michele, you are naked, sitting on another man's cock, which is firmly lodged in your ass, all directly in front of me and sipping champagne. How do you feel about this, my wife?"

I hesitate a moment. How do I feel? I feel wonderful. He put me in this position. I love it. "Sir, I feel wonderful. I feel fulfilled. Heck, I feel filled. I love that I can serve you, Sir. I love that I can serve both of you and even more so at the same time. You are both wonderful men who have given me much and helped me enjoy so much. But, you, Sir, Tim, my husband, you fulfill me like none other."

"Cody?"

"Well, yes, I guess I was thinking of men. Yes, Sir, you and Cody, certainly."

"What about Carlos, Michele? Tell me about your thoughts about Carlos."

"Mr. R, Sir?" I felt my ass tighten around his cock. I squeezed him involuntarily, spontaneously. I felt his hands tighten on my hips and his cock jerk, flex inside me. He felt my reaction, too. "Sir, Mr. R is similar. I trust him and consider our relationship with him to be exceedingly special."

Mr. R flexed his cock inside me, again. He said, "Michele, Tim and I have been talking about you, about us, the three of us. He confided in me some of the discussions you two have had about the

times we have shared at my estate. I would like to continue them and he agrees. We discussed your concern that our new work relationship might present a conflict, a threat. I want to assure you that the relationship we had is independent of these new opportunities that we now have put into place. Do you believe that, Michele?"

"Yes, sir, I do. Tim has assured me that it the case."

He flexed his cock, again. In reaction my asshole squeezed him back. Unconsciously I raised slightly and settled back down, several times. I looked at Tim. He was smiling and watching intently. Mr. R continued, "Michele, as I said, Tim and I have been talking and we think it is time to bring you into our consideration, our proposal."

"Me, Sir? If you have discussed this with Tim, Sir, why then me?"

"Because, Michele, it would affect your established limits and boundaries."

"Sir?" I looked at Tim for help, for explanation. And, the discussion was exciting me. I sensed that this was leading to something that would increase my involvement somehow, increased even beyond what we had done. The comment about limits and boundaries was an indication of change, of evolution of our adventure, of where our life was going. And as these thoughts went through my mind, my body again was moving up and then down on the cock in my ass. My mouth was open and I was intent on my ass, on the cock in my ass, but also intent on understanding what was being said.

Tim said, "Michele, your limits and boundaries indicates your submission to me. That you submit to my guidance and demands as I direct you without question or hesitation and to me alone."

"Yes, Sir. Have I somehow disappointed you?"

"Absolutely not, Michele! As I have told you, I think you are a magnificent submissive to me."

"Then what is the problem, Sir? What do I need to do?" I was again moving on the cock in my ass. Slow, small movements, but movements nonetheless.

Mr. R jerked into me, flexed his cock and said, "Michele, I propose that your limits and boundaries be amended. That they be amended, specifically, to include your submission to me as you are in submission to Tim."

I raised nearly to the top of his cock, hesitated there for a moment, looked Tim in the eyes, searched his eyes and immediately saw his warm, assuring smile and nod that he was in agreement. With that from Tim, I dropped completely, totally the full length of the cock and slammed my ass into his thighs. Taking him completely, deeply into me. Mr. R groaned and tensed. I looked up at Tim and he was broadly smiling at my action. He knew by that act, without my verbal comment, I had agreed. That was effectively my assent to the proposal. I wiggled my ass, raised and dropped again. My champagne, still in my hand was spilling. Tim got up and took the glass from me and then from Mr. R. He put both his hands on my hips and helped me rise and then slam me down. My hands were shifted to his knees for my leverage to assist my rise and drop.

Tim came forward and dropped to his knees in front of me, inserted a hand between my legs and slipped a couple fingers into my cunt and his thumb onto my clit. As I felt myself peaking, I clenched, wiggled, and slammed myself into Mr. R. And, as I went over my peak, into my orgasm, I felt his body tighten, his cock tense and jerk inside me, and begin spurting, and again, and again. When I felt he was done, I stopped moving on him and I leaned back into his chest. He brought his hands up to my breasts and hugged me to him. We were both breathing hard, waiting to gather ourselves

before saying anything further, before doing anything further.

Tim was looking at me and smiling. I smiled back to him but stayed where I was, on Mr. R, penetrated by his cock in my ass. Tim said, "Do I assume that was your agreement to also including Carlos into our submission arrangement?"

We laughed. I felt Mr. R's shaking from the laugh as I lay on his chest. I raised my hand and found the side of his face and I stroked it. "Sirs, yes, I consent to extending my submission to Mr. R. May I ask a question, Sir?"

Tim replied, "Of course, Michele."

"Does this mean Mr. R can have control over me without your being involved? Without you being present?"

"That is what that would be, Michele. You would accompany Carlos without me, even travelling with me and without me. Would that add a concern for you, Michele?"

"No, Sir. As we have talked, we both have come to have full and complete trust in Mr. R."

Mr. R tweaked my nipples and flexed his shrinking cock in my ass and said, "Thank you, Michele. Thank you for your trust. Your other limits and boundaries will of course be honored and respected."

My instinct was correct. Things had changed. And the anticipated change appears to be magnificent in potential and will prove even better in reality.