

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



The definition of evolution can be simplified as the adaptation to a changing environment. Evolution is neither good nor bad; it is only the adaptation necessary for survival. In science, it is relative to a species to increase the likelihood of the survival of descendants. This is not a story over millennia. This is only a story following one woman; a story chronicling her evolutionary adaptation to the changing environments she encounters. While proving adept at adaptation to new environments, she is also adept at seeking new environments.

The setting for the story is the modern day South in the US, specifically the southernmost region of Alabama, Baldwin County. The very large, and therefore secluded and private, estate in the story is located about midway between the cities of Daphne and Robertsdale. More defined still, it contains sections of the Fish and Corn Branch Rivers and is heavily treed with long leaf and slash pine. The story is historical in the perspective of Miss Ryn recounting her life. The settings are purposely vague except for general geography. The settings are intended to be remote, isolated, and private. A setting made possible through wealth and eccentricity, along with the general geography of the region.

From a county wide population perspective and the isolation of the estate, the county population in 1995 was not quite 121,000 and grew to a population of 195,500 in 2013. Having established a large estate in the early years, this locale provided the security that was ultimately enjoyed by the inhabitants of the story, including Miss Ryn.

With an average July temperature in the mid-80's and an average January temperature in the mid-50's, the region supports an active outdoor lifestyle with some accommodation for the winter months.

This is primarily the story of one woman who found that life and the personal pursuit of worth, accomplishment, and being valued as a person and a woman must sometimes be found along the strangest of paths. Her necessary escape from one life and purposeful changes in subsequent ones, led her into a life she couldn't have considered or imagined, previously. But it would lead her on a journey of discovery and fulfillment, ultimately learning about herself through those in her new life who cared for and guided her, providing her with opportunities she would never have expected or enjoyed, otherwise.

The story is told by the main character, Lauryn Hill, as she shares her life story with those she loves later in life and with whom they continue to evolve together. As such, this story is from the perspective of present day experience and sharing, and historical in the story's telling of her beginning. I hope it flows well and the perspectives are clear.

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## **CHAPTER ONE**

'What are you supposed to do when the last of the best people you have ever known is now gone?' That was the singular thought that rewound in my brain and heart as I sat among these people. These people were, at least for the most part, good people. Most of them were here only to pay their respects, also. Not all of them, though, and I could pick those out of the group. And it was easy; they didn't even know I was probably doing it, either. Checking each one of them out individually, that is. You see, I had decided to go 'retro' today. Not that it was easy, especially in this part of Alabama, but I was finally able to put the appropriate attire together. I had checked myself in the mirror just prior to leaving the house for the long walk across the mowed yard to this particular location on the side of the hill at the edge of the trees where everyone was gathering. I went full black. My dress, although from fitting, was to the ground. The bodice was fitted, but I was covered to include a

buttoned collar. The sleeves were long, to my wrists and disappeared into long, black lace gloves. I wore a brimmed black hat with black lace veil over my face and trailing down my back. My shoes were black flats and I wore black sheer stockings, not panty hose. Not that it mattered, though, because even my shoes were not visible.

So, as I sat looking over the assemble group of people, I was invisible inside the black. It served me well for two reasons. One, I really did want to observe without being observed myself. I know I was considered somewhat eccentric, I know we all were within the estate. I guess that is the result of living a life away from the rest of society, except as necessary for the basics of living. Sure, we interacted with others, even became something of regional benefactors, but it was largely accomplished without letting others into our circle. Second, and the true reason, this woman was more special than any woman I had ever known. She was a mentor, a trusted guide and confidant, a lover and best friend, but mostly, she was the only person who had completely taken my heart and given hers to me. I wasn't at all sure that I wasn't going to become a basket-case before the end of this short ceremony.

The ceremony wasn't really a ceremony. Well, okay, it might be a ceremony of sorts, but what it really was is a memorial. It wasn't religious. That wouldn't have sat well with her, much less me. We weren't religious. We had a spirituality about us, but it was more of the world, the entire world view, and a world view that incorporated animals as ourselves. Actually, it was that view that established the precedent for this ceremony. What was happening in this ceremony was putting to rest the remains, ashes really, of Helen Taylor. As peculiar as it may sound, it started with the dogs.

I was sitting alongside a marker that was about two feet high at the lowest side and having a sloped top to about three feet high. On the surface was a plaque containing the names of our loved ones already occupying the small vault in their own urns. In addition to the newly inscribed name of Helen Taylor, was her husband George Taylor, and the man who originally owned the estate and brought me to it, Jacob Thrower. There was room for only one more urn, mine. It might sound morbid, but it wasn't. It was merely practical. We had determined this was the proper way for us to be interned. The dogs? Across the open vault from where I sat was an identical marker. The plaque on it was covered in names. Inside its vault were the dogs who had enriched our lives. Not all the dogs because we ended up with a few strays. The ones we placed here were those that had become a part of our family, a special part of our lives.

When the first one died, I still remember it clearly, I was beside myself that the custom was to take the carcass out into the woods and bury it in a shallow hole. No! He was far too important to me. Especially at that time in my life at the estate, but that will be better understood later. To appease me, Mr. Thrower created a makeshift marker in this very spot. When the next dog died, he formalized it with the marker that currently exists. That was when we came up with the idea of cremation and using individual containers. No, the dogs did not end up with expensive urns.

My attention was brought back to the ceremony. Various people had stepped forward to address the assembly and me. Miss Helen and I both were on several charity boards. She had been on two, the Baldwin County Humane Society and the Kid's Lighthouse that provides services to violence and sexual assault to minors. I was on the boards or governing committees of two organizations, also. I suspected I might be asked to take on one of Helen's. It did not escape us that our involvement in these organizations were true and heartfelt, but reinforced the need to protect from the general public and media what had taken place within this estate. It was so much easier in the days before social media and the internet.

The last speaker had concluded and the people were filing past the vault. I stood at the side of the vault and watched as single white roses were dropped into the vault around the urns. As each rose

was dropped, I reached for the next person to shake a hand or give a hug depending on the approach the person initiated.

When the last person walked from the vault, I breathed deeply, a sigh-gasp all in one. I hadn't even noticed that I was trying so hard, holding myself so tightly. I raised my head up to the sky and cursed the environment we enjoy here. My heart was dark and heavy, my best friend and completely safe confidant was now, once again, alongside her loving husband and the man they had come to this country to care for. A wry smile came to me, fleeting but it came. My early time here, so strange in itself, but I thought Mr. Thrower was just an eccentric old man who liked the idea of servants, and professional ones at that. But, that wasn't it. Helen and George Taylor were trained in the fine art of service in the best of the British tradition. But, additionally, Mr. Thrower was sick, dying, and really did need the additional care. Now, all three of them are gone, at my feet in their beautifully ornate urns.

That was one of the reasons for the black, including the veil and hat. Yes, I am a bit eccentric myself now, but I also didn't think it was right; it wasn't right at all. My heart was heavy, it would have been better for me if the sky was dark or overcast, even slightly chilled. But it wasn't, it was sunny, nearly cloudless and just on the high side of warm.

"Miss Ryn?" It was tentative, "Can we do something for you Miss?" I knew who it was immediately, without needing to look. But, as my eyes did focus, I found that I had taken a seat on the chair, again, leaning forward, my elbows resting on my knees. I was staring into the vault, but with all this black hiding me that might have been hard to discern.

I bounced up from the chair, knocking it backwards by the sudden and abrupt motion. They were ten feet away, respectfully giving me space, but concerned enough to come to me. These two of all the people who had been here. If I checked toward the house, I was sure to find all the others on the back patio partaking in the after-ceremony reception. But ... not these two ... these two were the last two men that I truly believed had my back, would protect me, hold my trust as if it were the greatest treasure they could have. I crashed into them, my arms encircling each of their necks, my head coming to rest on one of their shoulders, the other right there, too. I cried. I sobbed. It seemed like a long time. But both of them stood their ground, just holding me, each stroking my shoulders and back. The familiarity of years together.

I felt the hat and veil being removed from me. I opened my eyes and had trouble focusing, at first through the tears. I then recognized that my cheek had landed on Albert, Jesse was the one removing my hat and veil, allowing more comfort for my head against them. I sighed and turned to the other direction, now resting on Jesse's shoulder. These two ... of all the others ... these two ... I loved these two, they were like family, and that was why I knew it would be these two. The two groundskeepers.

Albert, a big black man of 'about 35'. He swears it is 'about' because he isn't quite sure what year he was born. He had been with us for 9 years now. He had been divorced by his wife for infidelity. That was when we hired him, put him in treatment for depression, and got him an apartment. He had been married at a young age while in the Army, and was deployed overseas shortly after the birth of their child. When he returned, he discovered she had been having affairs with other men. He didn't bother with getting proof; he was angry, very angry. He decided to 'show her' and had his own affair. The problem was that his wife was hoping for that, had him followed, and documented the affair. She then divorced him, got the house, child, everything. He left the service as soon as he could and drifted until he answered our ad.

Jesse: I might have thought he was a big man, if not for Albert. Jesse is Hispanic and 33 years old,

having been with us for 7 years. As far as we knew, he had never married, but we knew he had a family back in Mexico. Someone very important was there that he never talked about, because he sent a portion of his check back there each pay time. Up until just the last year when he suddenly stopped. He seemed preoccupied for a very short couple of weeks and then was his old self, again. He never brought it up and we never pressed him. We all had our issues and we all understood that some things were best left personal and private.

These men have proven their loyalty. I trusted them completely in anything about the estate or my person. But they weren't the only ones who had earned my complete trust. Back at the house was Dori, the housekeeper and cook. Dori is a small, trim black woman. Like me, she came from a 'dirt poor' family. Like Albert and Jesse, she works in the house three days a week, the same days as Albert and Jesse. She is 31 years old and hired when she was a mere 16 years old nearly 15 years ago. She's been with us (now me) the longest. She never shared anything of her past, why she ran away, or why she would never even discuss it. She has always seemed well adjusted, if not shy or introverted. I had often wondered if she might open up if she knew something of my background, but I never could figure out an appropriate way to initiate the discussion.

When my tears stopped, and my breathing became more regular and easy, I said, "Thank you. I'm sorry for doing that to you. A silly woman, huh?"

I stepped back, but Jesse held onto my shoulders. He looked to Albert but spoke to me, "No, Miss Ryn. Not you. You give so much, you always have. Miss Helen and George, too. Don't apologize for feeling what you should. Albert and I ... we were just concerned when you didn't return with the others. We didn't mean to intrude."

Albert added his, "We're sorry if we intruded on your time, Miss Ryn."

I shook my head at them. "You two. What am I going to do with you?" I took their hands in mine; they were dwarfed in both of them. Albert reached down for my hat and veil that I had already forgotten about. I walked them toward the patio. "I think we could all use some 'refreshment'." I squeezed their hands.

When they realized what I intended, Albert stopped, "No, Miss. You know if it were just us, we would race you up there. But, you are different, Miss. This is still the deepest of the South and to most of those people, we are just the hired help. We'll just go in the side and help Dori. It will be better, but ... if you ..."

I reached up and put a finger to his lips. I was still holding Jesse's hand. "I will ... in fact, tell Dori that I said to get that special bottle for us to share. You make sure she does it, because she won't want to. I think this is a good time to open that bottle and you three are the ones I want to share it with." I waved my arm at the patio, "These will be gone in an hour. Please stay, please. You are all I have left." Tears came to my eyes, again.

I walked up to the patio and greeted the guests, for they seemed more like guest than mourners. I passed through the crowd greeting them, taking their words, and responding with thanks for their coming. It was so much bull-shit. But, it was what society was. Politics of a wide range would be played out at gatherings such as this, especially where such wealth was gathered. I feigned fatigue to finally get the group back to their cars for the long drive back to the city.

When the last of the cars passed through the gates of the estate, I relaxed and slumped my shoulders and a wave of tears overtook me, again. Why is it that when you are the one hurting that you feel the need to be strong, so the people who should be there to give you comfort instead don't

feel uncomfortable? But, that is the way I have felt. I watched as the last car passed through the gates and I pressed the remote for the gates to close and lock. It had become a habit to watch and make sure the gates closed, so I stood there, tears streaming down my cheeks as I completed this last task.

My focus was such that I was unprepared for the thin arms of Dori as they encircled me from the back. I turned into her, immediately putting my face into her bony shoulder. She just held me and whispered over and over, "There you go, Miss, just let it come out. There you go, Dear, you're safe now, just let it all out ..." When I felt the large, hard body of Albert press into me from the back, adding his own arms around me, my tears and sobs increased. I felt like a child being shielded and taken into her mother's protective embrace where no emotional release need be embarrassing. But, when I felt Jesse embrace us from the side, completing the engulfing of my being into their warmth and love, my release wasn't just crying or sobbing, it became a wail as my entire being finally released all the hurt, sorrow, and grief from my heart and soul.

They let me be, like their hurting child being held, embraced, and soothed with no concern for time or weariness. They let me be, engulfed, surrounded, and smothered in their care, patience, understanding, and love. I nearly went limp, but even if I had, I was supported every way possible, physically from falling and emotionally from self-consciousness or embarrassment. It was some time after I stopped wailing, sobbing, or crying before they broke the circle of support and led me back into the house. We finally had that glass of champagne I had been saving, that special bottle. They protested, of course, right up to the point that the cork went flying and bounced off the ceiling, which brought delight to all of us. It was as if something broke, something broke through the tension of the day, and I finally, at the end of the day, was able to relax and have some peace. Finally, when left alone with the few important people who were remaining in my life.

The next morning when I woke, the sun was up and I lay in bed wondering what I was going to do. For the better part of the past 26 years, there had always been someone in my adult life to tell me what to do. For better or worse, I knew that was me; that was how I was wired. Initially, it was for the worse. It wasn't until I came to the estate that I found I could actually allow myself to be controlled and still be safe. I have lived that way ever since. At 44 years old, the past 20 years have been a mostly satisfying experience living out my natural tendencies of submissiveness. Sure, much of the outside world saw a strong and confident woman who sat on Boards, easily made decision for charities of various natures. A woman who contributed money in large sums with deliberate and careful analysis. That was the outside woman, the one who struggled and worked hard at presenting an image. The other woman, the woman I was, the woman inside the estate was much different. But, now what I going to do? It had been hard since George died two years ago, leaving Helen and I on our own. She was wonderful for trying but she had her own submissive tendencies. It was like an addiction or a hunger, a desire, a need to be controlled and directed in the most intimate parts of my life. Without that source of control from someone, it was like a withdrawal, something missing that I felt I must have. Needless to say, it had been unsatisfying since then. I resolved finally that age presented a need for change, perhaps. All good things must come to an end? That I needed to evolve? It was like an introvert trying to be a great salesman. The technical aspects of the job might not be terribly challenging to learn, but the people, the constant people. An introvert isn't wired that way, to always be with people, to talk, to create talk, to make others easy in a situation. An introvert wants to tell people to leave, get away, and stop bothering me. That's the way I felt. To always be in control, to find my own satisfactions and experiences was for me like a fish to live out of water.

I was on my side staring out the open balcony door of my suite. I love this room. I loved it from the moment I first moved into it, and that wasn't when I first came to the estate. It was much later. There were French doors that opened out to a small balcony that overlook the pool and patio and the back of the property. The room was large, as all the bedrooms were inside the estate house. The

massive bed, dresser, and makeup table occupied a large part of it, but there was also a sitting area that allowed privacy for myself, if I desired it (or was allow it). I was naked, of course. I always slept naked, that was the way they had wanted me when I slept with any of them and it just became my habit. Then, I heard a noise, again. The first time I put it out of my head as just a sound that could be anything, but it wasn't. There was a sound somewhere in the house. I got up and walked quietly to the hall door, cracked it and listened. At first, there was nothing, and then I could swear I heard a voice, then others. I heard a distinct clang as something metal banged into something metal and it was followed by swearing. Dori? Was that Dori's voice? Then I heard the distinctive baritone voice of Albert. There is no mistaking that voice. I gently shut the door and leaned up against it. What were Dori and Albert doing here? This was there day off.

I absently reached for my robe hanging by the door and slipped it on. I didn't even think about it. It was thin, so thin my nipples would show through, and short. It dropped down just past my ass cheeks in back and had a single tie at the waist in front. It held the robe closed but only at that spot. The light, thin material had a tendency to gape and open as I moved. It wasn't uncommon for my breast to become exposed or my pussy. That was, of course, why I was supposed to wear it. That was from George originally, being the dominant after Mr. Thrower died, but Helen like to see me in it, too. As I said, I didn't think about it, it was what I put on every morning. So, barefoot, I made my way to the grand stairway of the estate house to the first floor and the kitchen at the side of the house.

I stood at the kitchen door and quietly pushed it open, wanting to see what was happening before I confronted them about using up their free time being here. Dori was at the oven, bent over to take something out. The kitchen table was occupied by two people drinking coffee and trying to discuss something without making too much noise. Jesse was at the table facing the door and noticed it opening. When his attention was fixed on me, Albert turned around while Dori continued to talk. Albert and Jesse now stared at me in surprise as Dori became quite animated in her plea, "I am telling you, she needs our help. I don't know how we would help exactly, I don't know about those things, but ..."

She must have sensed something in the quiet and glanced over her shoulder. Seeing everyone quiet and fixed on something behind her, she turned the other way and saw me, banged the pan she was holding into the stove and stood up straight.

"Miss Ryn! I'm sorry, Miss, did I wake you with my clumsiness this morning?"

"No, Dori, I was awake. I was just thinking in bed when ..." I looked at each of them, "What are you doing here? This is your day off."

Dori responded first, "We were worried about you, Miss Ryn."

Jesse stood up and turned to me, "We didn't want you to be alone this morning."

I smiled, a little embarrassed, but greatly touched. "Which one of you planned this?"

They looked around at each other, nobody saying anything, until Albert finally volunteered, "Nobody, Miss Ryn. Nobody planned anything. We each just showed up this morning and found each other."

Now I was deeply touched. Each one had the same sense of need to do something for me even if they didn't know what that something might be. Tears were again coming to my eyes, tears of thanks and gratitude and love. I walked to each of them, Albert was the closest. I put my arms around his massive body, pulling myself to him and kissed him, for the first time on the lips, "Thank you, Albert. I don't know what to say."

I repeated the action to Jesse, and then walked around the table to Dori at the stove who was looking a little tentative about what she had just witnessed. I wasn't going to back down, though; I wanted to express the same level of gratitude to each of them. After a kiss on her lips, too, I pulled my head back and looked into her eyes and I smiled. She smiled back.

I looked at the oven, which was sitting open. The inside was empty and the oven was turned off, now cooling. The pan she had taken out of the oven was on top of the stove. It appeared to be a soufflé. An idea popped into my head that might help us find an understanding of what they might be thinking without knowing it and what I might need but too nervous to ask for it.

I took Dori by the shoulders and moved her to the table. "You all sit. I will serve you, today."

Hearing me say that, she spun around and confronted me, "No, Miss Ryn! We serve you!"

I smiled pleasantly but firmly responded, "No, Miss Dori! This time, I serve you!"

I got her to sit, though. She may have been shocked by my reference to her, by my firmness, but she followed my lead and sat. I proceeded to dish up the breakfast and then presented it to each. Finally, taking mine, I sit at the table with them. It is quiet as we eat.

"Why did you say that, Miss Ryn?"

"Why did I call you Miss Dori? Because I respect you, Dori. I do all of you. I respect you, trust you fully, and ... I need you. You've shown me recently just how much."

They are sharing glances back and forth; I know someone will eventually address what they are all wondering. It's Dori, "Miss Ryn, we are wondering what you are going to do now that it is just you here."

"Are you worried that I might sell the estate and leave?"

She looked a little shocked and looked to the others in surprise, "I ... we ... never considered that? Are you?"

I laughed and reached across the table and held her hand, "No! Why would I leave? How could I leave? Everything that has been good for me has happened here." I surveyed the faces around me, "And, I am not alone. At least, I hope I'm not. You're not thinking of leaving me, are you?"

This was their turn to laugh and I had two sets of hands on my shoulders in support, "No! We feel the same way. You've treated us extravagantly all these years and we know it was you. You always told us not to talk about what we make here. Initially, we thought it might be because each of was special and making more. We know that isn't the case. It was because it might cause trouble for other employers and other workers."

I tried to look innocent, "How do you know that?"

Dori looked at me and smiled, "Miss Ryn ... you trained me to take over parts of the finances of the estate because there just wasn't much for me to do with just you and Miss Helen. I have seen our finances, Miss Ryn. Generous isn't the word. There is no word."

I looked guilty. I thought I had been getting away with padding their accounts. "Well ..." I wasn't sure what I wanted to say, but Albert interrupted me.



“Miss Ryn. You need to know something. Your generosity makes it nice for our future, but that is not the reason we want to be here, why we want to continue to be here, and why we are here this morning.”

Dori jumped in, she seemed excited to add her expression, too. “Miss, the reason you were even able to call me ‘Miss Dori’ without thinking about it, making it a big deal, for it to just flow out of your mouth, that is the reason we are here. Because of the woman you are and have allowed us to experience for ourselves, individually and as a group.”

I was shocked when Jesse’s mouth opened and followed along Dori’s thought. Jesse was definitely the most reserved of the bunch. “Miss Ryn, they are all right and we all feel that way about you. You have never treated us as servants or the help. It was and is clear that you trust us to do our jobs and don’t bother us, but you are always available if we need a question or guidance. You made our jobs easier by setting up accounts at stores so we can just get the supplies we need, rather than having to bother you.”

It was back to Dori. “We feel so fortunate to know you, Miss Ryn. We are all outcasts of one form or another, but not to you. The biggest thing? The biggest thing that we talked about the most was all those things you do. You talk to us! You simply walk up to us as we are working, give us a hug, a touch, a helpful assist ... if we let you. You’re a real person to us, Miss Ryn, not just an employer.”

Damn. More tears were coming into my eyes and a couple drops ran down my cheek. They looked a little embarrassed. I was feeling a little embarrassed, to be honest. I seemed to be releasing a tremendous amount of affection and appreciation. But, every bit of it was true. And, I now felt free to express it, even needing to express it.

“But, I am intrigued by something I overheard as I enter, before you were aware of me. You three were talking about something, intently, and Dori said, ‘I am telling you, she needs our help. I don’t know how, exactly, I don’t know about those things’. What were you talking about, what specifically do I need your help with, and what are the ‘things’ you don’t know about?”

They were nervous; it must be about something particularly sensitive in their minds. “Guys, come on! After all this, you can’t share something with me? I thought this was all about our trust in each other. Talk to me ... please.”

Dori knew it was her words that led to this questioning. “Miss Ryn, it’s just that ... suddenly I am less sure of my understanding of the situation. And, it is very personal and sensitive.”

I smiled at her, “My dear Dori, Jesse and Albert ...” I was going around the table, “Do you believe how I feel about you?” They all nodded, easily. “Then trust me. Whatever you say, I know it is in the spirit of your concern for me. Even if you are wrong, how can I question the intention?”

Dori took a deep breath, “Miss Ryn, we know you are very sexual and that you have been for as long as we have been here. Okay, you all probably thought you were being discrete for our benefit and for the most part, you were. But, we know things that happen.” She looked to her companions, “I don’t think most employers understand just how much their help knows, even when it isn’t obvious.”

Albert offered, “Although it has been a number of years now, we knew you were with the dogs many days, even sometimes on days we were here. It was clear that you tried to be careful, perhaps not to offend us, but sometimes Jesse and I saw you mating the dogs just inside the woods. We might be a ways off, but we could tell.”

Dori offered her circumstantial evidence, “And, you think I didn’t notice how often only one bed was

used? Even when Mister George was here?"

I chuckled to indicate I was caught. "Okay, I admit it, I am sexual. So, what you were talking about is my sexual needs?"

Dori wasn't done, "Miss Ryn, it isn't that you are sexual. Heck, lots of people are sexual." She looked to the others, for support and courage. But, she finally said it, "Miss Ryn, I think you are submissive, maybe even very submissive and that was what Mister George and later Miss Helen gave you. You need someone to guide you, control you in that part of your life. Am I wrong, Miss? If I am wrong, I am sorry."

I was stunned and I think my face showed it. I didn't say anything but to look at her for a long time and then at the rest of them. I think the silence unnerved them and that was not what I wanted to project to them, but I didn't know what to say or do in response. All that I could manage to get out was a stammering series of, "I ... I ... you ... well, I ..." without getting anything further. This was certainly not what I was expecting to come out of them. I assumed they merely wanted to assure me that they would be there for me in whatever way they needed to be, that they cared for me as much as I had shown them that I cared for them, and that they wanted to continue that. Then, when the issue of the dogs just came up, I was surprised. Yes, I thought I had been discrete with them. Yes, it was supposed to be obvious to first Mr. Thrower and continue with George and Helen in the continuation of my role forever at the estate. But, I apparently wasn't as effective in keeping that from these three as I had assumed. It wasn't that I was ashamed of that, I wasn't. I was comfortable in my role, but the concern was offending these others who weren't directly involved.

My head was down in thought, trying to work out my feelings and my reaction. I needed to respond to them, the silence was too long. They had taken my comment to heart, that they should be able to say anything and we would talk it out. They had done that and I could now see why it had taken some effort, they had taken a huge step in faith to bring to the surface the detail of their concern for me. Now, it was clear to me what they meant, 'what will you do?' It wasn't just my emotional state or my possible loneliness; it was also my needs that they had identified. And, even if they didn't know what to do about helping me with those needs, that part of my personality that needed to respond to direction and control, they went way out on a very flimsy limb to express their desire to do ANYTHING for me.

Tears came to my eyes, again. Jeez, how many times is this going to happen with these three? They continue to bring this out of me. This time, though, it is not their sensitivity to my emotional needs and comfort. This time it is their willingness to take such a risk for me, that they really did trust me this much that they, employees of the household, could confront the lady of the house, a woman that the rest of the local society saw as a confident, if not commanding, influence in a number of charitable causes, but otherwise uninvolved in the community. These three knew why.

For the first time that morning, I became very conscious of how I was dressed among them. My head down, wiping the tears from my eyes, I saw how this thin robe gaped open at the top and how the bottom fell open on either side of my legs. I was used to this robe. I was used to the reason why it was given to me to be worn. That was George and Helen, though, and their interests, intentions, were clear. A single tie at the waist that didn't allow overlap of the two sides meant that it seemed closed just standing, but gave glimpses of my body otherwise. Suddenly, I was very aware of a sexual tension building within me and I looked up at them, looking at them from the tops of my eyes, my head still downcast. I checked each of their faces and found tension in them, but not like the tension building in me. Their tension was nervousness, if not outright fear that they had expressed too much. Every other emotion and feeling I had been able to identify and express about them was now coalescing into a single all-encompassing emotion ... love.

I forced my face up to look into each of their eyes and back to Dori, "No, Miss Dori, you are not wrong. Maybe it was naïve of me to think we were fooling you all, but I thought we were. I thought that was a secret. Do you think less of me now? Now that I admit it to you and validate what you thought?"

Dori, who was sitting across from me, put her hand on my arm and ran her thumb over the top of my hand. "Miss Ryn, we love you. We only want you to be happy. We ... although we've talked about this very briefly, we don't ... we don't know ... we don't know what to do for you."

I stood up and approached each from behind, pressing my body into them, my arms around them, and kissed each on the neck. Not a peck, not a greeting type kiss, but a kiss with heartfelt meaning even if it was on the neck. I came to Albert last and he surprised me. The others seemed almost embarrassed, certainly unsure of how they should react. From Dori her hand came up and touched my cheek as I kissed her. But Albert put both hands up and took hold of my arms around him. As I started to pull back, I realized he was not just touching me, but he was holding me in place, holding me in contact to him.

I first felt his head move and then saw him look to the others and his hands squeezed me tighter. He loosened his hold and I reluctantly backed away, but he continued to touch my arm as he pushed his chair back from the table just a couple feet. Then, he surprised not just me, but the others as well. "Miss Ryn, please sit on my lap." I lowered my eyes and didn't look at anyone else, just into the face of this man, this big, powerful, black man. He was one of the darkest black people I have ever seen. If I hesitated, it was for only the slightest moment. I stepped to his side and sat back onto his lap, my legs crossing as I did. "Don't cross your legs, Miss Ryn." I uncrossed them immediately and my robe fell open below my waist. My legs were still together so I didn't show my privates, but the implication of the request and the result of my compliance was immediately apparent to all of them.

"I finally believe you, Dori. I was reluctant before, it seemed to ... I don't know what exactly. Maybe too much for a lady like Miss Ryn. But, now I believe you." One of his arms was around my shoulders, the other around my waist. He was holding me firmly to him, but the hold was safe and sure. He was not taking the opportunity to touch me. The bottom of my robe was gaped open, a slight indication from him, my legs could have been spread, and I would be fully exposed. The top was gapped by the position I was sitting. I was sure at least a couple of them could see a breast and nipple. I shivered and his hold became slightly more comforting, as though he might have thought the shiver was from being cold on this warm and humid morning. My face was buried in his shoulder; I even wiggled slightly in settling into him. But, it didn't last long.

"Miss Ryn." He was getting my attention, so I pushed slightly from his chest and looked at him, and then glanced at the others. I know I was blushing. I had responded to him so easily and that would only happen by trust and comfort. But still ... "We want to stay with you; this place is more than a job for us."

Jesse quickly added, "This is more like an extended family than a job, Miss Ryn."

Dori smiled at me, then the men, "Miss Ryn, we couldn't have dared bring up this issue to you unless that was true, unless that was the way we all felt and were convinced that was the way you felt, too." She looked down at her hands on the surface of the table, and then looked at the men. "You know ... we haven't talked about it, but I think we would all be here if you couldn't afford to pay us anymore. We know that's not the case and maybe that statement doesn't mean much as a result, but it is how we feel."

I sit up straighter so I can get my arms around Albert, which only stretches the robe opening even

more. I am aware of the potential, but I am okay with it now. I kiss his cheek and smile across the table at Jesse and Dori. What a group we are. "That statement means a tremendous amount to me. It isn't as important what we know in our heads as what we feel in our hearts. And, it seems we all agree about what our hearts feel. But, what does that mean for us?"

"What indeed? We all want to help you, Miss, but we don't know how? What does it mean for us to help you be happy? It has seemed that since Mister George died, you have been ... what would be the word?"

I offered, "Frustrated."

"Yes, frustrated. I think we can help but we will need your help for us to help you. That sounds weird ... but, you know what I mean?"

I smiled at her, still with my arms around Albert, now pulling in tighter. "I do. And, yes, it is awkward. You understand, though, that it means you three will try to challenge me and encourage me into sexual situations, to have sex and to bring pleasure. One of the things about a real submissive is that I want to be challenged, to be put into situations that I might not otherwise be able to do on my own. Another part is that my role is to bring pleasure to others as a primary intention before my own pleasure. In other words, when I am in the role, my purpose is to focus on the person I am serving without concern of my own pleasure. Don't get me wrong, one almost always leads to the other. Maybe, with the three of you working together, you can do this. Maybe, if we start just among ourselves and see how you feel about it? Is that really what you want?"

The three looked to each other, but I was certain they already knew they wanted to pursue that. They all nodded and I was careful to see each person give their assent. "Okay, but there will have to be some changes in our relationship for this to work. I will still be your employer. Decision regarding the estate, finances, and large expenditures will still be mine like always. I have responsibilities outside the estate. But, at other times I will be serving you, if you three will be controlling me. It will be awkward perhaps for a while but, if we are true to each other and give each other our consideration and trust in our intentions, it might work."

They all nodded in agreement, again. I sensed a rising of satisfaction and excitement in the kitchen that this was coming to an agreeable solution. "Another thing, I want you all to live here at the estate. The house has plenty of room. It will facilitate our relationship much better than you being part-time here. And, I believe that is important."

Now they didn't agree. The house had to remain mine for when guests and visitors came. They insisted that there couldn't be evidence of them living in the same house. Some people just wouldn't understand. I thought about it. I didn't want to have to fight with them over this and have it cause a problem. The guest house. "Dori, how many rooms are in the guest house? It's been so long since I have even stepped foot inside it."

She rattled the rooms off, "There are two nice bedrooms and a bath in each. Then there is a small kitchenette and a little commons area in the middle."

I thought about it and looked at the others, "We can go look at it, and that could work for the men." They all lived separately now and didn't do much when they were home.

I smiled at them. Dori saw it and, "What? What's that smile for Miss Ryn? We're still one bedroom short."

"Okay, but ... no fighting me on this ... Dori, you will be in the house. You are forgetting the 'maid's

room' off the kitchen. It hasn't been used for years, and is empty and waiting. That is the room I was given when I moved into the house, initially." That comment caused them a pause, but I continued before they could pursue it further. "Also, you all will spend your free time in the house, on the patio, in the pool, or anywhere else on the estate you want. It is all yours to use. If you want to be quiet to read or listen to music, there are plenty of rooms in the house. We'll just keep it picked up and any guests coming in won't be any wiser, if that is your concern."

They accepted that. They were all nodding, checking each other, and seeming very happy about what had just happened. Although, I was feeling the same sense of wonder and excitement of what was happening, being discussed, and being agreed to, I was nervous. This was all happening so fast and it was such a big step, not just for me, but also for them. They would have to walk the line between being my employee and also controlling me, deciding things and dictating things during our non-public and non-estate affairs times. Me? Well, I was walking the same line between being their boss in some situations and be subject to them in other situations. Were we ready for this change? More to my concern, were they ready for this change, had the implications thoroughly sunk into their minds, yet?

I was watching them and they were watching me. It seemed it was still up to me. I suppose that had to be the way, I was still their employer, they had to know that I was maybe more ready than they were.

"So, you are all ready to do this? You are ready to take control of my body for pleasure?" I tried to take some of the covering off it, tell it like it was. They all nodded enthusiastically. "No, I don't think so." They looked devastated.

Albert, who I was still holding turned to me, "Why? I don't understand, I thought this was going the way that was comfortable for all of us. We thought this was what you would want."

I kissed his cheek to stop him. I then turned his face to mine and I kiss him on the lips, hard and with passion. I then went to Jesse and did the same thing. "I hope that gives you my real response." It seemed to because they were both still a bit stunned. Despite all the talk about them helping me, controlling situations to challenge me, we had not talked about sex among ourselves. The guys now felt that.

"I'm not saying no, no. What I am saying is that this is happening very fast. You all need to be sure of what you are thinking about doing. Is this really how you want to be involved? Are you really ready to make the changes necessary for this to work?" I checked each of them and they were thinking about what I had said. "Here is what I propose: Go home and think about what we have talked about. Seriously, though. Think about this, about how you would participate, and what you might do to participate. One thing, though, regardless of what you decide, you have a job here. This does not affect you working here, I want all of you with me, and I hope all of you will participate. But, no pressure. You don't have to."

"What about after we think about it? When do we give you our answers?"

"Tomorrow. Any time tomorrow. If you are still good, you can move in tomorrow, too."

"But, Miss, we all have leases to the next month."

"I'll pay for them. I'll be waiting for your answers tomorrow. Any time you are ready." I was sending them off when a final thought hit me. "Albert and Jesse! I don't know how much stuff you all have. If you need a van or truck to fit everyone's belongs for the move, get one. And you'll help Dori won't you?"

They smiled. My expectation of them returning was positive reassurance.

That day went by slowly. I puttered around the kitchen for a while, cleaning up from the breakfast and then mixing a large salad for later. I went for a swim and visited the kennel, just for old times sake. Without any dogs, the kennel was lonely. That was a constant for my day and I longed to be able to share that, again. Even if I didn't end up with someone to share it with actively, at least I might have some watching me, again. I longed for the stimulation of giving others pleasure, visually or actively.

The next morning came and I felt an instant rush. Today should be the day that I find out and, hopefully, some changes take place. I jumped out of bed, grabbed the same robe, and drew it over my naked body. I nearly skipped down the quiet hallway and down the stairs, feeling my breast bouncing underneath the thin fabric. I went straight through the kitchen and to the side door to peer out. Outside is where they would park when they returned this morning. I knew they would be. And beyond the little parking area was the guest house where the men would soon be living. I also knew that would be. There was nothing moving outside, though. But, of course not, it was still quite early.

I moved to the coffee machine, got it started, then to the refrigerator and reheated some of the leftover soufflé from yesterday. I took my coffee and breakfast out to the patio; I was excited and needed some diversion. The outdoors seemed appropriate. When I was finished, I set my cup and plate on the little table and leaned back, slouching slightly in the patio chair. A hawk overhead distracted me for a moment. So free and effortless it seemed. I used to feel like I soared. When George was strong and fully in control, it was amazing. He even got Helen partially converted, but only in the household, never outside our little group. I was smiling. Those were wonderfully exciting times for someone like me. It made me wonder how our little experiment might possibly succeed. George was a natural, just like Mister Thrower. They were sophisticated and devilish. But, maybe ... maybe an unsophisticated mind could come up with interesting and different things for someone like me.

I glance down at my lap. I remember yesterday, sitting on Albert's lap. That was such an exciting start, even if it was seemingly nothing relative to my past. My legs were crossed, that's the way a lady sits, right? I was holding the robe together. My life might be changing, again. I released my hands from holding the robe in place. It immediately dropped on either side of my legs. I uncrossed my legs, remembering Albert from yesterday. Then, I opened my legs, just a little, then more. Yes, I wanted this, again. To be put into these situations, to be expected to perform, and to be used.

The morning dragged on, but I didn't want to get dressed. I wanted to greet them and hear their responses, dressed as I was when we had the conversation yesterday. I was puttering around the house, just doing things, not mindful things. I was watering the potted flowers on the patio still barefoot and in my robe when I heard something that sounded every bit like a truck coming up the drive. I put the watering can down and ran to the side of the house. Coming around the bend of the drive to the side was a large U-Haul truck and two cars behind it. I forced myself to walk rather than run towards them.

I stopped nearer the house than the drive and waited. The house was slightly higher than the parking area, not enough to require steps, but I did stand slightly above them as I waited. I realized my feet were antsy, shifting my weight in anticipation, but there was nothing I could do about that now. I was anxious. I was nervous. I needed to know.

I watched as Albert got out of the truck and the others got out of their cars. They gathered before indicating that they noticed me. God, if this was what I think it was, it was a good start. I stood facing them, watching them, and waiting very impatiently.

They turned and faced me, and then they slowly walked toward me. Albert was in front. Apparently, they had made him the lead, their spokesperson. Yes, this would make sense. The reason that he wasn't with his family; even if he had been set-up, he was comfortable getting a woman, at least at that time. They stopped ten feet from me.

I asked, "What have you ..."

But I was stopped. Albert held up his hand, "Stop!" I closed my mouth immediately. He turned to Dori, "Now." Dori came up to me, glancing nervously at me, but apparently very determined to complete her role in this initial interaction. She was holding a scissors in her hand. She walked up to me, stopped, pulled the tie at my waist, and my robe fell open. She then took each tie and cut it off. She dropped the pieces of cord to the ground and backed up to the others. Albert was smiling. The others were, too.

"Miss Ryn, we like that robe, too." He smiled broader, "Just not as much with the tie. You are to continue wearing this robe as our favorite."

I looked down my body. My breasts were still covered, but just barely. The space between my breasts were fully exposed. But, then again, I hadn't moved, yet. My pussy, though, was completely exposed.

Jesse was next. "Miss Ryn, your pussy hair must be removed. From now on, you are to be hairless below your head. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir!"

I walked up to him with my arms spread to receive him in a hug. That was necessary for the hug, but it also exposed me completely to them, including my breasts. I hugged each in turn and asked, "What is your answer?" And each one answered with, "You will be my submissive." By the last of them, I was smiling broadly.

Dori, though, expressed the obvious, "Miss Ryn, we still don't know exactly what that means."

I smiled, "I have a few comments. First, you must call me 'Ryn', not 'Miss Ryn' except for when I am acting as your employer. You will be 'Sir' or 'Miss' or 'Ma'am' to me. You are the ones in control. Second, you have started well; you took some control and established some expectations. Keep going along that thinking. Remember, you set the rules. You will establish rules for me. You will have no rules. I trust you, there are no boundaries. I will do what you want, when you want it, and how you want it. Third, perhaps, it might help if you truly understood who I am and how I came to become the woman you now know to be Miss Ryn."

They all three smiled.

"Yes, Ryn, that would be good, especially if it is explicit in detail." I smiled to myself. Yes, Albert was going to be a quick study.

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CHAPTER TWO

The men moved into the guesthouse and Dori into the house and got themselves settled in. That was enough of a change for them to focus on for the time being. They still had their jobs to attend to, by the time they were just partially moved in, getting the boxes into their respective rooms, and some

things put into the proper location, the morning will have been lost. Albert and Jesse would also have to return the rental truck and retrieve Albert's pickup from the rental facility. I made a few calls, and then informed them that I was going to be away from the estate for much of the day but I would be back for dinner.

I showered, dressed, and took the car into town. I had called one of the girls I knew pretty well from the Baldwin County Humane Society. She worked there but was going to the Community College in the Veterinary Technician program. A similar program to the one that I didn't quite finish so many years ago. She got me referred to a spa she uses for special treatments and that was what I needed, especially a discrete one. She assured me that her friend would hold my appointment and treatment with the highest confidence.

I arrive at Sherrie's Day Spa for my appointment. The shop was in a small strip mall on the main road in the closest little town. I had to admit to an initial hesitation on seeing the place, but I had a lot of trust in Mary who had recommended this shop. I parked right in front of the shop. The building was in nice enough shape, there was just something about little strip malls that brought back small town South. But, that where we were, small town South. I enter and announced to the receptionist that I had an appointment. She was extremely pleasant and I was taken directly to the room where Sherrie was waiting me. "Miss Lauryn Hill, it is an honor to meet you, finally." I hadn't even given my name to her.

I was surprised. She was young, maybe 24 years old. "You know me? Did we cross paths sometime?"

She smiled. "No, Ma'am. I know Mary Wilson very well." Mary was the woman I called and who set me up with this appointment. "Mary has told me all about the things you have done for her, encouraging her to advance her education, to get her certificate as a Vet Tech to enhance her ability for employment in working with animals, smoothing her application into the Community College, and even 'anonymously' providing a scholarship for her."

"She found out about all that, huh? That was supposed to be private and confidential. I wanted her to feel she earned her way through her achievement."

"She developed a friendship with a woman in the offices while helping with the woman's kids. It was completely by happenstance that it happened. The woman was so grateful; she let some information slip and then the rest over time." She looked at me intently, "Miss Hill, Mary told me this only so I would know you and why she was asking for my strict confidence when you came in. I would really appreciate it if you didn't let Mary know we had this conversation. She understands your motivation and she wants you to have pride in her. She has not wasted the opportunities you opened for her, Miss Hill. In fact, finding out how much you did for her, only motivated her more. She is the best in her class and the work she does at the Humane Society is touted by all the managers there."

"I know that. I have been associated with them for a long time. I hear the same things." I looked at her a little tentatively, "Sherrie, I am something of a hugger kind of woman, and if you are that close to Mary, I feel I need to hug you, too." We did and she seemed a little embarrassed but became very comfortable. "Thank you, dear, for sharing that with me."

"Mary only told me that this visit should be very discrete and highly confidential, but she didn't tell me what you wanted done."

I smiled, "What I want is a complete hair removal below my neck. I understand there might be some stinging, but I don't think I am a very hairy person. Can you do that?"

She immediately went to the door and locked it. "Mary has that done here. I think it looks so sexy.

Some people disagree, that hair was meant to be where it grows, but obviously not everyone agrees with that.”

“Well, obviously, I want to try without it now.”

When I arrived back home, my skin never felt so alive. The removal of the wax did sting, but Sherrie’s massage of healing aloe cream into my entire body was worth every stripping of the waxing from my body. I promised her I would be back in the 6 to 8 weeks that this treatment should last. She was right, too, my body felt as smooth as a baby. Now, if Jesse is as pleased.

As I was pulling into the drive, I noticed that the afternoon had gotten away from me. I didn’t want to be late and ruin the effect of our first day in this new arrangement. As it was, my being gone all day might have seemed like a letdown or it might have been welcomed to allow more time to ease into this new situation. I was hoping for the latter.

I parked my car in the garage and as I rushed toward the door to the house, passing the two cars that had belonged to George and Helen (yes, we still had even George’s car); I again for the umpteenth time wonder what should be done with all these vehicles. I pushed that out of my mind for the moment and concentrated on the next moments in front of me. Entering the house, I rushed to the kitchen and set down the two bottles of wine I had purchased for tonight. Dori was in the kitchen and appeared to be putting the final touches on the dinner.

“Miss Ryn, I was beginning to worry about you. Dinner is almost ready. Albert and Jesse are showering now. I will be shortly.” She turned around and stared, “What is it Miss Ryn? You look almost like you are glowing.” She shook her head to refocus, “Anyway, this is all new to us, and I mean us sharing the house. Where will we be eating?”

“The dining room. Always, unless someone decides otherwise, I would expect we eat somewhat formally in the dining room.” This time I stopped and watched her, “And, I will be serving the three of you.”

“I don’t ...”

“No discussion, Dori. Listen, dear, on the property in these interactions, I am not Miss Ryn or Miss Hill or Miss Lauryn, I am Ryn, your submissive. As such, my role is to please you and bring you pleasure. A simple thing for me is to serve you. If you want me to eat with you, fine. However, I will sit and join you only after I have served you three. Now, one final detail and I need to get myself ready; how do you think I should be dressed for this first time? I know things will evolve as we live in the situation, but for this first time, since it hasn’t been directed to me, how should I be dressed to please everyone?”

She looked at me, then up and down my body. It was weird, she had never looked at me that way before, but she was trying to visualize me dressed in different options that came to mind. “I have no idea, but I think I know what would make the men happy for the first time, you in that same robe and high heels. They will like to see your body. Even if we are going slowly, it is something. It’s not very creative, I know, but ...”

I walked to her, took her in my arms, and kiss her on the neck several times. I felt her shiver, which pleased me. “We’ll get more creative, Miss Dori.” She pulled back her head and looked at me. I smiled at her, “Thank you for directing me, Miss.” Her smile in return had some tension in it, but not negative tension. Her eyes moved between my eyes and my lips. She was thinking about it, I could tell. The tension was energy, not negative, but sexual. I could see it and feel it and I knew she was, too. Oh, what a strange bunch we are. Four people from poor backgrounds, now finding themselves

in a tight, unusual, and challenging relationship. I smiled as I thought about it in that fleeting moment, added with the recognition that previously, my situation was with people of 'sophistication', people who pretended a lot, and devised ways to be deviant. These three were real, what they were what I was going to get, no pretending, and no false show.

I put my hands to the sides of Dori's head, watching her lips as they parted and closed and then was licked by her tongue. "Miss Dori, I want to kiss you. Is that alright?"

She only nodded. I leaned in and kissed her lips, softly, tentatively to gauge her reaction. I looked at her lips, and then her eyes, her eyes moved from my lips to my eyes. She nodded, again. I kissed her harder, more passionately, and held her in the kiss for nearly a minute. She gasped and moaned. I could feel that she was hesitant and timid in the kiss; I suspected that she had never kissed another woman before, not like this. I could also feel her relax in the kiss and return it to me, her tongue meeting mine just outside our lips. She was now enjoying the kiss and her hand moved down my back, pulling me into her. I smiled at her as we broke the kiss and stepped apart. She turned to finish what she had been doing, and then moved to the side door where she stopped and smiled back at me before walking to her room. I watched her the entire time, then turned and ran upstairs to prepare myself.

As I entered my room, I was discarding clothes as I moved to the bathroom for a shower. I could feel my heart fluttering in anticipation and a bounce to my step as I went. What does it say that a 44-year-old woman can feel her heart fluttering and her step has an unconscious bounce to it? Especially when the reason for those reactions is the anticipation of initiating a submissive relationship with three varied people who had, until now, been my employees.

After a quick shower, fixing my hair into large curls with it hanging loose to my shoulder blades, and the rest of my makeup, I am standing in front of the floor length mirror. I love the look that I see before me and I know that Jesse will be pleased. Although I had shaved my under arms and legs, after the waxing this afternoon, my body is clean of all other hair and smooth to the touch. I couldn't keep my hands from caressing over my stomach to my mound and between my legs, feeling the smoothness. I had been made to shave before, but the shaving produced a different feeling, the look was similar but this was so much smoother. I could also feel the dampness that was already forming in my pussy and escaping to the lips my fingers softly slid over.

I thought of the robe that Dori suggested, the one they had already seen me in, and it just didn't feel right. I felt like that was now my casually exposed morning outfit. This dinner and future dinners should be more, somehow fancier, giving an impression of sexy, if not even formality. I went to my closet, selected a pair of high heels, and returned to the mirror. Now re-evaluating my appearance. Yes, I knew what I wanted to do. I returned to my closet, made my selection, and carefully hurried down the stairs wearing heels.

I passed the dining room and saw the table set for four. I smiled, pleased that I was desired to be with them. I looked in the living room and found nobody, heard noise further in the house and followed it. In the family room were Dori and Albert. They saw me and looked me up and down; Albert smiled. Dori was putting the bottle of wine and glasses on the bar that was in the corner of the large family room. This room opened onto the patio, which contained the pool. The family room on one end contained an entertainment center with a large plasma TV and sound system. On the other end was a regulation pool table and bar. The wall opposite the patio sliding doors was bookcases containing books of a wide range of genre in fiction and non-fiction and also videos.

The two of them were still looking at me as I made my way to the bar and opened the wine. Dori commented, "I see you made your own choice on what to wear."

"I hope this choice is okay, Miss. Your recommendation of high heels was excellent; however, the robe I have been wearing and was modified this morning ... well, I thought was too common, too ordinary for dinner. I hope you like this." What I had chosen was a negligee that was sheer lace in white. It was cut deeply in front so the insides of my breasts were not covered and the nipples showed through the lace clearly. The bottom came just to the bottom of my ass and barely covered my pussy in front if I was standing still. It had two ties, one below my breasts and the other at my waist. They were both tied. The negligee in combination with the white heels looked very coordinated and definitely more erotic. But, Albert commented on it being tied. "Yes, Sir, I know. This morning you made it quite clear that you desired me to be more displayed. I hope you forgive me, Sir, but I have a surprise for Jesse. Will he be joining us soon?"

"He should be here in a moment."

I smiled at him and returned to the bar. I made a point of having to bend over to pick up something from the floor that didn't exist. I bent over from the waist, my back to them and my legs straight, but tightly together. My bare ass was fully exposed to them and I knew it. It sent a thrill through me at the tease when I heard whispered comments behind me.

I then heard Jesse enter from the hallway. I turned around after pouring the three glasses. I brought one to Dori, then the other two to the men. I stood in front of them and waited. They sipped the wine. Dori said I should join them, so I did. As they sipped, they were looking me up and down, as if they were waiting for further explanation of my wearing the negligee closed.

"Jesse, Sir, this morning you gave me specific instruction indicting how you wanted my body to appear." He nodded. I untied the two ties and let the garment fall open. I put my glass down, opened both sides, and walked up to him. "I decided, Sir, that shaving wasn't good enough for you ... all of you. I got a full-body waxing today and will keep it like this, if you approve." His mouth hung open and he was slowly nodding. Inwardly, I was beaming even if outwardly I was maintaining an image of a demure subject. I lowered my eyes; my hands pulling the negligee wide open. "Sirs, Ma'am, I think feeling might be the only way of evaluating whether my efforts at satisfying your instructions have been sufficiently accomplished."

The next moment, I had three hands sliding over my body, and, alternately, between my legs that I spread further and further. Very quickly I wished to be taken by them right there and then rather than serving them dinner. But, I knew I had to be patient. I knew this adventure was going to transition and evolve at its own pace and couldn't be rushed. The satisfying part was magnified when Albert slipped his thick index finger between my lips and mumbled, "My god, she's wet!"

After dinner, Dori and I joined efforts cleaning up the kitchen and the dishes. Albert and Jesse joined us in the kitchen, sitting at the table and talking with us. The kitchen had normally been Dori's realm, but the lines of responsibility were blurring as we lived more closely together, even on this first day.

I was introducing them to an after-dinner brandy as we talked. The talk wasn't really going anywhere in particular and had nothing to do with our new relationship, it was just nice together time, sharing our days and laughing as I related some aspects of the waxing. Dori glanced at me repeatedly as I tried to express the feeling of the wax applied in the more sensitive areas and then having Sherrie massage in a soothing Aloe lotion into my body, especially in the sensitive areas. I returned knowing glances back to them with winks to let them know that the sting of taking the hair off was more than made-up for by the touches after.

It was during this time that Albert reminded me of my offer to share my history with them in the

hopes of giving them some idea what I had already experienced and what had been done in my submission previously. I offered to start at my earliest sexual experiences and add to it in the following few days to bring them up-to-date. This is how my sexual life began:

* * *

I was the youngest of the Hill family who lived in Attala County, Mississippi. We were poor, small time farmers who failed so miserably that the only animal remaining was a single dog that Pa occasionally used for hunting, but it wasn't even of much use for that. All the rest had to be sold for us to survive. We still lived on the farm, but much of the land had also been sold off, leaving us with only 5 acres of unused land. The remaining property had been sold to the surrounding farms, but they were now in little better shape.

My Ma died when I was 14 years old. She had become suddenly ill with a form of cancer but it was combined with a lack of any will to live. That last part was something my aunt mentioned to me in passing several years later. She believed, whether it was true or not, that one thing or another was going to take my Ma because she just gave up on life as she experienced it in that region and with my Pa. It was a hard life, and perhaps an unnecessarily hard life. According to my aunt, the cancer was just the first thing to get to her. It could have been something else. Ma just didn't have the will or the desire to live, anymore.

I thought about those comments long and hard over the subsequent years. Growing up poor in a land that all of society ignored was difficult. Moreover, the older I became and the more of life that I became exposed to as opposed to that of a kid, the more I began to sympathize with my Ma. It made me wonder, though, if my aunt's life was better somehow or was she just stronger. Perhaps, though, she recognized the same thing in my Ma that she also experienced but my aunt just didn't care. Perhaps life was just life to her; that she had given up on any expectation of something better or worthwhile. Whatever it was, it made me wonder about my own life as I gained womanhood and approaching being an adult. What would happen to me?

In high school, my teachers and counselors were a continual source of encouragement. They insisted that I had more potential than nearly any student did in the school. What I needed was a chance to excel and perform and then to find my way to advanced education. They encouraged me to try to get into even the Community College in one of the nearby cities. If I could just get away and be challenged in something, they were convinced I would be one who would ultimately succeed and escape the trap that this poor, rural life created.

After Ma died and I was working my way through high school, it actually seemed like I might have a chance at leaving. It was a peculiar thing that when I was a senior in high school, my life seemed pretty good. I had time at home to study, something my siblings never seemed to have time for as I remembered it, or they never had the interest. My grades were very good and the counselor indicated that I would have his endorsement for getting into a community college program. I was getting excited.

Life was deceptive, however. I was preoccupied with my hopes and school. The rest of the family seemed preoccupied with other things about life, but since it didn't bother my dreams and attention, I was happy to ignore them, dedicating myself stronger than ever as my final year of school was drawing to a close. I was the youngest of five children, which was made up of two brothers and two sisters. The boys were older than us girls. It never even occurred to me until months before graduation that I was the first to ever graduate from high school. I was a couple years younger than my next sister. It seemed that they had become women nearly overnight and never went back to school. After some discussion with my sisters, after all this time, my brothers and sisters all turned

18 years old before graduation. Pa was of the opinion that adulthood was at 18. Education beyond that was immaterial and that seemed to be confirmed to him because the law said that school was mandatory under 18 years old. That was the simple way his mind worked. The law also said that at 18 they could drink beer in the parent's presence. Further proof of his point.

When the boys turned 18, he got them jobs at the lumber mill where he worked. I doubted it was good work, but it was work. Since they all worked in the same place, they left together in the morning and returned together at night. And, yes, there was a lot of beer drinking, as if we had the money for beer. My sisters found the same thing happen to them, except that as they turned 18, they took on full responsibilities for the home, including all cooking, cleaning, laundry, and 'caring for the men' as I seemed to regularly hear around the house at night. Since it didn't include me, I wasn't particularly inquisitive and assumed that meant things like getting them more beer and snacks when they called for it. I also didn't care because it was my full intention to leave and go to a college of some kind.

Wow, talk about naïve. I lived in a make-believe world of my creation and blotted out the reality of where and with whom I lived. I came to discover in short order that my aunt had been trying to warn me, not indict my Ma for giving up. And, I was about to discover that fact in the harshest of ways very quickly.

It is 1989; I had just graduated from high school and about to turn 18 in another week. I suppose, the fact that it wasn't important enough to Pa or the family for us to attend the graduation ceremony should have been something of a warning of a storm ahead. Instead, it was another piercing stab to my heart that further reinforced my desire and need to escape that place, that life, and that backward way of life. At that time, 1989, our 'farm' was a dirt patch and weeds. The house was a two story wood construction home. We had three bedrooms: Pa had one, the largest; my two brothers had another to share; and, my two sisters and I shared the other. There was a kitchen and a room that served as living room and family room. That was where the threadbare sofa was and a couple of chairs around an equally threadbare rug with a dented, scratched, and worn coffee table in the center. On one wall was a TV that the outside huge antenna allowed us to receive the basic networks.

Without school to attend, I was stuck at home with my sisters and I could sense now that things weren't right. Our responsibility was cooking, cleaning, and making life as comfortable as possible for 'the men' when they returned from their long day of labor. During that last week before my birthday and while the men were at work, my sisters became much more interested in my private life than they had ever been before. They wanted to know if I had ever 'been' with a boy. As much as I didn't feel it was any of their business, I hadn't. They were flabbergasted; I was still a virgin and knew nothing about sex. For some reason they found that hysterically funny. When I asked why that would be so funny, they merely shared giggles between themselves, their hands to their mouths to try to control further laughing, "You'll find out." But, that just brought more giggles and snickering.

Two days before my birthday, my oldest sister stopped me, looking me directly in the eyes as though making sure what my facial reactions might say in answering her, "Lauryn, you ARE taking your birth control pills, aren't you?"

I looked at her, squinting my eyes and furrowing my brows as my own question formed in my mind, "Yes, I am. But, why was I given them in the first place? You two I could understand with all the boys that follow you around, I have no doubt that you have been giving it out, already. I don't even have a boyfriend, I've been too focused on school and getting good grades so I can go to college someday." It seemed that everything I said was bringing hysterical laughs to these two.

The night before my 18th birthday, I was sent to bed early. I was told by my Pa that tomorrow was going to be a big day for me. Tomorrow was going to be a change in my life, as I became a woman of the family, just like my sisters. None of that made any sense, I saw Pa with my brothers, and sisters all huddled together. When they saw me watching, I was told to do as I was told. I resigned myself to at least getting a good night's sleep. They were right, though, I was going to need it.

It was normal for us to be up for breakfast with a robe over our pajamas or nightgowns, so it didn't occur to me to wonder why everyone was dressed that way when I entered the kitchen. My sisters had breakfast ready and as we ate, it did seem unusual at the leisurely pace everyone seemed to be moving that morning. When I asked about it, I was informed that since it was my birthday, the men were taking the day off from work to help me celebrate. For a moment, I thought there was hope for my family.

As we were cleaning up the kitchen, the men went into the other room and I heard the TV get turned on. I quietly asked my sisters, "Okay, I get the cooking, cleaning stuff, but what did he mean by 'caring for the men'?"

They looked at each other nervously. Earlier that question might have elicited a bout of laughter at my expense, but not this morning. This morning their mood was more serious, even nervous and on edge. "Lauryn, listen to us, just do what he says and don't fight him. It will be easier that way, trust us, we've been right where you are now."

I was going to pursue that with a dozen more penetrating questions, but Pa broke into our sharing. "Get done, right now, and get your asses in here!" We finished up fast, I wasn't even sure the last of the pans really got clean.

I entered the other room with my sisters right behind me. They were all sitting on the couch with Pa in the middle and that was when it sunk in that none of them had pajamas showing under their robes and they all had nasty grins on their faces. I stood directly in front of Pa and my sisters took chairs behind me. "Lauryn, today you are 18 years old. Congratulations. I want to tell you what that means, though. As far as I am concerned, and that's all you need to worry about, at 18 a girl becomes a woman. The boys and I are staying home today to help you understand what being a woman in the family means. We did the same for your sisters but you didn't know because you were at school. Your role in the family, like your sisters, is simple: you will now assist your sisters in the cooking, cleaning, laundry, and caring for men in general, but especially, me and your brothers."

I was almost afraid to ask, but I knew the answer would be coming one way or the other, eventually. I preferred to have it all understood now. "And, what exactly are you meaning by ... 'caring for men'?"

I watched him, but my eyes went to the boys on either side of him as they snickered and shared knowing looks back and forth. "Your sisters say you are a virgin and have never been with a boy in any way. Well, that's going to change right now. Lauryn, from right now on, you and your sisters are responsible for making sure that we have all our sexual needs cared for. Is that clear enough?" His eyes were penetrating mine. I just knew he was trying to peer into my mind and heart to see what was going on there. I never thought he was that smart of a man, but he did know the obvious about my desires and hopes. "And, you can forget any thought of going off to any more schools. Your time of having your nose in books is over. If we aren't fucking you or your sisters, your nose will be in our crotch while sucking our cocks. Understood?"

That was plain enough. He seemed rather pleased with himself. The boys seemed very pleased. My sisters seemed unemotional, almost dead to it. It was then that I understood why they had turned so

aloof after they turned 18. On that day, their lives had irrevocably changed. And, I could see that mine was, too.

He opened his robe and there before me was the first bare, nearly erect penis I had ever seen. He spread his knees wide and ordered me to start sucking. I hesitated. No, I was immobile, too stunned by the turn of events for my mind to even register the order to move. The words went into my ears, probably made the right vibrations to send the necessary signals to my brain for processing, but nothing happened. It was like talking into a phone that was disconnected. The sounds were certainly there, but nothing was being transmitted.

He yelled at me, but I was now not hearing anything. He stood up and before my eyes registered that fact, he slapped me hard across my left cheek. My hand went to my cheek and tears flooded my eyes. And, my ears were now registering the noise of his voice and soon the noise was registered with words. He had sat back down and I lowered to my knees between his legs, exactly as he was yelling. Even at the time, I thought that was an interesting reaction from me. I was an intelligent girl, everybody said so, and an intelligent girl could well have taken a number of responses and put them into motion from fighting back for my dignity to running to my room in tears. My response was simple, immediate, and satisfying to him; I simply knelt and took his penis into my hand, the first one I ever touched and it was my Pa's. I glanced to either side and knew that my second and third men would be my brothers.

I looked up and quietly said, "Pa, I don't know what to do. I've never touched one before. Tell me what to do." Where the hell did that come from? Now, I sounded like I wanted to please him, to make him happy with what I did for him. So he told me in detail exactly what to do and he did it in a gentle, but authoritative, voice. Soon, as I did what he instructed, licking, kissing, sucking the head, and taking his penis into my mouth, his hand stroked my head. Eventually, I felt him tense, I felt him strain his hips into the air and push down on my head at the same time. He told me he was cumming and I should take it all in my mouth and to swallow every drop he gave me. He said a man's cum was always to be taken inside my body, one of my holes or mouth, unless the man wanted to decorate my face or body with it. But, never was it to be wasted from my mouth.

He said I was good for trying but that I lack skill, that I would require lots of practice to become as good as my sisters. He then ordered my sisters to suck my brothers and for me to pay close attention to how they did it. He said he was going for more beer but when he returned, he expected me to do better on him.

When the boys came in my sister's mouths, they took it all, just as I had done. Then they backed away. My oldest brother, Samuel, got a wicked grin on his face. "Clean my cock off with your tongue." I looked at it, covered in the saliva of my sister, Jane, and some cum that escaped her mouth. But, that was my only hesitation before I was between his legs and cleaning his penis. I then moved to my other brother, Jacob. I wasn't even asked; I just did it. My mind was still in shock and my heart was cold, but my body was responding to their demands. I learned something important about myself that morning, something that has constantly been a part of my awareness ever since; I responded physically to a commanding and authoritative voice. Did my brother have that voice? No, but my Pa did and he put Samuel in charge; it was as simple as that.

When Pa got home, the boys each took a bottle of beer and resumed their places on the couch. I was ordered to try again on Pa's penis. He said I did better, but more practice was needed. I spent much of my birthday on my knees in front of one or the other of the men 'practicing' my cock sucking skills. Occasionally, my sisters would again be told to show me another technique.

The next morning started out different. This morning I was now one of the women to take care of the

house. My sisters woke me early and together we got the breakfast started and the coffee made. Almost on some kind of schedule, the men came out just as the food was being finished. We were dressed as we had been all of yesterday. The men were also dressed the same in just robes. It took my mind a moment to realize it was Saturday. I could just imagine that the next two days would be duplicates of yesterday. I was wrong.

Upon entering the kitchen, Pa came to each of us, kissed us on the forehead and patted our butts under our robes and nightgowns. Then, he took his seat and we all ate. The talk at the table was unabashed discussion about my training yesterday and appraisal of my progress. I was surprised that Jacob volunteered that he thought I might already be as good as my sisters. Samuel seemed reluctant, but accepted that I was definitely improved by last night. Pa seemed to be somewhere in-between them. This, of course, did nothing to make my sisters feel very good about the discussion and were confused by my actions so far.

After cleaning up from breakfast, we are again called into the other room. They are again sitting on the couch as they were yesterday. I am preparing myself for another session of sucking penis. I am still thinking in inexperienced terms but I would shortly accept much more graphic terms. But I was to be surprised. He had interests beyond turning me into simply a good cocksucker. And, I shouldn't have been surprised, but I was. I simply had no frame of reference for the acts that were being introduced to me.

He told me to remove my robe and nightgown. I looked at my sisters standing just off to the side and they weren't moving. It was another moment of conflict between my mind and my physical response. My mind wanted to refuse such an absurd suggestion and was receiving validation by the lack of movement by my sisters. My body, however, had caused my hands to already be fidgeting at the tie to my robe. I looked down at my Pa and knew then that the demand was directed solely at me and my robe was opening and sliding off my shoulders before my mind caught up. After pulling the nightgown over my head, I held an arm across my breasts and the other hand in front of my pussy.

"Hands to your sides." They just looked for several minutes, whispers being shared between them. I knew I was blushing a bright red. I was the only one naked and their gaze upon me was unabashed. He called me closer to him and opened his legs to allow me to step up to the edge of the couch. He reached up and touched my breast, then my nipple, then squeezed the nipple, and my body's reaction was completely contrary to that of my mind. My mind was repulsed that my family could treat me this way, but my body was sending electrical impulses that it had never experienced before.

His hand slid down my body to my pubic mound, between my legs, which somehow had opened, and stroked my lips. I gasped at the touch and he looked up at me. "You're sure you are a virgin?"

"Yes, Pa."

"You're very wet. Open your legs wider, Lauryn; I'm going to check for myself." I watched him, as did everyone else, as he slid a finger along my pussy, parted my lips, and slowly penetrate me for the first time ever. I sucked in a sharp breath at the new feeling coursing through me. My mind wanted me to clamp my legs tightly shut. My body was telling my mind to shut up and mind its own business. Pa's finger went further in easily as I was very wet and he pushed until I felt pressure, resistance from inside, and I gasped, again. "Indeed you are. Interesting. Both of your sisters had been active before we got to them. You know about the membrane inside you, right?" I nodded, although a woman could certainly be a virgin without it, having it was a guarantee. "We need to break it and it might hurt for a moment."

I found that amusing in a particularly odd way. What would a man who just admitted to not

deflowering a virgin know about what pain may or may not occur? But, I just looked at him questioningly, "Why do you have to?"

He only looked up, puzzled by the question, perhaps puzzled why I would ask such an obvious question. "So we can fuck you."

"I mean, why do you need to fuck me?"

He smiled. I was sure he found my reaction another intriguing difference between my sisters and me. Despite the fact that I wasn't physically fighting him, my mind was not accepting the inevitable. My sisters had just accepted everything as if it were the most natural part of being a family. I saw it as unnatural, despite my body's physical reaction even now. But, his smile disappeared slowly with his finger still inside me. "You girls ... all of you ... listen and listen good. We're going to be making some changes around here but the primary one will be that the three of you are to only worry about satisfying us. And, I mean completely. Your primary jobs for now on are to be our fuck-sluts, whenever and however we want it. You will also cook and keep this place clean. Any questions?"

Of course, none of us bothered with any questions. I wasn't sure my sisters could have formulated any, if they wanted to. Me? I looked around the room and badly wanted to ask how anyone could keep something clean that was nearly falling apart already. But, I didn't.

No ... instead, my life was changing. "Okay, girl, get on the floor and join your sisters as family sluts!" On the floor? Right here in front of the rest of the family? Tears came to my eyes but I did as I was told. Once I was on my back on the floor with my legs slightly parted, he removed his robe and I again saw his hard penis, a sight I was realizing was going to be a regular thing from now on. He roughly pushed my legs apart, knelt between them and without any other preparation for me, he put his penis against my lips, and pushed up and down until he found my hole, and pushed in so the head was just inside. I had always envisioned that the first time I would have a penis entering my pussy; it would be a warm, sharing, and loving situation, a bonding of two people intent to bring joy, arousal, and pleasure to each other. Instead, it was as if I was being raped by my Pa for his own pleasure. I looked up into his eyes and I saw no gentleness or tenderness or concern for what was about to happen and what pain I might experience for my first time. I only saw a man possessed with the opportunity of taking not only a virgin, but a virgin with her hymen intact. That fact seemed to be an added part of the excitement for him; I had no question in my mind about that now. Then, I saw a wicked smile cross his face and I instinctively knew to grit my teeth and in this case I was happy that my body was acting on its own, not only allowing but causing me to be wet. With that smile appearing on his face, he plowed into me and my hymen didn't stand a chance in resistance. It happened so fast that he was completely inside me almost before I felt the pain of the membrane tearing. But, that was only a delayed reaction; the pain did come as a sharp, searing reaction.

As I had heard classmates say, though, the initial pain goes away fairly quickly and then the more pleasurable sensations associated with being fucked can be realized. Again, my body took over. My mind just shut down, it was like it wanted nothing to do with what was happening, it took a walk and left my body behind. My mind didn't catch up with what else was happening until Samuel was on top of me. They were going oldest to youngest. My mind got in the way of my body with Samuel and I seemed to fight him, resisting the pounding he was giving me. He came inside me regardless, however. My mind stopped its panic after Samuel came, sending his seed into me where I was sure Pa had already deposited his. It, my mind, allowed a shared reaction with Jacob, however.

I hadn't moved since Pa told me to get down on the floor on my back with my legs spread. Now, looking up at Jacob coming to me, between my legs, with a look of wonder and anticipation, I saw a young man not that much older than me. His approach was so different from the other two, not

assuming or demanding or intent on demeaning me. Yes, he was going to fuck me because it was expected and he was given the opportunity. And, yes, he would be fucking me many times in the future, but I could see in him how it could be when there was respect. So, as he approached me, I raised my knees and spread them out to the sides, opening myself even more for him. I raised my head and looked down my body to watch his penis approach my pussy. I watched as he took his penis in his hand and put it at the entrance to my pussy. There was a hesitation and I looked up at his face. He was watching me, he seemed slightly hesitant, slightly embarrassed by everything. It then occurred to me that my sisters might very well have had a completely different experience, either in privacy or one at a time and maybe both. I smiled up at him, trying to indicate my recognition of his consideration to me. He smiled back and pressed forward, his penis parting my lips and entering me. I had been fucked twice before him, but this felt like the first time for me for this was the first time I was fully accepting the actions happening to me and by me. I felt his penis slide into me further and further, filling more of me. When he started pulling back and pressing into me, my body responded. My hips rose from the floor and my pussy clenched around him. I was surprised the first time it happened, but I could actually make my pussy tighten around him and that action seemed to surprise him, as well. He gave me another smile. I reached up, put my arms around his neck, and pulled him to me, kissing him, groaning into his mouth.

I whispered so only he could hear, "Thank you, Jacob. Thank you for being gentle when the others showed you that wasn't necessary." That seemed to be a trigger for him. He shuddered and began thrusting into me harder and quicker. Not overpowering me, but in a way to catch up to his own need. My own needs were quickly increasing and my groans and moans increased with his and it was then that I wondered, inexperienced as I was, if his increase wasn't to help me reach orgasm with him. I pressed into him, our pelvises grinding and pounding into each other. Again, I whisper, "Jacob, are you close? I want to share this with you, please." He didn't verbally respond. He pressed into me and that action ground his pelvis into my clit and I exploded. My shuddering pussy had the effect on him that was all he needed, with my pussy spasming around his penis. He erupted into me; I could feel myself getting even fuller of semen and my own juices. I held him in my clutches. Sex really could be wonderful.

My sisters later told me that Jacob wasn't my first orgasm, though; I had orgasmed loudly with Pa, too.

That was how the rest of the day went. Not completely spent in sex by any means, but when the men wanted it, they just took one of us for a suck or a fuck. After all three of them initially fucked me, my sisters were also involved. While we made food for the men, they told me that this was much different. Before, they were only fucked when I wasn't around. They were careful of me, so their used was limited. They now saw that things were indeed going to be very different. I was allowed to put a dress on as were my sisters, but all three of us were told to not wear any underwear in the house, we were to be easily available to them. That night, Pa took me to his bed and I slept there, but only after he fucked me, again. That made 7 times that day.

* * *

The three of them were just watching me as I finally took a breath and sat back in the chair. I was somewhat exhausted by the telling and they saw that in me. The problem was that there was so much more to be told. I looked up at them, surveying each of their faces. I smiled weakly, nervously, to indicate that I was okay. "You said you wanted the details."

They were quiet. Their looks, though, were soft and gentle. Dori broke the quiet, "That was your first time? That's awful! But, how did you get away from it? It sounded nearly impossible."

I sighed and smiled, a smile to thank them for their sensitivity and compassion. It was late and the retelling was even more tiring. "Can I get to that tomorrow?"

I started to get up when Albert blurted out, "Miss Ryn?" It was interesting that he used that name, the sensitive nature of what was to follow, perhaps. "Several times you mentioned your brain and body being out of sync. You said your brain was abhorred over what was happening but your body was responded in the opposite way." I nodded and glanced at the others who were intently watching my reactions. "Is that when you realized you were a submissive?"

"Good catch, my kind Sir. I didn't have a name for it at the time, but, yes, that was when I knew something was different about me. And, that it was something that could get me and keep me in trouble. But, more of that tomorrow, too. That is if you still want to hear more."

Dori came up to me, took me into her arms and hugged me deeply, kissing my cheek. "Yes, as painful as this might be to relive and for us to hear, it is helping us to better understand you. Just like you said it would. If you are up to it, dear, we would be honored to hear it."

I kissed each of them on the cheek. "Sorry to be a party-pooper. Since this is your house now, too, could you remember to turn out the lights and close the doors when you leave in case it rains? In the morning, then ..."

I could feel them watching me as I turned and left. I had nearly forgotten that I was virtually naked, but now remembering, I shook my butt for them and looked over my shoulder with a bigger smile. They were returning it. My story hadn't become a complete downer, then. I hoped the next part would come across as just a part of who I am, also. Climbing the stairs, once again being alone in that big upstairs; how I wish this house could truly be shared with them. Why is it so important to me that they understand me? I stop halfway up the stairs, look back down, and listen. They are talking, animated, and in earnest. I start up the stairs, again. Maybe because I am more like them in reality than I ever was like Mr. Thrower or the Taylors. Maybe because now, with them, I have a chance to be understood in a way I never was.

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

I woke to a beautiful morning with the sun just shining through the trees. I stretched my body out, the top cover pulled from my upper body as I pushed my foot straight out. I remembered something about last night. I lay in my darkened bedroom and I could hear their voices much more distinctly than I felt I should. Then I realized that they must have moved out to the patio and their voices came to me through the open balcony door. I loved two things about that: they had taken to heart my offer for them to use the house as theirs, and they didn't need me there to do it.

I was feeling happier this morning than I had for ... hmmm, maybe Dori was right, maybe it has been years. I hadn't felt unhappy exactly, just not satisfied or content with my direction and life. I had a good life and I was very grateful for having it. From being a poor girl with little to hope, I was now a woman of respect in the local society, a benefactor for causes, with money and comfort that comes with it, I had more than even my dreams might have hoped. But, I was feeling something new this morning, and it was exciting. I threw the sheet off, used the bathroom in my suite, brushed my teeth, and hurried to the door, but stopped as I passed my vanity. I smiled, such a little thing, but it would show I cared about them ... even if they didn't notice. I picked up my hairbrush from the vanity table and brushed my hair. I liked that it was getting long. It was already to my shoulder blades. I turned this way and that, not looking at me, but my hair. I made a decision right there. I wasn't getting it

cut. Okay, trimmed to keep it even, but I wanted it long and the longer the better. I could envision it down to my lower back, maybe to my butt. That would really have a wild look. I liked that thought, wild and carefree.

I hurried to the door, grabbing the robe (the thin one that no longer had ties at the waist), and rushed to the stairs as I put it on, knowing full well that my rushed movement down the stairs sent the robe flowing behind me. I loved that they had done that yesterday. It was a coordinated effort and that made it even better to me.

I strode into the kitchen determined to get coffee ready for the others as they came in, only to find Dori already occupying her domain. I wondered if I would have to get up in the dark to beat her into the kitchen. In my bare feet, she hadn't heard me so I walked right up to her from behind and took her into my arms. She shrieked at the suddenness of being engulfed by someone, but then she relaxed as I nuzzled into her neck, kissing it and whispering good morning wishes to her.

Then, my hands just went to encase her breasts. I didn't think about it or plan on it happening; I was just caught up in the moment. When she reacted and I realized what I had done, I tried to jump back, but she clamped her arms, trapping mine between her arms and body, and her hands covered mine and held me in place. "No, Miss Ryn, that feels nice." She turned in my arms, forcing my grip on her breasts to give, and embraced me, too. As she looked into my eyes, she tilted her head to me and put a soft, tentative kiss on my lips. It was her way of returning the familiarity, the intimacy back to me. I smiled and retook her into a tight hug.

"Thank you, Miss Dori, I liked that, too."

She chuckled and hugged me back, saying into my ear, "We're both calling each other Miss."

I pulled back and looked into her eyes, then her lips, "Awkward, this new relationship. But, it will work itself out, if we just let it and avoid creating tension over it."

She pulled back but kept hold of my hands, "Speaking of tension ... I want to have a very personal discussion with you later, if I could. Girl to girl, okay? Not Miss Ryn or Miss Dori, just us."

I cocked my head to catch her eyes after they diverted down during her request. "Is anything wrong? Are you okay?"

She smiled big and looked me confidently in the eyes, "Wonderful, actually. I haven't felt like this in ... maybe ever. I just need your advice, maybe some help."

I took her by the shoulder and turned her back to getting breakfast ready. I stayed with her and assisted. This was her domain, this is where she ruled, so I simply did what I was told, and she was very comfortable doing that in this setting.

And that was when Albert and Jesse came in the side door, followed by a loud clap of thunder and flash of lightning. I jumped at the sound. I apparently only saw the clear skies to the East, missing the dark clouds coming in from West. They made it into the house just before the heavens opened up and seemed to dump rain. They confidently shared that the forecast was for the weather to break before noon. Given the rain, they decided a continuation of my story was warranted.

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Things seemed to settle into that bazaar life that Pa wanted for him and our brothers. They went off to work and my sisters and I stayed behind to tend to the house and have the dinner meal ready for

their return. That and the sex. Being used quickly became a very common and expected part of our existence. In the mornings, we sucked the men to climax before they went to work. At night, we were fucked.

After about a week, Pa announced a change for us. I had had the feeling that there would be many changes coming as they thought of them and got more comfortable with their control over us and more brazen in their demands on us. He had us bring in three dresses that were buttoned up the front and a pair of scissors. He proceeded to shorten each dress so it was mid-thigh and removed buttons from the top and the bottom. What was left were buttons that allowed closure of the dress to just below my pussy and just below my breasts. I could be hanging out on top and nearly exposed on the bottom. These dresses would be the only garments we could wear around the house and on the property outside unless specifically told otherwise by Pa. On top of that, we were not allowed to wear underwear, also unless specifically allowed by Pa.

That almost didn't have much impact on us because we were trapped at the house and we were routinely having sex in one form or another when the men were home. We were as likely to be told to suck one of their cocks or sit on their cocks as they watched TV as we were to be taken by the hand to a bedroom for a fucking. It was strictly on their whim if our use would be in front of others or in private. Many times our dresses weren't even removed; they were simply unbuttoned the rest of the way or the bottom was pulled up over our hips for access to us. Other times we would be stripped and remained that way until we were told differently or we went to bed for the night. As a result, our sense of modesty about either our bodies being exposed or the use of our bodies evaporated steadily over those early weeks.

The next change came about a week after that. The room that we girls used for our room was taken away from us. The men now had their own rooms and the Jacob, the youngest, moved his stuff into the room that had been ours. To make room for him, our underwear and 'normal' clothes were bagged up and stored in the closet of our old room. We rarely needed anything more than the three modified dresses as we rarely went outside of the house, much less the property. Because of the men now having all the bedrooms, each of us girls slept with one of the men. This was normally on a rotational basis but Pa always had the option to decide whom he would sleep with. To keep the peace, though, he rarely deviated from the established rotation, which worked from Sunday night to Friday night. Saturday was up to Pa to assign which of us slept with which of them. That was his way of picking his preference. It wasn't many weeks to see that I was always in his bed on Saturday night. That gave him more time on Sunday morning to play with me before getting up for what was traditionally a late breakfast.

That interested me. Why me? My sisters complained hardly at all, no matter what, they just accepted the new expectations for their life as if it was changing from having eggs for breakfast to pancakes. They just flowed with it. On the other hand, I was always putting up some amount of resistance. It might not be overt or belligerent, but it was evident, in my eyes like a fire of resentment. But, there was that thing about my body when he commanded me forcefully. I half wondered if my eyes would burn with resentment if it wasn't family, if it wasn't incest. I supposed that it was that fire that attracted him. My body response with the energy of resentment. The pliable response of my sisters proved to be less energetic, less compelling during the act.

After a couple months of this life, each time adjusting to new expectations and limitations, Pa announced that we going to his brother's place for a BBQ. We were to pull out some nice clothes, including underwear. He gave all of us stern warnings, us girls and the boys, that everything that happened in our home was only our business. None of us wanted to consider what he might do if one of us violated that warning. Pa had lost his mind on occasions of dealing out punishment that he felt was warranted. Samuel darn near had to go to the hospital once when Ma was alive. None of us

forgot it.

Our Uncle's family included our Aunt and two boys (21 and 19 years old). We used to see them more often, but since Ma died, the families seemed to drift. There didn't seem to be any issue or problem, I think Pa just got overwhelmed without Ma and it became convenient to just hole-up in the house.

The afternoon and early evening went well, very social, and pleasant. It was evident from the discussion Pa was having with his brother away from the rest of us that they were working out something. Whether it was something Pa was dealing with or his brother, I had no idea. The rest of us seemed to be getting along fine. The cousins were cousins. Maybe it was just me, though. Forever, I was always more interested in a book, investigating something in nature, or simply daydreaming. As I sat with my Aunt and watched the others, I had to think it was just me. The others were acting almost like kids being together, again. The boys were getting rough and my sisters were watching closely, which only encouraged the boys more. That young courtship ritual was completely outside my sphere of reference and I found it fascinating to watch. My sisters were flirting with the cousins like they always did. My cousins were paying a lot more attention to them than ever before, too. There was something different in the interaction, also. It was almost like there was something coming off them that indicated a change in the girls, like dogs in heat. Pa had warned everyone and I hoped for all our sakes that they remembered.

"Lauryn!"

My Aunt's insistent voice broke into my thoughts. I looked over to her and she was holding a bottle of beer to me. "Where were you, girl? In one of your books, no doubt. I swear, it's about time you spend more time in the world. You're not a schoolgirl, any longer."

I sighed but managed to smile at her and began a dialog about the families finally getting together, how nice it was. It was inane and meaningless dribble but it seemed to satisfy my Aunt. I was the youngest and I was playing the role of adult. While that was going back and forth between us, my mind was really working on her comment earlier. It seemed everybody was convinced that my life was now locked in this structure that had existed for generations for the Hills. The boys grow into semi-men who find some kind of job so they can spend half their time working so they can spend the rest playing, hunting, fishing, drinking, and never far from women when it struck them. The girls grow into women who find a life of bearing children and taking care of a house and family, largely without much assistance from the men and certainly without enough money for the necessities. That's why I studied so hard. I wanted out of this dead-end life.

After that, we saw them a couple more times over the next month. Each visit was much the same and the families seemed to regain the closeness that was once shared. Talking to Aunt about that, we identified the illness and death of Ma, then the slow recovery for us afterward as the source. Each visit involved the same separated conversation being held by Pa and Uncle. Then, on a Saturday early afternoon, we heard a vehicle enter the yard and Pa told us girls to welcome them. By the way he spoke to us, he seemed to be expecting whoever it was. It was our Uncle and our two cousin boys.

This was unusual. If Pa was expecting someone, he had us change into other dresses. We were still in our everyday modified dresses, shortened and buttons removed. As they came into the house, there seemed to be something different in their attitude, especially our cousins. They were singularly focused on us as they passed, looking at us with a hunger that was evident just in their expressions. The oldest put his hand out and let it drag across my stomach covered by my modified dress. He stopped and looked into my eyes, "It is good to see you again, Lauryn. I have been looking forward to this for days now."

I had no idea what he meant by that. I turned to look at Pa and he was talking to Uncle, again. They both looked over at us girls, big smiles on their faces. Chairs were moved from the kitchen into the large room so all the men could sit. When they were, Pa directed his comments to us. He told us to stand in the middle of the group. I had a bad feeling about what was about to happen.

“Girls, you Uncle and cousins are here as our guests today. You will treat them with the same consideration and respect that you give to me and your brothers.” He watched us intently. We didn’t dare say anything. It was clear that was to be the first time the three of us were used by men outside the immediate family. I looked only at Pa. I was too nervous to even consider checking out the expressions or reactions of the other men. “Okay, girls, take your dresses off.”

Just like that. No, preamble of asking, a reason why they couldn’t find some women of their own, no explanation about Aunt. Just, ‘take your dresses off’.

I glanced out the corners of my eyes at my sisters, not wanting to be the first, but not wanting to appear that I was going to be disobedient, either. My sisters must have been doing the same thing because they weren’t moving to comply, either. I knew this wasn’t going to end well, though, so I began unbuttoning the first of the remaining buttons. It didn’t take long to have the five buttons undone; I let the dress fall open for a moment, and then slipped it off my shoulders. I looked at Pa, he was smiling, and I felt the movement of my sisters as they were following my lead and were soon also naked. Pa was smiling broadly and elbowing his brother who hadn’t taken his eyes off me, travelling from my face to my breasts and then to my crotch. I noticed a movement from Pa and saw his hands repeating a motion with his hands: from a position of his hands pressed together, he opened them widely. The intention was clear and I shifted my weight to open my legs as directed. The others were transfixed on view in front of them and I didn’t think they even were aware of Pa’s direction. It undoubtedly gave them the impression we were willing and eager.

There were six of them and three of us. “Okay, girls, on your knees and start sucking a couple cocks.” With that the men undid their pants and exposed there mostly hard cocks to us. I was standing in front of Pa and Uncle so I sank to my knees and began working on them. I figured it didn’t matter who I started with, by the end of this we would probably have each one of them.

That was the way the afternoon and early evening went. We sucked and fucked cock as they became hard. If they weren’t hard, we got them beers or snacks or knelt before them with our heads in one of their laps trying to get them hard. Eventually, we were sent off to the kitchen to make a supper for them. That did two things: gave them nourishment; but more important, it gave them desperately needed time for their bodies to recover. And while we made a dinner, they were outside challenging each other in horseshoes.

That happened several more times as a group, both male members of the families joining together. Eventually, though, the boys or Uncle would show up individually, many times unannounced, but always welcomed by Pa and our brothers. It was clear to us that we were now considered like community property for the men in the extended family. And, if it wasn’t immediately, Pa made it very clear to us that we should treat them as we did him and our brothers, and he never wanted to hear from them that we were not accommodating and satisfying to them.

Uncle came over in a rage. He made no pretense of hiding the problem. After experiencing the sexual freedom and availability at our place, he was intent on establishing the same thing at his for him and the boys. His plan was using his wife, but all he got from her was screaming at him about his idea of using her. He was not deterred, just delayed and it bothered him. After he calmed down, he admitted that she had never been a particularly sexual woman but he was committed to changing that. I overheard him tell Pa that she would have no choice ultimately, that was going to be her role

now. Pa didn't seem particularly phased by that idea and that wasn't a surprise because that is what he did to us. I wondered if that might have been part of Ma's problem, but after working out the timeline, it didn't seem plausible. The boys would have been too young.

We hadn't heard much from them for about two weeks and I was wondering what was happening over there. It was more curious than wishing any ill on my Aunt, but it was a sign to me how sick our family was becoming that I could be so casually curious if Uncle had been successful in turning Aunt into their sexual plaything the way Pa had turned us. I was to find out exactly what was happening soon enough, though. Uncle's pickup came to a skidding stop in the yard. He walked right into the house. "You know what I was trying to do? It isn't working so good. The woman never did like sex that much and she is often too dry to really have any fun. Can we have one of your girls for a while? Maybe that will loosen her up some."

I was shocked. Samuel had just finished fucking me on the couch when Uncle came charging in. I was still naked but was holding my modified dress in front of me. He actually had the callous nerve to ask to be able to use one of us at his place? And, again, not wishing any ill will on my Aunt, but how would having one of us over there to fuck possibly encourage her to be more involved? Did he think that seeing it happening would turn her on? I figured it would just be a relief to her that she wasn't needed.

But, callous nerve apparently runs in the family. Pa didn't even seem to blink in surprise at the request, "Sure, it makes sense since I have three, and there are only three of us. But, you know they make lubricants just for that problem. I hear you can get it at the drug stores in the same area as the condoms." Then he looked past his brother and saw me, "Lauryn, get over here. Give your Uncle your dress, you're going to spend some time with his family. Remember what I said, too. Treat them like you treat us or their will be hell to pay if I hear anything to the contrary."

Naked? I was going to be taken naked to their place. But, I knew better than to argue. "Yes, Pa." I handed my dress to my Uncle, walked barefoot and naked to the front door, and held it open. When he just walked out of the house to the truck holding my modified dress, I just knew I wouldn't be wearing it much. There wasn't even a pause to consider if I should get more clothes or my shoes. There was also no discussion about how long this was going to be.

At least on these back country roads, there is little to no traffic. So, sitting in Uncles truck naked wasn't really bound to create too much notice. And, if we did pass someone, they would have to be paying close attention to be sure of what they saw sitting in the passenger seat. Someone might think they saw a naked girl, but they would dismiss it quickly as ridiculous. Which didn't mean I wasn't nervous and perhaps a little scared. I had come to know what to expect at home with my family. This was going to be entirely different. This was going to be entirely new and exciting for the cousins, not to mention Uncle. The idea of being the naked girl around the house to be freely taken when they wanted was intimidating to me. I was also nervous about the reaction that would come from Aunt. Not that this was in any way my preference or idea, but would she take her frustrations and anger out on me when she would realize she had lost control with her own family?

When we pulled up alongside the house, it didn't take long for me to be noticed. Aunt was looking out the kitchen window where she was finishing the dishes when I stepped down from the cab naked. She came charging out of the house yelling. I wasn't sure if she was yelling at me or her husband, but it didn't really matter. I knew right then that my presence was going to be difficult.

Uncle's patience was gone, though. "Shut up, you stupid woman!" His arm flashed out and struck her across the face. Just then, the boys came running out of the same door wondering what all the yelling was. Seeing their father slap their mother stopped them. Seeing me standing in front of them



naked, diverted their attention from whatever the conflict was with their parents. But, Uncle wasn't done with Aunt, "Listen up, woman. My brother was nice enough to let us have Lauryn for a while. His girls are family sluts and they give pleasure to their men whenever and however it is wanted. The same thing is going to happen here whether you like it or not, so just get used to the idea. You may not be as young and good looking as his girls, but you still have a pussy and mouth. You're going to see from Lauryn how a family slut is supposed to act. If you keep resisting, that slap won't be the last."

Okay, so just in case I wasn't already sick of my family ... the spiral downward just seemed to continue to become steeper.

Uncle, still glaring at his wife, took my hand and pulled me to his boys. "Lauryn's here for us. You've used her before at their place so you know what you can do. No, you probably don't know because we were guests then." He paused, turned to look at me up and down, then turned to take his wife by the hand and pulled her back to the house. After pushing her through the door, he looked back at us, "Like I said, Lauryn's here for us to use. Use her anyway you want, however you want. Experiment, be creative." With that he was gone inside the house and I heard Aunt scream.

That first day was rough. Not that the following days weren't, but at least by then I had a concept of what might be coming. That first day was a day of firsts for me. I was fucked in my ass and I had to scream at them to use some kind of lubricant. They used lard from the kitchen. It was also the day of my first double penetration with one in my pussy and one in my ass at the same time. That was topped with Uncle getting involved and I was triple penetrated with one in my mouth. Yes, it was a rough day. As sick as I thought my family was to use us as their sluts, at least they weren't rough. At home we were family, even if their sluts. Here, I was seemingly just a toy, a fuck toy they seemed to think had no feelings or was unable to hurt. They were wrong and my resentment grew with each use.

During the time at Uncle's place, I had talks with my Aunt who was not happy that she was expected to be like us girls. She asked a lot of questions about my dreams and me (what do I wish I could be doing? Did I want to be in school more? What life would I like to have? If I could, would I leave to have that life?). After confiding in her, thinking we were reaching some bond, she just used my answers against me, going to her husband with the information like she was trying to help them, like she had uncovered my desire and plan to run away. Uncle pulled us together and Aunt retold everything I had confided to her. He then notified Pa and when he arrived, he was in a fury. Now it was his turn to confront both my Aunt and me. Again, she retells what I had been saying, leaving out the fact that I was just responding to her questions. I tried arguing but he simply contended that I was trying to manipulate them; why would my Aunt manipulate my answers? Pa asks for a switch and one of the boys gets him one, a smile on his face in anticipation. I am told to put my hands behind my head and stand still. He uses the switch on my breasts, but I don't cry out, despite the fact that they are soon bright red. Frustrated, he tells me to stand with my legs wide apart. The first strike on my pussy makes me double over on the ground. He screams at me to get up. He lands four more between my legs, and then fucks me in front of everyone.

Afterwards, the boys fuck me, too. Pa and Uncle are talking and they agree the best way to handle the situation is to keep me naked and take more of my freedom away. They decide that I would now be a slave for the rest of the time at my Uncles, which Pa decides, will be another week. Uncle tells my Aunt she can be dressed and instructs the boys that they are only to use me for their sex. That was the motivation for my Aunt. I am put under the control of my Aunt for all domestic chores now and soon she is doing nothing. I comment to her when we are alone, no longer caring if it leads to another beating if she tells her husband, that this is only a temporary reprieve, when I leave it will all revert back to her, now that they have a taste of a naked woman doing their bidding. She looks

sad at the comment. What, she hadn't thought of that? Was she really that simple and naïve? Was I really that unique in this gene pool?

When I was finally brought home, Pa is more determined than ever to make sure I know my place. He threatens to keep me chained up until I am resigned to comply completely. Samuel notices the dog in the back, lying on the ground licking its cock, chained to a line that used to be the clothes line. He turns and talks to Pa and they are discussing something intently. Pa smiles and I already don't like it. "To give you a taste of what life could be like if you disobey, tonight you will be chained to the dog."

"Outside with the dog?"

He has a sinister glint in his eyes, "You'll be fucked by each of us before. Then, yes, you will be outside with the dog with a chain connected to him. You will be his bitch tonight. With our cum inside you, he'll be on top of you without a doubt." They all laughed. I was really beginning to hate Samuel.

After dinner that night, Pa bellowed for more beer so I went to the refrigerator and took out three bottles. I juggled them in one hand but was losing one so trapped it against my body. The cold beer bottle pressed to my breast and sent a jolt through my nipple. My body was becoming excessively attuned to pleasures that it could experience. I slammed the door, took the offending bottle away, and rubbed the breast with my arm to warm it. I then started for the other room but was stopped by what I overheard as I approached.

It was Pa holding court with the boys, "What do you boys think about getting some young cunt?"

"Lauryn? She's really good."

"No, not Lauryn. Younger." They just looked at him without any understanding. I didn't blame them; I didn't know what he was driving at, either. "Boys! I am talking serious young cunt."

"What do you mean, Pa? Just tell us."

"Okay, what I am thinking is to take the girls off the pill and getting them pregnant. Then keeping them pregnant until we have enough baby girls."

I was amazed. No, I was shocked and sickened. No, not even sickened. I was sickened when my own father turned his daughters in his sluts. This was worse than that. What he was suggesting now was abhorrent. It even stopped those two stupid boys.

He apparently stopped long enough for the thought to sink in, to see his sickness spread into the minds of his sons. "Besides, being pregnant a few times might just be the thing to knock the fight out of Lauryn. The next few days we'll take away their pills. Then we will be the only ones to fuck them until we are sure they are pregnant."

Shit! That was all I could think of. Life wasn't bad enough, now they want to knock us up? And, what about our babies? Shit! A desperate thought went through my brain. As desperate as the thought was, my brain didn't immediately accept it or reject it: I'll kill myself first! He wants shock, maybe that would change things.

I took a deep breath and steadied my emotions, bumped loudly into the wall and stumbled in through the entry like I was about to drop one of the bottles and was oblivious of their conversation. It seemed to work, that and the fact they had already had three beers each. Pa just yelled at me, "You

better not drop any of those bottles!”

With the addition of beer in his system, he was more committed than before to proving his point to me who the boss was. My sisters were told they had the night off. The three of them were going to make good use of my pussy and then give me to the dog. Bestiality on top of incest was almost more than my mind could handle for such a short sexual life exposure.

His plan went nearly flawlessly. I say ‘nearly’ because Pa was only able to cum once in me. The boys had no problem and as much as I tried, he just wasn’t going to get it up for the second time. He tried to blame me, including several smacks across the face, but the problem wasn’t in my effort, it was in his condition. He had used each of my sisters earlier in the day, than me later, but the real problem was the amount of alcohol he had consumed. The combination doomed his efforts. And the harder he seemed to try or will himself to being hard, the less likely it seemed to be possible. The alcohol may have been a defensive reaction to what he was about to make me do; on the other hand it might have been a celebratory reaction that he was making me do this, the all-powerful Pa. I tended toward the latter.

Once Pa finally accepted that he wasn’t going to be able to add another load in my pussy, I was pulled by the arm out the door and across the side yard to the shed and the old clothes line where the dog was chained. I was surprised; he had thought this through and was ready. I was not only going to be chained with the dog outside but I was going to be locked there, too. The dog’s chain was just clipped to one of the wires of the old clothes line. Samuel (that figures) brought over a length of chain that was slightly shorter than the dog’s. The two chains were put onto a padlock and that attached to the wire line. Then, the other end of the new chain was looped around my neck and locked with another padlock. It wasn’t choking tight, but it was tight enough that it wasn’t going to allow it to slip over my head.

Then, Pa did something that got my attention from only considering my current miserable state. “Okay, boys, the key to Lauryn’s lock will be right here on the hook by the shed door. If you want her during the night or in the morning for her to do her chores, any of us can find the key.” Just to be sure, he dragged me in the direction of the hook so the chain was stretched and the key was still outside my reach. Satisfied, they left me and returned to the house. The lights were still on when the dog first came to me, sniffing my bottom. I kept turning away from him, but I couldn’t escape him since my chain was a little shorter than his. He obviously had my scent from the earlier fucking and his attention was only on my ass and crotch. I was managing to keep him away from my front, but I knew I couldn’t keep it up forever.

As it turned out, I wasn’t going to keep away from him any longer at all. I hadn’t even noticed that the rest of my family had come out of the house to check on how I was doing with the dog. Frustrated by my reluctance to cooperate and needing to get some sleep, Pa put my futile efforts to an end. His booming voice got my attention. “Lauryn, damn it! Get on your hands and knees, now!”

I sighed, but also seethed my anger at him. Luckily, perhaps, it was dark or I might have received yet another beating. I knew it was going to happen at some point, anyway. I was exhausted, not just from the evening’s activities with them, but the weeks of being used day and night by Uncle and the cousins. Although, I knew it wasn’t strictly true, it seemed that I never had any peaceful time to myself when I was there. Dealing with that crazy Aunt was a chore in itself; I had thought she might at least be a sympathetic ally but she turned into a manipulative bitch, taking advantage of me in a completely different way than the men.

So, I relented and slowly got onto the ground where I was. I let my head hang down as I sensed the dog roaming back and forth behind me. The first tentative lick hit my ass cheek and sent a shock

through me. The second actually went between my legs but I didn't want to give the others the satisfaction of seeing me respond to this new activity. I don't know how I did, but I continued to struggle to refrain from letting them see me respond. But, my body was responding. Again, on its own while my brain tried to shut down, but it didn't. I felt, sensed, and identified each new touch and contact as the dog got comfortable between my legs and lapped up the semen and juices escaping my pussy.

When the dog jumped up onto my back, I remembered something I had noticed about dogs the few times I saw them mating, the knot at the base of the cock. I had to keep that knot out of me ... well, at least while the family was standing there watching. The way this was already going, the animalistic feeling of the entire act, the attention of the dog to fulfill this singular act, that the night would present other opportunities. Other opportunities to experience this again, if I wanted, when the family wouldn't get the satisfaction. So, with the dog on my back, he started humping, pounding his hard cock into my bottom, mostly hitting my cheeks, but then slipping between my cheeks. I moved with him, hopefully unperceptively to the others, until his cock slipped between my cheeks and found my pussy. I clamped my mouth shut, but inwardly I moaned at the sudden invasion. He shifted his weight and clamped his front legs around my middle. At the same time, I made my defensive move and closed my thighs tightly together. The dog continued to hump into me and I am sure I felt even tighter to him. But, after some time, I felt something new hitting against me and I was sure it was the knot. He became almost frantic, that it was important to tie with me by getting his knot in place, but my legs being together was not going to allow that. I had to admit to myself, though, that there was something wildly different about this fucking from the dog. He was pounding at me, very aggressively, but it wasn't meanly or abusively. He was trying to dominate me and the knot would certainly have done that, but I had to fight to hold control, at least externally. Internally, my body was going crazy.

When I felt the first jerk and strain of his cock inside me, then the first spurt of his cum jetting into my pussy, I cried out. My sisters had long ago seen more than they wanted and returned to the house. The guys, though, were not only curious, they were needing to see me demeaned and subjugating by the dog. So, when they heard me cry out, they laughed, turned, and went into the house, satisfied that I had been properly agonized in my torment by the dog.

The reality was that my crying out was the release of pent up stimulation like I had never experienced. When he spurted inside me, my orgasm crashed over me like a tsunami crashing against a defenseless shoreline. It was the most delicious orgasm of my short sexual life. And, my mind went racing ahead of me. I was chained with the dog all night. And, I hadn't allowed the knot to enter me. Unlike past times when I was forced to experience something I didn't want, this experience was registered by my mind and it had full participation throughout the experience. The dog wasn't a threat. The dog was only doing what instinct dictated it to do. Its drive was to mate with a female, a bitch. I lay on the ground and the dog sniffed at my pussy. I opened my legs willingly to him and he cleaned our mixed cum from my body. When he then went to a grassy spot in the yard and lay down, I tentatively followed on my hands and knees. I slowly moved to curl in next to him, cautious of a sudden snarl indicating a warning to move away. It never came and he accepted my body next to his.

During the night, he mated me three more times. Each time I accepted the knot, which was wild and primal. The knot entering me stretched my pussy to what I was afraid might be too much. But, it wasn't. It was wonderfully exciting. The pain, if it even was that, was momentary, but the full feeling of the knot and the subsequent engorging of both the knot and the cock was immediate and defining of the mating experience. After cumming and while knotted to the dog after, I truly felt like his bitch. But, as dominating as the experience was, it lacked all the abuse and meanness of my past experiences. Yes, some of my fucking was wonderfully powerful and exciting. I had come to

understand that my body was like that. Between mating with the dog, I tried to understand it, the difference. And, I couldn't. The men just used me. The dog just used me. The men pounded into me with force. The dog pounded into me with force. So, what was the difference? It remained unanswered. But each time with the dog, I came wildly. And, the dog seemed insatiable.

In between, though, when I gave up trying to figure that difference out, a plan formulated in my mind to escape. That and one more fucking, finally brought me sleep curled up next to the dog.

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When I stopped, there was only silence. They had listened quietly, not interrupting. That wasn't to say I didn't notice reactions from them at times during the telling, but they allowed it to flow out, like it would be easier for me than to stop, explain or react, then to start up, again.

I looked around the table: Dori, Albert, and Jesse were all just watching me. We had been sitting here much of the morning, sitting at the kitchen table, talking. Okay, I was talking and they were listening. I started to rise from the table when Jesse reached out and put his hand over mine. I looked down at the dark brown hand over mine, and then looked to his face. His eyes dropped for just a moment from my face to my body. I had been so comfortable talking about the past, reliving those memories, that I had forgotten ... until now. I looked down at myself and saw what he, and the others, were seeing as my thin robe completely fell away from my otherwise naked body. I sat back down and looked at each of the others. I could tell in their eyes that the story for now might be done, but there was something on their minds.

"Miss Ryn, we were wondering ..." it was Jesse picking up from his stopping me from standing. "We were wondering ... why did you stop having dogs? If this is improper to ask, I'm sorry. Your story, though, your enjoyment of the dog that night ... we know you enjoyed the dogs here at the beginning when we came to work here, but ...", he looked to his companions, "... we were just wondering why ..."

I smiled. A fair question. Why indeed? "We made sure we periodically got new young dogs, as the others got older and became less active and eventually died. But, when George got sick, our attention shifted to him and more of my concerns to Miss Helen. The carnal pursuit of before seemed less important. We just stopped replacing the dogs. Now, we have that nice kennel that sits empty." A look of both regret and longing came over my face. "It wasn't a conscious decision at all. Life got in the way. It just didn't seem like the most important thing. They reverted to being pets ... only pets."

"Miss Ryn?" It was Dori this time. I could tell that dropping the 'Miss Ryn' for just 'Ryn' was going to be a problem, if not impossible. "Can I ask when you started with the dogs here? Was it remembering the old experiences that caused you to try it again? Or were you pushed into it?"

I blushed and I knew I did. Talking about the long past was one thing, especially things that were put upon me. This, though, was getting into free-will actions. "I guess you could say it was partly remembering that past experience. I wasn't pushed. I guess I was encouraged, though. But, it was my decision completely, there was no forcing involved. As to when ... that was when I first came here. In fact, it was just a few days after arriving to start my assignment here." They were all looking at my puzzled. I think they thought I had always been a 'Miss' of the estate. But why would a 'Miss' come to the estate to take on an assignment? I smiled at them. It was a teaser for them, perhaps. "But that, my dear friends, is getting way ahead of the story."

I got up from the table, turned for the entry, but stopped. "The rain has stopped and the day looks to

be gorgeous. But, first, you know me as Miss Ryn, but you also know my real name is Lauryn Hill. Do you know how it was that I became known as Ryn?"

They speculated that it was a cute nickname from school or something that I picked up since leaving home. I smiled at them, again. I turned and as I walked through the entrance, I responded over my shoulder, "But that is getting ahead of the story, too."

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CHAPTER FOUR

I turned and as I walked through the entrance, I responded over my shoulder, "But that is getting ahead of the story, too." But, then I stopped and turned back to them, "Excuse me Sirs and Miss, it might have been presumptuous of me to just leave you. Is there ... anything ... that I might do for you?" I blushed; I could feel it spreading over me. "Or ... perhaps ... some service I might provide?"

Dori was entirely focused on me. "Ryn, you are blushing. What are you thinking, you naughty girl?" But, she didn't wait for a response from me. She immediately turned to Jesse and Albert to whisper something to them. They both turned their eyes to me and a short whispered discussion ensued. I could hear none of it until I heard Dori, "yes", I little too loudly.

Jesse, of all of them, "Ryn, your story is very hot and I think Albert and I could use ... oh, no! I didn't mean ... Miss Ryn, I didn't mean that we thought your abuse was exciting."

Albert put his hand on the other man, "Jesse, easy. She knows that."

"You do, Miss Ryn?"

I walked up to Jesse, put my arms around his neck, and kissed him on the lips. "Of course, I do. Your reaction just now was indicative of why I knew I could always trust you." I put my hand on Albert's arm, "And you, too, of course." I smiled at Dori, "All three of you." I stood in front of them. "Do you understand better why I feel connected to you three?"

Dori answered immediately, "Because you are just like us. You came from the same place we did. Poor and marginalized."

Albert took a step back and looked at her, "Marginalized? Really?"

Dori smiled and shrugged her shoulders, "I heard it used on a documentary about the poor. For some reason it stuck with me." We all four laughed.

I moved back to Jesse, "Before you were interrupted ..." I unbuckled his belt and open the snap on his pants. "Were you about to ask something of me?" I unzipped his fly and slipped my hand inside, feeling his cock move just at my touch. "It wouldn't have been for me to take care of this would it?"

He stammered, "Yes, ma'am."

I moved to Albert and did the same thing and got the exact same, "Yes, ma'am."

I looked up at Dori, "Dori, if you don't want to watch, this might be a good time to find something to do."

She smiled, "Not on your life. I may be blushing like a school girl, but ... no, I want to see this."

I knelt before them and finished with Jesse's pants, and then looking up at his face, I put my hands to the waistband of his underwear. This was it. This was the first time I would see him, this was the first of what I hoped would many more firsts to come. I pulled his underwear down and his hardening cock sprang into view. Without conscious thought, my mouth uttered what my brain registered, "Oh ... my, god!" He wasn't like a horse, but it was the biggest cock I had ever seen or held, which is what I found my hands doing. Before my brain finished registering the vision, my hand was already in action, slide up and down the length. It had to be 8 inches long and thick. I just stared at it for a moment before leaning into it and licking up the length and kissing the tip. I looked up at his face and smiled. My other hand had been on Albert's crutch and I felt something that was very similar. On my knees, I turned to him and repeated the same actions, including the response. "Oh, my god, you two!" Albert might be even an inch longer, but maybe not quite as thick. With a hand on each one, stroking up and down, I looked up at them with a big smile. "You two are going to make me a very happy woman."

But, at that moment, it was going to be all about me making them happy. On my knees, I went back and forth between them. While sucking one, I stroked the other. Back and forth, forth and back. During a switch between them, I was able to glance at Dori; she had both of her hands grasping her breasts from outside her clothes. She didn't notice my eyes on her; she was immersed in tunnel vision, able to see only the two large cocks. I would have smiled if the cock going into my mouth didn't make that difficult.

Afterward, I gave each of them a kiss on the mouth. That was to thank them, but it was also to test them. Were they repulsed by the idea of kissing a woman who had just had cum in her mouth, and when some of it was someone else's? They weren't. They kissed me greedily.

I broke the kiss and thanked them, again. I headed for the door making a comment about things to do. Reaching the door, though, I turned back, rushed to take Dori's hand, and pulled her out into the hall toward the stairway to the upstairs.

"Ryn! They are going to think we are going to ... hey, where are you taking me?"

"To my room. You said we needed to talk, privately. And, it doesn't matter what they think, I just sucked them off in front of you."

"Ryn, I'm not ready to do this. I'm not ready, yet. Okay?"

I stopped us halfway up the stairway and I searched her eyes. "But, you want to? Sometime you will be ready?"

She giggled and blushed profusely, "Yes, Ryn. I want to, believe that, I really do, but ... now, I do need to talk to you."

I stared at her, a big smile slowly spreading over my face. I threw my arms around her and kissed her. "Oh, Dori! I can't believe it. I mean for some reason I just never assumed ... I mean, you know ... well, you and me. This is wonderful!" I kiss her, again. I then continued our rise up the stairs. I looked over my shoulder, "This is wonderful. I was only going to talk, but his is wonderful news."

At the top of the stairs she stopped, which made me stop as her hand pulled out of mine. "You mean you weren't trying to get me to your bedroom to ... you know?"

She was glaring at me. "Dori, it's not like I didn't think about that, after sucking the men, but you made it perfectly plain that you wanted to talk."

"You mean to say you got me coming up here thinking you were seducing me into making love and my telling you that I wanted to, but ... you tease!" She came running at me but her face was a playfully, big smile. I took off for my room, the loose robe flowing behind me. I was nearly naked and being chased through the house by the other female of the house. I loved it.

We went out onto the balcony to talk. There were two reasons for selecting that location. The first and most obvious was that it was a beautiful day with a slight breeze that felt wonderful on the skin. The second and less obvious to Dori was so the guys would see us sitting. The guys did see us and wave and it was even a little after that when, while watching the guys working in the yard below, Dori said, thank you.

When we were settled into a quiet and private time for that talk, it proved to be quite informative. She finally opened up about her past. After hearing the beginning of my story, she related so closely that she wanted to finally share it with someone. She was also from a dirt poor family. In her case, both of her parents were alive and she was the youngest girl in the family. She had two older sisters, just a year older and three years older. A brother that was between her sisters and a brother who was two years younger than her. Her family situation was becoming similar to how mine had ended up becoming but hers involved her mother, too. It was a puzzle to the younger kids but there was definitely something funny happening among the others. It wasn't until her two sisters became pregnant and her parents did go crazy angry that she started figuring it all out. Incest was a part of their family and not only the immediate family but well into other relations. With her sisters pregnant, the males started watching her more closely and her mother started giving her talks about sex and men.

Unlike me, who had a clear idea of what I wanted to do with my life, at least from the perspective of a job, she had none. Schooling was a low priority and not encouraged. The girls were going to become wives so school was low on anyone's priority. The incest and sharing among the relatives, produced couples through that familiarity. It was not uncommon for marriages to come about through the coupling of cousins. She knew that was messed up and whatever was in store for her in this scenario, there had to be something better than that. She ran away and never looked back. She was on her own for half a year, surviving in shelters and church groups until she was directed to our open position for a housekeeper and cook. She was young and inexperienced, which kept her from securing a similar position earlier. The fact that we were looking for assistance rather than an experienced servant, made the difference in our minds. We hired her and she said it was the perfect situation. She had narrowly avoided being discovered by her family in those early days. Being employed by an estate away from any town provided privacy.

We talked about that more, sharing commonalities and differences, relating in ways we never knew we could before. Discovering bonds in our lives and survival that we both felt made us almost instantly closer in spirit and emotion. We were sitting next to each other, still on the balcony. My hand was holding hers and she squeezed mine periodically in reassurance or acceptance of my reassurance. I stood up, pulled her back into the room, and led her to the loveseat at the foot of my bed. I held both of her hands and we were quiet for minutes. The minutes of silence were comfortable, though, not tense or awkward. We had opened ourselves for ourselves and for each other. I felt closer to her in those short couple of hours than I had ever felt with anyone, even Helen Taylor who I had thought was the closest friend I could possibly have. Helen had accepted me for what I was and that was a gift. Dori, though, didn't just accept me, she was me and I was she. We were like sisters in experience.

Somehow, we ended in each other's arms, crying, but not embarrassed or reluctant. Our crying was mutual and therapeutic in its release of emotions too long held inside and, surprisingly, joyful in the discovery of a bond that was thicker, tighter, and more secure, only possible by coming from such a

joint experience. It was as if I had found a sister who knew and understood my very soul.

I also discovered that she was still a virgin. See immediately followed that declaration with a verbalization of her desire to now change that. I looked into her eyes deeply.

“Are you sure? Not because of me, I hope.”

“Yes, because of you. And, because of Albert and Jesse. Because of you three. Ryn ... wow, all of the sudden calling you Ryn instead of ‘Miss Ryn’ won’t be hard and won’t be easy. I feel like we could be ...”

“Sisters?”

“You feeling it, too?” I nodded to her and she smiled but then continued, “Ryn, I know you feel it, too. You gave yourself to us to find pleasure and to find ways to give you pleasure. You trust in us the same way.” I nodded, again. “But ... I don’t know what to do, how to proceed, how to initiate anything.”

I hugged her tightly and separated, holding her hand as though I was studying it, but was really thinking. “First, I make a call to the doctor. We need to get you on birth control. We’ll do that this afternoon, which will give the pills time to be effective. I think you want to take it slow, since you have no experience. That will be perfect. In a week you will be fully protected.”

She was studying our hands now, something trying to come out but not coming easily. “Will they want me?”

“Albert and Jesse?” She nodded shyly like a school girl asking an older sister if a classmate might be interested in her for the dance. “Are you kidding? They would never approach you Dori, you are more like a sister to them, too. Their instinct would be to protect you, not pursue you. But, when they find out you are interested ... watch out. And we’ll work on the ‘interested’ part, too.”

“How do we do that?”

“The way you look for one thing. You are still dressing like a woman who doesn’t want to be approached. New clothes, a new hair style, some makeup, and a little confidence.” She was looking at me a little like a deer in the headlights. This was a lot of change coming. I smiled, “But, we’ll go slowly. We’re going into town, a little lunch, the doctor ... and lots of talking.” And, that’s what we did.

That night Dori seemed to be a little different. The guys couldn’t help but notice, but we weren’t going to share anything until it was time. After dinner, though, the story continued.

* * *

After the first night with the dog, Pa would have been sure it would have left an impact on me. I had to smile to myself, though. I didn’t know so much about an impact on me, but it certainly had an impact in me. The experience of the knot inside me was so completely filling and animalistic. It was thoroughly taboo and forbidden, but fulfilling and pleasurable at the same time. And, was it really any more taboo than the incest by father and brothers that had already been forced on me. But, even if he felt the night outside with the dog should have been enough, his controlling and dominating mind would decide that if one night was good, more nights would be even better. I just had to make sure he had the reasons he needed.

My escape plan was predicated on two important requirements. They were keeping me naked and restricted, so it was going to be difficult. First, I had to prepare a bag of clothes, shoes, and personal items like my birth control pills, to have after my escape. Second, I had to escape. I had to be able to get away from the others, get to my bag of stuff, and away with enough time to make the trek on foot to the County road where I might have a chance of hitchhiking a ride to the State road. That was the general plan, anyway.

Being inside the house, in the bed of one of the men, would make getting away from the house more difficult, unless they had a lot to drink. It was a work night and that wasn't going to happen. Being with the dog was best if I had access to the key for the lock that connected my chain to the dog. They kept the key on the shed wall, which was just out of reach. But, I had a plan for that, too. I needed to continue with an act of resistant and a defiant attitude, which hopefully would guarantee more nights with the dog.

In the morning, I knew one of them would be coming out to retrieve me and undoubtedly expected to see a contrite woman after the ordeal. A contrite woman might get inside the house, but that wasn't my plan. I could stand another day and night of being a family slut and dog bitch if it gave me my opening.

Jacob was the one that came out to release me from the dog. It was light out, the sun was already up over the horizon, so it seemed they were leaving me to 'enjoy' being a dog for a little while longer. Jacob looked a little nervous as he approached. I suspected then that he had not volunteered for this but was told, probably by Pa. But, he didn't venture to give any sympathy for my experience. He did finally ask a question that I didn't know if it was rubbing salt into the wound, sympathetic, or simply curiosity.

"Was it bad?"

I looked up at him from where I lay in the dirt next to the dog. I couldn't see what was behind his question, so I decided to take it the worst way. "It could have been better; it could have been worse." He was unlocking the lock that connected my chain to the dog. I then watched him return the key to the hook. "It was Samuel who suggested this, wasn't it?" He nodded. "The dog treated me like his bitch. It was demeaning to be treated like a dog bitch. But, what was bad wasn't what the dog did; what was bad was that my family made me do it. You three treated me like a dog bitch, first."

As if trying to defend himself, "Pa just wanted to teach you a lesson."

"Fuck you, Jacob! Damn it, I'm your sister! What lesson would that be? To be a good slut for the family men? The hell with you! The hell with all of you! Look at me, your sister. Look what a night with the dog does." My naked body was covered with dirt; the insides of my thighs were streaked by the leaking cum; my hair was like a rat's nest.

My dramatic concluding scene was critical. I was amazed when I was able to force out a couple tears down my cheeks. It was only a few, but it was all that were needed. I turned to face him, making the image of tears through the dirt on my face plain. "I'd rather sleep with the dog than with any of you ..." I thought it was the best performance I could manage. I could only hope then that when Pa heard about it, and he would, it would piss him off enough to certainly chain me outside with the dog, again.

My plan depended on it.

I didn't hear an immediate explosion, so I figured Jacob was waiting to tell Pa. That was just as well. I might have ended up in chains the entire day. Once the men left for work, I volunteered to clean all

the bedrooms and make the beds. I grabbed an extra trash bag to collect the items I would need and headed for the bedrooms. My sisters never questioned why I volunteered to take on the majority of the work, maybe thinking I was repenting after being with the dog all night. But mostly, they were just relieved that a big part of the day's work was no longer their responsibility; if they questioned my motives, they might end up doing more work. When I went to the back of the shed to throw away the trash, I also had my bag of stuff. I hid my bag behind the trash barrels and went to the side where the dog was chained.

The setup for the dog was simple and provided him with a good range of motion. His 20 feet of chain was attached to one of the wires that made up the clothes line. The combined chains stopped just short of the shed door. The key for my lock was kept on a hook attached next to the door, not 3 feet out of my reach. Pa put the key on a hook there so it was accessible to anyone who would need it to control me during the night or to release me in the morning. That was unless I had something like a 6 foot rake, which I leaned against the clothes line post, looking completely natural.

It worked pretty much like I had hoped it might. It worked very well, in fact. That wasn't entirely a good thing temporarily, but it was going to give me my chance. As soon as Pa got home after work, he found me and dragged me outside to the dog.

"So, you'd rather spend the night with the dog than with any of us? Is that what you said, bitch?" I didn't answer, there was no further need. And, he didn't even care about an answer at this point. "Okay, fine, so you can just spend all your time with the dog. No, supper or breakfast, I'll decide when you eat and when you can come back into the house. Until then, you're 100% the dog's bitch." That's what I mean about it not entirely being a good thing that my plan worked so well, so far.

Samuel intervened, though. "Pa, let's fuck her good, again. Let's put cum back into that uppity cunt of hers so the dog is stimulated to use her, too."

So, I was taken into the house. As they all ate supper, I was under the table sucking cock. When they were through eating, I was fucked. Each of them managed to put two loads into me before I was dragged out to the dog. I watched intently what they did with the key. If they decided, absentmindedly, to take the key with them, I was screwed worse than the fuckings I had already endured. But, the key went onto the hook. I looked to the line post, verifying the rake was still where I had left it. In the fading light, I couldn't help letting a smile cross my face as I knelt on my hands and knees encouraging the dog. The men were just reaching the corner of the house when one of them turned to me. My willingness to mate stopped them in their tracks for just a moment and with curses from Pa that he might just leave me chained there for good, he slammed the door shut and turned off the outside light. It was quickly dark. But, tonight I reveled in my animalistic act of mating with the dog. When the knot passed between my lips, I cried out in joy and pleasure. When I orgasmed while feeling his spurts inside me, I damn near howled into the dark night.

I allowed myself to sleep. I knew from my experience of the previous night that any sleep I got would be fitful with frequent waking. Sleeping on the ground, outside and naked, is not comfortable. Even the hot and muggy weather of the South turns cool enough at night to become uncomfortable. I found myself constantly trying to pull covers up to protect me, covers that didn't exist. So, instead, I tried curling into the dog, if he would let me. Initially, curling up to warm my front and later switching to warm my back, never really finding satisfaction.

After I woke up the second time, I lay completely still, listening for any sign or indication of movement. It was quiet. I stretched out, loosening muscles that had been cooled and tightened by lying on the cool ground. I also needed the dog awake and standing. I needed him to follow me to the end of the clothes line and the post where the rake was standing. But I didn't want him barking in

the process. I had made a friend over the past couple night and he eagerly moved with me. My concern was that his eagerness would result in noise. It didn't and I was able to get the rake and the key with little difficulty.

Once I had the key in hand, I found unlocking the padlock a bit more awkward than I anticipated as a result of not being able to see what I was doing with the lock at my throat. When I was free, though, I also released the dog. It was actually touching; he looked at the chain on the ground, then at me. I pointed off into the night and he hesitated for a moment, looking from the darkness to me several times. He finally came to me, licked my thigh twice, and disappeared into the night.

I made my way in the dark to the other side of the shed. Although it was a clear night, the moon was only at a quarter. It provided some light but not much. Having been in the dark, though, it was just enough for me to locate my bag behind the trash. With the bag in hand, I made my way to the dirt drive where I stopped to check the house before proceeding further. It was dark and quiet. Naked, I headed out onto the dirt road leading to the gravel Township road about a mile away. I walked until I was well out of sight of the house before stopping to put on clothes and shoes. I had taken the precaution of wrapping a bra and panty into a dress and placing it over my shoes. I knew I was dirty, but at least I was dressed and shoes allowed better walking on the dirt and gravel road surface.

The sun was up before I made the County road where I hope to hitch a ride south to the State road. From there I wanted to go east and well away from here. It was late morning, though, before I was at the intersection with the State road. I had only seen a couple cars and a few pickups. None of them had stopped or even seemed to slow down. The good news of that was they apparently didn't know me; the bad news was that I was now desperate for a ride, having developed a painful blister on my left foot. I should have thought to use socks.

Salvation came in the form of a 16-wheeler with 'Southeast Transport' printed along the sides of the trailer. By the time it came to a full stop, it was about 100 feet away. I wanted and needed a ride but all of the sudden I wasn't so sure. All kinds of thoughts started going through my mind: what was I doing out here; is it going to be safe; what choice do I have; and where, exactly am I going? My plan had been thought out only so far. Now was the moment of truth for the rest of it to start coming together.

Nothing happened at the truck or me for a few minutes. Then a man was climbing out of the driver's side of the cab. He walked close to the trailer to stay out of the way of the oncoming traffic, and then walked across the back to the far side of the shoulder until he was about 10 feet from me.

"You were hitchhiking, weren't you? Do you want a ride or not?"

"Yes, sir, I do. I just suddenly didn't know what to expect."

He looked me up and down and I did the same. I think we were both sizing the other, I know I was. He was different than I expected. He was clean and neat, not ... well, whatever I might have been afraid a driver might be.

"Before this goes any further, how old are you?"

"I'm 18, sir. It's the truth. I have an ID, if you need to see it."

"You don't have a gun in that bag, do you? I'll give you a ride, but I don't want any trouble for it."

"Oh, no, sir! I just want to get away from here, as far as I can get."

“Running away from a husband?”

“No, sir. Running away from my family. I’ll explain, if you want. The truth is what the truth is, I just need some help to put some distance between me and them.”

So, I got in the cab. It was one of those sleeper cabs with a place to sleep behind the seats for long hauls, I suppose. Right in front of the passenger seat was a sign, ‘No Passengers Allowed. Company Personnel, Only’. I pointed to the sign, “Is that going to get you in trouble? I don’t want to cause anyone any trouble.”

He smiled, chuckled, and seemed to be more relaxed as he put the truck into gear and got back into traffic. “Not unless I get caught or something happens. Truth is, it’s an insurance thing. If something happens to a passenger who is not with the company, it isn’t the company’s problem. It’s the company protecting itself. A lot of truckers pickup people that look safe. A lot of us have had some hard times ourselves, so we feel for people who are forced to hitch.”

He was an easy guy and soon I was pouring out my story, not in gruesome detail, but with enough generalization that he knew exactly what I was trying to escape. I soon found myself with a sympathetic ally.

We talked for a long time. I don’t know how many miles we covered and it was mostly about me. I found out that he was married, but they had an unusual relationship, he said. He was sometimes gone on the road for weeks and it was hard for both of them. They loved each other deeply and intensely but this was what he did and he was good at it. They discovered that their love of sex was different and separate from their love of each other. So, they came to a sensible decision, at least they thought so. It would be okay for them to have sex while they were separated, but it would be purely recreational. It made life easy.

I wondered why that seemed to slip out. It seemed natural enough while I described the things that had happened to me, the obvious reason for my needing to run away, and the uncertain future that lay ahead of me. I certainly wasn’t scared of sex after my experiences and I took his admission about his relationship with his wife into consideration. He was definitely the best man I had come into contact with in a very long time. I decided to leave that door open and see what might happen.

He said that he was usually an LTL transport, meaning that he rarely had a load that was for a single delivery. He made several deliveries during a trip, dropping off cargo at each. Sometimes he would then do the reverse, picking up cargo from various customers, or go directly back to the hub that he worked out of. He had 3 drops this day and the final one tomorrow morning in Georgia. This was an unusual trip in that the second to last and last drops were only 100 miles apart but would be 14 hours apart. The company was paying for an overnight with meals and motel.

He suddenly said, “So, how far were you saying you wanted to go?”

Georgia, that was two states from the family. “Georgia sounds like a good place to try a new life.”

He laughed. “I have no idea. I only make deliveries and pickups there. But, I enjoy your company. But, first, and ... I mean no disrespect ... but you could sure use some cleaning up.”

I looked down at myself and blushed. I was a mess, dirt on my skin, my hair was still a mess, and I knew I must smell from the sex and being outside.

“There is a big truck stop coming up in about 5 miles. They have showers there for the truckers. Not that I have been in the women’s mind you, but there are women drivers now so they must have

showers, too. I don't suppose you have any money?"

I looked up at him embarrassed, "I have about 105 dollars in my bag. It was all I could find in the whole house. They are going to explode when they realize I didn't just run away but took what cash they had around the house." He laughed.

When we got to the truck stop, he said he would top off the tanks and gave me a \$20 bill. "The shower is \$10; here is a towel. With the rest, get a couple Diet Cokes and a sandwich for us to share." He pointed to the entrance and I swung the towel over my shoulder. I also had clean clothes rolled up under my arm.

The shower was wonderful. I may have stayed a little too long, but the hot water and soap were welcome and refreshing. In the cab and underway, I combed out my long hair, kicked off my shoes and stretched out my legs. I made a show of 'accidentally' showing too much of my legs, saying how wonderful it felt to be clean and safe. His attention was split between my legs and the road.

"You are quite the tease, aren't you?"

"I'm sorry, Floyd." He had told me to stop calling him 'sir' and use his name, Floyd. "It seems like so long that any guy I was with would be just throwing me to the ground to ... well, you know. I shouldn't tease and I am sorry, but ... it feels good to be with someone I feel safe with."

He eyed me seriously, "You are so sure you are safe with me? That I won't take advantage of you before this trip is over?"

I put my left hand on his right thigh and stroked it up but staying away from intimacy. "Yes, Floyd, I do feel safe. Oh ... don't think that because I feel safe that something might not happen. The difference is that when ... if it happens, I will be able to offer it to you. That will be a first for me ..." I looked at him, "how sad is that?"

He put his hand over mine on his thigh and pressed it in. He looked down at it, up at the road, and then to me. "Yes, Lauryn, you are safe. I'm not about to force you and I don't need to in order to have sex."

He had dropped a load and we were on the road, again. He was only nervous about me at the delivery points. That was when someone might take note and comment back to the company. When he made deliveries, I crawled into the sleeper and waited until he let me know it was clear.

We had been on the road for a while, comfortable in our chatter and the Country Music on the radio. He looked up ahead, "I didn't realize we were this far. There is construction for the next 20 miles. This next 20 miles will probably take us 2 hours."

"Is that going to be a problem with your schedule?" How this stuff worked on a schedule was fascinating to me. All the variables and he seemed to be right on schedule.

"Naw, this has been going on for a couple months. It is built into the schedule. For the next couple of hours we will be standing still or going between five and ten miles per hour. Take your seatbelt off and get comfortable."

I was watching him, not the construction ahead, the cars, or the mess of the construction we were slowly passing, just him. He finally couldn't take it anymore. "What? Why are you watching me so intently?"

“How about you? How comfortable can you get?”

He looked at me suspiciously, “Very, why? I am going to leave a good buffer between me and the guy in front. Nobody is going anywhere in a hurry. Again, why? Lauryn Hill! You are blushing!”

I smiled. “When you have to stop, again, will it be safe for you to push your pants down to your knees? Can you be that comfortable?”

He just looked at me for a minute. “Damn!” He looked at the road and the cars and trucks backed up ahead of him but still creeping along at a slow pace. “The hell with coming to a stop! Take the wheel for a minute.” This time I was beaming a smile at him, and then I grabbed the wheel with my left hand, now watching the vehicles ahead. Of course, there was nothing I could do if they suddenly stopped, he still controlled the brakes and gas pedal. The wheel felt huge in my hands and a slight vibration from the massive engine came into my hand and arm. He had unbuckled his belt, unzipped his pants, and stopped, “Are you sure, Lauryn? I don’t want you feeling pressure or an obligation for the ride.”

I didn’t dare take my eyes from the road ahead, but I responded evenly, “I am sure. Floyd, maybe you can’t imagine how special this feels for me to be the one to offer and you wanting it. It is so much more exciting than when it is just taken from me.”

He lifted his ass off the seat and pushed his pants to his knees. When he had firm control over the truck, again, I shifted in my seat and lean over so my hands and face were in his lap. It was a nice cock and almost hard, already. I commented on that and he said, “Are you kidding me? I have a beautiful 18 year old offering to give me a blowjob. What do you think is going to happen down there?”

I smiled. That felt nice, too. I was beautiful ... he said it. And, he was responding just to my offer. I decided to get naked myself. I was just beginning to give a blowjob. I was with a man I had only known for some hours. And, it all felt so good, so much better, so much more real than what I had previously experienced.

I started to work on his cock slowly and with interest. Before it would always be about getting them to cum. Now, I was interested in investigating his cock, its shape, how it felt, how it reacted to what I did, and how it made me feel to do it. I want this to last, to enjoy it, both of us. I licked the length, kissed it up and down, sucked voraciously on the head, and took as much as I could into my mouth. I heard him groan, sigh, and moan. That provided more incentive to continue what I was doing.

Then, I heard, “Up ahead on your side, construction workers.”

I popped up and lowered the window. I hardly thought, I just remembered his comment about how his wife like to be exposed, the thrill of exhibitionism. I turned and got up to the window and leaned just enough out to expose my breasts and I waved. Floyd blasted the horn of the giant rig to get their attention. The workers turned and cheered, shouted, and clapped. I turned back to him beaming.

“How did it feel? Was this your first real exhibitionist act?”

“Except for my family making me be naked, yes. The first time with complete strangers. It was ... amazing ... wonderful. My god, it was exciting, to be naked in front of them and all they could do is look. Floyd ... they cheered!” He smiled, then looked back to his crotch. “Yes, sir!” And I returned to his cock. Eventually, I let him cum and I took every drop from his cock head, licking the last of it from the opening. I had checked the clock on the dash and I played with him for 25 minutes. I decided right then that sucking cock was something I really liked to do when it was something that

was my choice.

The rest of the trip through the construction zone I spent naked. Every now and then, I would pop up to wave at workers, but mostly I sat comfortably and talked. I was shocked at how much I talked and how animated I was. I talked on and on about my dream of working with animals, saving up enough money to go to a Community College somewhere and getting a Vet Tech certificate. It wasn't an elaborate dream, not like becoming a full Vet, but it was so much more than my family had realized, especially for a female.

Along the way, he pointed ahead as I rambled on with my talk. The construction zone was ending and he was steadily shifting into higher gears as the jam up opened. I reached behind and found my clothes, put them on, and buttoned about half the buttons. About an hour after the construction, he dropped another delivery and two hours after that was another. Then, it was a direct route to his stop in Georgia. It finally got quiet in the cab. Maybe, I finally got quiet. We were approaching the city of his last drop for the next morning.

"Lauryn, I have a motel room tonight. I would like you to share it with me."

I slapped his leg playfully, "I bet you would."

He got embarrassed and stammered. How delightfully charming. "No! Okay, yeah, I supposed there is that part of it, but really, I was thinking that you don't have a place to stay. At least, I didn't think you did. It's just that I really like you and I know my wife would love to know you ... as a person and a partner."

I looked at him intently, "As a partner? She's that way? But she like men, too?"

He chuckled. "She would have loved to be with you, Lauryn. A young woman, inexperienced in the ways of female loving ... oh, she would have had so much fun instructing you. Yes, she loves men, she loves being fucked, but she likes women, too. Lauryn, sex can be experienced in many ways. Be open to them as they come to you."

That made me fall quiet. Not only did I feel safe with this man because he was so open and forthcoming, but he was so encouraging, too. Before I knew it, he was pulling his rig into a motel along the highway. He stopped it where there was room and it was out of the way. He looked at me and I smiled back at him and nodded. The sun was already beginning to near the horizon.

He slowed, downshifting as he did. I saw the motel coming up on the right side and he pulled into it, staying away from the main parking area occupied by cars. He brought the truck to a stop with a rush of escaping air from the brake system. He released his seatbelt and turned to me, "What do you say, Lauryn? Share the room with me and put off the problems of what you will do on your own for one more night?"

I was studying my hands in my lap. Giving him a blowjob in the truck was one thing, but it had been very easy for me to do. Spending the night with him in a motel room and all the implications that action brought, seemed a totally different thing, a more telling thing about who I might think I am, or what I am. I wasn't even sure what that was. I did know what my family was making me become and part of me even responded to that, but only part, though. Floyd had been nice to me, helpful, and supportive. There was no question about the sexual interest, he made that very clear, and even discussed at length his relationship with his wife and the trust and sharing they enjoyed. Floyd was giving me the feeling that sex could be fun, not just an orgasm induced by stimulation whether by force or acceptance. I was intrigued, I knew it, to discover more from this man.

"Yes, thank you. Floyd, I don't know why I trust someone I have only known for a part of one day. But, I do. I'm not saying that I trust you not to do something with me tonight, I expect that we will. But, I trust you that you will not hurt me." I studied his face intently, this was my last moment of deciding if I was crazy or not. "Am I stupid to feel that way?"

"Hmmm, interesting question. If you were my daughter ... yeah, I'd say more than that you were stupid. I guess what I can say, though, is that if my wife were here with us, I would be acting the same way. We share that life. So, I hope you can take that as an indication that I am not going to abuse you or hurt you. I really do want you to stay with me, and ... yes, I really do want to make love to you tonight. I'm not going to pretend that I don't."

I undid my seatbelt, "I guess that is why I want to. You said, 'make love', and I want to experience that. I want to experience someone wanting me to experience a wonderful sexual experience." I opened the door and climbed down after retrieving my bag.

He grabbed a little suitcase and went to the lobby to register, then indicated the room and I walked across the lot to intersect with him at the door. He let me walk in first. I stopped. There was a single queen sized bed. This was going to be for real, Lauryn, I thought to myself. I took a breath, stepped further into the room, and dropped my bag of belongings onto the bed. He did the same with his suitcase. I looked at the two sitting on the bed next to each other like it was an out of body experience watching the two of us on the bed. That was broken when he took my hand and pulled me to the door and outside. I hadn't notice a little restaurant next door before. We were headed for it.

Once we were seated in a booth along the window, he assured me that dinner on was on him. What little money I had was too important now. He ordered a beer and I got a Diet Coke. That was a treat, though; we didn't get the real thing at home very often. When we placed our dinner order (I ordered the meat loaf, mashed potatoes, and green beans), he leaned forward, got my attention and whispered, "Do me a favor ... humor me, I want to introduce you to an example of sexual stimulation." I looked at him quizzically; he couldn't possibly mean in here, could he? "Go to the restroom, go into one of the stalls, and remove both your bra and panties. Wrap them together and bring them to me."

"You're nuts! In here?"

"Just do it. You said you trusted me ... besides, Lauryn, this is something my wife would love to do."

I was shaking my head, but I also realized I was sliding out of the booth. After I did as he asked, I was beet red as I walked back across the restaurant clutching the two garments together, hoping that nobody would be able to tell what it was I was carrying. I could feel my breasts moving with the freedom and that increased my self-consciousness, too. As I slid into the booth, I slid the garments across the table to him. He only casually glanced at them before setting them on the bench seat next to him. It wasn't the garments he was interested in, it was me not being in them, but still covered by my conservative dress.

"How do you feel right now?"

"Excited ... horny."

"Why?"

I leaned into the table, "I don't have anything on under this."

"But you are completely covered. Nobody can tell you are naked under your dress. Why do you feel that way?"

Just then our dinner arrived and the conversation stopped momentarily while the waitress busied herself with the dishes. She refilled my glass and brought another beer for Floyd. When she was gone, "I don't know. I just do. I know, even if nobody else does." I took a bite of meat loaf. "It's like when I was naked in the cab through the construction area. It feels like that."

"Nobody could have seen you then, either ... except me. Until you purposely showed yourself to the construction guys, nobody would have known, but you said you were soaking wet."

"It's that exhibitionism you were talking about, right?"

"Good! Yes, it's psychological, only. You know that nobody can see you, but there is that chance, even if it is remote and that is the excitement. It's like going outside naked when there isn't anyone else around; or, having sex outside on the lawn in the middle of the night when nobody could possibly see you. It is still very exciting."

I chewed on some green beans, and then looked up at him, "That's what you meant earlier about there being lots of fun ways to enjoy sex. Using little extra stimulations to change things. These are things you and your wife do."

He smiled and then we just ate.

When we were done, he led me back to the motel. We were still in the parking lot, maybe 20 feet from the room door when he took my hand and stopped me. I looked up at him, there was a look of intensity, gentle, but still determined. "Are you ready to try one more step into something different before we go in?"

I wanted to say that I was scared. Not of him, but of the intensity of what I was already feeling from this man. He was so gentle and caring, but also knowing of what he liked and how exciting an encounter like ours could be. But, I had to find out what he had in mind. I had just scratched the surface and I now understood that. All I could do, though, was nod. My voice couldn't be trusted at the moment.

He put my undergarments under his arm and pressing them to his body so he could use both hands. Those hands began unbuttoning my dress from top to bottom. When it occurred to me that he intended to undo them all, I looked from side to side and around him, praying there would be nobody visible. There wasn't, not a soul stirring. The windows of the motel office shown bright, but there was no movement there, either.

He was pulling my dress up my legs to complete unbuttoning the last of them, and then let my dress fall back in place. Except it couldn't, it now hung on my body, gaping to the sides. His hands slipped inside and opened my dress up to his gaze.

"God, you are beautiful, Lauryn. So young and firm." His hands came to my breasts and cupped them. I gasped at the touch. His fingers found my nipples and I watched as each were given a pinch, lightly, but I moaned. His hands left my breasts and slid down my sides to my hips, then back up to my shoulders. He looked into my eyes and I gazed right back into his. In my heart I knew what he was about to do with his hands under my dress on my shoulders. I knew it, but when his hands pushed the dress off my shoulders, catching it as it fell down my arms, then taking it away completely, I gasped and my head fell back and a long, low moan escaped from my mouth. I hadn't shifted, not an inch from where I had been when this started. I had never been so mesmerized by

something, so entranced by something in my life. I wasn't sure what was coming next ... but whatever it was ... I wanted it; with all my soul, I wanted it.

He brought his lips to me. He kissed my forehead, both cheeks, and then, finally, my lips. His lips then went to my left ear. "Are you wet, Lauryn? Standing out here in a public parking lot naked?"

"Oh, God! I have to be dripping."

"Touch yourself."

"Oh, God ..." but I did it. My hand dropped down between my legs and two fingers found my pussy not only wet but ready to be penetrated. It took no pressure at all for those fingers to enter me.

"Bring them up to my mouth, Lauryn."

"Oh, God!" And, I did just that. My fingers came out of my pussy and directly to his mouth. He sucked greedily on them, sighing in the process. I was ready to cum, I swear I was and I didn't care if I was standing naked in a parking lot. In fact, that was part of it ... Floyd was right, this was such a turn-on!

He handed me the key to the room and with shaking fingers, I managed to unlock the door. I was sure I was going to drop the key; my hands were shaking so badly. I walked to the bed, pulled my bag and his suitcase off and onto the floor. I went to the head of the bed and stripped the cover and top sheet to the foot. I stood on the opposite side of the bed, already naked, looking at him, waiting for him or me to make the move. He started by unbuttoning his shirt and I moved quickly around the bed to him.

"No. Let me, please." He wasn't about to argue. I unbuttoned his shirt, slipping it off his shoulders and down his arms. Despite the warm weather, he also wore an undershirt. I pulled it up his body and over his head. My hands roamed over his now naked upper body, his hair chest, his soft stomach. His body showed his occupation of a truck driver, too many hours behind the wheel, lazy eating habits, and not enough exercise. His body was soft, but not fat.

I undid his belt, his pants snap, and then the zipper. I pushed his pants and underwear down to his knees, then pushed him back onto the edge of the bed. I untied his shoes, removed them and his socks. I finished by taking his pants off his legs. Now naked like me, I moved on my knees between his legs and took hold of his cock for the second time today. He was already hard. I smiled. He wanted me, he was anxious, and desiring of what this night would bring, at least in his mind. I sucked him for several minutes, not to make him harder, that wasn't going to happen, but to taste him and let him know that I was as desirous of pleasing him as I hoped he was to please me.

He pulled me off my knees to stand before him. His hand went between my legs, a finger moving along the lips of my pussy. "I want to make love to you, Lauryn. I hope you still want that."

I chuckled, but shyly, "I might have had to rape you, if you didn't want to." He smiled back.

"How would you like this?"

"Missionary, I think. For the first time that is."

He looked at me and I know I blushed. "The first time?"

"I just know I am going to want more." He took me in his arms and rolled me into the center of the

bed, my head on the pillow. My legs were spread. He knelt between them and looked up my body from my pussy to my breasts and to my face.

“Are you ready for sex to be fun?”

“Yes, please.”

He leaned his body over mine, he kissed my cheeks, my chin, even my nose, before kissing my lips. He glanced at me, a playful smile on his face, as he kiss my throat, each collar bone, each breast and nipple, before laying kisses down my front and over my stomach with his tongue probing into my belly button. I sighed, my hand lightly touching the side of his head.

I raised my head to look down my body as his mouth worked its way down. He must have felt my stomach tense because he raised his, too, just enough to look at me. The playful smile had turned to a devilish one. What was he up to, I wondered.

I watched him as he continued to kiss further down. My eyes grew big as he continued. I gasped as he kissed at the top edge of my pubic hair, still not showing any sign of stopping. He kissed into my pubic hair and still continued. He kissed the top of my slit and I involuntarily sucked in air; when he kiss over my lips, I moaned; when he probed his tongue between my lips and slipped it up the length, I cried out. Nobody had ever done anything like this to me. God ... it felt wonderful! He didn't stop. He continued to kiss, lick, and suck on my lips and then directly onto my clit. His tongue pushed into my pussy, probing, and licking as he did. My hands went to my head, my fingers into my hair, my head turned back, and my mouth open in a continuous moan. My hips shot up off the bed, pressing into his mouth ... I came. I came! I came from his mouth on my pussy. My god ... he hadn't even fucked me ... and I came.

My body slump into the bed. I opened my eyes, finally, seeing him on his knees between my lewdly spread legs. I was still gasping, but I saw in his eyes what he was intending to do next. I wanted it, too. My body was still in the last throes of my wonderful orgasm, but I put my arms out to him and he came to me, his pelvis coming into contact with mine, his hard, straining cock coming into contact with my still spasming pussy. He kissed my breasts, then my mouth. With one hand, though, he moved his cock to my hole and he pressed forward, entering me with just the head. I gasped yet, again.

“My god, Floyd! How did you learn to make a girl feel so wonderful? Thank you, thank you, thank you.”

“Hmmm ... you are welcome, dear. But, if you only remember one thing after tonight, let it be this: good sex is both partners trying to please each other. Are you ready for more? It feels so good to be inside you. You are wet, hot, clenching, and soft inside. My cock feels like it has the most wondrous sleeve around it.” He moved slightly further in and then back, slowly beginning his movement inside me. “You are so wet and soft, I slide in and out while being clenched by your pussy. I love being inside you.”

I had no words in response. Nobody had ever talked to me like this while making love. No ... nobody has ever made love to me before. I had been fucked and fucked often, but none were anything like this. I just held him tightly.

I felt his hand raise my right leg over his hips. I looked into his eyes, his smiling eyes, and I held my leg there. I then moved the left leg up and locked the ankles around him. I was now able to raise up to meet his thrusts, to participate a little in this missionary position.

He moved in me casually, but deeply. We kissed and nuzzled; he whispered things into my ear; he told me how his wife moved, how she loved a wet pussy to suck. I shuddered, as much from his words and kisses as from his cock moving inside me. The gentle way we loved, kissing, stopping completely to kiss or for him to suck on a nipple, was a tremendous turn-on for me. I never would have guessed that this could take so long and be so good, that it didn't have to be a hurry up and cum kind of activity.

"Hold onto me, we going to roll."

Roll? What the ... but it was too late; he grabbed me and rolled us so he was now on the bottom.

"Keep me inside you and get to your knees." I shifted as he directed and I was straddling his midsection. I raised my hips and lowered myself. "Good, girl. You catch on fast. This gives you control. And, according to my wife, better penetration, deeper penetration."

"Ooooooo ... yesssssss ... this is soooooooo nice ..."

He smiled. Then he raised his hips to meet me as I was coming back down. It felt so delicious, but neither of us lasted much longer. This time when I started another orgasm, I felt his cock twitch and jerk inside me, then spewing his seed into my body.

I stirred awake in the deadest hours of the night, when it should have been the darkest of the dark. But it wasn't. Light shown in through the window from the motel sign and the single light in the parking lot. The curtains were open. When we made love, the lights inside were bright. When we made love, were the curtains open then, too? Open to the outside and anyone who might happen to walk past our room from wherever to their room?

I was being held tightly. I was on my left side, Floyd spooned up behind me, and his hand cupping my right breast. There was a gentle, soft squeeze and I could then determine that he was awake, too. I squirmed closer into him. His semi-hard cock was pressing into my butt and with my movement it grew some as he pressed it into my backside.

He pressed his mouth to my ear, "Why are you awake?"

"Hmmm ..." I squirmed into him more. "I had a dream that I was being protected, being held secure and safe." He kissed my ear. "And, when I came to, I found that I really was, it wasn't a dream." I took one of my hands and pressed his firmly into my breast. "Why are you awake?"

"I found myself holding you. I tried to gently press more of me against you, to enjoy the contact. I am sorry, if that woke you."

"Don't be sorry. I like it, too. Very much, in fact. So much I would like to feel you inside me, again. Could we do that? One more time?"

He didn't answer. Least wise, not verbally. He took my right leg and lifted it over his. He then moved his hips slightly away from me, then I felt him, his cock, slide along my pussy lips as he pressed back against my butt. With back and forth motion of his hips, his cock slid along my pussy. I groaned out as it parted my lips, already wet or still wet, I wasn't sure. When his cock bumped into my clit, I gasped and I felt him kiss me as I shuddered against him. He shifted again and I felt him slide easily into me. I remembered the open curtains and glanced that way, but I no longer cared. If someone happened by, they could watch for all I cared, and I shuddered, again. And, I remembered what he said about exhibitionism, just the thought of being seen even if the chances were remote.

He stroked evenly, deeply into me and nearly completely out of me, before driving back in. Then he stopped. "We are shifting positions. Roll away from me and I will follow. I want you on your hands and knees."

"Hmmm ... doggy position ... yesss."

Once in position, accomplished without losing penetration, "Doggy position? What do you know of doggy position?"

I smiled, "Ohhhhhh, yesssss ... hmmm ... I love this. And ... never mind."

In the morning, the real morning with the sun shining in the open curtains, I was alone in the bed. I leapt out of the bed, went to the door, and flung it open. Standing naked in the doorway, I saw the semi parked exactly where it had been left when we arrived the night before. I scanned down to the lobby and didn't see Floyd. I scanned back to the truck and then saw him waiting on the other side of the highway. He was looking both ways to cross the now much busier highway. I never noticed the café across the way, maybe because it was closed when we arrive. He was now running across the road and I backed into the room, the door still open, and waited for him.

"What's wrong? Your face looks frightened."

"I woke up ... you weren't here ... I ... I thought ..."

He took me into his arms and smothered me into his body, and then with his hands on either side of my face, he covered me in kisses. "Silly, girl. How could I leave without thanking you? Besides, there is someone I want you to meet. Go take a shower and we'll get some breakfast across the road."

"Meet someone? I don't understand ..."

He smiled, such a reassuring smile. "Just move, girl."

He had me get all my stuff into my trash bag. As we waited alongside the road, waiting for our chance against the traffic, I now saw the painted sign on the two windows facing the roadway, 'Cheryl's Kitchen'. Each window with one of the words.

Once across the road safely, he took my hand and squeezed it. "You are going to love Cheryl."

* * *

This time there were smiles all around. They saw that I found out what good sex was like and how not only my body, but my mind could responded to it eagerly. There is something else on their faces, though. At least on the faces of the men. Their eyes ... their eyes were on me in an entirely different way. They were penetrating and searching over my body, taking in every bit of bare skin my skimpy outfit exposed to them.

I sensed it before my mind even acknowledged it. I got up off the couch I had been sharing with Dori. She had spent nearly the entire time next to me but turned to me, her left leg tucked underneath her. Albert and Jesse were in easy chairs directly in front of the couch. They had been leaning forward, their long empty glasses in their hands. We had only one drink during the entire story. I got up from the couch, not uttering anything more. I took everyone's glasses, went to the bar, and refreshed each drink. I brought Dori's to her first. I was anticipating, maybe hoping, something with the men. Returning with their drinks, I stood between the two chairs. They took their drinks with one hand. Albert was the first to reach out, sliding his free hand under my gown, and

stroking my butt. Jesse wasn't far behind; his hand pulled my open gown to the side, further exposing me, stroking his hand over my hip and up my side, finally taking my right breast, and squeezing it gently. I sighed at the combined touching.

I forced my eyes to focus ahead of me, on the one person still out of the action, and smiled a weak, hungry smile at Dori. Her eyes were on the hands of the two men, first at my ass, and then at my breast. Until she happened to glance at my eyes, seeing them focused on her. She let her eyes gaze into mine and we shared that smile, similar dreamy smiles.

This night wasn't over. This night was going to be another step for us. And, my body was ready; my body was overly ready.

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## CHAPTER FIVE

This night wasn't over. This night was going to be another step for us. And, my body was ready; my body was overly ready.

I remained standing between the chairs of the two men, enjoying their hands on my body, and regretting that Dori was sitting on the couch. The couch would be a good place for them to sit with me and make this more comfortable, more inviting for all of us. Even as this thought went through my brain, though, their hands slowed on me. They didn't stop, however. Each slipped their roving hand to my ass, down, and inside my thighs. I looked from one to the other, neither was looking up, each sharing a look to each other, and then bringing their drinks together as if in some sort of unspoken toast. Wide smiles of some understanding spreading over their faces.

Whatever interaction was occurring between them was imperceptible to me, but it was happening. I saw a question from Albert and Jesse's response. I say I saw because that was all there was. I had no idea what the question was or was about, all I saw was Albert's eye brows raise. When I looked to Jesse, I saw a simple, barely evident nodding of his head. It was decided; whatever it was, they had come to an understanding. This both thrilled me and intimidated me. All the while this was going on, this peculiar communication, their hands were stroking and kneading between my thighs, and a finger or two from one or the other might slip up and graze my pussy. Then, both hands left me. Suddenly, I was standing between these two men and I was instantly aware of how much I had spread my legs for them, to ease their access to me. It wasn't a visual evidence, it was an emptiness evidence.

It started, again. Albert took my hand and guided me to his lap and as I sat down, his arm went around my back. He offered his drink to me and I gulped down a strong swallow of the bourbon. It burned down my throat and he smiled at the face I made as the strong fluid burned down and immediately radiated warmth and tingling into my body and especially my brain. He retook the glass and pulled me into his body. My arm went around his neck as I nuzzled into him, my face next to his, and I studied it with my eyes and the fingers of my other hand. As I studied the wrinkles in the black skin around his mouth, my fingers traced them; as I gazed upon his thick, full lips, my fingers moved over them; as my eyes moved over his strong, pronounced cheek bones and his dark as night eyes, my fingers stroked over them. Whatever was coming, whatever they decided should happen, I was ready ... no, not ready, I wanted it, too. Whatever it was ... no matter what it was, I wanted it.

Albert took my hand from his face and held the palm in front him. It seemed he was studying it now. He brought it to his lips and he kissed it. I watched in awe as his massive hands held mine so delicately, as his full, forceful lips barely touched the surface of my palm and planted a kiss. And,

again. This wasn't studying; this was buying time while he worked out his next action. I glanced quickly at Jesse and Dori, both were intently, breathlessly watching. But, not as breathlessly as me. What a group we are: black, brown, and white. Different. The same. Each taking different paths ... to the same place.

Without looking at me, and between kisses planted into my palm, Albert declares his plan, "It has only been days since we all agreed to venture down this path, a path that none of us knows where it might lead or what exactly we might find. We only want to be open and honest about our intentions to bring, give, and receive pleasure through new experiences. Ryn ..." he kissed my palm, again, "we all know, expect, and anticipate that many of those experiences will be through you, you as our vehicle to discovery, to trial, and to experimentation." He looked at his companions on this journey and my gaze followed his. Jesse nodded, I wasn't surprised since they seemed to be in coordination on this. Then, Dori nodded, and this did surprise me. I didn't know if she had been aware or was just catching up fast.

He turned to me, moving me slightly in his lap to look into my face, which isn't to say that his eyes didn't drift down to my breasts a couple of times. "Miss Ryn ... Ryn ... we are still having some trouble with that ... tonight we are taking another step, a big step for us. It isn't that we haven't believed you about this, but it is a big thing for us. Tonight will be the convincer for us."

I looked at him and then at the others. They were all watching me, watching my reaction. I stretched up and kissed his cheek, then with a hand on his opposite cheek, I pulled his face to mine and we kissed. I presented to him and the others a meeker, subdued attitude. "What would you have me do, Sir?"

He studied me and seemed to relax some, "I don't think we are ready to participate as a group, quite yet. That time is still coming. For now, tonight, you will come with me to my bed. And, you will satisfy me completely." I snuggled into his wide, powerful chest. "Then, you will go to Jesse's bed and you will follow his directions. Finally, but not the least, you will go to Dori's room. Do you understand this, Ryn?"

I sat up on his lap and looked into his eyes, "Yes, Sir, I understand fully." I then gave a similar response to each of the others. Jesse's eyes were as hungry as Albert's. Dori's seemed hesitant. Was she ready for this? I wasn't sure. But, I wasted no further time on that, it would work itself out in the very near future, one way or the other. That decision would be hers.

I took the drink from his hand and took another swallow before handing it back to him. I stood up, holding his free hand as he quickly finished the drink and setting it on the coaster on the side table. I turned and led him out of the room, turning at the door to the hallway, smiling back at the others, and we disappeared toward the side door nearer the guest house.

I had focused on their reaction to taking this next step, the trepidation of this decisive action with their employer, the group awareness of what was happening, and the finality of their actions. For good or bad, there would be no erasing what would be happening. They were putting their trust fully in me that what would be happening tonight would not be a negative in our relationship going forward.

As I walked with Albert to the door and across the open space to the guest house, though, it also hit me how much of a step this was for me. My focus on them had blurred my recognition, my acceptance of how much of a step this was also for me. I wasn't thinking of the employer/submissive relationship change. That I had resolved and accepted. To me that was culminated with the sucking of their cocks earlier. No, the butterflies I was feeling now, the anticipation and nerves, was actually



fucking them, if I could put it crudely. It hit me just how long it has been for me since I have had a man inside me. When I sucked them, feeling again a man's cock in my hands, on my tongue, and in my mouth, my body nearly exploded just from that sensory reconnection to earlier times, times when having a man was a common occurrence. I was going to feel that, again. That feeling of being filled, pleased, and pleasuring, inside and outside my body. It has been a long time. It has been too long. My body was on edge just from these thoughts and the anticipation. When Albert put his big hand on my back to guide me into the main guest house door, being the gentleman, feeling his strong, guiding hand on my nearly naked back, my body leapt in excitement, in energy, and anticipation of pleasures awaiting me, awaiting us.

He needed to lead me now. I stepped to the side, allowing him to take the lead, which he did. He went to the left of the commons area, opening the door and letting me go in first. The room was neat and I noticed that there were several boxes still unopened. The room lacked much decoration, which I presumed was the contents of the boxes along one wall. He went to the bed, turned on the little lamp on the bedside table, pulled down the covers, and took my hand to move me to the bed. I sat on the edge and looked up at him. I wasn't sure what to expect, what his preferences were, or what he might want from me. He moved to the door, closed it, and turned off the overhead light. The lighting became subdued, but I didn't think it was an atmosphere setting he was after, but convenience, that it would be easier to turn the light off later, after, by just using the bedside lamp. He started undressing himself and I made a move to go to him, my intention being to assist him, but he stopped me with an indication with his hand. I resettled on the edge of the bed.

Instead, I watched closely as he removed each garment. I watched as his shirt came off, then pulling his tee-shirt up his body and over his head. I watched as his stomach, firm but a bit of middle age softness, and then his chest, thick and solid, came into view. His neck was thick and his shoulders broad. His arms were defined and heavy from pushing, pulling, and lifting as a daily activity in the yard and in the property in general. When his pants dropped, I sucked in my breath. Even with his shorts on, his cock was evident. He was already semi-hard and showing through his shorts as an obvious ridge stretching to his right hip. I watched as his hands moved to the elastic waist band and then stop. They didn't move, but I waited, focused on his shorts and the growing ridge underneath. But his hands didn't move. A soft, frustrated groan escaped from my mouth and I looked up at his face. He was smiling broadly, teasingly at me. It was only then that I realized that my attention had been solely and singularly on the exposure of his cock. His smile was as much as saying, 'Gotcha!'

I slipped the gown off my shoulders, falling down to the floor, and crawled to him. Again, I wasn't looking at his face, only where his cock was prominently evident under his shorts. I reached out to the waist band of his shorts, this was taking too long. But, only then did I look up at his face. I didn't say anything or ask anything, my eyes were another matter, however. My eyes were beseeching him, pleading with him, 'please, may I?' He nodded with a sly grin on his face. He was playing me, knowing how much I wanted this, he was playing me, teasing me, and frustrating me to higher heights. And, he was doing it very well.

I yanked his shorts down to his feet and waited a moment for him to step out of them. I waited for his movements to stop. I didn't take my eyes off the nine inches of black cock pointing direct at me. Seeing it for only the second time, I gasp at the sight all over, again. I was sure I would get used to seeing it ... with time, but I almost hoped I wouldn't. His and Jesse's were magnificent. And to think that I might have both tonight.

It was pointing directly at me, straight out from his body. I hadn't ever seen a nine inch cock before. I knew that small cock would point straight up, maybe this is what a nine incher did. Maybe it just wasn't hard enough, yet. Well, that was something I could do something about.

I leaned in with an open mouth. This was no time for coyness; he wanted me and I certainly wanted him.

He didn't let me suck him too long, though. He slid his hands under my arms and encouraged me up until I was standing in front of him. His eyes were searching my face; not just my eyes, my mouth, the movements it made, the slight tilt to my head, all indicators to him of something in me at the moment. I was doing the same of him. Except, one other thing was giving me an indicator. I stepped into him and came into firm contact with his rigid and erect cock. I pressed my groin into him and he pulled the rest of me in for a deep hug that quickly turned into a mouth searching kiss that lasted for a long time. When we broke, him or me I didn't know, I was panting. I was panting partially for the need for air, but mostly, I was panting from need and excitement.

He guided me backwards to the edge of the bed. I looked back upon bumping into it and looked up into his eyes. He looked at the pillows and I climbed onto the bed and lay down, my head on the pillow. He stood next to the bed and looked at me, not just at my face or my breasts, but at my whole body. He looked from my face down my body, stopping at my breasts and then my pussy, visible between my slightly part legs, then down to my feet before making the return journey just as deliberately.

"You really are a beautiful woman, Miss Ryn." His face turned serious and then back to excited. "I still can't believe this is real."

I was looking at him with my own need and desire. "You mean our intended new lifestyle?"

He climbed up onto the bed, moving between my legs, which I opened even more for him. He looked down at my further exposed pussy, then quickly to my face. He smiled and chuckled, "Our new lifestyle! Hell, I can't believe I am actually going to make love to you."

I reached out to him with both arms and he gently lay his body on top of mine. I pulled his face to mine and we kissed, again. And, again, it was long, passionate, with mouth and tongue action, our bodies moving against each other as if trying to make love externally. I felt his magnificent cock pressed into my mound and lower stomach, my breast flattened by his broad chest. I sighed into his mouth and breathed my response, "It is real, Albert. It is very real and I want it to be now. I want you, Albert. I want you now and in the future. I want you to have me for your pleasure."

He lifted up and looked at me with the biggest smile and look of joy a face could show. He kissed each of my nipples, sucking them into his mouth with those big, full lips of his. He then made his way down my body, kissing and sucking, until he pushed my legs apart further, lifting my knees and pressing them towards my breasts. This tilted my pelvis up and exposed my pussy to him fully. He kissed my lips, then taking each between his lips and pulling them out. This opened me and prepared me for more. His tongue snaked out, slipping between my wet lips. It poked deeper into me as he found my hole. It moved in and out, just the short distance that a tongue can, but the feeling was amazing. It has been so long and my body and mind were racing. I was here to please him and he was pleasing me, preparing me, making sure I was ready for him even though my pussy was already dripping in anticipation of this night's pleasures.

I put my hands on the sides of his head and gently pulled, encouraging him to come up to me. He didn't need any more indication from me and made his way up my body with kisses and licks, spending more time on each nipple before engulfing my mouth with his, once again. As he did, I felt his cock bump firmly into my mound and a slight adjustment on his part had the head of his cock moving along my slit, wetting the head with my juices.

I sighed at the contact and I saw him smile down at me. I smiled back at him and nodded, the only indication I needed to give him. He was hard and I was wet and ready. Only slight movements of his hips and he slid easily into me, just inside me with only the head buried inside my pussy. He moaned at the same moment that I did. Apparently, we had the same thought, experience, and recognition: FINALLY!

He only penetrated me with a couple inches of himself, at the most. But ... god! How long has it been? Too long, obviously. Perhaps the same was flashing through his mind. It felt wonderful, amazing, delicious, and there was going to be at least seven more inches to go. I shivered and pulled my body to his and moaned into his neck.

“Are you okay, Miss Ryn? Does it hurt?”

“Ohhhhhhh, nooooooo, Albert ... this is amazing. I love this, I want you, and I want more of you inside me, please.”

He slowly slide more of his cock into me, an inch at a time. He slid a little in and pulled back half way before sliding a little further in. Slowly, he inched his way into me, gently, lovingly, steadily, and planting kisses on my neck, shoulders, and ears. I continued to shiver. I told him I wanted him, that I want more inside me. He chose to take it slow, easy, caring, and loving. This big man, this strong man who dwarfed me underneath him. That saying flashed through my mind, ‘Nothing is as strong as gentleness, nothing as gentle as real strength’. I was never so sure of my decision to give myself to these three as I was at this moment.

When I felt his groin butt into my mound, I knew I had all of him. I had never, no man or toy, had been this deep inside me. And, I felt so full. I shivered, again. I remembered that Jesse was even thicker.

He used long, even strokes in and out of me. He partially supported himself on his arms and my legs wrapped around his lower back and hips, not locking my heels but clamping on, never the less. My hips rose to accept him with each easy thrust. We did this for an eternity ... or so it seemed in the most delight way. Time seemed to stop as the only reality was his cock and my pussy, joined in a union of seeming heavenly delight.

Yes, it was my first real man loving in years and that was part of it. But, only part of it. He was one of two men I had now given myself to, entrusted my body, soul, and safety to. And that decision was being validated, rewarded, and confirmed.

Despite the slow and easy approach he was using, my body was driving to heightened stimulation already. As much as I wanted it, to feel an orgasm around a man, to feel my body seemingly explode from within, I also wanted to experience it at the same time as him, to feel his climax within me, to feel his seed mix with my own climatic fluids. I was holding on, trying to control my body’s natural reaction to the stimulation, the easy gliding of his long, hard, and penetrating cock. My legs pulled our hips ever tighter, my arms pulled our chests tighter, and finally, my mouth nearly engulfed him through mine. I groaned into his mouth with a simultaneous need to orgasm and desire to hold off to share it with him.

I broke the kiss, pulling my face into his neck and shoulder, “Oh god, Albert! Are you close? Oh god, please be close. I want to cum with you, but I need to cum. I don’t know how much longer I can wait.”

“Don’t wait. I have been waiting for you, too.”

And with that, we both exploded, like delirious teenagers experiencing something for the first time. He collapsed onto me, but somehow managed to keep most of his weight off me, otherwise I might have been squashed. Instead, I felt and enjoyed the feeling of him still inside me as my orgasm ebbed to a satisfying glow that seemed to embrace my entire body. I lay under him, warm, loved, safe, and satisfied. I relished the sensation of his slowly softening cock leaking the last of the seed he could give me. Slowly leaking as it slowly softened and slid to the exit of my body, until, without either of us daring to move, I was empty.

That emptiness, however, allowed a change in position, allowed us to roll onto our sides, him spooned into my back, cupping a breast, his flaccid penis pressed into my butt, which couldn't seem to stop flexing and gently grinding back into him.

I must have fallen asleep because I was aware of a cock pressed into my butt. His hand was casually over my breast, his breathing soft, regular, and peaceful. He was hard, but asleep. I smiled and wiggled into him and made my decision. I eased out from under his arm, rotated, and searched out his cock in the dark. I licked it, took the head into my mouth, and realized instantly that my sleep was only a doze. His cock was still slick with the mixture of our juices, and the taste was pleasant. I licked him clean, eliciting subtle reflexes from his body, twitching of his cock, flexing of his hips, and a quickening of his breathing.

I feel his hand on my head and know he is now at least partially conscious. I raise my head and smile to myself at my next thought. I give his cock head one last kiss before crawling over him until I am straddling his midsection. I lean down to him, kiss him, and see him lick his lips. "You are not afraid to kiss a woman who has just cleaned off your cock." He shakes his head and pulls me in for an even more passionate kiss, his tongue penetrating my mouth and stroking my tongue.

I push back, feel his cock bump me, then rise up as he flexes it, and making it possible for me to wiggle into position for him to again slip between my lips and inside me. This way, as I ride him, I can do all the work, glorious, heaven-shaking work.

After our second shared orgasm of the night, I see by the clock on the bedside table that it is nearly 1:00 in the very early morning. I ease my pelvis up as I kiss him, feeling his still mostly hard cock slide out of me as I rise. I not only feel him leave me, but hear it, a soft but definite sound as my pussy reluctantly releases him. And, I feel the leaking of our juices from the gaping hole vacated by his cock.

I lean over him, kissing him more, "As much as I would like to remain right here with you, I need and want to share time with Jesse, too."

He pulled me into him, kissing me and hugging me tightly, "I know you do and I doubt he has dozed at all, yet. I know I wouldn't have if I were waiting for you. Miss Ryn, I still can't believe this has happened."

I bent over and kissed him on the lips, the forehead, and each eye. "Thank you, sweet man. Sleep well."

I then exited his room, quietly closing the door behind me. In the process, forgetting my night gown behind.

I crossed the small commons area, which was lit by a single light above the small sink in the kitchenette. As I approached the door to Jesse's room, I could see light shining from under the door. I stopped inches from the door and lightly knocked. If he were asleep, I would have to decide if I make a point of entering or leaving him to his sleep. I didn't have to worry about that decision,

however, for as soon as my knuckles registered the knock on the door, it opened. Jesse stood before me naked. My eyes and face smiled at him but dropped down his body, on their own, I would swear, to find his cock semi-hard and rising as I watched. I wondered how long it has been like that in anticipation of my arrival. Again, I smiled, that this was going to be a good relationship all around.

I walked into the room and I heard him shut the door behind me. I turned, midway into the room, and Jesse walked right into me, taking me into his arms, pulling me into him and holding me. Just holding me, his hands roaming my back from my shoulders to my butt, but just holding me. I could feel his cock hardening much quicker with our contact and I pressed into him.

“Miss Ryn, I ... I hope this isn't presumptuous of me ... being naked when you arrived. I was sure I understood the intention tonight, but then I started to worry that maybe ...”

I put my finger to his lips and smiled at him, “Stop, Jesse. Of course, it is not presumptuous and you don't have to worry about intentions. You understood perfectly.”

He pulled me in, again. He was strong, his body hard. Perhaps not quite as large and broad chested as Albert, but none the less a large and strong man. My head rested at his shoulder and I lightly rubbed my cheek into him. I felt him pull me in tighter and sigh deeply. I looked at him inquisitively.

He smiled shyly, “I almost feel that if I relax my hold, you might disappear and this will have only been a dream. I guess I just can't believe this is really happening. Despite our talks, it seems too much ...”

I put my arms around his neck and stopped him with my mouth. The heck with a finger, both men tonight expressed their disbelief that they were going to have me, that I really was theirs to have, enjoy, and pleasure. Yes ... I chose well.

I released him, turned to the side of the bed, spread my feet wide, and bent over the bed, bracing myself on my arms. I turned and looked over my shoulder. “Do you believe now?” He came up behind me, pressing himself to my butt. He wasn't trying for penetration, just to slide his big cock along my pussy lips. “I am sorry for being so messy there, next time you can be first.”

He took hold of my hips, leaned back just enough, and guided his cock head into me. With the head lodged just inside me, he stopped. “I'm not complaining, Miss Ryn. Are you ready?” I nodded and he pushed in a little further. I gasped. I knew he was thicker than even Albert, much thicker than any previous cock before these two, but ... I wasn't ready for the feeling, the sensation, and the utter fullness. And, it was just the head and a few inches. I arched my back and pressed into him. He saw and felt the movement and added his own. In a blink, between us, he was fully inside me, his hips pressed against my butt.

I dropped to my elbows for a moment, “Wait, please ... oh, my god, Jesse! That is soooooooo good. Do you feel how you fill me?” I raised back up to my locked arms and pressed back against him, encouraging him to begin, again.

With long, firm strokes, he moved in and out, sliding lusciously, deliciously, amazingly. He reached around me, taking a breast in his hand, then the nipple. I loved it. I was going crazy for it. My god! My third orgasm was rushing up on me when I felt him drive firmly into me, hard and completely, his hips banging into my butt. Then I felt him twitch, jerk inside me ... and I came. No, I exploded ... again. My pussy clenched on him, milked him, grabbed for him as if it didn't ever want to be without a cock inside it. That was the final for him and he exploded into me, spurt after spurt of his seed, mixing with my cum, mixing with Albert's.

We cuddled on the bed, him spooned into me from behind. We talked, softly, about nothing, about life, about the estate, about his life, about what was, or had been in Mexico. It was then that I learned of his sister, younger than him with three children. He had been helping to support them so she didn't have to work more than one job, so she could spend the time a mother should with her children. He had trouble talking, I felt his chest, his arms shaking, quivering as he tried to continue. I told him he didn't need to. I remained pressed into him, though, electing not to turn around and look into his eyes, believing that him talking to a back would be easier. I only hoped this was good. I hoped that getting this out to someone would release him, make it easier to continue. I hoped that my sharing of my story, my pain, would allow him to reciprocate and free himself.

It finally poured out, his chest heaved in response. The family, nearly the entire village, had been caught in the war between rival drug lords and the government, a three way disaster for the innocent.

I turned in his arms, kissing his shoulder, his collar bone, his neck, his chin, his cheek, and finally, his mouth. I held him tightly. "I am sorry, Jesse. I am sorry, the only family you truly cared about has been lost forever. I wish there was something I could do for you."

His grip on me tightened and I felt a tear drop onto my shoulder. He quaked in my arms. This big, strong, hard man who had only known hard work and little respect, cried in my arms. But not for long, only a couple of minutes. Then he stopped and he pushed me away, only about six inches and it surprised me until I realized that he had more to say and what he had to say he wanted to say to me, face to face.

"I am sorry to burden you at a time like this. I don't know ... yes, I do. It's you, I never even wanted to talk about these things before. They were too personal."

"You think that is a burden for me, Jesse? It's not, not in the least. And, you are not weak to show this to me. Jesse, this is what friends, especially special friends, do for each other." Our heads resting on the pillows looking at each other, I put my hand on his cheek, "I hope you think of me as a 'special friend'."

He smiled and a little chuckle escaped, his eyes quickly turning into a sparkle. "Yes, my dear lady, you are very special. Maybe that's why I could talk to you."

"What about Albert and Dori?"

His hand had come up to my face, his finger touched my lips, then my chin, where it seemed to trace something. Then his eyes and finger dropped and it traced a circle around my nipple, idly, absent-mindedly, and in full thoughtfulness. A sigh escaped his mouth, "I'm a little slow, Miss Ryn. I'm not used to this, the sharing of space and lives. The closeness of others, the reliance on others, and ... you mean showing weakness, too?"

"No, Jesse, not weakness. You are not a weak man. I don't think you have any weakness in you, not that I have seen. Think of it as 'openness', being able to be open and vulnerable. It takes a strong man, person, to show their vulnerability in a relationship. It takes the strength to be committed and not afraid. We are an odd group, the four of us. Our openness will be needed." I rolled on top of him, prepared to lighten the moment. "Okay? Besides, it's kind of sexy for a man to open up like that in bed ..."

That seemed to be the comment to ease him back to the present. I felt his cock stirring against my mound. I smiled at him, he smiled back. He took my head between his hands and we kissed ... long and passionately. It wasn't long before I was riding him like I had so recently done with Albert.

When I forced my eyes open the next time, it was shortly after four in the morning. This was proving to be a long night. I kissed Jesse on the lips and eased out of bed. He stirred into the direction where I had been and he came awake when he didn't find me. I knelt on the bed and kissed him, again. "Some night soon, I hope to spend the entire night with you, each of you, that is. But, tonight, I have one more bed to visit." He returned my kiss and watched as I backed to the door. I saw him curl into the sheet as I closed the door behind me.

I was standing at the door to the outside and realized that I was still without my nightgown. I had left it somewhere in Albert's room. I shrugged my shoulders, smiled to myself, and walked outside. I hadn't done this for such a long time, being outside completely naked. It felt so free and erotic. I looked up at the moon, had to move along the drive for a little bit but got a good look. I heard a vehicle in the distance and my arms moved around my breasts and hips. I then laughed aloud. There was a time at the estate that my life had been to be naked at all times. Now I react to a sound that is far in the distance, just noticeable because of the stillness of the very early morning.

I put my arms out from my body and turned in a circle, feeling the freedom of the moment. My life of eroticism and challenge has been on hold far too long. Barefoot and naked, I confidently and comfortably moved to the side door close to the kitchen and Dori's room.

Inside, I moved to Dori's door, but the house was dark and quiet. Unlike Jesse's door where I could see light from the inside come from under the close door, this one was completely dark. It was also completely quiet. I debated on what my course of action should be. The men were clear and definite about what they wanted tonight. Dori hadn't indicated the same desires. She didn't say otherwise, either.

I knocked lightly on the door and waited. "Dori? It's Ryn, are you awake?" Nothing. Only silence from the other side. Only silence from everywhere. I waited a moment longer. I didn't want her to feel I didn't want to spend time with her, too, but I didn't want to disturb her or force a response if she wasn't comfortable. "Sleep tight, dear." It was simple and quietly spoken. If she was awake, she would know my intention. If she wasn't awake, no foul and no harm done.

I turned and started for the main hall and the stairway to the upstairs. I got about twenty feet before I heard a door open behind me.

"Miss Ryn?"

I turned and couldn't see Dori. I stepped into the light of the moon through the kitchen window, "Yes, Miss Dori. I didn't know if you were awake or not. There was no light showing."

"Are you done ... I mean, are you ... are you going to bed?"

"Yes, since you didn't seem to be awake, but since you are ... if you want to ..."

"No!" She said it firmer and stronger than she intended. "I didn't mean it that way." She and I were both moving slowly toward each other as this was occurring. We found ourselves an arm length apart now. "What I mean is ... I need more time before ... well ..."

I took her hand in mine and turned for the stairway, "Come with me, Miss Dori. At least we can spend the remainder of the night cuddling while we sleep. Would that be a good first step?"

She squeezed my hand and stepped with me, "Yes. I would like that. I would like that very much. But, where are we going?"

"My bed. I want you upstairs; there will be less disruption in the morning." I smiled at her and she smiled back, a bashful smile.

In my bedroom, I pulled the covers down to the foot, then the top sheet from one side. She moved to the bed, but I stopped her. I hugged her, and then took hold of her long nightgown in my hands, "I want you naked."

"But, I ... I don't sleep naked."

"I want you naked. I want to feel you, your skin, against me. Please."

She looked at me for a moment and without another word spoken, she raised her arms above her head. I pulled her nightgown up her body and over her head and upstretched arms. I dropped it on the floor and retook her into my arms, relishing the feel of her younger and slim body against mine. I then led her the couple steps to the bed and encouraged her into the middle. I joined her, pulling the top sheet over us, and cuddling up against her as she lay on her back, my head on the pillow next to hers.

My hand strayed on her body but avoids her privates. I am very aware that she has not made love to anyone, man or woman. Ever in her life. Given my past, I find that amazing, but I also respect her decisions and won't take it lightly as we move forward. She has to be a willing and not a manipulated participant.

My fingers idly trace her ribs and she giggles, I am sure I must have inadvertently tickled her. "Miss Dori, would it be okay if I lightly touch you, just above your waist for now? I'll be gentle ..."

She sighs and the sound coming back to me was a resigned 'yes' but almost imperceptible. I raised myself onto an elbow and looked down on her. In the moonlight through the balcony window, I saw her faintly nod her approval. She looked nervous, but she was willing to start. I let my fingers continue to roam, to trace over her body, but still avoiding her breasts. She sighed, again.

Then, "Miss Ryn?"

"Yes, my sweet lady?"

I lightly touch a breast, then the other. "Mmmmmmm ... that does feel good. I've never ... been touched ... never been anything."

"Mmmmmmm, yes, well, I am at your service, then."

"You obviously aren't a lesbian, right? But, you would make love to me? Is that ... what was that ... yeah, bi-sexual?"

I chuckled lightly, "No, I am very definitely not lesbian. I am a lot of things, but I love cock. I love both man and dog cock. Bi-sexual? No, I don't think so. At least not how I think of it. You see, Miss Dori, I love cock. But I love those I love, too. Man or woman, if I love them in my soul, my heart, I love them with my body, too. To me, a bi-sexual is someone that can just as easily go either way. I love men, male dogs. But, a woman I love, I can just as easily make love to them. To me, it is loving the person, not the sexual part of the person. Does that make sense?"

My fingers were lightly pinching her nipples. I looked at her and she was watching me intently. I leaned in and sucked on a nipple. She sighed and moaned. "Oh, my god, that feels good ... you ... so you could make love to me?"



"Yes, my dear, I could. I could in a flash because ..."

"You love me."

I smiled at her and kissed her on the lips. "I must certainly do."

"What about Albert and Jesse?"

I looked at her, puzzled by the question. "I love them, too."

She chuckled, "No, I know that! No, I mean ... would they react to each other that way if we were all together?"

I looked at her, and then settled my head on her shoulder, my fingers still playing with her breasts and nipples. What an interesting thought. I never even considered something like that. They were all man, basic man, and proud of their manliness. "I have no idea. What an interesting thought."

It was quiet, again. Her breathing was soft and shallow. She seemed at ease and comfortable. My fingers were again exploring her nipple. Then, another question came, "Were they ... what you thought?"

I raised my head to look at her. "Albert and Jesse?"

"Yes, you indicated before that they seemed big ... you know. You said you thought it would be good. Was it?"

"Mmmmm, yes. It was very good. Both of them. You're wondering about them for yourself. You would like them, I know. They care so much for you, Dori."

"What if they don't like me that way, though? What if I am not sexy, not attractive to them?"

I almost laughed at that. "Dori! You are younger, firmer, your breast don't sag like mine do. Besides, you are beautiful. You just don't dress like it. You know what your new hair style did for you." I pinched her nipple and she gasped. "Tomorrow, in the morning, I'll prove it to you."

She put her arm around me and I wiggled in closer, now cupping her breast. And, very soon ... we were both asleep.

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CHAPTER SIX

The next morning, waking up to the new day streaming into through the balcony door was different, delightfully different. The body sprawled out next to me in my bed brought back a flood of visions, sensations, and warm memories of the night before. And, more than those wonderful things from before, it brought with it promise and expectation for the future, and anticipation for perhaps the very near future. Like, yet today?

The new day's first sunlight streamed into the room with a refreshing and gentle rush of air. I always loved these times, especially in this room. This room, with the balcony window/door open faced just the right direction for full exposure to the rising sun and the first glimpses of the new day and a promise that was sometimes very misleading. A storm coming from the west was completely hidden from view. But, I so preferred the promise of a bright day to the reality that I would soon enough realize and have to prepare for.

This morning was the same. The shears, pulled over the opening for a hint of privacy that was completely unnecessary in the isolation of the estate, billowed into the room creating a dance of sunlight that went from direct to muted as the shears moved in by the breeze. It was in that contemplative state that the body sharing my bed stirred next to me and drew my attention away from filtering light and breezes to the wonders that a naked body provides, especially when it is not yours and more especially when it is a body you have hardly begun to explore. So, I rolled to my side and pondered that opportunity presented to me.

Dori was spread out alongside me with maybe a foot between us after I turned onto my side. She was on her back, the top sheet that was our only needed cover for the night was pushed down to our feet. The warm night made any covering unnecessary, apparently, for both of us. I smiled at that. I knew nothing of Dori's habits in such regards, this being the first time we had shared a bed. Some people need some covering regardless of the warmth or humidity, the need for unconscious covering for modesty overriding any other. She, however, was sprawled out in complete abandon. Dori was about 13 years younger than I was and her body showed it. As far as I knew, she didn't purposefully workout, but she stayed active most of the day. She loved walking and refused to do things the easy way, not afraid to use her muscles and body to carry loads of groceries and supplies, even when the guys would offer to do it for her. Lately, after my offer to use the entire estate, her walks took her into the woods beyond the empty kennel building. She also tried the pool once when the guys were off working. Her suit was an old one-piece and I thought she looked ridiculous in it with such a body, but she moved back and forth in the water, breathing hard at the end of a few laps.

She had a lovely body in a simple way. I have always felt that beauty was of many forms. The cover girl beauty is false and unnatural except in the special cases of care in presentation of clothes, make-up, and positioning. Some are truly genetically fortunate to have bodies and proportions that just works, if they are maintained. Others, and Dori was one, have a different kind of beauty. Her beauty seems to come from within her. Even in rest as she was now, she had that sense about her, especially after taking away the conservative and frumpy appearance her hairstyle and make-up had previously given. Softening her hair and allowing it to hang and flow framed her with more warmth and openness. Styling her eyebrows and soft makeup around her eyes made them shine. A couple of simple changes and her entire image seemed to change, which indicated how pretty she really was, hidden under and behind her conservative, protective demeanor and clothing. These thoughts softened slightly, though, and I had to quietly giggle to myself as I watched her lying there next to me with her mouth hanging open and a soft, periodic snore escaping. I can imagine that this woman could be so embarrassed if she knew that image brought me delight.

I took a moment to reflect on the rest of her body as I had the opportunity, when it would not cause embarrassment for her. After the treatment, her body was as hair free as mine. Her skin was smooth and clear with hardly a blemish. Her general tone was firm but not in a way that suggested someone who worked out, but in a more classic sense of someone who was just active and was careful of what she ate. Her stomach was flat, but it wasn't obviously muscled. In that classic image, she was trim but with some body fat, but nicely so that presented an image of smooth lines. Her hips were evident, her breast nicely sized, not large but definitely not small. The nipples stood out even darker on her black skin and were about the size of dollar coins. Her legs were well shaped, the thighs strong and the calves developed. Overall, I could have easily been jealous if not for the extra years I had on her. I sighed, I was really curious to explore her more intimately, to discover the hidden treasures of her pussy, the image of her open pussy against her black skin. But, that would have to wait, I didn't want to push her too soon, too fast. I wanted, needed, her to take each step with the same desire, the same passion, that I felt.

Content that I had learned just a little more about my sleeping partner, I gently cuddled up alongside her. I hadn't intended it, but I was soon asleep, again.

Waking the second time was a completely different experience. Instead of the shifting light through the shears, it was the gaze of Dori. She was propped up on her right elbow so she was slightly looking down on me. In a sudden twist, the examination I had so recently given her, now seemed a bit intrusive when applied to me. The look on her face was thoughtful, though.

Before I could even anticipate what it was, that same question resurfaced. "I am nervous, Miss Ryn. If I get myself ready to give myself to Jesse and Albert ... what if they don't find me attractive or desirable enough?"

"How could you even still ask that? Have you seen yourself in the mirror? You're pretty, Dori. I am not just saying that. Do you feel they think I am attractive enough?"

"Of course! They both wanted you last night."

"But you are considerably younger, firmer, trimmer, and ... as much as I hate it, you don't sag at all." To emphasize my point, I hefted my breasts up. She laughed. "I'll prove it to you. Let's go downstairs and see the guys."

That was when she looked at the clock on the bed stand for the first time. "It's late! Their breakfast isn't ready and they are probably already waiting."

"Relax, dear. They are very capable of getting themselves something to eat on their own. Besides, last night was a big night for all of us. They'll understand."

I glanced behind me as I walked to the closet, "No, drop that." She was stooping to pick up her nightgown. "You'll wear one of mine and you'll see what the guys think about you." I found the gown I was looking for. It was a floor length, white, sheer lace gown that tied only at a spot just below the breast. The top was scooped to a low gap that showed plenty of cleavage. I loved this gown. Although the gown was sheer, the lace pattern provided the illusion of coverage. Standing still, it closed below the breasts. Walking, though, it gapped as you strode, legs flashing, and the loose gown flowing open and to the sides.

Dori was aghast when she put it on and stood in front of the mirror. "I can't wear this! They'll see every bit of me." Her dark skin underneath the white was striking in the contrast. Her even darker nipples were prominent.

I chuckled, "Not really. But, isn't that the idea? To give them a show, to entice them, and to tease them?" I put on the robe without ties, took her hand, and led her out into the hall and to the stairway.

We were both barefoot so our approach was silent. As we approached the kitchen, we could hear the two men talking. The closer we got, the more distinctly we could make out the conversation, even in their lowered tones. I stopped us before we got to the entry. They were talking about last night, the experiences, and the pleasure they received. This was not two men talking with bravado, sharing their conquest, and attempting to one-up the other. They were expressing to each other their gratefulness, the wonder of the experience.

"I still can't believe this is happening to us."

"I know. She's a lady. I understand she is comfortable with us because of her past, but she is still a real lady. She could have any of those uppity society guys she wanted. And she chose us?"

"I don't get it, except ..."

“What? Except what?”

“Trust. Helping her experience things. Helping to challenge her into new experiences. But, at the same time, needing to be safe, trusting that she will be safe. That’s why it is us and not them.”

“Yea, so ... how do we not mess this up? I mean not just for the sex ... but, wow, the sex was great! She is really good! But, I mean, how do we make sure she’s happy? I mean ... it’s Miss Ryn. She has to be our primary concern. Challenge her somehow, but keep her safe.”

“Not just Miss Ryn, though. What about Dori?”

“Dori? That goes without saying, she’s like my sister.”

“Yea, I pity anyone who tries anything wrong with these two women ...”

Dori clutched my hand. I knew instantly what it was. The comment about being their sister. She was hoping to someday be more. I squared her to me, “Wait! Don’t over-react. I am going in by myself, get their attention on me, then when I raise my right arm, you come in.” She nodded, but she looked disheartened. I knew what she would see, though.

I walked into the kitchen and touched Albert on the shoulder as I passed him, “Good morning! How are you two this morning?”

They looked at each other, a little nervous, maybe. I suppose they were wondering if there was going to be any negative reaction to what had transpired last night. “Us? We’re good. It’s a beautiful day ... but, we were wondering how you were feeling this morning, Miss Ryn.”

“Mmmmmmm ... yes ...” I moved to each one of them and kissed each on the mouth. “I am wonderful! More than wonderful, amazingly wonderful. I feel so alive this morning. Last night was ... wow.” I had their attention, my robe open and my body exposed. I raised my right hand.

I saw Dori take a deep breath before stepping into the kitchen entry. Barefoot, she was quiet and not immediately noticed. I looked over at her, which drew the attention of the men to the doorway. She looked exquisite and the men seemed to agree. The white gown on her was striking and as she walked into the room, her black legs flashed out from the opening gown.

Albert made the opening exclamation, “Dori, WOW! You ... you ... are ... beautiful!”

Jesse was simply nodding his head. I don’t think he could form any intelligible sounds at the moment. I looked back to Dori and she was all smiles.

* * *

Now, where did I leave off on the story? Oh, right, we were crossing the highway and Floyd said, “You are going to love Cheryl.” Well, he was right, I would love her. But that is getting a little ahead of the story.

As we approached the door to the café, I could see a little sign in the window on the left side, “Help Wanted. Waitress.” He smiled at me as he held the door open for me. He just nodded. Wow, Floyd was turning out to be a god-send. But, I had no waitressing experience.

He seemed to read my reaction somehow. “Don’t get ahead of yourself. Just talk to her.”

We were seated at a table by a middle aged woman that did her job with a knowing and confident

assurance that gave off the feeling that she had done this for a long time. I was hesitant in my breakfast selection, so Floyd made the decision for me. It was the heartiest breakfast I think I had ever had to that point. Maybe he thought it might be a while before I could afford to order like that, at least depending on what happened later.

When we were finished with our breakfast, I began to look around the café. Floyd made it sound so simple that I should apply for the job, but I had never before applied for work. I had no experience with either working or interviewing. Suddenly, that same woman who seated and served us slid into the booth next to me.

There wasn't much indecisiveness about this woman. "So, Floyd tells me that you want to work for me." I was surprised. The directness and self-assuredness in this woman. I was both intimidated and in awe at the same time. A woman like this isn't taken for granted. "How much experience do you have in serving?"

I looked at Floyd, then her, and back to Floyd. He simply nodded. "None, ma'am. But, I know I can do a good job for you."

"You think doing this is easy, then? No experience, but you can just walk right into it?"

I wasn't sure what to make of that challenging approach, but Floyd's calm face told me to trust in myself. "No, ma'am, not at all. All I mean is that I am a hard worker and bright, I catch onto things quickly. All I need is a chance to prove myself. I'll work really hard for you; it's the only way I know."

She looked up at Floyd and I caught a little smile as she did and it was then that I realized that they had already talked and I was probably already hired, she just wanted to size me up herself. We ended up talking for another 45 minutes until Floyd had to leave to make his last delivery and his return home. We worked out my overall problem, which was that I had nothing and that included almost no possessions or a place to live. She owned the entire building, including the apartment above the café. She had an extra bedroom and offered it to me, if I promised not to bring anyone in, was quiet, and worked hard in the café. Everything she stipulated was exactly me up to that point.

When Floyd got up to leave, we both walked him out and he got big kisses from both of us. It turned out that he and she had known each other for several years. I was to learn a lot more about that later as she came to trust and confide in me.

I learned a lot during my time with Cheryl. It turned out that I really was well-equipped to make a difference. It wasn't that I was a natural waitress or anything about running a café, but I was good with people, efficient in my time, worked hard, and my mind kept working. I quickly started seeing things that I couldn't make sense out of. Eventually, as our relationship strengthened, I brought them up to Cheryl. She was open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, but the competition for dinner was severe and required a more complex menu than the other meals. I also noticed that we were open without many guests after about mid-day. I asked about just being open for breakfast and lunch, save on menu options to save on items to stock and keep fresh, and save on cook and staff shifts. To her credit, she started paying attention and even consulted with some of her long-time patrons. Her profits went up when she closed down the dinner time, instead focusing on making her place the preferred breakfast and lunch location in the immediate area.

She had also always used paper placemats but the café was focused on the adult customers. With no option, children were forced to sit quietly. That didn't work very well and parents got frustrated. I bought some crayons at the nearby drug store and gave a couple to each child. Soon, we were posting colored place mats on the little wall below the register and parents were regularly bringing

their families in.

In about a month, I went from just another employee to someone Cheryl leaned on not only around the café, but also in our quiet times alone in her apartment. At first, she just confided that her relationship with Floyd had less to do with him and more to do with his wife. She didn't elaborate and I didn't push. Soon, though, she confided something that few people knew about her and explained why she was alone in this town ... she was lesbian. That also explained her deeper relationship with Floyd's wife and I remembered him saying that she liked both men and women. I didn't know what to make of this new information. Frankly, I had never, at least to my knowledge, ever known a lesbian or anyone gay for that matter. I also had to confront my own feelings about it. We were living in very close quarters but she never made any physical move on me or indicated any desire to do anything. On the one hand, I was relieved, on the other I was remembering another thing Floyd had told me about sex: don't be afraid to try new things.

But, we lived our lives together with that 'elephant' sitting in the room with us, neither of us wanting or daring to reference it. After about a month, though, Floyd came back through and this time his wife was with him. They had specifically arranged a meeting of the three of them. I admitted to Cheryl, finally, that I was jealous.

"I know it is probably childish of me to even say anything. These are your friends and you certainly have every right to have relationships that don't include me, but ..." I looked her in eyes, "Floyd and I had quite a relationship that night, too."

For the first time, she pulled me into a hug that felt less like a motherly gesture and more like ... something else. "I know you did, I didn't know if or when any reference to your sexuality could come up between us. We actually talked about you. Floyd would really like to be with you, again. His wife wants to meet you, too." Her eyes lowered and she took my hands in hers as we sat on the living room couch watching some TV. She seemed to be considering something really hard so I just let her have her time deciding, but I was wanting her to express what it was, I had a wonderful feeling about what it was.

"Lauryn, his wife doesn't just want to meet you. You know that, right? Floyd mentioned about his wife?"

"Yes, he did. Their life together sounds very ... full and rich, at least physically."

She smiled at that. She had long felt that she could be open with me but this apparently was something she was nervous about. She was like Floyd, she didn't want anything to be against my will or mutual interest and acceptance. "Lauryn ...", but she stopped.

I moved closer to her, took her into my arms and hugged her, then separated my face to be in front of hers, and I looked into her eyes. I kissed her on the mouth. I could feel her mouth go into a smile as we kissed. And, with my mouth open to hers, I moaned into hers. I took the step to initiate the kiss, our first, and I was the one who felt overwhelmed by it. I had certainly kissed a few women, but they were friendship kisses, cheek kisses. This was entirely different. This was a passionate kiss, a kiss intended to convey a need, a desire. And, the desire was felt by me. The movement of her hands on my back, though, attested to her own desire response.

"Lauryn, I have wanted you a while now. I just didn't want ..."

"I know. I think I do, anyway. You didn't want to create a situation where I felt forced or obligated because you were my boss or sharing your space." She smiled at me. "Thank you for that. I don't know what to do, though."

She touched my lips with her hand, staring at them as she did. "But ... you want to? Is that what you mean?"

I held her hand to my lips and kissed it. I nodded, looking into her eyes and looking and feeling more vulnerable than I had in quite a while.

That night, we entered into our first time together as more than employer/employee or even as friends. That night, we explored a relationship of sexual intimacy. With her hands on my shoulders, she twisted me toward her and she turned to front me, also. Her hands slid from my shoulders down my arms and back up. She took my face into her hands and kissed me, again. This kiss wasn't only with passion, it was combined with her hands moving from my face, to my shoulders, to my arms, and ending on my breasts. It sent a shock wave through my body. A woman, a nice woman, a woman I had already come to fully trust and respect, was holding me like a lover, kissing me like a lover, and touching me like a lover. My body was supercharged, but I knew much of it was my mind. My mind was racing to catch up to what my body was feeling, experiencing, and yearning for. Unlike other times when my body and mind were not connected for protection, this time was entirely different. This time my mind recognized the joy and pleasure my body was receiving and was racing to get ahead of those feelings, to allow me the pleasure of anticipation and expectation.

Before I knew it, but not too soon for my needs, Cheryl was unbuttoning the front of my dress down to the waist belt. That she undid, before pushing the dress over my shoulders and off my arms. She looked at me with my dress bunched in my lap and still in my bra.

"We need to do something about that."

"About what?" I responded a bit defensively.

"If you are going to start letting others see your underwear, you need to have some nice underwear for them to see you in. And, it's about time to get you some new dresses. If you want to attract people, you need to be attractive. What you have been wearing is great for hiding in plain sight." I was embarrassed, but I knew she was right.

In no time, with the practiced hand of a longtime lesbian, she had me stripped of my remaining clothes. She then took my hand and pulled me from the couch, leading me to her bedroom. I stopped her, "Cheryl ... I ... I don't know what to do ..."

She only smiled at me. "Tonight, my dear Lauryn, you do nothing. Tonight it is all me doing to you. Remember, as long as your body will let you, what feels good to you can be enjoyed; then, sometime, soon I hope, you can return the pleasure to me."

That was my first woman-woman experience. It wasn't my last. In fact, it was only the first of many leading up to Miss Helen.

Several weeks later, Floyd and his wife rolled in with the semi. His wife was everything Floyd had indicated, maybe more so. And he was also right about something else he said to me; she was very interested in spending time with me. The only night they were in town, the four of us spent in the motel room across the highway. This time, though, he got a room with two beds. That night I made love to all three of them and I had my first experience in a threesome. While his wife and I were in a 69, he fucked his wife. That was so erotic and stimulating. While licking and sucking a lover's clit and pussy, my nose was being bumped by his cock and balls.

Over the next year and a half that I spent with Cheryl and her café, I was without cock except for the sporadic visits from Floyd. I was a woman simply enjoying the relationship and company of a woman.

There was never any thought of 'becoming gay'. I learned a lot from Cheryl over that time about life, about what it meant by 'gay', about sex and my body, and about remaining open to what life brought. I was comfortable in that part of my life and that part of my life was with a woman. Like Floyd, Cheryl reinforced the concept of keeping an open mind. She also reinforced, like Floyd, to be watchful for those who might want to take advantage of my open mind and my tendency to do what others directed. She noticed that in me, too.

Not having many expenses, I was able to save money. So, after a year and a half with Cheryl, I left. It wasn't an easy thing to do by that time. I came to love the life I had with her, sharing the apartment, the quiet and intimate moments. I also loved the work at the café, the people who worked there and the customers that frequented it. But, I had my dream and Cheryl was the prime mover to push me to finally try to realize that dream, to at least make a deliberate move towards it. So, with her behind me encouraging me, I was enrolled into the community college in the next large city to pursue becoming a Vet Tech. I was both excited and sad. But, I knew that Cheryl was right. Our time together was magical and wonderful, but a dream has to be pursued or it will forever hang over you as a 'if only'.

At about 20 years of age, Cheryl helped me enroll and find an apartment near enough to walk to classes. For the first time in my life, I was on my own. I was enrolled for advanced education aimed at getting me into a field of work I was sure to be my dream. And, I would be completely in charge of my life. The school didn't scare me; I always enjoyed learning and knew I would once again immerse myself in the passion of learning. What did scare me, though, was being on my own. It was the first time and I was unsure of what that would mean to me and for me, but I hoped the activities of school, and focusing on the requirements of the two year program, would offset those concerns.

For one and a half years at the community college, everything was good. I loved the coursework, the field I was entering and I was again into something that I was excelling at and receiving the positive reinforcement I had while in high school. Then, it all fell apart. When I went into the Registrar's office to pay for the final semester of coursework, I didn't have the money. It seemed that I had so much money after working for Cheryl. How could there not be enough money? But, I had no concept of where money was spent, had never been educated in the pitfalls of spending, or learned the dangers of small, wasteful purchases. But, I resolved that it would be only a small set-back. I would go back to work for a time, save more money, and finish my certificate. That was the plan. My plan for escaping the family worked better than this one.

Girls at the school told me that better money and much better tips could be realized at bars. Despite not being much of a drinker, that sounded like the quickest way to getting the money I needed to finish my certificate.

The first bar I applied at, only wanted experienced servers. They, apparently, could be fussy. The second bar was a little lower in the scale of attractive in location and clientele. I wasn't sure I wanted to be there, but they felt they didn't want me there. They didn't look like they could be that fussy by looking at the place, but there was something about the interview that the manager just didn't seem to be interested in me. As I was walking out the door, one of the existing servers met me.

"Listen, honey. If you want to work a place like this, you have to look like you are interested in fitting in. Look around this place. There isn't much here, but the guys like to flirt with us servers. The manager took one look at you and just knew that wasn't going to work. A skirt down over your knees and a top that is completely shapeless. I don't know where that look is going to work ..."

I thought that was harsh and rude, but ... on reflection later, I knew she was right. The image I was

projecting was still the old, conservative, safe attitude I was brought up with. I went back to my cheap, run-down apartment and dug through things to my little closet until I found the clothes Cheryl help me with. The ones she got me for our fun nights and when Floyd came into town. If flirty was what was needed ...

The next bar I tried, I walked in, and within five minutes, I walked back out. I had never been in a strip bar before, though I had heard about them from comments that Pa and the boys made. It was interesting to say the least, but not the place for me to attempt to have a short-term (I hoped) job.

The one after that was better and seemed focused. It had several pool tables, a number TV's on the walls only showing sports, including car racing (I never did understand the attraction). I walked in with a tighter skirt that was well above my knees and a top that fit my curves well. It was early in the evening but there was already a crowd gathering, I suppose from the after work group. Before I even got to the bar, I felt the eyes of a number of guys on me and that wasn't lost on the manager as he watched me approach through the bar. The first thing he did was check my ID, and then ask what I wanted to drink.

"I don't really want anything to drink. What I would like is the job you are advertising." I tried to make myself sound a lot more self-assured than I was feeling. I guess he liked that because he said he would try me and I should start the next night.

What I thought was going to be a short-term thing turned into a two year chapter of my life. It wasn't bad by any means but it certainly wasn't what I was wanting for my life. I continued to learn things about myself and during this time, I learned a very big thing about me that would stick with me for the rest of my life. As both Floyd and Cheryl had quickly identified in our time together and warned me about, I was easily manipulated by others. As time went on, it became increasingly evident that when sex was also involved, I was even more susceptible. That became very apparent during this next period in my life.

It became very clear to me that taking a job in a bar when you have no experience with drinking and understanding of the bar scene was naïve. Although it was easy enough to perform the task of serving well, given my experience at Cheryl's, it was an entirely different experience given the clientele and atmosphere of a bar. And, that bar wasn't the high end of bars.

In no time at all, I found myself being pursued by an increasingly large number of guys. My approach to service that worked so well at Cheryl's seemed to lead guys on in a bar. It wasn't like I was purposely being a flirt, but that was the way it was coming across to the guys in the bar and the longer we were together in the bar, the more they obviously had to drink, and the more intentional their behavior became. I had never been exposed to so much male attention before, so many guys appreciating me, becoming friendly, and wanting the same response from me. The more it happened, the more flattered I became, and the more I reacted to it. Initially, I reacted with a soft touch as I took drink and food orders, an approachable smile, and laughing at nearly any joke told. I was a popular server and the manager was appreciative. It seemed that most of the women serving were jaded by the exposure to the bad jokes and leering attention as the drinking increased over the night. To me it was all new and exciting. If I had been worldlier, I might have also recognized it as dangerous. But, I wasn't worldlier. I found it all very exciting.

The first man to entice me into spending time with him away from the bar was about ten years older. He seemed so experienced in life and confident. He spent time at the bar and we talked frequently during the evening. Initially, he was perfectly gentlemanly, taking me to simple dinners and maybe a movie. Without my own car, he was the transportation and that seemed like the way it should be. The initial dates we kissed in his car when he brought me home. I supposed we were acting like

teenagers, like we had no place to go, but I knew enough to keep my apartment private for now. By the third date, after a movie, he asked me to come back to his apartment. I accepted. We had sex. It wasn't even very good. He was urgent and fast, demanding and not attentive to me. I wrote it off as our awkwardness of getting to know each other. I was wrong. Once he fucked me, for that was the way it seemed, he seemed to act like I was now his and I was available to him when he wanted me. I thought it would smooth out, but he started getting upset with me and other men when I was doing my job in the bar, being friendly and flirty, which was good for bar business and my tips. That was when I broke it off.

Even that was a new experience. And, it was a new learning experience about myself. I could make these kinds of decisions for myself, if I needed to. That was a relief for me to realize. Even if I was prone to taking direction and being compliant in a relationship, if I needed to for my well-being, I was capable of separating myself. That was the beginning of a realization of what being submissive, obedient, and compliant meant for me. Despite those tendencies, it was still ultimately my giving another person power over me that would keep me in that mode. If the situation wasn't good, beneficial, and fruitful, it was within my power to take back control. In a way, that realization allowed me to become more comfortable with new relationships.

One thing that made all the difference going forward for me was developing a trusting relationship with the bar manager. My performance in my job and the way customers responded to me, gave him an initial incentive to be watchful and attentive. That quickly moved into protective and fatherly. Just knowing I had someone like him to intercede or to go to, made a tremendous difference.

My relationships bounced from guy to guy with little interest in long-term commitments but more for fun ... and sex. I learned that I really did like sex and became more and more willing to experiment and be led into new things. These singular and casual relationships was my introduction to many new positions and eventually into anal. I can't say that initially I enjoyed anal, but I also quickly discovered that the partner made a tremendous difference. A partner that was attentive and considerate of the experience for me would make sure I was properly lubricated and he took his time, allowing me the time to adjust to him in that tightest of places.

After more than a year, I was still drifting through experiences and relationships. The 'plan' to save money quickly and return to school also seemed to drift away. I was making some money and saving, but I also became more aware of my appearance and how the way I dressed and the makeup I used might affect the men around me. And that took care of a lot of the money I was making.

My life took an even more interesting and exciting direction when I was enticed by not a single man, but a group. It had been several months since my last relationship of any significance when a group of three young men about my age made themselves known, seeking out the part of the bar I was serving. I learned that they had been coming in for quite some time, had noticed my propensity to becoming involved with guys I met in the bar, and finally decided to act. They noticed that I was not specific in my attention to anyone at the moment and seemed to be merely my general flirty self to the patrons of the bar. They were just as impressed that I sometimes seemed to flirt with the women as well as the men. It was excellent for business as it kept the atmosphere easy, fun, and slightly erotic with the teasing mixed in with sports and the pool playing.

When they made their move on me, they did it as a group and not as a single guy. They became regulars for me and would be in the bar at least three times a week. The first 'date' was with one of them, the guy I had already identified as the more dominant and leader of the group. He seemed to me to be intentional in his manner and approach. He would seemingly give me options of how we spend the evening, but it was always at his apartment in the end.

After a few times with him, the other two would also ask me out. The same thing would always happen. The evening might be somewhere, but we always ended in their apartment. Initially, I would insist on being driven back to my apartment afterward, but it didn't take long with each one until I was spending the night with each. Then, I would end up being dropped off at my place on their way to work. Once home, I would shower, crawl into my own bed, and get some more sleep. I was lucky, I suppose, because I could just get some more sleep before my shift at the bar would start sometime in the early evening. They, however, had to be exhausted. But, that was where naivety came into play. It wasn't until later that it occurred to me that they were rotating to keep me occupied and to push the relationship into higher gears quicker. A normal relationship might take months, whereas when it was being spread among the three guys, my familiarity, and movement into more relaxed sexual activity was accelerated. Within weeks, our times together became three and one. Three guys and me.

The first time, I found myself being passed around among them in one of their apartments. I know each one of them fucked me twice. In the morning, I felt like a rag doll and slept the morning away once I got back to my apartment. In a month, I was the object of an airtight fucking. Every hole was filled at the same time. With these guys, it was always something new and it was almost always extremely exciting.

When it started falling apart, was when they were all out of town at the same time for some big event they just had to go to; it was some guy thing. I sat at home, mostly reflective of my times with them. At first, it was a marvel of everything I was now doing with them, but then I realized what was actually happening: I was nothing but their fuck toy. Oh, don't get me wrong, they were great. They treated me well, they were considerate of my body, and they made sure I had my pleasure, too. But, I was their fuck toy! More and more of their friends were getting involved. I found myself being a party girl, entertaining a room of guys. It never got to be more than five at a time, but ... where was this going? What was in it for me? I don't mean that in the sense of being paid for it. I wasn't looking to become a whore, being paid for the sex I was giving out. But, really ... what was in it for me?

I realized that weekend that something critical was missing. I was looking myself in the proverbial mirror at 26 years old and wondering what I was doing with my life. It wasn't terrible; it wasn't abusive; and, it wasn't even something I didn't want to do. I was not being forced into anything. I liked the sex, the giving, and the receiving. But, where was it leading? Was this going to be my life? A party-girl for some guys that were nice to me but had no long-term commitment to me? Was that even what I want? A commitment? I had no idea. I was looking at myself very critically in that high intensity mirror that only you can see yourself in. And, I wasn't sure what it was that I wanted.

I woke the next morning feeling fresher than I had in a long time. Part of me wondered if it wasn't having two good night of sleep and rest for my body. Another part wondered if it wasn't that I was truly thinking of myself critically, again. What was it that drove me so much years before? I had a dream and a passion. I had a goal and focus. I let that slip away and get lost in the pleasures of a world that wasn't even real for me. I wasn't just a party-girl or a whore, even if that was what I was acting like.

I was looking through the Sunday paper. It contained a lot of ads, which I went through and more news than I truthfully cared about. Curiously, I found myself combing through the 'Jobs' listing in the Want Ads. I stopped and thought about that. Would a change in job location help me? Maybe it would. Maybe, a fresh start, new people, and new experiences could help set me back on track to something more lasting, more rewarding.

Then I saw it. The ad just jump out at me. The reality was that it was a small, inconspicuous ad, very plain type, nothing dramatic or flashy. But, to me it was a neon sign to my eyes: "Woman Wanted to

care for dogs and kennel. Good pay, health benefits. If interested call." An out-of-state phone number was listed. I wasn't sure at the time, but the number seemed to be Alabama. I had always liked dogs. It sounded like something different. And it would be change of location and people. It said good pay and health benefits. It must be a good position if they give benefits. What could I lose? I called. After a long phone interview during which the man asked an extraordinary amount of questions, both about schools, experience, family, and personal things, I was offered what he referred to as a real interview. It would have to occur at the estate and it would be over a weekend. He said they would pay for the bus fare for the visit, all expenses would be paid, including any refreshment expenses along the route. I was just to keep the receipts. What could I lose? I accepted.

That was how I arrived at the estate for a weekend interview. The year was 1995.

* * *

The guys had looks of disbelief on their faces. It was Dori who expressed it, though.

She slapped the table, staring me down. "No way!" She looked at her companions and back to me. "No way! You came to the estate to take care of the dogs and the kennel?" She just shook her head. "No way ..." but there was less conviction in it. Like it was coming together for her, my life as a girl, the family issues, the running away, Cheryl, and the string of men after that and somehow ending up at the estate. Why would working the kennel be any harder to believe than any of the rest of it? It actually kind of fit, in a bizarre kind of way.

Albert wasn't letting go, it still nagged at him. "But ... just taking care of some dogs and the kennel? How many dogs were there? Was that same building there? How much work could that be?"

I smiled at them and let them wait a minute. "I had talked to Mr. Taylor on the phone. I had to come here to talk to Mr. Thrower. I wasn't told much about the job, I had the same questions, but ... I thought, you know how some rich people are, if they wanted to pay me to take care of three dogs, fine by me."

He still shook his head. "No, not just taking care of some dogs. Are rich people that crazy?" Then he looked up sharply at me, "Ugh, no offense, Miss Ryn."

"None taken, Albert. I know you better than that." I gave him a lusty, knowing smile. Then to others, as well. "I know you much better than that, don't I?" Everyone shared shy glances and everyone nodded. "Yes, rich people can be really crazy with their money. But, I had no idea how crazy this was going to be."

They looked at me expectantly, but I volunteered nothing further. Not yet. They moaned and complained, but I was feeding this out to them to experience it in pieces. I wanted them to think about each part, accept it, and make it a part of who I was to them. I smiled at them as I got up to begin my day. The next part ... hmmm ... the next part ... why I came here, the reason I was brought here...

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## **CHAPTER SEVEN**

The next part of the story ... hmmm ... yes, the next part ... why I came here, the reason I was brought here ...

They weren't going to let it go, though. Previous segments they seemed satisfied as the story

unfolded, each building on the previous. Even if they were left intrigued, curious for more, and sexually excited, stopping was at a natural place in the story. Though I felt this was at a natural transition point, changing from my earlier experiences to finally coming to the estate, the manner in which I had come here was demanding further explanation. They saw and accepted that from an early point of my life I was very much just like them. I had started out in life with little if any reason to think I might have any chance of engaging in anything significant much less succeeding. And I left the story indicating that I came here seeking a lowly job that seemed too simplistic. They wanted more.

“No way, Miss Ryn. No way that you can stop the story there.” It was Dori who jumped in with a protest. “You are a lady in the region, respected for what you do and support with your time and resources. You started out no different from us. At this point in the story, you still aren’t. And you are applying for a job that pays well and you only take care of a few dogs? And you end with, ‘I had no idea how crazy this was going to be’. No, you have to tell us more.”

I looked at them. They agreed, each nodding intently at Dori’s plea. I looked outside saw what a beautiful day it was already. It wasn’t a worry of not getting necessary things accomplished. These people needed no guidance, oversight, or fussing from me. They took care of this place like it was theirs. And that’s when it clicked in my mind, a series of decisions coming together in sequence.

“You want more of the story? You’re ready to cut to the chase and get to the heart of my time at the estate and stop the build-up?”

Albert, encouraged by Dori’s bold approach and that I didn’t flat out reject it, took over the appeal in support. Jesse was leaning forward in anticipation. “It’s not a want, Miss Ryn, it’s a need. We need to know more.”

I smiled, partially to myself, that was a nasty way to try to stop. I looked outside again and made my decision. “Okay, but on my conditions.” They all nodded, even without hearing the conditions. “It is a beautiful day outside. Despite my offer that the house and property are yours to enjoy, you spend nearly your entire time working. Today will be a holiday of sorts, no work, just relaxation, and enjoying each other’s company. I am willing to spend the day finishing up my story, relaxing, and enjoying each other’s ... company.” I smiled at that. The guys shared a look and their own smile. Dori looked down shyly, but when she looked up, she had a shy smile on her face.

“Okay. There will be some conditions for today and going forward. Today will be at the pool. We’ll relax, get hot in the sun, cool off in the pool, and possibly get goofy with drink.” They nodded. “The pool and surrounding patio area will be ‘no clothing allowed’. Not clothing optional, not allowed.” They were checking with each other now. They hadn’t expected that. One after the other, they nodded agreement. Dori was the last and she seemed very hesitant, but she finally did agree. She was looking to me as if hoping I might change my mind, provide an alternative, or give her an exception. She frequently looked at the guys with sideways glances and each time she did I got the sense of something happening in her, something of intrigue and anticipation. By the time she nodded, the combination of the gown she was currently wearing, giving a good idea of her body, and her already mindful consideration of leaving her virginity behind, she was excited for the coming experience. I knew she was still very wary, hesitant, and nervous, but she was beginning to look forward to it being the big step she needed to take more steps into this crazy lifestyle we were trying to create for ourselves.

They might have thought I was done, but I wasn’t. But, first, I sent everyone to get sunscreen, if they wanted it, towels, and drinks and to meet at the pool in half an hour. As I was headed back out to the patio, naked and carrying a towel and lotion, I found Dori in the kitchen making pitchers of drinks:

lemonade, margaritas, and filling a cooler with beer. I guess the guys were settling in, I didn't even know we had beer.

By the time the others made their way to the patio, tentatively as though they didn't want to be the first out naked in case it might have been a prank, I had opened several shade umbrellas and arranged four lounge chairs in a circle with the foot of each nearly touching. This should be interesting. As I stood looking at the arrangement, there would be four naked bodies exposed to each other. Very likely, by a combination of being together and the telling of my story, there will be two semi-hard or hard cocks and two exposed, glistening, and open pussies and breasts on display. I smiled, unknowing, as I considered the possibilities.

"What brought that smile, Miss Ryn?" I turned to find Jesse, with Albert and Dori coming up behind him with the drinks and glasses.

"You're going to think that I am a wicked old woman, but I was thinking about the arrangement here, us naked, and ... later."

Albert put the cooler he was carrying down, came up behind me, and pulled me into his front while turning us to face the others. One of his massive black hands covered one of my white breasts and the other stroked down my stomach. He kissed my neck and hugged me tightly. "Hmmm ... I think I can speak for all of us, Miss Ryn. Wicked, perhaps ... old woman, definitely not!" The other two came in for a shared group hug. I have had group hugs before, obviously, but there is something tremendously erotic about being naked, a cock pressed into your backside, another pressed into my left thigh/hip, and a pair of breasts pressed into my right arm and breast. Why would I want to move from this position?

But, I did and I encouraged the others to sit. I directed traffic, though. I wanted Dori to sit next to me, left or right, it didn't matter. What I wanted was for a man and a woman to be opposite each other. Later, I would encourage that all legs would be parted. But, for Dori's sake, it would be step by step.

Once seated and each having a cool drink to start with, lemonade for everyone, I continued, "Before getting to the story, there are still some things to understand, conditions as I referred to them before. This isn't a condition as much as an understanding; at least how I want everyone to understand what is happening at the estate going forward. All three of you know that you don't need any direction from me to get the things done around here that needs to be done. You need to also know that I know that. I have no intention of directing you or being your boss." They looked at each other, but I continued. "Today is an example of that feeling. Because we feel like taking a day off, does not concern me about the place fall apart. Do you know why?" I didn't give them the chance to simply say because I trusted them. It was bigger than that. "Because this place is also yours."

They just looked at me and then at each other. Dori reacted, "Miss Ryn, we all think about it like that because of you, is that what you mean?"

"No, it's not. You know how companies sell shares of the company to others to raise money? They call it stocks. That's what I want to do. I need to work it out with the lawyers. You'll get shares in the estate, the longer you are here the more shares you will receive. If you want to leave at any time for any reason, one of us will buy your shares. The shares will never leave. You won't be employees of the estate; you'll be the estate."

They were stunned. It took a while for any of them to even look up at me or the others. Jesse, the quiet one uttered his disbelief, "Why ... why would you do that?"

I smiled with the assurance that comes from having thought out an idea. "The four of us have agreed to gamble on each other. We are trusting that we know and understand the other three in such a way that we are willing to put our safety and reputations in each other's hands. We are willing to share and be challenged to extend our experiences together, entrusting that the others will watch over us, that whatever crazy thing is put to us to do or try, we will be watched over and protected. Like I said before, as far as I am concerned, you three are all the family I have. If you feel the same way, I think you do, this is the way I want us to live. We won't only share a sexual life, we will share our lives."

Once they understood my reasoning and saw my sincerity, it didn't take them long to nod and voice their agreement. I was completely sure that would be the case. The reality was that all four of us were orphans in life, anyway. The only people we were truly close to was each other.

That led up to my final condition. "Good. Excellent. Now, since you are all going to part owners of the estate, you need to live in the house. No arguments. Now you see that you can't be in other quarters if you are owners." They did protest, of course. But I ignored them, instead turning to look up at the second floor windows. I pointed to my windows on the right. "My bedroom is right there. I made the decision already that Dori will take the room next to mine ... the girls get the rooms overlooking the back of the property. You guys can choose which rooms you take on the other side. They are exactly the same." I smiled. "Okay, not mine ... my room is bigger, but I got there first." They laughed and that seemed to end that.

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Where was I? Oh, yea, the ad just jump out at me. The reality was that it was a small, inconspicuous ad, very plain type, nothing dramatic or flashy. But, to me it was a neon sign to my eyes: "Woman Wanted to care for dogs and kennel. Good pay, health benefits. If interested call." I had always liked dogs, even when my family had tried to have me rape by ours. It said good pay and health benefits. It must be a good position, if they even give benefits. What could I lose? I called. After a long phone interview during which the man asked an extraordinary amount of questions, both about schools, experience, family, and personal things, I was offered what he referred to as a real interview. It would have to happen at the estate and it would be over a weekend. He said they would pay for the bus fare for the visit, all expenses would be paid, including any refreshment expenses along the route. I would also be paid for those days whether I got the job or not. I was just to keep any receipts. What could I lose, I figured? I accepted.

I received notice that a bus ticket would be waiting for me for the trip in two days to Mobile, AL. At least I was right about the state. I was told to pack light, I would be there only for two nights and I shouldn't expect my clothes to get too dirty during my stay. Little did I know how true that was going to be.

When I got off the bus in Mobile, walking through the lobby of the bus station, a very proper couple walked up to me. They were probably in their mid-40's. The surprise was when they spoke to me, though. "Miss Lauryn Hill?" They were clearly British and it seemed like a foreign language to my unsophisticated ears.

I was led to a van that was very much like a cargo van. It had a bench seat behind the driver and passenger in front, but it allowed very poor viewing of what was outside. I was to find out later that it had been intentional.

Arriving at the estate, I was blown away at what I saw, as all of you are very well aware of now. The house, the property, the extent of the property, even just the part I could see. It was all more than

my simple imagination could take in. I had never seen anything like this. Yes, I knew about it; I knew there was wealth, people who had so much ... maybe that they didn't really know what to do with. Was that what this was really all about? They were offering so much for so little in return simply because they wanted to pamper their dogs and because they could?

We were standing alongside the patio, this patio, looking over the back and the kennel in the distance. I turned, attempting to finally get some answers. "You've been very protective, maybe mysterious, about information regarding any details of the job. At the same time, you've expected a lot of details, even very personal ones, from me. When do I find out what is really behind the job?"

The man looked at me intently, surveying my features before allowing a smile to creep across his face. "You think there is more to the job than taking care of a few dogs?"

"Yes, sir. I don't mean to be pushy or challenging, it certainly isn't my nature, but ... I have been travelling for quite a while and ... well, good pay AND health benefits for that job? It seems excessive. You should be able to get hundreds of people for the job right around here without having to bother bringing someone in for an interview."

He chuckled, turned to his wife, "See, I told you she might be the one." She turned and went into the house. The man motioned to a wrought iron table and chairs on the patio and we sat across from each other. He pointed to the building down the gentle slope in the back of the massive, cared-for yard. "That is the kennel. It houses three dogs, all are the special pets of the estate owner. The property itself is huge. What you can see is only a part of it. Taking care of the dogs is a very real part of the job. They would be completely your responsibility. It has been quite some time since they have been well care for, at least in regards to issues like training, exercise, diet, etc. Those are real responsibilities." His wife returned with a folder that she placed on the table as she took a seat on the side between us.

The man took it and the pen placed on top of it, and slid it to me. "Please open the folder, read the document, and sign it. To go any further with this discussion regarding the position will require your agreement to the stipulations in the document. It just stipulates that you will not repeat, describe, or discuss anything you learn, experience, or witness here this weekend. It also stipulates your compensation for the weekend trial, if you agree to continue. If you end up being offered the position and you accept, there will be a more detailed contract, which will also stipulate protections for you. At that time, an attorney will be hired to only consider your interests in this agreement." He watched me as I gazed at the folder, then each of them. He smiled. "I am sorry, I have been rude. My wife and I are not used to handling situations like this. My wife is Helen Taylor, I am George Taylor. Yes, we are from England. We are here to care for the owner of the estate. All of this is at his request. We will explain further once you have signed the document. Please take whatever time you need to read it."

It was only one page and didn't require much time to read. It took more time for my mind to consider what was going on that might require such careful protection. It stated as he indicated and quoted a service payment of \$1,000 for each day that I completed. I looked up and looked into each of their faces. "How can I sign this without knowing what I will be doing?"

"It doesn't bind you doing anything, young lady. It only states that you will not disclose anything about this weekend. If, after hearing the position requirements and you choose not to go any further, that's fine. We will pay for your return back home and something for your time."

I signed the document. I was too curious now not to at least hear more about it. The wording was not 'legalese' and I read nothing in it that seemed ambiguous or confusing. It was clearly written for



their protection but also clear enough that it could be easily understood.

“Okay, now that is out of the way. First, a little background on the ‘why’. The owner of this estate is something of an amateur psychologist or behaviorist. He is also an amateur writer of serious and fictional genre. He has been fascinated with the issue of the human ability to modify their behavior in more animalistic fashion when needed. This is often necessitated by survival situations. But, his interest has been in willing behavioral change or adaptation. He suspects that force or punishment or abusive applications could induce such changes, but he is more interested in how a human might be able to accept a willing change.”

“What are you talking about? This has something to do with the job?”

“Yes, it does.” He looked at his wife. I could tell there was a level of discomfort with this for them. They worked for the owner and they were following his direction. They weren’t, perhaps, completely comfortable with what it was about. “His premise has come to investigate if a human could be induced, motivated in some way, to take on an animalistic lifestyle. Not completely, you understand, but essentially behave as an animal. That is what this job is about in part. It is to take care of the dogs, but the other part is to be one of the dogs.”

They stopped, to let that last statement sink in. ‘To be one of the dogs’ was shocking. The job was to be a dog? Did that even make sense? How does a person be a dog? A behavioral study around a person acting like a dog. My mind was spinning with the thought.

I looked at them, one, and the other. “I don’t understand. The job is to take care of the dogs, but is also to be a test subject, a behavioral study specimen acting out as if being a dog? Isn’t that crazy?”

The woman, Mrs. Taylor, certainly seemed to agree. She seemed to have difficulty with the discussion. She looked to her husband. He didn’t immediately respond, either. So, I went on with more directed questions. “Am I the first one to interview for this crazy job?”

He laughed outright. “Oh, no. There have been plenty that never got to the point you are at now. They were eliminated during that questioning phase. There have been five that got to the point of arriving at the estate for more consideration. One asked to leave when the confidentiality agreement was required. Two more asked to leave when finding out about this other aspect of the job’s requirements. Two thought they could actually do what was required. One of those quit before getting to the kennel. The last one lasted the longest but only a couple hours longer before she quit amid a flood of tears. This would be the last attempt. We have convinced him that it was too much to expect a woman to subject herself to.”

I looked at them piercingly. There was more. Living like a dog was one thing and would certainly be degrading, but ... not even to try, the longest being a few hours?

“What haven’t you said so far? There is something very important you are leaving out. We might as well just get to the point.”

He looked at me sharply, and then seemed to glance at something behind me. “You are correct, young lady.” I turned around, surprised at the voice indicating yet another presence. It was an old man, frail looking, but exceedingly distinguished, standing straight and proud, even if there was also an impression that a good wind could knock him over. He sat in the empty chair at the table, to my right and opposite Mrs. Taylor. Mr. Taylor introduced the man as Mr. Thrower, the owner of the estate. He went on to explain that he and his wife work for Mr. Thrower, caring for him and the estate. “These two have convinced me that besides being an old man whose mind be slipping, this idea might be too much. I had thought I could use the experience played out as material for a story I

have long envisioned. My feeling is that good writing requires good research or a personal knowledge of what is being written. I had hoped to use this for a new story. Perhaps that is not practical or fair." He looked at the Taylors sadly before returning his attention to me. "I think they are right. I apologize, my dear, for causing you to travel all this way for something that should never have been attempted."

Throughout his talking, his attention constantly shifted from me to the Taylors, but mine remained fixed intently on him. This man was intriguing to me for some reason. Maybe because he had an air of such distinguished sophistication, but on closer inspection was quite frail, perhaps even not well. His mind seemed sharp, but his comment about it slipping provided an extra amount of intrigue. He began getting himself back up, pushing the chair back and using his arms placed firmly on the table surface for support to give him leverage to rise to his feet. I put my hand out onto his and he stopped to look at me.

"Maybe you could just explain to me what the rest is. What's to lose?"

He looked over at Mr. Taylor. He nodded. His wife sighed in a resigned way. The older man turned his attention back to me and leaned back into his chair. He sighed, too. Almost as if wondering why he wanted to go through with this, again. "Aside from just caring for the dogs, the other part, the part that scares them all away is ... being a kennel bitch."

"What!?!!" My reaction was immediate and strong.

\* \* \*

"What!?!!" That reaction was Dori, interrupting the story in the exact same way that I had. I looked at her and found her with her hands over her mouth, her eyes bigger than they should have been. The guys were sitting there with dumb expressions on their faces, their mouths hanging open, a kind of blank look in their eyes, almost like there was something not connecting inside. But Dori wasn't finished. "A kennel bitch! You mean ... no way! ... you mean to say that you came here to take a job as a dog? No, not just a dog, but a bitch? For the dogs? Is that what you are saying?"

I had a smile on my face that I was trying to hide, but not succeeding. Dori was clearly offended, very offended by the idea that someone would propose such a thing for a woman to do. The guys were ... well, they were trying really hard to hide the fact that they were ... getting hard. We were all naked, sitting at the pool on lounges in a tight circle. I could see in their faces that they were shocked, too; their bodies were responding differently, however. How could I blame them? This was after all a story being told, not a real life experience. Retelling it was making me hot as I remembered the exact situation and discussion.

Dori picked up her indignation, "You didn't do it did you?"

Albert kept his eyes on me but responded to her, "She's here isn't she?"

I smiled. "Can I continue the story?" They nodded.

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When he said, "Aside from just caring for the dogs, the other part, the part that scared the others away is ... being a kennel bitch", I was shocked, yes. But, I then started wondering exactly what did that mean. My imagination could certainly take over, but they, or he, had something specifically in mind, even if it never could be fully implemented.

I had my hands held tightly together in front of me on the table. I was studying them without looking at them. My mind wasn't on my hands even if my eyes appeared to be entirely focused on that spot in front of me. When I did look up, I found all three of them watching me intently ... but also, nervously. I could see it in all their eyes. This experiment that Mr. Thrower had envisioned had been a complete bust. Like the others, they all expected me to throw it back in their faces and leave. Part of me wanted to do just that, too. But, I waited. Was that real? Was that really me? Or, was that ... was that what I should feel and react. I wasn't those other girls. I had experienced my own crazy and abnormal life. I was looking for a change, something to knock me off the course I had found myself cruising down aimlessly, without purposeful direction or intention. This would certainly be a change! But, would it have any better purpose or direction?

I looked at the Taylors and then at Mr. Thrower. They were all nervous, anticipating the worse. "Tell me everything. Surely, even though you were never able to get much past this point, you must have had a firm plan in mind, expectations, and limitations related to the plan." They looked a little surprised. Mr. Thrower was considering me differently now, his face indicating some hope. "Don't get your hopes up. Right now I am just curious."

He turned to face directly to me, now ignoring the looks he was receiving from the Taylors. "You are still interested? Why? You know how everyone else reacted."

"I am not everyone else. My life has been a mix of very bad, good, and bad. Let's just say I was encouraged by some very good people to keep my mind open and not reject new things and opportunities. So, humor me, please."

So he did. He went through his concept of what he was wanting. I would be nude. I was to be always available to the dogs and not to refuse them. While a real bitch goes into heat on some natural cycle, I would always be their bitch. And I would always be in heat, willing to accept their mating whenever and wherever they wanted it. I would sleep with them in the kennel. He emphasized that point; I would be theirs 24/7. Besides being their bitch, the job also required being responsible for their life care: feeding, medicine if needed, pills for heartworms and ticks, bathing, grooming, exercise, and general training (which he admitted had been lacking, lately). He also reinforced what I had read in the agreement: I would not be touched sexually by a human unless I consented before the fact and not while vulnerable.

I had listened to his detailing his perception of what would be involved with little reaction and no response. I noted that the three of them exchanged looks frequently. They were obviously expecting me to bolt for the property gates at any moment. When he stopped, it got very quiet. I thought for a moment, organizing my thoughts and reactions. I understood the magnitude of what this was. There was no question about the demeaning and subjugated nature of what he was proposing. However, unlike the others before me, mating with a dog wasn't either scary or demeaning. Living like one, becoming a part of the pack, might be. I had been put into the position to be raped by a dog ... and by my family. Even the guys I was hanging with tried to have a dog mate me. The fools, though, didn't consider that neutered males are usually castrated. The only thing he could do was lick me and he did that very well, bringing me to several orgasms.

But, I hadn't been mated by a dog, not really mated, since my family. Instead, I had been exposed to the loving care of a man who only offered his care and mutual pleasure; the intimacies of a lesbian relationship and the tenderness that involved; and, the wild, consuming, and overwhelming experiences of multiple partners ... over and over. My sex life hasn't been the same for long periods of time since leaving home and it hasn't been wanting. My body has been pleased and I have been pleasuring others in a steady stream of relationships and encounters ever since. And, I haven't regretted much of it, at all. But the recurring question continued and it did as I sat at the table

contemplating the bizarre proposal being submitted. The impetus to following up on this ad was wondering what was ahead of me if I continued along the path I had been living. The same question would certainly apply here, wouldn't it? If I did this, what path is this for me? Where would it lead me, if I set off on this adventure? Think about it, what an adventure, what an experience it might be. To essentially take the role of the bitch in a small pack of dogs ... what exactly is that role, besides the mating? How would the pack form around this change?

I was too curious to let it drop quite yet. "Is this some kind of pervert show for you? You spend time each day watching a woman being mated by the dogs? Is this a chance to have a willing or controlled woman for your servicing, also? Or ..." I looked into all their eyes for the real reaction, "... or, is this really about the dogs?"

Mr. Thrower nearly jumped from his chair, which was difficult given his frail condition. "No! Please, believe me; this is only about the dogs and what happens by introducing a woman as their bitch. No! Miss Hill, Lauryn, you will NEVER be touched sexually by a human, man or woman, while you are here. You have that control. It will be a part of the written contract we will both sign. I promise."

I looked at them and I was satisfied on that point, but I remembered what Floyd and Cheryl had repeated to me, 'watch out for those who might take advantage'. It would be difficult in this situation, though. "Would you consider some alternatives to your provisions? Not to the intent, but in details?"

He was willing to listen. I think he was shocked that I was still considering his proposal. Since he was ready to abandon the entire idea, he had nothing to lose. "The idea behind stipulating 24/7 is obvious, this isn't a part-time activity. But, for an extended time period, 24/7 indefinitely isn't practical. After all, the idea isn't to demean the woman, to break her into actually be a mindless animal, is it?" He agreed that it wasn't. He just wanted to see how the dynamics of the pack would change, how the woman would meld into the pack, and generally, what effect it would have on the dogs. "Therefore, I propose that the expectation be 24/6 with Sunday being a 'day of rest and recovery'. From sundown on Saturday to sundown on Sunday, I can act like a human, again. That means to talk freely, dress as I wish, eat at the table, shower or bath, sleep in a bed, and use the amenities of the estate." I looked at the pool. He nodded. "We, the dogs and I, won't be bothered by curiosity viewing and spying. It isn't privacy so much as trying to develop a natural environment. It will be difficult enough without others hanging around to spy." I saw some hesitation. "Don't worry. We'll be outside more than inside the kennel. You will be able to observe us, just not standing next to us and interfering."

He looked at me critically. "You seem to already have some plans. Are you going to do this?"

"I don't know, yet. But, yes, some ideas have crossed my mind. But, I have a much bigger question." He nodded. "Aside from the money, the salary, what is in it for me? The money is good, but I am not a whore. If I wanted to be a whore, I had the opportunity where I was."

"What's in it for you? You don't want to be just a subject of an experiment. You are different, Lauryn. The others were attracted and tempted simply by the money. So, what could be beyond the money? You probably already have some ideas."

I smiled. "My intention, sir, is not to be greedy or ungrateful for what you are already offering. But, let's be honest about what this is. As a short-term experience, there are a limited number of women who would accept. For a long-term experience, it might be excessive. I was looking for a change in my life when I responded to the ad to work in your kennel. I had no idea how big or small it might be. I do now, yes, and it would not be a full-time job. But ... if this works, you become satisfied with

the results of the experiment, it would be nice to believe there could be something more permanent waiting. I mean ... if it goes that far, ours won't have been a normal relationship, will it?"

He was pensive and nodded. "I do believe you want to take this challenge. I also believe that you are thinking you will succeed in being a bitch for some extended time. Okay, I will agree to all of it. Given that you seem to think this is a long-term thing, what time period should we target?"

Odd, how did I think I could already trust these people? I was going to accept a position that kept me naked and available for mating by his dogs. An experiment. An experiment lacking in precise detail, parameters, evaluation process, or expectation. But, somehow, I thought I could trust them. "That will be part of the Sunday agenda. Every Sunday we will evaluate the previous time, how the experiment is proceeding, any adjustments, or focus to be applied for the coming week."

I looked at Mrs. Taylor and her face showed concern at the direction this was going. I suspect she was hoping it would be rejected and they would all be done with it. I put my hand over hers, "Mrs. Taylor, can I ask for your assistance? I think I had better have an advocate in the group, someone who can be objective when my body and mind might not be. Even a safe word might not be effective in all circumstances. Will you be my 'safe word', my advocate for my safety?"

She looked to her husband, and then gave me here assurance. Interesting, she didn't seek approval from Mr. Thrower. I immediately felt she would have my interest at heart, as long as ... I turned to Mr. Thrower, "Will you grant her that control? If she doesn't like what is happening or requested of me, will you allow her to be the final word on my behalf?"

I watched his face, looking for anything that might indicate a reason to just leave right then before anything else could happen. All I saw, though, was his face turning into a contented, comfortable, and at ease softness. He smiled at Mrs. Taylor and turned to me.

"Miss Hill, if you are willing to try this, I will agree to anything you stipulate, any conditions at all. I think using Helen as your advocate to watch over your interests is an excellent idea. You don't know, but she does. I can't say 'no' to Helen or George. They care for more than the estate, here. But, we'll get into all that, if you stay with us. You have my word that I will not try to take advantage of this situation, but you have Mrs. Taylor on your side to be sure. And, young lady, that is far more important."

I couldn't help but chuckle as I shared a look with Mrs. Taylor and she returned it to me. The concern was still there, a little, but she seemed a little more comfortable knowing she could stop it at any time.

It was early evening on Friday, already. Mr. Thrower insisted on a regular meal for me with them. I think he was just so overjoyed at the prospect of a chance his experiment might actually happen. It was simple, a tossed salad, and grilled burgers. I decided on the salad and the burger but no bun. I felt I might need the protein but I didn't want to be too full feeling.

When I was finished with my meal and it looked like the others were, also, I stood and looked down at the table, took a deep breath and looked down the slight slope to the back of the groomed expanse of lawn to the kennel building at the end. My heart started pumping fast, my heartbeats rising, my breathing quickening, and I felt my hands shake slightly at my sides. All this happening as I contemplated what I was about to do; at least, what I was about to attempt. Was I crazy, was I naïve? Five others had come for this and all had left from immediately to within a few hours of starting. What made me think I was different from them?

I stood straighter, took several deep breaths, and rubbed my hands against my hips. All were actions

to help steady myself, to steel myself to what I was moving into. Why was I different? Maybe because I was not going into it blindly. I knew what it was to be with a dog. Okay, only one at a time, but still ... I knew what to expect. Even more than that, though, I knew that I liked being mated by a dog. Being naked all the time, always being available to them, yes, those were intimidating aspects. But, I had set my terms, conditions, and expectations that the others had not considered. And, there could be a future at the other end. What kind of future, here or elsewhere, would be determined later.

I took another deep breath and smiled, more for myself than for anyone to notice. I was looking for a change, new people, and new experiences. Isn't that why I was looking at the ad to begin with? Here were all three, ready or not.

I looked at the three around the table and they were all watching me. Mrs. Taylor had that concerned look on her face, again. I gave her a smile, but it was weaker than before. "It is getting later. I think I should get that tour of my new living arrangements and meeting my ... ah ... pack." I turned to the kennel, stopped and turned back with a thought. "There are three dogs, but do they behave like a pack? Is there an alpha in the group? Or, are they individuals sharing space?"

Mr. Thrower was looking at me but it was almost like he wasn't recognizing me or the situation. He seemed confused. Then he changed, just like that, like a switch was turned back on inside somewhere. I had to repeat the questions. "No, dear, they are just dogs. They have been without proper training for so long, I don't know that they consider anyone or thing as the alpha. Why?"

"Just curious." No, not just curious. That could be important and it could be how I handle this situation. Maybe I have my own little experiment within Mr. Thrower's.

As they started for the kennel, I stayed at the table. I had placed my shoes on the chair and was loosening my dress by the time they noticed my absence and turned around. Mrs. Taylor reacted, "Lauryn, you don't have to do that here. Wait until you are at the kennel."

I gave her a shy smile. "You are going to be my advocate and watch over me?" She nodded. "Then, you will be seeing me naked. I do not intend to spend my time in the kennel. We will be outside exercising, training, and whatever dogs do all day. You will all see me naked; you will all be see me ... being a bitch. Besides, I won't need clothes down there." I continued removing my dress. I folded it and placed it on the table. I reached behind my back and unclasped my bra, looked at the men, took another deep breath, and then removed it. I know I was blushing profusely, I could feel the blood rushing through my face, neck, and upper chest. I also knew instantly that my nipples hardened. But, if I blushed taking my bra off, I must have turned absolutely crimson when I hooked my fingers into my panties and slid them down my legs. At that time, my pubic hair was mostly natural. The guys wanted me to shave it, but back then, it wasn't quite as popular as it is now. I did trim it, though. But, it never was very thick. I knew my lips would be visible. And I could feel this new blush spread from my upper chest into my breasts and stimulate my nipples even more.

I walked alongside Mr. Thrower and he described the property to me as we did. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor followed behind. I became very conscious of my walk.

If that wasn't enough, I heard Mrs. Taylor, "Oh, dear. Look at her butt, so white. I better go get some sunscreen for her."

At the kennel, I got the tour as promised. The building was rectangular and we entered in through a door in the short side that faced toward the house. Along the side to the right were four indoor stalls that opened to outdoor runs. Three of the stalls had dogs in them and all were at the chain-link gate to see the visitors. Inside, the stalls were separated by solid walls that came up to about five feet,

then wire mesh to the ceiling. This allowed air flow inside through all the stalls. The outside runs were standard chain-link fencing. The only entry or exist for the dogs was through the gates at the inside of the building. The inside floors and walls were concrete. This made for easy cleaning and they would hold the coolness longer before the sun could bake everything hot.

Along the left wall in the middle of the building was a much larger door. Mr. Taylor opened it and I saw that it was a double door. With both door open the air passed through the building freely. At the far end was an open area that included a sink, storage cabinets, a small refrigerator, and a microwave. The cabinets contained dog food, pills, grooming supplies. Another set were filled with human food that would be simple and easy to prepare and require little planning or preparation effort. Perfect kind of cooking, as far as I was concerned. Along the left wall on the other side of the double doors were tools and equipment, leashes, hoses for cleaning the stalls and kennel floor in general, shovels, and brooms.

I walked over to the first stall to meet the first dog, get a feeling if we were going to get along. This was a critical element that seemed all but neglected. What if the dogs and I didn't react well together? I bent over to interact with the dog, finally poking a finger through the gate and received eager licking in return. But something was happening behind me and I stood to turn around. Mrs. Taylor was pointing at her husband. Mr. Thrower had a big smile on his face. Mrs. Taylor stepped the two paces separating us and put one hand at my upper chest level and the other hand moved from it up to the top of my head.

"Here ... you keep your eyes from here to here. You just forget about down there." I couldn't help it, I smiled. That brought a smile of recognition from Mr. Taylor and, finally, the same reaction from Mrs. Taylor. This was going to be strange for more than just me, apparently.

The first dog was a Black Lab; he weighed 70 pounds and was very friendly, like Labs are. The next was a Golden Retriever who was about the same size and very excited, but also every bit a pet attitude. The third dog was Coon Hound. Maybe not quite as heavy but just as tall. His temperament seemed a little more subdued but I knew they were also very active on the scent and were able to jump four foot tall fences.

I took in the layout of the individual stalls for the dogs. They were quite spacious, each being about eight feet wide and ten feet deep to the wall to the outside. At the far end, near the doggy trap door going outside, was a raised platform that was about one foot off the floor that supported a thick plastic covered, foam matt. The matts were about three feet by four feet which seemed very spacious for the dogs. I commented about the matts and Mr. Thrower said it was something he read about in some journals. Apparently, it was the latest thing for dogs. Some study indicated some health benefits in getting the animals off the floor. He shrugged. As I turned in a small circle in front of them, getting myself ready to take the next big step, I noticed something else, something large leaning against the wall at the end. I started walking to it and saw what it was when I was about ten feet from it. It was the same kind of matt that was in the stalls, but this one was much bigger. It was about seven feet by seven feet and half again thicker. When I realized what it was, I blushed. This was a community bed, too big for a platform and meant to be taken down and used on the floor. As I stood there in front of this large matt, with the others standing behind my naked self, I wondered if they could see the evidence on my shoulders and neck of the blush that was coursing through my upper body in front. There was also something else, another sensation that I couldn't deny, another feeling that was coursing through me, but much lower on/in my body.

I was really going to do this? One dog is one thing over night. How many times did he take me, then? Three or four times? He hadn't had a bitch in ... god knew how long. Now, three dogs ... could I do three dogs and multiple time and all at once? My mind wasn't sure ... my body was going off on its

own. Once again, my mind and body separated, my mind trying to catch up, accept, and get on-board with where my body was already headed. But, maybe there was a middle ground that could be satisfied. A way to meet the requirements for these first nights, but also protect myself and provide reasonable expectations. If I was having these conflicts, what must those other girls have been thinking? No wonder they quit before even getting to this point, another just at this point, and the last only a couple of hours from where I was. Three dogs all at once!

I turned around to face Mr. Thrower. This was his experiment, his grand scheme. I noticed that unconsciously I had one arm over my breasts and the other hand across the joining of my thighs. When did that happen? Suddenly I am shy, embarrassed of my nakedness, and wanting to cover? I chuckled to myself, a mental thing, only. That would be changing very quickly. Soon, if I did this, if I followed through with my intentions and my commitment to Mr. Thrower, nakedness would cease to be any concern for me or for them seeing me. Would that make me less in their eyes than I really am because of it? Would it make me less than I am in my own eyes? Is that a question of time and association to this; or, is it attitude only and the circumstances don't matter, that I will still be everything and as much as I am regardless? Interesting, maybe there really was more to this than I had previously accepted or acknowledged.

But my reverie was broken ... "Lauryn ... Lauryn ... was there something?" Mr. Thrower saw my turn, the look of questions, puzzling over something.

"Sorry, sir ... yes, there is. This period, this weekend, is a trial period, correct? It is a period of acceptance, adjustment to the situation, and determination that it can be followed through?"

"Yes, what are you thinking?"

"I have real concerns if I can take all three of them at the same time. At least right away, that is. Tonight, I intend to keep them separated. I will honor the intent, but one at a time. For this night. I need to adjust to all this." I looked at him and down at myself. I forced my arms to move to my sides, now fully exposed to them, again. It was easier before. Standing in the kennel with the dogs so close and the reality of the expectation so high, it was everything I could do to expose myself, essentially telling them that this was real, this was going to happen, and that tomorrow morning all questions and doubts would be known or answered.

I was expecting and waiting for a response from Mr. Thrower, but it was Mrs. Taylor who stepped forward and took me into her arms. It totally surprised me, completely unexpected, and all the tension of the moment welled up to the surface like an incoming tide and spilled out with tears in my eyes and a muffled sob in my throat. I shook myself, though, pushed her shoulders back and took a step back myself, but I gave her a smile and mouthed a 'thank you' while wiping the tears away. She spoke from her own need, "You do what is best, dear. You know, not us." I smiled and squeezed her hand. She was being my advocate. Already, she was fulfilling her commitment. She didn't look to Mr. Thrower or seek his consent; she stated the position in support of me.

Is it any wonder she became a deep and lasting friend?

I took her arm in mine, then took Mr. Throwers, and led them to the door pointing to the house, Mr. Taylor following behind. I was recovering quickly because a thought came to my mind, 'were his eyes staying on my shoulders, or ...?'

Outside the door, I surprised them and myself. I kissed each one on the cheek. "They haven't eaten, so that will be a good introduction for me. Don't come checking on me until morning." I turned without looking for an answer or a reaction. Re-entering the kennel, I closed the door behind me and



walked into the kennel, to introduce myself, feed my males, and ...

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CHAPTER EIGHT

I looked to each one of them, my eyes easily taking in each with a slight shift of my eyes. None said anything. They simply were watching me. Their faces were neutral.

“Say something, somebody ... just say something. Are you that disappointed?”

Dori physically reacted, her legs quickly moving to each side of the lounge and leaning far forward, “No! We ... at least I ... isn’t just so much. Miss Ryn, we’re just ... you said it before, but for me I thought something would have ... I mean, not that I wanted it to ... but, you didn’t admit it ...”

I chuckled. I was also looking closely at her. Her face was warm and expressive ... but, her jump to confront me, to reassure me, her legs on either side of the lounge, she fully opened herself to my eyes. She saw me looking and quickly closed her legs tight and leaned back, her arms crossing over her breasts.

The guys noticed, too, but I was so intent on Dori that I didn’t immediately notice their reaction. They too had their legs tightly together and their hands covering their laps.

Albert saw me looking and tried to divert my attention. “You’re going to continue, aren’t you? You said you would. You said we would spend the day, get past your past so to speak.”

I had a glint in my eyes, surrounded with mischievous. “Yes, I will continue. I want us to get through this, too. I want ... I need you to fully understand me.” I looked at each of them and added a sly smile. “For the rest, no covering up. Let your legs be relaxed, don’t mind your body’s reaction, allow us to witness each other.”

They were completely into the story, our sharing of this time together. I think I could have had them agree to anything.

* * *

Re-entering the kennel, I closed the door behind me and walked, to introduce myself, feed my males, and start a new life. If I could manage to pull this off, to not only tolerate it, but also manage it and thrive in the process, there was no telling what awaited me.

The double doors on the left side were still open. I closed the door behind when re-entering the kennel building not to contain the dogs, but I wanted that action to pronounce that this experiment was starting.

I walked down the right side of the building with a deliberate stride, far more deliberate and self-assure than I actually felt. But, everything I had ever heard about animals was that they often could sense things that we humans were immune to. As I came to each gate, I crouched down in front of it, made contact verbally and smelling my hand, and then I opened the gate and released him. Soon I had three dogs jumping around me. Mr. Thrower and the Taylors indicated that they weren’t sure the dogs had been mated in years. They were fine looking animals and had been purposely used for breeding of some local bitches. As far as the women were concerned, none of them thought that even the last one actually mated with any of the dogs. The last woman who lasted the longest might have gotten started, but Mrs. Taylor confirmed that she didn’t think it had gone to penetration. So,

despite my anxiousness about what was about to happen, I was fairly certain the dogs were not familiar at all with mating with a human. Once they got a taste of it, though ...

The dogs followed me closely as I made my way to the supply/kitchen area of the building. The three bowls were stacked and I poured the prescribed amount into each, leaving them on the counter until I was ready. One of things I wanted to do right from the beginning was establish routines. I wanted them to begin relating to me with controlling their activity, putting some order and structure into what happened. That way, they might associate expected or anticipated events with my providing them. My plan was simple, how I planned to carry it out was also simple, the outcome of it seemed complex with so many variables. Plus, from experience, the success of my plans was about 50/50, at best.

As part of my plan, I made the dogs sit and wait before I put each bowl down for them next to the end of the counter. I had just eaten so I was good for the evening so I could just watch their interaction and consider my next actions. I was very conscious of my body as I moved around them, keeping my legs together and trying hard not to allow my mind to get ahead of myself anticipating what was to be a certain eventuality. My previous experience with dogs was always very controlled and intentional, even if not by me. I didn't really have any experience with how attraction to a woman might happen. If they didn't have any previous experience with human bodies, I didn't believe they would be particularly attracted to my nudity. I smiled, though, as I realized that would certainly change. But, my expected state of constant nudity might make even that a neutral trigger. My mind leapt ahead of me, again. Is this going to become an issue in the near future for any woman coming into contact with the dogs? Hmmmm ... how is that going to go over with Mrs. Taylor or any other woman who might come onto the estate property for that matter? That seemed to be yet another thing to factor into my plan. I was leaning against the counter watching the dogs as they finished eating and moving to the shared water bowl. Was I again being naïve in thinking that this experience was going to be within my control even at some level? Mr. Thrower's intention was to put a woman into the position of being used as a bitch for the dogs. He was curious how that would affect not only her, but also the dogs, and the dynamics of the dogs as a group. Me? Was I overthinking my ability to exerting some control of the situation while still being completely available to the dogs? I sighed deeply; I was doing an awful lot of thinking for someone who hadn't even entered into the most intimidating part of the experience, yet.

The dogs were finished and roaming around me. They were checking me out both visually and by scent. I had just provided them with some of their most basic needs, a little bit of attention and food. To them they were probably already processing me in those needs, but their attention as they came around me was also showing some difference, something they had little experience with even if they could not make a direct association. That was my next task, responsibility, really. I needed to establish that most basic of animal instincts to me.

I stood in front of them and despite the expectations of Mr. Thrower, possibly the Taylors, and certainly me, nothing happened with them. They made no move to me. My nudity was not enough, at least not at the moment. With a bit of frustration, I went to the double doors and led them outside. I looked around the area of the kennel and into the woods beyond, keeping my eyes from the direction of the house for the moment. The last thing I needed was to know that I was being watched by the others.

I had been told that the property was extensive, but the woods and natural part of the property is much more so. It contained sections of the Fish and Corn Branch Rivers and is heavily treed with long leaf and slash pine. It is, therefore, very private and secluded almost anywhere on the property one might be. That was a relief for me and provided an ideal opportunity for extensive activity with the dogs.

The dogs took off into the yard as if they hadn't had the freedom for some time. They ran off in generally the same direction, wheeling around in a big circle before ending near me, panting, and their tails wagging excitedly. Relationship and association. I had to establish both my relationship with them and establish associations of their basic needs with me as the provider. The dogs were milling around me like they were expecting or hoping for something. I remembered seeing what I needed. I turned and re-entered the supply area, the dogs waiting expectantly outside. I returned with two old tennis balls and a tug rope. Within moments, I had dogs chasing after balls, though the distance was short. I throw like a girl with no training or experience. But it didn't seem to matter to the dogs. Each time they returned excitedly, reluctant to immediately release the ball, but tails wagging wildly with the renewed experience of play.

They were eventually panting hard and slowing down, yet still excited by the ability to once again have the freedom to actively play and play hard. I spotted a large metal bowl next to the building and filled it with fresh water from the outside faucet. They lapped up water greedily and stood watching me with what I took as anticipation and interest for something more. I was happy with what was already happening. In a very short time, they had established the beginnings of association and comfort with me. I knelt down on the grass, keeping my knees tightly together to receive and pet each dog as they excitedly jostled each other for my attention. This was the point at which I began getting licks over my body. There was no delusion, however, that they were sexual. They weren't. The licks, the attention, was no different than a family pet returning love by giving licks to hands and arms that were exposed. The difference here was the amount of skin I had exposed. It wasn't yet sexual to them, but the effect it was having on me was different. That, of course, was being magnified by my mind, knowing what I would certainly be attempting.

The night was approaching quickly. The shadows of the trees were cast long across the mowed grass and the sounds of the day were settling into peaceful, muted tones. Even the dogs were appearing to quiet, as though preparing for the night to finish another day. They were sniffing the ground, the shrubs, trees, and exposed rocks. And, however they decide to mark a location, they did. That gave me a perverse idea for another association to create. I deliberately moved out into the yard, roaming slightly for effect, then crouched and peed. This was going to take some practice, though. Being able to pee in multiple location for effect would take some muscle control, to start and stop the flow several times in the course of moving around the yard. My body was, of course, trained to initiate release and allow the flow to complete uninterrupted.

As I stood and walked, I felt stray drops of my urine escape and trickle down my thigh. It seemed gross, but I was diverted from that thought by the reactions of the dogs. They were sniffing each place I had marked. One by one, they sniffed and gazed to me. My scent was being established. Or, I should say, one of my scents were being established. I was ready. I thought they were, as well. But, this was not going to be initiated outside. Not the first time ... no way.

The dogs were around me now, sniffing and licking. They found the leaked remains of my pee and despite my discomfort over it, they were far from bothered. In fact, they seemed intrigued. But, as they licked at my thighs, my body was reacting, and I was positive they were receiving a new scent, a scent that was creating an increased determination in me. But, I thought of the house and the visibility of being outside, even in the fading light.

I moved inside and the dogs followed closely behind, occasionally giving a lick on my butt from one of them. I lowered the large matt, not to use for the night, but to things off on. I still wanted to restrict myself to one dog at a time for the first time. First, though, I needed more preparation, more familiarity, and more easy intimacy before taking the big step. After putting the large matt on the floor, I walked to the storage area and turned on the light over the sink, then went to the double doors and closed them before turning off the large, bright overhead lights. The space sank instantly

into subdued light from the single small light in the corner. As I moved around, the dogs followed. I was unsure if they were anticipating something, if I might be wrong about their animal instinct regarding what this naked woman might represent. I didn't think so, though. Rather, there had been a connection, an animalistic connection outside. My deliberate attempt to pee outside like them, with them, had seemed to have the effect I was curious about. Like a bitch dog, I was forced to pee by crouching, unlike them who lifted a leg. The similarity may not have been lost on them.

My mind was flashing with thoughts, options, ideas, and questions about what to do, how to do it, and the best, safest way to proceed. I settled on one immediately, though. I was twenty feet from the matt when I dropped to the floor on my hands and knees. The concrete floor was hard, but not rough. It, like the walls, were coated with a thick resilient paint. None the less, I started crawling toward the matt with care. I didn't want to have my knees scraped and bruised the first night. I was likely to have at least several scratches on my sides from the dogs mounting me, at least that was my experience from the family dog those years ago.

I was curiously hopeful that this too might present the dogs with an association to me that would be different than other humans they had connected with previously. I carefully moved on the floor to the matt and the dogs followed behind me. At first, I wasn't aware of what was happening behind, what they were doing, or what their response might be. I purposely didn't look back; instead, I continued to crawl, becoming increasingly aware of my movements, the image of crawling in front of the dogs, and intention of being more like them. All that was affirmed when I felt a lick on my bare ass and another putting his nose between my cheeks. The dual sensations stopped me in my tracks, not five feet from the matt. Then, there was nothing, as though my stopping let them know that I was aware, that I might somehow react. And I did. I moved even quicker to cover the final five feet and scramble into the center of it.

There, I froze, my arms firmly planted and separated for stability. My knees spread further than shoulder width apart. My head slightly hanging down, my long hair cascading over my head, temporarily hiding me in its mass. I waited. I could first sense the dogs around me, then feel the matt shifting with their weight as they approached and moved around me, sniffing me, sending out quick licks, and brushing up against me. And then, it hit me, what was I doing? I froze in the one position that I was committed to NOT being in. I did not want to be in a situation of entering into a doggy gangbang on my first night. Almost before that awakening thought flashed through my mind, I did a near miraculous and very gymnastic worthy 180 degree spin from my hands and knees to flat on my back.

The move startled the dogs and the three of them jumped back a few steps. When I didn't make any other moves, then cautious approached, again. To reassure them, I put out my hands, stroking two heads. Both started licking my sides and stomach in response to my attention. The third was momentarily lost to me as one came to cover my face with licks and I swung my head one way and then the other in vain attempts to escape, all the while laughing with more delight as they continued. Then I felt him, between my legs. In my efforts to move side-to-side playfully avoiding the facial licks, my lower moved in attempts to keep me anchored ... and my legs separated more and more. At first, I felt licks to the inside of my thigh and I remembered the dripped urine that most certainly was the scent he recognized. Then he stopped, but he was still there, close and sniffing intently. I could feel his heavy breath on the insides of my thighs and I could feel it moving up, further. He was following a new scent.

I slipped a hand away from my facial attacker and moved it down between my legs. I was soaking wet! The dog down there went to the exact spot my fingers had been, following the scent, now associating another scent to me. Strictly on impulse and raging need, I brought my wet and glistening fingers to the dog at my face. The presentation of my hand momentarily gave him pause

but then he sniffed my fingers. In the next moment, he was licking them clean. I did it then for the other dog, all the while the dog between my legs had settled in to further investigate the source of my scent with sniffs, his snout pressed into my exposed pussy, and finally licks by his wonderful tongue. That tongue already had me opening, otherwise how could that tongue be teasing inside my folds?

My brain and body flashed back to the other episodes I had shared with dogs, even the neutered one who was so good with his tongue. That tongue on me, on my pussy, sent shock waves through my body. Partly from the sensation of a dog's tongue, long and wide, swiping from the bottom up to the top and pressing on my quickly engorging clit while the other dogs, sensing an entirely new thing happening, picking up on the new scent coming from me as they all attend to my body. A crazy thought pierced my consciousness just long enough to act. I return my hands, both this time, to my drenched pussy, driving first the finger of one hand then the other inside, and then bring them up to my breasts and smearing my fluids over my nipples. I threw my arms to the side as if opening my entire body to them. One sniffs the scent on the nipple closest to him and he begins to lick. The other dog is only a milli-second behind him. Suddenly my nipples have joined my pussy in being ravaged by the wide tongues of the dogs.

I am completely unaware of anything else at this point except the sensations coursing through my body, multiple epicenters of pleasure from my nipples and pussy, seemingly crashing together in my abdomen and radiating from there throughout my body. It is only after a truly majestic orgasm and my heavy breathing is slowly abating that I become aware of my position. I am surrounded by the dogs. One on each side of me and one at my feet. They are watching me; they are seeming to be waiting for me. I realize that my body is completely open to them. My legs are spread wide, my arms flung over my head. My hair is half covering my face where it landed as a result of constant flailing back and forth.

I slowly sit up, leaning back on my elbows and I survey the three. Now, I also see that the activity that so pleased me, had affected them as well. On all three of the dogs, their red pointy cock heads were showing from the sheaths. I smiled, to myself, at first. But then, deliberately, I crawled to each of the dogs and kissed them on the snouts, giving each a tentative lick with my tongue. While doing that, I reached underneath and delicately touched their sheath, stroking it from the outside and feeling the cock grow even from that limited contact.

I noticed that the windows showed darkness outside. I had no idea what time it was except that it was after dark. I was sure there was a clock on the microwave but there would be less interest and need for time, if this adventure worked. I sat up straight and moved to my knees and the dogs came to me, tails wagging wildly and burying their heads into me for more stroking and loving.

I got to my feet and walked to the double doors, the dogs alongside me. I opened the doors and we went outside, one last time for the night. I joined them, again, peeing in similar places as before. As I straightened up, watching the dogs cavort around me, I allowed my eyes to turn to the house. There were lights on upstairs where I presumed the bedrooms were. It could be later than I thought, but I seriously doubted we had spent that much time together, already. Aside from the light in the windows of the house, there was only darkness. The estate was far from a travelled road and further from any town or city. Looking up into the night sky, I was in awe of the stars twinkling back at me. A moonless night, the stars seemed to fill the sky. A shooting star! Passing right across my field of view from upper right to lower left. I knew instantly what I wished for ...

The dogs returned to the door where I waited, but they did so individually, each coming from a different direction. The Lab was the first and he took up position at my side, sitting patiently, but he sighed. I lightly chuckled at that and he looked up at me. I couldn't help the chuckle. It was like he

was saying to me, 'what is keeping those two?' I crouched down next to him and hugged his head and neck into my body. He turned his head to me and licked my face enthusiastically. As I squirmed up to get out of his range, giggling the entire time, his still active tongue swiped my left breast and nipple. I hugged him, kissed the top of his snout, and decided right then that he would be the first tonight.

I wasn't sure about the run assignments for the dogs. I neglected to ask if the dogs had assigned runs or not. As additional reinforcement of my association with them now, I put the dogs into a sit, gave each a training treat, and then proceeded to the kennel runs. I opened the first one, on the far left, and the Coonhound came out of the sit and pranced in. I found that interesting. It was duplicated with the Retriever going into the middle run. The Lab was still in the sit position until I opened the last run gate. If their training was neglected of late, they had been well trained previously. Not only did they maintain the sit command, but knew their run and understood to enter it.

I walked past each of the gates and found each of them sitting quietly at gate watching me. I walked toward the small light over the sink and decided it would be good to leave that one light on. I was unfamiliar with the layout of the kennel. Trying to navigate it in the dark may well provide bruises to my shins and legs stumbling around in the complete darkness. I turned back to the dogs, still sitting and watching me. Are they ... could they possibly be ... they couldn't really sense what I was wanting to do tonight ... could they?

The very thought was enough to cause me to react. I was first drawn to the sight of my nipples, then the feeling between my legs. Since sitting at that table on the patio talking about the job and learn what was actually intended as the job, my mind has been unable to put that thought far out of reach. Always, no matter what else might have been happening or thought, that reality was before my mind's eye, so to speak.

I poked fingers through the gates, gently touching, stroking, and whispering my intentions to them. They had no idea what I was whispering to them. But, I understood every word and intention. The repeated words were working for me, if not for them. This was insane. I was really going to do this. Not this, tonight, yes, I could do this, I had before in different circumstances, less desirable circumstances. No, I mean, after tonight ... I was going to be theirs, available and willing nearly my entire time. For how long? That isn't even defined ...

I stood up at the Retriever and look at the next gate, the one gate I haven't crouched down in front of, yet. The reason is obvious, and standing there, I sucked in a deep breath and take my steps as calmly and deliberately as I can muster. My heart is racing, my head is nearly swimming, my hands feel clammy ... but my body is supercharged, the slight breeze moving through the building feels like a lover's hair caressing my bare skin.

I am at his gate. He, like the others is sitting at the gate, as though he was waiting for me, expecting me. Could he even possibly have been hoping for me? Is that possible with a dog? That seems crazy, but the action of the three might suggest otherwise. I don't crouch down in front of him, though. Instead, I open the gate and step inside. As I do, he backed up and to the side slightly, but doesn't take his eyes from me. His tail is wagging like a fan stuck on high. I am looking for any signs that he is good with what will happen, that he won't be distressed. Now, though, I crouch in front of him, taking his head in my arms, and engulfing him in my clutches. His tail slows, but his tongue shoots out with licks at the closest skin. I pull back only slightly and look into his eyes. I am not sure what I am looking for but in the near dark I was not going to see it even if it was there. Instead, I kiss his snout. His tongue comes out and covers part of my mouth and chin. We repeat this over and over until my tongue contacts his. He pulls back, but only slight, too. He is surprised, I think. But,

interested none the less. Tentatively, we continue the sparring, tongues touching briefly, then longer until ... finally, his tongue is inside my mouth. My lips clamp down on it and I suck. How perverse ... how animalistic ... how erotic.

I know I am ready, but I want to test him, continuing in my desire that if mating is to occur that it is willing and not forced, at least on him. Even the concession at the end of that thought sends a shiver through me. What was that thought? I wouldn't force him, but I would submit to him? That is what this was, my submission to the dogs as their bitch. And, I was about to make the initial consummation. Initial, because consummation couldn't be to just one of the dogs. The act of consummation couldn't be complete, making me the kennel bitch, until I had been mated by each of the dogs. And ... perhaps even again.

I sat back on my bottom and opened my legs. Braced on my hands spread behind me for support, I wanted to watch his reaction to my presentation. As before, he sniffed the air, but moved between my legs much faster this time. He had already made the connection of that scent with its source. In moments and with little hesitation he was again licking at my pussy with the eagerness of a new lover given the opportunity to finally have her to himself. Instantly, all the sensations of before and the memories of years past rushed back with the shocking jolts transmitted from my pussy and clit up through my body. This time, though, I had no desire to reach climax on his tongue. I had already felt that tonight, now I wanted to fully have him.

I gently moved his snout from my pussy and turned to be face to face with him. Holding his head, I leaned in to him and kissed his snout, but then his lips, too. It was different than before ... a slight flavor change. The awareness of what I was tasting came to me and the next instant my tongue moved over his lips, taking more of it in. I stroked his side and down his chest. Starting slow, not wanting to startle him and ruin this moment for us ... for me. I continued my hand down his chest, up and down, then lower onto his abdomen. Then ... almost as much a surprise to me as to him, I felt his penis. I kept my hand moving, purposely wanting to have the action feeling random and non-threatening. More and more, though, my hand and fingers grazed his sheath and it was unmistakable that I was also feeling his penis, his cock, emerging from the sheath. Surprisingly, at least to me, he was reacting with little fear or wariness at the touch. Instead, quite to the contrary, his breathing changed into a light pant and his hind leg lifted and opened, giving me better access still.

It was now or never. If I was truly going to be their bitch, why not be a bitch they could never experience from a real dog-bitch. I sucked in deep breath, again, not for needed of air, but for calming and steadying of my body and mind. I gently pushed him onto his side and he allowed me to move him. His tongue licked at my arm but there was little other reaction from him. Except, when I moved much more deliberately to his lower abdomen, his hind leg lifted and his head raised and looked at me. I couldn't help but give him a smile. He couldn't have experienced this before. A dog doesn't do that and all those other women never made it this far. He seemed perfectly comfortable and accepting of anything I wanted to do. That created an even bigger smile and a sigh of some relief. He accepted me ... now, all that was needed was for me to accept him.

With him on his side, I leaned in and kissed his stomach, then lower, and continued down until I was laying my kisses around and on his sheath. I helped him with his leg in the air and he nearly was on his back, his two legs splayed out like my had been earlier. In the dim light, I could see his cock outside the sheath by a couple inches, already. The only explanation seemed that my attention to him, my scent, and his attention to my pussy were the triggers. Triggers that would certainly become even more reinforced in the very near future. Now, I was determined. Still a bit intimidated by the magnitude of what this meant, but determined.

I touched the tip with my tongue and I felt and tasted the precum escaping from it. I licked my lips with the fluid and saw him raise his head to watch me. I ignored that and lowered my mouth to the cock tip, taking it just inside my mouth and tasting more of his precum. This time when I raised, I looked over at him, shifted enough to plant a kiss on the side of his snout, and then returned in much greater interest to his cock. His taste was nice. I couldn't specifically remember sucking a dog's cock, but I like it. Its shape and texture were different from a man. I had certainly pleased enough men's cocks and I found this one, a dog's, also of interest. I took him fully into my mouth, as much of it as was exposed from the sheath, and I sucked. With it inside my mouth, I allowed my tongue to swirl around the tip, and then sucking more of the precum. It seemed to be an amazing amount of precum that he was emitting. I was sure to find out if that was normal or special.

I felt the cock continue to grow in my mouth and I continued to suck. At the same time, I used one hand to stroke the side and belly of the dog, a soothing motion combined with an erotic one. I felt him lay his head back down and release a long sigh and low sound out of his throat. I don't know that it was a moan, but that was the closest I could identify it to. I did not want him to cum in my mouth, that was intended for another location and I was more excited than ever for that to actually happen. God, it had been soooooo long since the last time. My mind raced with wondering if it would be good, better than that time before.

Putting all that away, I lifted my head from his cock, kissed his snout one more time, and uttered a throaty, "Okay, boy, time to make me a bitch."

I turned on my hands and knees, spreading my knees wide and pointing my ass right into his face. He stretched his neck up, again picking up my scent, and scrambled onto his feet. That delightful and thrilling tongue was active again on my wet and ready opening. I sighed and moaned as he licked with enthusiasm, but as wonderful as this was feeling and as much as I would love another orgasm from a dog tongue, I was now desperate for something more and the more needed to be inside me. I wiggled my ass back and forth and moving slightly away from him to break his contact. I slapped my ass while supporting myself on one arm. That seemed to do it and he was on my back. The old instincts of having a bitch came to him. I might be human, but he was familiar with pussy and what to do with it.

He stabbed at me several times and the hard, pointy cock hit my ass, around my ass and pussy as he tried to find my opening. Not wanting him to become frustrated, I reached between my legs, found him, and gently guided his nearly fully exposed cock to my hole. At the first contact with my wet opening, his tip just penetrating inside me, he thrust ... hard and deep. It all rushed back to me! With the first penetration accomplished, he began thrusting in and out with wild abandon. If a man tried treating me this way on the first fuck, I might never forgive him. This was total dominance and control. But that is exactly what being fucked by a dog is about. A dog is completely animalistic, dominating, and controlled. That process of giving yourself to the experience, the total experience of animal and domination makes it so very thrilling.

Instinctively or automatically, one hand is holding onto his back leg to keep him in place. This is the time, during the frantic pumping of his still not quite fully extended cock that he can inadvertently pull himself out. This is another frustrating part of dogs that can be averted with proper understanding and some assistance. To me, that assistance is another element of the thrill. Not only is being fucked by a dog so dominating and powerful and animalistic, but I am assisting him in accomplishing it. An additional feeling of submission to the dog and the act.

As I feel him deeply inside me, I release his leg, feeling more confident of our connection. I could feel his cock growing inside me, still secreting his pre-cum, perhaps a natural requirement to ease the penetration into a dog-bitch that may not be adequately self-lubricated ... unlike me. His cock

continued to grow in length and thickness and with it, my own stimulation was increasing. I pushed back against him, holding myself steady against his frantic pumping and thrusting. His legs clamped tightly around my waist, his head hanging at my left shoulder, his panting breath passing by my ear.

I arched my back against him as I felt the first indication of his knot against my ready pussy opening. I remembered the pleasure that came from the knot inside, but also the moments of sharp pain as it went in and out later. The pain, though, I remembered was immaterial compared to the pleasure it also provided. I pushed back against him, providing a solid resistance to his pressing at my hole. I groaned as I felt his knot spreading me, stretching me wider as his determination of inserting his knot and completing the tie. To him, tying us together was a necessary and natural part of the mating process; it helped to ensure the insemination of the bitch's womb. And it gave me the same sensation.

As the knot passed into me, I moaned loudly and heard the other dogs in the next stalls react to the sounds of our activity. I felt so full now, but it wasn't as full as I was going to become. The cock and knot continued to grow inside me. I pulled away from him tentatively and knew I was going to be tied to him until he was ready to release me. I arched against him, again. This time to feel him as deeply inside as possible, but also to feel him firmly against my back, his belly and chest firm moving against my naked skin. As my pending orgasm rose within me, I felt his cock swell completely and jerk inside me. Then, I felt the first of several jets of cum shoot into my pussy. I swear I could feel them hitting the walls of my pussy and that was all I needed to orgasm. It crashed over me and my muscles clench, released, and clenched over his cock and knot. This only stimulated his climax further sending additional jets of cum into me. The volume was amazing.

As my orgasm subsided, I found myself face down on the matt, with my ass stuck up in the air still tied to the dog. The dog had turned over me so we were now ass-to-ass, a defensive and natural position for the male in case he were to be challenged while tied to his bitch. And there can be no more base feeling than the feeling of having been bred by a dog, his seed poured into you, and his knot closing off your pussy from releasing the seed. It is a sense, a feeling that your womb is flooded with dog sperm, frantically seeking out an egg to fertilize.

He tested the tie frequently, undoubtedly a sign of not being that experienced, or that my pussy was tighter than the dog-bitches he might have had, but I wasn't so sure about that. Interesting to me, face down on the matt, my body hot and sweaty from my orgasm, tied to the dog that just fucked me to that orgasm, and the knot still lodged securely inside me, that I should be thinking about the relative size of dog versus human pussy.

When he was finally small enough to pull out of me, I felt a rush of air on my exposed and gaping hole, but also a seemingly large amount of dog cum spilling out at the same time. I didn't bother with looking, I just fell completely to the matt. I was filled with a feeling of satisfaction and accomplishment, too. I was sure I could do this, now I was confident the rest of the night would go well, too.

I looked to the dog and found him a few feet away licking his cock clean. A perverse thought came to my mind. Doing that for them was certainly something that a human bitch could do that a dog-bitch couldn't. I crawled over to him and pushed his head away from his groin. I replaced it with my own and went about sucking and licking off our combined fluids from his cock and knot. As I sat back on my heels, I saw him drop his hind leg down. I chuckled aloud, bent down to his head, and kissed him one last time. I stood up and moved to the open gate of his stall. I turned back as I closed his gate and admired the animal as he lay sprawled out on the matt. That was the way I felt, but I was far from done tonight ...

I walked to the next stall next door. This is the Retriever. As I get to the gate, he is up from the matt and approaching the gate. He is sitting at the gate like he is expecting something, like he is anticipating something. I find that too much to believe and put it simply to my newness to the situation and their curiosity.

I had my own anticipation now, though. I was now in a similar situation as that time at my home. As I entered the gate, he was at my pussy in an instant. The mixed scents emanating from my pussy had his attention. Just like when I was chained to the dog back home with a pussy full of cum, he was picking up the same thing. The combination of the cum from the other dog and my own orgasm provided him with more than enough olfactory stimulation. I started out in the same way with him as I did with the first. I crouched in front of him and allowed my knees to separate. I stroked and petted his head and ears. But, that was a minor distraction to him as he honed in on the source of that smell. He didn't waste much time on preliminaries and was between my legs and lapping at my pussy, taking in the leaking cum, and stimulating me to provide more of my own.

While he was intent between my legs, and I was enjoying the attention immensely, I reached down his body and underneath in my own search for what I was interested in. There was more involved here than casual curiosity of me and random sounds. He was already well out of his sheath. The only explanation I had was that the scents from the mating in the next stall, the sounds, and the cries and moans had been perfect stimulators for this dog and likely the next one, as well.

I lifted his head to my chest and hugged him tightly. I gasped when his tongue flicked out several times in quick succession on my nipple. It was nearly overwhelming how intimate everything was feeling to me. Each dog and each part of this evening was like never-ending steps of increasing stimulation and connection with them.

I dropped to my knees and crawled past him to the matt. And, as I had hoped, he pushed his snout into my ass as I passed by him and he stayed with me, licking when he could as I continued to walk on hands and knees to his bed. To his bed ... just that was another jolt in my mind that transmitted triggers to my body. I, soon to become his bitch, was willfully crawling to his bed for the express purpose of availing myself to him to mate with. Yes, every step of this evening was increasing not only my awareness of my decision, but was increasing my commitment to my decision.

This dog was very much like the Lab. He mounted me with little hesitation and my guiding hand had him inside me quickly with a minimum of what can be somewhat painful jabbing of the hard, pointy cock. And, once inside me, he seemed to start swelling almost immediately. It was like he had been anticipating his turn with me and was ready to respond as soon as he had the chance. I felt the knot at my opening quickly and he pushed with an urgency and need that just seemed to reinforce that impossible expectation. Dogs don't have those expectations, do they? Or, is there something else happening here, some other connection, and some association between us that is beyond the normal? I pushed those thoughts away. What was happening inside my pussy was much more important at the moment than silly thoughts of canine/human relationships. And, what was happening inside my pussy was again nearly mind-blowing. The only explanation was my mind, the psychological stimulation, taking hold and magnifying each experience. But, who cared. All I cared about was the orgasm rising within me, the tingles and swelling sensation of emotion and physical sense coursing through me as his knot pushed into me and his stroked became shorter, but more intense, more urgent. He was approaching his own climax and his focus was on that, on breeding his bitch. And ... I was his bitch; I was his willing and compliant bitch. I pushed back onto his knot to drive him deeper inside me. I pulled away from the knot to try to make contact with my g-spot. We were a fusion of animalistic motion solely intent on sharing our climax, in an animal world it would be insemination, breeding his puppies.

So it was no wonder, with all these emotions and flashing thoughts running through me, that my orgasm was on the edge, just at the point of explosion. Thankfully, at that moment, I felt his cock inside swell, his knot becoming huge. I felt him jerk once, twice. I exploded. It was all I needed, the final stimulation, sensation, awareness of what was happening and what I was doing, that sent me into a wondrous orgasm ... again, for the second time in a row! My orgasm clenched my pussy wall around his twitching cock and closed off my opening around his knot. We were ready. The way my pussy was holding him, not a drop of his seed was going to escape, but I knew that wouldn't be possible. He started spurting inside and I could feel the warm fluid at it hit my walls and seemed to fill with his cum.

Unbelievable ... the sensations are simply unbelievable unless you have experienced them. The knot filling you, the shape and texture of the cock, and the volume of cum filling you with spurt after spurt until you would swear you are completely filled. Of course, you aren't, it is all sensation ... but wonderful sensations.

I was spent when we were both through our orgasms. My chest and face on the matt, my ass was in the air, supported on bent knees while still tied to the dog. I don't know how long that lasted, not just because there was no clock, but also because I must have fallen asleep. I was awakened by the stretching of my pussy as the knot escaped my hold. How interesting ... my first awareness wasn't the stretching sensation but the volume of cum flowing from my gaping hole. Yes, the stretching woke me, but the seed running out of me, down my thigh, and dripping onto the matt was my first real awareness. My fatigue evident by my dozing while tied to the dog, my body reveled at the obscenity of the situation, the baseness of my actions, and the dripping of cum from my body was a sudden recharging of my need to continue. I had one more dog to complete my consummation of this relationship. Then, after the third, who knew what was going to happen tonight ...

I turned on my hands and knees and followed the dog to the corner of the matt he had retreated to in order to clean himself. Like the other dog, however, I roughly pushed his head away with mine, now confident in our relationship and my safety with them. I cleaned his cock and knot with my lips and tongue, and then kissed him on the lips before turning to the gate.

I stood on wobbly and unsteady legs, catching myself as I managed to reach the gate. I closed it behind me and moved to the third and last dog, the Coonhound. He too was sitting at the gate as though waiting for his turn that he fully expected would happen. Entering, I went through all the same steps of intimate familiarization as I used on the previous two dogs. He was about the same size as the other two, but I also knew that Coonhounds were a very energetic breed. The combination of a little more energy, roughly the same size, and my fatigue might prove very interesting.

He was, too. He gripped me strong and firm, holding me solidly in place as he thrust at me with all his effort. My pussy was already well stretch and loose from the previous two and well lubricated with the cum of two dogs and my own fluids from two orgasms. His knot went in much easier than the others did and I suspected would come out easier, too. But despite that being true, when I felt his cock twitch and jerk inside me, I orgasmed for the third time. I was pleased really that I was able to fully experience each dog and to have them fully experience me on our first mating. It seemed proper somehow.

After I was released by him and I cleaned his cock, I curled up with him on his matt. I was too tired to consider other alternatives. I suppose I could have gone directly back to the first dog, but ... fatigue overtook me and I was quickly and contentedly asleep.

I awoke and it was still very dark. I suspected I had only dozed, as the dog had not changed positions

at all. I slowly regained my feet under me, stretched out muscles that had spent too much time on hands and knees, crouched, and curled up. I exited the stall I had finished up in and in my groggy state just stood immobile for moments. I considered, finally, what my next action should be and I quickly decided that it shouldn't be up to me, it should be the dogs. I left the last gate open and opened the other two, then staggered to the large matt that had previously been lowered, grabbed a blanket from the shelf next to it and dropped to the matt, barely getting half my weary body covered as I curled into a ball. I didn't remember a thing about the rest of the night.

The morning was startling. I had left the stall gates open to allow freedom of motion and their selection of action. I had anticipated that one or several of the dogs would interrupt my sleep. I was wrong. In fact, when I woke, I was surprised to find the three dogs curled up on the large matt with me. I discovered it when the light of the new morning caused me to keep my eyes open when I turned and saw it. Not knowing what time it might be, I stretched my body out. In that stretch, I encountered the Lab at my feet. His stirring brought the other dogs to attention. By the time I was sitting up, the dogs were sitting around me. They seemed to have an expectant look about them, but it was far different from last night. This was a more normal life expectancy.

I stood up and stretched again. My knees were a bit sore and I decided that crawling around on the concrete floor was a really bad idea regardless of the image it might convey. Walking to the double door and opening them, the dogs ran out and a thought occurred to me. Crawling on the concrete inside may be a bad idea, but occasionally crawling on all fours outside on the lawn with the dogs would be much easier and convey the same appearance of one of them, for moments at least.

I casually checked towards the house and saw nobody on the patio. If I were awake and wanting to enjoy some Saturday morning coffee, I would positively be on the patio. It might be earlier than I thought. I fed the dogs and had something myself. I then took them back outside for some exercise. I was surprised at how casual I was with my nakedness, already. As a group, we cavorted around the building, having them chase balls and chasing me.

The activity took a decided turn, though, as the Retriever chased me around the corner of the kennel away from the house and I tumbled over the Lab as he came around the other side. Tumbling to ground, I found myself sprawled out on my back. The dogs took a look and remembered the previous night, apparently, because they were on me, licking me everywhere. No matter where they licked, they encountered naked skin that caused me to squirm. I was laughing and squealing with delight when suddenly the dogs backed off. I looked at them but their attention was behind me. I arched my back and craned my neck to look directly behind me. There standing ten feet behind me were the Taylors.

"Well, you don't seem too worse for wear. Can I inquire if ..." His wife hit him on the arm. He rubbed it and turned to her, shaking his head. "Okay, so how would you ask her?"

I laughed and rolled over into a kneeling position. The dogs came up around me and I took them into my arms. "Yes, to answer the question ... we got along just fine; no, magnificently last night."

Mrs. Taylor threw her hand to her mouth, but before she did I saw a big smile come to her face. "So ... you really did it? And, you are still happy about being around the dogs?"

"Happy? HmMMMM ..." I hugged each of the dogs, "Happy doesn't even begin to describe it."

* * *

Dori had been leaning far forward as I described the night with the dogs. As I concluded that part, she fell back against the backrest of the lounge. She sighed deeply and turned her face up to look at

nothing. We had moved the large umbrellas to cover us from the sun.

She turned her gaze back to me, "You really did it. Was it really as good as you said?"

I looked at the guys with a smile and then focused on my black friend. "No, it didn't feel like I described ... because words could never properly convey the feeling of being mated by dogs." I looked at the men with another smile, "Just like it would be impossible to properly describe what it would feel like to be fucked by good men."

The men laughed and Dori blushed. Everyone, except me, became very aware of their nakedness, again. The guys were clearly aroused, although not fully hard. Dori's open legs showed shininess on her lips. I smiled at her and she blushed, again as she realized where I was looking. I wasn't just looking at the glistening lips, though. Her pink inside was also showing against her black skin.

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## CHAPTER NINE

I swung my legs to the side of the lounge and stood up, "This is a good stopping point. I need a break and we could use some snacks and drink. I think some exercise might be good, too. How about an hour break in the pool?"

Like boys being boys, Albert and Jesse ran to the edge and did cannonballs, water spraying in every direction. Dori was shaking her head and following me. I tried to get her to let me take care of the things in the house, but "I want to talk to you."

I hooked my arm into hers and pulled her into my side as we walked to the patio door and then to the kitchen. "Are you okay? Is anything wrong?"

"Miss Ryn! Stop that! I am fine. Okay ... flushed, blushed, and horny as hell, but fine." She had a big smile on her face. "That's what I want to talk to you about."

"Horny?" I was teasing her. This was the longest I have seen her naked and it was in the full light of day. It was easy to get her to blush; she had lived such a protected life. But the tease didn't even hit her as a tease.

"Yes ... horny. Horny as hell is the way I described it." I looked at her almost in shock, but she didn't even notice that. She was focused. There was something really important she wanted to get out and she couldn't do it in front of the guys. "I want to do it ... something ... with Albert or Jesse." I was shocked and my mouth dropped open. The proverbial jaw on the floor. "Oh, come on ... you knew this was coming. Heck, you've been prepping me for this." But, now she was blushing. Not backing down, though.

I tried to compose myself. "What ... what do you have in mind?" I looked at her intently, eyes to eyes. I couldn't help it; I threw my arms around her and pulled her in. "Dori, this is wonderful! I am so excited." My words weren't the only excitement, though. Pulled in tightly to me, breast to breast, naked body to naked body ... my lips found her neck, her ear, her cheek, and engulfed her mouth. My hands were roaming her back and pulling her into me. I couldn't help it. Reliving the first time with Mr. Thrower's dogs, spending the time naked in front of each other, a light sheen of sweat on each of our bodies from the sun and heat, then hearing Dori was ready was too much. Her mouth was as eager as mine was, just less experienced.

"Oh god, Miss Ryn. I feel like I might explode! I never knew it could be like this."

“And we haven’t really done anything, dear. Now, what are you thinking with the guys?”

“I don’t know. You know I have never done anything ... anything. I want to feel them. I want them to feel me. I realized lately that I do love them. Not boyfriend type love, but family type love. I do trust them and I can feel their respect, but also their desire. I have seen them looking at me ... oh, you, too. But, they are checking me, too. Oh, they are very discrete, very considerate, but I did catch them.” She was blushing in full bloom now. “I want to take the first step, but not the whole step. You know what I mean?”

“I think so. We’ll play. Some touching, kissing, and hugging. The pool will make that convenient. We’ll experiment and let the events flow, but no intercourse. Okay?”

She hugged me. “Thank you.”

I kissed her once again on the lips. I swatted her bare butt, “Have one of the guys come in to carry this full cooler back out.” Either one of us could have managed it, but I wanted to talk to one of them to establish the limits with Dori.

Albert came in, glistening with water on his large black body that a towel just didn’t seem to be able to handle. I explained the new development to him and asked him to clear it with Jesse. Albert was almost beside himself. That simple discussion caused his wonderful cock to twitch several times and enlarge. Not hard, but it is impossible not to notice a cock like that when it starts.

We were no sooner back at the lounge chairs and we were all in the water. The first ten to fifteen minutes was just splashing, diving, and swimming around. All four of us had something on our minds, though. When Dori or I got out of the pool for the diving board or to retrieve an errantly thrown ball, the two guys watched intently. I couldn’t really blame them as I, too, watched Dori. Climbing out of the pool with the water running off her lean body ... but when she went to the diving board it was a sight. I was self-conscious to follow her after seeing how her breasts moved. However, the guys, when they jumped on the board ... if our breasts were moving, it was nothing like what happened with them.

It all became erotic play, visual and touching. The occasional, accidental bumping that occurred before became more frequent and less accidental. Then the active games started. Dori found herself on Jesse’s shoulders, I was on Albert’s, and we went into battle. Moreover, yes, the two of us squealed like teenage girls and screamed with delight when we fell over, going underwater with our man, and in the process getting some groping in.

Then we did the obvious, swimming through legs. This is so obvious but is still such a delight in the pool. Being naked made it more so and each sex was being felt up in ways that swimming through could never cause. But, it had the desired effect and we were all charged and prepared for play that was more deliberate. The question in three of our minds was what was deliberate without being too much for Dori.

Jesse took the initiative and I watched even though I was confident in his consideration of her. He put his hands on her waist and lifted her to the edge of the pool. He had that look that even Dori was sure of. He lifted himself up with his arm on the edge of the pool and she leaned to him. They kissed on the mouth with her hand pulling his head to her. He fell back into the water but maintained eye contact with her and her on him. While gazing at each other, he put his hands on the insides of her knees and pushed them open. She shifted her weight and her legs opened wide. So close now, he seemed almost mesmerized. He didn’t immediately move. When he did, though, it was to kiss her knees, then the inside of each knee, then working his way up her legs, back and forth. He soon

reached a point that he needed more room, more opening. He didn't touch her ... she leaned back on her arms, lifted her legs, and opened them wide. He was on her pussy in the next instant.

I was standing in front of Albert in the waist deep water. My back was pressed up against his front, his hands on me, one fondling a breast and the other at my stomach pulling me into him. He was hard and pressing into my butt. My focus had been on Dori and Jesse as they moved from playful to intense. A smile was wide across my face, but it melted slowly as my own stimulation overtook me while watching the other two.

I felt Albert shift his hands to my shoulders and turn me around to face him. We kissed and while we were locked together at the mouth, his hands slid down my body. My arms around his neck, he had complete access to my bare body and his hands didn't miss much of it. I felt his hands grip me firmly at the waist and guessed his intention to duplicate the activity of Dori and Jesse. I have enjoyed the mouth and tongue of both men now and it wasn't that I didn't want to feel that pleasure, again. It was more that I felt a driving need to give and ... and possibly stimulate Dori to follow. I was anxious to see Dori take steps that are more deliberate. What she was allowing to occur now was a good step, but it was being done to her.

I shook my head at Albert and indicated for him to jump up on the edge. Although he was intent on focusing on me, he wasn't going to turn this down. He put his hands on the edge of the pool, jumped and pushed with his hands, spinning in the process to land in a sitting position. He rocked from side to side, opening his legs, water running off his body. I leaned in and up and licked, sucked, the water coming from his chest, flicking the drops from his nipples. He leaned forward and we kissed.

I looked to the side at how Jesse was doing and his attention hadn't wavered from the task he set himself on. There was a hunger in his action. I looked at Dori and her eyes were going from Jesse's action between her spread legs, to me, and Albert's erect cock right in front of me. Her mouth was open in wonder and awe at what Jesse was doing between her legs; she seemed to have a similar reflection in her eyes at what she was seeing me do. I had dipped my head to Albert's cock. I put out my tongue to the tip, then covering the head, and then taking the head into my mouth. I shifted my position slightly so I could occasionally look at her from the tops of my eyes. She leaned back further as if wanting to maintain the same contact with me.

Jesse must have sensed something happening around him because he raised his mouth from her pussy and glanced up at her. Seeing her attention on us, he too looked over. When he returned his eyes to her, she was looking with need at him. They stared at each other. Her eyes shifted to us, and then back to him. There almost seemed to be an unspoken question in her eyes, something she didn't want to say, but that she wanted to express nonetheless. I stopped what I was doing and saw that Albert was watching the interaction, also.

Jesse nodded, but then asked, "Are you sure, Dori? I am happy pleasing you."

She smiled at him, now seeming to have forgotten us. She leaned forward, her arms going around his neck and pulled him in as she captured his mouth with hers. She parted only by inches. It was difficult to hear, but I did.

"Dear, sweet man. Yes ... yes ... yes, I am sure. I want to do it for you." She looked over at us then, "And you, too, someday, Albert." She looked at me and I could see, even in the bright sun, her blush, "and you, wonderful Miss Ryn, you, too." She returned her attention to Jesse, kissed him and with her forehead against his, muttered the last bit to him. "It will mean experimenting on you, Jesse. I don't know what to do. But, if you are patient and I duplicate what I see Miss Ryn doing, I hope I can please you."

He helped her back into the water and took his place on the edge next to Albert. His cock was rigid, beyond hard. Dori stood between his legs and touched it tentatively with her fingers and Jesse moaned deeply. She looked up at him, a bit alarmed by the reaction. He touched her cheek softly, "My dear god, Dori. Just having you there, wanting to please me has me so excited I may cum just from that."

She turned to me still a little uncertain. I smiled at her, "Follow my actions, do what I do, and take the poor guy out of his misery." She saw the playfulness in my tone and smiled, then wickedly turned back to Jesse. She licked the head, pulled back and licked her lips; a smile came over her face. She returned to his cock; occasionally peering over at me without releasing the cock in her hands and mouth. Jesse was right. He didn't last very long and maybe that was good for her first time. When he came, it surprised her. Even with my soft warning in her ear as I recognized the tension in his body and actions of his hips, when he came, the first ever shot of sperm in her mouth caused her to pull back. Her hand massaged his cock and it continued to spurt. I saw her tongue licking her lips and a finger taking some off her chin and delivering it tentatively to her mouth. She smiled wickedly, not at anyone; she was still focused on the Jesse's cock with sperm running down the sides. Without encouragement or embarrassment, she took it back into her mouth, sucked it, and licked it clean.

Her first was clearly a success.

\* \* \*

It would be putting it mildly that the Taylors were a little in shock when they saw me on the ground rolling under the licks and playful attacks of the dogs. Even when they realized it was all in fun and play, they were having trouble with it. From their perspective, no young woman had seriously entertained the notion of three dogs. I had not only entertained it, I was entertained by it. Mrs. Taylor wanted to share some breakfast, but I told her I already had something earlier when the dogs ate. I told her not to worry but maybe at lunch.

That seemed strange to me. They wanted this to happen or didn't they want this to happen? Maybe the Taylors really were nervous about this and they were merely supporting Mr. Thrower as their employer and an old man whose life was tiring out too quickly. Mrs. Taylor seemed genuinely concerned, looking over her shoulder several times, as they left for the house. Mr. Taylor seemed to need to provide encouragement to her by leading her by the elbow to keep her going. I decided she was a nice lady, perhaps caught being involved in something that she just wasn't quite sure about. I also decided that she would be an excellent advocate for me in the future.

The dogs didn't seem to want to waste time with their new playmate. Whatever reason it was that I was thrown into their mix, they seemed to like it. They stayed near me and I found they were already very amendable to my direction. They seemed hungry for some control in their lives. Mr. Thrower was right that they didn't seem to have an alpha in the group and without Mr. Thrower to provide training and command, they had become sloppy and listless. Today, though they seemed full of energy and excitement. Of course, they had been out of their kennel runs since late last night and hadn't even seen an indication that they might have to return. It wasn't a stretch to think that they associated that change with me and my existence with them. And, in large part, they were right.

I kept looking into the woods. We had the entire estate to wander in. I was told the estate would seem huge and secluded. Bounded by two rivers and largely wooded, it would be private and isolated. I was naked. I was barefoot. I was sure, if I asked, that I could have some form of shoes. I kept considering the woods and my nakedness. Being barefoot seemed to make me all the more naked. If I were in the woods, my actions would be somewhat restricted by having to pay attention to my surroundings and path. The dogs were running to the edge of the woods and back to me. It was



obvious what they wanted. But, it was also obvious that they didn't just want to go into the woods, they could do that. No, they wanted to go into the woods with me, the new part of their group. What bonding happened last night was apparently highly effective. One night and we were a group. A pack? I didn't know about that.

I put my hands down to my sides, touched the head of each of the dogs, and started walking to the old trail going into the woods. I remained barefoot. For that simple and perverse reason, it made my nakedness and the relationship with the dogs that much more defined. There was a more primitive, animalistic feel with the constant awareness of the ground on my feet. As we approached the edge of the wood, I looked back to the house and saw the Taylors, now joined by Mr. Thrower, on the patio watching. With a sense of teasing, I waved back to the house before turning to the woods. The dogs took off at a run into the woods, generally down the path. I chuckled, feeling the sense of freedom and adventure they were exhibiting, too. I took off after them, remaining on the worn path for the sake of my feet, but at a controlled jog. I couldn't remember feeling this free, open to the world, and ready for anything that might come my way. Yeah, I was looking to live with the dogs as one of their own, as theirs. But, there was a sense of more, much more. Like this was a beginning, an opening, an opportunity for something that was yet to be presented to me. This was just a step. There was something about this place and these people that opened my soul and spirit. I had a bigger and deeper sense that I could be timid and careful but that I would then be missing out on that something. And, what did I have to lose? What was so great about my life that I couldn't afford a gamble, a risk, and a chance at whatever that sense of something coming my way? There was nothing that should be holding me back, except insecurities and fears.

The dogs had run off the trail into the thicker woods. My decision made and my conviction established, I broke into a full fun down the path and as I did, I called loudly to the dogs and I heard them each crashing through the brush and undergrowth. Soon they had joined me on the path barking excitedly as we ran. While they made their noise, I 'whooped' and shouted in agreement with their excitement. And, I never looked back. And, I never questioned, again.

That day was one of preliminary discovery. I had intended to seek out one of the rivers, but failed. The path steadily dwindled in size and suitability until it emptied into a meadow-like area with wetlands in the middle. The grass was high, about mid-thigh on me, which meant the dogs had their head visible but that was about it. I suspected this was a hunting area at one time and that was the main use of the trail. It was apparent that hunting had not been a part of the estate lands for some time. I had spotted, and the dogs had chased, a number of species of animal from rodent species to deer. Also, the meadow and swamp area held several different types of birds and fowl that could be hunted in season. I could not pick up the trail leading out of the open area, which meant that exploring further, and ultimately to the rivers, would have to be better planned and time allowed. It was certainly going to be slower going through the thick underbrush, especially for me having to pick my steps carefully being barefoot.

Even if we didn't get as far as I had thought we might, we were still outside cavorting in nature, the dogs were being the dogs their DNA meant them to be, and I was being their active companion.

It was afternoon when I decided it was a good time for a rest. I figured that out on my own, actually. We stumbled onto a place in the tall grass that had been used by some deer for the night. Did they often return to the same location? I had no idea what the habits of deer were. For all knew, our stopping in the matted down grass would leave sufficient lingering scent that they might not return any time soon. But stop we did. The grass was flattened for a rough area of about ten feet in diameter. Lying down, it became even more secluded and it was amazing how quiet it became when we stopped moving. The sky was dotted with scattered small clouds across a sea of blue. The sun was high but very clearly to the west of straight overhead. That was how I determined it was

afternoon.

I dozed off in the sun and on the matted grass. I knew I was, I could feel my body and mind settling and drifting, dropping layers of tension and awareness. The sun felt so soothing and the exercise had been invigorating, forcing me to use muscles that had for too long been under-utilized. I dreamed even. The soft sounds of the natural world around me, the warm sun, and the fresh air of the woods all combined for a sleep inducing environment. I dreamed of tongues on me, of the dogs licking me, over my entire body, but mostly it was the licks between my spread legs that stood out the most in the dream. I was moaning, even gasping from the pleasure the tongues were providing. It had to be one of the best dreams I ever had ... but it wasn't a dream.

In my dream, I arched my back and swung my arms over my head, stretching my body under the delirious assault of the tongues. In real, though, my arms caught in the grass as I tried to glide them over the rough surface against the grain they were flattened in. That slight difference made a part of my brain register a physical reaction in my dream state. That allowed other physical, real physical, reactions to also register. Then, my brain made all the connections and I was aware ... not only that I had been sleeping and dreaming, but also aware that what I was dreaming was the result of actions that were real. I raised my head to see the Retriever between my legs lapping at my pussy. The other two were on either side of him, licking at my hips and occasionally managing to force their snout between my legs, too.

I groaned out unabashedly. I dropped my head back to the ground and raised my hips off the ground. The reality sinking in brought a swell of physical reactions with it. I dropped my hips back to the ground and sat up, my legs still spread as I grabbed onto the two dogs at the side. They both looked at me and started licking my face and body. I laughed at the new assault and rolled away from it, breaking the contact with the dog at my pussy.

I got to my knees and hugged them, kissing each on the snout. It was going to happen sooner or later, so why not out here? Why not now? "Think it's time for some group action? A free-for-all, see-what-happens session like last night but all of us together?" They didn't understand my words, but they did seem to sense my tone and demeanor. They stood around me, their wagging tails indicating their desire to participate in whatever I was talking about. My demeanor, my tone of voice, and my attitude to them was all they were relating to and all of that was positive because I had their attention and interest.

It was then that I noticed, for the first time, that their collars had a tag with their names. The Black Labrador was "Cole", which I would later learn was 'because he was black as coal'. The Golden Retriever was "Ora", which was Spanish for Gold . The Coonhound was "Clyde". Certainly interesting names. The collars were red leather, the name tags were engraved into goldish metal in a round shape. They also had their county license and rabies tag. I was surprised that this was the first time I had really spent examining the dogs. But, now I had names for them.

I pushed Ora to the ground and then the others. I had them arranged in a rough arch in front of me, which allowed me to stroke two at a time and continue to rotate who was getting petting. In this way I was getting each comfortable with my touch, again. They were a little more skittish outside than they had been last night and I was about to not pursue it any further but I remembered they were the ones that had been licking me, they had really initiated the interaction. I nuzzled each as I stroked them, slowly easing more cock from each sheath. I just wanted to give them the indication that I was ready, I was willing to be theirs. I had no idea how that would be conveyed to them for them to understand it. It wasn't as if I could just explain to them that I was now theirs for the taking, that they should pretend that I was just a bitch for them to breed. I suspected it would take a little time for true comfort and acceptance. In the meantime, what I could do is provide encouragement in

various settings.

Each of the dogs was showing cock, merely a couple inches, but they were showing. I then decided to let it happen however, it was going to happen. I turned around on my hands and knees and presented ass to them, my ass up, my head and elbows down. I didn't see any movement for a few moments and I moved my ass back and forth, hoping to present some additional enticement. Then, I heard rather than saw movement in the grass behind me and knew that the dogs were rising. I saw paws and legs moving around me, easy to identify each by the distinction of fur.

I felt a wet snout push into my bottom, between my cheeks, between my legs, and a tongue lapping from my pussy up over my asshole. I sighed that it was beginning and gasped at the delicious feeling from the tongue. I think I could gladly take one of their tongues lapping at my sex for hours, giving me orgasm after orgasm. But, I also loved the fucking and knots from last night. I wanted more of that, too. I wanted to experience them in all situations and outside, under the sun, in the open meadow was a new and wonderful feeling. I was debating, arguing with myself how long I wanted to allow the licking to continue when he stopped. I sighed in frustration, only to gasp and groan when Cole landed on my back and his hard cock bone began thrusting at my ass cheeks. I reached underneath and guided him into me, gasping at the sudden and deep penetration.

There really is nothing quite like a dog penetrating and fucking you. The shape, the energy, the frantic movements, and the constant leaking of precum. And that is all before the knot. It was hot, anyway, much less with us mating in the sun and with less air movement because of the high grass. Cole was panting when we started, getting into mating, his was losing drool onto my shoulder. The other dogs were still attending to me with licks occasionally to my face, shoulder, or wherever they found a chance. I was going to be a complete, obscene mess when this day was done. My own sweat, the dog drool and slobber, and rolling in the grass and dirt would be taking a toll on my appearance. And the nastiness of that just added to the excitement of what was happening. If we ran into the Taylors or Mr. Thrower at the kennel on our return, they just might be shocked and concerned. It left me exhilarated.

They were still being aroused very quickly. I could already feel his knot knocking at my pussy's door. That was fine if I was going to be mated by each dog before returning, but I couldn't help to wonder what it will be like when they have had a steady experience of mating whenever they need or want. Will the mating sessions be longer, their experience and sexual endurance both improved? I shuddered with a minor orgasm as the thought combined with the very good fucking I was receiving.

The knot had now become his primary focus and, in turn, mine too. I pushed back against his pressing into me. I wiggled my ass side to side in attempts to help my stretching vagina to allow the knot to pass. I cried out at the very moment the knot pressed into me and his cock was suddenly three inches longer, pressing up into me, again, further than any human cock had been.

\* \* \*

I stopped in my story at this point. I was looking at Jesse and Albert intently, then down at their crotches. As I watched them, their cocks slowly grew and it was obvious that this was almost against their will. They were each sitting between two naked women and they were trying NOT to become hard. Dori seemed to find all this amusing, too. But, she finally asked what they were all wondering.

"Why did you stop? It was getting really fun, again."

I looked at her in mock shock. "Even you Miss Dori are finding this erotic and exciting?"

"How could I not. But, answer the question." It is interesting how the 'Miss Ryn' sometimes

disappears and then reappears sometime later.

"I stopped because ... it occurred to me sitting here telling the story that the dogs reached places inside me that no human cock had was true at the time." I was blushing and Dori called me on it. I smiled, "Yes, I am sure I am blushing. The fact is that these two have given a new meaning to a deep fuck." I blushed deeper and it was easier to see on me than on any of the others, all of darker skin.

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He didn't last very much longer and my premonition of their staying power turned true. This was still all so new to them. But, I couldn't say I was much better than they were. Yes, I had been very active with guys over the past few years, but these dogs were at an erotic and animalistic level that made me melt into a puddle of my own juices. As soon as I felt the first jerk of his cock inside me, followed by the first spurt of his copious cum into my pussy, I came ... and I came hard. I shivered and shook from its intensity, dropped to the ground and dug my fingers into the grass and dirt. It was as if I was hanging on for dear life itself.

I caught my breath and got some of my wits around me again as I knelt there tied to Cole. The other two dogs were pacing back and forth in front and alongside me the entire time. During the day's walking, playing, and exploring, in constant companionship with the dogs, I made a decision. Granted, it was made in the mindset of becoming extremely horny as the day wore on, constantly with the dogs that I would be mating with routinely day in and day out. The very thought kept me at such a high state of sexual tension it was a wonder I managed any deliberate thought at all. But, the decision I made was as erotic and animalistic as the constant tension I found myself under. Beyond being available and ready for the three dogs day or night as their bitch, I would make every attempt to clean their cocks and knots afterward. That was what I was preparing myself for.

When it happened, when the knot finally and somewhat painfully pulled out of my pussy, dog cum literally running out of me, I crawled after Cole and began cleaning him. My ass up in the air, my head near the ground to be in position to suck and lick our combined cum from his cock. It wasn't a plan, to be so presented to the other two dogs, but it was effective. One of the dogs was behind me licking my still leaking pussy. In another moment, I realized it was Clyde as he jumped and landed on my back, his front legs grabbing my waist. I looked over my shoulder and patted his head as it hung near my shoulder. I then moved the hand between my legs and assisted this second dog into my hungry pussy.

I think I was finished cleaning Cole, but I wasn't entirely sure. My complete attention had shifted to the new cock inside my pussy. And, so it went for the next hour. Satisfying one dog and then the next. One orgasm after another. I felt a peace about me that I didn't think I had ever in my life felt before. I had no idea what time it was and it frankly had no consequence for me, any longer. The consequence possibly would be to get back to the kennel before dark, but I even trusted that the dogs would be able to lead me safely there. That was another interesting thing I realized about my new situation. I had no concerns, fears for encountering anything that might be a threat. With three largish dogs as constant companions, I felt safe and protected. Frankly, that was a surprise to me when it first occurred to me earlier in the day. You would think that being naked in strange surrounding would cause constant tension, nervous tension about being found, about being seen, or possible taken advantage of. The mind can play games with fear and the unknown. That wasn't present. I was told the estate was large enough to be private. I trusted that, but I also trusted the dogs to take care of anything unexpected.

By the time we returned to the kennel, I was sure it was at least late afternoon. Entering the kennel and checking the microwave clock, I discovered it was early evening. I immediately fed my mates, as

I had also decided to think of them. I noticed a note on the counter as I was watching the dogs eating. It was from Mrs. Taylor:

'Lauryn, I brought down a lunch for you as we had talked. It is in the little refrigerator. It should be good today, whenever you return. I saw you going into the woods with the dogs. I trust your returning late is an indication that you are doing well with the dogs and I shouldn't worry. I hope you can excuse me if I find it something that I must do. What you are considering here is so highly unusual and contrary to the beliefs of my upbringing. Yet, I find myself excited for you. I don't understand that emotion. I hope to be able to discuss this with you woman-to-woman. Your Advocate, Helen.'

So, she has a first name, after all. Helen, I like that name. I checked the refrigerator and found a plate of finger sandwiches, fruit, and raw vegetables with some ranch dressing.

I devour it. I hadn't realized how famished I was and a concern rose to the surface. I am going to be surprised if I don't continue this experiment after tomorrow. Given that, this day will become a norm. More than likely, my days may exceed this one. Suddenly, how I eat to keep my calories, protein, and nutrients may become an issue. But, that is for discussion tomorrow. Tonight ... tonight is another event.

My attention is drawn to the three dogs sitting in front of me. I look at them. They continue to remain sitting and watching me. "What is it? What are you waiting for me to do?" They just sat there watching me. I tried to think if there could possibly be something more that should be done for them. I fed them and gave them water. Maybe they always go outside after eating, but the double doors were wide open. I walked to the double doors and stepped outside. They came bounding out with me, running out into the yard and back to me, and back out into the yard. "Play? You want to play more? I have been with you all day and you want more?" But, I had to laugh, this time at myself. Normally, that would be a perfectly rational reaction. After all, just how much time was a human to spend with their dogs? In my case, in this case, however, the answer was entirely different. "Of course, you do. We're all one group, aren't we?"

It wasn't even dark when the dogs started settling in for the night. All the kennel stall gates had been left open and I found Clyde and Cole in their stalls curled up on their beds. Ora was still following me around as I cleaned up a little. There wasn't much to do and it had been a much more physically active day than I was used to, so I decided to settle down early, too. I lowered the big matt onto the floor, grabbed a blanket and dropped it into the center. I had closed the doors but left one open slightly in case one of the dogs wanted to exit at any time. I had turned off the large overhead lights and left the small light by the sink on. My fatigue suddenly hit me. As I had stayed active and focused, I was doing fine. Now that I had decided to quit, I was feeling just how tired I was.

I moved to the large matt and settled down. The blanket was for later after the night air cooled. I patted the matt next to me and Ora came curled up alongside me. Where the matt lay, there was a partition between me and the small light, happening to provide a darkened area for sleep. As I was falling into sleep, I sensed, or felt, the matt shifting under more weight and movement. Even in my foggy state of mind, I had the sense of pleasure in knowing that it was the other dogs coming to share single bed.

I remember being curled on my side with Ora at my back as I was sinking into sleep. But, sometime later, and I don't think it was really that long after, I was semi-awakened by that nice sensation between my legs. I was on my back and I immediately registered the sensation and cause. One of the dogs was licking my pussy. As my mind gained consciousness, I was aware of my legs splayed to the sides and that the stimulation of my left nipple was from my own fingers. I raised my head and saw

Cole lying on his front with his snout buried in my pussy. His eyes flicked up to look at me after my movement, but he never changed his actions. I looked to the sides and saw the other two dogs curled but wide awake.

I shifted and turned around, pushing this current lover onto his side. I nuzzled him and stroked my hand down his side and over his stomach. This had been an experience several times, already, and he rolled onto his back with his hind legs spread in hopeful anticipation. I wasn't about to disappoint such a quick response. I felt his sheath and found the tip of his cock already showing. A few strokes over his sheath and more quickly immersed. I shifted my head to his crotch and knew I wouldn't need to encourage him very much to have his cock exposed. I was right, and after only a few minutes of licking and sucking, I rolled over onto my hands and knees, presenting myself to him and patting my ass. He didn't even bother with more licks at my ass or pussy. He jumped onto my back and started thrusting. I was already getting the timing down and my hand was between my legs and ready before he had thrust a couple of times. I gasped at the initial penetration, something I recognized as a reaction that occurred every time. There was nothing slow about a dog mating with you. The initial penetration is abrupt and deep. The strokes are frantic and faster than you can expect to be able to match. The best I have decided is to provide a steady position for him to fuck into. And, that was the position I assumed right away.

It seemed to took longer for his knot to begin forming and time for stretching into me. That renewed a curious speculation from earlier if with experience and familiarity, these sessions of mating would become longer. This one certainly seemed to be longer and more dynamic.

I was already approaching an orgasm as his knot was straining to widen my pussy enough to enter. I pushed back hard on him and it popped into me, sending a shudder through my entire body but it wasn't the orgasm that was building. That was still to come, but not far away. With the knot moving inside me, the cock growing and getting longer, the knot growing wider and larger, I came. It was explosive and powerful. My pussy spasmed, contracting around both the cock and knot, tightening and relaxing, over and over. That action was the final stimulation that the dog needed and he climaxed inside me. He was gripping me tightly, his hips pressed into me tightly, his cock as deep inside me as he could get it. I felt every spurt of his climax, the spurts hitting my pussy walls and flooding my pussy. It felt like an incredible amount.

When he was finish, I sank to the matt, content to patiently wait while tied to him. Ora walked by my face and I reached out to him. I lifted myself to my elbows; got the next dog to lie on his side and I struggled to get Cole and myself closer to him. The last bit was accomplished by pulling Ora's hind end to me. While tied to Cole, I began lick and sucking Ora's cock to near full exposure. By the time Cole pulled out of me, causing me to pull my mouth off to gasp and moan at the final stretching of my pussy and the sudden emptiness I felt.

I released Ora and scurried around to present myself to him. He wasted little time. He licked some of the cum leaking out of me, but quickly jumped onto my back and I was once again in the process of be well fucked. At the same time, it did occur to me that I was already not living up to my earlier commitment to clean each cock that fucked me. I also realized that it was a commitment best left to 'when practical'. When being banged by the group, they were going to be in control.

Clyde followed the other two just as quickly after I was released from Ora's knot. I had been mated in quick succession by the three dogs. Earlier, in the meadow, it had been more leisurely and relaxed. This was much more driven and hungry. I wondered which would be more indicative of sessions in the future.

In the morning light, not yet having any awareness of what the time might be, I stretched my body.

My legs came into contact with one dog and my arms stretched out above me came into contact with another. I glanced to the sides and found the third dog. At some point in the night, I was awakened by the dogs, again. We went through the same actions, this time with my efforts reduced by sleepiness and fatigue. As I began rising, the dogs went through their own efforts to raise their bodies, stretching themselves and yawning deep.

I fed the dogs and went outside with them. I couldn't help glancing to the house before selecting a location for squatting to pee. I save bowel action for the toilet located in a small room with a shower stall. The idea of policing after the dogs was one thing; the idea of picking up my own was more than I could honestly deal with. As I walked around the corner of the kennel building and coming into view of the house, again, I see that two of them were milling on the patio and taking seats at the patio table. This was the morning for our follow-up discussion and my decision if I continued with my participation in this strange experiment. But, first, I needed a shower. It would be one thing to face them naked; it would be an entirely different thing to confront them for a conversation with a full day's dirt from being in the woods and rolling in the grass and bare ground. And that wasn't considering the accumulation of the leaking cum on my thighs.

As I walked out of the kennel, the dogs following behind, I thought over all the thoughts and options one last time. My time in the showered had been consumed with remembrance of the past two night and full day of yesterday. Over that time, each of the three dogs had mated me four times each. That was 12 fucks in approximately a 36-hour time. No wonder I felt some soreness between my legs. I smiled, because I already knew I was going to state my readiness to continue. Now, I hoped that my body would adjust to the fucking and the soreness would not be an issue. Perhaps I should just use my mouth a little more. That was the thought bouncing in my head as I approached the patio where all three of them were sitting. I blushed with that private realization.

Mrs. Taylor jumped up and approached me with a robe. It came to mid-thigh and she insisted. I didn't argue. It probably had as much to do with their comfort as mine. I saw that we were all sitting in the same arrangement as two day, ago. I didn't know if that was decided ahead of time or accidental. Both men got up from their chairs as we arrived, Mr. Thrower holding my chair for me, which seemed very peculiar given what I had just done the past 36 hours or so, and what I would be doing going forward. It was undoubtedly his old school manners that were as much a part of him as the way he carried himself, even in his frail condition.

Once we were seated, I was given some coffee, orange juice, and some small, delicate pastries. Mrs. Taylor informed me that there was a quiche cooling and would be ready in just a few minutes. I leaned forward for the orange juice and was aware that the robe gapped open and my whole left breast became exposed. As I leaned back, it closed enough for coverage, again. I decided I was not going to worry about the robe. I had been outside in the yard since Friday night. They knew what I looked like naked. I had walked up to the house anticipating this meeting occurring with me remaining naked. A little boob slippage wasn't going to bother me now.

The table got quiet. It was clear that this was to be a debriefing of sorts and a determination of what might happen going forward, if anything at all. I refilled my coffee and leaned back in the chair, crossing my legs as if I were at a nice breakfast gathering somewhere. The robe parted over my crossed leg and exposed it to my hip. It caught the attention of Mr. Thrower on my right and Mrs. Taylor on my left. I had to smile and Mr. Taylor saw it and correctly interpreted the humor in the situation.

He began where it seemed Mr. Thrower was struggling. "Well, Lauryn, it would appear from the looks of you and the dogs, that you have managed the weekend trial period very well. Is that a fair assessment?"

I smiled at him, temporarily ignoring the others. He asked the question, for all I knew he was supposed to ... but I didn't think so. He was covering for his employer in the best old British standard of care.

"Yes, the weekend went very well." I gestured toward the dogs, "We hit it off very well, almost from the start. You were correct; there is not a dominant or alpha in the group. They exist as equals, doing things together or not as they choose. Once I fed them Friday night and interacted with them in play and socialization, they seemed to accept me at a basic level. That just increased as the weekend progressed."

Mr. Thrower had recovered from the awkwardness, "So, then, you were successful? You were able to ... uhmmm ... mate with each of them?"

"Mate with each of them? That was Friday night, sir. Although, I did maintain my intention of doing so one at a time, I did mate with each in their own kennel stall. Yesterday and last night was entirely different. You saw us disappear into the woods and not reappear until very late afternoon. The four of us were as you say successful then, too." I smiled at him and offered a shy look at Mrs. Taylor. I did not intend to offend her.

Mr. Thrower was in full interest now, though. "Yesterday, then, you were able to take all three of them as a group, like a pack bitch?"

I smiled. He was getting excited that his contemplated experiment might actually have a chance. "Yes, sir. Last night, also ... a couple times, in fact."

If the three of them didn't actually have their jaws on the table in surprise, the looks on their faces gave the general impression of it.

"You mean ..."

I held up my hand to stop the unspoken speculation of what I was saying. "Listen, this can work. I don't know what it will prove, if it proves anything at all. But a woman living with the dogs as there bitch? Yes, that can work for a time. To put all this to rest, over the past 36 hours the dogs have mated with me a total of 12 times. To say that I am a little sore ... down there ... might be an understatement." I blushed at such a bold confession.

Mrs. Taylor put her hand to her mouth in shock. "I didn't think ... I thought they might ... well ... I don't know what I thought." She couldn't look at me. She seemed that guilt laden.

I touched her arm, "It's okay, Mrs. Taylor. I could always have put them into their separate kennels and escaped it. I chose to start being their full partner, kennel-mate. It's okay, really."

The main breakfast was served and the discussion quieted for a few minutes. Then, after the table was cleared (I stayed put and let Mrs. Taylor do all that to establish that I might do what the dogs wanted, but I was not a servant to them, also), the discussion resumed. Mr. Thrower took it up.

"So, Lauryn, what is your response to my offer after the weekend?"

I looked at them all, each in turn. They were watching me expectantly. I was sure they were now expecting me to accept but I waited a moment, being dramatic, perhaps. "Yes, I accept. However ... there was talk about what might be available for me afterward. The pay is amazing ... 'well paid' as indicated in the ad was certainly an understatement. Have you thought more about that?"



Mrs. Taylor, "Yes, dear. It has been decided that the contract will contain that stipulation for additional schooling, training, or relocation as you might wish at the time. But ... I am hoping you might just stay on here and help us. We can talk about that as time goes on."

I smiled. I was pleased with everything. This was strange, very strange, but it would be a wonderful diversion for a period and my experience with the dogs already has shown me that I certainly have the sexual appetite for such an adventure. I leaned back into the chair and look at them. "So, what happens now?"

It was meant to be a point of further discussion. Instead, Mr. Thrower took a small box from his lap and slid it over to me. It was a fancy box with a ribbon around it and tied in a big bow on top. I looked at him in surprise, he was pretty sure of the situation, it would seem. He just nodded to the box.

I untied the bow and removed the ribbon. I slid my thumbnail into the tape and opened the cover of the box. My eyes went wide. I looked at him again and he had a hopeful smile on his face. The box contained a new shiny red leather dog collar. I remembered the collars of the dogs and looked over to them quickly, refreshing my memory. I smiled at the significance. I lifted it from the box and saw a single gold metal medallion. It was exactly like the other dogs' nameplates. I put a finger behind it to stop its swinging. It read simply, "RYN".

\* \* \*

Dori was leaning forward, again. Her legs spread wide so her feet were on the patio surface on either side of the lounge chair, her pussy again open to my eyes. She was glistening like before, a lovely pink surrounded by her black skin.

"You became 'Ryn', instead of 'Lauryn', as the name given to you as their dogs' bitch?" Her attitude had changed dramatically over the telling of the story. That statement could have been one of shock or indignation, but it wasn't. The statement was one of understanding, of revelation. The story was coming to a close soon, but more importantly, we were transforming ourselves during the course of the story-telling.

A thought pushed into my consciousness, tonight could be interesting after the experience in the pool earlier today.

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CHAPTER TEN

I decided that was an appropriate point to stop the story of my past for the day and evening. It had been a long day, lots of sun, drink, and some playing. For Dori it also included a new experience that didn't seem to harm her in the slightest. I had been a little tentative about her reaction to the session in the pool earlier. In many circumstances like that, the first sexual experience is covered with an evening of recovery and decisions the next day or days later as to how she interacts with others and especially the man she was with. She got none of that. The after was in the full light of day and her interaction with us all was the same intimate exposure as before, all of us naked in a tight cluster of lounge chairs facing each other.

I paid some attention to her during the story telling following the pool. Not too much. I didn't want to draw attention to her or for her to have to reconsider the reaction she was having. She appeared very comfortable, however. Several times, in the retrieving of more beer or snacks for herself and others, she would touch one of us. It was never overt, but it was conscious and deliberate. Yes, she

was taking her steps to opening herself to experiences that would lead to even more. And, she was comfortable doing so in this group. I smiled several times during the course of the afternoon as these things occurred. They were additional reinforcements of how special this mix of people were for me and, apparently, for them as well.

We lounged for a while with another beer. They pursued my story with questions that pin-pointed specific details of interest to one or all of them. It was an interesting discussion about being with the dogs, my reaction to the nudity in the woods and the yard around the kennel. They couldn't help, it seemed, to glance at the kennel building down the slope, envisioning the events in the story.

Eventually, the talk moved to 'normal' topics away from the story, but that was always just under the surface. How could it not be. I suspect it is not at all unlike happy honeymooners returning home and trying to be 'normal' when they have just returned from a week in some tropical oasis with seclusion that allowed frequent intimacies. Suddenly, on their return they are supposed to not still feel and remember what they had? The same was true here. The story was intriguing for them on many levels. They were learning more, much more, about me and how I came to be what I am. They were also seeing a change, a deliberate and willful change, in Dori. They have also experienced the sexual play and interaction that I told them I wanted and encouraged. It was all coming together with the added stimulation of my unusual experiences as spices and seasonings on top of it. Yes, that was all just under the surface as we talked.

We could see that the sun was in the early evening sky and the talk turned to dinner. Maybe because we had spent nearly the entire day together naked, but nobody seemed interested in now getting cleaned up, fully dressed, and going out for dinner. Instead, the discussion roamed around how to easily and simply fix something to eat here where the pool might still be used and where we were already comfortable.

Dori suggested some steaks that were in the refrigerator for grilling and she could put together some sides quickly. That seemed to be a better option for everyone. She then suggested that maybe they put swimsuits on. She had been naked for a very long time and not alone. I don't know if she had ever been completely bare, exposed before other people past a brief exposure this morning in the long lingerie, and even that still covered her to some effect.

I knew the guys would be disappointed but they also had some awkward moments with their nudity. I was still hoping for more tonight. Dori had done well already and the guys responded with respect and consideration for her. I was hoping something similar might still play out again tonight, another step forward for us as a group.

I told her 'no'. I said everyone should remain naked and continue our day. I wasn't sure if there might be a reaction from Dori. Perhaps she had reached her saturation point and needed, truly needed, a break from the constant exposure and visual of us, especially the guys. I watched for her reaction. I was surprised. There almost wasn't one. A sly kind of smile crossed her face as if she was anticipating the response from me, but was also pleased by it. In a way, she had managed to put on the appearance of modesty, again. Or, at least the attempt at taking on modesty. That it was denied her, also worked for her. She too was seeing the progress toward group participation and she was eager, but still very nervous. Also, as I watched her reaction, this was nothing of a submissive response. She just seemed pleased that she had both effects work for her. An attempt for the appearance of needing modesty and being able to remain naked with everyone. There was much more to this woman than any of us knew.

The guys led the way back into the house. They started the grill immediately and then were getting the steaks from the refrigerator and more beer for the cooler. Dori and I followed behind them. I

knew Dori was okay with the nudity when I felt her elbow poke my arm and she was pointing at the two bare butts in front of us. I smiled and that drew a giggle from her, which drew something a little more than a giggle from me. That caused the guys to glance behind them.

“What’s going on back there?”

Dori giggled some more, “Oh, nothing ...” She tried putting on a sweet, innocent expression, but the guys weren’t buying it. They looked at each other, smiled like they were agreeing on something and continued on their way. They stood to the side at the patio sliding door into the great room. I gave them a slight, almost formal nod in recognition of their manners, started walking through the door, and each of us received a not-quite-hard smack on the ass. We pretended shock and ran into the kitchen.

When the guys left us to our chores in the kitchen, I open a bottle of red wine and pour a glass for each of us. I hand it to Dori, standing in front of her. We take a sip and almost as if on some cue, we kiss. Holding our wine glasses to the side with one hand, the other touching the cheek as we kiss.

Dori seems a little flushed when we part. “Miss Ryn, I have never felt all these feelings. It is as if I can’t imagine keeping my hands off you. Not to mention my thoughts about the guys. Seeing their cocks soft, semi-hard, and erect so casually on display is almost too much.”

“It’s no different for any of us. Imagine them; they’ve been watching our shaved pussies all day. Their cocks growing and becoming erect is their body’s display of how they have become aroused. It is harder to tell our reaction in our bodies. But there have been signs, nipples hardening, pussy lips glistening as they open, and the body becoming flushed or blushed. We’ve all been reacting.”

She gives me another kiss, this one a peck, but still on the lips. She assigns me to chop fresh vegetables while she goes to work on some other sides. For a short period of time, we are quiet and focused on our tasks. As we work, though, we begin chatting. Maybe, more exactly, Dori begins chatting. Her talk isn’t frantic, but slow and even, comfortable in her rambling about topics. She is talking about the story, the house, the sharing, how fortunate she feels now, the guys, the nudity today, the guys, and finally, her amazement at how much she enjoyed sharing oral with Jesse. She could never have believed the she could or would ever do that. We talk about that. She doing what she is; me doing what I am; neither of us looking at the other. Then I suddenly feel her pressing up against my back. Her arms around me, her face pressed into my neck. Her lips are giving me soft kisses.

She is almost whispering into my ear. She is expressing her feelings about what happened with Jesse. She loved the feeling of him at her pussy. The feelings were beyond what she imagined was possible. She expressed how it felt to have her tongue on his cock, to finally take it into her mouth. She expressed her surprise and delight when he climaxed from her attention on him. She exclaimed and professed her liking the peculiar taste of his semen. It was different, but nice.

Her arms had been around me, mostly around my stomach but occasionally rising to fondle a breast. I turned in her arms and looked her in the eyes.

“You want to do more.”

She got a shy look on her face, “Yes. Yes, I do. I want to experience more, but no intercourse, yet. Is that okay? Am I being selfish? I mean, the guys have been watching us naked all day. Are they expecting more?”

I kiss her nose and chuckle. She tenses for a moment and I think she has taken that as laughing at

her. I reassure her that I wasn't. I assure her that her body is hers and hers alone. She has every right to limit how and when it is shared with others.

Dinner has lots of laughing and teasing. The guys continue with their beer and we stay with our wine. We are naked, but now relaxed and comfortable in our skin and our display to each other. I can also see in everybody's eyes that despite our comfort with the nudity, it is still a turn-on for us. As dinner is winding down, it becomes more apparent that all four of us are having sexual thoughts and images on our minds. The beer and wine has certainly aided in opening us to those thoughts and opening us to giving teases and flirting with our words and soft touches. Dori is the real barometer of what the evening might hold and as I watch her, I can see how she's becomes more open, touching as she moves around the table to clear the dishes. I watch in admiration as she deliberately is taking steps out of her comfort zone.

After dinner and cleaning up, there is a lot of playing, flirting, and teasing around the patio and in the pool. The pool again becomes a focus for us. We have spent a lot of time on the patio, fully exposed to each other. The pool provided a place for touching and taking things another step without being quite as overt. There is no rough-house play in the pool, this time. This time it is quiet. Soon, I realize we have separated as couples. I am with Jesse on one side, Dori and Albert are on the other side. We are all in waist deep water, it allows for some discrete touching, not that anyone would be bothered by the sight.

As it becomes dark, an awkwardness sets in. There is an expectation, anticipation, and hopefulness about what the ending of this stimulating and intimate day will bring. As a group, we close the patio area down, enter the house, and close it up for the night. We go to the staircase to the upstairs where now all our bedrooms are located. This is very new to us. They haven't even moved their belongs into the bedrooms. In this moment, the significance of that change becomes clear. We ascend the stairway, as a group, to the upstairs that had been the sanctuary of the estate owners. And the reality hit home for them: It still is for the estate owners. But, as we ascend the stairs, side by side, front and back, all completely naked, our thoughts of what this will be, turn to thoughts of not only tonight but also the future. This is our new reality. This is our new group life.

We stop, uncertainty appears in the form of an awkwardness of what will happen next and how it will happen. We are standing in the hallway. The four bedroom doors on either side of us. If we each enter them, we are alone. It is clear on the faces of all that is not how this day and night should be ended. I break the apprehension by opening my bedroom door and indicating that everyone should follow. There is hesitation. There is furtive glances exchanged. But, they do join me. Inside my bedroom suite, the light is on, the balcony door and curtains are open, but there is no need for privacy from the outside. Not on the estate, we have proven and experienced that today. I hug each, giving a deep kiss, my hands stroking their backs. In the tension of the anticipation, I feel each guy's cock stiffen and Dori's nipples harden. And each respond eagerly to my kiss and hug.

I look at the big bed that dominates my room and then at my three companions. Knowing Dori has played with Jesse already today, I take Jesse's hand and lead him to the bed. I glance back and see Albert gently taking Dori's hand, pulling her into his body, and hugging her before leading her to the other side of the same bed. It was my intention to lay Jesse down on the bed and pleasure him, to enjoy taking his cock into my hands and mouth, again. He had other ideas.

He turned us around so I was being backed up to the side of the bed. I looked questioningly into his eyes and he just smiled and nodded. I returned his smile, I have enjoyed his tongue and mouth before. As I crawled onto the bed, I looked to the other side and see Dori being encouraged onto the bed, also. I caught Albert's eye and he smiled, a reassuring smile and nod that told me he understood about her, and that his concern would be her, not forcing anything onto her. I trusted

both of these men; I had taken them into my life! But, it was still nice to see the promise coming from him.

With both of us on our backs, our legs opened to the men, Dori turned her head to me, and reached her hand out across the bed between us. We just joined hands when I felt Jesse make first contact with his mouth to my pussy. I knew I had to be wet and open, and I felt his tongue glide over and between my lips. I gasped at the contact and I saw Dori's reaction and heard her own gasp as Albert made contact with her. We maintained eye contact for a moment longer when she squeezed my hand, gave me a weak, lusty smile and moved both of her hands down to the head of Albert. Her gasp transitioned directly into moans and sighs and I knew what she was feeling. I was feeling the exact same thing from Jesse's attention to me.

Both of these men were devoted and willing lovers. I wasn't at all sure either of them could really control and dominate in a submissive relationship. They were too reverent possibly for that. Time would tell. But, I did know at this moment that having three people to call family, confidants, and lovers may very well be all that I could need.

I was nearing my orgasm and welcoming it. It had been a long day of stimulation: my story, our naked bodies glistening in the sun, swimming and playing in the pool, and our sexual play in the pool. But, this was bring all that to completion. Jesse was doing a thoroughly excellent job on my pussy and clit. His hands and fingers roaming up to my breasts and nipples. He currently had my clit in his teeth and was pulling on it, gently, but he was and it was driving me crazy. Over my own moans and exclamations, I could hear Dori even louder. She was active. Her body seemed to be in a constant motion of shivers, shudders, raising her hips, dropping them, raising her head to watch in disbelief, and dropping back to the bed. Seeing her and hearing her increased my own excitement. I was sharing my bed with the three people who I now trusted the most. And the virginal woman next to me was about to experience her first orgasm. That nearly sent me over the edge.

I reached out to trap the flailing hand closest to me. Once firmly in my grasp, she turned her head and looked directly into my eyes. They were lust filled and enflamed. I squeezed and she attempted to give me a weak smile that didn't quite come out. But, we locked our eyes on each other and I saw the moment come over her. Her mouth flew open but no sound came out for a moment. Her eyes became huge, staring at me, but unseeing. Then, her mouth exploded in guttural sounds mixed with moans, groans, and pleas that it stop, that it never stop, that her body couldn't take any more, and that her body need this forever.

That was when my body exploded. It was wonderful and powerful. Not quite like Dori's. Of course, I wasn't a virgin, either.

Not knowing what was going to happen upstairs when we got here, we weren't prepared for an extended time. If I had suggested to bring a bottle of wine, glasses, and more beer with us, it might have had a negative effect, especially on Dori. It might have laid an expectation that she might have objected to. So, with Dori splayed out across the bed in a nearly unconscious condition, I asked the guys to get everyone something to drink. That would give Dori a chance to recover and we would see how much more she had in her. It turned out she had a lot.

The guys came back laden down with drink and fruit. They had the requested wine, glasses, and beer, but also assembled bowls of strawberries and grapes separated and ready for easy nibbling. That was a wonderful surprise for me to see. What they saw when they entered the bedroom was undoubtedly a more interesting and stimulating sight. Dori was animated and nearly flitting around the room as she was relating to me the mountain peaks and crushing waves of emotional and sensual pleasures she had just experienced. She was standing before me as I lay on the bed with my

back propped against the headboard. She shifted from side-to-side, her hands touching herself as she spoke, her hands and arms flailing in the air as if demonstrating the magnitude and effects of her experience. I smiled and watched her with love. Her first true experience was magnificent ... glorious. And, it was clear to me that she was anxious for more.

As the men walked into the room, they were brought to a stop by that sight. Standing before them was this naked, black woman, her hands overlapped and pressed into her chest, slightly bent forward to reinforce to me the intensity of what she had felt. It was as if she was now the one with experience and extolling the power and wonder of sex experience. I fought to cover my amusement but I was in awe of what she was relaying to me. As soon as she saw movement at the door and the guys coming in, she stopped, straightened up, her arms dropping to her sides. She was more beautiful in that moment than she ever was. And, I know the men saw it, too. She was completely comfortable in her skin. She was completely comfortable in her experience. There was no tentativeness, no embarrassment, no reluctance in the presence of the man who had given her that experience, and no false modesty in front of the other man.

She started moving anxiously, her weight shifting from one foot to the other, and her hands sliding over her hips as though she was trying to dry sweaty palms. She was an object of excited energy. She turned to Albert as he placed the tray of drinks on an end table by the love seat. She inched toward him with mini-steps, her hands continuing the rubbing against her hips, not knowing what to do with them, but needing them to do something.

When he placed the tray on the table, straightened up, and turned around, he nearly had to catch the woman. With her arms around his neck and legs around his hips, his arms around her, she clung to him and smothered him with kisses. Jesse and I laughed at the startled appearance on Albert's face. A look that quickly transformed into gentle loving.

With a hand under her butt to help hold her, he raised her chin. "What's all this about?"

"You know what this is about! That was amazing, Albert! Thank you." She settled her face into his shoulder. He held her as if she weighed nothing. Then, I saw it. I glanced at Jesse and he did, too. Albert's face took a look of increasing strain. Dori's hips were slowly and slightly grinding against Albert and we knew what she was doing, grinding her open pussy along his hardening cock.

Her head came up and kissed him on the lips. She pulled her legs from around him and dropped her feet to the floor. She dropped to her knees and licked up the length of his cock, finally sucking in the head. She stood after that brief tease, looking him in the eyes. "If that is my taste on you, it is good."

He smiled at her, "It is indeed, my sweet Dori."

I don't think four people could have felt happier about what was happening than we did at that moment.

After some refreshment, it was the guys turn. Dori directed the next step. She insisted that the guys lie side-by-side. Although she had a slight bit of experience earlier, she wanted to be able to use my actions as a guide for her own. We stayed paired as we had been and it only seemed appropriate that she now return the pleasure to Albert for the pleasure he had given her.

She was an eager student and I had a feeling from her enthusiasm that getting their cocks sucked in the future was not going to be an issue. She took to it with not only raw enthusiasm, but also with attention to detail, providing the regular variety that makes the actions stimulating. Even a good sucking action can become routine and less effective if not for changes in pace and variety of stimulations. She watch out of the corner of her eyes at how I worked on Jesse's cock and she

duplicated my actions. When I switched from sucking and stroking my mouth up and down his cock to licking the underside to swirling my tongue around the head to sucking on the end while stroking with my hand and fondling his balls, she followed my movements and changes. She found her own groove of variety, went off on her own until I heard Albert groan loudly, and warn Dori of his imminent climax. She pulled her mouth up to the head of his cock and sucked. I could see her cheeks collapse inward as she did. At the same time, she massaged his balls in one hand while the other stroked the base of his cock. With a final cry of warning, he came and came hard. I saw Dori's cheeks puff out and then go to normal as she gulped his seed down her throat, time and again. When she no longer needed to gulp frantically to keep up with his spurting, she sucked him dry. When she was satisfied, she surprised all of us by pulling her head up, using an index finger to pull some stray cum into her mouth and then graphically lick her lips, and flashing a huge and sexy smile.

I looked quizzically into each of their faces and found that none was ready to end this night. The day had been unique and this night was a fitting conclusion that none of us were eager to see come to an end. That meant more refreshment and recovery time, though. This time, Dori and I sat in the laps of the men as we fed each other bits of fruit and wine. There was also plenty of opportunity for subtle touches with fingers, lips, and our entire bodies against each other. It wasn't long before we could feel the men had regained their arousal with stiffening cocks.

I was sitting in Jesse's lap, wiggling my but against his hardening cock, teasing him with my finger tips on his skin and flicks of my tongue as I kissed his neck, shoulder, and mouth. I looked at the other pair and watched until they recognized the attention was on them. They both looked at me expectantly. Dori actually looked like she would try anything at this point, but I didn't want to push her. She had earlier, under calmer circumstances, declared to me that she did not want intercourse tonight. It might be very close, but it wasn't going to be tonight.

I have an idea and present it to them. The guys look at each other with a little surprise but quickly agree. Dori seems doubtful, but since it doesn't violate how she has limited her participation, she agrees to try it, also.

I get up off Jesse's lap and point Albert to the center of the bed that was long since stripped of the cover. He lies on his back as directed, the pillows moved off the bed so there is room above his head. I climb onto the bed after him and straddle his body. I kiss my way from his lips down his chest and stomach to his cock. It is hard, but I take it into my mouth for good measure. That and I just like it. I climb over his mid-section, rubbing my wet pussy over the length of his cock. I do this numerous times as we kiss, long unhurried strokes. Finally, when I am just beyond the head of his cock, he flexes with his muscles and his cock rises as I am moving back and I bump firmly into the head. I raise my head and smile at him.

"Time to get this going, apparently." He smiles back. I glance behind me and see that Dori is sucking on Jesse's cock, also not necessary because it is beyond hard. He has not done this before and the anticipation is driving him crazy. And then Dori wants more of his cock. Yes, she is transforming sexually very quickly.

I move my pussy up and down on his cock head until it slips just into my hole. When it happens, Albert and I both gasp loudly. That stops Dori and she stands up alongside Jesse, watching as this scene plays out.

I slowly sit back onto his cock, taking more and more of it into my wet, hungry pussy. I don't do it a little at a time, pulling up, and then taking more. I do it slowly but steadily, taking more and more into me until I have all of him inside me. Then I lean forward and kiss him some more. That action pulls me off him a little but still I have most of him. He raises his hips and returns the rest into me

and I smile into his mouth.

I then glance behind me and pat my ass and smile. It is almost like with the dogs and that memory sends a thrill through me. Is that something I will ever experience, again?

That was all the signal Jesse needed. When I glanced back, again, I find Dori smearing his cock with the lubricant I had given him. Jesse pointed at my ass and she seemed hesitant, but I smile and nod. I return to kissing Albert. I feel a well lubricated finger touch my asshole. There was some pressure before it pushed through and into me. Then it was gone, but I felt more fingers, then more. They started sawing in and out of me and I wonder what was going through that poor woman's mind right now. Before today, she hadn't even touched a cock. Now, she has sucked two to climax and was now sawing her fingers into the asshole of a woman she was likely to make love to someday soon.

Then, I felt the bed move and knew that Jesse was joining the mix. I felt his hands spreading my ass cheeks wide and his cock pressing at my puckered hole. That hole was reluctant. It had been a long time since I had a cock inside it and even then they were not nearly like the two I have available to me now. There was a bit of trepidation at that thought, but I was determined. It was the only way I could think for the four of us to be together and Dori not penetrated.

The pressure at my hole grew and grew, I raised my head slightly, took a deep breath, and slowly exhaled, practicing whatever I pretended to know about deep breathing and relaxation. But, eventually, it worked and he passed through my sphincter. When he did, though, I couldn't help but to cry out in the pain that was very real. It has been so long since that hole had been used and now it was by a cock far bigger than any that had occupied that hole before. I was in pain, but I knew it was temporary, and my two lovers were exceedingly considerate and attentive to my needs. Albert remained still and Jesse, once inside, stayed in place and unmoving, allowing my body to hopefully adjust to the intrusion of two large cocks.

And, adjust my body did, too. In just minutes, the pain I felt transformed to a feeling of incredible fullness. I stopped feeling I was about to be split in two and started feeling the most incredible feeling of being full of cock. With two of the largest cocks I have enjoyed in my entire life now inside me at the same time. I leaned forward the slight amount I had to in order to kiss Albert and in that simple movement, I felt Jesse's cock inside me move. I then twisted my head around as far as I could and pursed my lips to him. He leaned onto my back and we kissed. And that movement pushed his cock further into me. I groaned at even that amount of movement, but this time it was moaning in pleasure.

That started me into moving forward and back onto the two cocks in my holes and that was the signal for the men to begin their participation in actively fucking me. The feeling of the two cocks sliding back and forth in my two separate but adjoining chambers was obscenely erotic. They were so large and both inside me at the same time made them feel even larger. I felt completely stuffed with cock.

Momentarily, I had forgotten about Dori. I see Dori now kneeling alongside me. Actually, I see her black, naked knees next to me and look up her body until I come to her face. Her mouth is open in both shock and awe. Her eyes flash between what is happening behind and under me and my face. I know my face is only giving her half the reassurance I want to give her, but the stimulation I am receiving is nearly overwhelming. I smile at her, as best I can, at any rate. I jerk my head to the front of me and down to Albert's head. She looks at me, then at Albert. His face is a reassuring smile.

"It's time, Dori. You are the last one to get into position. Everyone else is in place. Come ..."

She shrugs her shoulders and shyly smiles as she takes her place with us. She crawls in front of me and straddles Albert's face. Looking down at him, she moves further until she is over his mouth and lowers her pussy to his waiting mouth and tongue. Soon, Dori not only has Albert's mouth and tongue on and in her pussy, but Jesse and I are licking and kissing her breasts and mouth. In no time, we all climax ... and nearly at the same time.

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## CHAPTER ELEVEN

The next morning started perfectly.

I stirred on the crowded bed, becoming quickly aware of where I was and who was with me. The images flashed back at me from the night before. The guys bring Dori and me to climax on their mouths and tongues; we bring them to climax with ours; and, our foursome when we all participated and climax nearly together. What a glorious night. Dori had been riding a high like no other. She seemed to be in heaven with the new awareness of her body and her body's reactions, not to mention her new ability to bring pleasure to the men.

Dori and I were on the outside of the bed. I got out and moved around the bed to Dori's side. I touched her shoulder and her eyes opened and, seeing me, there was an immediate smile. I kissed her upturned face. She then looked over her shoulder at the men in the center of the bed. She smiled. There was no confusion in her attitude. She knew exactly where she was and why. The smile grew bigger as I put out my hand. She took it and I eased her out of bed.

Downstairs we busied ourselves making coffee, slicing some fruit, and arranging some light pastries. We took everything out to the patio under the covered patio table, put our feet up on the unused chairs, and relaxed with our coffee. It was just idle chatter, mostly about Dori's experiences last night. We didn't hear the guys and flinched when we suddenly had arms around our shoulder, our breasts cupped, and our heads being kissed. I glanced at Dori and saw that she reacted the same way I did. Her hands were on the ones holding her breasts and squeezing them in more firmly. I turned my head up to receive a real kiss and got one immediately. That was from Jesse and it was repeated shortly after by Albert.

We were still naked and everyone seemed very comfortable with that, including Dori. At one point, she got up to refill coffee mugs. The guys said she didn't need to do that, but she just smiled. As she leaned over to pour, she placed her breast near their heads and received a quick kiss on the side of her breast. As she straightened up, she dragged her hand over the chest of the man. Each one getting the same treatment.

After the coffee was gone and the conversation went unusually quiet, I started to rise thinking it might be time to change something. I was wrong. Jesse reached out and put his hand on my left shoulder. He rose and stepped behind me, his hand never leaving my shoulder. He bent over, nuzzled my neck, and kissing it and my shoulder. At the same time, his hands slipped over my shoulders, down to my breasts, and fondled them. My head was bent to the opposite side, reflexively giving him more room to kiss.

I looked across at the others and they were intently watching. If the fondling wasn't enough, the watching was. I shivered noticeably. Then, one of his hands slid down my stomach to the V between my legs and they opened without my conscious thinking. I was always ready to accept that; I was a sexual being, but apparently, the others were becoming just as comfortable with the notion. His hand slid between my legs and down over my lips. I gasped. One touch and I was already ready to

gasp. I knew the others were watching, but let them. God, I loved sex! And, more so when it is with someone, or ones, who you love and want to be with. I sucked in a breath when his finger flicked my clit and moved down to my hole and slipped inside. He stroked in and out several times, brought it out, and used it to rub my clit, and retrace its route back up my body, ending at my mouth. I sucked on it like a wanton whore. I knew, and everyone at the table knew, I tasted the remains of our activity last night and it turned me on. While I sucked, he pinched my nipple with his other hand.

I raised my head to him and he covered my offered mouth with his. We kissed, ignoring the others at the table. This was Jesse! I had been the initiator before, the encourager ... now, this man was the initiator. I loved what was happening.

With his mouth alongside my head, his hands still cupping my breasts, "Miss Ryn ... you realize by now that we can't stop calling you that. Or, that either Albert or I would be good at dominating you. But, it should also be obvious that we all love what is happening here. We feel we understand much better your evolution. That is giving us more freedom to exercise ideas without domination. You are very accepting of things. Dori is accepting of things. Our life is good and only going to get better." He covered my mouth, again. He pinched both my nipples and I thought I might actually cum. "I sense there isn't much more to tell about your evolution. Sure, there is a lot of years, but ... that's different from there being a lot of change that affect what we do together. If that is true, let's just finish it."

I gasped, again. He was still playing with my nipples. I looked at the others and they were watching and smiling. I grabbed his hands and kissed the palms, relieving my breasts and nipples of that delicious torture. I pulled his head down and kissed him hard, then looked at the others. They were clearly in agreement.

"Okay! You are right, the story can conclude now. But, you didn't really have to try to manipulate me with pleasure."

"Dear, Miss Ryn. I wasn't. I just love your body." He had a sly smile on his face, Dori giggled, which caused Albert to laugh. Soon we were all laughing.

I joined in but rose from the table, "Okay, then, but I have to pee, first."

"Can we watch?" I turned quickly at them. I didn't know if they were serious or not. And, even now looking at them, I couldn't tell for sure with all the laughing that was undoubtedly at my reaction. I shook my head as I retreated back into the house.

Everyone was a little over exposed from the sun yesterday, so we elect to remain on the shaded part of the patio, under a roof that also is part of the balconies for the bedrooms above.

\* \* \*

I had just become Ryn. No longer was I Lauryn, the young woman who came to the estate in search of an ill-defined job. I was now expected to become and be Ryn, the dog-bitch.

The collar would now be the only thing I wore, at least for the 6 days a week. On the seventh, Sunday, I would be allowed more flexibility of my comfort and dress, or not, by my choice. That would be the time for evaluation, discussion, and revitalization.

We agree on the details of the expectation, my availability to supplies, medical, and other benefits coverage and pay compensation. An account will be established in my name when I start and the moneys will be direct deposited into that account. A review of that account can be done during

Sundays. Mr. Thrower would cover an initial medical exam for me. Then discrete exams periodically to be sure that the activity with the dogs is not creating a physical problem for me. I thank him for the consideration and try to maintain an even expression, but it occurs to me that the very reason why that might be necessary in his mind could be very real. It was one thing to experience so much fucking over the past two nights and single day, but what is that going to be like for six continuous days and nights before some respite? I was suddenly a bit apprehensive, once again. And, I was very thankful for the continued consideration he and they were having for me. That consideration weighed heavily in regaining some comfort in continuing with this crazy adventure.

The question then becomes, when can I start? I have belongings back at my apartment, not much but some things. I am nervous about a delay until the lease runs out and prolonged time to rethink what I am doing here.

"I could start right away, except for my things in my apartment, a lease for the rest of the month and next month that I will lose the payment on, and quitting my current job. It might take some time to travel back, organize things, pack, and somehow get things moved here. I'm not sure how all that would happen."

They do. Mrs. Taylor offers to drive me to my old apartment. They will pay the fee for breaking the lease. I will quit my job at the bar, and we will then return. Packing will be easy; I don't own that much, since the apartment was furnished. It is about a five hour drive one way. She proposes that we leave Monday morning after a good rest, plan to spend a night on the way "home". I will have the use of a bedroom that was originally designed to be the living quarters of a maid. That will be my room for Saturday nights and any privacy I want on Sundays.

The phrase, 'return home' grabbed me as I listened. It seemed strange to really accept the concept of thinking of "home", when my primary living space will be the kennel. It seemed just a bit too crazy. But, that was what this would be and that thought didn't escape me as we planned and made the move.

That Sunday, I had access to the house, pool, and patio. I really never had access to something like a pool where I lived and I spent hours in it. I did so nude. Part of it was that I didn't have a swimsuit and it made no sense to go get one. I had a perfectly good one back at my apartment but the reality was that I was going to spend virtually my new life being naked. Why be timid in the pool?

The next morning, Mrs. Taylor and I head out early in the van. I learn that the van is used primarily only for hauling things and not that often. It is in perfectly fine running condition but the ride is somewhat rough. Normally, it is only used for hauling the dogs in their crates to the vet or for kenneling when they are all away from the estate for an extended time. That and the occasional use for furniture purchases, etc. So, I try to get comfortable in the stiff, basic passenger seat. A five hour drive was ahead and it now seemed like such a long way. As my mind wandered with the awkwardness of a new travel companion, the experience of being in the semi-truck with Floyd came back and I smiled warmly. That unexpected experience had set the tone for emotionally escaping the torment of my family. How very odd, that a stranger can release your spirit to soar when your family tried so hard to confine it.

The trip and time in the van turn out to be easy. The initial awkwardness of the first hour or so is the tension from Mrs. Taylor who is still feeling discomfort about the expectation of what I am going to be doing for them. But, once conversation does start, it becomes easy and casual. She pointedly asks me why I would take on such an experience as what Mr. Thrower offered. Some of the other girls were whores, thinking they could do anything sexually. Others were only focused on the money and they could do anything for that kind of payday. None of them got very far. She was, therefore,

puzzled by me. I seemed to just go into it with comfort and, while the money was nice, the money didn't seem to be the motivation.

We talked extensively and I finally told her that maybe it would be easier for her to relate to me if I told her something more about my life that could lead me to making these decisions. She looked at me thoughtfully, her eyes frequently returning to the road, but she could see there was a lot to come, that needed to come out, and she might be the only one who had a chance of understanding. We spent much of the remaining trip in that way, with me telling my story and she inserting comments and questions. She doesn't just learn my story and come to some understanding of me, we become closer. In a way, that trip together set us up to becoming friends. But, the full acceptance of that would still need some time to realized and accept.

Returning on Tuesday, mid-day, they thought a clean start on the following morning would be reasonable. That was nice of them, but when I walked out onto the patio and the dogs saw me from the kennel area, they clearly had other ideas. On the one hand, I could just go down there and play with them. My body was thinking something different, though. Did I really want to go down there to just play with them? Wasn't I just as interested in renewing that unusual connection with them. That Saturday experience had been special and I knew what was lying ahead of me. Why wait for the next morning?

Without saying anything to the others, I returned to that little room and removed my clothes, placing them on the unused bed, the boxes of my stuff remaining unpacked. I walked down the slight hill, once again naked, barefoot, and energized by my own expectations of what was to occur next.

When I walked into the kennel building, I used the door towards the house and left it open. I moved directly to the double doors on the side opposite the stalls and opened them wide. I then opened each stall, which released the dogs. I was immediately surrounded with bouncing, tail wagging dogs, each licking my legs excitedly and giving soft barks of greeting. Talk about feeling welcomed.

I took them outside into the yard to re-establish our rituals. I had determined that establishing patterns, rituals for our experience together was going to be the key. I know that in a real pack one of the males would come out as alpha and that even in pet relationships there were particular breeds that required firm control and trainers often referred to the pet owner taking on the role of alpha so the dog knew who was in charge and what was expected. I had the further sense that Mr. Thrower was expecting that the introduction of a bitch into the grouping would create a pack situation and one of the dogs would become dominant, taking charge of the rest and certainly over me. My experience thus far had already told me that it wasn't going to happen that way. But, I also realized that without some clear control over the group it was likely to be chaos. So, I was going to take that control.

I learned from Mrs. Taylor during the drive that Mr. Thrower, being an amateur writer, had a story idea that wasn't fully developed that involved a woman and dogs. More specifically, it seemed to involve a woman who was somehow lost in the wilderness, how was unclear, and was confronted by a pack of wolves. In his interest in how would that play out for the woman or the wolves, he came up with the idea of trying in real life but in a controlled and safe condition.

I didn't think he was going to learn what he expected from my living with the dogs as their mate. The dogs weren't wild, they weren't interested in controlling each other, much less me. They were, however, very much interested in mating. And, perhaps, that would be worthwhile enough for Mr. Thrower in pursuing this experiment. I walked with the dogs into the yard, they taking off to sniff out the known areas and seek out new scents from any other animals that might have come through. I had no question but that I was going to be actively mated. If that wasn't enough for Mr. Thrower

and this ended sooner than later, at least I had the understanding of further schooling or a job here or somewhere. I figured any real job would beat the experience of working a bar and constantly hit on ... and my giving in to those flirtations too easily.

I also had the sense that there was something else about Mr. Thrower or the situation that was being held back. I had come to believe in Mrs. Taylor, maybe too quickly, but I did. If it was critical that I know it, I did trust that I would be informed. So, I relaxed about that feeling.

That day back was frantic. The dogs came rushing back to me, sniffing me, licking me, and hardly leaving my side. I knew I wanted to get back into the rhythm as much as they did. The animalistic, easy expectation of fucking anytime and anywhere was intoxicating. It might at some point wear off; it wasn't close to doing so at this point. I considered going back to the clearing and the tall grass and considered that the location we mated down before might become well used. I smiled. But, that was really too far into the woods and my feet still needed to toughen up to make the trip quickly. I looked up at the house and didn't see anyone watching, but I was sure someone could be or would be at some point. But, I wanted to be outside, again. The active consideration of mating with the dogs and being out in the open doing it was tremendously exciting for me. I knew that was a primary part of the experience and excitement for me. The house close by or the potential of someone walking upon us or not, that was going to be a preferred way for me. And, I didn't think the dogs would mind one bit where it happened.

Even though the idea of being outside was extremely stimulating for me, the idea of being a public spectacle in view of the house was still something I needed to get accustomed to. So, I led the dogs to the other side of the kennel building from the house. It was there that I mated with the dogs, again. In the process, I re-established a significant part of our relationship. Then, I immediately added another part, that of care-giver. Each of the dogs got a bath that turned into a rump in the large galvanized tub I filled with water. They weren't the only ones getting a thorough soaking. And, that led to more licking, which led to ... but, I still needed to be careful or the dogs might never want to stop mating. Was that even a possibility? They have certainly been active with me, but not that much.

My life settled into something of a routine. The dogs in fact didn't feel the need to mate constantly, despite my concerns. Generally, at some point during the day we mated and then at night. The rest of the time was spent in interesting ways, at least to me. I found it very restful, actually. I never paid attention to how much dogs rest and sleep. But, their play and exploration time is very active, which leads to periods of very active to periods of lazy and rest.

It had been over a week and I had my first Sunday at the house. I wasn't sure how it would be going back to the kennel after enjoying the comforts and food at the house, but I found the dogs were compelling companions. There was no artificiality with them. They wanted to be with me for the simplest of reasons: I was their bitch and that had become very comfortable; I was their primary care-giver, providing them with the basics that they needed, including food, grooming and exercise; and, I was their leader of sorts, I gave them direction and control. I found even on that first Sunday that I was on my way naked back to the kennel several hours before sunset. Over time, I would be spending even less time at the house than was allowed by our agreement.

Life became so simple with the dogs. There was the simple expectations from them and myself, but there was more. My life was just simple. My diet was simple but good and healthy. The exercise with the dogs and generally being outside and in motion did amazing things to my body. I became tanned over my entire body in the first week and a half. I got dirty without even trying, running in the yard and sweating, being on the ground to rest and mate, and chasing down paths in the woods. I found a new routine that included a shower each night at the outdoor shower. It was more of a challenge on

night when it wasn't quite as warm. But, even that was a thrill. This was my life, warm or cool, I had to adjust to it, and I found that I could pretty easily. The cool mornings, I stayed inside longer and then found the sun. The cool, rainy, and cloudy days had to be active. It was an amazing realization to me the first time, that running around in the rain and mud didn't bother me as much when it was just me getting wet and muddy. Without clothes and shoes to be ruined, it relieved a lot of concern. Plus, the dogs didn't care that my hair was matted down, that I had mud on my knees and arms.

Being fucked by the dogs during a thunderstorm and outside was surreal, but was so amazing. We had been out in the woods and with the trees overhead, I didn't notice the storm clouds coming in. When it became overcast, I just ignored it. It had been a hot day and not having the sun actually felt good. We were far from the house when the first lightning shot across the sky and it was close when the thunder clap struck almost immediately. We were too far from the kennel to make a run for it, so we sought some cover where we could. And, where we could was under a pile of fallen trees from a previous storm, maybe even a past hurricane. It wasn't completely dry, but it wasn't completely wet and exposed to the wind, either.

We had been caught in the first sudden downpour of rain and it continued to come down in sheets, lighting flashing continuously, and the thunder claps were like those senseless neighborhood fireworks parties that drives everyone else crazy. The dogs shook to drive off the wet and retreated further under the logs after the thunder. I was soaked, my hair plastered to my head, neck, and back. With the sudden storm, the temperature dropped. It was no longer a fun adventure. Not only wet and bothered by the lightning and thunder, now we were getting cold. The dogs were moving closer to me as the storm continued, so I reached out and pulled them into me. We were a tight little group, huddled against Mother Nature's wrath. I was finding some relief from the cooler air with the dogs pressed against me on all sides. They, however, were very bother. They shivered and twitched. It wasn't the cold for them as much as the lightning and thunder.

They were looking at me with those eyes, like they believed I could do something about all this. My mind, how does this happen, but it flashed through my mind what I was and what I wasn't. I was their bitch, I was comfortable with that, already. And, they were more than comfortable with that. But there was something else. I was also something of the control. I didn't know if I was the alpha, but maybe. It also occurred to me that a real bitch would be huddled in the same fear and tremors as they were. I was different. I might be their bitch, but I was also human and I knew what was happening and what to worry about. With them pressed into me, I started kissing snouts, then lips, then stroking them, and finally touching their sheaths. That was something they were very familiar with and even the storm had a hard time competing with this new distraction.

The really neat part of being a bitch, you are always naked and ready. Since the first day on that first trial weekend, I don't know when I wasn't constantly aware that one of the dogs might want me. Even when they didn't, the thought that they might was enough to keep me nearly constantly wet and ready. This, was not an exception. Despite the chill and the rain, I was always ready. The dogs seemed to respond to the attention and I continued, ramping it up in an effort to let them forget the storm. It didn't seem to take much, I touched one, another, and the third, and they were all showing cocks.

I wiggle around the cramped quarters and presented myself. It no longer mattered to me which one I presented my pussy to, I knew that once one was on me, the others would follow in their turn. And, this was no different. When Cole, the Lab, jumped onto my back and start thrusting, everything seemed to become instantly calmer. Maybe not calm because we were now into a fucking frenzy, but not the fear of the storm that had been dominating the group. By the time we were finished, the storm was past. While being fucked by one, I licked and sucked another. Before long, I forgot about the storm and from the actions of the dogs so did they. It became a crazy scene, I am sure. That is, if

anybody would have been equally crazy to be out there in order to see it. In the moving around, all concern for the rain was lost and by the last mating, we were half exposed to the rain. After cumming that last time, still tied to Ora, I pulled and cajoled him to move back under the trees and out of the rain.

When the rain abated enough, we ran, jumped, and zig-zagged the entire distance through the woods, crashing through brush and undergrowth until we intersected the trail, again. Then it was a run for the kennel. That seemed to energize the dogs, but we were four mammals with soaked hair and mud and pieces of leaves and grass plastered to our lower bodies. Inside the kennel, I moved to the electric heater and for the first time turned it on. I then went out to the back, turned on the outdoor shower at a hot water temperature, and stood underneath it. I called the dogs to join me, but they were reluctant. I got each to come to me just enough to work off the worst of the dirt. Of course, they shook their bodies constantly, but the hot water cascading over me felt wonderful. The fact that I was outside, exposed to the world, always added an element of stimulation. As comfortable as I was becoming with being naked as part of my life, I still had these feelings about it. Perhaps, a human not raised to be naked would always have that in the back of their minds.

We finally made it to the river after my feet became accustomed to the ground covered with sticks and dirt. It was another of the more interesting days early in my experience. I was so accustomed to being naked no matter where I was on the estate property, that this day was bound to happen. I was determined to find the river and maybe even doing some swimming in the slow current. This adventure was no different from any other in my mind as we trekked through the wood. Once, again, my body was getting scratched from my feet to my hips. Every now and then, I even carelessly brushed up against a low branch that caught me on the side, even a breast on occasion. These treks through the heavy woods with no trail were dangerous on my body and took several days and numerous applications of ointment by Mrs. Taylor for complete healing. It was just another indication, though, of just how much I was treating myself like one of the dogs. Mrs. Taylor would regularly 'tsk tsk' me and plead with me to be more careful, but I also had the sense that she enjoyed the time we had together, her applying the ointment to my many scratches as we talked.

This day, though, was unique because of the presumption my mind had become accustomed to. It never occurred to me that I might run into strangers. My approach to the river was natural and without caution. I crashed through the last of the thick undergrowth along the river bank and stepped out to the edge of the bank itself. Out on the river at that exact moment were four teenagers floating down the river on inner tubes with another tied up carrying beer. They didn't look old enough to be drinking but they definitely were. And there was me, stark naked, standing in front of them. I admit that my hands and arms wrapped around my breasts and crotch but I was still naked, four drinking boys, and a long way from home. The boys started pointing and calling out to me, then the comments got cruder and the beer was having a false confidence factor on them as they started for the shore and me. The thought did come to me in that moment of what they thought might happen if they got to shore, but they never got that far, of course. Suddenly, crashing through the same underbrush were my three males. The boys were now facing three large, barking dogs. They looked at the dogs, back to me, but the deciding factor was always going to be the dogs. They drifted off down the river. I just waved to them and felt wicked.

My experience with the dogs as their full-time bitch and companion lasted nearly three months. That time seemed both short and long for different reasons. While in the experience, the time seemed to fly by; once it started to end and I began resuming something of 'normality', it seemed to have been a long time. During that time with the dogs, even around the house I seldom wore clothes except for the comfort of the others at meals.

It was Mr. Thrower who ultimately was the cause of the ending of the dog-bitch experiment, but not

in the way he might have thought. His behavior became even more erratic. There would be times that he might wander down to the kennel, find me with the dogs naked, and start screaming at me, calling me names like 'whore', 'pervert', and 'slut'. The first time it happened, I was shocked and humiliated. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor heard the commotion and came running, taking Mr. Thrower and leading him back to the house. Confused and agitated myself, I didn't know what was happening until Mrs. Taylor returned shortly to explain everything.

Mr. Thrower had been diagnosed with dementia. It was the reason they had been hired and brought here from the UK to begin with. They had special experience with dealing discretely with such cases. Being a wealthy and somewhat eccentric man, his advisors convinced him that would allow him the best care. Since my arrival, he began slipping more rapidly. It had nothing to do with me, my presence, or the activities. It was just timing, the unpredictability of that disease.

He continued to have good times when we would interact on Sundays and he would take notes as though he was still going to write that story. Then, there would be times when his mind would see me really as one of the dogs and would react to me that way. While on the patio, he might call to the dogs and the first time it happened, he continued to call until it was clear to us that he wanted me to go to him, kneeling at his side so he could pet me, just like he had the 'other dogs'. In a sense, it became bizarre, he would scratch behind my ears, stroke my hair and side as I leaned into his chair. He would rub my stomach and I even started rolling onto my side or back for him to rub my stomach like the other dogs. He would coo at me and fuss. But, it was always just rubs, never sexual in any way.

I became his favorite very quickly and the Taylors began paying closer attention. They became concerned that in his deteriorating condition he might react badly at some point, again. When he started insisting that I come up to his bedroom and lie on the rug next to his bed, the Taylors decided to take some action. That was when my life changed at the estate. I went from pretending to be the bitch and his favorite pet to his full-time care-taker. I wore clothes to make the distinction. When he asked about his dog, we talked around the topic. He was understanding and remembering less and less. But, he was gentle and kind. Even when he got frustrated and upset for not remembering or even knowing where he was or who we were, he was always gentle. I read more and more about the disease so I could be of better help and the Taylors assisted in my understanding and preparation for the coming stages. One of the things that I read and stayed with me was a comment about the patient's personality. It was believed, at least by that writer, that the patient's true personality could come out in the experience of dementia. If that was true, then Mr. Thrower had a wonderfully kind and gentle personality.

Besides working with me in caring for Mr. Thrower and taking care of the estate, the Taylors also managed his other affairs, including communication with his lawyer and financial interests and foundations. His condition was largely kept private, as was his wish. His moments of lucidity, which were increasingly shorter and less frequent, provided them, his attorney, and financial advisor the directions they needed. In addition to less and less time of clear thinking and remembering, his physical health began deteriorating at nearly the same rate. It was shocking to see the quick changes in the man. But it was during this time that my relation with him really solidified. Whether he was aware or not, I was always available. For the year that I helped the Taylors and was his primary care provider, I changed from him mistaking me as his pet to his nearly constant companion. I read to him and recounted stories from his past that I found in journals on his bookshelves.

When he died, a quick deterioration that required him to be hospitalized, and an even quicker deterioration once he was in the hospital, it left an emptiness at the estate that none of us could quite believe. It was as though his illness had taken a life inside the estate and the removal of that by



his death left a void that the three of us had a hard time dealing with. We had some reprieve from a head-on dealing with it, though, by the legal and financial issues of the estate upon Mr. Thrower's death. The estate was kept in order and the various foundations and organizations he supported were funneled through his attorney or advisor.

In the meantime, we stayed busy but there hung over us the feeling that this was the end and we would need to prepare for leaving the estate, which we expected to be taken by some distant relative or dissolved in probate through sale and distribution to his inheritors. So, it was with significant trepidation that we drove to the attorney's office when notice came that all three of us were required to meet with him. We were taken to his office and shown to three chairs lined in front of a large oak desk. Once seated, we were provided with water and a large paper document of many pages. We were surprised that we were given documents, but the secretary only said that he would explain everything.

It was only moments when the attorney entered and greeted each of us by name and offering his condolences. We had known him from his many visits with Mr. Thrower, those meetings occurring more frequently at the estate as the illness progressed.

We were confused by each of us receiving a copy of what we assumed to be the will. It had to be a half inch thick. Over my transition into the house and taking care of Mr. Thrower, the Taylors became George and Helen to me, while I remained Ryn to them. Ryn became a favorite and something that only a few would know me by. It became an intimate nickname that lasted.

George expressed our confusion. The lawyer looked at each of, a smile spreading over his face. "Perhaps I did not clearly identify the reason for our meeting, then. What you each are holding is a copy of Mr. Thrower's Last Will and Testament. The page indicated by the tab is the portion that concerns you. Each of you are specifically included in his will."

I was shocked and I could hear by the gasp from Helen that the Taylors were also. We took care of him but we weren't family. Surely, our inclusion was some token gesture on his part. I didn't know much about such things but on TV it was often depicted as a room full of people. This was only us. I blurted that out. He smiled, again.

"There may be a side-branch relative out there somewhere, he didn't know anyone, and we couldn't find anyone. It didn't matter, anyway." I looked at him puzzled and as he looked at the other two, they must have been giving him similar questioning looks. He chuckled, "I was puzzled by his wishes at first until I saw it with my own eyes. Your reactions are exactly why his wishes make all the sense. The three of you gave yourselves up to caring for him. It became a 24/7 responsibility that wasn't yours to have or to assume, it wasn't what you were hired to do. But, you did it with grace, care, and with supreme love." He shook his head as he went quiet and it was clear he was reflecting on something. When he spoke, again, his voice was soft and gentle. "When I reported back to him that there was no reason why his wishes would not be honored in court, if challenged ... it was the happiest I had seen him for ... well, since his illness really took hold."

He straightened himself and asked us to open our documents to the marked page and to follow along. I was still expecting whatever he was giving to be some token expression of gratitude. The discussion about future schooling or a job came to mind and I considered that possibility. We sat and listened, following along, as he read the appropriate sections. Very soon, though, my eyes weren't focusing and my mouth was slack in shock, complete and utter shock. This was no token gesture or even a trust for schooling. What he had done was will us his estate and a tremendously large financial portfolio. We each received a third. The attorney informed us that this represented approximately 60% of his holdings. It was staggering. And it was only 20%?

The other 40% was in foundations, trusts, and various causes. Many of which he was on Boards of. His wish, but not a requirement, was that the three of us, with the attorney's assistance and guidance, take all those duties and functions over. He wanted us to assume the face of the estate. I was still stunned, but I knew that for this man, I would do anything. And, I had a lot of growing up or maturing to do. But, I knew Helen, George, and the attorney would be partners and allies.

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I looked into their eyes. The story was done. In a way, it had exhausted me. It is strange how opening yourself completely, baring all that you were, can drain you as you wonder if those listening will still respect you, still love you, and still hold you in the same light. But, as I looked into each of their eyes, I could see the truth. That truth was that our relationship was made stronger. My original hope in telling the story was for them to learn what my experiences had been in order for them to better understand how they might provide challenges to me. As the story went on, it became clear to me, and to them by their comments, that the story was instead setting the foundation for our loving relationship of sharing, respect, and caring. If sexual challenges and adventures were to be in our relationship, that was not going to be the reason for the relationship. If the realization of that change was something of a disappointment on one hand, it was smoothed over by the warm confidence in the strength of our relationship now. I could feel the reassurance in all of us. And, I concluded the story.

"My life changed forever in that moment. I came to the estate as a dog-bitch; I was now a Lady of the Estate.

"Initially, it was almost too much to digest. I remained in the little maid's room for several days, not thinking anything of it. It was Helen and George who finally moved me into the master bedroom that had been Mr. Thrower's. They were comfortable in their room and it was nearly identical, anyway. That, of course, was the room that Dori now has. The house, the estate, had been Mr. Thrower. Even in his illness, the place was him. Without him, it seemed without the character it once had. It took us months, if not longer, to be convinced that that character could still be alive if we maintained it in attitude and devotion to the causes he represented. That became our approach.

"We were new to the responsibilities of the foundations, causes, and events of society. It took us much more effort and time than it should have. But, in our minds, what we did and how we did it would be a reflection on Mr. Thrower. That was the time that we hired help for the estate. That was when you came to be with us. One at a time, but you came.

"By that time, the Taylors and I had already become deep and intimate friends. We became more regular lovers, as well. With no jealousy on their part, I become a loving partner to both of them. The dogs become less a part of my experience as they aged and they were not replaced. But, while we had the dogs, I still spent occasional nights with them, in the same manner as when I first arrived. It became less and less frequent, however.

"And, that is how I became 'the lady of the estate' after George Taylor died and I began taking care of Helen. The rest you know intimately because by that time you were already familiar with the estate. George had an air that caused a separation. Once he was gone, that disappeared and you became more important to both Helen and me."

I was relieved it was concluded. I now wondered what lay ahead for us. What changes could we now expect? None of us could possibly be the same now, not after this, not after becoming lords and lady of the estate in same surprising way I had. I leaned back in my chair, smiling. I was at peace. I was happy.

**The End.**